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AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

We have seldom seen anything of the kind as pretty as the following:—Louisville Journal.

To Miss M. E. C.

"LA PETITE."

As men, when making objects coarse and rough,
Of tawdry, tinsel, gilt, or common stuff,
Give all such things a mass and size redundant,
Showing they had materials abundant,
But, when at work in silver, gems, or gold,
Make such fine articles in smaller mould;
So Nature found material was not granted
For making you the full size that she wanted.
She would no doubt have made you five feet five,
(The Venus' height,) but could not quite contrive
To gather raw material enough
Without admiring some of common stuff.
Said Nature—"She shall be a first rate article—
Soul, mind and person shall not have a particle
Of substance that is not divine, ethereal—
But where the deuce to get enough material!
It can't be helped—I cannot make her tall—
I'll make her precious, but she must be small."

The Farmer.

Drive on, thou sturdy farmer,
Drive cheerfully o'er the fields,
The pleasures of a farmer's life,
No other life can yield.
Thou risest with the morning sun,
To till the fruitful earth,
And when thy daily task is done,
Then seek'st thy peaceful hearth.
Thou lovest not the gaudy town,
With its tumultuous roar,
Plenty and peace thy fire-side crown,
And thou dost ask no more.
Monarchs in robes with crimson dyed,
Are low compared with thee,
They are pampered sons of pride,
Thou art God's nobility.
Go on, thou sturdy farmer,
Tread proudly on the sod,
Thy proud and goodly heritage,
Thou chosen son of God.

Worth Knowing.

It is a fact, perhaps not generally known to farmers, and which at this season is important, that there are two parts in the potato, which if separated and planted at the same time, one will produce potatoes fit for the table eight or ten days sooner than the other. The small end of the potato, which is generally full of eyes is the part which produces the earliest; the middle or body of the potato the late and large ones.
Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge, remember that.
'I shall not be frightened, then, for I never knew you to pay anything that you owed.
Women are the least bashful are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived than when we would infer any laxity of principle from the freedom of demeanor that often arises from a total ignorance of vice—Prudery, on the contrary, is often assumed to keep off the suspicion of criminality.
Question for debate.—If the milky way was composed of real cream, how many cheeses would it make at eight cents a pound.
What ought to be done to-day, do it, for to-morrow it may rain.
Children's Teeth.—The acid contained in ink is tenfold more injurious to the teeth than are the sweet things so often complained of as destroying the teeth of children. Schoolmasters should attend to this, as nothing is more frequent than for their pupils to draw inky pens through their mouths.

Premature Burial.

The Albany Register, in the course of an article on this subject, relates the following instance, of which the Editor was perfectly cognizant:—

Some years ago, we were perfectly cognizant to an occurrence of this kind, which was of the most heart-rending character. The wife of a gentleman was taken suddenly ill in church, and was carried to her home in a state of syncope. In a few hours she partially recovered, but immediately relapsed, and never again showed any signs of consciousness. She lay in this condition nearly two days, baffling the skill of the physicians, and then, as it was thought, and as there was almost every reason to believe, died. No signs of breathing could be detected, the limbs became rigid and cold, and the eyes remained open, with fixed and glassy stare of death; but there was no change in the color of the skin. This was the only reason in the world for supposing that dissolution had not taken place. The poor bereaved husband, almost frantic at the loss of the young and beautiful wife whom he almost idolized, clung with desperation to the hope limned in her face, and long resisted the unanimous decision of the physicians, that she was certainly dead. They told him, what is doubtless true, that it sometimes, though very rarely, happens, that there is no discoloration for days and even weeks after dissolution has taken place. But still he resisted, and it was not until three days had passed, without the faintest signal of change or sign of life, that he finally gave up and suffered the burial to take place. She was entombed in a vault. Months passed.—A cemetery having been laid out, the husband purchased and beautified a lot, erected an elegant monument in it, and when all was ready, superintended the removal of the body of his wife from the vault to its final resting-place. When the vault was opened he remembered the circumstances of her death, above detailed, and a desire suddenly seized him to once more behold the corpse. By his direction the coffin lid was removed. The spectacle which presented itself was inconceivably horrible, for it showed that she had been buried alive. She had turned quite over upon her side; she had clutched her nails into the coffin until her fingers had bled, portions of her grave-clothes were torn, in her horrible struggles she had contrived to carry her hand to her head, and had plucked from it a mass of hair, with portions of the cap that covered it!
The poor man was borne away senseless, and for the rest of weary life was an utterly broken and miserable being.

