

Jeffersonian Republican.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

VOL. 2.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1841.

No 22.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THEODORE SCHOCH.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1-2 cts. per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar. Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental Type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.
Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms.

Letter from John Adams to his Wife, Written on the 5th day of July, 1776.

"Yesterday the greatest question was decided that was ever debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was or will be decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony, that these United States are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. The day is passed. The Fourth of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure which it will cost to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these States; yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of light and glory; I can see that the end is worth more than all the means, and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue, which I hope we shall not."

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

Singular Cases of Imposture.

The power which man possesses of deceiving his fellow man, is very great. And when strong motives have been presented, such as a love of gain, or a desire of escaping from duress or death, instances have frequently occurred, of the most wary and incredulous having been deceived by wiles and arts, showing a depth of dishonesty which would have been deemed incredible, were they not subsequently fully exposed. A few illustrations may not be inappropriate at this time, when *wonder* seems to seize possession of the mind of men—and women too—and nothing is too absurd or ridiculous for human belief.

It is now about thirty years since a sailor, named Jack Morris, disgusted with the cruel treatment which he received on board an English frigate in the Mediterranean, commanded by a dashing, but tyrannical officer, very naturally arrived at the conclusion, after due reflection, that he should be morally justified in quitting the service with the earliest opportunity which offered—especially as he did not enter the service voluntarily, but was a victim to the abominable system of imprisonment. He accordingly resolved to desert—and, with some others, whose views on this subject coincided with his own, swam ashore one dark and stormy night, while the ship was lying at anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar. But the poor fellows were discovered by the sentries, soon after they reached the shore, and on the following day, were sent back to the ship; where they, of course, were terribly flogged, for the *heinous crime* of which they had been guilty!

Morris bore his flogging without flinching—but inwardly determined to contrive some plan, by which he could deceive his tyrannical masters, and obtain his discharge. And the plan which he adopted, was one which required a degree of perseverance, of fortitude and fixedness of purpose, and power of deception, which has seldom been surpassed, even by the most renowned charlatans and impostors of the present day—and that is saying a great deal.

He threw his body and limbs into a position as if he had been the victim of a paralytic affection. His body was bent nearly double, his legs and arms were drawn up in a singular and unnatural manner, as if under the influence of some powerful, but unknown agent. He retained his senses perfectly, but declared his inability to move his limbs in the smallest degree—and appeared to be entirely deprived of the faculty of locomotion. The singularity of his case attracted much attention—and the officers of the ship to which he belonged, strongly suspected that it was a case of imposture—and he was accordingly examined by a board of surgeons, appointed for that purpose. They felt his pulse, inquired into the symptoms of his complaint, examined his limbs, and attempted,

by main force, to restore them to their original position. But the poor fellow made such horrible outcries, and seemed in such dreadful agony when they tried to straighten his arms or legs, that they soon relinquished the undertaking. The Board finally declared that there was no imposture—that the seaman was in an *unnatural condition*—but they acknowledged that they were unable to discover the true character of his disease!

Jack Morris accordingly remained in his hammock for some months longer. The surgeon of the ship exerted all his skill to cure him, but without effect. Jack took his medicines without any opposition or remonstrance; but applications, internally or externally, seemed to possess no virtue in this case. Day and night, sleeping or walking, his limbs and his body obstinately refused to become straightened. By remaining in this unnatural position so long, and using no exercise whatever, Jack's frame soon became emaciated, and his whole physical powers seemed weakened and destroyed. His muscles were relaxed, and his cheeks were sunken and of a deadly pallor. His case was pronounced by the surgeon a hopeless one, and in spite of the remonstrance of the first Lieutenant, who declared all the time that the fellow was only "shamming Abraham," and that a *cat-o-nine-tails* would soon restore him to health, he was sent home to England with a number of invalids, for a final examination and a discharge.

Jack Morris was placed in Haslar Hospital, and his case, from its singular character, attracted much attention. He was examined by the medical men attached to the Hospital, who were also acquainted with the fact, that he was thought by some of practising deception. This idea, however, was scouted by all, excepting one or two individuals, and pronounced *impossible*—and several ingenious theories to account for the character of his disease were broached and defended with much learning and ingenuity. There were one or two physicians, however, who were not fully convinced that all was right; and although they subjected themselves to ridicule and ill-matured remarks from their more credulous associates, they tried several experiments to ascertain the real facts of the case—such as causing a pistol to be fired close to his head; pricking him unexpectedly in his limbs; raising the alarm of fire in the dead of night, and leaving him, apparently, to perish in the flames, or escapes by means of his own locomotive power; but Jack was guarded at all points, and they could elicit nothing which tended to confirm their suspicions of imposture.

