

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. II

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. SEPTEMBER 7, 1851.

NO. 43

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid by the end of the year, two dollars and a half. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements not exceeding one square (ten lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for each line and insertion is the same. A discount made to yearly advertisers.

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Nobility.

Go, then, to heroes, sages if allied,
Go! trace the scroll, but not with eye of pride,
Where Truth depicts their glories as they shone,
And leaves a blank where should have been your own.

Mark the pure beam on yon dark wave impress'd!
So shines the star on that degenerate breast—
Each twinkling orb, that burns with borrow'd fire,
So ye reflect the glory of your sires.

From Fraser's Magazine.

WOLF NURSES IN INDIA.

Stories of wild animals that have acted the part of nurses towards infants accidentally or purposely exposed, are to be met within every part of the world, and among races of the most widely distinct character. It was a favorite legendary origin for a great hero, the founder of a nation or of an empire. The stag, the bear, the dog, and many others in these traditions; but of all, the wolf is the most remarkable and the most frequent to be met with. What truth there may be in the old story of Romulus we shall not attempt to decide. Some reality, however, underlies the wildest fictions; and we have, at this moment, before us a very interesting account of observations made in Northern India, which may be worth the consideration of some future Niebuhr or Arnold. They were conducted by a distinguished Indian officer, whose name, were we at liberty to mention it, would be an ample guarantee for their truth and accuracy—one too, who has possessed unusual opportunities for obtaining information from the wilder and less known parts of the country. In the following notice we shall use his pamphlet largely and without scruple, since, from his having been published in a provincial town, it has scarcely attracted the notice its very curious subject deserves.

The wolf in India is looked upon, as it formerly was in Northern Europe, as a sacred animal. Almost all Hindus have a superstitious dread of destroying or even injuring it, and a village community within the boundary of whose lands a drop of wolf's blood has fallen, believes itself doomed to destruction. The natural consequence is, that in districts least frequented by Europeans, these animals are very numerous and destructive, and great numbers of children are constantly carried off by them. Only one class of the population, the very lowest leading a vagrant life, and bivouacking in the jungles, will attempt to kill or catch them. Even these, however, although they have no superstitious fear of the wolf, and are always found to be well acquainted with its usual dens and haunts, very seldom attempt its capture—in all probability from the profit they make of the gold and silver bracelets and necklaces worn by the children whom the wolves have carried to their dens, and whose remains are left at the entrance. In all parts of India, it appears, numbers of children are daily murdered for the sake of these dangerous ornaments.

The wolf, however, is sometimes kinder than man. In the neighborhood of Sultaipoor, and among the ravines that intersect the banks of the Goomtee river, this animal abounds; and our first instance of a "wolf nurse" occurs in that district. A trooper passing along the river bank near Chandour, saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all fours, apparently on the best possible terms with his fierce companions, and the wolf protected him with as much care as if he had been one of her own whelps. All went down to the river and drank, without noticing the trooper, who, as they were about to turn back, pushed on in order to cut off and secure the boy. But the ground was uneven, and his horse could not overtake them. All re-entered the den, and the trooper then followed some people from Chandour, with

pickaxes, who dug into the den for about six or eight feet, when the old wolf hopped followed by her three cubs and the boy. The trooper, accompanied by the fleetest young men of the party, mounted and pursued; and having at last headed them, he turned the whelps and the boy (who ran quite assaft) back upon the men on foot. They secured the boy and allowed the others to escape.

The boy thus taken was apparently about nine or ten years old, and had all the habits of a wild animal. On his way to Chandour he struggled hard to rush into every hole or den he passed. The sight of a grown-up person alarmed him, and he tried to steal away, but he rushed at a child with a fierce snarl, like that of a dog, & tried to bite it. Cooked meat he would not eat, but he seized raw food with eagerness, putting it on the ground under his hands, and devouring it with evident pleasure. He growled angrily if any one approached him whilst eating, but made no objection to a dog coming near and sharing his food. The trooper left him in charge of the Rajah of Huseunpoor, who saw the boy immediately after he was taken. Very soon afterwards, he was sent, by the Rajah's order, to Captain Nicholson's at Sultaipoor: so although his parents are said to have recognized him when first captured, they abandoned him on finding that he displayed more of the wolf's than of human nature.