At a celebration in Charleston, on Washington's birth day, the following toast was given: Woman—Her natural place between angels and bloomers—without wings and without pantaloons.

Pleasures of Matrimony.

I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory. I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common.—He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the thermometer at seventy five degrees, which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home, instead of school, which I hate. I like music, and wish to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate; and I like minced veal, which he hates. There is but one thing we both like, and that is what we cannot both have, though we are always trying for it—the last word. I had bad luck as a mother, for two such huge, selfish, passionate, unmanageable boys, never tormented a feeble woman since boys began. I wish I had called them Cain. At this moment, they have just quarrelled over their marbles. Mortimer has torn off Orville's collar, and Orville has applied his colt-like hand to Mortimer's ribs; while the baby, Z, lies in my lap, who never sleeps more than half an hour at a time, and cries all the time she is awake, has been roused by their din to scream in chorus. I have had bad luck as a housekeeper, for I never even kept a chambermaid more than three weeks. And, as to cooks, I look back bewildered, on the long phantasmagoria of faces flitting stormily through my kitchen, as a mariner remembers a rapid succession of thunder gusts and hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico. My new chambermaid bounced out of the room yesterday, flinging her dusters and muttering—"Real old maid after all!" just because I showed her a table on which I could write "Slut" with my finger in the dust. I never see my plump, happy sister, and then glance in the mirror at my own cadaverous, long, doleful visage, without wishing myself an old maid. I do it every day of my life. Yet half of my sex marry as I did—not for love, but for fear—for fear of dying old maids.—Mrs. E. D. Hall.

A man who goes to church to chew tobacco and spit upon the floor, ought to be taken by the head and heels, and scrubbed upon the soiled part until it is made clean.

The Elixir of Life.

In all ages and countries the search for an Elixir of Life has consumed the time of philosophers and impoverished their wealthiest patrons. And yet few persons even if they could, would choose to live forever on earth. Our happiness here is so involved with that of others, that he who survives his family and friends has little left for which to live. Could a man's existence be protracted to five hundred years, he would spend at least the last four hundred years alone in the world, with no companionship of wife or children to alleviate care or sweeten pleasure.—The legend of the 'Wandering Jew' is regarded among all nations as typifying the most awful penalty which it is possible to suffer in this world. The desire for an elixir of life is a weak feeling, opposed to all experience and to all correct reasoning. It springs from that instinctive love of existence which belongs to the mere animal nature, and is not sanctioned, in this its excess, by either the soul or the intellect. To live for centuries, yet grow old at three score and ten, would be a purgatory on earth. To survive all our friends, even if we preserved our youth, would be like living several lives, and enduring all their griefs, when the sorrows of one life are enough generally to bear down the stoutest heart.

The happiest lot, is to fill the usual term of life, and die in a green old age before we are left entirely alone. Few, however, do this. But the fault is theirs, not nature's. If all would live according to the laws of their being, human life would nearly always extend to seventy. But we scourge ourselves to death with our passions, or wear our existence out with anxieties about wealth, or consume our physical powers in the fire of intemperance living; and then, when death draws nigh, we reproach heaven with not giving us protracted days. There are some cases, it is true, in which a weakly constitution is inherited from parents; with this exception, we all have, as it were, a long or short life at our disposal. A cheerful mind, methodical habits, and steady occupation, are nearly certain to produce long life. But dissipation, excessive ambition, a passionate temper, and all other causes which wear out the human machine, inevitably shorten existence.

The true elixir of life is not to be sought in medicine, therefore, but in the proper ordering of our days. There is not an hour, in our whole career, when we may not do something either to lengthen or shorten our lives. Yet how rarely do we reflect on this! How little, when engaged in the pursuit of pleasure, do we regard this great truth! How frequently, when seeking fortune, do we openly violate it! To live long we must avoid excesses, whether of body or mind, do our duty to our fellows, and take air and exercise; and thus, with a mind at ease and a regular mode of life, we may boast of having found true the elixir.—Phila Bulletin.

"It is Impossible."

"It is impossible!" said some, when Peter the Great determined on a voyage of discovery; and the cold and uninhabited regions over which he reigned furnished nothing but some larch-trees to construct his vessels. But though the iron, the cordage, the sails, and all that was necessary, except the provisions for victualling them, were to be carried through the immense deserts of Siberia, down rivers of difficult navigation, and along roads almost impassable, *the thing was done*; for the command of the sovereign, and the perseverance of the people, surmounted every obstacle.

