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

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Jeffersonian Republican.

The following verses have just been received by the editor of the "Judson Offering," in N. Y. from "Fanny Forester," now in India.

To my Father.

By Mrs. Emily C. Judson.

A welcome for thy child, father,

A welcome give to-day.

Although she may not come thee,

As when she went away;

Thou never in her olden nest

Is she to fold her wing,

And live again the days when first

She learned to fly and sing.

O happy were those days, father.

When gathering round thy knee,

Seven sons and daughters called thee sire;

We come again but three:

The grave has claimed thy loveliest ones,

And sterner things than death

Have left a shadow on thy brow,

A sigh upon thy breath.

And one—of the three, father,

Now comes to thee to claim

The blessing of another lot,

Upon another name.

Where tropic suns forever burn,

Far over land and wave,

The child whom thou hast loved would make

Her hearth-stone and her grave.

Thou'lt never wait again father,

Thy daughter's coming tread;

She ne'er will see thy face on earth,—

So count her with the dead;

But in the land of life and love,

Not sorrowing as now,

She'll come to thee, and come, perchance,

With jewels on her brow.

Perchance;—I do not know, father,

If any part be given

My erring hand among the guides

Who point the way to Heaven;

But it would be a joy untold

Some erring foot to stay,

Remember this, when gathering round

Ye for the exile pray.

Let nothing here be changed father,

I would remember all.

Where every ray of sunshine rests,

And where the shadows fall;

And now I go; with faltering foot

I pass the threshold o'er,

And gaze through tears on that dear roof,

My shelter nevermore.

The Five Cradles.

A man who had recently become a votary to

ecstasy, returned home one night in an interme-

di-ate state of booziness. That is to say, he was

uncomfortably drunk, but perfectly conscious of his

unfortunate situation. Knowing that his wife was

asleep, he tried to gain his bed without creating

such disturbance, and after ruminating a few

moments on the matter, he thought if he could

reach a bedpost, and hold on to it while he slipped

out of his apparel the remainder of the feat would

be easily accomplished. Unfortunately for his

chance, a cradle stood in a direct line with the

bedpost; about the middle of the floor. Of course

when his slins came in contact with the aforesaid

piece of furniture, he pitched over it with a per-

fect looseness; and upon gaining an erect posi-

tion, ere an equilibrium was established, he went

backward in an equally summary manner.—

gain he struggled to his feet, and went head first

to the bower of infant happiness. At length

with the fall, his patience became exhausted, and

the obstacle was yet to be overcome. In de-
spair he cried out to his sleeping partner—
"Wife! wife! how many cradles have you got in
the house? I've fallen over five and here's another
before me!" Suffice it to say, that his wife was
at this time completely awake, and a curtain lec-
ture ensued, which rang in his ears for many suc-
ceeding days.

Jimmy Girty's Beef Story.

The following story was obtained by the editor from one of the crew. It took Jim Girty to show how to hook beef in the Keelboat times.

On a trip up the Tennessee river, Jim and his crew got out of meat. They could not think it fair play to be without meat in a cane country, where there was so many fine fat cattle.

So as usual they selected the end best, fattest beef they could find. They obtained one that would weigh about 700 pounds. They dressed it neatly and took it on board.

About three hours afterwards, fourteen camp-rushing down to the boat with rifles, charging Jim with having stolen a beef.

Jim did not show fight. The crew paid no attention to what was going on,—some were sitting on the running boards, with their feet dangling in the water,—several were lying up on deck on blankets—every one seemed dull and stupefied.—Jim was seated on the bow of the boat, his head resting on his hand, when again assailed.

"I say you men have been stealing the best beef in all these parts."

"There must be some mistake," said Jim very quietly.

"You lie, sir, your men were seen skinning it."

"There are strangers about here, may be," said Jim.

"Yes, yes, we know there are strangers here, on this very boat they have the beef on board and we will have it off."

"The boat is open, go and look for yourselves gentlemen, but you will find a mistake, certain but satisfy yourselves, gentlemen, upon that head."

"That we will, and in an instant have the beef."

So at it they went, first having placed three men as a guard to see that the crew did not play some trick. The others made a search by rolling and re-rolling every thing in the boat, and still no beef was found. One fellow declared that they had left no place unsearched where the four quarters of a cat could not be hid, let alone a big box.

The same gravity was preserved by him. He wished the gentlemen would be satisfied.

The fact was, while the crew were skinning the beef, one of them discovered a man watching them from behind a tree. They took no notice of it, but when they came to the boat, they told him they were caught.