He lived in the charge of Captain Nicholson's servants nearly three years; very inoffensive, except when teased, but still a complete animal. He could never be induced to keep on any kind of clothing even in the coldest weather, and on one occasion tore to pieces a quilt, stuffed with cotton, and ate a portion of it, cotton and all, every day, with his bread.—When his food was placed at a distance from him, he ran to it on all fours, like a wolf; and it was only on rare occasions that he walked upright. Human beings he always shunned, and never willingly remained near them. On the other, he seemed fond of dogs and of jackals, and indeed all animals, and readily allowed them to feed with him. He was never known to laugh or smile, & was never heard to speak till within a few minutes of his death, when he put his hands to his head and said it ached, and asked for water, which he drank, and died. Possibly had this poor boy lived he might gradually have been brought to exhibit more intellect and intelligence; but almost every instance seems to prove how completely the human nature is supplanted by the brutal. The next is still from the neighborhood of the Goomtee. In March, 1843, a cultivator who lived at Chupra, about twenty miles east of Sultaipoor, went to cut his crop of wheat and pulse, taking with him his wife, and a son about three years old, who had only lately recovered from a severe scald on the left knee. As the father was reaping, a wolf suddenly rushed upon the boy, caught him up, and made off with him towards the ravines. The people of the village ran to the aid of the parents, but they soon lost sight of the wolf and his prey.

About six years afterwards, as two Sipahs from Singramow about ten miles from Chupra, were watching for hogs, on the border of the jungle, which extended down to the Kholae rivulet, they saw three wolf cubs and a boy come out from the jungle, and go down to drink at the stream; all four then ran towards a den in the ravines. The Sipahs followed, but the cubs had already entered and the boy was half way in, when one of the men caught him by the leg and drew him back. He was very angry and savage, bit at the men, and seizing in his teeth the barrel of one of their guns, shook it fiercely. The Sipahs, however, secured him, brought him home, and kept him for twenty days, during which he would eat nothing but raw flesh, and was fed accordingly with hares and birds. His captors then found it difficult to provide him with sufficient food, and took him to the bazaar, in the village of Koolcepoor to be supported by the charitable people of the place, until he might become more humanized. While here his miserable condition elicited the sympathies of a woman of the neighborhood, who thought he might be reclaimed by care and attention and per chance his parents would at some future time recognize him.

She took him home to her village, where he still remains, but, as in the former case, his human intellect seems to have all but disappeared.—The front of his knees and elbows had become hard-

ened, from his going on all fours with the wolves, and although he wanders about the village during the day, he always steals back to the jungle at nightfall.—He is unable to speak, nor can he articulate any sound distinctly. In drinking, he dips his face into the water, but does not lap it up, like a wolf. He still prefers raw flesh, and when a haddock dies and the skin is removed, he attacks and eats the body, in company with the village dogs.

Passing by a number of similar stories, we come to one which is in many respects the most remarkable. About seven years since, a trooper in attendance upon Rajah Hurdut Singh, of Bondee, on the left bank of the Gogra river, in the district of Bahraetch, in passing near a small stream, saw there two wolf cubs and a boy drinking. He managed to seize the boy, who seemed to be about ten years old, but was so wild and fierce that he tore the trooper's clothes and bit him severely in several places. The Rajah at first had him tied up in his artillery gunshed, and fed him with raw meat, but he was afterwards allowed to wander freely about the Bondee bazaar. He there one day ran off with a joint of meat from a butcher's shop, and another of the bazaar keepers let fly an arrow at him, which penetrated his thigh. A lad, named Janoo, servant to a Cashmere merchant, then at Bondee, took compassion on the poor boy, extracted the arrow from his thigh, and prepared a bed for him under a mango tree where he himself lodged.—Here he kept him fastened to a tent-pin. Up to this time he had eaten nothing but raw flesh, but Janoo gradually brought him to eat balls of rice and pulse.

In about six weeks after he had been tied up under the tree, after much rubbing of his joints with oil, he was made to stand and walk upright. Hitherto he had gone on all fours. In about four months he began to understand and obey signs. In this manner he was taught to prepare the hookah, put lighted charcoal on the tobacco, and bring it to Janoo, or whomsoever he pointed out. He was never heard, however, to utter more than one articulate sound. This was "Abodeca," the name of the little daughter of a Cashmere mimic, or player who had once treated him with kindness. The odor from his body was very offensive, and Janoo had him rubbed with mustard seed soaked in water, in the hope of removing it. This was done for some months, during which he was still fed on rice and flour, but the odour did not leave him.

One night while the boy was lying under the mango tree, Janoo saw two wolves creep stealthily towards him; and after smelling him, touched him, and he got up. Instead, however, of being frightened, the poor boy put his hands upon their heads, and they began to play with him, caressing about him whilst he threw straw, and leaves at them.—Janoo tried to drive them off, but could not; and becoming much alarmed, he called to the sentry over the guns, and told him that the wolves were going to eat the boy. He replied "Come away and leave him or they will eat you also," but when Janoo saw them begin to play together his fears subsided, and he continued to watch them quietly. At last he succeeded in driving them off; but the following night three wolves came—and a few nights after, four—which returned several times. Janoo thought that the two which first came must have been the cubs with which the boy was found, and they would have seized him had they not recognized him by the smell. They licked his face with their tongues, as he put his hands on their heads.