"It is impossible!" said some, as soon as they heard of a scheme of Oberlin's.—To rescue his parishioners from half-savage state, he determined to open a communication with the high road to Strasburg, so that the productions of the Ran de la Roche might find a market. Having assembled the people, he proposed that they should blast the rocks, and convey a sufficient quantity of enormous masses, to construct a road, about a mile and a half in length, along the banks of the river Bruche, and build a bridge across it. The peasants were astonished at his proposition, and pronounced it impracticable; and every one excused himself on the ground of private business. He however reasoned with them, and added the offer of his own example. No sooner had he pronounced these words, than, with a pick-axe on his shoulder, he proceeded to the shop, while the astonished peasants, animated by his example, forgot their excuses, and hastened with one consent to fetch their tools to follow him. At length every obstacle was surmounted; walls were erected to support the earth, which appeared ready to give way; mountain torrents, which had hitherto inundated the meadows, were diverted into courses, or received into beds sufficient to contain them, and *the thing was done*. The bridge still bears the name of the "Bridge of Charity."

"It is impossible!" said some, as they looked on the impenetrable forest which covered the rugged banks and deep gorges of Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland, and hearkened to the daring plan of a man named Rapp, to convey the pines from the

top of the mountain to the Lake of Lucerne, a distance of nearly nine miles.—Without being discouraged by their exclamations, he formed a slide or trough of twenty-four thousand pine trees, six feet broad, and from three feet to six feet deep and this slide, which was completed in 1812, and called the slide of Alpnach, was kept moist. Its length was forty-four thousand English feet. It had to be conducted over rocks or along their sides, or under ground, over deep places, where it was sustained by scaffolding; and yet skill and perseverance overcame every obstacle, and *the thing was done*. The trees rolled down from the mountain into the lake with wonderful rapidity. The larger pines which are about a hundred feet long, ran through the space of eight miles and a third in about six minutes. A gentleman who saw this great work says, that "such was the speed with which a tree of the largest size passed any given point, that he could only strike it once with a stick, as it rushed by, however quickly he attempted to repeat the blow."

Say not hastily, then, "It is impossible." It may be so to do a thing in an hour, a day, or a week, or by thoughtlessness, carelessness, and indolence; but to act with wisdom, energy, and perseverance, is to insure success. "Time and patience," says a Spanish author, "make the mulberry leaf satin!" and another remarks, that "care and industry do every thing."

"His Character is that of a Woman."

Fanny Fern of the Olive Branch, thus shakes Mr. Starbuck by the ears, for remarking lightly of women. She says: Look here, Mr. Norris, I want some body to hold me! I've just been reading an extract from Blackwood, by a German Professor by the name of Stahl, in which, after commenting most severely upon the character of Louis Napoleon, he compresses the pith of the matter into this nutshell. "But no reliance can be placed on him. In a word his character is that of a woman!" What do you mean by that you old German curmudgeon? Ain't women the quietest, patientest, loveliest animals in existence, when they get all they want? Did you ever see a woman snarl when her purse was properly supplied and she had gowns enough in her wardrobe?—Their tempers are angelic if they're only managed right. If you will brush a cat's back the wrong way you must expect to get scratched. Women always know what they want, and that's more than half the men do, and they want it when they ask for it, too, without any hem's ha's or if's or buts. Ain't they full of fun, and smiles and capers before they're married? and what do they look like afterwards, with their long faces, swollen eyes, and calico morning gowns crawling around the house like dyspeptic caterpillars. When they've been worshipped like a divinity for six months, or more, you expect them to hop right off their pedestal after matrimony, and crouch down at your feet like a whipped spaniel, who dare not even growl to himself when his ears get cuffed.

"Character that of a woman!" hump!—As to Louis Napoleon he isn't a man to my taste nor you either? Did you ever see a man that had half the fortitude of a woman? Ask the doctors about that, if you catch one that tells the truth. If a man gets a scratch on his little finger, the whole house is put in requisition for sticking plaster, opodeldoo, Russia salve, and mercy knows what. Then there ain't a savager man in existence than a man when he's hungry. Go ask a favor of him sometime just before dinner, but don't wait for an answer: and if the razor don't work right when he is shaving in the morning catch up the children and clear the coast. And as to pin money, although all a man can earn would not pay a wife's wages, yet if you hav'n't any affectionate pa, or big hearted brother, or an accommodating brother-in-law—heaven help you.

