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The following lines from the Louisville Journal are above all praise. They are surpassingly beautiful:

The spring of life is past,
With its budding hopes and fears,
And the autumn time is coming
With its weight of weary years—
Our joyousness is fading,
Our hearts are dimmed with care,
And youth's fresh dreams of gladness,
All perish darkly there.

While bliss was blooming near us
In the heart's first burst of spring,
While many hopes could cheer us
Life seemed a glorious thing!
Like the foam upon a river,
When the breeze goes rippling o'er,
These hopes have fled forever,
To come to us no more.

'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well:
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyhood's wish,
To roam, like angels, there.

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past—
And from that tomb of feeling,
Old thoughts come thronging fast;
The forms we loved so dearly,
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens,
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly,
For such a world as this;
Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring time of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April,
They followed every tear;
They have passed—like hope—away—
All their loveliness has fled—
Oh—many a heart is mourning,
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer
They have fallen from the stem—
Yet oh—it is a lovely death,
To fade from earth like them.

And yet the thought is saddening,
To muse on such as they—
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away;
That the fair ones whom we love,
Like the tendrils of a vine;
Grow closely to each loving heart,
Then perish on their shrive!

And we can but think of these,
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And flowers are blossoming:
For we know that winter's coming,
With his cold and stormy sky—
And the glorious beauty round us,
Is budding but to die!

A Good One.

Two grave members of the Bar encountered a dead pig on the side-walk, and soon after met the Coroner; whereupon one of them remarked to him that his services were required to sit upon the body. "Do you make the suggestion," inquired the Coroner, "that you may pocket the jurymen's fees?" "Oh, no," interposed the third party. "H. could not serve, for the law precludes the relatives of the deceased from sitting upon the jury."

Another Letter from Maj. Downing.

From the National Intelligencer.
Downingville, away down East,
in the State of Maine, July 6, 1847.

MR. GALES & SEATON: My Dear Old Friends:

My letter to you on board the steamboat on Long Island Sound was cut off so short by the bell's ringing for us to get ready to go ashore, that I didn't get half through telling you the talk I had with the President that day; and we've had so much talk since, and seen so much on the journey, that I shan't be able to tell you one-half nor a quarter on't in a letter. It would take a whole book to give you a good notion of the whole story. But the President will be back to Washington before you can get this letter, for he started to go back last Saturday; so you can get the whole account of the journey from him. He'll be delighted to set down and tell you all about it; for he's been amazingly pleased with the whole journey, from top to bottom. He's been on his high-heeled boots all the way. Instead of growin' more stoopin' by bowin' so much, it seems as if he stood straighter than ever. He told the Governor, in his speech at Augusta, Saturday, "I seldom happens that the course of any man's life is mark'd by so distinguished a reception as has been accorded to me to-day." Well, so it has been all the way along; burrahing, and complimenting, and firing, and speeches, and dinners, and suppers, and shaking hands. On board the steamboat from Portland to Augusta we got a little breathing time, and had a good long talk.

Says the President to me: Now, Major, says he, I want you to be candid. No one is a true friend to one in a high station unless he will be candid and speak the truth. And now, Major, I don't want you to flatter me; I want you to be candid, and tell me just what you think. You went along with President Jackson when he made his tower down East, and had a chance to see the whole operation; and now I want you to tell me candidly, if you think the people was any more fond of him than they are of me.

Well, now Colonel, says I, not wishing to hurt your feelings at all, but, seeing you've asked my candid opinion, I won't deny but what the people are very fond of you, amazingly fond, perhaps as fond as they can be. But, after all, these times aint exactly equal to old Hickory's times.

But what do you mean? says he.

Well, says I, the people all seem to be amazed, but some how it seems to have a sort of mother-in-law show about it; it don't seem to be so real hearty as they showed to old Hickory.

Well now, Major, says he, and he reddened a little when he said this; says he, that only shows how strong your prejudices set in favor of the old General. But I thought you was a man of a stronger mind and sounder judgment. I can't agree with you against the evidence of my own senses. Did you notice all the way along how thick the crowds flock'd round me to shake hands with me?

Yes, says I; but they didn't go it with such a rush as they did when my old friend the General come this way. They jammed around him so they had to climb over each other's heads to get at him. And I had to take hold sometimes by the hour together and help him shake hands with 'em, or he never would have got through with one-half of 'em.

Well then, says he, did you mind how loud they cheered and hurrahed wherever we come along?

