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

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From the Louisville Journal.

The Mountain Girl.

She bounds away with footsteps light
And fluttering robe, and tossing curl,
And young heart trembling with affright,
The wild and graceful mountain girl!
Thus lightly springs at dewy morn,
Swift darting o'er the sunny slope
Affrighted at the hunter's horn—
The light and timid anelope!

'Twas here she stood with throbbing heart
Light poised as if on bird-like wing,
Her white lips drooped—her lips apart
With music in their murmuring—
While dark curls, like a purple plume,
Above the trembling glances bowed
That ever quivered thro' their gloom
Lightning thro' the thunder cloud.

And oh her eye was like the bright
Dark depths of some lone Indian sea,
All rippling o'er with liquid light,
And deep with dark transparency!
Thus sweetly looks the evening star
When all beside is dimly dull,
Large, soft and sad—afloat afar
All sweetly—wildly beautiful.

But oh those eyes—those round white arms
That budding breast that rose and fell
The lovelier for its light alarm
Were beauties indescribable!
Thus in its still and native wood
Beneath the sunbeams' soft caress
Some lonely wild-flower oft may bloom
And blossom in the wilderness!

Oh thou so sweet—so fair—so blest—
So winning in thy native grace—
Pure virtue is thy bosom-guest,
Thy heart its soft abiding place!
Farewell! yet tho' my steps depart
To mingle in life's busy whirl,
I bear away in my full heart,
Thine image—graceful mountain girl!

PHANTASMA.

Death's Final Struggle.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.
The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds;
All heads must come
To the cold tomb.
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Sailing on Land.

We learn from a Western paper that Mr. Wm. Thomas had just returned to Independence, Mo., from a trip of twelve days on the prairies in his wind ship. He says it worked well, and he is now willing to make a tour to the buffalo country if a sufficient number of passengers can be raised to justify him in making the expedition. He takes one six pounder, a beautiful stand of colors, tents, &c. He was to again start in a few days if he could succeed in getting a company who desired to enjoy the most beautiful season of the year for a buffalo hunt.

General Taylor and his State Carriage.

The extreme simplicity of General Taylor's habits has become proverbial; but like all human beings, if the General was not proud of his dress, or of the pride and prompt of "glorious war," he had his weakness, and it displayed itself in his state carriage. This magnificent vehicle was one of the last purchases the old soldier made ere he started for the war. It was none of those high backed, four-horse, soft-cushioned, coat-of-arms panelled affairs, such as Martin Van Buren imported from England to ride in when he was President, but it was, in vulgar parlance, a Jersey wagon, and one of the ugliest and most inconvenient ones ever sent out of that sand soil State. We have no doubt that this same wagon was kept on hand in some little country town until it was discovered that no one would buy it, and it was sent out to New Orleans to sell. Now, Old Zac looked at it, and it struck his fancy as one of the most luxuriant, strong axle-treed, hard-seated, low-backed, first-rate carriages, that ever was made; so he bought it, shipped it, and in due time landed it at Corpus Christi. It was evidently Gen. Taylor's pet; he kept it standing right up beside Ringgold and Duncan's batteries, as if he would have those sons of thunder blaze away at anybody that did not say it was one of the greatest carriages that ever was made.

The old General was never seen in it. By many it was supposed that the top was so low that such a thing was impossible. When he started to Matamoras from Corpus Christi, it was made the carrier of the old General's blue chest, and the celebrated over-coat that got wounded at Buena Vista. After the battles of the 8th and 9th, a change for two hours and fifty seven minutes came over his feelings—he had read, no doubt, of "General Scott's splendid military carriage"—and old Zack came to the conclusion that he must put on a little grandeur, so he got in his military carriage, and started from Point Isabel to Matamoras, to complete his victories by driving Arista from that town. No record was ever made when he resumed his old grey, but long before half the distance was completed, a sick soldier was in the General's place, and he himself was again on horseback. Nothing of an exciting nature occurred to the old "Jarsey carryall" for a long time. It was duly dragged about and stationed where its owner could see it taken care of and honored. It went up to Monterey, and finally down to Victoria. When the General was ordered back from his march to Vera Cruz, the old wagon top looked exceedingly surly, and its wheels screeched awfully. On this trip it met with a sad disaster. A drunken teamster run his baggage wagon into it, tore its hind wheels off, and otherwise laid it in ruins. Now, the old General had philosophy enough to pocket, without repining, the orders that were so humiliating to his pride; but he had not philosophy enough to pocket the destruction of his state carriage, so he rode up to the unfortunate teamster, and catching him by both ears, he shook the fellow's head violently, exclaiming "what did you do that for; I brought (the wagon) all the way from Corpus Christi." The excitement soon passed away, the old General cast a lingering glance at the ruins of his pet, and left it to decay beside the road.—N. O. National.