He scratched his head awhile, and then prepared for just such a visit as he received.

He placed the four quarters of the beef on the deck of the boat and spread the hide over them, on this he spread all the blankets, and four men lay down on these blankets. Jim, as before stated, was on the bow of the boat, continually wishing the gentlemen to be satisfied, but they would find a mistake certain.

"Look about, and be satisfied, gentlemen,—look where you please gentlemen, and be satisfied, but there is one thing I must ask of you, not to disturb them there sick men—we buried two yesterday with the small pox and them there four men are very sick, very sick indeed, gentlemen and I must beg of you not to disturb them, it always is the worst thing you could do to disturb a sick man, especially if he be near his last—it kind of makes the blood fly to the head to be disturbed, &c., &c. But long before he closed his speech, he had no listeners.

If ever there was pale faces, fallen jaws, and ghastly looks amongst a set of men, it was about that time and place—they moved off without speaking a word. Jim got clear of his visitors and kept the beef.—Western Boatman.

On Hand.

A witness spoke several times during his testimony, of occurrences about the time of his birth, when a surly judge interrupted him—

"Do you mean to say that you can relate occurrences at the time of your birth from your own recollection?"

"The laugh which began against the witness, turned upon the judge as the former replied—

"Why sir I cannot exactly say that I remember every particular, but I assure your honor that I was there!"

Soldiers' Bounty Lands.

The Commissioner of Pensions, says the Washington Union, cannot issue more than two hundred and fifty land warrants each day. It appears from a statement in the Union that the number of applications for bounty land warrants on the part of soldiers who have served in the late war with Mexico will exceed 100,000. The applications filed, in 1848, up to the 27th of last month, were 55,784, and the warrants issued 33,833, leaving 21,961 applications to be disposed of.

The Sons of Temperance in Plymouth, Wayne county, Michigan, recently purchased the only distillery in that county, and made a bonfire of it.

The longest day in Great Britain is two hours and twenty minutes longer than our longest day in the United States; and the shortest day in the United States, one hour and fifty minutes longer than the shortest day in Great Britain.

A Trance—Burying Alive.

A paper was read before the French Academy of Science, in which the following extraordinary instance was adduced as a reason for abolishing the present custom of burying so soon after death:

A young female had been twice pronounced dead when only in a trance, but had recovered in time to prevent being buried alive. A third trance came on, and in consequence of what had previously occurred, permission was obtained from the constituted authorities for the body to remain above ground as long as decomposition should have not taken place. A week—ten days had passed away—there was still no decomposition, but all the medical men declared that she was dead, and at length she was laid in her coffin. Only a few minutes before the coffin was to be nailed down, and while the bell of the village church was already tolling for her funeral, a female who had been the school-fellow of the supposed defunct, came to kiss the lips of her departed friend, and remained in that position for some time, the bystanders attempted to remove her, lest her emotion should be injurious to her. She warded them off with her hand, and remained with her lips upon those of her friend, and breathing, as it turned out afterwards, the warm breath of life into her lungs. At length she exclaims 'she lives!' and rises from the body pointing out unequivocal signs of life.—

She stated that as she was kissing her friend she fancied that she felt her breath, and in a few minutes was convinced of the fact. The female who was supposed to be dead was taken out of the coffin and placed in a warm bed, and, in the course of a few hours, fully revived. She stated that she was, during her trance, fully sensible to all that was passing around her, and that she even heard the dread bell toll, but was utterly incapable of speech or sign to show that she was not dead!

Interesting Facts.

A bell rung under the water returns a tone as distinct as if rung in the air.

Stop one ear with the finger, and press the other to the end of a long stick or piece of deal wood, and if a watch be held at the other end of the wood, ticking will be heard, be the wood or stick ever so long.

Tie a poker on the middle of a strip of flannel two or three feet long, and press your thumbs or fingers into your ears, while you swing the poker against an iron fender, and you will hear a sound like that of a heavy church bell.

These experiments prove that water, wood and flannel are good conductors of sound, for the sound of the bell, the watch and the fender, pass through the water, and along the deal and flannel to the ear.

It must be observed that a body in the act of sounding is in a state of vibration, which communicates to the surrounding air—the undulations of the sound affect the ear, and excite in us the sense of sound. Sound of all kinds, it is ascertained, travels at the rate of fifteen miles in a minute; the softest whisper travels as fast as the most tremendous thunder. The knowledge of this fact has been applied to the measurement of distance.