At length the day arrived when Jack Morris, with some other invalids, was to be discharged from "His Gracious Majesty's service." This was a day which Jack looked forward to as to the consummation of all his wishes. Before the discharge was made out, however, one of the surgeons of the Hospital obtained permission to make one further attempt to discover imposture in the case. Jack was taken from his bed, and placed a on pallet in the centre of the room; while some of the surgeons were conversing with him with great apparent kindness, and professing sympathy for his protracted sufferings, several men approached from behind each bearing a large bucket filled with water from the pump, and at a given signal, the buckets were simultaneously emptied on the head of the unfortunate deceiver.

The event was so unexpected, and the shock which his system received, was so great, that, while almost suffocated, he was thrown off his guard—and he involuntarily threw himself into a position nearly erect! This was only for an instant—horror-struck at the idea of the consequences of his imprudence, he immediately, and as it were, spasmodically, resumed his former crippled position. But it was too late—keen eyes had been watching him—and his mental agony may be conceived, when the Chief Surgeon, in a stern voice, called out, "It won't do, my fine fellow—you are found out at last—and shall be rewarded for your ingenuity."

And he spoke the truth. Jack Morris was in a day or two, taken on board the flag-ship at Spithead. A Court Martial was held upon him, and in addition to the dreadful sufferings and deprivations which he had voluntarily submitted to, within the previous eight or nine months, he was sentenced to be flogged through the fleet, as an example to others, who were inclined to practise imposture, for the purpose of escaping from an English Man of War.

The case of Jack Morris will serve to illustrate two things—first, the horrid injustice and oppression of the imprisonment system, which subjects man to a slavery, more odious and degrading than elsewhere exists on the face of the earth, and secondly, the extent to which a person, shrewd, intelligent and determined, may deceive even learned and professional men, provided he calls into action all his energies to awaken their credulity, and put their reasoning powers to sleep. Many illustrations of a similar nature might be quoted if it were necessary, without looking into the annals of Animal Magnetism.

"I bow at beauty's shrine," as the girl said when she curtsied to the looking-glass.

Butter.