Probable Discovery of the History of a Former Race.

The Lower Sandusky (Ohio) Democrat states that, about two miles from that village, on land known as the "Kerr tract," there is an ancient mound, circular at the base, about 39 feet in diameter, rising ovally to a point, which is surmounted by an oaken stump, probably originally two feet in diameter, which is almost totally decayed from age. A few days since, some boys dug into the mound; and nearly under the stump, at the depth of three feet, a skeleton was found, much decayed, but portions of it in a fair degree of preservation. Near the head were found two stone hatchets, an arrow head, a stone pipe, and—far more singular—a lot of plates, apparently of isinglass, which are covered with lines and hieroglyphics of different and beautiful colors and workmanship broken a more advanced and entirely different state of the arts than has been heretofore discovered in the remains of Indian tribes. Some of the plates were destroyed, but there are fifteen preserved. They are circular, oval in shape, and about 7 inches by 10 in size. A pipe, beautifully finished from stone, was also found, the bowl of which is nearly round, rises from a base, on the bottom of which are the figures "1461." Measures have been taken under the supervision of some intelligent citizens, farther to explore this singular mound. There is little doubt that these plates contain the history of some former race that has inhabited this country, and farther discoveries will be awaited with impatience.

India Rubber Springs for Carriages.

Mr. B. F. Ray, of New York, has invented springs for Railroad Carriages made of Good-year's prepared India rubber. They are said to be more economical and durable than iron springs, combining strength with elasticity.

Facts about Digestion.

The Hartford Review gives some facts in reference to the nutritive and digestive qualities of various articles of food, which may be of interest to some of our readers. The Review says: "Wheat is the most nutritious of all substances, except oil; containing ninety-five parts of nutriment to five of waste matter. Dry peas, nuts and barley, are nearly as nutritious as wheat. Garden vegetables stand lowest on the list, inasmuch as they contain, when fresh a large portion of water. The quantity of waste matter is more than eight-tenths of the whole. Only one-fortieth of a cucumber is capable of being converted into nutriment. The nutritious part of the different meats varies from one-fifth to one-eighth of the whole. Veal is the most nutritious; mutton next; then chicken; then beef; last, pork. Fruits vary between two and three-tenths of nutritious matter, and their order is as follows, the most nutritious being placed first.—Plums, grapes, apricots, strawberries, melons. Milk contains less than one-tenth of nutritious matter, as it is mainly composed of water.

Of all the articles of food, boiled rice is digested in the shortest time—an hour. As it also contains eight-tenths of nutritious matter, it is a valuable substance of diet. Tripe and pig's feet (strange to tell) are digested almost as rapidly. Apples, if sweet and ripe, are next in order. Venison is digested almost as apples. Roasted potatoes are digested in half the time required by the same vegetable boiled, which occupy three hours and a half—more than beef or mutton! Bread occupies three hours and a quarter. Stewed oysters and boiled eggs are digested in three hours and a half, an hour more than is required by the same articles raw.—Turkey and goose are converted in two hours and a half sooner than chicken.

Roasted veal, pork and salt beef, occupy five hours and a half—the longest of all articles of food.

"Zat is my Trunk!"

Under this significant title, the "old 'un" tells in the N. Y. Spirit the following capital anecdote, "as he had it from a friend of his." It chanced to be in our sanctum that the "old 'un" was favored with the communication, and the gorgeous laugh it elicited from the hearers was enough to keep them in good humor for a twelvemonth.

In the days of coaching over the Providence turnpike, before rail-road cars were *in esse*, and baggage crates existed, and when travellers had to keep a sharp lookout for their luggage, some forty or fifty passengers had just stepped on board the old "Ben Franklin" and got under way on old Narragansett Bay. A gentleman, who had occasion to get some of his wardrobe had just hauled out from an immense pile of baggage stowed amid-ships, a new black leather trunk of portly dimensions, studded with brass nails, when a little withered Frenchman, of a mottled complexion, and fashionably dressed, darted from the crowd, and, interposing between our friend and his property, exclaimed courteously, but positively—

"I beg your pardon, *sare--mais, pardonnisme--* you have got ze wrong *sochon* by ze *oreille*—zat is my trunk!"

