

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 8.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1847.

No. 4.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

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 50 cents per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (seven 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.

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Did God so will it?

BY ELIZA COOK.

Did God so will it! Truth is in the tone That so arraigns the evil deeds of man, And worshippers at the Eternal Throne Will breathe it forth in face of mortal ban. We note dark scenes that crowd upon our eyes, Rousing the bosom but to chafe and chill it; Oh, who shall gaze, nor feel the question rise— Did God so will it!

The holy word, typed by the gentle bird Of holy peace, is often yelled around As a fierce war-cry—scaring while 'tis heard, Baiting and baying where bold thought is found. "Be merciful," is the divine behest; Priests with the mission, how do ye fulfill it! Even as tyranny and strife attest— Did God so will it!

The red-skinned savage holds his hunting field As Nature's heritage by human law, Content with what the bush and river yield, His rugged wigwam and his twany squaw. But the smooth white-face drives him back & back; Let his voice tell of right, and might shall still it, Till his free steps are thrust from their own track— Did God so will it!

The heirs of fortune eat, drink, laugh, and sleep, Scarce knowing Winter's cold from Summer's heat; Strange contrast with the lank pinched forms that creep With ruffled heads, and bleeding, heartless feet. While sated Wealth reclines to cull and sip, Where the full feast is decked with flowery fillet, Wonder and Hunger ask with moody lip— Did God so will it!

'T is a fit question when the coward hand Deals needless anguish to the patient brute; Proud upright thing of clay, thou had'st command To rule, but not to torture the poor mute. When thou would'st urge the brave to step to a task, Knowing the mean, inhuman work will kill it, Hear'st not thou the voice of conscience ask— Did God so will it!

Crime clothed in greatness holds a wondrous claim On the world's tenderness—'t is few will dare To call foul conduct by its proper name. When it can prowl and prey in golden lair; But let the pauper sin—Virtue, disgraced, Rears a high seat, and Vengeance stern must fill it. Justice, thy bandage is not fairly placed— Did God so will it!

'T is a fit question to be put to man When he would trample hearts already sad, Reckless what pressing trials crowd the span. Of others' days—so that his own is glad. 'T is a broad taxing, but the chainless mind Will dare to raise the doubtings that shall thrill it, Inquiring oft, 'mid factions base and blind, Did God so will it!

Who can look out upon the earth, and see Much that is there, without a startling fear That Man has darkly set the upas tree Where Nature gave him vineyard fruits to rear? Sorrow, oppression, carnage, madness, pain— Read the world's record—note how these shall fill it; Shrink not, but question straight with heart and brain, Did God so will it!

When Mr. Polk told the New Yorkers that he felt proud, because freemen were competent to elect their own rulers, Prentice thinks he ought to have felt humble at the reflection that they had chosen a ruler so incompetent as he is.

The magnetic Telegraph having taken the sting out of lightning, it is said that a Yankee has invented a machine to take the noise out of thunder.

The best dancing tunes are the morning songs of the birds.

Letter from Major Downing.

From the National Intelligencer.

On board the Steamboat on Long Island Sound, bound to Connecticut and Down East, June 28, 1847.

Messrs. GAELS & SEATON:

My Dear old Friends:—I and Mr. Buchanan and the rest of us overtook the President last night at York, where we found him pretty well teckered out, having got thro' with all his birds egging in that everlasting great city, and ready to push on this morning down east. I was going to write a line to friend Ritchie, as he's the Government Editor, as soon as I could catch up with the President, and let him know how the old gentleman stood the journey. But I happened to look into your paper, and I see brother Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, sends his letters to you. This puzzled me a little at first, because I knew he was on Ritchie's side. But I looked along, and I see he called your paper a "powerful journal;" and then the thought struck me that I had read somewhere that "there's a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself." Well, thinks I, that Ingersoll is a cunning fellow, but he ain't a going to get ahead of me. If he writes to the power behind the throne, I will too. So, if Mr. Ritchie complains, and says I ought to write to him, I wish you would just smooth it over to him, and tell him the reason of it, and tell him when the old ship gets on 'tother tack, and his paper gets on behind, I'll write to him.

As I had come right on from Mexico the shortest cut, and had brought a letter from General Scott to the President, as soon as we got to York I run right up to the tavern where he stopped to give him the letter. Folks told me he was at the Astor House—that great tavern made out of hewed stone. So I went up and went in, and asked one of the waiters if Col. Polk put up there? "Is it Jemmy Polk ye mane; Young Hickory the President?" says he. "Sartin," says I. "Yes," says he, "he's here: up stairs in his room."

Says I, "Show me his chamber as quick as you can; I must see him." "You can't see him to night," says he.—"Young Hickory is tired out, and can't see nobody at all. Why wasn't ye on hand in the Governor's room if ye wanted to see him! All the boys had a chance there."

