

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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MILFORD, PIKE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1842

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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 7 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

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

Fashionable Tailoring ESTABLISHMENT.

M. M. BURNETT.

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Stroudsburg and county generally, that he is still exerting himself for their accommodation at his stand, one door below the office of Wm. Davis, Esq. on Elizabeth street, and has now in his possession plates and diagrams of the

Very Latest City Fashions;

from which he is enabled to cut all kinds of gentlemen's wearing apparel in a manner that cannot fail to please those who may wish to dress in strict accordance with the prevailing modes. For others whose tastes may not incline to the latest fashions, or whose ages may suggest ideas of comfort rather than display, he trusts he is equally well prepared; having had the advantage of many years experience in the difficult, yet not unsurmountable task of adapting his work to the wishes of many and various persons. He is prepared to supply orders with promptness and despatch. With his sincerest thanks for the patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, he respectfully solicits its continuance—determined to neglect no means of giving his customers full and ample satisfaction.

All kinds of cutting neatly executed at the shortest notice, and in the most fashionable style.

September 14, 1842.

LUMBER! LUMBER!!

The subscribers have at their Mill situate three miles from John Fleet's Tavern, which is on the Drinker Pike, and only half a mile from Henry W. Drinker, Esq., a large and general assortment of seasoned

White Pine Lumber

of the best quality, which they offer at very low prices. Purchasers would do well to call and examine their assortment, it being from 5 to 10 miles nearer, and a much better road, than to any other Mill in this section of country, where a general assortment can be had.

PHILIP G. READING & Co.
September 21, 1842.—4m.

NOTICE.

Petitions for Discharge and Certificate under the Bankrupt Law, have been filed by Moses Bross, Lumberman, Pike county. Walter Buchanan, Tanner, do. And Friday the 30th day of December next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptcy, at the District Court Room, in the City of Philadelphia, when and where the Creditors of the said Petitioners, who have proved their Debts, and all other persons in interest, may appear and show cause, if any they have, why such Discharge and Certificate should not be granted.

FRAS. HOPKINSON,
Clerk of the District Court.
Philadelphia, Oct. 5, 1842.—10.

NOTICE.

A Petition for Discharge and Certificate under the Bankrupt Law, has been filed by John Finch, Leather Manufacturer, Pike county. And Friday the 30th day of December next at 11 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptcy, at the District Court Room, in the City of Philadelphia, when and where the Creditors of the said Petitioner, who have proved their Debts, and all other persons in interest, may appear and show cause, if any they have, why such Discharge and Certificate should not be granted.

FRAS. HOPKINSON,
Clerk of the District Court.
Philadelphia, Oct. 8, 1842.—10w. 013.

The following stanzas, an Address to a Mummy, at Belzoni's exhibition, were published about twenty years since. Who is their author, has not transpired, so far as I know.—They have, however, been attributed to Thomas Campbell, author of the *Pleasures of Hope*. Certainly they are worthy of his muse. They would not dishonor the name of any bard, ancient or modern.

Address to a Mummy, at Belzoni's Exhibition.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.—(SUSPOSED.)

And hast thou walked about—how strange the story—
In Thebes' street, three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak,—for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue; come, let us hear its tone;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, Mummy,
Revisiting the grimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom shall we assign the Spynx's fame,
Was Cleopos or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Was Pompey's pillar really a misnomer—
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nob'd with Pharaoh glass to glass,
Or drop'd a half penny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed time own to let queen Dido pass,
Or held, at Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand when armed
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wast dead, and buried, and embalmed;
Ere Remulus or Remis had been suckled;
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primal race was run.

Perchance thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade;
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played—
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so my struggles
Are vain, for priest-craft never owes its juggles.

Thou could'st not develop, if that withered tongue
Would tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked, when it was fresh and young
And the great deluge still had left it green,
Or was it then, as now, that history's pages
Contained no records of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf,
Art sworn to secrecy!—then keep thy vows—
But prithee, tell me something of thyself,
Reveal the secrets of thy prison house—
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen; what strange adventures
numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have above ground seen some strange mutations;
The Roman Empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations;
And countless Kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Did'st thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Oris, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secret's may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold;
A heart has beat within that leathern breast,
And tears adown those dusky cheeks have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man who quits't thy narrow bed
And standest undecayed within our presence;
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the loud trump shall thrill thee with its warning!

Why should this worthless testament endure
And its undying guest be lost forever!
Oh! be the soul embalmed in Christ and pure,
Redeemed and sanctified; that when they sever,
Though into dust the body may consume,
The deathless spirit in the skies may bloom.

The first White Child born in the U. States,
it is said, was christend after the state in
which she was born. She was grand-daughter
of the royal governor. This was in August,
1537. The child's name was Virginia Dare.

Spontaneous Combustion of the Human Body.

Mr. S. went to bed in apparent health, and was found the next morning burnt to cinders, on the floor of his bed-room. When he was discovered, a vapor was issuing from the mouth and nostrils; and those parts of the body, the form of which was unaltered, on being handled, immediately crumbled down. His shirt and night cap were not injured.