Yes, Colonel, says I, I heard all that; but, my gracious! wherever old Hickory made his appearance, the crowd roared right out like thunder.

Well, Major, says he, they couldn't beat them cheers that the Democrats and Capt. Rynders give me at Tammany Hall, I know; thunder itself couldn't beat that. It's no use Major, for you to argue the point; no President ever received such marks of honor from the people, I am sure of that; I mean the whole people, Federalists as well as Democrats; that is, if there is any such people as Federalists now days, and Mr. Ritchie says there is. Only think, the old Federal state of Massachusetts did the business up as handsome and seemed to be as fond of me as Governor Hill's State; I couldn't see any difference. You must confess, Major, that even your old friend Hickory didn't receive so much honor in Massachusetts as I have.

Well now, says I, Colonel, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you are just as much mistaken as you was when you sent old Rough and Ready into Mexico. Have you forgot how they took the old General into Cambridge College and made a Doctor of him?

Who cares for that? says the Colonel; says he, turning up his nose, didn't the Democrats and Capt. Rynders take me into Tammany Hall and make a Tammany of me? No, no, Major Downing, it's no use for you to argue the point against my popularity; for I've got eyes and I can see; and I tell you, and I want you to mark my words, I tell you, I'm more popular with the whole people than ever old Hickory was in all his life. He was very popular with the Democratic party, but I am fully persuaded he hadn't

such a hold upon the affections of the whole people as I have.

Here the President got up and walked about the floor, and seemed in a deep study for as much as five minutes. At last says he: Major, I missed a figger in my speech there at Baltimore 'tother day. I see it now, and I don't know exactly how to get over it.

How so? says I.

Why, says he, I ought not to have said, right up and down, pint blank, that I should retire when this term was up. I should only have talked about my desire to retire to private life. I was too hasty, and committed myself too soon. There never was a better chance for any body to be elected than there is for me now, if I hadn't made that unfortunate remark. Jackson stood twice, and Jefferson stood twice, and I suppose it is really my duty to serve my country as long as they did. But if I should undertake to run agin, I rpose they would be throwing that Baltimore speech in my teeth.

Well now, says I, Colonel, can't you see your way out of that? You wasn't born down East as far as I was. It's no great job to get over that trouble.

At that the President brightened up a good deal; and says he, Well, Major, I'll tell you what 'is, if you'll get me over that difficulty handsomely, when we come to have another shuffle for the offices, you may choose any card in the pack, and you shall have it.

Well, says I, Colonel, about that remark of yours at Baltimore, that you should give up when this term is out, all you've got to do is to get Mr. Ritchie to take it back in the Union; let him declare that it was only a sort of speculation, hastily thrown out, without much consideration, and that, so far as he understands, neither the President nor any of his Cabinet entertains any such views. Then you can get along just as smooth and as safe as if nothing had happened.

Fact, that's it, says the Colonel, snapping his fingers; strange I didn't think of that afore. Major, you do beat all for working out of difficulties! I believe I'll make up my mind to go ahead another term; I don't see any thing in the way. I'll tell ye how I think of working it. I've been reading over this letter of Taylor's to the Cincinnati Signal. He's an old head, but he ain't agoing to come another Bona Vista blunder over me. If I don't take the wind out of his sails before long, I'll engage to make him King of Mexico. And I'll try him on his own tack too. I'll come out and declare that I won't be the candidate of no party neither; and throw myself upon the people. I'm convinced, from what I've seen on this journey, that the Whigs will go for me almost to a man. Van Buren and Wright, who say I'm not the man for the Northern Democrats, may go to grass. I go for the people, the whole people, and nothing but the people.

Well, says I, Colonel, that's the road; and I wish you a pleasant and prosperous journey.

We had some more talk about the war before we reached Augusta, but I haven't got time to explain to you the President's views about it in this letter. He says he means to keep a tight rein over Taylor, and not let him do much, and when he does do any thing, make him report it to the Government through Scott. I asked him if he wasn't afraid of making too full a man out of Scott by placing him on Taylor's shoulders, and he said no, he should look out for that, and if he see any danger of it he should make Scott report to the Government through M. Trist.

