

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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Young Men of Every Creed.

BY W. H. PRIDEAUX.

Young Men of every creed!
Up, and be doing now;
The time is come to "run and read,"
With thoughtful eye and brow.
Extend your grasp to catch
Things unattained before,
Touch the quick springs of Reason's latch,
And enter at her door!
The seeds of mind are soon
In every human breast;
But dormant lie, unless we own
The spirit's high behest!
Look outwardly, and learn;
Turn inwardly, and think;
And Truth and Love shall brighter burn
O'er Error's wasting brink.
Give energy to thought,
By musing as ye move;
Nor deem unworthy aught,
Or trifling for your love!
Plunge in the crowding mart—
There read the looks of men;
And Human Nature's wondrous chart
Shall open to your ken!
Shun Slavery—'tis sin!
The deadliest fatal ban
Which ever veiled the light within,
And palled the soul of man!
In Freedom walk sublime,
As God designed ye should;
The pillared props of growing time,
Supporting solid good.
Tread the far forest; climb
The sloping hill wayside
And feel your spirits ring their chime
Of gladness far and wide!
Where'er your footsteps tend,
Where'er your feelings flow,
Be man and brother to the end,—
Compassionate the low!
Curb Anger, Pride, and Hate;
Let love the watchword be;
Then will your hearts be truly great,
God-purified and free!

Caution.

It may be well that the public should know, that blue ink which appears to be growing into public favor, is in part composed of one of the most poisonous substances in nature—that is Prussic Acid—the ink being a solution of the pigment called Prussian Blue, which is a compound of Prussiate of Potash and iron. This ink, therefore, must be a very dangerous article in the hands of children, as well as grown people, who are in the habit of putting their pen in their mouth in order to cleanse it. It is said that one drop of this acid in its pure and uncombined state, when put even upon the nose of a rat, is sufficient to cause its immediate death.

The above advice we hope will be appreciated, as it is sound and correct.

Important Discovery.

Every one who has ever been bitten by a mosquito—and who has not?—will be glad to learn that a sovereign preventative against the vicious attacks of that blood-thirsty insect has at length been discovered. Like all other discoveries and inventions it is very simple. Buy a small quantity of pennyroyal—it is best as prepared by the Shakers—put it in a box with a tight cover, and when night comes and the hungry mosquitoes are flying about seeking whom to devour, uncover your box, and they will not venture into the room where the pennyroyal (blessings on the old lady who first discovered the invaluable herb) may be. They will hover about the open window, buzzing all sorts of vengeance and whetting their nippers, but they will not dare to come in.

The Rattlesnake's Poison.

The newspapers inform us that a young lad named Ellersbee, whilst hunting a week ago in Bullock county, Georgia, thrust his hand into the hollow of a tree in search of a rabbit, and was bitten by a rattlesnake. He immediately grew sick, and died in five minutes after being conveyed home.

As the rattlesnake is found in no part of the world but the continent of America, and as it possesses several remarkable peculiarities, it has frequently been captured, placed in a cage, and exhibited as a curiosity. The exhibitors of this dangerous reptile have frequently lost their lives by being accidentally bitten, while some others have perished from the bite, believing that they possessed an antidote to the swift circulating poison. Some years ago, one of the keepers of the New England Museum, in the act of rousing the den of rattlesnakes, which are there exhibited in connection with the thousand and one wonders of that establishment, met with a very alarming accident.—Having introduced a feather brush, by raising the lid about an inch, and getting them sufficiently roused to set their rattles going like the buzz of a cotton factory—a bystander at his elbow asked him a question which he did not precisely understand, and turned his head towards the gentleman,—and at the same instant one of the largest snakes ran his head through the opening, and thrust his fangs into the little finger of his right hand, with such prodigious force, as to reach the bone at one of the punctures. The sufferer had presence of mind enough to cord the finger immediately; in a short time an excision of the flesh, including the wounds, was made by a physician, who also prescribed a dose of spirits of turpentine and sweet oil. Not only the finger but the whole hand swelled exceedingly, accompanied with a prickling sensation, or, as commonly termed, the sensation of being asleep.

About eight o'clock in the evening, there was a partial stricture about the lungs, and difficulty of taking a free inspiration, together with the prickling sensation of the whole system, and an acute fit, that gave fearful indications of a free diffusion of the poison through the circulation. A large dose of opium relieved the patient of the spasm—and a continued use of it overcame the tendency to such paroxysms. An application of salt and vinegar, constantly applied to the hand and arm, kept the inflammation under subjection. The limb was very much swollen—the tongue coated, and a slight degree of fever existed, but a happy recovery was accomplished.

