

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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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.

Worship at Sea.

Faintly o'er the ocean
Faded evening's ray,
Calmly on the waters
A noble vessel lay:
Hark! as the zephyrs rise
'Mid twilight shadows dim,
They waft in music to the skies
The sailors' evening hymn.
Darkly brooding o'er them,
Wave the storm-cloud's wings;
Forth the gathering tempest
His sable banner flings:
Hark! while the shrouded sky
With thunder peals is riven,
Swells forth, in voices calm and high,
The sailors' prayer to Heaven.
Brightly beams the morning
O'er the vessel's track,
Every glancing ripple
Gives its glory back:
Hark! round that altar lone,
Full, manly voices raise
On high, in glad triumphal tone,
The sailors' song of praise.
Thus on life's wide ocean
Fearfully we sail;
Smiles or frowns above us,
Sunshine or the gale;
And thus 'neath pleasures morn,
Or sorrow's darken'd sky,
Oh! be our hearts free tribute borne
In triumph-tones on high!

A. Q. K.

Altitude of Mountains.

For many years it was thought that the two highest peaks of the Andes in South America (Chimborazo and Cotapaxi) were the highest mountains in the world; and when it was ascertained that no less than three peaks of the Himalays mountains in Asia exceeded them by several thousand feet, it was a matter of wonder that the fact had not been discovered before. It ought to be a matter of equal surprise that in the "Empire State" of New York, where they study geography as much as any thing next to politics, a range of mountains should exist for years almost without note, whose highest peak is 5500 feet above the level of the sea—which is nearly 2000 feet higher than any point of the Green Mountains. Yet such is the fact. The highest peak is in Essex county in that State, near the head waters of the Hudson, which in fact takes its rise in that range of mountains which are still without a name! A party of scientific gentlemen have recently visited them, and ascertained their altitude. They found ice of the thickness of several inches on the 5th of the present month. The nearest settler is nine miles distant, and it is believed the principal summit was never before reached by civilized men. The White Hills of New Hampshire were discoverable across the tops of the Green Mountains.

A Fearful Adventure. A VOLCANO.

Dr. Judd then sought for a place where he might dip up some of the recent and yet fluid lava, but found none sufficiently liquid for the purpose. Failing here, he proceeded towards the great fiery lake, at the southern extremity of the crater. He found that the ascent towards this was rapid, because the successive flowings of the lava had formed crusts, which lapped over each other. This rock was so dark in color as to be almost black, and so hot as to act upon spittle just as iron, heated nearly to redness would have done. On breaking through the outer crust, which was two or three inches thick, the mass beneath, although solid was of a cherry red.

The pole with which the crust was pierced took fire as it was withdrawn. It was evidently impossible to approach any nearer in this direction, for, although the heat might be so intense as to prevent walking on the crust, yet the crust might be too weak to bear the weight; and to break through would have been to meet a death of the most appalling kind. Dr. Judd, therefore, turned towards the west bank, on which he mounted to a higher level over stones too hot to be touched, but from which his feet were defended by stout woolen stockings and sandals of hide worn over his shoes. When he had proceeded as far as he could in this direction, he saw, at the distance of thirty feet from him, a stream of lava running down the deliriv over which he and his companion had ascended.

On the sides of this crater Dr. Judd saw some fine specimens of capillary glass, "Pele's hair," which he was anxious to obtain for our collection. He, therefore, by the aid of the hand of one of the natives, descended and began to select specimens. When fairly down, he was in danger of falling, in consequence of the narrowness of the footing; but in spite of this difficulty, his anxiety to select the best specimens enticed him onwards. While thus advancing, he saw and heard a slight movement in the lava, about fifty feet from him, which was twice repeated, and curiously led him to turn to approach the place where the motion appeared. In an instant the crust was broken asunder by a terrific heave, and a jet of the melted lava, full fifteen feet in diameter, rose to about forty five feet with a most appalling noise.