"Not so, Monsieur—I hope I know my own traps."

"*Restez tranquille—* hold on—dans un instant will prove my props—aha! you see dis key eh? Applying it to the lock, he threw up the lid, and then struck a triumphant attitude. "My key unlock you trunk—eh? Tell me zat!"

"Stand out of the way!—it's my trunk, I tell you."

"Hold on von leetle minute—zoose you shurts, eh?"

"To be sure they are!"

"Zose you drowaires, eh?"

"Certainly!"

"Vait a moment—I will prove my props, *sare*—and the little Frenchman, rummaging beneath a pile of shirts and socks produced a bottle, and said deliberately, with a hideous grin—

"Zat—your—bot-tolle of Dom froes Ish (itch) ointment—sare—eh? Ave you got von leetle Ish! Zis you *Remede* for the lepros (leprosy), eh? Ah! be dam! I knew it was my trunk!"

It is needless to remark that our friend immediately "opened a wide gap" between himself and his interesting victim of two of the most unpopular disorders known to suffering humanity.

Blackberry Mash.

Boil two quarts of blackberries ten minutes, and add half a pint of molasses. When it boils again, dust into it, from the edges, three table spoonfuls of fine wheat flour, stir it all the time, and, when the flour is completely mixed in, it is done enough. It makes a cheap and healthful dessert for the table, and is capital for the children to take to school to eat with bread for dinner.

It is announced that a number of deluded persons have commenced distributing tracts in Brooklyn, N. Y., to prove that the end of the world will take place on the 19th of Oct. next.

Nonsuiting a Creditor.

There was a certain lawyer on the Cape, a long time ago, the only one in those "diggins," then, and for aught I know, at present. He was a man well to do in the world and what was somewhat surprising in a lumb of the law, averse to encouraging litigation.

One day a client came to him in a violent rage. "Look-a-here, Squire," said he, "that 'ere blasted shoemaker down to Pigeon Cove has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him." "Did the boots suit you?" "Oh! yes—I've got 'em on—fast rate boots." "Fair price?" "Oh! yes." "Then you owe him the money honestly?"

"Course." "Well, why don't you pay him?" "Why, 'cause the blasted snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of the money if I kin." "It will cost you something." "I don't keer a cuss for that. How much money do you want to begin with?" "Oh, ten dollars will do." "Is that all. Well here's an X, so go ahead." And the client went on very well satisfied with the beginning. Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker and asked him what he meant by commencing legal proceedings against M—. "Why," said he, "I kept on sendin' to him for money till I got tired. I know'd he was able to pay—and I was 'termined to make him. That's the long and short of it." "Well," said the lawyer—"he's been a good customer to you, and I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceeding—but I think you'd better take this five dollars and call it square."

"Certain—Squire—if you say so—and glad to get it," was the answer. So the lawyer gave one V and kept the other. In a few days the client came along and asked the lawyer how he got on with his case. "Rapidly!" cried the lawyer—"we've nonsuited him! he'll never trouble you." "Jerusalem! that's great!" cried the client—"I'd rather gin fifty dollars than have had him got the money for them boots!"

A Beautiful Recluse.

The Brooklyn, N. Y., Advertiser relates quite a romantic story. The editor says that there dwells, in a secluded part of that city, "in a hole of wretched and obscure exterior, a young female of singular beauty, who for three years past, has lived a recluse from all association with the world, save in the common intercourse forced upon her by the purchase of her common articles. She is reputed to be immensely rich, and is known to be in possession of jewels of rare value; but whence she came, who she is, or what her object in pursuing a career so strange, no one can divine. Since she has been an occupant of the place, no visitor has been known to enter her abode, and lovely as she is in form and feature, she appears studiously to avoid the ruder sex, and seems to entertain for man insuperable aversion. There is a mystery connected with her which the most curious and inquisitive are unable to fathom; and a deep and all-absorbing interest in relation to her has been excited among many whom her personal charms have won to admiration."

New Roots to Old Trees.