We have been particular in the narration of this case, for the benefit of others—hoping that the mode of treatment, so successful, may be adopted by other sufferers. It should be recollected, that caustic was inserted as soon as the flesh was cut out.

On one occasion the keeper referred to, put a rat into the den, on purpose to witness the result. Nearly every snake gave the affrighted animal a thrust with its fangs. In about six minutes, the rat began to tremble violently, and died instantly.

A master millwright who was at work on a saw mill in Sullivan county, New York, some years ago, one day during the dinner hour, and before his men had resumed their work, was sitting alone on one of the floor timbers, carelessly swinging his naked foot; he felt something strike it, and on looking down saw a large rattlesnake in the act of diving into the brook below. He immediately started for the house, but had gone but a few yards when a severe pain or spasm brought him to the ground, and rendered him incapable of proceeding; his cries brought his men to his assistance, who carried him up to the house. They were all strangers in that country, which was then a wilderness, almost without inhabitants, and none knew what to do to relieve the bitten man, whose agony appeared to be extreme when the spasms were on, which occurred about every minute, and which he said "struck from his foot to his heart, and would take his life." No sweet oil was to be had in that wilderness.—But hog's lard after melting it till it became liquid, was administered, about two-thirds of a common sized tea cup full, repeating the dose as frequently as his stomach would retain it.

In a short time, perhaps less than fifteen minutes, the spasms were less frequent and less strong than they had been, and in about an hour ceased altogether, and he was free from pain except in his foot. No other remedy was used internally. All the outward applications were as follows:

Previous to lard being administered, and while getting it ready, his foot was washed and examined for the wound, but none could be found; there appeared a very slight scratch, scarcely perceptible on the spot he pointed out. It was then scarified a little, with a pen-knife, so as to produce a raw appearance. One of the men procured a bucket of mud from the brook, and placed the foot in it. It was said by some one present, that if a bandage of white oak bark was placed around the limb above the bite, it would not swell above. This was procured and a ligature of it placed above the ankle, and another below the knee. The bite was on the

top of the foot just above the two middle toes. The foot was swelled greatly, and changed to various colors, and he was deprived of its use some time.

A medical society in England once offered a reward to any person who would furnish a remedy for the bite of a viper, (one of the most poisonous snakes in that country,) when a man and his wife appeared at the time appointed, and stated that they possessed a sure remedy, and to prove it, would permit themselves to be bitten by those snakes in the doctors' presence, and when the doctors were fully satisfied the poison had taken effect, they would apply their remedy. This was done, they were bitten by the vipers in the presence of the doctors. They became so much swollen and otherwise injured, that the doctors became alarmed and insisted upon their applying their remedy. At length they produced a bottle or flask of SWEET OIL, and each drank of it. They requested to be put to bed and be well covered with blankets. After some time, they awoke in their usual health.

In the year 1750, a slave in South Carolina discovered another remedy for the bite of the rattlesnake, for which the legislature of the state obtained his freedom, and granted him one hundred pounds in money. His remedy was as follows:

"Take of the roots of *Plantine* or *Hoarhound*, (in summer, roots and branches together,) a sufficient quantity, bruise them in a mortar, and squeeze out the juice, of which give as soon as possible, one large spoonful; if he is swelled, you must force it, down his throat. This generally will cure; but if the patient find no relief in an hour after, you may give another spoonful, which never has failed.—If the roots are dried, they must be moistened with a little water. To the wound may be applied a leaf of good tobacco, moistened with rum."

We have a vivid recollection of an incident nearly similar to that by which the young Georgia boy lost his life. While rambling in the woods near Burlington, when a boy, and observing a hole in the trunk of a large tree, in which we supposed there might be a deposit of birds eggs, we reached up one hand, and plunged it into the cavity, but without being able to see what the cavity contained. We seized hold of something, and drew forth the skin of a huge snake, and heard the snake himself rattle down the hollow centre of the tree—an incident which ought to have served as a caution for all future time, that we should be quite certain of a thing before we put our hand into it.—*Burlington Gazette.*

The Tennessee 'Squire of the Olden Time.

There flourished for many years in a certain village in the good state of Tennessee, an eccentric old fellow who rejoiced in the name of Peter Izard; and for eleven years he filled the important office, known in various parts of the Union as Magistrate, Alderman, or Justice of the Peace. We will now give you a sample of 'Squire Izard's mode of proceeding.

A gentleman by the name of McMurrin, of this place, was riding through C—, where his horse cast a shoe. For replacing it, the blacksmith whose name was Enos Bildo, charged the cool sum of an eagle—or rather, two sovereigns. Naturally indignant, our traveller refused to pay such an exorbitant demand, and he was arrested at the suit of the son of Vulcan. There being no other resource Mr. M. was escorted to the magistrate's office, back of the bar.

