

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## To an Absent Friend.

Alas, we met for but a few brief hours  
And parted then to meet on earth no more.  
Thou to thy home with all its world of flowers,  
And I to ponder thy rich beauty o'er,  
And dream as one upon old ocean's shore  
Muses, with thoughts by that grand scene upstirred,  
Of that soft look—the full heart's fondest store—  
And the deep gentleness of that last word  
Which echoed in my heart so sweetly as I heard!  
I never more may see thee—but that thought  
Will dwell forever with me—and when night  
With all her heavenliness so richly fraught  
Is sleeping o'er the earth, the earnest light  
That dwells in those kind eyes so deeply bright,  
And the soft tears that from thine eyelids started,  
Will float into my thoughts and o'er my sight,  
And I shall think of thee as when we parted,  
Most bright—most beautiful—most holy hearted!  
Oh, when that simple strain I heard thee sing  
What dreams of bliss, what glorious thoughts  
Were mine,  
What floods of Memories that fondly cling  
So closely to the heart, and love to twine  
Themselves around its core, like some fair vine—  
Came stealing o'er! Ah, then I looked on thee  
As on the saint above some holly shrine  
A being far too heavenly to be  
Less than a worship high to lowly ones like me!  
Yet when I looked into thy hazel eyes,  
And saw the feeling hidden there asleep,  
The passionate deep love that in them lies,  
Like gems far down some fairy grotto deep,  
And saw thee, when we parted, strive to keep  
The bursting sob from rising, and the tear  
Within—thine eyes thou couldst not choose but  
weep:  
Then first I dreamed—oh glorious dream divine!  
That thou might'st love, and I might call thee mine!  
But fare thee well, and should we haply be  
Henceforth strangers, for we ne'er may meet—  
Yet when thou lovest thou wilt think of me!  
And amid the memories of the sweet  
And holy dreams of olden times will greet  
Thy image as the loveliest—it has been  
A glorious vision—beautiful and fleet,  
Like Irim's gardens—one brief moment seen,  
Then fled forever with their vistas green!

## A Singular Dream Verified.

While the plague was at its height at Alexandria, a Mohometan merchant dreamed that eleven persons would die of the plague in his house.—When he awoke he remembered his dream; and there being exactly eleven persons in his house, himself included, he became uneasy. His alarm increased, when on the following day, his wife, two female slaves, and three children died; but he became quite certain that his death was at hand, when on the fourth, his two remaining children, a woman servant, and an old man servant, sank into the grave. He accordingly made his preparations to pass into eternity—related his dream to some of his friends, and begged them to make inquiry every morning, and, in case he should be dead, to have him buried with all the usual solemnities. A cunning thief, who heard of the circumstance, took advantage of the merchant's fright, to open the door in the night, and when the terrified man called out: "Who's there?" to answer, "I am the Angel of Death!" in order, while the merchant hid himself underneath the bedclothes, and was quite beside himself, to pack up what effects he found in the house and carry them away. Unluckily for him, he was seized with the plague, and died on the stairs. The merchant, however, did not venture, even for many hours, to put his head from under the bed-clothes, till at length his friends came, heard from him what had happened, found the effects, recognized the thief, discovered the truth and confirmed the strange accomplishment of the dream. The merchant was then as sure of his life as he was before his death, and he was not mistaken, for he himself relates this anecdote, which his friends and neighbors declare to be a fact.