When Janoo's master returned to Lucknow, he was, after some difficulty, persuaded to allow Janoo to take the boy with him. Accordingly, Janoo led him along by a string tied to his arm, and put a bundle of clothes on his head.—Whenever they passed a jungle, the boy would throw down in his bundle, and make desperate efforts to escape. When beaten, he raised his hands in supplication, took up his bundle, and went on; but the sight of the next jungle produced the same excitement. A short time after his return to Lucknow, Janoo was sent away by his master for a day or two, and found on his return that the boy had disappeared. He could never be found again.

About two months after the boy had gone, a woman of the weaver caste came to Lucknow, with a letter from the Rajah of Bondee, stating that her son, when four years old, had, five or six years before, been carried off by a wolf; and from the description given of the boy Janoo had taken away with him, she thought it must be the same. She described marks which she had seen on Janoo's body, and corresponding with those on Janoo's boy; but although she remained some considerable time at Lucknow, no traces could be found of the boy; and at last she returned to Bondee. All these circumstances were procured by the writer of the pamphlet from Sanaollah, Janoo's master, and from Janoo himself, both of whom declared them to be strictly true. The boy must have been with the wolf six or seven years, during which she must have had several litters of whelps.

It is remarkable that no well authenticated instance has been found of a full grown man who had been nurtured in a wolf's den. The writer of the pamphlet mentions an old man at Lucknow, who

was found when a lad in the Oude Taree, by the hut of an old hermit who had died there. He is supposed to have been taken from the wolves by this hermit, and is still called "the wild man of the woods." "He was one day," says the writer, "sent to me at my request, and I talked with him. His features indicate him to be of the Tharo tribe, who are found only in this forest. I asked him whether he had any recollection of ever having been with wolves? He said, 'The wolf died long before the old hermit.' I do not feel at all sure, however, that he lived with wolves.

In another instance, a lad came into the town of Hasanpoor, who had evidently been brought up by wolves. He was apparently about twelve years old, was very dark, and had, at first, short hair all over his body, which gradually disappeared as he became accustomed to eat salt with his food. He never spoke, but was made to understand signs well. It is not known what eventually became of him. These are doubtful cases; but in the former instances there seems no room for questioning the facts. Our readers, however, must judge for themselves. At all events, the subject appeared to us so curious and so full of interesting suggestions, that we hardly think they will quarrel with us for bringing it thus under their notice.

A Family Killed.

A correspondent of *The Detroit Free Press*, writing from Peconic, Winnebago Co., Ill., on the 14th ult. says:

I witnessed, yesterday, one of the most melancholy scenes I ever beheld. In the town of Lysander, one mile south of Peconic depot, there lay enshroued in five coffins a Mr. Merchant, two sons and two daughters, all of whom were struck with lightning during a thunder shower, about 2 o'clock A. M.—leaving in the family only the wife and one son about eight years old; they both being much injured by the shock, the woman remaining mentally deranged, continually bemoaning the loss of her family. The circumstances of their deaths ought to be a caution to the public to manage differently from what they did. The night being very warm, they took off their beds and placed them on the floor in a cool room, where stood a stove, and the lightning, coming down the stove pipe, divided on the stove hearth, and struck the whole family of seven, of whom only two survived.

Riot at a Traveling Show.

A terrible row took place at Lynchburg, Va., last week, between the showmen of Barnum's mammoth exhibition and the citizens of Lynchburg, resulting from the great number Extra charges made, notwithstanding the published notice that the whole was to be seen for fifty cents.—It was reported that five persons, two of the citizens and three of the showmen, were very seriously if not fatally injured, and many others slightly. The affair wound up by the entire demolition of the ticket office and the destruction of its contents, together with no little incidental damage to the show fixtures. The scene is represented to have been fearful, men, women and children were assembled under the huge tent, and the greatest consternation prevailed. Unable to leave the tents, being in some cases deserted by their protectors, and in all afraid of being shot or knocked down in the melee, the alarm of the ladies was excessive.

The Late Hail Storm in Virginia.

