

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and 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 proprietors, will be charged 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

To all Concerned.

We would call the attention of some of our subscribers, and especially certain Post Masters, to the following reasonable, and well settled rules of Law in relation to publishers, to the patrons of newspapers.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the officers to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

To a Bereaved Mother,

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, LL. D.

Sure to the mansions of the blest
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel, brighter than the rest,
The spotless spirit's flight attends.
On wings of ecstasy they rise,
Beyond where worlds material roll;
Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.
That inextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim discolour'd gleam
The more it lingers upon earth.
Closed in this dark abode of clay,
The stream of glory faintly burns:—
Not unobserved, the lucid ray
To its own native fount returns.
But when the LORD of mortal breath
Decreases his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death
Which speeds an infant to the tomb—
No passion fierce, nor low desire,
Has quenched the radiance of the flame;
Back to its GOD the living fire
Reverts, unclouded as it came.
Fond mourner! be that solace thine!
Let hope her healing charm impart,
And soothe, with melodies divine,
The anguish of a mother's heart.
O, think! the darlings of thy love,
Divested of this earthly clod,
Amid unnumber'd saints above,
Bask in the bosom of their GOD.
Of their short pilgrimage on earth
Still tender images remain:
Still, still they bless thee for their birth,
Still filial gratitude retain.
Each anxious care, each rending sigh,
That wrung for them the parent's breast,
Dwells on remembrance in the sky,
Amid the raptures of the blest.
O'er thee, with looks of love, they bend;
For thee the LORD of life implore;
And oft from sainted bliss descend,
Thy wounded quiet to restore.
Of, in the stillness of the night,
They smooth the pillow of thy bed;
Of, till the morn's returning light,
Still watchful hover o'er thy head.
Hark! in such strains as saints employ,
They whisper to thy bosom peace;
Calm the perturbed heart to joy,
And bid the streaming sorrow cease.
Then dry, henceforth, the bitter tear:
Their part and thine inverted see:—
Thou wert their guardian angel here,
They guardian angels now to thee.

"I wish you would put me down for a puppy," said a young sportsman the other day to a practical amateur in canine flesh, who had recently had an accession to the "domestic-circle" in his dog-hutch. "I set you down for one long ago," was the tart reply.

Articles of Food used by Mankind.

The existence of man upon the earth, says Aristotle, even for a day, depends upon his food; if he find it, the functions of life perform their duty, and ordinarily health and long life follow; if he find it not, disease and death speedily occur. In accordance with this necessity, the earth is filled with the necessaries of life, and is, as it were, one great provision store. Trees, and fields, and animal life, furnish a view of perpetual movement towards the all-devouring jaws of man; nor is he always particular as to the nature and quality.

Vegetables are the most simple means of nourishment, and it is probable that the antediluvians fed on these until, pressed by hunger, they began to relish the flesh of animals. It may not be uninteresting or unprofitable to sketch the various gradations through which the human family have passed, to arrive at the refinement and delicacy of the present day's table. There is scarcely anything capable of being introduced into the stomach, that has not served for aliment—roots, coarse herbs, disgusting animals, vermin, poisons, filth and human flesh.

The savage differs but little from the animals about him, and he feeds like them. Consequently, innumerable islanders have eaten nothing but roots. The ancient Canadians, in default of acorns, subsisted on the sap of some kinds of trees, and even on the pith.

The Ethiopians lived on a kind of reed that grew spontaneously by the side of ponds and marshes; others on the small twigs and buds of trees, whence they were called *hylophages*.—Some have subsisted on the roots of roses, and the *spermatophages* were so called because they were nourished by the kernels of various plants. Diodorus Siculus, Tacitus, and others, mention whole people that ate all kinds of herbs, without much preference.

Lemaire mentions a feast which he saw in the islands of Hoorn. The inhabitants, in large numbers, chewed various kinds of herbs to a pulp, and after ejecting them from the mouth into a huge vessel, they poured in water. After suffering it to remain some time, he adds, "they offered this soup to two of their kings and other officers, who ate it with exceeding relish." The Zealander also lives mostly upon the roots of fern.