Did you ever know a man whose wife was sent to State Prison who ever made her a call at that interesting institution? And did you ever know a woman even if she'd had a dozen sticks spoiled over her head, who did n't bribe jailors and stone walls till she had got at him, some how or other, to tell him how she loved him all the better, the wickeder he grew and the more people hated him; and how, if he had abused her, she dare say it were more her fault than his'. And what did Kosuth's wife do for him, you stupid old fool? and what did the American women of the Revolution do for their husbands? and what will their female descendants do for you, you beer drinking, phlegmatic, tobacco dried old German if you dare show you phiz-mahogany this side of big pond?

Of all the annoying men in this world, the Lord preserve us from him who thinks himself more righteous than his neighbors—who imagines that his way to Heaven is the only true way and that those who won't believe in him, disbelieve in God.

A stranger, in a printing office, asked the youngest apprentice what was his rule for punctuation? Said he, "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semi-colon; and when I want a chew of tobacco, I make a paragraph."

The Peasant's Sacrifice.

A TRAGEDY OF THE WAR IN SPAIN.

Although histories and poets have from all times depicted in glowing colors the horrors of war, yet few persons have any adequate conception of the social and domestic misery it produces, particularly in the countries which are the scenes of campaigns. The following dreadful history is taken from a valuable work—"Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes"—and presents a view of the dreadful passions called up even in the breast of women, and the ruthless acts perpetrated by a marauding soldiery. The account is given in the words of the authoress.

A regiment was sent from Burgos against a guerilla party, under the marquis of Villa Compo, and ordered to treat the Spaniards with the most rigorous severity, especially the inhabitants of Arguno, a little village near the famous forest of Covelada, whose deep shades, intersected only by narrow foot-paths, were the resort of banditti and guerillas.

A principal feature of the whole Spanish war was the celerity with which all our movements were notified to the insurgent chiefs, and the difficulty we experienced in procuring a spy or guide, while these, men found, proved almost uniformly treacherous. The battalion had to march through a frightful country, over rugged rocks, and crossing frozen torrents, always in dread of unforeseen and sudden dangers. They reached the village, but perceived no movement, heard no noise. Some soldiers advanced, but saw nothing—absolute solitude reigned. The officer in command, suspecting an ambush, ordered the utmost circumspection. They entered a street and arrived at an opening, where some bundles of wheat and Indian corn and a quantity of loaves, were still smoking on the ground, but consumed to a cinder, and swimming floods of wine, that had streamed from leatherskins which had been purposely broached, as the provisions had been burnt, to prevent their falling into the hands of the French.

No sooner had the soldiers satisfied themselves that after all their toils and dangers no refreshments were to be obtained, than they roared with rage—but no vengeance was within reach. All the inhabitants had fled into the forest. Suddenly cries were heard issuing from one of the deserted cottages, amongst which the soldiers had dispersed themselves in the hope of discovering some food or booty. They proceeded from a young woman, holding a child in her arms, whom the soldiers were dragging before their lieutenant.

'Stay, lieutenant,' said one of them, 'here is a woman we have found sitting beside an old one, who is past speaking.—Question her a little.'
She was dressed in the peasant costume, of Sorin Quijoja mountains, and was pale but not trembling.
'Why are you alone here?' said the lieutenant.
'I stayed with my grandmother who is paralytic, and could not follow the rest to the forest,' replied she haughtily, and as if vexed at being obliged to drop a word in the presence of a Frenchman—'I staid to take care of my grandmother.'

'Why have your neighbors deserted the village?'
The Spaniard's eye flashed fire. She fixed on the lieutenant a look of strange import, and answered—
'You know very well—were they not all to be massacred?'
The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders.
'But why do you burn the bread and wheat and empty the wine skins?'
'That you might find nothing. As they could not carry them off, there was no alternative but burning them.'

At this moment shouts of joy arose, and the soldiers appeared carrying a number of hams, some loaves, and more welcome than all, several skins of wine—all discovered in a vault, the entrance to which was concealed by the straw the woman was lying on. The young woman darted at them a look of infernal vengeance, while the lieutenant, who had pondered with anxiety on the destitute and sinking condition of the troops, rejoiced for a moment in the unexpected supply. But for the recent poisoning of several cisterns, and other fearful examples, putting him on his guard, he again interrogated the woman.
'Whence came these provisions?'
'They are all the same as we burnt.—We concealed them for our friends.'

