

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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The following lines were written some years since by the late Col. Hardin, while in Washington City, and enclosed in a letter to his wife. They are replete with the most touching eloquence:

Bury me not when I am dead,  
Amidst the city's glare—  
Where thoughtless, careless mortals tread,  
And wealth and misery are wed;  
Oh! bury me not there.

Bury me not, when I'm no more,  
High on a mountain bare—  
Where nought but eagles o'er it soar—  
And storms and tempests round it roar;  
Oh! bury me not there.

Bury me not, when I'm at rest,  
Where martial pennons glare—  
For empty show and gorgeous rest  
Can never stoop an icy breast;  
Then bury me not there.

Bury me not, when I shall sleep,  
By ocean's rocky lair;  
Where winds and waves their vigils keep,  
And ever moans the restless deep—  
Oh! bury me not there.

Bury me not when I am gone,  
In boundless prairies, where  
The buried dead are left alone,  
Unmarked except by a cold grave stone—  
Oh! bury me not there.

But bury me, when I shall die,  
Midst woods and flowers rare;  
When o'er my grave the winds may sigh,  
The birds may sing, and friends are nigh,  
Oh! then bury me there.

On seeing a poetical youth from the country pay fifty dollars for a galvanized watch, at a mock-auction establishment in New York, a correspondent of the Boston Post thus writes:

Peter, spare that bard,  
Touch not a single dime;  
In youth he labored hard,  
And now he's in his prime.

He hoed his father's corn,  
He carried the grist to mill;  
He worked both night and morn—  
Don't touch a single mill.

You pocket up his pector,  
Look pious as a monk;  
Pity he was 'nt cuter,  
O! wicked Peter Funk!

You cannot long go free,  
You worthless, lazy cheater;  
Some day you'll punished be,  
As sure 's your name is Peter.

Some agent of Old Nick's  
Will take you in his junk—  
Then row you o'er the Styx,  
And toast you, Peter Funk.

## Medicine for Hogs.

The American Farmer furnishes the following:—When your hogs get sick, you know not of what, give them ears of corn, first dipped in tar and then rolled in sulphur. It is ten to one that it arrests the disease and restores the pig to perfect health.

## Cure for the Gout.

First pick a handkerchief from the pocket of an old maid of fifty years, who never had a wish to change her condition; 2, wash it three times in an honest miller's pond; 3, dry it on a parson's hedge that was never covetous; 4, send it to a doctor's shop that never killed a patient; 5, mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client; 6, apply it to the part affected.

## Amusing Official Correspondence.

The Spirit of the Times furnishes the following as genuine letters, which passed between the Post Master General and one of his deputies in Mississippi. We all recollect the fate of a Post Master, who, on answering the official inquiry—"Does the Tombigbee river run up to your place?" gave answer that it "didn't run up at all"—and forthwith was officially informed that the Department had no longer any demand for his services. We trust the witty occupant in Mississippi will meet with no such fate.

Auditors Office for P. O. Department.  
June 9th, 1847.

Sir:—Upon a general revision of the accounts of this Department for many years back, with a view to the correction of such errors and omissions as may have occurred in the keeping and settlement thereof, I find an unadjusted balance against W—G—, Esq., formerly Postmaster at M—, Mississippi; on his account from the 3d quarter of 1820 to the 4th quarter of 1826, both inclusive, amounting to Six Dollars and Ninety-five Cents. This balance seems to have been wholly overlooked and no steps appear to have been taken to bring it to his notice in order to its collection.

In pursuance of the object above indicated, I have to request that in the event Mr. G—, yet resides near your office you will immediately apprise him of the existence of this balance, and ascertain whether he will be prepared to discharge it upon the issuance of a draft therefor.

If he has moved away, such information as you can possibly obtain as to his present place of residence, and his pecuniary circumstances, I will thank you to communicate; or, if deceased, the names of his representatives (executors or administrators,) their place of residence and the condition of the estate.

Your early and prompt attention to this is respectfully invoked.

I am Sir, your obedient servant,  
—, Auditor.  
To —, Esq. Post Master at M—, Miss.  
Post Office, M—, Miss.  
July —th, 1847.

—, Esq. Auditor P. O. Depmt.