## From Day's Historical Collections of Penna. The White Deer Captives.

[The following, from the Lancaster Intelligencer, was written by the daughter of a Revolutionary Soldier conversant with the facts]

James Thompson lived, at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, on a beautiful farm near Spruce run, in White Deer township. On a contiguous farm lived a family named Young. One morning in March, they were surprised by five Indians, who took Thompson and Margaret Young prisoners. Thompson was a very active young man, and determined to rescue Miss Young, and make his own escape. On the second night of their captivity, while the Indians were asleep—each with his rifle, tomahawk and scalping-knife wrapped with himself in his blanket—Thompson found a stone weighing about two pounds, and kneeling down beside the nearest Indian, with his left hand he felt for his temple—his intention being to kill one, and, having secured his tomahawk, he thought he could dispatch the rest successively as they arose. The darkness of the night, however, frustrated his plan: for, not seeing, he did no serious injury. The Indian bounded up with a fierce yell, which awoke the others, and springing on the young man—who had thrown his stone as far from him as he possibly could—would have put an end to his existence, had not the rest interfered and secured Thompson. The Indian immediately accused him of endeavoring to kill him—while he signified that he had only struck him with his fist—and nothing appearing to induce them to doubt his word, they were highly amused at the idea of an Indian making so terrible an outcry at any stroke a paleface could inflict, with his naked hand. He, however, although he had not an ocular, had certainly a very feeling demonstration that something weightier than a hand had been used—but was shamed into silence by the laugh raised at his expense. Our prisoners were now taken up the Susquehanna, crossed the river in a canoe, and proceeded up Loyalsock creek. For five nights he was laid upon his back, with his arms extended and tied to stakes. On the seventh night, near the mouth of Towanda creek, the Indians directed Thompson and his companion, as usual, to kindle a fire for themselves, while they built another. By this means he had an opportunity of communicating to her his intention of leaving the company that very evening. She advised him to go without her. He expressed great unwillingness; but she overruled his objections, declaring that even did she now escape, she would not be able to reach home. Accordingly, in gathering the dry sticks which were strewn round, he went further from the circle, throwing each stick, as he found it, towards the fire, and then wandering slowly, though not unconsciously, still further for the next, until he had gone as far as he thought he could without exciting suspicion; then he precipitately fled. They were soon in pursuit, but were unable to overtake him; and he ran in such a quick, zig-zag manner, that they could not aim straight enough to shoot him.

He was obliged to travel principally at night; and going down Loyalsock creek, he frequently came upon Indian encampments, when he had either to wade the stream, or cross the slippery mountains, to avoid them. Sometimes he came to places where they had encamped. The bones of deer, &c., which he found at these places, he broke open, and swallowed the marrow. This, with the few roots he could find, was all the food he was able to procure. Once, when almost overcome with fatigue and loss of sleep, he thought of getting into a hollow tree to rest; but this would not do, for where he could get in a wild animal might also get, and, although naturally possessed of great courage, he did not like to be attacked in that manner, where he had no means of defence. In this way he reached the Susquehanna, where he found the canoe as they left it. He entered it, and descended the river; but fatigue, and want of nourishment and rest, had so overcome him, that when he reached Fort Freeland—a short distance above where Milton now stands—he was unable to rise. He lay in the canoe until discovered by the inhabitants, who took him ashore; and by careful treatment he was restored to health. He afterwards received a pension from the U. States, and died about the year 1838, in the 96th year of his age.

The Indians, meantime, pursued their course, taking Miss Young with them, to the neighborhood of Montreal, in Canada. She had frequently understood them to lament the loss of Thompson.—As he was a fine, active young man, they were keeping him as a subject upon which to exercise their cruelty. Miss Young was given to an old squaw, who wished to make her work sufficiently to maintain them both; but an old colored man advised her to work as little as possible—and what she must do, she should do as badly as she could; for, said he, "if you work well, she will keep you for a slave—but be lazy, and do your work wrong, and she will get tired of you, and sell you to the whites." Poor young girl! away from her home

and her friends, she was grateful for the advice which even an old colored man gave. She acted her part well; for when the corn was ready for hoeing, she would cut up the corn, and neatly dress some weed in its stead. The old squaw thought she was too stupid ever to learn—for, notwithstanding all the pains she had taken to teach her, she was still as awkward and ignorant as ever; and thinking her a useless burden, she sent her to Montreal, according to her wish, and sold her.—Her purchaser was a man of some distinction, of the name of Young; and when he discovered her name, he began to trace relationship, and found they actually were cousins. This was a happy discovery. She lived almost as contentedly, in her cousin's family, as in her father's house. Some time after the conclusion of the war, she became very anxious to visit her friends in the U. States. She came home, where she sickened and died soon after.