'Is your husband with yonder brigands?'
'My husband is in Heaven,' said she, lifting up her eyes. 'He died for the good cause—that of God and King Ferdinand.'
'Have you any brother among them?'
'I have no longer a tie, excepting my poor child,' and she pressed the infant to her breast.
The poor little creature was thin and sallow; but its large black eyes glistened as they turned to its mother.
'Commander,' exclaimed one of the soldiers, 'pray order a division of booty, for we are very hungry and devilish thirsty.'
'One moment, my children. Listen, said he, eyeing the woman with suspicious inquiry—'these provisions are good, I hope?'
'How could they be otherwise?' replied the Spaniard, contemptuously, 'they were

out intended for you.'

'Well, here's to thy health, then, Demonia,' said a young sub-lieutenant, opening one of the skins and preparing for a draught. But his more prudent commander restrained him.

'One moment. Since this wine is so good you will not object to a glass?'
'Oh, dear, no! as much as you please, and accepting the glass offered by the lieutenant, she emptied it without hesitation.

'Huzza! huzza!' shouted the soldiers, delighted at the prospect of intoxication without danger.

'And your child will drink some also,' said the lieutenant—'he is so pale that it will do him good.'
The Spaniard had herself drunk without hesitation, but on holding the cup to her infant's lips, her hand trembled.—The motion, however, was unperceived, and the child also emptied the glass.—Thereupon the provision soon disappeared and all partook both food and wine. Suddenly, however, the infant was observed to turn livid, its features contracted, and its mouth convulsed with agony, gave vent to hideous shrieks. The mother, too, though her fortitude suppressed complaint, could scarcely stand, and her distorted features betrayed her sufferings.

'Wretch!' exclaimed the commander, 'thou hast poisoned us.'

'Yes!' said she with a ghastly smile, falling to the ground beside her child, already struggling with the death; 'yes, I have poisoned you! I knew you would fetch the skins from their hiding-place.—Was it likely you would leave a dying creature undisturbed in her litter? Yes, yes!—you will die, die in perdition, while I shall die and go to heaven!'

Her last words were scarcely audible, and the soldiers did not at first comprehend the full horror of their situation—but as the poison, operated the Spaniard woman's declaration was legibly translated in her convulsed features. No power could longer restrain them. In vain their commander interposed. They repulsed him—and dragging their expiring victim to the torrent, threw her into it, after lacerating her with more than a hundred sabre strokes. She uttered not a groan. As for the child, it was the first victim.

Twenty-two men were destroyed by this exploit, which I cannot call otherwise than great and heroic. The commander himself told me that he escaped by a miracle.

Why is Education Necessary.

Why is education needed at all? Why does not the child grow spontaneously into a moral human being? Why should it be requisite to curb this propensity, stimulate the other sentiment, and by artificial aids mould the mind into something different from what it would of itself become? Is not there, then, an anomaly in Nature? Throughout the rest of creation we find the seed and the embryo attaining to perfect maturity without external aid. Drop an acorn into the ground, and it will in time become a healthy oak without either pruning or training. The insect passes through its several transformations and arrives at its final form, possessed of every needful capacity and instinct. No coercion is needed to make the young bird or quadruped adopt the habits proper to its future life. Its character, like its body spontaneously assumes complete fitness for the part it has to play in the world.—How happens it, then, that the human mind tends to develop itself wrongly? Must there not be some exceptional cause for this? Manifestly; and if so, a true theory of education must recognize this cause.

It is an indisputable fact, that the moral constitution which fitted man for his original predatory state, differs from the one needed to fit him for his social state to which the multiplication of the race has left him. In the foregoing part of our inquiry, it was shown that the law of adaptation is effecting transition from the one constitution to the other. Living, then, as we do, in the midst of this transition, we must expect to find sundry phenomena which are explicable only upon the hypothesis that humanity is adapted partially adapted to both those states and not completely to either—has only in a degree lost the disposition needed for savage life, and has but imperfectly acquired those needed for social life. The anomaly just specified is one of these. The tendency of each new generation to develop itself wrongly, indicates the degree of modification that has yet to take place. Those respects in which he is taking after the aboriginal man.

The selfish squabbles of the nurse, the persecutions of the play-ground, the lyings and petty thefts, the rough treatment of inferior creatures, the propensity to pursue gratification at the expense of other beings, which qualified man for the wilderness, and which disqualifies him for civilized life.—Spencer's Social State.

In portions of Vermont, as late as the 3d inst., the sleighing continued good, and the snow in the woods was from one to two feet deep!