Suppose a ship in distress fire a gun, the light of which is seen on shore, or by another vessel, 20 seconds before a report is heard, it is known to be at a distance of twenty times 1142 feet, or little more than four and a half miles.

Again, if I see a vivid flash of lightning, and in two seconds hear a tremendous clap of thunder, I know that the thunder cloud is not more than 760 yards from the place where I am, and I should instantly retire from an exposed situation.

The editor of the Elmira Republican is considerable of a wag. Hear him, 'ironise'!

"We keep money on hand to lend. The bank is dependent on us for funds. We also supply all the merchants with funds with which to buy goods. And by the way, just at this season of the year most of the merchants are hard up, and they are making pretty heavy drafts upon our pocket. Our pile is getting seriously reduced, and we fear we shall have to come down to the level with poor men. Our hands also work for nothing and board themselves. If we should insist upon it, we presume they would be willing to pay us \$25 or \$30 a-month for the privilege of setting up and printing off the paper, and doing the other work of the office. Our own expenses are nothing. Our rent costs us nothing. We live on 'Faith, hope and charity.' We would much prefer bread, meat, potatoes, and such things, but then it is just as well,—we don't know the odds a thousand years hence."

"So it is plain to be seen we are making money like dirt. We are something less than \$10,000 drawing interest out of our pocket."

"We hope our cotemporary will be careful to keep the currency in order, and supply the circulating medium whenever and wherever it is needed."

The Louisville Courier mentions the shipment of 1,000 barrels of lard from that place to Liverpool.

A Taylor Song.

TUNE.—"Picayune Butler."
To Washington de order day
I went to hear what de Lokies say—
Ya! Ya!
Jimmy Polk was runnin' round
Crying Old Zach Taylor's comin' to town—
Ya! Ya!

Old Zach Taylor's coming—coming,
Old Zach Taylor's coming to town!—[Repeat.
Oo! A-oo! A-oo! A-oo! A-oo!

Old Zach Taylor's coming—coming,
Old Zach Taylor's coming to town!—[Repeat.
Says I young Hickory am dis you!—
What makes you look so berry blue!—
Ya! Ya!

To Rough and Ready never bend,
For you is Jackson's bosom friend—
Ya! Ya!

Old Zach Taylor's coming, &c.

Says he dat's what dey used to say,
But now dat "Pass" is in de way—
Ya! Ya!

And when I swear I's still de man,
Dey laugh, and whisper "Santa Am!"—
Ya! Ya!

Old Zach Taylor's coming, &c.

For Land and Slavery down below
I've made a war on Mexico—
Ya! Ya!

And now I's 'frail I both have missed
Through this confounded little Trist—
Ya! Ya!

Old Zach Taylor's coming, &c.

To Baltimore I wrote a note
And told 'em for me not to vote—
Ya! Ya!

I thought 'twould surely bring a tear,
But ah! dey only gave a cheer!—
Ya! Ya!

Old Zach Taylor's coming, &c.

Says I, come lay your griefs aside
And wid Cass up Salt River ride—
Ya! Ya!

O, no! says he don't take dat route
De "snags and sawyers" ain't cleared out—
Ya! Ya!

Old Zach Taylor's coming, &c.

Anecdote of Gen. Taylor.

The following anecdote of General Taylor is related by the Staunton (Va.) Spectator. It is perfectly characteristic of the man. The old Hero was asked on one occasion by a lady, what he meant in saying he was not an ultra Whig! His reply was—

"Madam—I have been called upon to pass through three wars since I joined the army. —In the war of 1812, I saw both parties represented on the battle-field, and even in my little command at Fort Harrison, they stood shoulder to shoulder. I saw the Whig and the Democrat lie down in the swamps of Florida, and in the morning rise up to their posts of duty; and again I saw them rise not up, but together lie in the embrace of death! I have seen the Whig and the Democrat again, on the banks of the Rio Grande. I saw them both stand together, at the cannon's mouth at Monterey—and again on the bloody field of Buena Vista—and both looked up to the same star spangled banner. The Whig and Democrat spread the same tent upon the sand banks at Vera Cruz, and together marched to the Halls of the Montezumas at their country's call. And, at last, I have seen the Whig and Democrat returning home, with constitutions broken and health impaired, to die—and seeing these things, I could not find it in my heart to proscribe men for mere political differences!" Let our opponents, then, twit at us as much as they please in regard to the "No-Partyism" of our candidate. We like him all the better for what they so much dislike. He is an honest man, and a good Whig, zealously devoted to the preservation of the checks and balances of the Constitution, and he will give us a pure administration of the Government. This is all we want.

New Kind of Fence.

