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Speak Niagara.

Speak Niagara, And tell the date of thy mysterious birth— Art thou covel with our mother earth, And, has each new-born year that's past and gone, Listen'd with awe to thy tremendous song, Since first the sun his boundless light reveal'd Or earth within her lengthened orbit wheel'd.

Speak Niagara.

Speak Niagara, And tell the wary atheist of a God, That waked thee from oblivion with a nod, And raised from earth on high, thy chast'ning rod, To crush the impious wretch that mortals laud Who dates with sophistry and art proclaim, "Idle chance," gave birth to all that beings name.

Speak Niagara.

Speak Niagara, And let the hoarse anthem of thy wrath be heard, While thou dost thunder forth the Almighty's word. Those, whose impious tongues his name deride And bid them in earth's dreary caverns hide, Nor dare again, their treason to unfold, 'Gainst him from whose embrace creation rolled.

Speak Niagara.

Uplift thy own sublime and awful voice; Bidding the glorious light of truth rejoice, Till error's dark, relentless chains are broke, And god-like reason from her trance is woken; To bind no more with fetters fast and strong, Immortal spirits to atheistic wrong.

Russia and the United States.

The two most extraordinary powers of the present day, the two nations which bid far to survive the crumbling dynasties of Europe, and to divide between them the empire of the world, are Russia and the United States. Compared to their future destiny, each may be said to be in the infancy of its years. A greater contrast could not be presented than is found in the character and institutions of the people of these countries. On the one side, is general ignorance, the rule of a single man, absolute, unquestioned, irresistible. On the other, twenty-one millions, who, in the language of an eloquent orator, are at once the sovereigns and the subjects.

The population of Russia is fifty-four millions. Her debt, compared with that of England, France or Austria, (and if the Mexican war continues, we fear we must add the United States,) is a small one, being but a trifle over sixty-three millions. Her capacities for wealth and power is almost unbounded. She is equal to our own country in agricultural resources. From some portions of her territory she can supply bread to a starving world; in others, she can raise cotton, and in others pour forth a flood of precious metals from her mines. This vast empire is under the control of a single mind. The fifty millions of Russians act, move, and almost think as their Emperor will. The ship of State is a huge fabric, but a single hand guides her helm and controls her formidable batteries. The Emperor is supreme. The present ruler is fully imbued with the enterprise, energy and go-ahead spirit which distinguishes our own countrymen, and has the power, which he is exercising with the most indomitable determination, of making his people adopt those plans of improvement which have so rapidly developed the riches and the power of this republic. He has surrounded himself at home with wise counsellors; he is represented abroad by the most acute diplomatists.—His foreign and domestic policy is directed by a calm, sagacious, and resolved spirit. But all is Despotism—in politics, education, religion, there is in Russia but one man. As France changes her institutions, and advances slowly

in her march of reform, Russia clings to the past, and becomes every day more stubborn and unalterable in her principles, knowing no change, save in the rapid development of her onward and steady progress of annexation.

On the other hand is the United States, with a population of twenty-one millions; with the most unbounded freedom of thought, action and religion; with a national energy that has astonished the world, with agricultural resources beyond all calculation; with a military spirit and courage which may compare with the most heroic nations of antiquity or modern times. We, too, know how to annex, to "extend the area of freedom," and achieve our "manifest destiny."

This spectacle arouses some grave reflections. What will be the ultimate fortune of these empires? Will the republican and the monarchial principle one day come in armed collision? What is to be the fate of Europe between these millstones, Europe, bowed to the earth with financial difficulties and national debt, and rent by the conflict between kingly prerogative, and the cause of popular liberty?

Champagne Wine.

This wine takes its name from the Province in which it is made. It takes much labor to prepare it from the juice of the grape suitable for market. It costs much money for bottles and corks, many of the former breaking during fermentation. Ten per cent. breaking is not regarded as a loss, because the wine is considered better and rises in proportion.

M. Jaqueson, a wine merchant of Chalons sur Marne, it is said has cellars in which he ferments his wine, more than a mile in extent. He alone pays for corks yearly \$30,000, which is \$5000 more than the salary of the President of the United States. What all the wine merchants of the Old Province of Champagne pay for corks would defray the salaries of President and Congress; and what all the wine growers of France employ for that purpose, would pay all the expense of the government, including the Mexican war.

A bottle of this wine in the Province of Champagne can be bought for about 40 cents. Now the jolly fellows of the United States they get the best of this wine to drink. Why shouldn't they? The following facts will show them the chance they have of drinking pure wine. With a ticket a prize can be calculated on with more certainty, than the purchase of a bottle of the wine pure from the vintage, in this country.

There are 32,000,000 of bottles of false champagne every year sent to Russia, about as much more is sent to England, and fully equal to that quantity to the United States. There is a company in Paris, who make natural champagne wine. They take poor chablis, for instance, sweeten it with candy, refine it, and then pass it through an apparatus which charges it with carbonic acid gas, and in fifteen minutes it is ready for the market.

Immense quantities are also made from cider, by the employment of all sorts of drugs, and in England a great deal is made from gooseberries and the stalks of rhubarb. It is not so good as the genuine, but nine out of ten of those who drink can't tell the difference; and it will make them just as drunk, and give them the same horrid head-ache, and why then is it not just as valuable? True, some poisonous drugs are sometimes used in the fabrication, but none, perhaps, worse than alcohol.