After we visited Augusta, and Hallowell, and Gardiner, I tried to get the President to go out to Downingville, but he said he didn't think it would do for him to stop any longer this time, though there was no place in the country that he was more anxious to see, and he promised, the first leisure time he could get, to make a flying visit there. I asked him if he didn't think it would do for me to go out and stop a day or two, as I hadn't seen uncle Joshua or aunt Keziah or any of 'em there for a long time. He said, certainly by all means, and he would hurry back to Washigton and look round two or three days and see what was best to be done about this Mexican war business, which, according to the letter I brought from General Scott, seemed to be getting into something of a snarl. He said he would have things all cut and dried by the time I got back along to Washigton, so that we could make up our minds at once what is best to be done.

Your old friend,
MAJOR JACK DOWNING

Before any man sets out to invent perpetual motion we recommend his practising the trick of getting into a basket and lifting himself up by the handles. When he succeeds at that he can go ahead with perpetual motion with some prospect of success.

The uses of Ether.

The editor of the Boston Chronotype has had several of his teeth extracted while under the influence of ether. He is now convinced that there is no humbug in this pain-preventer. He suggests that people in debt might avoid the pain of being dunned by keeping a vial of ether in their vest pockets and inhaling a little when they see a creditor approaching.

Magnetical Experiments.

The natural magnet, or loadstone, is found in the earth, generally in iron mines, in a hard and brittle state, and for the most part, more vigorous in proportion to the degree of hardness. Artificial magnets, which must be made of harder or highly tempered steel, are now generally used in preference to the natural magnet; not only, as they may be procured with greater ease, but because they are far superior to the natural magnet in strength, communicate the magnetic virtue more powerfully, and may be varied in their form more easily. In making artificial magnets, care should be taken to apply the north pole of the natural magnet or magnets to that extremity of the steel which is required to be made the south pole, and to apply the south pole of the magnet to the opposite extremity of the piece of steel. Very powerful magnets may be formed by first constructing several weak magnets, and then joining them together to form a compound one.

The north or south poles of two magnets repel each other; but the north pole of one attracts the south pole of another. The attraction between the magnet and iron is mutual, for the iron attracts the magnet as much as the magnet attracts the iron; so that if they be placed on pieces of wood, so as to float upon the surface of the water, it will be found that the iron advances towards the magnet as well as the magnet towards the iron; or, if the iron be kept steady, then the magnet will move towards it.

Magnetic attraction will not be destroyed by interposing obstacles between the magnet and the iron. If you lay a small needle on a piece of paper, and put a magnet under the paper, the needle may be moved backwards and forwards; and with a piece of glass or board the effect will be the same. This property of the magnet has afforded the means of several amusing deceptions. A small figure of a man has been made to spell a person's name. The hand, in which was a piece of iron, rested on a board, under which a person, concealed from view, with a powerful magnet, contrived to carry it from letter to letter, until the word was made up. If the figure of a fish, with a small magnet concealed in its mouth, be thrown into the water, and a baited hook be suspended near it, the magnet and iron by mutual attraction will bring the fish to the bait.

If you lay a sheet of paper, covered with iron filings upon a table, with a small magnet among them, and then shake the table a little, at the two ends of the poles, the particles of iron will form themselves into lines, a little sideways, which bend, and then form complete arches, reaching from some point in the northern half of the magnet to some other point in the southern half. If you shake some iron filings through a gauze sieve upon a paper that covers a bar magnet, they will be arranged in beautiful curves.

Soft iron is attracted by the magnet more forcibly than steel, but it is not capable of preserving the magnetic property so long. The gradual addition of weight to a magnet kept in its proper situation, increases the magnetic power, but heat weakens it. Bars of iron that have stood long in a perpendicular situation, are generally found to be magnetical; this circumstance, together with the phenomena of the compass and the dipping needle, leaves no room to doubt but that the cause exists within the earth.

We clip the following Toasts from the Philadelphia Chronicle. It asserts that they were prepared for a public dinner, but is uncertain whether they were offered:

By a Volunteer.—The "Molasses General," who sweetened the waters of the Rio Grande, when made into tea for the soldiers under his command, at an advance of five hundred per cent. on the raw material. Tune—"Down among the lasses oh!"

By a Guest.—The valiant Gentleman who kept at a convenient distance from the forts of Cerro Gordo, believing "that distance lends enchantment to the view."

By Dr. Softsoap.—Plenty of "tin," the commodity most useful in the preparation of a public dinner, and the ingredients wherewith to make soft-sawder. Air—"That's the way the money goes."

By Capt. Quickmatch.—Copper balls harmless in a general way, especially when their effects are viewed at a distance.