Sir: Your letter of the 9th ult. is received. In it you are pleased to inform me, that in your antiquarian researches among the time honored records of the Post Office Department, you find an unadjusted balance against W—G—, formerly Post Master at this place, of \$6 95, which occurred somewhere about a quarter of century ago, and requesting such information from me as might put you in a way of collecting it. On the first perusal of your letter, I was half induced to take offence at you for troubling an official dignitary like myself with so small an affair; but on reflection, and seeing that you "respectfully invoked" my attention to the subject, I concluded to bend from my "pride of place," and in greatest condescension to answer you.

You say that "this balance seems to have been wholly overlooked." To one who is acquainted with the almost proverbial sharpness of Uncle Sam in looking after dimes, it would seem strange that he should have overlooked this small "balance;" but when we take into consideration how much time the old gentleman has been obliged to spend of late years in looking out for the big rogues, the magnificent absquatulators who have "levanted" with his funds by thousands, we cannot wonder that this little sum of \$6 95 should have escaped his watchful eye. But to the subject.

On inquiry I learn that twenty years ago, and for some time previous, W—G—, resided at this place, and during a part of the time of his residence here held the office of Post Master. He was also called by the Military title of Colonel or Major, or some such handle to his name, indicating that he was a sort of "commander-in-chief" of this place, and for aught that I know he might have been "admiral of the navy." About the time that he gave up the Post Office, he moved off, as it is said, to the northern part of this State, into what was then called "the Indian country;" but to what particular part I cannot learn, where he departed this life for "kingdom come" some dozen or fifteen years ago. This is about all I can tell you of the personal history of Mr. G—, and I believe that I might have given you the sum and substance of it in two words: G—, *lumn fuit*. The people here say that he was a very clever fellow—perfectly honest when he had the means, and that he would not have died leaving this small balance due to his patron, Uncle Samuel, if he had had "the change" wherewith to liquidate it; and I therefore sincerely hope that his ghost may not be disturbed by the dun which you sent me.

As to Mr. G—, I "a" present place of residence," I can only say that it cannot be near here, as it is well known that M— is a hundred miles from any place; and allow me moreover to say, that I regard the question of his present residence a private personal matter of his own, into which the inquisitive are not at liberty to pry, even for official purposes.—As I am not informed what were his prospects for another world, I can make no conjecture as

to his present whereabouts; but it becomes us all to indulge the hope that he has gone to where Post Office duns "cease from troubling," and where defaulting Post Masters "are at rest."

I do not learn whether or not there are any "executors or administrators" of his estate, but I am induced to think that there are none, as I am informed that he died most triumphantly poor. On the whole I should think that the chance of collecting this small balance of 6,95 of Mr. G— or his estate is rather slim, and would advise you to mark it "desperate" on your books, and think no more about it. If the boys in the Post Office Department can't have a spree until they can pay it with this money, I very much fear that they will have to remain sober for a long time to come.

I believe that I have now answered your letter as fully as my knowledge of the matter contained in it will admit. If I omitted anything, or if you should think of anything further, relative to the matter, about which you may wish to enquire, a respectful invocation of my attention to it will be met with a suitable response on my part.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
—, P. M.

## Purchased substitutes for Torture and Death.

In what country could wretches be found, who, for a small payment, would allow themselves to be hung on a hook made sharp, to be inserted in the flesh of their backs; and to be whirled rapidly about in the air? Every spring, at one of the religious festivals, there are men who willingly undergo this torture, being paid by rich hypocrites, who hope to save their souls by these vicarious mortifications; and they go through without a groan, some of them even singing. After being cured of their wounds, they are ready to undergo the same process the following year. Yet they are not martyrs, cheered under their sufferings by the prospect of heavenly beatitude. They know perfectly well that their reward will be ten pounds.—The Chinese go still further. They not only torture themselves by deputy, but sometimes suffer decapitation in the same commodious manner. A rich man, condemned to lose his head, is allowed to find a substitute, who shall suffer in his stead, and he finds one! Nor is it merely decapitation which the man has to undergo, but he is usually tortured before he receives the final blow. A man sells himself in China to the executioner to find bread for his family, just as in Europe he devotes himself to the chances of war. What must be the love of such a man for his family, or the obtuseness of his physical sensibilities? The one and the other are to us alike incomprehensible. [Jacquemont's Voyage dans l'Inde.