Says I, "that's nothing to the point; I was on the road from Washington then, and I'm going to see the President to-night if I have to go through the stone walls of this house for it." Then along come Mr. Stetson: and says he, "Patrick, what's the row here?" "Here's a feller getting wrathful," says Patrick, "because I won't let him go up to the President's room."

At that Mr. Stetson turned round to me, and, as soon as he see me, he ketched hold of my hand, and says he, "Major Downing I am very happy to see you. I'll show you right up to the President's room myself. I'm sorry you wasn't here before. We've had some very pleasant teaparties since the President's been here."

When I got into the President's chamber he was lying down on the bed to rest, and looking as tired as a rat that had been drawn through forty knot-holes. But, as soon as he see me, he jumped up, looking rather wild, and says he, "Major Downing, how are ye? I didn't think of seeing you back from Mexico as soon as this. How does things go there now?"

Says I, "Colonel they don't go hardly at all. They are waiting for more help. Scott and Taylor both are growing red and angry to think you should chuck 'em away into the middle of Mexico there, and then not send them help to fight their way out again. And it seems to me, Colonel, you do hold back in the business a little too much. If you don't send 'em help pretty soon then guerillas will eat our little armies all up." Why, Colonel, says I, "if this war had come on in the time of the old General, my old friend Hickory, he would a had them Mexicans half whipped to death by this time. But here's a letter from Scott, to tell you what he thinks about the business. I come on post-haste to bring it. He says he won't stir from Puebla till you send on more men to take the place of all them that's coming home."

The President took the letter and read a few lines, and threw it down upon the table; and says he, "It's no use; Scott may grumble and growl as much as he's a mind to, but it's no use. This war is a concern of my own getting up, for my own use, and I shall manage it just as I please." Says he, "Major Downing, there's reason in all things. I don't want them Mexicans whipped too fast, especially when them upstart Generals get all the glory of it. When I found Taylor was swellin' up too large, I meant to a stopped him at Monterey and draw off a part of his glory on to Scott. But that Taylor is a headstrong chap, a dangerous man. He overstept his duty and blundered on to that victory at Buena Vista that set every thing all in a blaze. I shan't overlook it in him very soon. If the selfish creature had only let Santa Anna give him a handsome licking there, we might a had peace in a little while, for I had things all arranged with Santa Anna to wind the business right up in such a way that we might each of us have made a handsome plum out of it.— But that unpardonable Taylor must cut and slash round with his handful of men, untotored volunteers, that I thought were as harmless as a flock of sheep, and contrive, by that awful blunder at Buena Vista to pour all the fat into the fire."

"Well, then, Scott has'n't behaved much better. He's licked the Mexicans too fast by a great sight, and is swellin' himself up in the eyes of the people shamefully. I thought if I could a sent Col. Benton on there he would a squeezed the glory out of both of 'em in a little while, and settled them down so they wouldn't a been dangerous. But that vagabond Senate wouldn't let me do it. That was too bad, Major, when them two Generals were attracting all the glory that belonged to me, that the Senate wouldn't let me do anything to offset them. But I'll let him know that young Hickory isn't to be beat any more than old Hickory was.— I've sent Mr. Trist on to look after matters, and to see that the armies don't go too fast; for I'm determined Scott and Taylor shan't whip the Mexicans any faster than is prudent. All the glory that's to come out of the war fairly belongs to me, and I'll have it."

"But," says I, "Colonel, you are going to send on more men, ain't you? Or what are you going to do? How are you going to wind the business up?" Says he, "I'm too tired to talk over my plans to-night. But there's no need of your going right back to Mexico yet. Mr. Trist is there, and I can trust him, to look after matters, and you better jump into the boat with us in the morning and take a trip down East, and we can talk the subject over at our leisure."

About five o'clock in the morning the President rattled away at my door and waked me out of a sound sleep; and, when he found I wasn't up, says he, "Major you must be spy, or you'll be too late, for we're off at six."

I was up and dressed about the quickest, and went out, and fact, there was a quarter of a mile of soldiers, all ready to escort us to the boat. And down we went through whole streets full of men and women, and boys and gals, of all sorts and sizes, some running and crowding, and some hollering and hurrahing, and in a few minutes were aboard the steamboat, and the bell rung and the steamer puffed, and off we went on the Sound towards Connecticut.

The President had a little room all to himself, and he made me go right into it with him, and he set down in an easy chair, and put his feet upon another, and says he, "Major, I'm glad to get out of the crowd again; we'll take a few hours rest and comfort on this voyage. This being President, Major is mighty hard work; but, after all, I like it. I've had a glorious time of it in New York. Every body was running after me, and it seems as though I had seen every thing. I feel as though I had lived through a whole year in these three days, and I don't believe any body ever received more honors in so short a space of time in this country."

