

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 6.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1845.

No. 24.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SCHOCH & SPERING.

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 arrears 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 arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices 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.

LABOR.

Ho, ye who at the anvil toil,
And strike the sounding blow,
Where from the burning iron's breast
The sparks fly to and fro,
While answering to the hammer's ring,
And fire's intenser glow—
Oh, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And sweat the long day through,
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho, ye who till the stubborn soil,
Whose hard hand guides the plough,
Who bend beneath the summer sun,
With burning cheek and brow—
Ye deem the curse still clings to earth
From olden time till now,
But while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor all day through
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho, ye who plough the sea's blue field;
Who ride the restless wave,
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel
There lies a yawning grave,
Around whose bark the wintry winds
Like field of fury rage—
Oh, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor long hours through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho, all who labor—all who strive!
Ye wield a lofty power,
Do with your might, do with your strength
Fill every golden hour;
The glorious privilege to do
Is man's most noble dower,
On to your birthright and yourselves,
To your own souls be true;
A weary, wretched life is theirs,
Who have no work to do.

"Dismiss that Hog."

Judge Dooley, of Georgia, was remarkable for his wit, as well as for other talents. At one place where he attended Court, he was not well pleased with his entertainment at the tavern. On the first day of his arrival a hog—under the name of pig—had been cooked whole and laid on the table. No person attacked it. It was brought the next day, and the next, and treated with the same respect, and it was on the table on the day on which the Court adjourned. As the party finished dinner, Judge Dooley rose from the table, and in a solemn manner addressed the Clerk:

"Mr. Clerk," said he, "dismiss that hog upon his recognition until the first day of the next Court. He has attended so faithfully during the present term, that I don't think it will be necessary to take any security."

"A play upon words," as the boy said when he kicked the dictionary up and down the school room.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle. The Romance of History.

THE ANCIENTS OF AMERICA.

Mound Excavations.

Chillicothe is not only the site of a modern American town, flourishing and sightly, but was once the very seat and centre of the ancient Indian population. Dense with people as the fields with standing corn, was once the ancient Chillicothe; and more dense than the modern tombs, were the sepulchres there erected to mark the cities of the dead. On every road, and in almost every field, in the great alluvial plain around the junction of the Scioto and Paint Creek, are seen the Mounds, where not only one, but many dead bodies, were entombed together.

Recently Dr. Davis, of Chillicothe, and another gentleman, have been engaged in excavating these ancient tombs—comparing one with another, and drawing, if possible, some conclusions from the results. In all they have found twenty-three, and accumulated articles, instruments and remains enough to make quite a Museum of disinterred relics. We have been kindly permitted to examine these articles, and to enter the excavated Mounds. The conclusions we have come to are more satisfactory than any we have previously arrived at, and in regard to general principles seem to us impregnable.

1. *The ancient Mounds of this country are Tombs, and only tombs,* although it is not at all improbable they may have been occasionally so placed as to answer the purpose of a look-out post or tower. But their original purpose was that of tombs. This is absolutely established by the fact, that nearly every one (probably the whole) contains the remains of human bodies. The articles found with these—such as crockery ware, hatchets, arrows, &c., were unquestionably deposited, on the present aboriginal principle of burying with the body the weapons, instruments and ornaments possessed by the warrior while alive. The articles found are all of this description.

2. *The interments in these mounds have been made at different and distant intervals of time.* This may very naturally have taken place while the same race inhabited the country—as it did in the tombs of Egypt, and as it does in the catacombs of Paris. There is incontrovertible evidence that this was the fact in the mounds.—In one of the circular parapets found round Chillicothe, there are no less than thirteen mounds. These have all been opened, and all show the same results. They show indisputably, that there have been at least two distinct sets of burials, and that these have been at different intervals of time. In the upper part of the mound for example, are frequently found bones nearly entire. The skulls and bones of the thigh and arm are found. With these are found arrow heads, and crockery ware, such as it is well known the Indians had in their savage state, and which they buried with their warriors. In one of them was a Silver Cross and circle, undoubtedly belonging to Catholic Indians. The date of these burials cannot be reasonably placed beyond two hundred years.

The manner in which the recent relics have been placed in, at the top of the mound, and distinct from these, for the burial of which the mound was erected, is one important and characteristic fact.