## Fifth Despatches of Major Downing. CITY OF MEXICO, March 22, 1848.

Mr. Gales & Scaton, my dear old friends: When I have to write about the war, and the treaty, and things of that sort that belongs to diplomats, of course I send my despatches to the President or Mr. Richie; but when things branch off into the newspaper line, then I send 'em to you. We've had General Scott on trial here five days, for high treason against General Pillow and General Worth. If it goes agin him I don't know whether they will conclude to hang him or shet him up in some of the mines of Mexico for life. But he fights like a Turk, and ain't skeered at nothin'. The President better send on some more help, for I ain't sure that what there is here will be able to handle him. The battle has been pretty hot for five days, and I don't see as they get the upper hand of him at all yet. It would be a great pity if a man that has been guilty of such horrible crimes as he has out here in Mexico, should slip through their fingers at last and escape punishment. I begin to feel a little afraid how it will come out. For my part, I go for justice, hit who 'will. If a man will committ crimes let him be punished for it. I'm afraid the President has missed a figger in leaving it out to such men as he has. It would be a safer and more sure to leave it out to a jury of Mexicans. I've no doubt the least verdict they would give, would be a two years in the deepest and darkest mine in Mexico for his taking Vera Cruz and the Castle; two years more for the cutting and slashing he give 'em at Cerro Gordo; two years more for Chapultepec and Churubusco; and all the rest of his life for his taking the City of Mexico. In that case, you see, his punishment would be measured out something according to his crimes.

I was thinking last night that I ought to make up a little budget about this trial and send it on to you, as I promised to let you know once in a while how things was getting along out here. And while I was bohering my head to know which end to begin at, a man came in and brought me a little letter. I took it and opened it, and I couldn't hardly believe my eyes at first, to see the name of General Pillow signed to it. He requested me to call at his quarters in the evening" on very urgent and important business. Think I to myself, what in thunder can this mean? Then I thought, may be they had got a hint that the prisoner intended to run away, and they wanted me to help keep guard round General Scott's quarters, to see that he didn't escape.

So jest at dark I went round to General Pillow's quarters. He seemed to be amazin' glad to see me, and took me by the arm and led me into 'tother room.

"Major Downing," says he, "I'm very happy to see you. I wish you wouldn't make yourself quite such a stranger to my quarters; it would give me a great deal of pleasure to see you often."

I thanked him, and told him that his rank was a good deal superior to mine, and I always felt kind of delicate about putting myself along side of them that was so much above me.

"Not at all," says he, "Major, not at all; we have to observe rank, to be sure, when we are on the field; but every where else we are all equals, Major, all equals; give us your hand," and here he give my hand another hearty shake.

"Major," says he, "I understand that you write letters to the National Intelligencer sometimes, about matters out here in Mexico."

"Well, yes," says I, "General, I do sometimes, when it don't interfere with my public duties as the President's private ambassador."

Then he turned round and put the door to and began to speak in a little lower tone.

"Major," says he, "that Intelligencer is a capital paper, a great paper; it deserves to be encouraged. I take a warm interest in the prosperity of that paper, and mean to do something for it. I'll be the making of it yet, when I get to the rank and situation that I expect to get. I suppose you'll send some account of this Court Martial down by the courier to-morrow to go to the Intelligencer, won't you?"

"Well, yes," says I, "I was thinking of sending some little outline of it, so the folks at

home in the United States might understand the substance of it as far as it has got along."

