

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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Time Still Moves On.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Time still moves on, with noiseless pace,
And we are loiterers by the way,
Few win and many lose the race,
For which they struggle day by day;
And even when the goal is gained,
How seldom worth the toil it seems!
How lightly valued when obtained,
The prize that flattering Hope esteems!

Submissive to the winds of chance,
We toss on Life's inconstant sea;
This billow may our bark advance,
And that may leave it on the lee;
This coast, which rises fair to view,
May thick be set with rocky mail,
And that which beetles o'er the blue,
Be safest for the shattered sail.

The cloud that, like a little hand,
Slow lingers when the morning shines,
Expands its volume o'er the land,
Dark as the forest-sea of pines,
While that which casts a vapory screen,
Before the azure realm of day,
Rolls upward from the lowland scene,
And from the mountain tops away.

Oh! fond deceit! to think the flight
Of time will lead to pleasures strange,
And ever bring some new delight
To minds that strive and sigh for change,
Within ourselves the secret lies,
Let seasons vary as they will;
Our hearts would murmur, though our skies,
Were bright as those of Eden still.

Facetious Epitaph.

A few years ago, two individuals were riding from York to London to attend a meeting of the club to which they belonged. While on the road they were thrown from the vehicle, and both were killed. A friend of ours, travelling through England, not long since, read on the tomb-stone which was erected over their bodies the following lines:

Stranger! beneath this very stone,
Two comely men are laid,
Who started one day for the Club,
And finished with the Spade.

ANOTHER.—The following may be seen in an English grave yard:

Here fast asleep, full six feet deep,
And seventy summers ripe,
George Thomas lies, in hopes to rise,
And smoke another pipe.

An Operation on a Fowl.

A few days since, a very valuable hen of the working species, belonging to L. F. Allen, Esq., of Black Rock, began to droop, and gave symptoms of being seriously indisposed. This being observed by an old lady near by, she examined her, and soon became convinced that the hen had taken some substance into her crop, which was much distended, which defied the powers of the organs of digestion. As the only way of affording relief, an incision was made in the breast, the crop taken out, and on emptying it of its contents, a piece of India-rubber was found at the lower part, which had caused all the mischief. This was removed—the crop placed back again, and the incision sewed up, and when the hen was again let down in the yard, she immediately pitched battle with and flogged two other fowls, and we are informed by a gentleman, who saw her a day or two afterwards, that she was doing well.
Buffalo Gazette.

Professor Liebig, in his "Familiar Letters on Chemistry," observes:—"The quantity of soap consumed by a nation would be no inaccurate measure whereby to estimate its wealth and civilization." We now see the philosophy of the question: "How are you off for soap?"

Napoleon's Charger.

The Royal Amphitheatre, London, has recently been the place of exhibition of the favorite horse of Napoleon, called by his master "Superb," now thirty-eight years old and a beautiful animal. We find the history of the creature given as follows in an English journal: This noble animal was captured by General Orloff, in 1813, in the disastrous retreat from Moscow. He was a great favorite with the Emperor, and the companion of many of his most successful campaigns. He remained in the possession of Orloff, at St. Petersburg, till 1834, when he was presented to the father of M. Tourniare (now here) then Director of the Imperial Circus, and much esteemed for his professional abilities, as well as respected for his devotion to the memory of the late Emperor. Orloff, in presenting him, liberally said, "Jaques Tourniare, you were greatly attached to the late Emperor of France, and your attachment honors you. You are known to be a friend to horses; and, satisfied of the care he will receive at your hands, to you I confide this, my greatest favorite. Superb is too slight for my use—I have grown too heavy for him. To sell him to a strange master is a fate I cannot think of subjecting him to. To you, therefore, I entrust him; and, as you loved him to whom he first belonged, you will, I am sure, cherish Superb for the memory of the owner, as well as for his own sake." This trust was discharged with exemplary devotion by the elder Tourniare, who, on his death, in 1839, left him to his present owner, Mons. Tourniare, whose tenderness towards him is best evidenced by his advanced age. Superb is a white, or rather very light grey. Arabian, and is sixteen hands high. He is now incapable of much exertion, and little is assigned him in the place now being performed; but it is interesting to see him introduced on the stage with one who is the very resemblance of his once imperial but long deceased master; and affecting to witness him—his ear still quick to the martial tone of the war horn—join riderless, in the mimic procession of that extraordinary man, with whom he was a great favorite.

The Bible.

