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FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

The Shipwrecked Mariner.

BY REV. J. W. MECASKEY.

The storm heaves high, and roaring waves Dash o'er the blacken'd deep, The tempest in its fury raves, The winds their revels keep:

O'erhead the sky with darkest hue And pitchy clouds, is hung; The gallant ship and hardy crew Have their death requiem sung.

Now torrents of descending rain Heave up the ocean's bed, The helmsman steers the bark in vain, While horrors round them spread.

The sails in tatters fly, the masts Go over by the board; To heaven, his eye the sailor casts For succor to afford.

The ship rolls on, and fearful rides Over the boiling sea; No hand its course securely guides, Wildly and madly free.

"We're lost," the cry terrific sounds Above the ocean's roar; On the sunk rocks, the vessel bounds And stands upon the shore.

One only man of all the band That trod that vessel's deck, Was saved upon that desert sand, From that distressing wreck.

The used up.

The jig is up: I have been flung Sky high—and worse than that, The girl whose praises I have sung With pen, with pencil and with tongue, Said "No"—and I fell flat.

Now, I will neither roar nor rant, Nor my hard fate deplore; Why should a fellow look aslant, If one girl says she won't or can't, While there's so many more!

I strove my best, it would not do— I told her she'd regret: She'd ruin my heart and chances too, As girls don't like those fellows who— Their walking papers get.

In truth I loved her very well, And thought she loved me— The reason why I cannot tell; But when I wooed this pretty belle, 'Twas a mistake in me.

She's dark of eye—and her sweet smile Like some of which I've read, Is false—for she with softest guile Lured me 'mong rocks near love's bright isle, And then she—cut me dead.

My vanity was wounded sore, And that I hate the worst; You see a haughty look I wore, And thought she could not but adore— Of all men—me the first.

Well, thank the fates once more I'm free, At every shrine I'll bow— And if again a girl cheat me, Exceeding sharp I guess she'll be, I've cut my eye-teeth now.

Oh like the bumble bee I'll rove, Just when and where I please— Inhaling sweets from every grove; Humming around each bower I love, And dancing in each breeze. N. H. D.

Westfall, Pike co., Pa.

A Dutchman, noticing the avaricious propensity of one of his fellow-workmen, said—"He is so mean that in de wedder wot ish so cold as it never ras, he never tears drawers nor shirt, and goes bare-footed in his boots."

From the National Intelligencer.

Another Letter from Maj. Downing.

ON THE ROAD TO THE WAR,

AUGUST —, 1847.

MR. GALES & SEATON:

My dear old friends: I spose you'll be amazingly disapointed to find I'm away off here, pushing on to the seat of war, and didn't call to see you when I come through Washington. But you mustn't blame me for it, for I couldn't help it; the President wouldn't let me call: he said I was getting quite too thick with you, writing letters to you and all that. And when he spoke about the letters, he looked kind of red and showed considerable spunk.

Says he, Major Downing, I have put a good deal of confidence in you as a friend of my administration; and if you are a friend to it, you must let Gales and Seaton alone; keep out of their way and have nothing to do with them: they are dangerous, mischief-making fellows, eternally peckin at my administration, all weathers. Let me try to keep things ever so snug, and lay my plans ever so deep, they are sure to dig them all up, lug them into the Intelligencer, and blaze 'em all over the country. Confound their pictures, they are the most troublesome customers an administration ever had; they've come pretty near swamping me two or three times. So, if you are my friend, I warn you not to be so thick with Gales and Seaton.

Well, says I, Colonel, you know I am a friend to you and your administration, as much as I ever was to the Old General and his administration; and I shall stand by you and do every thing I can to help you out of this scrape you've got into about the war. But I don't know as that need to make me break with Gales and Seaton. We've been old friends so long, it would be kind of hard to give 'em up now; and I don't hardly think they are quite so bad as you think for. They may not mean to do you so much hurt when they put these things into their paper, and only put them in because they think folks want to know what's goin on. Mr. Richie sometimes puts things into his paper that folks think don't do you no good.

The President give two or three hard chaws upon his cud of tobacco, and says he, Yes, Major, that's too true, it must be confessed; and it annoys me beyond all patience. But then I have to forgive it and overlook it, because Mr. Richie don't mean it. The old gentleman is always sorry for it, and always willing to take it back. And then he's such a tuff old fellow to fight the federalists, I can't have a heart to scold at him much about his mistakes and blunders.