## The Ladies of Lima.

Far superior to the men, both physically and intellectually, are the women of Lima. Nature has lavishly endowed them with many of her choicest gifts. In figure they are usually slender and rather tall, and they are especially remarkable for their elegantly formed feet.—Their faces, from which the glowing breath of the tropics banish every trace of bloom, are animated by large, bright, dark eyes. Their features are pleasing, the nose being well formed, though in general not small, the mouth invariably adorned with two rows of brilliant white teeth, (the women of Lima clean their teeth several times a day with the root called *raiz de dientes*, literally root for the teeth, of which they keep a piece constantly in their pocket,) and their long black hair, arranged in plaits, falls gracefully over their bosom and shoulders. Add to all this a captivating grace of gentleness and amiability, and it will be readily admitted that the Limaena is a noble specimen of female loveliness.—Von Tschudi's Travels in Peru.

## Creatures with Thousands of Eyes.

What would be thought of a quadruped whose head, with the exception of the mouth and place of juncture with the neck, was covered by two enormous masses of eyes, numbering upwards of 12,000 in each mass? Yet such is the condition of the organs of vision in the dragon-fly. In the common bee the same structure is not less apparent. The fiery eyes of many gadiidies, (*Tabani*), which present vivid bands of purple and green, are composed of similar lenses, and each eye contains nearly seven thousand.—The ant has fifty lenses; the housefly four thousand; while above seventeen thousand have been counted in the eye of a butterfly, and more than twenty-five thousand in that of a species of beetle.

[Batterson's Introduction to Zoology.

A yankee travelling lately, put up at a country inn where a number of loungers were assembled telling large stories. After sitting some time attentively listening to their folly, he suddenly turned and asked them how much they supposed he had been offered for his dog, which he had with him. They all started; curiosity was on tiptoe to know; one guessed five dollars, another ten, another fifteen, until they had exhausted their patience, when one of them seriously asked how much he had been offered. Not a cent, replied he.

## Drowning.

The following is from a letter by Admiral BEAUFORT to Dr. WALLASTON, in the Memoirs of Sir JOHN BARROW, just published in London:

"Many years ago, when I was a youngster on board one of his Majesty's ships, in Portsmouth harbor, after sculling about in a very small boat, I was endeavoring to fasten her alongside the ship to one of the scuttle-rings; in foolish eagerness I stepped upon the gunwale, the boat of course upset, and I fell into the water, and not knowing how to swim, all my efforts to lay hold either of the boat or of the floating sculls were fruitless. The transaction had not been observed by the sentinel on the gangway, and therefore it was not till the tide had drifted me some distance astern of the ship that a man in the foretop saw me splashing in the water, and gave the alarm.—The first lieutenant, instantly and gallantly jumped overboard, the carpenter followed his example, and the gunner hastened into a boat and pulled after them.

"With the violent but vain attempts to make myself heard I had swallowed much water; I was soon exhausted by my struggles, and before any relief reached me I had sunk below the surface; all hope had fled, all exertion ceased, and I felt that I was drowning.

"So far these facts were either partially remembered after my recovery, or supplied by those who had latterly witnessed the scene; for during an interval of such agitation a drowning person is too much occupied in catching at every passing straw, or too much absorbed by alternate hope and despair, to mark the succession of events very accurately. Not so, however, with the facts which immediately ensued; my mind had then undergone the sudden revolution which appeared to you so remarkable; and all the circumstances of which are now as vividly fresh in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday.

"From the moment that all exertion had ceased—which I imagine was the immediate consequence of complete suffocation—a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquillity superseded the previous tumultuous sensations—it might be called apathy, certainly not resignation, for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil—I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather a pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind; its activity seemed to be invigorated, in a ratio which defies all description—for thought rose after thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable, by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation. The course of those thoughts I can even now in a great measure retraced—the event which had just taken place—the awkwardness that had produced it—the bustle it must have occasioned (for I had observed 2 persons jump from the chains)—the effect it would have on a most affectionate father—the manner in which he would disclose it to the rest of the family—and a thousand other circumstances minutely associated with home, were the first series of reflections that occurred. They took then a wider range—our last cruise—a former voyage, and shipwreck—my school—the progress I had made there, and the time I had misspent—and even all my boyish pursuits and adventures. Thus travelling backwards, every passed incident of my life seemed to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession; not, however, in mere outline, as here stated, but the picture filled up with every minute and collateral feature; in short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a kind of panoramic review, and each act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right or wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences; indeed, many trifling events which had been long forgotten then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity.

