

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL 7.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1847.

No. 47.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and 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 proprietors, will be charged 37 1/2 cents, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (fourteen 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, AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

Morning Song.

It breaks—it breaks from eastern chambers,
The golden morning ray;
All hail, thou bright and blessed morning!
All hail, thou new-born day!
It bursts—it bursts from eastern chambers—
A flood of glorious light;
He comes—he comes—the sun in splendor,
Victorious o'er the night.
I welcome thee, thou lovely morning,
And thank the kindly Power,
Whose smile of love bids darkness vanish,
And wakes the morning hour.

A Singular Case.

We find in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, the following account of the anomalous case of Miss Sarah Burbeck of Salem, who is represented not to have slept for a moment, nor been free from pain, for fifteen years. Her body and limbs are in perpetual motion—and almost all the joints in her body have been dislocated thousands of times. "When I entered her room, she was sitting up in her bed and her right arm, and fingers were twisting about in every direction; presently she leaned forward and threw herself back against the headboard, as if determined to break her head. The headboard was within an inch or two of the wall, and though a large, well stuffed pillow was placed against it, when her head struck the pillow it was with such force that the headboard struck the wall, causing the whole house to tremble. During the ten minutes that I sat there, she was thrown back in that manner over 30 times. It appeared to me that each blow of her head against the pillow, board and wall, was sufficient to stun a common person, yet she hardly appeared to notice it. During the intervals between these spasms her right arm, hands and fingers were twisting about, and her right shoulder and under jaw were drawn out of joint and in continually, the bones rattling and grinding together with a noise that could be heard in other rooms, as I was told by several present. Being deaf I could not hear them, but by placing one hand on her cheek and the other on her shoulder, I could feel the grinding and cracking as the muscles kept them in constant motion. Sometimes her jaws are locked several hours and even days; and at one time, if I remember right, they were locked twenty-five days, when all the nourishment she took was thro' the aperture caused by the loss of a tooth. Her jaws have been so often dislocated, she can eat nothing except when the contraction of the muscles throws her teeth together, and then her tongue is often caught between her teeth and severely bitten. She takes no nourishment except in a liquid state, and that with the greatest difficulty, as it causes strangulation, spasms and severe distress. These spasms sometimes throw her from her bed to the plastering over head and sometimes on the floor, and any attempt to hold her increases her agony. Her hand is sometimes thrown up into her face with such force as to bruise her face and break the skin, and one of her eyes has thus been destroyed. While conversing with her, her jaw was thrown out of joint, and drawn in a most shocking manner, and she was thrown back with such force as caused the whole house to shake, and the moment the spasm ceased, she finished her sentence, commencing at the very word where the fit had interrupted her, and with so calm a voice, that I asked her, in astonishment, if she felt no pain when thus attacked. She said the pain was so excruciating, if she would give way to her feelings, her screams might be heard half a mile; but as that would only distress others, she had learned to be quiet. Her father is over 90 years of age, and had a stroke of the palsy, from which he had partially recovered when I saw him. Her mother is over 70 and has had the care of this suffering child until prevented by sickness within a year and a half. At the time of my visit she was confined in the same room in a very feeble state.

Miss Bailey, of Alexandria, Va., has died from a bite in the foot by a cat.

Remarkable Adventure of Captain Henrie.

When the two scouting parties under Majors Borland and Gaines were captured by the Mexican forces under Gen. Minon, on the 23d January, about sixty miles from Saltillo, there were taken with them a Texan, Captain D. D. Henrie, and a Mexican guide who had been compelled to act as such. Before the Americans surrendered, Gen. Minon pledged his honor that Captain Henrie should be treated as a prisoner of war, and should have a fair trial. Soon afterwards the Mexican guide was shot down, by order of the Mexican General—a circumstance which indicated clearly to the captain what his fate was to be. The subsequent occurrences connected with his escape are thus narrated by himself:

The whole party remained at Encarnacion that day. The next morning, the 24th, the prisoners were started under a guard of 200 men, for San Luis Potosi. Majors Gaines and Borland were permitted to retain their horses and arms; the rest of the prisoners were stripped of both. Capt. Clay and Dunley and other commissioned officers, were furnished with mustang ponies; the remainder marched on foot.