This case happened in 1832. The man was about forty years of age, and an inveterate dram drinker. There are many instances on record which the writer can mention. It is shown by them that the human body may be so impregnated with inflammable matter, (or gas,) as to take fire spontaneously, or that in certain conditions, the human body is capable of generating a gas, which, the moment it comes in contact with air, takes fire. The gas thus generated is a compound of hydrogen and phosphorus.

This combustion has happened to those who are in the habit of using ardent spirits; that is, to those whose bodies have become saturated from excessive drinking of alcohol. It is not, therefore, necessary, to apply a spark, or flame to the body which is thus ignited; and only those parts may be destroyed which present the requisite proportion of phosphorus: accordingly the clothes of the persons are not consumed. An important and monetary corollary from these facts is, that habitual drunkards have a much slenderer hold on life than temperate men.—N. E. Puritan.

Carlyle's Description of War.

What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain natural enemies of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them up to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid such weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red, and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain, and fed there till wanted. And now, to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artizans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner vended; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and thirty stand fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the truest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpletons! their governors had fallen out; and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot. Alas, so it is in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still as of old, 'what devilry soever kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper!'

In that fiction of the English Smollet, it is true the final cessation of war is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth, where the two natural enemies in person take each a tobacco pipe, filled with brimstone, light the same, and smoke in one another's faces till the weaker gives in. But from such predicted peace-eras what blood-filled trenches and contentions centuries may still divide us!

Discovery of Large Bones.

A discovery of bones of the defunct Mastodon has recently been made at a lick, about two miles from Warsaw, Mo., which exceed in number and size, any yet discovered. The bones were found two or three feet below the surface, imbedded in a black gravel. The number of different heads found amounts to seventy or eighty, and the large amount of detached teeth shows that a greater number of these monsters have found a common grave in this basin. The skeletons of various species of animals are found deposited in this basin, as the buffalo, elk, deer, &c.

New-Fashioned Potatoes.

A new species of the potato plant has just been imported from South America. The fruit grows on vines, like pumpkins, and will do to make handsome arbors; a single seed potato being sufficient to cover a verandah. The beauty of this above ground vegetable is, that you can pick out the finest potatoes without damaging the plants, and leave the "small potatoes" to grow bigger.

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—M. Negrier states, that the hemorrhage may be almost instantaneously checked by raising the arm on the same side as that of the nostril from which the blood flows.

Curious Appearance of the Earth.

Clayton recently made a successful ascension in a balloon from Columbus, Ohio. Among the remarks of his journal of the aerial trip, we were struck by the following:

"From the questions that I am frequently asked, an idea seems to exist with many that aeronauts lose sight of the earth when at great heights. This is a mistake; they never do, except when clouds intervene, or night appears. On the contrary, the earth is always like an immense concave map, painted different colours, which designate not the different townships or counties, as the colouring of maps generally do, but the various products of the soil. That the earth, which in reality is convex, should appear to the aeronaut to be concave, may at first seem strange to many, but a moment's reflection will render it clear. His horizon is frequently upwards of a hundred miles from him. Draw a right-angled triangle, and make the base line fifty or sixty times as long as the perpendicular, the hypothenuse and base will then be nearly in the same line. The horizon appears to the aeronaut to be on a perfect level with the car of the balloon; but the part of the earth directly underneath him seems at a great distance from him, consequently the whole surface of the scene must appear concave."

The blue yarn Stockings.

When Dr. Franklin was received at the French court as American minister, he felt some scruples of conscience in complying with their fashions as to his dress. "He hoped," he said to the minister, "that as he was himself a very plain man, and represented a plain republican people, the king would indulge his desire to appear at court in his usual dress. Independent of this, the season of the year he said rendered the change from yarn stockings to fine silk somewhat dangerous."

The French minister made him a bow, but said, that the fashion was too sacred a thing for him to meddle with, but he would do himself the honor to mention it to his MAJESTY.

The king smiled, and returned word that Dr. Franklin was welcome to appear at court in any dress he pleased. In spite of that delicate respect for strangers, for which the French are so remarkable, the courtiers could not help staring at first, at Dr. Franklin's quaker-like dress, and especially at his "blue yarn stockings." But it soon appeared that he had been introduced upon this splendid theatre only to demonstrate that great genius like true beauty, "needs not the aid of foreign ornament." The court was so dazzled with the brilliancy of his mind that they never looked at his stockings. And while many other ministers who figured in the gaudy fashions of the day are now forgotten, the name of Dr. Franklin is still mentioned in Paris with all the ardor of the most affectionate enthusiasm.

Useful Recipes.

POTATOE GLUE OR PAINT.

Take a pound of potatoes, peel and boil them, pound them while they are hot in three or four pounds of boiling water; pass them through a hair sieve; afterwards add to them two pounds of good chalk, very finely powdered, previously mixed with four pounds of water, and stir them both together. The result will be a species of glue or starch, capable of receiving every sort of coloring matter, even of powdering charcoal, of brick or lamp black, which may be employed as an economical means of painting door posts, walls, pailings, and other parts of buildings exposed to the action of the air.

PRESERVATIVE COMPOSITION.