Then he took a written paper out of his pocket, and, says he, "Major here is a clear account of the proceedings as far as they have gone, all carefully drawn up, and putting every thing in a true light. I should like to have you take this and send it on to the Intelligencer, and have it inserted as coming from an authentic source; or, if you choost, you can work it in and make it a part of your letter, and then nobody will doubt but what it comes from an authentic source. I should rather, on the whole, that you would work it into your letter; that would be the best shape to put it in, and would be next thing to an official report."

After I took it and looked a while over some parts of it, says I, "General, it seems to me it is most too soon to send on such a particular account as this, for fear of making some mistakes. It must take some time to pick the matters all up and put them together in the right shape, so as to give every one his fair share. I thought I would send on now the main points of it, and send on the particulars when we've had a chance to pick em all up and put em together right."

"But, Major," says he, "I'm very anxious this account should go off with the first impressions. You know a great deal depends on first impressions; therefore, no time should be lost in getting this before the public, and the best way to do it is to work it into your report. To be sure, the paper does considerable justice to me, but not more than I think you will be satisfied belongs to me. I never ask any one to puff me; but I have confidence in you to believe that you will do me justice. I never forget my friends. There's no knowing but the upshot of this trial may tip General Scott out of the tail-end of the cart yet; and, if so, I stand a good chance of being placed at the head of military affairs here; and, between you and me, that would give me a strong chance of succeeding Mr. Polk in the Presidency. And I wish you to understand, Major, that I never forget my friends."

"Well," says I, "General, seein you are so earnest about it, I'll take the paper home with me and look it over, and if I find I can work it into my letter so it will look shipshape I'll do it. And then I take it I shall have your word upon the honor of an officer that you never will forget me and the National Intelligencer."

"That you shall," says he, giving me another shake of the hand. "But," says he, "you better stop with me to-night, and do it all up here; I'll give you a comfortable place to write, some place to sleep, and soldier fare."

I thanked him very kindly for his hospitality, but told him I should have to go back to my quarters, where I had left some parts of my despatch ready fixed up. In bidding me good night he shook me very warmly by the hand, and urged me again to put the document he had given me into my letter, as he was very anxious it should go off with the first impressions. So here it is; and if I find it necessary, after copying it, to add any notes or interlinings, I can do it:

## DOCUMENT No. 1.]

### Great Battle in the Court Martial.

This important investigation, which has been going on for five days, is likely to use Gen. Scott all up to nothing; there won't be so much as a grease spot left of him; while at the same time it cannot fail to add to the renown and fair fame of Gen. Pillow, till it raises him above all Greek, above all Roman fame. Gen. Worth also has shown a magnanimity in this contest which will crown him with immortal honor.—He had a 49-pounder, loaded to the muzzle, pointed directly at the head of Scott, which would have blown his brains clear to the north pole; but seeing the weakness and imbecility of Scott, who was almost ready to get down upon his knees, and with tears in his eyes ask his pardon, Worth, with unparalleled magnanimity, refused to fire, and absolutely withdrew the charge from the gun, saying to the bystanders, "The President has given me all I want, why should I stoop to kill this poor devil of a Scott?" After Worth had thus generously thrown away his powder, Scott, with his usual meanness put on a braggadocio show of courage, and dared him to the fight; but of course Worth wouldn't take any notice of him.

Scott had bullied Duncan, but when he found Duncan was prepared to defend himself, with the most craven spirit he coaxed him to let the matter drop and hush it up. He had also, in the most shameful manner bullied Gen. Pillow; but when he found he had roused the lion he did not dare to beard the lion. As soon as the gallant Pillow, the high-souled Pillow, the chivalric and courageous Pillow appeared on the field of combat, Scott commenced a rapid and ignominious retreat. But Gen. Pillow, actuated by a high sense of public duty, as well as a proper regard for his own honor, would not allow public sentiment to be so outraged with impunity; he therefore pursued the cowardly Scott, determined that, patron as he was, he should either fight or die. For two or three days Scott was fleeing for his life, and making the most desperate efforts to escape from the field of battle; but the gallant Pillow pursued

