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Life's Better Moments.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

My Mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew upon the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer
While pleasure's pulses madly fly,
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my Mother's knee.

The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give still to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness has drunk up tears,
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years—
But nature's book is even yet
With all my Mother's lessons writ.

I have been out at even-tide,
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting buds and growing grass
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness thronged the night:
When all was beauty, then have I,
With friends on whom my love is flung,
Like myth on winds of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.

And when the beauteous spirit there,
Flung over all its golden chain,
My Mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain,
And resting on some silver star
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be,
To rise in heaven like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

Living in Paris.

A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, writing from Paris, makes some statements intended to correct the very prevalent notion that a person can travel in France, or live in Paris, cheaper than at home. He says that the only way to live cheaply there is to remain shut up in a sixth or seventh story room, of the dirtiest house in the filthiest quarter,—to have the room swept once a month and his bed linen changed as often, and to attempt to see none of the public places or lions of the city. Says the writer: "He can put something into his stomach, called bread, with butter of an inferior quality to the stearine candles, and a bowl of chicory boiled in water, and call it breakfast. Ragouts of cat's flesh, and beef steaks of horse, cannot be extravagant. But if one really wishes to see Paris, and at the same time live respectably, he must expect for he will be obliged to pay for it. Comfortably, I do not say, for the thing and the word are alike unknown.—One will look in vain for the comforts to which he has been accustomed in America."

Clothing is dear,—books are expensive, and every thing likely to be wanted is also likely to cost something. The correspondent says he knew an American resident, an economical man wishal, but from necessity frequenting a great deal of company, whose gloves cost him one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year.

Ancient Modes of moving Large Bodies.

How the Egyptians and early ancients moved and formed such stupendous masses, has often been a subject of doubt and admiration.—But when we reflect that the principles of mechanics are few and simple, and can be varied or extended according to the nature and magnitude of the work to be performed, our doubts, in a measure will subside. That the architects of those massy structures well understood plumb lines, wheels and axles, is clear from contemporary writings. Denon says that the Egyptians began by elevating masses, in which they marked out their architectural lines; and it is certain that at the temple of Harmonthis, the sculpture of the capitals has not been finished, so that the pillars were worked after they were put up. The obelisks are described by Pliny as having been brought to Thebes from the quarries by means of a canal. They were made to rest across the stream upon the opposite banks, vessels loaded with bricks were brought, the cargo was then taken out, and the vessel, rising, elevated the obelisks. The method employed of moving columns and large stones was by affixing strong iron axles in each end, and inserting them in broad wheels of solid construction.

Such was the plan of Ctesiphon and Methagenes, of which Vitruvius gives the account.—Such a wheel also appears affixed to the end of an obelisk in Montfaucon's plate. Herodotus writes that Cleopas, the son of Rasimta, left steps, outside the pyramid, in order that very large stones might be moved by short beams and proper engines. The short beam here referred to appears to indicate the *carchesium*, or crane of Vitruvius. Very large stone beams are said to have been placed upon high columns in the following manner:—Under the centre of the beam they put two cross pieces, mutually contiguous. They then fixed baskets of sand at one end till the weight raised the other. Under the beam thus raised from its bed, they placed a stay or support. They then applied the weight to the opposite end, newly lifted, till it tilted up the other extremity, and so putting another elevator under, they proceeded till the stone was raised into its proper position. It is said that the stones of the pyramids were brought along artificial causeways; and Pliny adds, that bridges were made of unbaked bricks, till the work was completed, and then the bricks were distributed for the formation of private houses. D. Laystorie thinks that the scaffolding of the ancients, was formed of ropes, and that such a method might now be very conveniently adopted. Stones were sold ready hewn, and Pliny mentions the process of sawing them (for the saw is seen on Egyptian monuments) by the aid of sand, and the process and the very form of the saw are still preserved.

In ancient representations, upright posts or capstans are erected, around which winds a rope, fastened to the block or weight to be moved, and the capstan is turned by long horizontal levers. Ammianus Marcellinus speaking of the erection of the obelisk at Constantinople, says that there was a wood machinery, consisting of lofty beams or masts, with which were connected vast and long ropes as thick as net work. With these the obelisks was fastened, and by many thousand men working as in turning a mill, it was placed in its socket. As clearly as we can understand this, the great number of ropes were intended to prevent the fall, and those which elevated the obelisk were strained by the capstan just described, till it was elevated upon its base. A very rude method of fixing upright large stones was, according to some authors, in erecting an inclined plane of earth or other materials, and then rolling them up, and letting them settle into their proper places by undermining their beds. The excellence of the workmanship, of the monuments of Egypt is, however, sufficient evidence of the knowledge of the leading necessary machinery, because it is, of course, antecedent to the invention of finish and ornament.

To DESTROY INSECTS ON PLANTS.—Tie up some flower of sulphur in a piece of muslin or linen, and with this leaves of young shoots of plants should be dusted; or it may be thrown on by means of a common swans-down puff, or even by a dredging box.

Home.