The New England Farmer mentions the fact, that the editor of that journal having some pear trees on quince stocks which were dying, took a dozen pear stocks, two years old, and partially removed the earth from about the roots of six of the most sickly looking trees; so as to make room for the roots of the young pear stocks, placing one on each of the opposite sides of the old trees. The tops of the young stocks were cut off by a drawing stroke, making the taper about two inches in length as for splice grafting. A horizontal cut was then made through the bark of the tree just above its junction with the quince, and then an upward incision in the bark of the desired length. Enough of the bark below the horizontal cut was removed to prevent its offering any obstruction. The bark was then raised by carefully passing a three cornered wedge up the incision. The tapered point of the stock, prepared as above, was gently crowded up till it felt firm in its place, and was bound up firmly with matting. The earth was then carefully covered over the roots, and heaped up four or five inches above the place of operation to exclude the air.—The result was highly satisfactory. The trees are entirely renovated. Those on which he did not operate, died. Where trees are girdled about the roots by mice in winter, they may be saved in this way.

THE EDITOR of the Ohio Cultivator is getting quite poetical. Hear him:
"We never loved a charming critter,
But some one else was sure to git her."

Poetical Sheep Stealers.

A few weeks ago some fellows went into a field at Toy's Hold, Brasted, Eng., where having killed a sheep, they carried away the flesh, leaving the skin behind with the following poetical effusion attached to it—

Potatoes are scarce, turnips are thin,
We take the carcass, and leave you the skin

Diversity of Features.

It is a very evident proof of the adorable wisdom of God, that, although the bodies of men are so conformed to each other in their essential parts, yet there is, so great a difference in their external appearance that they may be easily and infallibly distinguished. Among many millions of men there are no two perfectly alike. Each has something peculiar which distinguishes him from all others, either in face, voice, or manner of speaking. The variety in face is the more astonishing, because the parts which compose the human face are few in number, and are disposed in every person according to the same plan. If all things had been produced by blind chance, the face of men must as nearly resemble each other as eggs laid by the same bird, balls cast in the same mould, or drops of water from the same bucket. But this is not the case; we must admire the infinite wisdom of the Creator, which, in diversifying the features of the face in so admirable a manner, has evidently the happiness of man in view. For, if they resembled each other perfectly, so that they could not be distinguished each from each, it would occasion an infinity of inconveniences, mistakes, and deceptions in society.—No man could ever be sure of his life, nor of the peaceable possession of his property.—Thieves and cut-throats would run no risk of being discovered, if they could not be known again by the features of their face or the sound of their voice. Adultery, theft, and other crimes would go unpunished, because the guilty could scarcely ever be discerned. We should be every moment exposed to the malice of wicked and envious men; and we could not guard against an infinity of mistakes, frauds, and misdemeanors. And what uncertainty would there be in judiciary proceedings, in sales, transfers, bargains, and commerce. What confusion in commerce! What frauds and bribery in respect to witnesses! Finally, the uniformity and perfect similitude of faces would deprive human society of a great part of its charms, and considerably diminish the pleasure which men find in conversing with each other.

The variety of features constitute a part of the plan of Divine government, and is a striking proof of the tender care of God toward us; for it is manifest that not only the general structure of the body, but also the disposition of its particular parts, have been executed with the greatest wisdom. Every where we behold variety connected with uniformity, whence result the order, proportion, and beauty of the human body. Let all who consider this subject admire the wise arrangements of the great Creator.—Sturm's Reflections.

A Beautiful Figure.

Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams; that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by enumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the mouldering tenement that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life is impregnated with death—health is made to operate its own destruction. The food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by a vivifying fire tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along our paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart! We see our friends and neighbors perishing among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall, perhaps give the next fruitless warning to the world!

To make a Green Rose.

We find the following receipt in one of the Exchanges:—"Place a fresh gathered rose in water as far as the stem will allow, then powder it over with fine rapped snuff, being careful not to load it too much—in about three hours, on shaking off the snuff, it will become a green rose.

Inhalation of Ether.

The knowledge of the exhilarating character of ether has already led, in London, to its abuse as a means of intoxication. A small apparatus has been invented for private convenience, and persons who first used it for the relief of pain, continue to use it for the pleasure it affords.—The apothecaries' shops in London, have regular customers for the liquid, and the apparatus for inhaling is found in many private houses. Terrible catalogues are given of the disastrous effects—frigid derangement of the digestive organs, diseases of the lungs, idiocy and death are declared to be almost certain attendants of habitual inhalation. If this is so, the warning cannot be too earnestly given against non-professional use of the *etheon*.

The imports at New York week before last, amounted to \$2,101,575.