In some parts of Wisconsin they are making fences as original and new as the State itself; and the material is gravel of medium coarseness, and sand, with the addition of sufficient lime to convert the mass into mortar, and in the state of mortar is poured between boards confined so as to form a mould for the ascending wall. It is cheap building material for houses, and it is the prevailing impression that it will be durable.

The New York Hungers indignantly contradict the rumor that the Cass electoral ticket in that State is to be withdrawn. Cass will, "noles volens," continue to distract the party.

A wiggish friend of ours, says the Worcester (Mass.) Budget, attempted to count the sleepy heads in church, the other day. He snatched as high as fifty, and then—fell asleep himself.

Death not a Painful Process.

We think that most persons have been led to regard dying as a much more painful change than it generally is; first, because they have found, by what they experienced in themselves and observed in others that sentiment being often struggle when in distress; hence struggling to them is a sign, an invariable sign, of distress. Muscular action and consciousness are two distinct things, often existing separately; and we have abundant reason to believe that in a great proportion of cases those struggles of a dying man which are so distressing to behold, are as entirely independent of consciousness as the struggles of a recently decapitated fowl. A second reason why men are led to regard dying as a very painful change is because men often endure great pain without dying and forgetting that like causes produce like effects only under similar circumstances, they infer that life cannot be destroyed without still greater pain. But the pains of death are much less than most persons have been led to believe, and we doubt not that many persons who live to the age of puberty undergo ten fold more misery than they would did they understand correct views concerning the change. In all cases of dying, the individual suffers no pain after the sensibility of the nervous system is destroyed, which is often without much and some times without any previous pain.

Those who are struck dead by a stroke of lightning, those who are decapitated by one blow of the axe, and those who are instantly destroyed by a crush of the brain, experience no pain at all in passing from a state of life to a dead state. One moment's expectation of being thus destroyed far exceeds in misery the pain during the act. Those who faint in having a little blood taken from the arm, as on any other occasion, have already endured all the misery they ever would did they not again revive. Those who die of fevers and most other diseases suffer their greatest pain, as a general thing, hours, or even days before they expire. The sensibility of the nervous system becomes gradually diminished; their pain becomes less and less acute under the same exciting cause, and at the moment when their friends think them in the greatest distress, they are more at ease than they have been for many days previous; their disease, as far as respects their feelings, begins to act upon them like an opiate. Indeed many are already dead as it respects themselves, when ignorant bystanders are much the most to be pitted, not for the loss of their friends, but for their sympathising anguish. Those diseases which destroy life without immediately affecting the nervous system give rise to more pain than those that do affect the system so as to impair its sensibility. The most painful deaths which human beings inflict upon each other are produced by rack and fagot. The halter is not so cruel as either of these, but more savage than the axe. Horror and pain considered, it seems to us that we should choose a narcotic to either.—[Charles Knowlton.

A Friend's Reasons.

I think, said a Friend the other day, that if it is our inevitable "destiny" to have a Locofoco President, it would be the best for the country that Polk should be continued in office. The reason for this opinion he illustrated by the following anecdote: An old lady who was tenant to a very overbearing landlord, discovering him on a certain occasion approaching the house, got upon her knees and prayed so as to be heard by him, that his "span of life" might be protracted even far beyond that of her own. The landlord having heard the prayer, was induced to ask the old lady why she had prayed for him, as he was not aware of ever having conferred any benefaction upon her, calculated to interest her in his behalf? True, said the old lady, you never conferred a favor on me in your life, but I am now old and have been a tenant of your grandfather, whom I found to be quite a hard landlord; after his death I was a tenant to your father, and he was a harder landlord than your grandfather; and when your father died I became your tenant, and found to my sorrow that you were worse than both put together, I prayed, therefore, that your life might be spared, "lest a still greater evil come upon me" in the person of your son. So, said the Friend, Jackson was a hard President, Van Buren a harder, and Polk worse than both put together, and that sooner than change him for another Locofoco, he thought that in order to avoid a still greater evil it was better for the country, that James should be kept in office. The same Friend remarked, that, as between Cass, a maker of war, and Taylor a maker of peace, it was his "manifest destiny" to vote for Zachary, believing that his election would secure the tranquility and prosperity of the country.

WARNING TO FEMALES.—It was stated at a jury of inquest that Miss Emery (whose sudden death in the Globe Mill, at Newburyport, was in the habit of chewing large quantities of clover, and had been known sometimes to consume an ounce a day. This was no doubt an indirect, if not direct cause of her death.—Boston Jour.