THERE is one bright enchanting spot
Where love and beauty glow,
Which oft the glorious grace of God
Hath made a heaven below;
And in that covenant-sheltered spot,
There is a radiant gem,
More precious far than ocean pearls,
Or empire's diadem!
Oh! keep that gem, ye plighted ones,
Nor from that spot depart;
That spot is HOME—delightful home!
That gem, the FAITHFUL HEART.

Sorrowful.

A poor editor, out somewhere, falling into the hands of the Philistines, breaks forth in the following gizzard moving appeal:

Sheriff, spare that press!
Touch not a single type;
Don't put me in distress,
To stick to me thro' life.
'Tis all in all to me,
If lost, what shall I do?
Then why not let it be,
Oh, Sheriff! boo!—hoe!—hoo!

Marriage after Burial.

Two Parisian merchants, strongly united in friendship, had each one child of different sexes who early contracted a strong inclination for each other, which was cherished by the parents, and they were flattered with the expectations of being joined together for life. Unfortunately, at the time they thought themselves on the point of completing this long wished-for union, a man, far advanced in years and possessed of an immense fortune, cast his eyes on the young lady, and made honorable proposals; her parents could not resist the temptation of a son-in-law in such affluent circumstances, and forced her comply. As soon as the knot was tied, she strictly enjoined her former lover never to see her, and patiently submitted to her fate; but the anxiety of her mind preyed upon her body, which threw her into a lingering disorder that apparently carried her off, and she was consigned to her grave. As soon as this melancholy event reached her lover, his affliction was doubled, being deprived of all hopes of her widow-hood; but, recollecting that in her youth she had been for some time in a lethargy, his hopes revived and hurried him to the place of her burial, where a good bribe procured the sexton's permission to dig her up, which he performed and removed her to a place of safety, where by proper methods he revived the almost extinguished spark of life. Great was her surprise at finding the state she had been in; and probably as great was her pleasure at the means by which she had been recalled from the grave. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, the lover laid his claim; and his reasons, supported by a powerful inclination on her side, were too strong for her to resist; but as France was no longer a place of safety for them, they agreed to move to England, where they continued ten years, when a strong inclination for revisiting their native country seized them, which they thought they might safely gratify, and accordingly performed their voyage.

The lady was so unfortunate as to be known by her old husband, whom she met in a public walk, and all her endeavors to disguise herself were ineffectual. He laid his claim to her before a court of justice, and the lover defended his right, alleging that he had acquired a just one by freeing her from the jaws of death.—These reasons, whatever weight they might have had in a court where love presided, seemed to have little effect on the grave sages of the law; and the lady, with her lover, not thinking it safe to wait the determination of the court, prudently retired out of the kingdom.

A man "down east" lately pulled up all the beans which he had planted, because he thought they had come up wrong end upwards, and set them out again, as he thought, right end upwards. He is a brother to the one that in trimming apple trees, cut off the limb on which he stood, and therefore caught a tumble. He also has another brother who dug a hole in the ground to scald his hogs in. We are not so well acquainted with the rest of the family, but we believe the girls all did young, before they had a chance to spread their genius.

Dog Annexation.

J. POLK was put to the bar charged with robbing the Mexican minister of a favorite dog, named Texas, the circumstances of the case Don Bernardo Murphy stated to be these:—Some months since, John Polk sold his Excellency the dog, (a very large animal, spotted black and white, that used to run under the carriage,) subsequently a fellow named Houston, a countryman of Polk's, who had been in his Excellency's service, absconded with the dog, and he had that day seen it at Greenwich Fair, whither he had gone in company with Cavalier Bunsen. The animal was tied to a van, belonging to the prisoner, and from which he was haranguing and psalm-singing to the company at the fair.

POLICEMAN, X. 21, said—Please your worship, there has been more picking of pockets round that 'ere psalm-singing wan than in any part of the fair.

MR. ABERDEEN—Silence, Policemen. What has that to do with the complaint?

The Mexican Minister continued, in a very agitated manner, 'I instantly recognized my dog, and gave the scoundrel yonder in charge of a policeman.'

'Scoundrel!' the prisoner cried, (a very sanctimonious looking-fellow, who held the dog in his arms.)—Am I in a Christian land, to hear myself called by such names? Are we men? Are we brethren? Have we blessings and privileges, or have we not? I come of a country the most freest, honestest, punctuallest, on this airth, I do?

MR. ABERDEEN, (with a profound bow.)—You are an American, I suppose?

POLK—I thank a gracious mussy, I am! I can appeal to every thing that is holy, and laying my hand on my heart, declare I am an honest man. I scorn the accusation that I stole the complainant's dog. The dog is my dog—mine by the laws of heaven, airth, right, nature, and possession.

DON BERNARDO MURPHY, very much agitated, here cried out—How yours? I can swear to the animal. I bought him of you.

FOLK—You did. It's as true as I'm a free-born man.

DON BERNARDO—A man who was an old servant of yours comes into my service and steals the dog.

POLK—A blesseder truth you never told.

DON BERNARDO—And I find the animal now in your possession.

POLK (cuddling the dog)—Yes, my old dog—yes, my old Texas, it did like to come back to its old master, it did!