The editor of the *Clarksville Tobacco Plant* recently visited the county of Lunenburg, and passed over the track of the late hail storm, and learned that it was most destructive in its effects. The road in many places, was blocked up with fallen trees. Col. Finch, of Christianville, stated that a great number of planters sustained the almost total loss of their crops of tobacco and corn. He intimated that as many as 100 planters in Mecklenburg county had suffered to this extent. The hail stones, in some instances, were as large as a goose egg, and one, which was weighed eight or ten hours after it fell, was found to weigh five ounces! Hogs, sheep and fowls were killed in numbers. Mrs. Daly lost 100 sheep. Altogether, nothing was ever seen by the old inhabitants which could compare with it. Boylston seems to have reaped the full fury of the storm. All the glass nearly in the city was broken out.

A FIGHT.—They have a large rattlesnake in a box, at Dilley's on the square. A few days ago, a half grown rat was given to his snakeship for supper, when a regular battle took place. The poisonous fangs of the snake had been extracted, so that the fight was somewhat equal, but although large enough to swallow such "retiles whole," he came off second best, with the loss of his rattles. The snake seized the rat, and the rat broke away and attacked the snake, both becoming much excited, until it became necessary to take the supper away unevent.

We never before heard of a rattlesnake attacking an animal, but have known them to live nearly a year in a cage without eating, although mice were put in to tempt them.—*Wilkes Barre Times.*

Since the cholera first appeared at Jessore, in 1817, it is supposed that eighteen millions of human beings have died of it.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

A Monster in Human Shape.

The Abingdon Democrat says: A German named Jacob Breniger is now awaiting his trial in Wyoming, Va. charged with a series of offences that surpass in horror any of the tales which old wives tell bad children to keep them quiet; of giants who lived once upon a time. This Breniger was formerly a Baptist preacher in North Carolina. While residing there he attempted an outrage upon his own daughter. His wife made the fact known, and Breniger with his family moved into Wyoming. There he made another attempt to rape his own daughter. Shortly afterward, desirous of obtaining a renewal of his license to preach, which had been taken from him in North Carolina, he applied to his wife to retract the charges she had brought against him, and admit that she had sworn falsely. This she refused to do, notwithstanding he inflicted frequent and severe beatings upon her. At last finding neither persuasion, threats or cuffs would have any influence, one night he pulled his wife out of bed and dragged her over a piece of new ground, full of stumps, injuring her so seriously that she died a short time after giving premature birth to a child. Mrs. Breniger at first refused to tell the mode of receiving her injuries, but finding that death was inevitable made some of the neighbors acquainted with all the facts. The husband was arrested but released on bail. While under bonds he made an attempt to decoy his niece into the woods at the back of her residence, but she told her husband, who pursued the ruffian, and would have killed him but his gun missed fire. This statement we have obtained from a gentleman residing in Tazewell, who is cognizant of all the facts.

A Silent Man!

Capt. Stone, of the steamer Canada, now in this port, is probably the most silent man afloat. Sailors who have been with him many months say they never heard him speak. He writes his orders to his officers, and if they fail in carrying them out, he reprimands them in writing. Yet he has the reputation of being one of the most skillful and prudent captains of the United States, and remarkable for his powers of personal endurance. When at sea he rarely leaves the deck, night or day, more than an hour at a time, and nothing appears to escape his notice. Still he does not speak, either to his officers or passengers. On a recent passage two ways, who were passengers in his ship, noticed this peculiarity, and at dinner one day, were quite eloquent upon the blessings of speech, and then, by way of contrast expressed their deepest commiseration for dumbles. One of the ways was so overcome by his feelings that he deliberately took an onion from his pocket and applied it to his right eye, while he gazed at Capt. Stone with the left.—"Poor, dear gentleman," he sobbed, as the tears followed the onion, "I wonder if he is deaf as well as dumb." This was too much for the passengers; who burst into a roar of laughter, in which Capt. Stone joined as heartily as the rest. When order was restored he said, "Gentlemen, I acknowledge that I appear to a disadvantage by not speaking more than I do; but what would you have me to say? It is my constant care to see that you are properly attended to in every particular. What more can you desire?" After this effort he resumed silence, and has not been known to speak since.

[Boston Atlas.

What is Lager Beer?

To this, the oft repeated inquiry, the N. Y. Journal of Commerce replies:—Lager Beer is malted liquor originally made in Bavaria, its essential properties identical with ordinary ale, which it closely resembles in appearance, though differing in taste; of much less specific gravity; weaker, and retaining its foam a shorter time, after being drawn. Its taste is subacid, pungent, and leaves in the mouth a peculiar flavor, caused by a coating of the pitch which the interior of the barrels receive before being filled.—The difference between the modes of brewing lager beer and ordinary ale is indicated by the etymology of the name Lager—meaning rest—remaining in store; the former requiring to rest in a cool vault from four to six months before it becomes drinkable, while the latter can be used immediately after emptied from the vats. In effects, it is very moderately exhilarating, having but feeble intoxicating properties. Indeed if it were not comparatively innocuous in its effects, the enormous quantity consumed would effect sad havoc among the drinkers—it being no unusual occurrence for an individual to drink a gallon daily, and even more.