For a composition for coloring and preserving gates, roofs, and timber generally, from the weather, melt twelve ounces of rosin in an iron pot or kettle, add three gallons of train oil, and three or four rolls of brimstone; when they are melted and become thin, add as much Spanish brown (or red or yellow ochre, or any other color you like, ground as usual with oil,) as will give the whole the shade wanted. Then lay it on with a brush as hot and as thin as you can. Some days after the first coat is dried, lay on a second. It is well ascertained that this will preserve plank for years, and prevent the weather from driving through brick work.

HOW TO HAVE A SHARP RAZOR.

Take a strap of thick harness leather, the size you want for a strap, and fasten it at each end upon a piece of wood, then rub upon its surface a piece of tin, (any tin dish will do) until it is smooth. Strap your razor upon this, and you will find it worth all the patent straps that ever were invented.

An excellent and cheap paint for rough wood work, is made out of six pounds of melted pitch, one pint linseed oil, and one pint of brick-dust or yellow ochre.

Nails are prevented from rusting by heating them and dropping them while hot in oil.

There are in the United States 17,181 insane persons; and the estimated number of those who become so annually, is 5,719.

Farmers and Politics.

The following is an extract from a letter to the editors of the Washington Globe.

RIDGE-FARM, Vermilion co., Illinois, }
November 14, 1842. }

MESSRS. BLAIR AND RIVES:—Enclosed I send you a two-dollar Indiana bill, for which I want the Congressional Globe and Appendix during the ensuing session of Congress. I received your Prospectus, and have shown it to my neighbors, but they have all made the excuse of hard times; several have said, "I would like to have the papers, but I have not the money." I live in the country, and my neighbors are all—yes, all—farmers, and you have no idea of the poverty of the farmers of Illinois. Allow me to tell you what labor it will cost me to pay you for the Congressional Globe and Appendix. Our most profitable business is raising Wheat which we carry in wagons one hundred and forty miles to Chicago, and there sell it for 40 cts. per bush. A good two horse team will draw twenty bushels and feed for the journey, and thus we go to market; camp out and cook our own food. A load will bring eight dollars; we make a trip in two weeks. "Truly you have a hard row to hoe," you will say; "why don't you sell your wheat nearer home?" Allow me to tell you that you could not cash a bushel of wheat in Vermilion county for 25 cents; so that to raise two dollars, it would require eight bushels of wheat—the product of half an acre, and a week's labor; or, to raise that sum from pork, you must sell two hundred pounds.

Is this the point to which you politicians would merge the people? and will you claim to be one of us? Can you have a taste for a farmer's life, and be denied the luxury of reading the news? Can you promise us anything better? will the triumphs of Democracy produce a better state of things? Did you ever ask yourself the question?

Well may the honest correspondent of the Globe ask this question. Will the triumphs of Democracy produce a better state of things?—Democracy, so called, has been triumphant since 1828, and what has it done? Beggared and disgraced the country. When will the hard working millions properly understand the political questions presented for their consideration and decision? What amount of rueful experience will teach them that the demagogues who have led them by the nose for fourteen years, have no claim to the dignity of democrats? If their success last two years longer, we shall despair of any reform until another, a better educated and more enlightened generation shall control the ballot boxes. This may be the only hope of effectually ridding the country of this spurious democracy.—North American.

The Late John Vaughan.

The subjoined letter of advice to a young man, written by that excellent individual and philanthropist, the late Mr. Vaughan, is well worthy of being republished in every paper in the Union.

PHILADELPHIA, 23d June, 1838.

"Dear Sir:—I have received your letter requesting me to reduce to writing a few rules of conduct which I had suggested in conversation, as a means to secure friends, and insure constant employment. They are not many, but must be rigidly adhered to.

"Ascertain clearly the duties required, and the manner your employer may wish them to be performed, and perform them to the best of your abilities.

Be punctual in your attendance, rather before the time than afterwards.

"Never slight your business, forget or neglect orders given. When business presses, never require indulgence, but rather suffer some inconvenience than retard what ought to be done. Take an interest in what concerns your employer, as if your own interest was at stake, and thus inspire confidence and reliance upon you. Never require to be looked after; the great object is to let your employer think that complete reliance may be placed on you. Do your business quietly, but steadily, nor allow your attention to be taken off by conversation with those about you. Be civil and kind to those about you, and treat all with good humor. Should any difference arise, avoid giving a hasty answer.

"Dr. Priestly, who had excitable feelings, when he found them roused, counted ten or twenty before he replied, which gave time for reflection, and for subduing any hasty effusions of temper. These may be forgiven, but are not forgotten, and destroy all harmony. I say nothing about integrity and good moral conduct, and a strict adherence to truth—these must, of course, uniformly govern your conduct. Never talk of the affairs or business of your employer—that must be left to himself. Never forget messages left; make memorandums for the purpose of letting him, on all occasions, be informed of what has been given to you to communicate. In all money matters, be strictly punctual. If, upon reflection, you should be convinced that you had done wrong, never be ashamed to apologise for it.

"Mind these rules, and friends will never be wanting. JOHN VAUGHAN,
"Mr. W. T. D., Philad."