Leaving the vegetable kingdom, we find that the most disgusting animals, and the vilest insects, have served for most delicious dishes. The Spaniards found people in America who lived on enormous serpents, and that their flesh might not spoil, they took them alive, hanging them in their huts till meal time, when they sliced off what was requisite, and left the creatures hanging till another meal. Others made their provisions from ants and bats. Shaw mentions millions of people about Cairo who lived on lizards and serpents. The *scridophages* of Ethiopia ate nothing but grasshoppers and locusts, which abounded. The Caffres loved ants better than partridges or rabbits, and Albert speaks of a boy who would take nothing but spiders!

American Coinage.

We are glad to learn from a paragraph in the official paper that the Secretary of the Treasury has directed his attention to this subject; and that the sum of \$250,000 has been drawn from various deposit banks in Mexican dollars, etc., and sent to the Mint and Branch Mints to be coined into dimes and half-dimes. This additional supply of these coins will greatly add to the convenience of the public under the operation of the new post office law. More, we are told, will be sent, to the full extent authorized by law. And also that the next issue will probably be of quarters, when a sufficient number of dimes and half-dimes shall be coined.—*N. Y. Express.*

A down east chap, walking with a lady, accidentally stumbled and fell. The lady, thinking to commiserate his mishap observed, that she "regretted his unlucky faux pas."

"I didn't hurt my fore-paws," replied he, "it was my knees."

SUMMER FASHIONS.—We notice by the last Spirit of the Times that the summer clothing in Georgia, consists of a shirt collar and a pair of trousers!

A Goat in Church.

Under this head the Barre Gazette tells the following good one.

The papers are telling the story of a dog who entered a church after the assembling of the congregation but before the arrival of the minister, marched up into the pulpit, and reared his paws upon the desk to the destruction of all sober faces among the congregation. We recollect being witness to a somewhat similar scene in our young days. A he-goat (with whom we had many a butt and pull) once entered the village church during service, and passing to the pulpit stairs, entered the place always to be found in old-fashioned churches, between the pulpit and the deacon's seat.—He there laid down, quietly, until nearly the close of a long prayer, such as the Rev. Mr. F—— (not the regular pastor,) was accustomed to make.

"Dick" seemed to partake of the weariness of the congregation at "long prayers," and rearing his fore feet upon the communion table, he looked up beseechingly in the face of the preacher, and sent forth a long *baa!* If there was a long face in church, it was out of our sight, and the prayer soon wound up."

"THERE IS NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES."—We cut the following from the Tribune of Tuesday, where it appears as a regular advertisement. The "colored gemmen" of Gotham should resist this attempt to "poach upon their manors."

MATRIMONY.—A White Gentleman wishes to marry a Colored Lady of Education, of Religious principles, and who is willing to reside in a Country where the accident of Complexion will not debar her from the Worship of God in any Church or Cathedral with the fairest of her sex, and where Character, not Color, is the passport to Society. The Advertiser is unacquainted with the Colored Ladies of this City; he therefore requests that any Lady answering this Advertisement will be candid and explicit in stating Age, Pecuniary Circumstances, &c. The greatest honor may be relied on. Address Q. Z. Tribune Office. Any White Lady who detests Slavery, and is free from prejudice against Color, who may please to answer, will be attended to.

THE CLERK AND THE DEVIL.—A merchant's clerk came into a printing office a short time since, and seeing a pile of papers lying on the table, [it being publication day.] unceremoniously helped himself to a copy, and uttering the following to the printer's devil:—"I s'pose you don't take any pay for just one paper?"—"Not always," replied the devil. Shortly afterwards the devil entered the store where the clerk belonged, and called for a pound of raisins, which was quickly weighed out by the clerk. The devil took the raisins saying—"I s'pose you don't charge any thing when a fellow don't take but a pound?"—"No," said the clerk, after seeing the disadvantage under which he was placed by his own stingy, imprudent illiberality towards the pennyless printer's devil; and looking daggers at the little imp, indignantly exclaimed—"When I get any more newspapers from a printer, I'll pay for them."

