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WHAT TO EAT, DRINK AND AVOID;

A Guide to Health and Long Life.

BY R. J. CULVERWELL, M. D.

We have sweet home-made and foreign wines, effervescent, light and dry, and dry and strong wines: thus those principally to be had in the shops, and usually to be found in private houses, are currant and gooseberry, ginger and Malaga, with many others; next champagne, sparkling rock, Moselle, etc. The light and dry wines are Moselle, claret, hermitage, and those of Rhensish produce. The dry wines are port, sherry, Marsala, and Madeira. To pick from the preceding list those which are most ordinarily drunk, and especially which are in requisition by invalids, the number may be reduced to sherry, port, claret and champagne. The excitement of a glass or two of port or sherry, or their brisker brother champagne, is most exhilarating to a man in health, but to a delicate person, or one just recovering from illness, highly dangerous. The pulse will be raised from twenty to fifty beats by an injudicious glass of wine, and there are many people who had formerly been wine-drinkers, one-bottle men, say, from thirty, to fifty years of age and upwards, who dare not now touch a glass from its exciting tendency; therefore, in all those cases where wine is recommended to invalids, or where invalids venture to take it, it should be diluted and taken very sparingly. There are a variety of constitutions, and consequently a variety of effects. Wine, at best is but stimulative, not nutritive. It is apt, besides, to induce acidity of the stomach, to create fever, to disturb the urinary secretion, and to annoy the skin. Its effects, when indulged in to excess, are notorious; *drunkenness, nervousness and death.* The positive mischief of wine to persons in health is to be found only in its abuse.

"We curse not wine; the vile excess we blame." I do not object to a glass of generous wine, or a bottle, if it suits a man; but who is better after a bottle? Will not half a pint, or say a pint, produce more lasting and comfortable feelings than a quart? and, if so, why should a man make himself ill? A man need not court misanthropism—he may now and then be gay, and a little moderate excess is justifiable occasionally.

I am so partial to wine, that I would take my quantum every day of my life if it agreed with me, but it suits me better to do without it. I avoid it not from niggardliness, but because I feel clearer, lighter; mouth and throat feel pleasanter, because I experience less fullness, less want of a continued aid to keep up the pleasurable feelings which one or two glasses produce; for in a drinking bout, the difficulty is to leave off—the succeeding glass is necessary to keep up the excitement of the last, to avert the dulness that invariably follows the decline of the hilarity. Wine also constricts—it interrupts digestion if taken at meal time, or else hurries it, when the food is driven through the body but half dissolved. It is better suited for the active than sedentary, and the bustling than indolent man. To the delicateness of the draught—the smack of the tongue—the exquisiteness of the swallow, or flavor, if it please better, for inelegant as these expressions may be, their truth cannot be denied, I bow attentively; but still I do not take wine, or very rarely, and then only with great care and watchfulness—do not need it, nor do I feel the want of it; and I would advise my patients to be as cautious as I have become. I consider, although I never took wine to excess, nor have ever been but a temperate man, that I have added ten years of comfort and longevity to my existence, merely by abandoning it as a general practice; and if, in the course of conversation with any of my future patients or correspondents, I may be drawn into a confession of many other things seemingly harmless, because every body adopts them, that I have given up, which I formerly took, and the relinquishment of the many customs I formerly practiced, I have no doubt I shall make many proselytes, from

the ease with which these changes can be effected, and the good which surely follows their relinquishment. I am addressing dyspeptic and highly nervous invalids.