"Well," says I, "Colonel, it seems to me a pity you told the folks at Baltimore the other day that you should retire when this term was up. You might go two terms, as old Hickory did, just as well as not, you are so popular."

At this he give me a tuck in the ribs and a sly wink, and says he, "Major, don't you understand that? Telling of 'em I shouldn't stand another term is jest the right way to make 'em the more fierce to have me. Don't you know Anthony said Caesar refused the crown three times, jest so as to be more sure of having it placed on his head? And just see how Santa Anna is working it now in Mexico. When he gets pretty near run down and shivering in the wind and nothing to stand upon, he sends in his resignation, with a long patriotic speech about shedding the last drop of his blood for his country, and all that, and the people refuse his resignation and cry out "long live Santa Anna!" and away he goes and drums up another army of soldiers."

"But, to tell the truth, Major," says he, "when I made that remark at Baltimore I had some little notion of retiring. Our party was so cut up, things looked rather dark ahead, and I find this Mexican war something of a bother after all. Taylor and Scott commit so many blunders. I had really then some notion of retiring when this term is up. But, since I got along to New York, things seemed to look brighter. I'm popular Major; I know I am I shouldn't be surprised if the Whigs made a demonstration in my favor yet. They seemed very fond of me in New York; and so did every body, every body you could mention; even the market women took me by the hand and called me young Hickory, and gave me lots of fruit. There, do you see that pineapple on the table?" says he. "That was given to me at the Fulton market, as we were going over to Brooklyn on Saturday. Cut away, Major, and help yourself to it; it's a nice one. And here's a paper of most excellent tobacco," says he, "that was presented to me at the same time. You go into the pineapple, and I'll go into the tobacco, and then we'll have a little more talk about the war."

Jest as we got cleverly under way they sung out that the passengers should get ready for landing. So I cut my yarn off here for the present; but I likely as not you'll hear from me again.

Your old friend,
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

Galvanism.

By means of the galvanic agency a variety of striking and surprising effects have been produced, some of which we have already noticed, and of which the following is a brief summary. Gunpowder, cotton, and other inflammable substances have been set on fire—charcoal has been made to burn, with a most brilliant and beautiful white flame—water has been decomposed into its elementary parts—metals have been melted and set on fire—fragments of diamond, charcoal, and plumbago, have been dispersed, as if they had been evaporated—platina, the hardest and heaviest of the metals, has been melted as readily as wax in the flame of a candle—the sapphire, quartz, magnesia, lime, and the finest compounds in nature, have been made to enter into fusion. Its effects on the animal system is no less surprising. When applied to a fowl or rabbit, immediately after life is extinct, it produces the most strange and violent convulsions on the nervous and muscular system, as if the vital functions were again revived; and when applied to the human body after death, the stimulus has produced the most horrible contortions, and grimaces in the muscles of the head and face and the most rapid movements in the hands and feet. Numerous experiments, which have been made both on dead animals and human subjects have led to the conclusion that galvanism possesses some sanative as well as energetic influence on the action of diseased living beings. It has been found to effect cures, and to afford relief in nervous disorders. It has not only been used to cure the afflicted living, but also to resuscitate the apparently dead; and, in all cases of suspended animation, from accidents or otherwise, it has been found to be a test of vitality, and the surest criterion of recent death. A celebrated medical writer on this subject, in Berlin, strongly recommends its use in rheumatism, palsies, nervous deafness, hoarseness, debility of sight, white swellings of the joints, tumors in the glands of the neck, and several other disorders. It is found that it possesses not only a stimulating power over the nerves and muscles, but also over the vital forces. M. Spronger, of Jenna, gives an account of his having restored the sense of hearing to 45 persons by means of this singular agent—to four of whom he also restored the sense of smelling. Galvanism has also been employed as a powerful agent for blasting rocks. At Glasgow, and several other places, its agency has been applied with great success. At one blast hundred of tons of stones have been in a moment loosened from the rock. It is found that dry sand is quite sufficient for filling the perforation in the rock where the charge is placed, and that the process is unaccompanied with the smallest degree of danger, so that, by this mode of blasting, those accidents which have so frequently happened to workmen employed in such operations may be entirely prevented.—The galvanic agency enables us to account for the following among other facts:—Why perforators have a different and more pleasant taste when drunk out of a pewter vessel, than out of glass or earthenware,—why a silver spoon is discolored in eating eggs,—why the limbs of people under amputation are sometimes convulsed by the application of the instrument,—why pure mercury is oxydised when amalgamated with tin,—why works of metal, which are soldered together, soon tarnish in the places where the metals are joined,—and why the copper sheathing of ships, when fastened with iron nails, is soon corroded about the place of contact. In all these cases a galvanic circle is formed, which produces the effects. We have reason to believe that, in combination with the discoveries which modern chemistry is daily unfolding, the agencies of this fluid will enable us to carry the arts forward to perfection, and to trace the secret causes of some of the sublimest phenomena of nature.