At the bottom of the mound, about on the level with the natural ground, occurs what are obviously the most ancient remains, and to which is attached the only real mystery belonging to these tombs. The first thing to be observed about these is, that they are accompanied by an hearth, or altar, on which the human remains, as well as the domestic articles which accompanied them, were burned. This Sacrificial Altar, however rude, is a very important fact in the analysis of these tombs. The fact of the existence of this altar is amply proved by the eye. It is composed very rudely, of two parts. The lower is a sort of rough brick, or clay, dried and burnt. On the top of this, and about two inches thick, is a plaster, or lime coating. This artificial pan is an oval shape, from three to six feet in diameter. The object of it was to burn, or sacrifice the bodies and things buried. The proof of this fact is—1. The bones are very seldom discovered here, and when they are, (such as the thigh bone)

are those most likely to escape the fire, and have that aspect. 2. There are partly consumed articles found on this altar. 3. The pieces of crockery-ware, &c., are burnt and broken. The conclusion, then, is irresistible, that this was a place of sacrifice, in which the bodies at first entombed were burned; or, in case they consumed naturally, there was certainly burnt something as sacrifice.

These are the facts, which show that there have been two sets of interments in these tombs. The first and oldest was at the bottom of the Mound, and was accompanied by sacrificial burnings. The second were burials made by persons who came in an after-time, and re-opened the mound, to deposit their dead. That the second burial was a re-opening of the tomb seems to be proved by the fact that the mound was originally composed in homogeneous strata of earth, the top of which is a gravel layer nearly a foot thick. At the top only, this seems to have been deranged, and made heterogeneous, as in the ordinary throwing up of graves. It has been said that because the mounds were so stratified, they were natural! The absurdity of this can be seen, by asking where did nature ever produce, on a perfect plan, circular parapets, with regular cones in them? Besides, the strata are not the strata of the surrounding soil. They are palpably artificial, and the mounds palpably tombs.

3. *These tombs do not furnish evidence, that the different burials were by different nations, or races of people.* On the contrary, the various articles found in all the graves, and very nearly all the mounds, are of the same kind and character. They are hatchets, arrows heads, crockery ware, pieces of metal, Isinglass, or Mica, &c. Such a very great similarity convinces us, that in constructing all the monuments, whether of War, Peace, or Burial yet found in the Valley of the Mississippi, there have been engaged but one race of people.

4. *This people were not possessed of the Arts of a high Civilization.* In respect to the evidence furnished by these mounds, the proposition is obvious. There is nothing among them beyond the rude arts of Savage Life; and nothing beyond what our North American Indians are now known to accomplish. If the fabricators of these stone hatchets knew how to manufacture iron, would they waste their time and labor in polishing flint? Would they take such great pains to make stone arrows? Not only this; but they have left in these tombs lead ore, but not manufactured lead. In one word, they have exhibited nothing but the labor of the hands in their arts. They have shown neither the ingenuity nor the intellect of civilization.

5. *There is evidence of antiquity, but not of very great antiquity.* The recent burials, by the fact of their containing Catholic Crosses, have been made within the period in which the Catholic missionaries commenced their operations among the Indians. But when were the mounds built? And when did these Sacrificial burials take place? We are willing enough to concede any remote antiquity to them, but it is more philosophical to ask, within what period might they have been erected?

Five or six hundred years are enough to give full maturity to the most venerable patriarchs of the forest. Grant that these may be found on the tops of parapets and mounds. Grant that three hundred years since, when the Catholic Indians buried in them, they were then, as now, ancient remains, unknown to tradition.—Grant that these aged trees were then upon them, and these bones then decayed. What then? It is easy to see that all this may have been done in a thousand years. It is absolutely certain that it may all have been done, and lost in the obscurity of antiquity within the era of Christianity. Mr. Stevens thinks this was the fact with the ruined cities of Mexico; and there is strong and unanswerable facts in favor of that opinion. But this is not high antiquity. It is in truth, a recent epoch in the history of the world.

Thus, much of the mystery and poetic romance which seemed to envelope this subject, and give it the interest of an untried and apparently impracticable path through the wilds of antiquity, is likely to be dissolved like other mists, into thin air. We shall never know the detailed history of the aboriginal race of Amer-

ica; but we can know their character by their remains; and their lineage by their lineaments. The former was most unquestionably that of a barbarous people; and the latter has the unmistakable characteristics, in person and habits, of that great Tartar or Scythian race, which, from the earliest ages of the world, have inhabited the upper regions of Asia, and whence they have at different periods, descended upon other countries. That they might have reached America with very little art, is well known: that they did so, is in the highest degree probable.