The treatment of the Mexican guide induced Captain Henrie to believe that he might share the same fate. He had no confidence whatever in the word of Gen. Minon. He recognized Henrie, and riding up to him said—"Well, sir, I suppose you will visit the city of Mexico a second time." "That is very doubtful" replied Henrie. In the afternoon an express came in with a letter. Some acts of the officer who received it aroused Henrie's suspicions further, and turning short round where the officer was reading the letter, he found a number apparently watching him. He believed they designed to murder him, and he determined to make his escape if possible and advised some of the prisoners of it.

By some accident, during the evening he found himself on Major Gaines' mare, one of the best blooded nags in Kentucky and the Major's pistols still remaining in the holsters. The prisoners had become considerably scattered near sunset, and Capt. Henrie set himself busily to work to make them close together.

To do this he rode back, within ten files of the rear of the line, when discovering a small interval in the lines. The guard immediately wheeled in pursuit, but their ponies were no match for a Kentucky blood horse, and before a gun could be fairly levelled at him he had darted out of reach. He had three ranchos to pass. As he passed these he found that the Mexicans in pursuit gave the alarm to the rancheros, who followed him with fresh horses, still he outstripped them all. After passing the last rancho he had pulled up his mare, to rest her, when a single Mexican came up, supposing him to be unarmed. He waited until he came within thirty steps, when cocking the Major's duelling pistol, he fired and the Mexican rolled off.

In a short time another came near: he likewise permitted him to approach still nearer, when he wheeled and shot him down. He loaded his pistol, and after going some distance another started up from behind some bushes near the road, and rode at him; he shot at him with what success he could not tell, but was not pursued by that Mexican any farther.

When he came to Encarnacion he found the camp had been alarmed, as he supposes by some one who had passed him when he had left the road. Diverging from this straight course, he crossed several roads and evaded a number of parties who were in pursuit of him.

At length he came to a plain where there was no place to hide. The moon was shining, and he could see a number of men in pursuit. Putting spurs to his now jaded mare, he made for a mountain valley, and following it to the east he at length eluded his pursuers. He travelled up the valley forty miles, as he supposed, hoping to find an outlet towards Palomas, but in this he was disappointed. He was unable to find water for himself or his famished mare, and the next morning after his escape the noble animal expired, more from the want of water than from fatigue.

Capt. Henrie now had to make it on foot. He wandered about all day, trying to find a path

across the mountain. In the evening he found some water to quench his thirst. He then determined to retrace his steps down the valley, and did so, marching without water or food. During the 26th, 27th and 28th, he walked along through the chapparrel and prickly pears, without food or water, frequently seeing parties of Mexicans, whom he had to avoid. On the 28th he killed a rat with a club part of which he ate and put the balance in his pocket for another meal.

On the night of the 28th he reached the road, and followed it until an hour after sunset, when he discovered a party of horsemen approaching. Not knowing whether they were friends or enemies, he concealed himself until they came near, when he discovered they were a picket guard of the Arkansas troops. He gave one shout and gave up—nature was exhausted! His nerves which had been strung up to the highest degree of tension, became unstrung, and he was almost helpless. They put him on a horse and took him to Agua Nueva, where Capt. Pike commanded an outpost.

Capt. Pike informed me that when Capt. Henrie came in he was the most miserable looking being he ever saw. His shoes were worn out, his pantaloons cut in rags, his head was bare, and his hair and beard were matted; his hands, feet and legs were filled with thorns from the prickly pear, and his skin was parched and withered with privation, exposure and exertion. He had tasted no water, for four days, and seemed almost famished for want of it. The soldiers gathered round him, and all that was in their wallets was at his service, and as they had recently had a new outfit of clothing, Capt. H. was soon newly fitted out. After resting awhile, and getting some food, he was able to ride to this place. He says that during the pursuit there were more than one hundred shots fired at him, one of which passed through his hair.

The poetical Editor of the Reading Journal has been grinding out music in honor of the victory at Buena Vista and Vera Cruz, and produces the following:

"Old Zack's at Monterey,
Bring out your Santa Anna,
For every time he points a gun
Down goes a Mexicaner.