Five thousand good wives are advertised for in Texas. It is much to be feared that our sister republic has called for more good wives than she is able to furnish with good husbands. It might happen, too, that some of her reputed bachelors had left wives in this country, quite forgetting them, in the hot haste with which circumstances urged their departure. Sam Houston is not, within our knowledge the only man in Texas who has parted with a wife at short notice.—*Belvidere Apollo.*

READY RETORT.—A drunken lawyer going into church, was observed by the minister, who addressed him thus: "I will bear witness against that sinner at the day of judgment."

The lawyer shaking his head with drunken gravity, replied: "I have practised twenty years at the bar, and have always found the greatest rascal is the first to turn State's evidence."

A chap in New-Hampshire said he went out gunning the other day and treed a gray squirrel in a wood chuck's hole, dug him out, and lo! it was a skunk!

Trial of the Monster Gun.

A trial of the monster gun which has been manufactured in this town for the American steam-frigate Princeton, of which we have given details in a former number, was made a few days since, on the sands, North Shore, between Crosby and Fomby. The firing commenced about eleven in the morning, and continued with some slight intermission until three in the afternoon. During that time upwards of three tons of shot were discharged—each shot weighed upwards of two hundred weight. The report was distinctly heard in the neighborhood of the docks, and in the north end of the town, although the scene of the firing was some eight or nine miles distant. The experiments proved highly satisfactory. The appearance of the shot, after each discharge, skimming along the water had a novel and pleasing effect. The range extended some miles. The day mild and fine, and notwithstanding the fact of the gun having been carried out as early as three in the morning to the scene of the experiments, to avoid notoriety, great numbers were attracted to the spot when the firing commenced.

Liverpool Times.

New and Fearful Mode of Execution.

It appears from the journal of a European traveller, that a new and frightful mode of execution has recently been adopted by the Great Mogul. The instrument and the process are thus described: A box, each side of which is fifteen feet square, is constructed of timber, about eighteen inches thick, dove-tailed together, and braced with iron rods. The outside of the bottom of the box is covered with a plate of beaten iron, one inch in thickness. The interior is filled with perfect cubes of granite, weighing in the aggregate several thousand pounds. A machine is erected after the manner of an ordinary pile-driver, but of course on an enormous scale, and of tremendous strength. The mass is raised by powerful machinery, cast in Birmingham for the express purpose, though it is to be presumed that the machinist by whom the work was furnished, had no idea of the horrible purpose for which it was intended. The human victim is placed upon a block of granite, of a corresponding surface, buried in the earth immediately beneath the enormous mass, and also covered with a plate of iron. At a signal by the vicramadack, the executioner touches a spring, the mass falls! and the victim, crushed at once, is suddenly annihilated, and spread out like a sheet of pasteboard. The huge weight being again raised, the flattened body is withdrawn, and dried in the sun. When completely prepared, it is hung upon the walls of a public building, there to serve as a warning to the multitude.

Ingenious Mode of catching Crows.

A week or two since Mr. Harmon Eddie, whose farm is a few miles north from East Town, N. J., caught a crow in a steel trap.—After taking it out of the trap, he pinned both wings down to the ground with forked sticks, and then went and concealed himself in his barn. The crow made a terrible outcry, and shortly attracted a considerable flock near, when one came so close to his imprisoned companion that the latter grabbed him in his claws, the same as a drowning man will catch at a straw. Mr. Eddie sallied out and easily caught the second crow, who was firmly held by the imprisoned one's claws. He then pinned that one also down to the ground in a similar manner, and thus, during a couple of hours, he caught over a dozen. Mr. E. informs us that this method is practiced in some parts of England to catch jays, which bird also makes a most violent outcry when pinned to the ground.