Brandy, rum, whiskey, Hollands, and gin, and their mixtures.—To denounce all these as poisonous is excessively arrogant and dogmatic, yet many well-disposed persons have done so. I have in some of my earlier publications advised the same myself; and although my personal experience of their several effects does not authorize me to countenance the habit of using them, I would not discard them in a case of necessity; nor would I forbid the seasonable glass of grog to the fatigued and industrious fellow-adventurer in this hive of incessant work, or exclude its influence from the social table. Intemperance no one can recommend, but the good things of this world and those which are included in the present category are not designed for mischief. If man convert them into such, he has only himself to blame. The question at issue is as to their wholesomeness. They should be viewed as cordials, and taken for the same intentions as wine. For medicinal purposes they are incontestably useful, but they are quite out of character as comforters for the depressed man. Their continued imbibition, night after night, either diluted or commingled together, is bad—is hurtful—is dangerous. The morning dram is most mischievous, and, persisted in, productive of diseases of the liver, kidneys, and absorbent and secretive system at large; spirits should only be taken on certain occasions, to counteract specific conditions; as for instance, colds, fatigue, great depression, and other temporary disturbances. Employed medicinally, they form powerful adjuncts, at the command of the physician. Spirits are the preservers of many medicinal preparation, especially tinctures, which are usually prescribed as *addenda* to infusions and decoctions, when ordered for the sick; and if admissible to the stomach in that form there is no reason why the more agreeable cordials, added to warm water, instead of herbal or vegetable boilings, for the like purpose, should be excluded.

Chinese Rain-Making.

In 1835, the prefect of Canton, on occasion of a distressing drought of eight months, issued the following invitation, which would have better befitted a chieftain of the Sechuan: "Pwan, acting prefect of Kwangchau, issues this summons. Since for a long time there has been no rain, and the prospects of drought continue, and supplications are unanswered, my heart is scorched with grief. In the whole province of Kwantung, are no extraordinary persons who can force the dragon to send us rain? Be it known to you, all ye soldiers and people, that if there be any one, whether of this or any other province, priest or such like, who can by any craft or arts bring down abundance of rain, I respectfully request him to ascend the altar [of the dragon], and sincerely and reverently pray. And after the rain has fallen, I will liberally reward him with money and tablets to make known his merits." This invitation called forth a Buddhist priest as a "rain maker," and the prefect erected an altar for him before his own office, upon which the man, armed with cymbal and wand, for three days vainly repeated his incantations from morning to night, exposed bare-headed to the hot sun, the butt of the jeering crowd. The unsuccessful efforts of the priest did not render the calamity less grievous, and their necessities led the people to resort to every expedient to force their gods to send rain. The authorities forbade the slaughter of animals, or in other words a fast was proclaimed to keep out the hot winds of the city, the southern gate was shut, and all classes flocked to the temples. It was estimated that on one day 20,000 persons went to a celebrated shrine of the goddess of Mercy,—among whom were the governor and prefect and their suites, who all left their sedans and walked with the multitude. The governor, as a last expedient the day rain came, intimated his intention of liberating all prisoners not charged with capital offences.

As soon as the rain fell, the people presented thank-offerings, and the southern gate of the city was opened, accompanied by an old ceremony of burning the tail off a live sow, while the animal was held in a basket. Sometimes devotees become irritated against their gods, and resort to summary means to force them to hear their petitions. It is said that the Governor having gone repeatedly in a time of drought to the temple of the god of rain, Canton, dressed in his burdensome robes, through the heat of the tropical sun, on one of his visits said, "The god supposes I am lying when I beseech his aid—for how can he know, seated in his cool niche in the temple, that the ground is parched and the sky hot?" Where upon he ordered his attendants to put a rope around his neck and haul his godship out of doors, that he might see and feel the state of the weather for himself—after his Excellency had become cooled in the temple, the idol was reinstated in its shrine, and the good effects of his treatment considered to be fully proved by the copious showers which soon after fell.

The Rescue.

It was in the month of February, 1831, a bright moonlight night, and intensely cold that the little brig I commanded lay quietly at her anchors inside of the hook.

We had a hard time of it, beating about for eleven days off this coast, with cutting North-easters blowing, and snow and sleet falling for the most of that time. Forward, the vessel was thickly coated with ice, and it was hard work to handle her, as the rigging and sails were stiff, and yielded only when the strength of the men was exerted to the utmost. When at length we made the port, all hands worn down and exhausted, we could not have held out two days longer without relief.