Cincinnati.

The second child born in Cincinnati, says the St. Clairsville Gazette, still lives and has not seen the middle age of life while Cincinnati contains 80,000 inhabitants! The old pioneer who first settled where Cincinnati now stands, when Ohio was a wilderness, walks among us hearty and strong, amid a throng of two millions of souls!

And the first child born of American parents west of the Alleghany mountains, who knew Washington as a surveyor on the banks of the Kanawha, when the whole north-west, with immaterial exceptions, was in possession of the savage, is yet alive and scarce numbers more than four score and ten; yet in her day she witnessed the growth of an Empire; the peopling of the mighty valley between the base of the Blue Ridge and Rocky Mountains!

Pride has starved more men than famine.

Choosing a Wife—A Practical Story.

BY A LADY.

I had a cousin, a clever, charming girl. She could dance gracefully, draw beautifully, and play divinely; she was a most delightful companion, being both sensible and witty, and she could also perform any sort of household work. The latter she was compelled to do for there was a large family of them. My aunt being unable to afford to keep more than one servant, and my cousin Ellen being the eldest, a good deal of labor fell to her share. This she did not much mind, but always performed it cheerfully and well, only taking care that it should not be known among her acquaintance, fearing, if it were, she should lose the respect and consideration her superior address and accomplishments everywhere ensured her, and as she was at all times seen dressed like a lady, and never at any occupation more useful than knitting, knotting, or worsted work, no one suspected her of being able to do what she really did. I cannot say she was without lovers, for she was universally admired and sought; but somehow the young men seemed unanimously to set her down for a fine lady, and she had completed her twenty-second year without having had an offer. Her companions all marvelled that she should remain single so long; and I, among the rest, thought it very odd that though there was often an actual contention for her at a ball, and no one wished to secure her as a partner for life.

Among our inmates was a gentleman, distantly related to my husband, who, I had often suspected, greatly admired my cousin Ellen, but still he made no proposal. By mere chance I ascertained that she regarded him with feelings more favorable than she had ever entertained for another; and as the match seemed suitable, I resolved to find out what kept them apart. A long tete-a-tete I had one evening with the gentleman, favored my design. After conversing for a time on various subjects, we began to talk of our female acquaintances, and in order to disarm suspicion, I purposely avoided mentioning Ellen's name.

"It's unaccountable to me, Philip," said I, "that you don't begin to look out for a wife; you know what an advocate I am for matrimony, and positively if you become an old bachelor, I'll cut your acquaintance altogether."

"I have no such intention, I assure you," answered Philip, "and, to speak the truth, I have been seeking a wife for a long time past."

"Indeed! and are you so impressed with the idea of your own excellencies, that you cannot find a woman worthy of you?" I asked.

"Not so," replied Philip; "but I fear the woman I am most charmed with is not a fit wife for me. I cannot marry a mere fine lady, and yet I require an accomplished woman. My wife must be cultivated and refined, and I should like that she possessed personal charms; many such women I have known; but then she must be amiable, and though quite at home in the drawing-room, she must also understand the details of house-keeping, and be competent to manage a family, to direct her servants, and to take the servant's place, if need be."

"Why, it is a rare avis, indeed, that you require," said I, laughing; "I admire your modesty, young gentleman, I must confess; and, supposing you were to find such a phoenix, what may I ask, do you propose as an equivalent? or, do you imagine your own pretty person, the privilege of bearing your name, and making the most of your income, would constitute a fair exchange? What could you offer to induce such a rare piece of perfection to accept you for her lord and master?"

"What could I offer?" returned Philip, with warmth; "why I would offer myself, not mind you after the fashion of too many young men of the present day. I would bind myself to her, body and soul. For such a woman I would toil like a slave, if it were necessary; for such a woman, I do not say I would die—that is tame—but for such a woman, I would live; I would shield her from evil; I would lighten her of every care; I would surround her with every comfort; in short, I would dedicate my whole existence to the promotion of her happiness."

"Gently, gently!" cried I, "moderate your transports, and tell me if you know any lady who approaches near the perfection that you demand?"

"I know one," he replied, slightly hesitating, "that I would give much to learn possesses one or two of the requisites—some, I know she has, but the most essential, I fear, she wants. Listen to me, my friend. I am, at present, in flourishing circumstances, but how can I be sure they will continue? Now, I am resolved never to marry a woman who is not a thorough housekeeper. Accomplished besides too often prove the ruin of their husbands; and, besides, I cannot afford to maintain an expensive establishment. Now your cousin Ellen is the most lovable creature I ever beheld, but then, is she not a fine lady, unable to exist without servants to wait on her?"

"By no means," I answered; "Ellen is as notable as she is accomplished and refined; everything in the house is under her direction, and all the order you observe in their domestic