By Corporal Pluck.—The distinguished General, who, like Falstaff, thinks that "discretion is the better part of valor," and "runs away, that he may live to fight another day."—Tune—"Home, Sweet Home."

By the man with the Military walk.—Brick-bats vs. the sandy plains of Mexico, for upon the former you can tread with a firm step, and show a bold front, while the latter is apt to run from under his feet.

By Col. Drinkwine.—The noble and useful general officer whom the Commander-in-Chief sent home because he wanted the situation filled by a soldier who will lead not follow his command.

Extraordinary Inland City.

The New Orleans National, in its sketch of Col. Doniphan's late remarkable expedition, gives the following: About the time Col. Doniphan made his treaty with the Navajos a division of his command was entirely cut off from provisions, and the Navajos supplied its wants with liberality. A portion of the command returned to Cuivano, Major Gilpin's command, together with Col. Doniphan, went to the city of the Sumai Indians, living on the Rio Pisco, which is supposed to be a branch of the Gila, made a treaty of peace between the Sumai and Navajos, and then returned to the Rio del Norte. These Sumais, unlike the Navajos, live in a city containing probably 6,000 inhabitants, who support themselves entirely by agriculture. This city is one of the most extraordinary in the world. It is divided into four solid squares, having but two streets crossing its centre at right angles. All the buildings are two stories high, composed of sunburnt brick. The first story presents a solid wall to the street, and is so constructed that each house joins, until one-fourth of the city may be said to be one building. The second stories rise from this vast solid structure, so as to designate each house, leaving room to walk upon the roof of the first story between each building. The inhabitants of Sumai enter the second story of their buildings by ladders, which they draw up at night as a defence against any enemy that may be prowling about. In this city was seen some Albino Indians, who have no doubt given rise to the story that there is living in the Rocky Mountains a tribe of white aborigines. The discovery of this city of the Sumai will afford the most curious speculations among those who have so long searched in vain for a city of the Indians who possessed the manners and habits of the Aztecs. No doubt we have here a race living as did that people when Cortez entered Mexico. It is a remarkable fact that the Spaniards have, since the Spaniards left the country, refused to have any intercourse with the modern Mexicans, looking upon them as an inferior people. They have also driven from among them the priest and other dignitaries who formerly had power over them, and resumed habits and manners of their own, those of Great Chief or Governor, being the civil and religious head. The country around the city of Sumai is cultivated with a great deal of care, and affords food not only for the inhabitants, but for large flocks of cattle and sheep.

Gen. Taylor's Titles.

The New Orleans National finds, on examination, that Gen. Taylor has as many titles as the Duke of Wellington, and they all designate some great event in his history, or some striking peculiarity of his mind. They have been conferred by different sovereigns of the U. States and foreign potentates at different times, and when Gen. Taylor is in full dress, with their insignia hanging across his breast, it makes him look like a plain old gentleman of the olden times, that does the people good to look at.

Mr. Marcy calls him—Major General Taylor, Commanding.

The People generally—Old Rough and Ready.

The Mexicans—Don Zachery.

The Teamsters in the Army—The Old Man.

The Merchants and Artists in the Army—The Old Boss.

The Mexican Women—Mucha Buena.

Santa Anna—Old fool, don't know when to be whipped.

Gen. Scott—My dear, dear General.

Mr. Polk—O, breathe not his name.

The "Sovereigns"—Our next President of the United States!

From the American Agriculturist.

A Travelling Cider Mill.

As you wish the farmers to send in their facts, I will give you a new plan for making cider. I have invented a Travelling Cider Mill and Press, so constructed that it can be moved about from one farm to another by two pair of horses, or of oxen. My neighbors laughed at me when I told them what I was about, and said it would not do. I told them that was my business, not theirs,—so when the mill was finished and well at work, grinding the apples and pressing the cider at the same time, and this too in a perfect manner, they came flocking in numbers; not a few, as much pleased as though I had been grinding with the "elephant."

Last fall this mill travelled about from orchard to orchard, and made 237 barrels of cider, sometimes making as many as thirteen barrels a day. This shows, as a certain jumper said, "some things can be done as well as others." The mill and press can be made in this place for about \$20.

JOHN WILSON.
Union Mills, Erie Co., Pa., March 1847.

INQUISITIVENESS.—"Mother, what is a hush?" "A hush, child? I don't know—what makes you ask that question?" "Cause the other day I asked Jane what made her back stick out, and she said 'hush!'"