"A bitter cold night, Mr. Larkin," I said to my mate, as I tarried for a moment on deck to finish my cigar.

The worthy down-easter buttoned his coat more tightly around him, looking up to the moon—and felt of his red nose before he replied—

"It's a whistler, captain, as we used to say on the Kennebec. Nothing lives comfortable out of blankets in such a night as this."

"The tide is running out swift and strong; it will be well to keep a sharp look-out for the floating ice, Mr. Larkin."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the mate, and I went below.

Two hours afterwards, I was aroused from a sound sleep, by the vigilant officer.

"Excuse me for disturbing you captain," said he, as he detected an expression of vexation on my face; "but I wish you would turn out and come on deck as soon as possible."

"Why—what's the matter, Mr. Larkin?"

"Why, sir, I have been watching a cake of ice that swept by at a little distance, a moment ago; I saw something black upon it—something that I thought moved. The moon's under a cloud, and I could not see distinctly; but I do believe there's a child floating out to sea, in this freezing night, on that cake of ice."

We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out, with no little difficulty, the cake of ice floating off to leeward, and its white glittering surface was broken by a black spot—more I could not make out.

"Get me the glass, Mr. Larkin—the moon will be out of that cloud in a moment, and then we can see distinctly."

I kept my eye on the receding mass of ice, while the moon was slowly working its way through a heavy bank of clouds. The mate stood by with a glass. When the full light fell at last upon the water, with a brilliancy rarely known in our northern latitudes, I put the glass to my eye. One glance was enough.

"Forward, there!" I shouted at the top of my voice, and with one bound I reached the main hatch, and began to clear away in the ship's yawl.

Mr. Larkin had received the glass from my hand, to take a look for himself.

"My God!" he said in a whisper, as he set to work to aid me in getting out the boat—"My God, there are two children on that cake of ice!"

"To men answered my hail, and walked lazily aft. In an incredible short space of time we launched the cutter, into which Mr. Larkin and myself jumped, followed by two men, who took oars. I rigged the tiller, and the mate set beside me in the stern sheets.

"Do you see that cake of ice with something black upon it, lads?" I cried; "put me along side of that, and I'll give you a bottle of rum each, to-night, and a month's extra wages when you are paid off."

The men bent to their oars, but their strokes were uneven and feeble. They were used up by the hard duty of the preceding fortnight, and though they did their best, the boat made little more way than the tide. This was a long chase—and Mr. Larkin, who was suffering as he saw how little we gained, cried out—

"Pull lads—I'll double the captain's prize; two bottles of rum, and two month's pay.—Pull, lads! for the love of God, pull!"

A convulsive effort of the oars told how willing the men were to obey, but the strength of the strong man was gone. One of the poor fellows washed us twice in recovering his oar, and then gave out; the other was nearly as far gone. Mr. Larkin sprang forward and seized the deserted oar.

"Lay down in the bottom of the boat," said he to the man; "and captain, take the other oar; we must row for ourselves."

I took the second man's place; Larkin had stripped to his Guernsey shirt; as he pulled the bow, I waited the signal stroke. It came gently, but firm, and the next moment we were pulling a long, steady stroke, gradually increasing in rapidity until the wood seemed to smoke in the oar-locks. We kept time each by a long deep breathing of the other. Such a pull! We bent forward until our faces almost touched our knees, and then throwing all our strength into the backward movement, until every inch of the space covered by the sweep had been gained. At every stroke the boat shot ahead like an arrow discharged from a bow. Thus we worked at the oars for fifteen minutes; it seemed to me as many hours. The sweat roll-

led off me in great drops, and I was enveloped in steam generating from my own body.

"Are we almost to it, Mr. Larkin?" I gasped out.