Well, says I, Colonel, being you've named federalists, I want to know if any of them animals is really supposed to be alive any where in the country now-a-days. Seeing sich awful accounts about 'em in the Union paper all the time, I inquired all the way along through New England, where they used to be the thickest, and I couldn't get track on one; and when I asked the folks if there was any federalists any where in them quarters, they all stared at me and said they didn't know what sort of critters they was. When I got to Downingville I asked uncle Joshua about it. He said, in his younger days there used to be considerable many of 'em about but they wasn't thought to be dangerous, for they never was much given to fighting. But he said he guessed they'd all died out long ago, for he hadn't come across one this twenty years. So now Colonel, says I, how is it they are so thick in Mr. Richie's paper all the time?

At that he give me a very knowing kind of a look, and lowered his voice down almost to a whisper; and says he, Major, I'll tell you how that is. When Mr. Richie was a young man he used to fight a good deal with the federalists, and took a good deal of pride in it; and now the fancies and scenes of his youth all seem to come back fresh to his mind, and he can't think or talk about any thing else. You know that's oftentimes the way with people. As he always used to have the name of a smart fighter, I give him the command of the newspaper battery here to defend my administration. But 'twas a mistake as 'twas when I sent Taylor into Mexico; I didn't know my man. No matter what forces was gathering to overthrow my administration, Mr. Richie somehow didn't seem to see 'em; no matter how hard they fired at me, he didn't seem to hear it; and when I called to him to fire back, he would rouse up and touch off a few squibs with about as good aim as the boys take when they fire crackers on the 4th of July, and did about as much execution. At last I found out a way that I could make the old veteran fight like a Turk and hold on like a bull dog. It was by giving him a notion at any time that he was fighting with federalists. Since I made that discovery he's been more help to me. Whenever I see the enemy entrencing himself around me, and bringing up his batteries to fire into my administration, all I have to do is to whisper in Mr. Richie's ear and say, "Mr. Richie, the air smells of federalism; you may depend upon it there is federalism abroad somewhere." In a minute, you've no idea with what fury the old gentleman fires round, and mounts his heaviest guns,

and sets his paper battery in a roar. His shots fly right and left, and sometimes knock down friends as well as foes. To be sure they don't make a very great impression upon the enemy; but then there's this advantage in it: if he don't kill or beat off the enemy, he keeps the administration so perfectly covered with smoke that the enemy can't see half the time where to fire at us. On the whole, Mr. Richie is a valuable man to my administration, notwithstanding all his mistakes and blunders.

Just then the door opened, and who should come in but Mr. Richie himself. As he opened the door he ketched the sound of the two last words the President was saying.

"Mistakes and blunders!" says Mr. Richie, says he; what, have you got something more of Scott and Taylor's blundering in Mexico? Nothing more to-day, says the President.—I was only telling Major Downing how their blunders there have come pretty near ruining the country, and how it is absolutely necessary to get the staff out of their hands somehow or other before they quite finish the job. I'm going now to try one more plan, Mr. Richie; but be careful that you don't say any thing about it in the Union, and blow it all up. I tried once to send Col. Benton on for the same purpose, and Congress blowed that up. Then I sent Trist on for the same purpose, and Scott has blowed him up. Now I'm going to send Major Downing, not as a regular Chaplain, but as a sort of watch upon them, you know, to work round and do the business up before any body knows it. He isn't to go to Scott nor Taylor, nor have any thing to do with 'em, but work his way into Mexico, and go right to Santa Anna and knock up a bargain with him. I don't care what he gives. The fact is, Mr. Richie, the country needs peace, and I'll have peace, cost what it will.

An excellent idea, says Mr. Richie, an excellent plan, sir. I'm for peace at all hazards, if it is to be found any where in Mexico—that is, if we can get hold of it before Scott or Taylor does. And I think Maj. Downing is just the man for it—a true staunch democratic republican; and whatever he does will go for the benefit of the administration. Now the country's shins are aching pretty bad with the war, if we can fix up a good smooth peace right off, and not let Scott nor Taylor have any hand in it, who knows, Mr. President, but it might make our administration so popular that you and I might both be elected to serve another four years? But when is the Major to start?

Right off to-night, says the President, or, rather, in the morning before daylight—before any body in Washington finds out that he has got back from Downingville. I have forbid his calling at the Intelligencer office, and I don't want they should find out or mistrust that he's been here. If they should get wind of the movement, they would be sure to throw some constitutional difficulty in the way, and try to make a bad botch of the business.

The President shut me into his room, and charged me not to leave the house, while he sent for Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Marcy to fix up my private instructions. While he was gone, Mr. Richie fixed me up a little bundle of private instructions too, on his own hook, modded, he said, on the Virginia Resolutions of '98.—Presently the President came back with my budget all ready, and give me my instructions, and filled my pockets with rations, and told me how to draw whenever I wanted money; and before daylight I was off a good piece on the road to the war.