The summer is the best time for the makers or the purchasers of butter to lay in their stock for the year. It is the best time, because it is usually the cheapest, because it is the sweetest and richest, and because, if put down sweet and in good condition, it will remain good through the season. It is useless to deny that there is a vast deal of wretched butter consumed in this country, when it would be quite as easy, and more for the profit of the makers, to produce a superior article. We have good pastures, good cows, and there can be no good reason given why good butter should not be the result. In the first place, every thing connected with the making of butter should be perfectly sweet and clean. No smoke, dust, or disagreeable smells should ever exist in the milk-house or dairy. Every thing of this kind has its effect on the cream, and leaves its taint on the butter. The milk should be skimmed, and the cream churned, at the proper time and the proper temperature. The buttermilk should be promptly separated; and in salting, none but salt of the finest, purest kind is admissible. Next to leaving milk in the butter to putrefy, the use of bad salt has the most influence in making this article worthless. Many recommend washing butter in clear cold water to free it from the milk, and this mode is practiced in some of the best butter districts of Europe or the United States. If the milk is thoroughly separated, however, the particular method is of very little consequence; and perhaps a machine for working the buttermilk out, such as has been figured in the Cultivator, or some similar contrivance, will be found as effectual as any thing. The butter, if made ever so perfectly, will not keep well unless it is also packed well. Total exclusion from the air seems necessary, and when this is combined with a low temperature, butter can be kept an indefinite period of time. It is the adventitious circumstances only that make poor butter, for as it is a pure animal oil, if freed from those things that have a tendency to spoil it, it would keep as long and with as little trouble as tallow or lard. It is the difficulty of freeing butter from the substances connected with it, that have a constant tendency to putrefaction, that renders the packing of butter of so much consequence to its preservation. Stone jars we have found superior to any thing else for packing butter. They are sweet, cool, impervious to air, and from their shape leave but a small surface to be exposed, or covered with brine. The butter, whether packed in jars or firkins, must be beat solid, and the vessel whatever it may be, should be filled at once. The difficulty attending firkins, is, that all wood contains more or less acid, and this, decomposing the salt, imparts an unpleasant taste and flavor to the butter in the cask. This is partly remedied by filling the firkins with strong brine, and allowing them to stand a few days before using, but the cause is never entirely removed. Experiments made in Scotland proved that the wood of the linden or basswood contained the least acid, and this is supported by the fact that in the Tyrolese salt-works, where water is brought to the point of saturation by percolating through bundles of twigs, or faggots, those of the basswood are always preferred to any other. In this country, firkins of heart-ash are preferred, and perhaps are as good as any that can be used. We have known a firkin of butter properly headed, thrown into a well where the water was of a temperature of about 50° or 55°, and when taken out, after a submersion of a year, was as sweet as when put in.—Perhaps, where circumstances admit, butter might be advantageously kept in this way in vats filled with running spring water of the proper temperature. Jars or firkins when filled with butter, should have some pure strong brine poured on the top of the butter, and kept there for the purpose of excluding the air until the article is wanted for use. Instead of the brine some use salt, and others prefer a linen cloth saturated in brine, for this purpose. But whatever is used, the top of the jar or firkin should be carefully covered with a board, or what is much better, a clean flat stone. They should stand on flat stones, in a cool place in the cellar, and may be occasionally looked to, to see that the surface is properly secured, and the air excluded.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Letter of William Penn.
Copy of a document in the Land Office of Pennsylvania, kindly furnished us, says the Easton Argus, by a Member of our Legislature last winter. It is like all the writings of the great founder of Pennsylvania, full of love, kindness, and honesty, and embodies in it sentiments that we seldom see now adays.
"TO THE EMPEROR OF CANADA.
"The great God that made thee and me, and all the world, incline our hearts to love, peace, and justice, that we may live friendly together as becomes the workmanship of the great God.—The King of England, who is a great Prince, hath for divers reasons, granted to me a large country in America, which however, I am willing to enjoy upon friendly terms with thee. And this I will say, that the people who come with me are a just, plain and honest people, that neither make war upon others, nor fear war from others, because they will be just. I have set up a society of Traders in my province to traffic with thee and thy people for your commodities, that you may be furnished with that which is good at reasonable rates. And that Society hath ordered their President to treat with thee about a future trade, and have joined with me to send this messenger to thee with certain presents from us, to testify our willingness to have a fair correspondence with thee; and what this agent shall do in our name we will agree unto. I hope thou wilt kindly receive him, and comply with his desires on our behalf, both with respect to land and trade.
"The great God be with thee. Amen.
PHILIP THEODORE LENNMAN, Sec'y.
"London, the 21st day of the Fourth Month, called June, 1682. WM. PENN."

REMEDY FOR A LIGHTNING SHOCK.—As this is the season when all are more or less liable to experience a shock from nature's battery, the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser suggests that any person struck down by lightning, no matter if apparently dead, ought to be laid immediately extended on the damp ground; and if it do not rain upon him, water should be thrown on freely, which in most cases will conduct off the electric fluid without serious injury. Many a one has lost his life, when a knowledge of these facts, on the part of friends or bystanders, would have preserved it.

The Tariff.
Extract from a speech of JOHN BANKS in Congress:
"I occupy my place here as an avowed friend of DOMESTIC AND AMERICAN INDUSTRY. I am prepared to go, in legislation, every just and reasonable length to protect the labor of our citizens against the labor of foreigners, and the influence of foreign government." PENNSYLVANIA, the state from which I come, and which I have the honor to represent, in part, on this floor, has at all times been the firm and steady friend of the PROTECTIVE POLICY. That State looks upon this policy as being essential to her prosperity and welfare. It is to that policy that she is mainly indebted for her present highly improved condition. That policy has contributed largely to bestow upon the people of that State the many blessings and rich advantages which they now so eminently enjoy. That policy is well suited to the industrious habits of the people of that State. Her local advantages are great; her agricultural wealth is not inferior to that of any State in the Union. That policy brings into requisition all the energies of her industrious people. It draws largely upon all the advantages and resources; inasmuch that they cannot fail to impart to the people comfort, wealth and independence, in a high degree."

Seat for preventing Sleeping in Church.—Perhaps the most curious thing about St. Phillip's Chapel, Winchester, is the ancient stall seats now affixed to the wall of the ante chapel. These have their seats so affixed upon hinges, that those who sit in them can only maintain their position by balancing themselves with care, and resting their elbow on the seat arms; so that if the monks who used them dropped asleep during divine service, the seats came forward and pitched them headlong upon the floor; nay, if they only dozed, and nodded the least in the world, the hard oaken seat clapped against the hard oaken back, and made a noise loud enough to attract the attention of the whole audience. Nothing was more cleverly contrived to keep people awake at church.