"And Scott's at Vera Cruz,
In spite of Jimmy Polker,
And every time he makes a move
Down goes a Locofocier."

Dreadful Catastrophe!—Almost.

An English paper says that, at Wombell's Menagerie, a short time since, "a fashionable dressed lady," while standing near the den of a "royal Bengal tiger," turned suddenly round, and was seized behind by the ferocious brute. Amidst the shrieks of the belle and bystanders, he tore off, as he expected, a luxurious meal, but the next moment the poor dupe found that he had been nicely taken in,—being half suffocated with bran;—the stuffing of the lady's bustle!"

Kentucky Pause.

A country actor performing the part of 'Richard' the other day, in the tragedy of 'Richard III,' had the misfortune to find his memory completely fail when he had reached the words, "Thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched without impediment." After having repeated these words several times, the audience testified their displeasure by a general hiss—when, coming forward, he thus addressed them: "Ladies and gentlemen, 'thus far into the bowels of the land we have marched without impediment,' and curse me if I can get any further."

A Truthful Woman.

"My wife tells the truth three times a day," remarked a jocosely old fellow, at the same time casting a mischievous glance at her. "Before rising in the morning, she says, 'O dear, I must get up, but I don't want to.' After breakfast, she adds, 'Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to,' and she goes to bed, saying, 'There, I have been passing all the day and hav'n't done anything.'"

In giving geography lessons, a school master down east, asked a boy: "What state do you live in?" To which the boy brawled through his nose in reply, "A state of sin and misery!"

Somnambulism.

Lord Monbodo, in his *Ancient Metaphysics*, has recorded a curious case of somnambulism, which may be interesting to many of our readers who take an interest in the progress of Mesmerism, one of the most curious and mysterious of modern scientific pursuits:

"It was," says his Lordship, "the case of a young girl, in the neighborhood of my house in the country, who had a disease that is pretty well known in the country where I live, under the name of the *louping*, that is, the jumping ague, and which is no other than a kind of frenzy which seizes the patients in their sleep, and makes them jump and run like persons possessed. The girl was attacked by this disease three years ago, in the spring, when she was about sixteen years of age, and it lasted something more than three months. The fit always seized her in the day-time, commonly about seven or eight o'clock in the morning, after she had been out of bed two or three hours. It began with a heaviness or drowsiness, which ended in sleep, at least what had the appearance of sleep, for her eyes were close shut. In this condition, she would leap upon stools and tables with surprising agility, then she would get out of the cottage where she lived with her father, mother and brother, and run with great violence, and much faster than she could when well, but always with a certain destination to some one place in the neighborhood; and to which place she often said, when she found the fit coming upon her, that she was to go; and after she had gone to the place of destination, if she did not there awake, she came back in the same direction, though she did not always keep the high-road, but frequently went a nearer way across the fields; and though her road, for this reason, was often very rough, she never fell, notwithstanding the violence with which she ran. But all the while she ran, her eyes were quite shut, as her brother attests, who often ran with her to take care of her; and who, though he was much older, stronger, and cleverer than she, was hardly able to keep up with her. When she told, before the fit came on, to what place she was to run, she said she dreamed the night before that she was to run to that place; and though they sometimes dissuaded her from going to a particular place, as to my house, for example, where, they said, the dogs would bite her, she said she would run that way, and no other. When she awakened, and came out of her delirium, she found herself extremely weak, but soon recovered her strength, and was nothing the worse for it, but on the contrary, was much worse for being restrained from running. When she awakened, and came to herself, she had not the least remembrance of what had passed whilst she was asleep. Sometimes she would run upon the top of the earthen fence which surrounded her father's little garden; and, though the fence was of an irregular figure, and very narrow at the top, yet she never fell from it, nor from the top of the house, upon which she would sometimes get by the assistance of this fence, though her eyes were then likewise shut. Some time before her disorder left her, she dreamed, as she said, that the water of a well in the neighborhood, called the Dripping Well, would cure her, and accordingly she drank of it very plentifully, both when she was well and when she was ill. Once, when she was ill, she expressed, by signs, a violent desire to drink of it; (for she did not, while in the fit, speak so as to be intelligible;) and they having brought her other water, she would not let it come near her, but rejected it with signs of great aversion; but when they brought her the water of this well, she drank it greedily, her eyes being all the while shut. Before her last fit came upon her, she said that she had just three leaps to make, and she would neither leap nor run more. And accordingly, having fallen asleep as usual, she leaped upon the stone at the back of the chimney, and down again; and having done this three times, she kept her word, and never leaped nor ran more. She is now in perfect health."