To-day I met a man going on to carry letters to the Government from General Scott's side of the war, and I made him stop a little while to take this letter to you; for I was afraid you might begin to think I was dead. He says Scott is quite wrothy about the Trist business, and wants to push right on and take the city of Mexico, but Mr. Trist is disposed to wait and see if he can't make a bargain with Santa Anna's men. I shall push along as fast as I can, and get into the city of Mexico if possible before Scott does, and if I only once get hold of Santa Anna, I have no doubt I shall make a trade.

I don't know yet whether I shall take Scott's road or Taylor's road to go to the city of Mexico; it will depend a little upon the news I get on the way. Two or three times, when I have been stopping to rest, I have been looking over my private instructions. They are fast rate, especially Mr. Richie's.

I remain your old friend, and the President's private Ambassador,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

Mock Oysters of Corn.

Take a dozen and a half large ears of corn, grate all the grains off the cob as fine as possible. Mix with the grated corn three large table-spoonfulls of sifted flour, the yolk of six eggs well beaten. Let all be well incorporated by hard beating. Have ready a frying pan, an equal proportion of lard and fresh butter; hold it over the fire till it is boiling-hot, and then put in portions of nearly as possible in shape and size as fried oysters. Fry them brown and send them to the table hot: they should be made near an inch thick.

Origin of the Human Races.

The Charleston Mercury, in giving some brief but interesting reminiscences of Nehemathla, a chief of the Seminoles, relates the following to show what is the tradition, among this tribe of the Indians at least, in relation to the origin of the white, red and black races: "In the progress of the negotiation at Camp Moultrie, in 1823, between the U. S. Commissioners and the Indians, it became important to ascertain the population of the Seminole nation. By request, a census was handed in by the chiefs, and on the commissioners asking if the statement embraced the blacks, and who were slaves, there was so violent a burst of indignation from Nehemathla as to require rejoinder and reproof from those who represented the United States. On explaining the motive of the inquiry, however, that the commissioners 'in the allotment of territory,' were desirous of providing for the negro as well as the Indian, Nehemathla was reconciled to the supposed indignity cast upon his people, and the negotiation proceeded and terminated harmoniously. On the exchange of documents and treaties, the commissioners received the head chiefs of the Seminoles at an entertainment. On the removal of the cloth, (for Nehemathla, Blunt, and many others, were not ignorant of the forms and courtesies of the dinner-table,) and while the glass was circulating, Nehemathla adverted to the unpleasant incident of the morning, in which he had exhibited so much temper. He stated that they had among them a wise man, a philosopher, who had communion with the Great Spirit, and that if agreeable to the commissioners, it would be gratifying to him that he should be heard, that they might read in his revelations the only apology he had to offer for the displeasure he had expressed on the negro being considered a member of the Red Family. The wise man commenced:—

"In the beginning, the Great Spirit made this earth and he was pleased with its hunting-grounds and rich soils, its mountains and valleys, its oceans and its rivers. He decreed that he would people it. He labored for seven days and he made a negro. Though gratified at this first of human beings, into whom he had blown the breath of life, he was not satisfied. He worked seven days more, and produced an Indian. Though more pleased with this second than the first of his creation, he was not altogether reconciled to the Red Skin. He returned for seven days more to his labors, and the result was the White Man. He gazed with admiration upon this last as the perfection of his works. But the negro and Indian were still alive, and what was to be done to promote harmony, and preserve peace. The spirit thought awhile, and assembled his three races of human beings, at the same time placing before them three huge boxes. On one was marked 'Hoes and Axes'; on another 'Bows and Arrows'; and on the third 'Books.' He said to the negro, 'as I made you first, in justice you shall have the first choice.' He selected the hoes and axes. The Indian became restless, frantic, with apprehensions, and under his native impulses, was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said: You now choose. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident but design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher:—"The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fell the forest and till the soil to make subsistence for man. The Indian shall roam the wilderness, and canoe on the rivers, and in hunting and fishing seek his pastime and support. The white man shall read and gather these stores of knowledge, from which he is to derive the rules for instructing and governing the others. While these relations exist, peace and harmony will prevail; disturb them, and no other result can follow but annihilation to the Black and Red race. The negro and Indian will disappear before the march and rapacity of the white man."

A Remarkable Phenomenon.

The Cincinnati Signal relates the following, which, if authentic, is certainly very singular:—"The most remarkable Phenomenon we ever heard of is now to be seen in this city. It consists of two young pigs, having the heads of elephants. The proboscis, mouth, teeth, ears and eyes, and so far as we have been able to judge from a superficial examination, the head, perfectly formed of an elephant. In one case the proboscis is thrown over and back of the head, in the position we sometimes see the elephant hold it. In the other, it hangs over the mouth. The eyes of one are in the usual place for the elephant's, while in the other they are situated near the centre of the forehead, not unlike the hippopotamus. The skin of one of these prodigies has hair like a hog—the other precisely like an elephant. Their history is, that the menagerie was passing the neighborhood, and the animals were turned in the field where the sow was to feed—an elephant being of the number. They are the result. We hope some of our scientific savans will examine these curiosities, and report the result to the public.—We believe doubts have been entertained of the possibility of such an occurrence, if so, they exist no longer.