After being introduced into the august presence of the 'Squire, and the charge stated, the following dialogue occurred.

'Well, Sir, what's your name?'
'McMurrin, Sir.'
'Humph, Mr. Murrin, no other name?'
'John McMurrin, Sir.'
'No, Mr. Curran—no alias I!'
'Of course I have not, Sir—I've no need of one.'

'Where do you live, Mr. Carrion?'
'My name ain't Carrion—I told you it is McMurrin.'

'Well Mr. Merton, did you make any bargain for shoeing your horse?'
'No Sir.'

'Then, Mr. Burton, you acted, Sir—excuse me—like a fool.'

'I didn't come here to be insulted, Sir, and no man shall talk so to me,' cried poor Mac.

'I know you did not, Mr. Fulton—keep silence, Sir, or I'll fine you. You acted, Sir—don't contradict me—like a perfect fool; and let this be a warning, Sir, never to trust such a scoundrel as Enos Bildo (the smith) farther than you can swim a bull by his tail. Sir, (to the plaintiff,) I mean you—you skunk. You'd steal the coppers on your dead mother's eyes, you poor no-souled hog. The sentence of this court is, that you, Enos Bildo, shall have two times for your work, which is all it's worth, and if you say another word I'll knock you down. Clar this court.'

Fully satisfied with the verdict, and highly amused with his adventure, Mac went on his way.

This confounding of names was a favorite hobby of the 'Squire's, and he was quite an adept in the art. On one occasion when he was summoned as a witness before a State Court, one of the lawyers undertook to pay him off in his own coin. When the 'Squire took the witness' stand the following dialogue occurred:

'What is your name, Sir?'

'Peter Izard.'

'How old are you, Mr. Lizard?'

'My name is Izard—Peter Izard.'

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Gizzard—but I am a little hard of hearing this morning.'

'Izard, Sir—Izard!'

'Ah, I understand! Well, Mr. Buzzard, how old are you?'

'Now look a here, Mister, that's not my name, and I won't answer.'

'You won't answer my question, Mr. Trizzle? We'll see about that! Now, Sir, what's your age, Mr. Drizzle?'

The witness maintained a dogged silence.

'Perhaps he had better spell his name for you, brother —,' said the Court, choking with laughter.

'Eye,' cried the witness—'zed-ay-ar-dee!'

'Well, your honor, I called him that name all along—Weasel!'

'Any fool might know it spells Izard!' shouted Peter.

'May it please the Court,' interposed the Attorney, throwing himself up with an air of wounded dignity, 'either this witness Meazles must be removed, or I shall withdraw from the bar.'

'You rascal,' bellowed the infuriated Peter.

'Sheriff! take charge of the witness!' cried the court, stifling for a moment its mirth—for the only sober faces in the assemblage were those of the lawyer and the witness.

'You be hang'd,' called out 'Squire Izard, you and the Court too! you loud-lived vagabonds!'

'A mittimus to the jail for three days and \$25 fine,' cried the Court.

Here the Sheriff came up to Peter to carry him off.

'What's my name, Tom?' called the Squire, as he was led out.

'Peter Izard!' was the prompt response.

The following day, the 'Squire was pardoned, and his fine remitted, but never afterwards did he venture to use the weapon that had been so effectually turned against himself.

A Military Musician.

Yesterday morning, says the New Orleans Delta, a stalwart Kentuckian who had just been paid off, went into one of the fancy stores opposite the Meat Market, in the First Municipality. He had on a tattered homespun jacket, a check shirt, and a pair of outlandish Mexican trowsers, with double rows of brass buttons down the legs, and covered nearly over with red, blue and green strips of leather. His well worn felt hat, turned up from his open, honest brow, and his keen grey eyes twinkled with enthusiasm, slightly tintured with some half dozen glasses of the ardent. He told the crowd he didn't care a continental curse for the scrip, for he had more land in old Kentucky than would patch h—I for a mile, and that he boarded in Choose-ye-r-pistol (Tchoupitoulas) street. Untying his handkerchief, he displayed his pile of bright dollars to the shopkeeper, and commencing every article that he saw.

'Har, stranger put me up that ar pair of red brogains, for I want 'em for mammy. That breast pin thar, with the korneelion stone and the gold chicken fixins—I must have that too for a gal that lives nigh our settlement. Then that tin sarsen-pan mine has got a hole through it—put that up carefully in brown paper, for I want it to cook in going up the river. Now a pair of 'em yaller suspenders—that ar hunting flask—some cork-screws, and a dozen or more high-heeled sigh-hooks, and make out yer bill.'

