

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL 8

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1848.

No. 34.



Doctor Yourself!

For 25 Cents.

By means of the FOCKET ESCULAPIUS, OR, EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN! Seventeenth Edition, with upwards of One Hundred Engravings, showing private diseases in every shape and form, and malformations of the generative system, by Wm. YOUNG, M. D.

The time has now arrived, that persons suffering from secret disease, need no more become the victims of Quackery, as by the prescriptions contained in this book any one may cure himself, without hindrance to business, or the knowledge of the most intimate friend, and with one tenth the usual expense. In addition to the general routine of private diseases, it fully explains the cause of *Manhood's* early decline, with observations on *Marriage*—besides many other enumerations which it would not be proper to enumerate in the public prints.

Persons residing at any distance from Philadelphia, can have this Book forwarded to them through the Post-office, on the receipt of twenty-five cents, directed to Dr. Wm. Young, 152 SPRUCE Street, Philadelphia. January 27, 1848—3m.

New York & Erie Rail-Road EXTENDED TO PORT JERVIS.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

ON THURSDAY January 6th, and until further notice, the different trains will run ONCE EACH WAY DAILY, (Sundays excepted) as follows:

For Passengers:

Leave NEW YORK, by Steamboat from foot Duane Street at 7 1-2 o'clock A. M.
" PORT JERVIS, at 6 1-2 o'clock A. M.
" OTISVILLE, at 7 " "
" MIDDLETOWN, at 7 1-2 " "
" GOSHEN, at 7 3-4 " "
" CHESTER, at 8 " "

Stopping each way at the several intermediate passenger stations.

No Packages, Parcels, Trunks (or baggage except personal, consisting of clothing, not exceeding 50 lbs.) will be taken by the Passenger Boat or Trains, unless by special agreement and payment made in advance, in which case the charges will be at the discretion of the Agent, not exceeding double the published Freight rates. Applications in New York must be made to Mr. J. F. Clarkson Agent, at the office on the Pier foot of Duane St., upon whose receipt articles will be received upon the Steamboat and forwarded by the Passenger Train.—The company will be responsible for no article whatever sent by the Passenger boat or Trains, unless it be receipted for by an Agent duly authorized; except personal baggage which is put in charge of the Baggage Masters.

For Freight:

Leave New York at 3 o'clock P. M., per Barges SAMUEL MARSH, HENRY SUYDAM, Jr. and DUNKIRK; Leave Port Jervis at 7 o'clock A. M., Otisville at 8, Middletown at 9 1-2, Goshen at 10 1-2, and Chester at 11 A. M.

An Accommodation Milk Train

will run in connection with the Steamboat which tows the Freight Barges, leaving New York at 3 o'clock P. M. and ordinarily arriving at Piermont in time for the train to start from 6 to 7 o'clock for Port Jervis and all the intermediate stations. Leave Port Jervis at 1 1-2 P. M., Otisville at 2, Middletown at 2 1-2, Goshen at 3, Chester at 3 1-4, Turners 4, Monsey at 5 o'clock and arrive at Piermont at 6 o'clock P. M.; thence leaving for New York by a comfortable steamboat, as soon as the milk is put on board and the barge is in readiness. Good Berths will be provided on board at 25 cents and MEALS at 37 1-2 cents each.

N. B.—Persons having articles LOST, DAMAGED or unnecessarily DELAYED are requested to communicate the fact in writing immediately, to S. S. POST, Superintendent of Transportation, office at Piermont. For other information enquire of the several Depot Agents, the Supt. of Transportation, or the undersigned.

H. C. SEYMOUR, Sup't.
Jan. 20—1848.

MAP AGENTS WANTED.

The subscriber wishes to engage in the sale of his Maps a number of young and middle aged men of moral and business habits, as travelling agents. Having completed new and greatly improved editions of his *Universal Atlas*, 73 Maps; large Map of the World. Reference and Distance Map of the United States, National Map of the United States—also, a variety of other Maps, including several Maps of Mexico, the subscriber is prepared to furnish agents, for cash, at the lowest possible prices. Address,

S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL,
Northeast corner of Market and Sixth Streets, Philadelphia.
January 6, 1848.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1-2 cents, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

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The Royal Pedigree.

Let those who will claim gentle birth,

And take their pride in Norman blood,

The purest ancestry on earth

Must find its spring in Adam's mud;

And all, though noble now or base,

From the same level took their rise,

And, side by side, in loving grace,

Leaped, crystal-clear, from Paradise.