Romance in Real Life.

One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at that time, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended him. These arguments made no impression on her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a long-life satisfaction to her to know who attended him, if he did not. She accordingly staid and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went round with the death carts had visited the chamber and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborn by the strength of her conviction; though their own reason was opposed to it.

The half-hour again came round, and again was heard the solemn words, "Bring out your dead!" The wife again resisted their importunities, but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one; but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the orders they received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fulmination of the infected apartments.

She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears, continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but finally, overcome by tears, again departed.—With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore him. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreadful half-hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all of their remonstrances she answered, "If you bury him you shall bury me with him." At last by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise, that if he showed no signs of life before they again came round she would make no further opposition to the removal.

Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bed-post, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold, she looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the half hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard, passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently; and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally, the position of the head had become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick grasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death men came again, they found him sitting up in bed. He is still alive and has enjoyed unusually good health.—Mrs. Childs.

That Harpoon Story.

Strange as it may seem, there are some unbelievers in it. The Bunker Hill Aurora tells an anecdote of a shark, which it thinks is even more remarkable, and full as true, as that of the whale.

Some years ago, says the Aurora, when Ex-Governor Morton was on the bench, one Capt. Taylor boarded with the Judge at the Bloomfield House. One morning the Judge came in while several gentlemen were standing by, and says to Capt. Taylor, "Captain, I passed the evening with Com. ——— last evening, and he speaks very highly of your invitation, &c., but, captain, I have been thinking that if a shark should happen to come along while you were under water, what would you do then?" "Why judge," said he, "one of my copper boots would make an indigestible breakfast for him." "Ah! I don't know about that," said the judge; "some time ago, a shark chased a boat, and the men heated a large shot red hot, and threw it overboard to him; he soon swallowed it and it burnt out, whereupon he turned round and caught again, and did so two or three times before it reached the bottom."

The company manifested their gravity from respect to the judge, until one gentleman declared it was "a fact, for said he, a friend of mine was sculling near the shark at the time. The shark became so exasperated, that he swallowed my friend boat and all, and he immediately stuck the oar out of the hole made by the shot and sculled for shore!"

The judge mizzled, and made straight for the door, and has not alluded to the subject since.

The Millerites attempting to raise the Dead!

A short time since one of the followers of Miller and Himes committed suicide at Nashua, N. H., by walking deliberately into the Merrimack river, in presence of several persons on the opposite side, who could not reach him till he had drowned. It soon became noised about, among his Miller brethren of the town, a number of whom repaired to the spot, took charge of the body, and carried it to one of their own houses. All at once they became filled with faith that they could restore him to life, and with that view actually prayed and sang over the corpse nearly all Sunday night. It is perhaps needless to say that they did not make a raise.

The Value of Laughter.

A witty writer says, in praise of laughter:—Laughter has even dissipated disease and preserved life by a sudden effort of nature. We are told that the great Erasmus laughed so heartily at the satire by Reuchlier and Van Hutten, that he broke an imposthume, and recovered his health. In a singular treatise on "Laughter," Joubert gives two similar instances. "A patient, being very low, the physician, who had ordered a dose of rhubarb, countermanded the medicine, which was left on the table. A monkey in the room, jumping up, discovered the goblet, and, having tasted, made a terrible grimace. Again putting only his tongue into it, he perceived some sweetness of the dissolved manna, while the rhubarb had sunk to the bottom. Thus emboldened, he swallowed the whole, but found it such a nauseous potion that after many strange and fantastic grimaces, he gritted his teeth in agony, and in a violent fury threw the goblet on the floor. The whole affair was so ludicrous that the sick man burst into repeated peals of laughter, and the recovery of cheerfulness led to health."

"My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?"

"Why, my dear Mary," replied Julia, "I believe I could take him at a pinch."

"Those wicked men they did conspire
To kill the king with Gun—pow—dire."

Guilt upon the conscience will make a feather bed hard; but peace of mind will make a straw bed soft and easy.

It makes a girl proud to have one beau; but when she has two, Lord! bless your soul! you can't get within ten feet of her.

The Chambersburg (Pa.) Whig has received a BEER which weighs seven pounds.