him and cut him off on every tack, and foiled and floored him at every turn. The talent, tact, prowess, and generalship displayed by Gen. Pillow on this occasion has probably never been equalled, except by the same gallant officer on the battle fields of Mexico, when he killed the Mexican officer in single combat, was struck down upon his knees by the concussion of a cannon-ball upon his head, and led his troops to victory by wading chin-deep through a creek of mud and water. The hot pursuit of Pillow at last drove Scott into a corner, from which it was impossible for him to escape. He then turned and raised his puny arm to fight; but the weakness of his weapons, his lute pointless darts and pop-gun squibs, were almost too ridiculous even to excite a laugh. The heroic Pillow stood in peerless majesty, and shook them off as unconcernedly as the lion shakes the dew drops from his mane. During this whole contest Gen. Pillow's well-devised plans of battle, his judicious disposition of his forces, his coolness and daring through the whole of this terrible battle, is the subject of universal congratulation among his friends, and general remark with all.

ERASED FROM THE ABOVE: "During this great battle, which has lasted now for five days, Pillow was in command of all the forces engaged except Worth's division, which was not engaged." Also erased: "He (Pillow) has completely silenced his enemies."

On the whole, the above document No. 1 seems to give such a clear candid view of the proceedings of the court martial during the first five days that I don't think it is necessary for me to add another word. Give my love to the President and Mr. Richie; and I remain your old friend, whether we go on an exin any more or not.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

## Remarkable Fact in Natural History.

The Narrative of Judge Porter abounds with anecdotes of an interesting kind—the results of the observations of a long and active life.—During an expedition which he undertook from Buffalo to Erie, in 1795, a very remarkable circumstance presented itself. We will give it in the words of Judge Porter himself:—"Before starting from Buffalo we had been detained there for two days by a heavy fall of rain, accompanied by a strong northeast gale. When off Cataraugus Creek on our upward passage, about one to two miles from land, we discovered some distance ahead a white strip on the surface of the lake, extending out from the shore as far as we could see. On approaching this white strip we found it to be five or six rods wide, and its whole surface covered with fish, of all varieties common to the lake, lying on their sides as if dead. On touching them, however, they would dart below the surface, but immediately rise again to their former position. We commenced taking them by hand, making our selections of the best, and finding them perfectly sound, we took in a good number, (indeed if we had desired we might have loaded our boat with them.) On reaching Erie we had some of them cooked and found them perfectly good. The position of these fish on their sides in the water placed their mouths partly above and partly below the surface, so that they seemed to be inhaling both water and air, for at each effort of inhaling, bubbles would rise and float on the water. It was these bubbles that caused the white appearance on the lake's surface. I have supposed that these fish had from some cause, growing out of the extraordinary agitation of the lake by the gale from the eastward, and the sudden reflux of water from west to east after it subsided, been thrown together in this way, and from some unknown natural cause had lost the power of regulating their specific gravity, which it is said they do, by means of an air bladder furnished them by nature.

**KILLING PIGS.**—In Halifax, Nova Scotia, to save noise and trouble they butcher their pigs under the influence of chloroform. After inhaling it, the animals quietly yield their throats to the knife, and die in bliss!

In Cincinnati they have invented a machine which receives a live hog in the centre, and with a single turn, throws out sausages at one end and scrubbing brushes at the other.

A western editor commences a long exhortation to bachelors with the following words:

"Come, you poor, miserable, lonely, deserted, vulgar fractional parts of animated nature, come up here and be talked to."

## Pumpkin Butter.

Boil a barrel of sweet cider down one-third, then add gradually two bushels of small cut pieces of pumpkins, stirring all the while, until boiled to about 12 gallons. Just before taking off, add half a pint of ground cinnamon, and such other spices as may be agreeable. Fine, where apples are scarce, and said to be excellent for king or countryman, the latter deserving it best.