He instantly turned for the purpose of escaping, but found that he was now under a projecting ledge, which opposed his ascent, and that the place where he had descended was some feet distant. The heat was already too great to permit him to turn his face towards it, and was every moment increasing; while the violence of the throes, which shook the rock beneath his feet, augmented. Although he considered his life as lost, he did not omit the means for preserving it, but, offering up a mental prayer for the Divine aid, he strove, although in vain, to scale the projecting rock. While thus engaged, he called in English upon his native attendants for aid; and, looking upwards, saw the friendly hand of Kalumo, who, on this fearful occasion had not abandoned his special guide and friend, extended towards him. Ere he could grasp it, the fiery jet again rose above their heads, and Kalumo shrunk back, scorched and terrified, until excited by a second appeal, he again stretched forth his hand, and seizing Dr. Judd's with a giant grasp, their joint efforts placed him on the ledge. Another moment and all aid would have been unavailing to save Dr. Judd from perishing in the fiery deluge. In looking for the natives, they were seen some hundreds of yards distant, running as fast as their legs could carry them. On his calling to them, however, they returned and brought the frying pan and pole. By this time about ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed. The crater was full of lava, running over at the lower and northern side, when Dr. Judd was enabled to dip up a pan of it. It was, however, too cold to take an impression, and had a crust on its top.

On a second trial he was successful, and, when it was red hot he endeavored to stamp it with a navy button, but the whole sunk by its own weight, being composed of a frothy lava, and become suddenly cold, leaving only the mark of the general shape of the button with

out any distinct impression. The cake he thus obtained (for it resembled precisely a charred pound cake) was added to our collections, and is now in the hall where they are deposited. This lake I have designated as Judd's lake, and believe that few will dispute his being entitled to the honor of having it called after him. Dr. Judd now found that he had no time to lose for the lava was flowing so rapidly to the north that their retreat might be cut off and the whole party be destroyed. They, therefore, at once took leave of the spot, and only escaped by running.

When the danger was past Dr. Judd began to feel some smarting at his wrists and elbows, and perceived that his shirt was a little scorched. By this time he had reached the tents, and we examined him, he was found to be severely burnt on each wrist, in spots of the size of a dollar, and also on his elbows and wherever his shirt had touched his skin. Kalumo's whole face was one blister, particularly that side which had been most exposed to the fire. The crater had been previously measured by Dr. Judd, and was found to be thirty eight feet deep by two hundred feet in diameter. The rapidity of its filling, in twelve minutes, will give some idea of the quantity of the fluid mass.—[Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition.

Gratitude.

There are strange ways of showing grateful feeling. The most quizzical, to our fancy, was one developed by a young scapegrace out west. The hero of the story was a youngster of a highly respectable family in Philadelphia. Preferring a roving life, he ran away from home, and went to the west to exhibit puppets—such as the comical history of Old Honiz and his family. Arriving at a town on the Mississippi river, on a Saturday, he advertised his exhibition to come off on Monday night following. The next day, being Sunday, he attired himself in a suit of solemn black, with white neckcloth—the dress he much affected—and crossed the river to another town, where a celebrated preacher was to hold forth. The preacher, from some unexplained reason, did not come; but the deacons, seeing our hero enter in his clerical suit, and solemn face, supposed him to be a minister, and advancing, asked him if he would fill the vacant pulpit. He accepted—Satan prompting him thereto—and after a prayer, by the resident minister, preached a very good sermon. "The audience were so attentive, and seemed so struck with my remarks," said scapegrace, in telling the story, "that I felt myself once on the point of affectionately inviting the whole congregation to visit my exhibition, on the next evening, and see the whole performance of Old Honiz, without any charge for admission—including two comic songs, from the new minister.—New York Mirror.

Boiling Potatoes.