Roman Catholic Relics in Georgia.

We are indebted to the politeness of Mr. W. B. Johnston, of Macon, Georgia, for the ability to introduce to the acquaintance of our readers two relics of the olden time, when Ponce de Leon sought the Fountain of Youth in the garden of Florida, or Hernando de Soto toiled after the Eldorado of the West, in the same fatal direction. These relics are two silver Crucifixes, a little exceeding eight inches by seven, of rather rude or plain workmanship, with a few circular devices, furnished with rings, and evidently intended as ornaments for the neck. On one of them there are rude figures of an owl and of the head and neck of a horse, seemingly scratched with the point of a knife or other sharp instrument; and having also several letters, contained within the rim or border of the central device, several of which we have not succeeded in satisfactorily deciphering. Some of these letters are clearly numerals, but of a nature and age with which we are not familiar. On the envelope in which they were sent us is endorsed the following, in a great measure, conjectural solution of the hieroglyphics: "Jesus Christus Noster Redemptor, 1615." The name "De Soto" is also endorsed on the envelope, as an annotation, by the writer, that these relics must have been left with the Indians by some Roman Catholic Priest, or Priests, who accompanied Hernando de Soto in his renowned and ultimately disastrous conquest and exploration of Florida, under which title was then included several of our Southern and Gulf States. They were taken from a small Indian mound, in Murry county, Georgia, near Coosawallee Old Town. The letters seem to us to be as follows, viz. IYNNUU. The second letter may possibly be a V, or even an ornament or device, its shape being that of a wine glass or chalice—the shank being below the level of the other letters, and resting on a crescent-shaped saucer. The date given above is certainly wrong, if the relics be connected with the era of De Soto. That chivalrous adventurer set sail from Havana, on his celebrated expedition, May 12th, 1539. On the 25th of the same month (Whituesday) he arrived at and named the Bay of Espiritu Santo, and on the 31st landed a detachment of three hundred soldiers and took possession of the country in the name of Charles V. On the 3d May, 1540, he stretched his way northward, and traversed the Appalachian or Alleghany range of mountains; running through the northern part of Georgia, and thence went onward to the Mississippi.—We invite our readers generally, and antiquarians especially, to call and inspect these curious remains of the past, and if possible, aid in solving the enigma of their inscription, and fixing their chronology.—Charleston Cour.

A Fact for Naturalists.

The Norfolk News states that a toad which had been buried under a reversed flower pot, three feet beneath the surface of the ground, by Mr. Samuel Clarke, on the 14th of June, 1846, was, by the same gentleman, disinterred on the 14th ult. No sooner was the little animal taken up, than he gave evident proofs that to be "buried alive" did not, to him, necessarily involve cessation of existence; for he instantly commenced skipping about, many of his bounds extending to the height of six inches into the air! His mouth was closed up with a white skin, but his eyes were as sparkling as when, on that day twelvemonth, he was put below the ground.

Clese Quarters.

"I can tell you a better story than that," added the captain. "I felt pretty considerable frisky one day, and I went up the lightning rod hand over hand, as high as the vane. I had a first rate prospect there; but that ain't all. A thunder cloud came over, and I saw it was going to strike the steeple, and thinks I to myself if it hits me I'm done up. So I got ready and when the crack came, I gave a leap up, let the lightning strike and run down, and then caught hold again."

A Ready Rule for Farmers.

A "quarter of wheat" is an English measure of eight standard bushels—so if you see wheat quoted at 56 shillings it is 7 shillings a bushel. A shilling is 22 1/2 cents; multiply by 7 and you have \$1 57 1/2 per bushel. In Kentucky, corn is measured by the barrel, which is five bushels of shelled corn. At New Orleans a barrel of corn is a flour barrel full of ears. At Chicago, lime is sold by the barrel, and measured in the smallest sized cask of that name that will pass muster. A barrel of flour is seven quarters of a gross hundred [112 pounds] which is the reason of its being of the odd measure of 196 pounds. A barrel of tar is 20 gallons, while a barrel of gunpowder is only a small keg holding 25 pounds, and that reminds me of cotton, a bale of which is 400 pounds, no matter in what sized bundles it may be sent to market.

A venerable man says: "Let the slandered take comfort—it is only at the fruit trees thieves throw stones."