"Much remains unsung," as the tom-cat remarked to the brickbat, when it abruptly cut short his serenade.

Affecting Incident at the removal of the Remains of General Harrison.

The correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, speaking of the removal of the late President's remains, relates the following incident:

"Approaching the brow of the hill near to what was once the private residence of the immortal Washington, I beheld a little in advance of me a solitary individual, gazing intently on the flying pageant, as it wheeled along the winding track far distant in the vale below. He was above the ordinary height, dressed in black, with his hat pressed down over his brows—his back toward me, as I halted within a few feet behind him—I felt that this solitary stranger's heart beat somewhat in unison with my own. And I stood still, as if by impulse, not wishing to disturb his seeming quiet. As the train of cars diminished in the increasing distance, and entered the gorge of the hills almost out of view, the stranger raised his hand towards heaven, and in a voice tremulous with agitation, he fervently exclaimed "farewell thou hero and patriot—thou poor man's friend farewell." And turning abruptly on his heel, he saw me, and dropping his head, with partial bow or salutation, passed with a quick and hurried step by me. But I saw that the fountains of his soul were broken. The big tears were coursing down his manly cheeks, and glistening in his deep dark eye. I wept also as he walked away, and loved him for his secret sorrow. It was General Murphy, of Ohio, the early and ardent friend of General Harrison, whose eloquence had shaken the Western country, and had gained him the title of the Patrick Henry of the West."

The Mechanic's Wife.
A working man needs a working wife; but to the qualities of the mind, manners, and morals, she cannot run too high in the scale. There is an error prevalent concerning this. Giles says, "I do not want a wife with too much sense." Why not? Perhaps Giles will not answer, but the shrug of his shoulders answers. "Because I am afraid she will be an over match for me." Giles talks like a simpleton. The unfortunate men who have their tyrants at home, are never married to women of sense. Genuine elevation of mind cannot prompt any one, male or female, to go out of their proper sphere. No man ever suffered from an overplus of intelligence, whether in his own head, or in his wife's.

A proper self respect would teach every noble hearted American, of whatever class, that he cannot set too high a value on the conjugal relation. We may judge of the welfare and honor of the community by its wives and mothers. Opportunities for acquiring knowledge, and accomplishments, are happily open to every class above the lowest; and the wise mechanic will not fail to choose such a companion as may not shame his sons and daughters in that coming age, when an ignorant American shall be as obsolete as a fossil fish.

Away with flouncing, giggling, dancing, squandering, peevish, fashion hunting wives! The woman of this stamp is a poor comforter, when the husband is sick, or bankrupt, to her Adam:

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.

I have such a mechanic's wife in my mind's eye; gentle as the antelope; untiring as a bee; joyous as a linnet, neat, punctual, modest and confiding. She is patient, but resolute; aiding in counsel; reviving in troubles; ever pointing out the brightest side, and concealing nothing but her own sorrows.

SNAKE STORY.—The following incident occurred in the dwelling of Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, at Bridgeville, on Thursday last in the absence of her husband: She was sitting in the front room of her house while her infant slept in a cradle in front of, and at a little distance from her. Suddenly she heard a rustling sound, and the next instant she perceived a large snake enter the door and make directly for the cradle. For a moment all her energies seemed paralyzed by fear; but in the next instant, true to the maternal instinct, she sprang to the cradle seized the infant by the arm and fled, uttering shriek upon shriek, just as the serpent, having entered the cradle, was rapidly approaching the head of the child. Several of her neighbors, alarmed by her cries, hurried to the house, and after some search, the snake was found coiled under the bed, apparently prepared to act upon the defensive. Having been killed with a broad hoe, it proved to be a black snake, of the rarer species, 5 1-2 feet in length.—*Belvidere Apollo.*

POLITICS.—Say, Bill, what's all dat ero muss, Mr. Adams are makin'?"

"Why, Cucumbershins, I tell you. If a child cry for the moon de fader haint no right to give it to him, cause he can't. At de same time he no right to tell the child he wout hear it cry, cause dat would be interfering wid de right of petition."

"Dat are de ground is it? Well, I guess they can't drive old Boss Adams off of it. Now, Bill, what's this physical agent?"

"De agent for selling Moffatt's Pills. Why don't you read de papers, niggers?"

Copy of a document in the Land Office of Pennsylvania, kindly furnished us, says the Easton Argus, by a Member of our Legislature last winter.