"Almost, captain—don't give up;—for the love of our dear little one's at home—don't give up, captain!"

The oars flashed as the blades turned up to the moonlight. The men who plied them were fathers, and had fathers hearts; the strength which nerved them at that moment was more than human.

Suddenly Mr. Larkin stopped pulling and my heart for a moment almost ceased beating; for the terrible thought that he had given out crossed my mind. But I was quickly reassured by his voice. "Gently, captain, gently—a stroke or two more—there, that will do"—and the next moment the boat's side came in contact with something, and Larkin sprang from the boat with his heavy feet upon the ice. I started up, and calling upon the men to make fast the boat to the ice, followed.

We ran to the dark spot in the centre of the mass, and found two little boys; the head of the smaller nestling in the bosom of the larger. Both were fast asleep! The lethargy, which would have been fatal but for the timely rescue had overcome them. Mr. Larkin grasped one of the lads, cut off his shoes, tore off his jacket; and then losing his own garments to the skin, placed the chilled surface in contact with his own warm body, carefully wrapped over him his great coat, which he procured from the boat. I did the same with the other child; and we then returned to the boat, and the men, partially recovered, pulled slowly back.

The children, as we learned when we subsequently had the delight of restoring them to their parents, were playing on the ice, and had ventured on the cake, which had jumped into the bend of the river, ten miles above N. York. A movement of the tide set the ice in motion, and the little fellows were borne away on that cold night, and would inevitably have perished, but for Mr. Larkin's espying them as the ice was sweeping out to sea.

"How do you feel?" I said to the mate, the morning after this adventure.

"A little stiff in the arms, captain," the noble fellow replied, while big tears of grateful happiness gushed from his eyes—"A little stiff in the arms, captain, but very easy here," and he laid his hand on his manly heart.

My quaint, brave down-easter! He who lashes the seas into fury, and lets loose the tempest, will care for thee! The storm may rage without, but in thy bosom peace and sunshine will always abide.

The following is published as a specimen of Western eloquence and jurisprudence. Here, in the East, the gentlemen of the green bag offer judges pretty much the same incense, but never openly present the whiskey:—"Judge," said the counsel for the defendant, "your time I know is precious, as must be the case with so able and valued a member of society. This case is perfectly clear, and I know your learning and lucid intelligence have pierced through it at the first glance. For me to argue would be not only a waste of time but an insult to your penetration. Much might be said, but nothing is needed. Before any other Judge I would lay down the rules of law; but here I know they have been deeply studied and wisely understood. I look around me and behold a humble house of logs, yet see before me the spirit of truth, the unpurchased distributor of law, and the old tenement rises before my mental vision proud and beautiful as a majestic temple to justice. Judge, I have a bottle of prime old Monongahela in my pocket; for the respect I bear your character, allow me to make you a present of it." "Verdict for the defendant," said the Judge.

The voracious propensity of some few of the city clergy—we are happy to say the feeling does not extend to the country—is very happily hit off by the following anecdote which last week fell under our notice, and which is said to have occurred as related not long since at a Convention of Clergymen, where it was proposed by one of the members, after they had dined, that each should entertain the company with some interesting remarks. Among the rest, one drew up his fancy, and related a dream. In his dream he went to heaven, and he described the golden streets, river of life, &c. As he concluded, one of the divines, who was somewhat noted for his penurious and money-saving habits, stepped up to the narrator, and jocosely inquired—"Well, did you see anything of me in your dream?" "Yes, I did." "Indeed! what was I doing?" "You were on your knees." "Praying, was I?" "No scraping up the gold!"

MODEST.—My dear, don't sa tale, say narrative," said a modest lady to her little son who was relating a very interesting tale, he had just read in the Register. While the little fellow was thinking of his mistake, the old house dog walked in shaking his tail and looking quite familiar at the boy, when he exclaimed: "Ma, make Sancho quit shaking his narrative."

From the Victoria (Texas) Advocate

A Wild Woman.