The following is an account of the number of books, chapters, verses, words and letters contained in the Old and New Testaments.—The calculator is said to have spent three years of his life in forming this table:

OLD TESTAMENT.

Number of books,	39
" chapters,	929
" verses,	23,214
" words,	592,439
" letters,	2,728,100

The middle book is Proverbs.
The middle chapter is Job, XXIX.
The middle verse would be II Chronicles, xx, 17, if there were a verse more, and verse 18, if there were a verse less.

The word *and* occurs 35,543 times.
The word *Jehovah* occurs 6,855.
The shortest verse is I Chronicles, i, 25.
The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra, contains all the letters of the alphabet.
The 19th of the II Kings, and the 37th chapter of Isaiah, are alike.

NEW TESTAMENT.

Number of books,	27
" chapters,	260
" verses,	7,059
" words,	181,258
" letters,	838,380

The middle book is II Thessalonians.
The middle chapter is Romans XIII if there were a chapter more, and XIV if there were a chapter less.
The middle verse is Acts XVII, 17.
The shortest verse is John XI, 35.

OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.

Number of books,	66
" chapters,	1,189
" verses,	31,173
" words,	773,697
" letters,	3,566,480

Interesting—of a Lost Child.

We learn that a little boy, the child of Washington Hurt, near the Broad-ford, in Smyth county, Va., aged two years last February, wandered from home on the 27th of last month, and was not found for five days. Diligent search was made by large numbers of people, sometimes reaching, we learn, near 200. The child was at length found in the head of a hollow, running from Walker's Mountain, and about one mile from home. It had sought a shelter under the side of a log, where, from appearances, it must have been the whole time—it had a bed of leaves; near it was a spring; from the log to the spring a path was beaten, where it had gone for water, which was the only substance this child could have had in all this time. The child knew its parents and exhibited no signs of fear, and we learn is doing well. How strangely has this child been preserved and kept in life? But for the supply of water it must have perished.—*Wytheville Republican of the 8th inst.*

A Perilous Balloon Ascent.

Mr. John Wise, the celebrated aeronaut, made an ascent with his balloon *Vesperus*, on Saturday the 4th inst., from Hollidaysburgh, Pa., which proved one of the most dangerous and unfortunate he has yet experienced. In his letter he says:—

The balloon took a northerly direction, and was ascending rapidly until I reached an altitude of about 4000 feet, where it encountered a violent gale from the west, swinging to and fro, and cracking the network at every surge. My heart at once began to sicken at the idea of falling away from the balloon at that height, with nothing to protect me but the car and the network; and the sensations and scene were rendered still more gloomy by the lowering appearance of the Heavens in every direction, as around and beneath the clouds appeared to be discharging torrents of rain and wind. I could also see the valleys west of the Alleghany mountains, where the sun was shedding down its beams of light and life.

At this crisis an expedient flashed across my mind. The valve rope would at least bear a hundred pounds, and the top of the balloon being equally strong, I threw the greatest part of the weight of my body upon it. This necessarily opened the valve to its full extent, and must soon bring the machine to the ground.— But the velocity of the wind, (being at the rate of about 50 miles per hour,) carried me 16 miles before I reached terra firma. I threw out my anchor, which grappled in a fence and capsized it, and after bounding over the field it caught again in a fence and broke the rail. This concussion was so violent, and I finding myself driving into a rugged piece of timber land, I made an attempt to jump overboard into a ploughed field; but the balloon rose with a violent surge, and I was caught in the hutch of the ropes by one leg; fortunately, I grasped the drag rope in an inverted position, thinking I would hang on to that, if my leg should be released.

Having lost considerable ballast in the concussion, the balloon in a few moments dashed me into the top of a high tree in a piece of woodland; my leg still fast to the rigging of the car. Here I took a hitch to the limb of a tree, and even succeeded in tying a firm knot. I now made a desperate effort to release my foot from the car, which was tossing about in the tree top, and the squalls against the balloon would draw the tree over, making me fearful that the top would be broken off. By a violent kick I succeeded in releasing my foot, with the loss of my boot, from the car.

A single rope still held it fast to the tree, and after I got a foothold on the tree I secured the valve cord in my hand; the squalls, however, became stronger, until it broke the rope by which I had lashed it to the tree top, with a terrible crash, and jerked the valve rope thro' my left hand, burning the skin to a crisp. The balloon in a few moments dashed out of sight, the car keeping it in tolerable trim."