Having given these details of this very interesting case, his Lordship justly observes, "What I have said of this girl remembering nothing of what passed whilst she was in the fit, is the case of all night-walkers. It is by this, chiefly, that night-walking is distinguished from dreaming; and it proves to me that the

mind is then more disengaged from the body than it is even in dreaming, for it is not only without the use of the senses, but without memory.

A Sentinel's Soliloquy.

The *Xenia Torch Light* published a letter from a returned volunteer who belonged to the St. Louis Legion, from which we extract the following anecdote:

The locus claim that their defeat in Ohio arose in part from the fact that the volunteers were mostly democrats. "We are greatly mistaken if they had not more to fear from their return, than from their absence. The sovereign cure for locofocoism now known is a peep at the Mexican war—the elephant, as the volunteers call it.

"One night during the four days' rain, I was standing sentinel half leg deep in the water. It was a night not easily forgotten—such sheets of vivid lightning, such bursts of loud thunder, such roaring groans of wind and rain, I never before experienced. It was as dark as a recess in Green river cave. About 2 o'clock in the morning, I heard a splashing along in the water and hailed. It proved to be Capt. Salisbury, officer of the day, and Lieut. West, officer of the guard, the grand rounds. After passing me, they found the next sentinel but one engaged in earnest conversation with himself, in which he appeared so much interested that he did not hear them approach. They had the curiosity to listen to the soliloquy. 'Yes,' said he 'when I voted for James K. Polk, had I known it would have led to this, I'd have seen him to the d—l and Texas snuck first. But after the war was brought on I was ashamed to let the Whigs do the fighting, and stay at home and be taunted by them. I was obliged to come for consistency's sake; but if I had you here James K. Polk!—here he uttered an awful imprecation on him—'I'd blow you through,' and he brought up his musket to take aim, as if he would shoot sure enough. At this moment the grand rounds made a noise and were hailed sternly with—

"Who comes there?"
"James K. Polk," was the reply.
"Advance, you cuss, and give the counter-sign, or I'll blow your brains out!"
The officers told the anecdote the next day to the company."

Eloquence at a Premium.

"May it please the Court," said a Yankee lawyer, before a Dutch Justice, the other day, "this is a case of the greatest importance.—While the American Eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of this faithful Republic, and whose wings extend from the Alleghanies to the rocky Chain of the West, was rejoicing in his pride of place"—

"Stop dare! Stop I say, vat has dis suit to do mit eagles? Dis has noutin to do mit de wild bird. It ish von sheep," exclaimed the Justice.

"True, your honor, but my client has rights here"

"Ye'r client has no right mit de eagle!"

"Of course not, but by the laws of language"

"What cares I for de laws of de language. I understand de laws of de State, and dat ish enough for me. Confine yer talk to de case."

"Well then, my client, the defendant in this case, is charged with stealing a sheep, and"—

"Dat will do! That will do! Your client is charged mit sheealing a sheep, just nine shillin. De court will adjourn to Bill Verguson's to drink!"

The North Pole.

Sir J. Ross, the celebrated navigator, has written to the Astronomical Society of London, informing that body that he has submitted a plan to the Admiralty, for carrying into execution the double and desirable objects of measuring an arc of the meridian, and reaching the North Pole. His plan is to winter at Spitzbergen, and employ his officers and crew under the direction of the son of the celebrated Schumaner, whom he has engaged for the purpose, and at the proper season, attempt to reach the North Pole on sledges drawn by Swedish horses, being a modification of the plan proposed by Dr. Scoresby.

Drinking.

We reasoned with an inebriate a few days since on the vile habit of drinking spirits.

"Why," he said in reply, "water is dangerous very dangerous—it drowns people; goes into their chests and into their heads, and then, too, it makes that infernal steam that's always blowing a feller up."