His comrades, who were mostly like himself, crowded around him, and cheered him in his commercial speculations. At last, our hero spied a fiddle, swore that he must have it, and after having bought it, told his companions to get ready for a break down. Amidst the crowd of bystanders, who were almost convulsed with laughter, they formed on the pavement. Our hero placed his fiddle under his chin, and bellowed out—

Now, boys foller yer leader! Dance easy for yer on the parler floor of the Brazos, and the sand will tickle the soles of yer feet. Now, tramp up the middle and down the Boga Cheeta, for ye are goin to Fout. Forward the fust couple, and let the rest foller, for its the Matamoras quickstep, let 'em Tompkins you long-legged shoat, keep up or I'll bat you over the head! Thar that's way to do it! Now, boys, come the double shuffle, for we're hard along the banks of the Rio Grandy, bound for Monterey. Now bring in big licks, and think that the old hoss Taylor is pawin near ye! Hurrah! Monterey's gone, and now give the crowd a tetch of Bunny Vista, and I'll pay the lickér.'

At it they went and danced with the fury of a tribe of wild Indians, until the perspiration streamed down their sunburnt cheeks in torrents. When they finished, our musician packed up his duds, his purchases and his dollars

and with his fiddle under his arm, he led the way to the nearest grog shop, where his companions were treated with the best of whiskey, and gave three boisterous cheers for "old Kentucky!"

Disease among West Jersey Cattle.

We learn with regret that the highly inflammatory and contagious disease which prevailed two years ago among the cattle in Lower Penn's Neck in Salem county, has made its appearance again in the same vicinity. The loss is already severe. James Newell had lost five head last week, Charles Newell eleven, Jacob Fox two cows and two horses, besides others whose names are not reported. Much inconvenience is experienced also by the necessity which the disease induces of dispensing entirely with the products of the dairy on many large farms. The symptoms are running at the eyes, and drooping of the head and ears, and the Standard says "it is apparently a repetition of the blood vessels, producing death by suffocation at the lungs and heart. The contagion is extended more by dead animals than those which are yet suffering from the disease, and the best mode is to bury the carcass as soon as possible without removing the skin." It is added that free bleeding is the most effectual remedy yet discovered.

Cobbet says—"Women, so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful; and, as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand their love like seeing them at work." The old radical didn't mean working at silk purses and steel reticules, nor did he refer to the spinning of street yarn. He meant good, honest, useful, strength giving labor; just that description of labor which is hourly growing more and more into disrepute with the fops and fools of the time, whose greatest pride it is to do nothing, and whose reproach it is, that a vast majority of them do that nothing as awkwardly and ungracefully as possible.

Belvidere Apollo.

If the Hon. J. T. Henly undertakes to redeem his pledge of putting himself at the head of half a dozen old women armed with broomsticks and whipping all Mexico, we hope that the editor of the Washington Union and our neighbor of the Louisville Democrat will be enrolled in his little band of she-warriors. We were about to say that they are old women in disguise, but the truth is, they are old women without disguise.—*Louisville Journal.*

An eminent physician has discovered that the nightmare, in nine cases out of ten, is produced by "owing a bill for a newspaper."

A little girl walking in the cemetery of Perella-Chaise, at Paris, and reading one after another the praises upon the tombs of those who slept beneath, suddenly exclaimed—"I wonder where they bury all the sinners!"

A Good Joke.

One of the best jokes connected with the President's visit here came off, we learn, at the Mayor's room, and was 'perpetrated' by Mr. Buahannan. The President inquired of the latitude of Portland, and on being informed, he turned to Mr. Buchanan and said—"This is farther north than we have ever been before." 'Yes,' replied Mr. B.; but, with a smile on his broad face, added—"I hardly think, sir, we shall get to 54 40 this time."—*Portland Advertiser.*

David Feuder, 'popping the question,' in a letter concludes thus—"And should you say, yes, dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Feuder."

Fly Swarms.

Cincinnati, Ohio, and its vicinity, is troubled with immense swarms of flies, of a dark brown color, and about one inch in length. They appear in masses of millions, and present the appearance of a black cloud. The same phenomenon is noticed in some parts of Indiana.

We make no admissions.—*Washington Union.*

You ought to make none. When your master admitted his one-legged friend into Mexico, he made an admission that should last him and you as long as you live.—*Louisville Journal.*

Washington City.

The government grounds at the Capital comprises 540 acres, as follows: President Square, 83 acres; Park 28 acres; Capital Square and Mall, 227 acres; other Squares, 202 acres.—The government has expended there, since the year 1800, the sum of \$10,035,445. The President's house and treasury building, each, cost \$700,000. The patent office and general post-office, each \$50,000.

A large number of persons at Nantucket, were made sick a few days since, by eating ice-creams which had remained over twenty-four hours in a tin freezer. The lemon acid had removed the inside tinning.