Not one housekeeper out of ten knows how to boil potatoes properly. Here is an Irish method, the very best we know. "Clean, wash the potatoes and leave the skin on them, bring the water to a boil and throw them in. As soon as boiled soft enough for a fork to be easily thrust through them, dash some cold water into the pot, let the potatoes remain two or three minutes, and then pour off the water.—This done, half remove the pot lid, and let the potatoes remain over a slow fire till the steam is evaporated, then peel and set them on the table in an open dish. Potatoes of good kind thus cooked will always be sweet, dry, and mealy. A covered dish is bad for potatoes, as it keeps the steam in and makes them soft and watery."

A SENSIBLE DOG.—The Boston Temperance Standard tells the following good 'un:

A gentleman residing at Brighton has a Newfoundland dog remarkable for his sagacity. The other day he attempted to catch a couple of mice, which evaded his efforts, by creeping into the hay. After repeated disappointments, he was observed to run with great haste into the house, and presently return with the cat in his mouth. He laid her down by the hay, and holding her between his paws, kept her safe until the mice again made their appearance.—Their fate was sealed; and the dog seemed greatly satisfied with the success of the scheme. The Standard adds that the statement can be verified if any doubt it.

[BY REQUEST.]

—, May 10th, 1820

My Dear Sister:

A sad calamity has befallen our family. Our darling brother has been—refused. It took place this morning. We had long known that he was suffering from an attack of the tender passion, but in consequence of severe losses at play, and our father's obduracy, who refused to advance him a single stiver, it reached its crisis, before we were prepared for it. It was a hard thing for him, a man and a Howard, to acknowledge to another, and that other a woman, that he found himself insufficient for his own happiness—but when he reflected that his ancestors had all done the same thing before him, and that it would not be considered as derogating from his dignity, he resolved to smother his pride and follow in their footsteps. His strongest feelings too were enlisted in the question, for he had ever present with him a gnawing sense of emptiness, so to speak, which extended to his pocket.

The most tender affection had ever subsisted between us, and on this occasion he sought my confidence. He had composed his offer, and had again and again recited it to the corner cupboard, and affectionately kissed the keyhole; but fearing when he should address it to a sentiment being, he might lose his self-possession and break down in the middle, he asked of me the favor of rehearsal. You will blush for my weakness, but I acknowledge the bare thought of such a scene completely unnerved me,—but when I reflected upon the state of his finances, and that success to him was as the very breath of his nostrils, I conquered my emotions, and acceded to his solicitations. Ah! my sister, what a sweetly interesting moment! and if my agitation was so great at this, how shall I ever endure the reality?

I endeavored to enter into the spirit of the scene and according to custom essayed some faint objections; but he obviated them in a moment, and indeed the effect was truly tremendous when he came down upon his knees and alluded to self-destruction.

I pronounced it perfect, but still he was not satisfied. "There are other ways," he said, that may be more effective, for "instance, I am more at home on horseback, and as I have it all cut and dried, and on the tip of my tongue, perhaps it might get jerked off, as it were, without my knowing it." But I had insuperable objection to this plan, for though I was aware that if refused, he might show his sense of injury by spurring on and leaving her, yet still there were advantages in being under cover not lightly to be relinquished. Had he been more conversant with our sex, he would have known there is no sight so moving to the female heart, as that of a real live man prostrate before her, weeping, perspiring, and imploring! Yes, my sister, that is no fiction,—many a man surprised and overwhelmed by a refusal, has "bowed his pride" and cried all over his broadcloth. Forgive the inelegance of my expressions, but truth must not be sacrificed to euphony.

"I will do so," he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "and will this moment seek her residence," and it was a beautiful sight as he flung himself into the saddle, and riding rather with the steed than on him, rose and fell gently in his seat with the regularity and precision of the piston of a steam engine.