"May not this be some indication of the almost infinite power of memory with which we may awaken in another world, and thus be compelled to contemplate our past lives? Or might it not in some degree warrant the inference that death is only a change or modification of our existence, in which there is no real pause or interruption? But, however that may be, one circumstance was highly remarkable; that the innumerable ideas which flashed into my mind were all retrospective; yet I had been religiously brought up; my hopes and fears of the next world had lost nothing of their early strength, and at any other period intense interest and awful anxiety would have been excited by the mere probability that I was on the threshold of eternity; yet at that inexplicable moment, when I had a full conviction that I had already crossed that threshold, not a single thought wandered into the future—I was wrapped entirely in the past.

"The length of time that was occupied by this deluge of ideas, or rather the shortness of time into which they were condensed, I cannot now state with precision, yet certainly two

minutes could not have elapsed from the moment of suffocation to that of my being hauled up.

"The strength of the flood tide made it expedient to pull the boat once to another ship, where I underwent the usual vulgar process of emptying the water by letting my head hang downwards, then bleeding, chafing, and even administering gin; but my submerston had been really so brief, that, according to the account of the lookers on, I was very quickly restored to animation.

"My feelings while life was returning were the reverse in every point of those which have been described above. One single but confused idea—a miserable belief that I was drowning—dwell upon my mind, instead of the multitude of clear and definite ideas which had recently rushed through it; a helpless anxiety, a kind of continuous nightmare seemed to press heavily on every sense, and to prevent the formation of any one distinct thought, and it was with difficulty that I became convinced that I was really alive. Again, instead of being absolutely free from all bodily pain, as in my drowning state, I was now tortured by pain all over me; and though I have been since wounded in several places, and have often submitted to severe surgical discipline, yet my sufferings were at that time far greater; at least, in general distress. On one occasion I was shot in the lungs, and after lying on the deck at night for some hours bleeding from other wounds, I at length fainted. Now, as I felt sure that the wound in the lungs was mortal, it will appear obvious that the overwhelming sensation which accompanies fainting must have produced a perfect conviction that I was then in the act of dying. Yet nothing in the least resembling the operations of my mind when drowning then took place; and when I began to recover, I returned to a clear conception my real state."

## Iron Carriage Wheels.

The Salem, N. J. Standard says that a carriage wheel entirely of iron, and constructed upon purely scientific principles, is now being exhibited at Mr. Mulford's Hotel in Salem. It was patented by Ira Holmes of New York State, and is called the "Doubled Dished Metallic Carriage Wheel." There is a double row of slim iron spokes with counter sunk heads, diverging alternately from the outer and inner rim of the hub to the felloe, where they are also counter sunk and effectually fastened—the spokes thus drawing both ways, and throwing as much of the weight of the carriage upon the upper as the lower part of the wheel. The principle is that of an arch. Should the iron felloe break, which is scarcely possible, the wheel under ordinary circumstances could not be made to fall to pieces. The burthen, which a very slight wheel thus constructed is capable of bearing is immense, if we may credit the calculations of Professor Comstock. It has an exceedingly light and graceful appearance, is not liable to get out of order, and can be purchased at about half the cost of the ordinary wooden wheel.

## A Tough Story of a Tough Pair of Breeches.

The Spirit of the Times relates a story told by an old man, who has told it so often that he now religiously believes it to be true:—"When I lived in Maine," said the old man, "I helped break up a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter, and early in the spring we began to think of ploughing out. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough—we did, faith—and I held that plough for more than a week—I thought I should die. It e'en almost killed me, I van. Why one day I was holden," and the plough hit a stump, which measured just nine foot and a half through it—hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump, when I happened to think it might snap together again, so I just threw my feet out, and I had no sooner done this, than it snapped together, taking a smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course, I was tight, but I held on to the plough handles, and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen couldn't tear my pantaloons—nor cause me to let go my grip. At last though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull altogether, and the old stump came out about the quickest; it had monstrous long roots too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for these pantaloons, and I haint worn any other kind since."

## Not Frightened Yet.

We copy the following from the record of marriages in the Wesleyan of July 28th:—"On the 16th inst., at the Centenary Chapel, York, by the Rev. C. Cheetman, Mr. Thomas Wiseman, of Fulton, late coachmaker of York, to Mrs. Willah, of that city. The bridegroom has now been married five times, is in his 85th year, and made his own coffin 27 years ago.—The happy bride has had four husbands, and is about 56."