CRAMP.—Those who may be subject in the night time to that excruciating pain called cramp, will be doubtless glad to learn that by tying any kind of bandage very tightly round the leg immediately above the knee, this unpleasant sensation will be removed. Another remedy—excite the action of the lungs by breathing forcibly and taking long respirations; by this means the whole system will be animated, and perhaps in less than a minute the disorder will be abated and the pain removed.

Patent Cows' Tail Holder.—Mr. John M. Weyre, of Seabrook, N. H., has recently obtained a patent for holding cows, tails still during the operation of milking. The machine is fastened to one of the animal's hams, strings, and the tail is compressed. Mr. Weyre politely styles his discovery the "milkers' protector." Cows, we presume, will now live forever, as this patent machine is designed to prevent them "kicking the bucket."

A Remarkable Chicken.

The Petersburg Express records the life and adventures of a chicken, which must be "the most remarkable chicken in all this country." For some time, it says, a lady in South Ward, has had an amiable hen, which in due season, laid one egg, which she immediately set on to hatch, and in due course, brought forth a tiny chicken—a dwarfish phenomenon of a chicken. The mother immediately set about initiating this only child into the ways of the world, and she soon set to laying again, every day accompanied to her nest by her curious little one. As soon as the hen had seven eggs, she sat on them to hatch them as usual, her little chick remained constantly sitting by her side, and only left the nest when the mother quitted it. Finally, seven chicks made their debut, and were indelibly nursed by the mother and daughter, indeed they at times quarrelled as to which should pay the most attention to the little downy brood. After a few weeks the mother became disgusted with her little family, left them and began to lay again; then the whole charge devolved upon the tiny, half-grown pullet; and it is most amazing to witness the maternal gravity with which the elder sister pursues for all their wants by scratching and digging for, as well as protecting her little adopted charges; and it is refreshing to see how fondly the little things appreciate such attention, and follow their little protectress around most devotedly. Verily, lessons of duty and family affection may be learnt from many of the brute creation.

CURIOUS MEDICAL TREATMENT.—An artist of Bethin recently took one of his patients, who was entirely deaf, to an opera performance, in which was a clamorous passage of bass instruments and kettle drums, which he hoped would effect a cure; the result was successful, but, most strange of all, the well man became deaf at the very moment when the patient recovered his hearing.

Dr. South says, that many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at the plough.

No Accounting for Tastes.—A white woman has just been arrested for bigamy in New York, who has six husbands—two of whom were black. She must be an attractive creature.

Never blush to be caught at any respectable employment. We have often seen a well dressed man color to the eyes because he was seen by an acquaintance carrying a bundle under his arm, and we have seen a worthy housewife invent all sorts of lies to excuse herself to a prying neighbor who comes into her house suddenly and finds her at the wash tub. Being ashamed of honest or necessary employment, is like a man's blushing because he is accused of Christianity by people in point of worth and character as far beneath him as a mad turtle is when making trial of speed with an antelope.

An Eccentric Interment.

On the 20th of May 1736, the body of Samuel Baldwin, Esq., was in compliance with an injunction in his will, immersed *sans ceremony* in the sea at Lynington, Hants. His motive for this extraordinary mode of interment was to prevent his wife from "dancing over his grave," which this modern Zantippe had frequently threatened to do in case she survived him.

An editor in Iowa has been fined two hundred and fifty dollars for hugging a young girl in church.—*Chicago Argus.*

Cheap enough! We once hugged a girl in church some ten years ago, and the scrape has cost us a thousand dollars a year ever since.—*Chicago American.*

A Minister's Rights.—As Rev. Dr. John M. Mason stopped one morning to read a theatrical placard in Broadway, a distinguished actor, accosting him, said:

"Good morning sir. Do ministers of the gospel read such things?"

"Why not, sir?" replied the Doctor, "ministers of the gospel have a right to know what the devil is about as well as other folks."

Independent Candidate for Congress.

We notice in the Eastern papers that Mr. E. B. Meissell presents himself to the citizens of the "tenth legion" as an independent candidate for Congress. We know nothing about the gentleman's qualifications for the Office, but we shall endeavor to become duly informed. We heard several opinions expressed, indicating that he is a good man, and would give general satisfaction if elected. Taking for granted that this is so, we say, *back him*, and let the rallying cry be, *"Vote up Nedward."*