We know not but our reputation for veracity may suffer by the following statement, but we have been laying off for the last two years to give it, we think there is no use waiting any longer. It will require some credulity to believe the story; but we can assure the reader that what we shall state could be established by the testimony of some of the oldest and most respectable citizens of our neighboring County of Jackson.

For the last ten years there has lived and inhabited the thickest of the Navidad bottoms in Jackson County, an animal universally believed to be a woman; and though diligent search has frequently been made, not a living soul has ever been able to see it; though on one occasion, several years ago, a party driving cows through the bottoms, came so close upon its camp or den, as to compel it to drop a kind of a basket or trunk, which on examination was found to be a perfect curiosity, containing a most astonishing variety of little trinkets, such as pins, needles, knives, brushes, and several articles, whose uses were originally unknown, and all of the most ingenious and exquisite workmanship, and also a small pocket Bible, with "New York" written in it in a beautiful hand writing, together with two guns, one of which it had stocked—having stolen an old gun-barrel from the settlers.

The principal reason for believing it to be a woman, arises from its track, which has often been seen, and which resembles that of a small and delicate female. It frequently visits the neighboring houses at night for the purpose of picking up such articles as it can lay its hands on—clothing particularly, of which it is supposed from the quantity missing from time to time, it has enough to set up a respectable millinery shop and clothing store. About a year ago, it went to the house of Samuel A. Rogers, when he was absent, opened his medicine chest, took a portion of all the medicines in it, carefully putting back the stoppers, and committing no other damage beside that of taking several articles of clothing, which after going to the edge of the bottom, it appears to have sorted out, and left such articles hanging upon a stick it did not seem to require. It also came to Mr. Rogers's place recently and brought back a wooden bow taken about a year since, and a trace chain that had been missing for eight years. They are but a tithe of the many eccentricities of the man, woman or animal; but they serve as a specimen.

So sure are the people on the Navidad that it is a wild human being, that we understand that forty cows and calves have been offered to any one who would capture it. It is supposed by some that there was once a man and woman, but the man had died. How true this conjecture is, we cannot say; but there can hardly be a doubt but a wild man or woman has inhabited the Navidad Mustang bottoms, near Texana, for many years. It cannot be a negro male or female, because the track forbids the conclusion. We are inclined to think it a Mexican woman.

The Horse's Eye.

I will now inform you how for certain, you may know whether a horse has a strong and good eye, or a weak eye, and likely to go blind. People in general turn a horse's head to a bright light to examine his eyes. You can know very little by this method, what sort of an eye the horse has, unless it be a very defective one. You must examine the eye first, when the horse stands with his head to the manger. Look carefully at the pupil of the eye, in the horse; it is of an oblong form, carry the size of the pupil in your mind, then turn the horse about, bring him to a bright light, and if, in the bright light the pupil of the eye contracts, and appears much smaller than it was in the darker light, then you may be sure the horse has a strong good eye; but provided the pupil remains nearly the same size as it appeared in the darker light, the horse has a weak eye, therefore have nothing to do with him.—*Old Almanac*

Blessed is the horse whose owner is poor, for he cannot afford to buy a whip.

Blessed is the man who has no money, as he is not obliged to mend the holes in his pockets.

Blessed is the woman whose husband has a wooden leg, as she will have but one stocking to knit.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHURN.—Laughable things sometimes happen in Brunswick. The "patent churn" just now is all the rage. The other day, a certain Esquire, who shall be nameless, was showing the gaping crowd of natives the great wonders of his butter-making machine. While grinding out the butter and sundry long yarns, like the auctioneer, alternating the labor, with various explanations, a mischievous wag slipped a dab of soap shily into the milk. Soon the agitated mass commenced frothing, and filled the churn to overflowing, but no butter.

"You see," said the ever ready expounder of mysteries, as he paused to catch breath, "whether or butter comes or not, it makes three times as much buttermilk as any other churn!"