It is like all the writings of the great founder of Pennsylvania, full of love, kindness, and honesty, and embodies in it sentiments that we seldom see now adays.

"TO THE EMPEROR OF CANADA.
"The great God that made thee and me, and all the world, incline our hearts to love, peace, and justice, that we may live friendly together as becomes the workmanship of the great God.—The King of England, who is a great Prince, hath for divers reasons, granted to me a large country in America, which however, I am willing to enjoy upon friendly terms with thee. And this I will say, that the people who come with me are a just, plain and honest people, that neither make war upon others, nor fear war from others, because they will be just. I have set up a society of Traders in my province to traffic with thee and thy people for your commodities, that you may be furnished with that which is good at reasonable rates. And that Society hath ordered their President to treat with thee about a future trade, and have joined with me to send this messenger to thee with certain presents from us, to testify our willingness to have a fair correspondence with thee; and what this agent shall do in our name we will agree unto. I hope thou wilt kindly receive him, and comply with his desires on our behalf, both with respect to land and trade.
"The great God be with thee. Amen.
PHILIP THEODORE LENNMAN, Sec'y.
"London, the 21st day of the Fourth Month, called June, 1682. WM. PENN."

REMEDY FOR A LIGHTNING SHOCK.—As this is the season when all are more or less liable to experience a shock from nature's battery, the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser suggests that any person struck down by lightning, no matter if apparently dead, ought to be laid immediately extended on the damp ground; and if it do not rain upon him, water should be thrown on freely, which in most cases will conduct off the electric fluid without serious injury. Many a one has lost his life, when a knowledge of these facts, on the part of friends or bystanders, would have preserved it.

The Tariff.
Extract from a speech of JOHN BANKS in Congress:
"I occupy my place here as an avowed friend of DOMESTIC AND AMERICAN INDUSTRY. I am prepared to go, in legislation, every just and reasonable length to protect the labor of our citizens against the labor of foreigners, and the influence of foreign government." PENNSYLVANIA, the state from which I come, and which I have the honor to represent, in part, on this floor, has at all times been the firm and steady friend of the PROTECTIVE POLICY. That State looks upon this policy as being essential to her prosperity and welfare. It is to that policy that she is mainly indebted for her present highly improved condition. That policy has contributed largely to bestow upon the people of that State the many blessings and rich advantages which they now so eminently enjoy. That policy is well suited to the industrious habits of the people of that State. Her local advantages are great; her agricultural wealth is not inferior to that of any State in the Union. That policy brings into requisition all the energies of her industrious people. It draws largely upon all the advantages and resources; inasmuch that they cannot fail to impart to the people comfort, wealth and independence, in a high degree."

Affecting Incident at the removal of the Remains of General Harrison.
The correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, speaking of the removal of the late President's remains, relates the following incident:

"Approaching the brow of the hill near to what was once the private residence of the immortal Washington, I beheld a little in advance of me a solitary individual, gazing intently on the flying pageant, as it wheeled along the winding track far distant in the vale below. He was above the ordinary height, dressed in black, with his hat pressed down over his brows—his back toward me, as I halted within a few feet behind him—I felt that this solitary stranger's heart beat somewhat in unison with my own. And I stood still, as if by impulse, not wishing to disturb his seeming quiet. As the train of cars diminished in the increasing distance, and entered the gorge of the hills almost out of view, the stranger raised his hand towards heaven, and in a voice tremulous with agitation, he fervently exclaimed "farewell thou hero and patriot—thou poor man's friend farewell." And turning abruptly on his heel, he saw me, and dropping his head, with partial bow or salutation, passed with a quick and hurried step by me. But I saw that the fountains of his soul were broken. The big tears were coursing down his manly cheeks, and glistening in his deep dark eye. I wept also as he walked away, and loved him for his secret sorrow. It was General Murphy, of Ohio, the early and ardent friend of General Harrison, whose eloquence had shaken the Western country, and had gained him the title of the Patrick Henry of the West."

The Mechanic's Wife.
A working man needs a working wife; but to the qualities of the mind, manners, and morals, she cannot run too high in the scale. There is an error prevalent concerning this. Giles says, "I do not want a wife with too much sense." Why not? Perhaps Giles will not answer, but the shrug of his shoulders answers. "Because I am afraid she will be an over match for me." Giles talks like a simpleton. The unfortunate men who have their tyrants at home, are never married to women of sense. Genuine elevation of mind cannot prompt any one, male or female, to go out of their proper sphere. No man ever suffered from an overplus of intelligence, whether in his own head, or in his wife's.