We are no spawn of barter's love,

That's welded to the heart with gold,

Put on as lightly as a glove,

As lightly doffed, scarce three days old—

A love that marries lands to lands,

The passion of two title-deeds,

That loosely rivets two cold hands,

And idler heirs to idlers breeds.

Large-limbed, the friend of sun and air,

Its sinewy arms with labor brown,

With glad, strong soul, that seemed to wear

Its human nature like a crown,—

Such was the love from which we sprang,

A love clear-hearted as the morn,

Which through life's toils and troubles sang

Like a tall reaper 'mid the corn.

Life lay before us bare and broad,

To conquer with two hands alone—

But we had faith in man and God,

And proudly claimed our Father's throne;

We made our vassal of the Now,

And, from its want and woe and wrong,

Our hearts rose lightly as a bough

From which a bird had soared in song.

Among our sires no high born chief

Freckled his hands with peasant gore,

No spurred and coroneted thief

Set his mailed heel upon the poor;

No, we are come of nobler line,

With larger heart within the breast,

Large heart by suffering made divine—

We draw our lineage from the Oppressed:

Not from the sceptred brutes who reigned,

But from the humble souls who bore,

And so a god-like patience gained,

Which, suffering much, could suffer more,

Which learned forgiveness, and the grace

That cometh of a bended knee—

From martyrs such as these we trace

Our royal genealogy.

There's not a great soul gone before

That is not numbered in our clan,

Who, when the world took side with power,

Stood boldly on the side of Man;

All hero spirits, plain and grand,

That for the Ages ope the door,

All Labor's dusty monarchs, stand

Among the children of the poor.

Let others boast of ancestors

Who handed down some idle right

To stand beside their tyrant's horse,

Or buckle his spurs before the fight;

We too, have our ancestral claim

Of marching ever in the van,

Of giving ourselves to steel and flame,

Where ought's to be achieved for man.

And is not this a family-tree

Worth keeping fair from age to age?

Was ever such an ancestry

Gold-blazoned on the herald's page?

In dear New-England let us still

Maintain our race and title pure.

The men and women of heart and will,

The monarchs who ENDURE.

A Child's Laugh.

"I love it, I love it—the laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;
Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush,
Like the thrill of a bird at the soft twilight's hush,
Floating up on the breeze like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that floats in the heart of a shell—
Oh! the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
Is the merriest sound in the world for me!"

Passed Midshipman Rogers.

Mr. Clayton's Remarks in the Senate.

Mr. CLAYTON said: I have the honor to present the memorial of Passed Midshipman Rogers, asking compensation for losses and injuries received in the service of his country.—His memorial is couched in terms as modest and unassuming as they are respectful to Congress, and glances at the leading incidents of an eventful story of daring enterprise and heroic fortitude, in captivity and distress, to which there can scarcely be found a parallel in the annals of war. I shall ask of the Senate that this memorial be printed, in order that he may have the full benefit of his own statement; and I now propose to make a few remarks in relation to the claim which he presents, for the purpose of drawing the attention of the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and the members of it, to the facts of the case, because I suppose that is the committee to whom the memorial may most appropriately be referred. This young officer was one of the daring few who, in the month of November, 1846, were distinguished for cutting out and destroying the Mexican barque, "Creole," then moored under the guns and fastened to the walls of the fortress of St. Juan d'Ulloa. Subsequently to the destruction of that vessel, the naval commander under whom Mr. Rogers served, was desirous that a reconnaissance should be made of the localities in the vicinity of Vera Cruz, as well for the purpose of aiding a land attack as of destroying the enemy's depot of ammunition; and this young sailor volunteered with a few others—a small boat's crew—to perform this dangerous service. On three successive nights, this small party penetrated the dense chaparral in the neighborhood of the city of Vera Cruz, made a complete reconnaissance of all the objects of importance which they were sent to examine, and afterwards reported complete drawings of the localities around the city, which were held by General Worth to be of great value, as he occupied, in the investment of the city, the particular spot which was the subject of this investigation.