Occupied with pleasing thoughts of the great beauty and wealth of our intended sister, I was unconscious of the lapse of time, till I was roused by the tramp of a flying steed. Can this be the look of successful love, thought I, as with convulsed brow and clenched fists he flung himself into the apartment? Oh! what a spectacle for a sister's eye. He was red to the very roots of his hair, and language not the most courtly fell from his quivering lips. I approached him—I endeavored to throw myself into his arms. He repulsed me. He used opprobrious epithets. "All alike, all alike," said he. I felt the cutting injustice of the expression, for never could I answer to my conscience to be guilty of such cruelty.

Our mother, ah! what a tie that is, sought her son. She hung over him and pressed into his hand a "trifle" which she had privately abstracted from our father's vestments. Heaven grant he may not miss it. The sight of his mother's tears and the unexpected "tin" com-

pletely unmanned him, and the crystal sluces gave way.

Nor did she forget his moral nature—a potent cordial soothed his exasperated feelings and he sank into a powerful slumber. I have just left him: a continuous hum sounds from his chamber. It has been a day of intense excitement to us all, for we feared it would strike to his vitals. To me it seemed that he was severely handled, but our dear mother, who has an uncommon acquaintance with men and things, remarked that he was not more so than is usual with men of sensibility and true feeling, and particularly where the charms of the beloved one are not entirely of a personal nature—that their exercises are frequently of an extraordinary character—that love is the strongest feeling in the manly heart except the passion for tobacco.

Oh! what a responsibility is ours! When we consider that a proposal of marriage involves, not merely the bestowal of a name or of an immense list, but the expenditure of money, absolute money; it seems to me that nothing but a previous engagement can justify a refusal.

But to our brother. No other connexion promised equal advantages. Old Van Bokkelen's estate is dreadfully encumbered, and neighbor Vanduzzen has gone on foolishly adding to his family till his property is not worth dividing.

3 o'clock. Our brother is awake but complains of an internal sense of *goneness*. I have witnessed mortal anguish in many shapes—I have seen the loss of teeth, eye teeth, I have witnessed fearful contusions, but never have I beheld aught that penetrated to the very depths of my soul like the wailing of a *refused* man!

"Oh Love! what is it in this world of ours,
That makes it fatal to be loved!"

S***

Peter Funk used up.

We learn from the N. Y. Commercial, that a Southern gentleman boarding at Howard's Hotel, while sitting in front of the house had his ears regaled with such sounds as going—going—a handsome gold lever watch—going for \$18, only \$18," &c. He withstood the temptation some time, but at length sauntered into the (mock) auctioneer's office. He happened to be tolerably conversant with the ways of the world, and had the good sense to read the daily papers; and fully aware that every gold watch sold at such places had its exact counterpart, to all appearance, in pinhead gilt, carefully kept in the "settling office," he bid \$22 for one that took his fancy. It was knocked down to him very promptly, and the auctioneer holding out his hand for the watch, that it might be duly "entered," asked the Southerner to step into the other office. But the buyer declined any secrecy in the matter, and preferred keeping the watch he had bought in the possession of its now legitimate owner.

The "Peter Funk," perceiving that he was likely to be in the wrong box, leaped over the counter, bolted the door, and began to act the bully. For this, however, the Southerner was well prepared, and, producing a revolving pistol, demanded that the door be unbolted. This was refused, and threats of violence were resorted to. The buyer, then, duly warned the aggressor, fired one barrel, merely aiming to singe the assailant's whisker and effecting nothing more.

Other participants in the hoped for spoils joined in the attack, but they were all kept at bay by the formidable weapon; the firing, the loud talking and the closed door, soon attracted a crowd and the Southern gentleman's acquaintances; the door was burst open and all the partners in the establishment were conducted to the Tombs. As the affair has not been made public, we presume that it was 'compromised.'

WALKING is the most perfect exercise of the human body; every artery from the heart to the extremities propels the blood quickly and more equally in walking than in other exercise. The blood is drawn from the head and upper parts, where it is most slow and languid, and is circulated with rapidity to every part.

Girls are said to be so scarce in Michigan, Wisconsin, &c., that it is thought 3000 could get husbands in three months by going there to populate the West.