DON BERNARDO (in a fury)—I ask your worship, isn't this too monstrous?

MR. ABERDEEN—Your Excellency will permit me to observe that we have not yet heard Mr. Polk's defence. In a British Court, justice must be shown and no favor.

POLK—I scorn a defence. The dog returned to me by a lot of natur—it's wicked to fly against a lot of natur. If I sold the dog, and by the irresistible attraction of cohesion, and the eternal order of things, he comes back to me—am I to blame? It's monstrous, heinous, regular blasphemy to say so.

Mr. Aberdeen appeared deeply struck by the latter observation.

POLK (continued)—I didn't steal the animal—Steal! Is a man of my character to be called a thief? I annexed him—that's all. Besides, what jurisdiction has this here Court? what authority has any Court on airth in a question purely American? My bargain with don Bernardo Murphy took place out of this country—the dog came back to me thousands of miles herefrom.

MR. ABERDEEN—In that case I really must dismiss the complaint. Allow me to state my opinion, Mr. Polk, that the dog is yours; I have no business to inquire into the question of annexation as you call it, or of robbery as his Excellency here (very rudely, I must think,) entitles your bargain. I entreat rather that gentlemen so respectable should live together in harmony; and—and I wish you both a very good morning.

Mr. Polk then left the office whistling to his dog, and making signs of contempt at don Bernardo Murphy who slunk away in a cab. He had not been gone an hour when Policeman X 21, came into the office and said, 'Please your

worship, the Yankee annexed your Worship's Canadian walking-stick in the passage.'

MR. ABERDEEN (sternly)—Mind your own business, fellow, Mr. Polk is perfectly welcome to the stick.

Presently another member of the force O'Regan by name, entered and swore the incorrigible Polk had stolen his beaver hat.

MR. ABERDEEN (good humoredly)—Well, well, I dare say the hat wasn't worth twopenny halfpenny; and it's better to lose it than to squabble about it at law.

O'Regan left the Court grumbling, and said it wasn't so in Temple's time.—London Punch.

Sorrel Sheep and Horses.

If our good natured readers laugh as heartily over the following story as we did, we shall be abundantly paid for its publication. It seems, according to the correspondence of the Mobile Register, that a bill was before the lower branch of the Alabama Legislature for the charter of a Botanical Medical College, at Wetumpka.—The Register continues:

After Speaker Moore and others had made able speeches in support of the bill, Mr. Morrisett, from Monroe, took the floor. You know him. He is an old genuine, and withal he has good hard horse sense, (as his colleague, Mr. Howard calls it,) and often speaks to the point and with effect. With an imperturbable gravity he addressed the House in substance as follows:—"Mr. Speaker, I cannot support the bill, unless I am assured that a distinguished acquaintance of mine is made one of the Professors. He is what that College wishes to make for us—a root doctor, and will suit the place exactly. He became a doctor in two hours, and it only cost \$20 to complete his education. He bought a book sir, and read the chapter on fevers, and that was enough. He was sent for to see a sick woman—a very sick woman.—With his book under his arm, off he went. Her husband and their son John were in the room with the woman. The doctor felt of her wrist and looked in her mouth, and then took off his hat. "Has you got," addressing the husband, "a sorrel sheep?" "No, I never heard of such a think in my life." "Well, there is such things," said the doctor very knowingly. "Has you got then a sorrel horse?" "Yes," said John, quickly, "I rode him to mill to-day." "Well, he must be killed immediately," said the doctor, "and some soup must be made and given to your wife." The poor woman turned over in her bed, John began to object; and the husband was brought to a stand. "Why, doctor, he is the only horse we've got, and he is worth \$100, and will not some other soup do as well?" "No, the book says so, and there is but two questions—will you kill your horse, or let your wife die? Nothing will save her but the soup of a sorrel sheep or a sorrel horse. If you don't believe me I will read it to you." The doctor took up the book, turned to the chapter, and read as follows:—"Good for fevers—sheep sorrel or horse sorrel." "Why, doctor," exclaimed the husband, wife and son, "you are mistaken, that don't mean a sorrel sheep or a sorrel horse; but—" "Well, I know what I am about," interrupted the doctor, "that's the way we doctors reads it, and we understand it." Now, said Mr. M., with an earnestness and gravity that were in striking contrast with the laughter of the House, unless the Hon. Speaker, and the friends of the bill will assure me that my sorrel doctor will be one of the Professors, I must vote against the bill. It is unnecessary to add, that after this blow, the bill never kicked. It was effectually killed.

To RESTORE BAD YEAST.—Mix with it a little flour, sugar, salt, brandy and beer, and these will confer on it the qualities of good yeast.—Good yeast may also be made by adding the same mixture to the grounds of ale.

ENJOYMENT.—Perhaps, at our birth, we have a certain portion of enjoyment allotted to us, and this is to last us through life; hence that fear which so often comes upon us, even in our most delightful moment—a dread of we know not what. It is a warning from within, that we are rashly revelling in that heart-wealth of which so small a pittance is ours.

The crop of Maple Sugar in Vermont this year is valued at \$1,000,000.