The balloon and car descended the same evening, on the premises of a clergyman in the interior of New York State!

Singular and Melancholy Death.

A respectable citizen of Mohawk, Milcreek township, Ohio, named Medeiros, came to his death a few days since, in a most singular manner. The Cincinnati Message says, one day last week he was engaged in writing a letter, and accidentally pricked his finger under the nail with a steel pen. He paid no attention to the wound at the time; but in a few days afterwards the finger began to inflame and swell, and spreading to the arm, he suffered the most excruciating pains. Physicians were called, but could not afford him relief, and on Monday, he was seized with lock-jaw, with which terrible disease he died. We remember adds the same paper, to have seen some months ago, in an Eastern paper, an article warning the public against the use of a certain quality of blue writing ink, which was said to be impregnated with a poison almost as fatal as that of a rattlesnake. Could this gentleman's death have been caused by inoculation into his system of such ink?

Sore Throat in Swine.

Turn animals so affected, into an open pasture where there is fresh feed and ground to root. It is a disease resulting from confinement. Pounded charcoal mixed with food, where pasture cannot be had, or room for exercise, is one of the best preventives of disease in swine.

We were once present at the dissection of a hog which died of this disease. The glands of the throat were distended, and there were also in several places along the wind-pipe, spots of a livid hue, covered with a bloody mucus; the tongue likewise appeared also affected, and was swollen to twice its natural size. The animal had been kept in a confined situation, and wholly deprived of exercise and access to the ground. We believe the sore throat is not common among hogs, in this climate, and never perhaps where those prime requisites are attended to—exercise adaptedness of food.

[Maine Cultivator.]

Mr. Clay's Letter.

Below will be found a letter from Mr. CLAY indicating the course which, having accepted the Whig nomination for the office of President of the United States, he feels bound to pursue, of abstaining from the acceptance of all invitations to attend political assemblies. This determination on his part will, we are satisfied, be approved by all his friends who duly consider the circumstances in which he is now placed.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer!

WASHINGTON, May 3, 1844

GENTLEMEN:—Prior to the commencement, and during the progress of the journey, which I have recently made to some of the Southern States, I received numerous invitations to visit my fellow citizens at various points of the Union. I was compelled to decline accepting the greater number of them and, in most instances, transmitted answers accordingly; but, as I may have omitted to reply to some of them, and as others addressed to me may not have reached me, to all such I request to be allowed, through the National Intelligencer, to communicate a general and respectful answer, and to state the ground on which I shall feel constrained to place any similar invitations with which I may be in future honored.

These popular demonstrations of friendship, attachment, and confidence towards me are highly gratifying to my feelings, and are entitled to an expression of my profound and grateful acknowledgments. If it were suitable and proper, in my judgment to meet assemblages of my fellow-citizens on these occasions, I would embrace the opportunity with pleasure; and should exchange friendly salutations with them with a warmth and enthusiasm, on my part, not exceeded by their own. But an event of importance took place on the first instant in Baltimore. A Convention of Delegates from the Whig party, coming from all parts of the United States, acting in conformity with the well-ascertained wishes and sentiments of the Whigs of the United States, has formally announced my name as a candidate for the office of President of the United States; and from a high sense of duty, I have accepted the nomination. It has been, moreover, ratified by another Convention, composed of Delegates from every part of the United States; who assembled on the 2d instant in Baltimore. Being thus placed, with my own consent, in the attitude of a candidate for that high office, I feel myself bound to respect and perform all the duties and obligations which appertain to me in that character.

The election of a Chief Magistrate of a free, great, and enlightened nation, is one of the gravest and most momentous functions which the People can exercise. It is emphatically, and ought to be exclusively, their own business.— Upon the wisdom of their choice depends the preservation and soundness of free institutions; and the welfare and prosperity of themselves. In making it, they should be free, impartial, and wholly unbiassed by the conduct of a candidate himself. Not only, in my opinion, is it his duty to abstain from all solicitation, direct or indirect, of their suffrages, but he should avoid being voluntarily placed in situations to seek, or in which he might be supposed to seek, to influence their judgment.

Entertaining these views of what becomes a candidate for the exalted office of President of the United States, I shall act in strict conformity with them. Hereafter, and until the pending Presidential election is decided, I cannot accept or attend any public meeting of my fellow-citizens, assembled in reference to that object, to which I have been or shall be invited. It is my wish and intention, when I leave this city, to return home as quietly and quickly as possible, and, employing myself in my private business and affairs, there to await the decision of the Presidential election, acquiescing in it, whatever it may be, with the most perfect submission.