It was during this reconnaissance, on the last night of it, that Mr. Rogers was captured by a band of Mexican guards; and his capture was undoubtedly owing to his own generous impulse in saving a brother officer. On that occasion he narrowly escaped death at the moment of his capture, in consequence of the exasperated feelings of the Mexicans consequent on the destruction of the "Creole." He was carried, that night, to prison in Vera Cruz, where he remained four days and nights without sustenance, in a cell swarming with vermin, and where the only intelligence that reached him was, that he had been condemned to death as a spy, by a civil tribunal; the sole evidence offered before it being to the effect, that he was the leader of the party engaged in cutting out and destroying the "Creole." He then remained in constant expectation of death for many weeks; and when, as he thought, his death-summons was coming, his only answer to it was the request, that he might avoid the Mexican mode of killing a man behind his back, and meet death as an American, who could look it in the face. He remained in that state of suspense for a long period; his imprisonment at Vera Cruz lasting for three months. For some reason the bloody sentence which had been recorded against him, was never executed, and a military commission was ordered to sit upon his case. When Gen. Scott was advancing to invest Vera Cruz, Mr. Rogers was marched on foot from that city to Perote, and confined in the noxious cells of that fortress. As the American army advanced into Mexico, he was again removed and conveyed to Puebla. All his property had been lost in the wreck of the Somers, and that which was conferred upon him by the hand of friendship or charity was taken from him by the robbers; whilst his life was at the same time, in constant peril from the excited state of public feeling against our countrymen. At a short distance from Puebla the incensed rabble stoned him; and on that occasion, also, he narrowly escaped death. Owing to this excited state of public feeling, his guard was compelled to remain with him within a league of Puebla till midnight, lest he should be torn to pieces by the exasperated populace in the city. When taken to Puebla, in so great peril was he, that the foreign residents of that State interceded in his behalf, and obtained an order for his removal to the city of Mexico. In rags and wretchedness, he was marched to the capital; where he remained a prisoner until intelligence of the battle of Cerro Gordo arrived; when General Santa Anna, the hero of the Alamo, ordered his victim to be conveyed still further into the interior. Knowing that death would be the consequence of that removal, he made a successful effort to escape. Always in infinite peril, he made his way in Mexican disguise, being often subjected to examination from bands of guerrillas and Mexican guards, until he reached the plains which led him to Puebla; where General Scott was preparing with his victorious army to advance upon the City of Mexico. From his knowledge of the localities in the neighborhood of Mexico, and the numbers and condition of the Mexican

force, Mr. Rogers was now enabled to give valuable information to the Commander-in-Chief; and his character for courage and intelligence being well known, he was employed as a volunteer aid-de-camp by general Pillow; and in all the bloody actions which succeeded, he was distinguished as amongst the bravest of the brave. The despatches of the general, whose aid he was, fully attest his character for skill and gallantry, and recommend him in the strongest terms to the notice of the Commander-in-Chief, bestowing upon him as high eulogiums as on any other officer of his division. Engaged in all the other actions of the field, Mr. Rogers was particularly distinguished for his conduct, as his brother officers relate, in the storming of Chapultepec; where he was one of the seven who first mounted the walls of that fortress, and planted the standard of his country over "the Halls of Montezumas." The sailor has now returned from the wars; but no brevet commission awaits him, because the deck was not the field of his fame. He has earned his laurels upon the land; but although promotion may not attend him for the service which he performed upon land, his claims for justice are strengthened by his service; and the only object which I have in view on this occasion, is to commend his claims for sheer justice to the consideration of the Committee on Military Affairs. I think that a stronger case could scarcely be presented for the consideration of an American Congress. I do not undertake to point out the mode or measure of redress which the case demands. I leave that to the ability, the patriotism, the benevolence of the gentleman of the Military Committee.—We all unite in the commendation of those of our countrymen who have been distinguished in this War. We are accustomed to rejoice over the achievements of our countrymen in Mexico, without reference to party distinctions. When the gallant dead are brought from Mexico to their home, we follow the hearse, "the war horse and the muffled drum," and unite in wishing to the world that the whole nation sorrows for the fallen. I hope that the same feeling which is so successfully invoked in behalf of the memory of the gallant dead, may be manifested to the living, and that when the pensioner shall return from Mexico—the crippled and war-worn soldier—claiming his dues, we shall be ready to award to him and to all just compensation for the services which they have rendered to their country. I hope it may never be said, as of us,

How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of him whom they shunned in sickness and sorrow,
And bairns may seize his last blanket to-day
Whose pall shall be borne up by statesmen to-morrow!"

I move that the memorial be printed and referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. The reference to the committee was then unanimously ordered.

Ask the Captain.

A writer in the *Reveille* tells an anecdote of "Bob," that will "do:"—

While crossing the plains of Santa Fe, Gen. Kearney was some distance ahead with the advance guard. One of the officers belonging to the rear division, singled Bob out, and sent him ahead with a letter to the General. When he came up with them they had camped, and Bob sauntered into the General's marquee: "We're giutin' along right sharp, General," says he.