BORROWING.—Two Clergymen, Rev. J. L. Richmond and Rev. Richard Kay, complain in the last Wyoming Republican, that a shovel has been borrowed of the one and a hoe of the other. The Republican remarks said articles are as good as new; and all will agree that when a Clergyman has a disposition to labor, it is too bad to deprive him of tools.

The Sea Horse having departed from New-York, a fellow in Broadway advertises a Fame Oyster for exhibition.

Roosters' tails are now called "fowls' bustles."

A Man Grown by Guano and Electricity.

The New Haven Courier tells the following capital story:—

A citizen of this place, while recently on a tour in the State of New York, was induced to make one of the audience of an itinerant lecturer who was holding forth upon the efficacy of electricity as applied to vegetable productions.

In the course of his harangue, Guano was incidentally alluded to as a powerful agent in quickening the growth of plants, and the effects of both were displayed in such glowing language that the auditory soon imagined themselves standing in the midst of a field and endeavoring to measure the height of the grain, before it was out of reach. The whole assembly were in a fine state of enthusiasm, and swallowing down the wonders revealed to them with open mouths and starting eyes, when a plump looking old farmer arose, and with apparently much diffidence, begged leave to confirm the lecturer's statements, by the relation of an incident which he had recently witnessed, and to which he was a party:

"I have," said he, "a very bad boy, named Tommy; he's given us a good deal of trouble, and having tried various methods to reform him without success, I told my wife that it would be best to try something that was new, and rather more severe. Accordingly we agreed to shut him up at night in the barn. This answered very well for a while, but he grew worse again, till finally I was obliged to shut him up every night by sundown.

Well, one night while Tommy was roosting with the cattle, and I was in bed, there came on a tremendous thunder storm. It lightened sharp enough to put out a man's eyes, and thundered so loud that it made the house rattle like a snare drum. Feeling rather uneasy about the boy, I got up early in the morning, and went out to see how he fared. As I was going to the barn, I met a man most eight foot high coming towards me. I never had seen such a tall critter in all my life before, and I began to feel sorter scartle at having him about my premises.

Hollo, says I, as soon as I could speak, who are you? and what are you doing in my barn yard?

The strange looking animal answered in a little squeaking child's voice, "Why, father, it's me; don't you know Tommy?"

"You, says I; why, Tom, how on earth did you get stretched out so long in one night? why, you're growned as tall as all out doors, don't you know it?"

"Why, yes, father," says he, "I s'pose I have, for last night I slept on them bags of Guano you put in the barn, and that the lightning together just did the business."

The effect of this story upon the audience was indeed electric. Peal upon peal of laughter followed, the people went off every way, and the next day the lecturer upon electricity and guano was among the missing.

A few days ago, a lady of our acquaintance in this city, feeling sick at the stomach, took a teaspoonful of New England rum, as she supposed; but not liking the taste, she examined the bottle, and found that she had taken corrosive sublimate, which had been kept for the destruction of chimneys whenever chimneys should come. The family becoming alarmed, the lady of the house proceeded to mix, as she supposed, a teaspoonful of ground ipecacuanna, and this the patient swallowed in her fright, as speedily as she had swallowed the poison.—Judge, however, of the surprise of all, when they ascertained that the article was Scotch snuff. The accidents however off-set each other; for the lady, after enduring a siege equal to that endured by the ancient city of Troy, came forth from her couch entirely well; and, as she expressed it, "very much better for the Scotch snuff." As this is a new remedy for poison, we insert the fact for the benefit of the medical faculty at home and abroad.

United States Journal.

BALANCING.—During the sleighing last winter, one of the New-York Omnibusses on runners came very near upsetting, the vehicle being balanced over the gutter some moments.

"Narrow escape, driver!" said one of the alarmed passengers.

"All skill!" said the Jehu; "I turned over my quid of tobacco just in time, and that saved us."