I hope those who have honored me with invitations to which I have not yet replied, and those who may have intended me the honor of transmitting others, will accept, without disappointment, this exposition of the motives by which I am governed.

I am, gentlemen, your friend and obedient servant,
H. CLAY.

We find the following in Prentice's Louisville Journal:—"The Locofoco party now seems too weak to stand. Will somebody be so good as to hold it up long enough for us to knock it down?"

Thirteen Days under Ground.

A letter from Palermo, contains the following account of an event which occurred in the recent earthquake at Calanissetta, in Sicily. In one of the sulphuric mines of the Prince de Trebbia, in the province of Calanissetta, four men were buried by its falling in upon them. The Prince immediately employed men to release them, but their labor was continued for 13 days before the sufferers could be reached. Three of them were found dead; but the fourth, named Giacomo Paterna, was still alive.

Some wag says, that Texas is "the land of the free, and the home of the kuave."

From the Intelligencer.

Oh! how the locos do lampoon,
The Whigs that hail that same old coon,
That whipp'd the fox in forty, sore,
And will again in forty-four;
They can't remember now poor souls,
The epoch of their hick'ry poles,
And how since then, in glory's toz,
They madly warr-shipp'd the whole hog!
Log cabins and hard cider too,
Have had their day it is most true;
But were they worse than Jackson poles
Adorn'd with brooms and porter bowls?
And if the Whigs did cut a shine,
And of a coon have made a sign,
I think the emblem now will suit,
As well as did the grunting brute—
Hereafter then, let loco saints
Of symbols make no more complaints,
Till from Ohio's ballot box,
They drive their hog, we'll drive their fox.
SWIFT.

* A few years ago, the loco loco ticket of Ohio was headed by the picture of a hog, and was voted by that party.

THE LAST.—The case of a woman who, on her way to be hanged, borrowed a parasol to protect her complexion, is quoted as the last case of female vanity.

The leaves of the Rhubarb plant contain quantities of oxalic acid, and are poisonous. The family of Mr. Havens, of New Bedford, was poisoned by eating them boiled as greens, a short time since. It is feared that two of his children will die.

Halifax Mackerel.

Several gross frauds have been discovered in mackerel imported from Halifax and the neighborhood. A few mackerel are put at each head of the barrel, and the rest is stones and sea-weed. The mackerel have the inspector's name where they were packed, and whether the fraud was perpetrated at the time of packing, or afterwards, is not known.

Times of Taking Food.

Nature has fixed no particular hours for eating. When the mode of life is uniform, it is of great importance to adopt fixed hours; when it is irregular, we ought to be guided by the real wants of the system as dictated by appetite.

A strong laboring man, engaged in hard work, will require food oftener and in larger quantities than an indolent or sedentary man.

As a general rule, about five hours should elapse between one meal and another—longer if the mode of life be indolent, shorter if it be very active.

When dinner is delayed seven or eight hours after breakfast, some slight refreshment should be taken between.

Young persons, when growing fast, require more food and at shorter intervals, than those who have attained maturity.

Children under seven years of age, usually need food nearly every three hours; a piece of bread will be a wholesome lunch, and a child seldom eats breads to excess.

During the first months of infancy there can be no set times of giving nourishment. The best rule is to satisfy the real wants of the child, but never tempt it to take food to still its crying from pain when it is not hungry.

Those persons who eat a late supper should not take breakfast till one or two hours after rising. Those who dine late, and eat nothing afterwards, require breakfast soon after rising.

Persons of a delicate constitution should never exercise much before breakfast.

If exposure of any kind is to be incurred in the morning, breakfast should always be taken previously. The system is more susceptible of infection and of the influence of cold, miasma, &c. in the morning before eating, than at any other time.

Those who walk early will find great benefit from taking a cracker or some little nourishment before going out.

Never go into a room of a morning, where a person is sick with a fever, before you have taken nourishment of some kind—a cup of coffee, at least.

In setting out early to travel, a light breakfast before starting should always be taken; it is a great protection against cold, fatigue and exhaustion.

In boarding schools for the young and growing, early breakfast is an indispensable condition to health. Children should not be kept without food in the morning till they are faint and weary.

Never eat a hearty supper just before retiring to rest.

It is injurious to eat when greatly heated or fatigued. It would very much conduce to the health of laboring men if they could rest fifteen or twenty minutes before dinner.