"Yes, sir," answered the commander. "I wish you'd jest look at that hoss of mine, General," said Bob, "and give me your 'pinion how he'll stand the racket clar through to whar we're goin'."

"Have you a captain at the head of your company?" inquired the General.

"Well, we hev, hoss, and he's some punkins too," answered Bob.

"Whenever you wish to learn anything in regard to your movements, then," said the General, "inquire of him."

"That's military, is it?" inquired Bob.

"That is military, sir," answered the General.

"Well, General, they gin me a letter for you, but cuss me if I know whether I oughter gin it to you in pusson, or send it through your orderly; and so I'll go back and ask the captain," and back he went, su' enough, with the letter in his possession.

Clear—Very.

The Boston Medical Journal informs its readers that "Chloroform is the perchloride of formyle—the hypothetical radical of formic acid." If any one after this lucid explanation, does not understand all about Chloroform, it is certainly not the fault of the faculty. They have done their very best in the premises.

N. B. We are instructed to add, that the best test for the presence of iron, is the cyanoferrate of the cyanobase of potassium.

Barnum 'Done Brown.'

A few days since a grave looking gentleman called and enquired if he could see the proprietor of the American Museum. On being introduced he took him confidentially aside, and with a face of solemn import begun:

"Mr. Barnum, I have heard that you are anxious to procure all great and rare curiosities."

"Always—secure them if money will do it."
"Well, sir, I have lately returned from Egypt, and have in my possession one of the most curious living specimens of natural history in the whole animal kingdom—a most extraordinary creature, which I believe is not to be found in any museum in the world."

"Describe it—what is it like?" said Barnum in a tremor of anxiety.

"I know not whether to call the monster a fish or a reptile. It is found in the warm regions of the upper Nile, and is probably common in the tropical latitudes in the interior of Africa. At first it is wholly aquatic, has neither legs nor fins, but a tail like a fish, and may be seen sporting at the bottom of the water.—After a certain time it undergoes a remarkable change in its whole appearance. Like the rattlesnake, it sheds its skin, and assumes the shape of a monkey, with four limbs, two short and two long like those of the Kangaroo—of more resembling the Ourang Outang, the semi human species of which, it is by some supposed to be the progenitor, as it entirely loses its tail—and from this time it is like the crocodile, amphibious, and possesses other remarkable peculiarities. I succeeded in catching one previous to this transformation, which will take place in a few weeks."

"Is it possible? Well that is a curiosity really—as much so as the mermaid," said the proprietor of the Museum, in a fidget lest it should slip through his fingers.

"More, my dear sir," said the traveller, "for in the mermaid the transformation is but half completed, but the tail remains."

"True—very true; what are your terms?"

"Well, sir—I care very little for the profit, but if you will prepare a proper tank, filled with Croton water, and kept sufficiently warm, you shall have this curious animal for fifty dollars a week, until the transformation takes place, and one hundred afterwards."

"Done!" cried Barnum—"it's a bargain, I'll get some bills directly," and down he sat, and wrote—"Tremendous attraction from Upper Egypt the greatest curiosity in the new world! the wonderful—"

"What's the name of this animal?"

"Well before it changes its shape it is called the Pollawog or Tadpole—afterwards it is called a Frog," replied the grave stranger, looking mildly over his spectacles.

Barnum dropped his pen and stood upright, looked at the learned traveller in absolute astonishment—an entirely new specimen of petrification.

Perils of the Canawl.

The facetious editor of the Albany Knickerbocker gives the following terrific description of a storm on the "raging canawl." The equinoctial storm was somewhat extended in its ravages, reaching south as far as Georgia; and went as far as the Jordan Level. At the latter place it overtook the scow Rip Van Snout, stove her hen-coop, took the bonnet off the stove pipe, blew the main sail, (the rear horse) into the canal, and foundered him. In the height of the gale, the weather gauge lashed himself to the foretop mast setting pole, and plunged overboard for assistance. After the most untiring exertions he reached the shore—purchased two fathoms of fresh longitude, a new tow line and two bushels of oats—returning to his nearly despairing crew, bent on a new horse, set sail, and reached S. henectady in safety. The owners of the R. V. S., we understand, intend presenting him with a service of plate, (six cups and "saasers,") for the heroic achievement.

It is said that a Yankee in Boston has set up a one-horse thrashing machine, for the convenience of parents and guardians having unruly children. He'll flog an urchin like snake for fourpence. Small floggings done for two cents only, and the most entire satisfaction warranted.