The annual production of France in this article of Champagne wine, is about 50,000,000 bottles. The annual consumption of the world in the same time, is 300,000,000, so that 250,000,000 of false wine goes down somebody's throat, is a clear case.

At Campania, in Italy, the vintagers, it is said, let themselves to pick the grapes from the trees over which the vines grow, on condition that if they fall and are killed, their employers pay the funeral expenses. If such an agreement was made by the drinker with the vender of wine in the United States, the trade would be anything but profitable.—Newark Advocate.

We were much amused a few days since with a little boy, upon whom his mother was inflicting personal chastisement.—"Give me two or three licks more, mother, I don't think I can behave well yet." Fact!

Horrible Cruelty to a Sioux Girl.

H. R. Schoolcraft, Esq., author of "The Indian in his Wigwam," &c., vouches for the authenticity of the following painful and unnatural events, which occurred during the fierce predatory war carried on between the Pawnees and Sioux Indians. In the month of February, 1838, the Pawnees captured a Sioux girl only fourteen years of age. They carried her to their camp on the west of the Missouri, and deliberated what should be done with her. It is not customary to put female captives to death, but to make slaves of them. She, however, was doomed to a harder fate, but it was carefully concealed from her, for the space of some sixty or seventy days. During all this time she was treated well, and had comfortable lodgings and food, the same as the rest enjoyed. On the 22nd of April, the chiefs held a general council, and when in broke up, it was announced that her doom was fixed, but this was still carefully concealed from her. This doom was an extraordinary one, and so far as the object can be deduced, from the circumstances and ceremonies, the national hatred to their enemies was indulged, by making the innocent non-combatant, a sacrifice to the spirit of corn, or perhaps, of vegetable fecundity.

When the deliberations of the council were terminated, on that day, she was brought out, attended by the whole council, and accompanied on a visit from lodge to lodge, until she had gone the whole circle. When this round was finished they placed in her hands a small billet of wood and some paints. The warriors and chiefs then seated themselves in a circle. To the first person of distinction she then handed this billet of wood and paint; he contributed to this offering, or sort of sacrificial charity some wood and paint, then handed it too the next; who did likewise, and he passed it too the next, until it had gone the entire rounds, and each one had contributed some wood and some paint. She was then conducted to the place of execution. For this purpose they had chosen an open grassy glade near a cornfield, where there were a few trees. The spot selected was between two of these trees, standing about five feet apart, in the centre of which a small fire was kindled, with the wood thus ceremoniously contributed. Three bars had been tied across, from tree to tree, above this fire, at such a graded height, that the points of the blaze, when at its maximum, might just reach to her feet. Upon this scaffold she was compelled to mount, when a warrior at each side of her held fire under her arm pits. When this had been continued as long as they supposed she could endure the torture, without extinguishing life, at a given signal, a band of armed bowmen let fly their darts, and her body, at almost the same instant, was pierced with a thousand arrows. These were immediately withdrawn, and her flesh then cut with knives; from her thighs, arms and body, in pieces not larger than half a dollar, and put into little baskets. All this was done before life was quite extinct.

The field of newly planted corn reached near to this spot. This corn had been dropped in the hill, but not covered with earth. The principal chief then took of the flesh, and going to a hill of corn, squeezed a drop of blood upon the grains. This was done by each one, until all the grains put into the ground, had received this extraordinary kind of sprinkling.

This horrid cruelty took place in the vicinity of Council Bluffs. Offers to redeem the life of the prisoner had been made by the traders, in a full council of eighty chiefs and warriors, but they were rejected. The original narrator was an eye witness. He concludes his description by adding that his wife's brother, a Pawnee, had been taken prisoner by the Sioux, in the month of June following, and treated in the same manner. Truly, it may be said that the precincts of the wild roving Red Man, are "full of the abodes of cruelty."

An Excellent Invention.

Some wag of a fellow, it appears, according to the *Scientific American*, has invented "a patent muzzle for tom-cats." This is designed for night wear being so constructed that they can't squall when they have it on. It is placed over a cat's head and a strap lever passes from it, and is buckled to the hind leg. When the cat opens its mouth a spring, which is passed up under this lever, flies off its axis and lets down the cap, which conceals a spur—this spur operates aggravatingly on the skull, and causes an immediate closing of the jaws, and prevents the escape of the offensive noise.

A Sensible Girl.

Some years since, a young lady, remarkable for her maturity and good sense, daughter of a distinguished lawyer and Member of Congress from Worcester county, was placed at a young ladies' boarding school, in the neighborhood of Boston. Her unaffected manners and uprightness of character soon attracted the attention, and won the affections of many of the young ladies, who were full of their kind offices, until one day they inquired the occupation of her father. Our fair friend perceiving the drift of their inquiries, gave them to understand that her father was a shoemaker; when many of them were struck with horror at her low and vulgar origin, and a change was at once perceptible in their conduct towards her. She, however, though fully understanding them, remained quiet. After a while the father of the young lady visited the school. As he was a good looking man, and as they observed that the principal and others treated him with great deference and respect, the scholars were led to inquire of their instructress who he was, and what his business, and on being told that he was the father of Miss H., and that he was a member of Congress, they were filled with amazement; and immediately made the attempt to renew their attentions as formerly, but it was too late; she looked on their conduct with such perfect contempt, that they were obliged to keep at a respectful distance, while those who had treated her with kindness, without regard to her father's supposed occupation, were ever after, her favorites. May the time soon come when modest worth shall be a standard of respect, whether the individual is rich or poor, learned or unlearned; a member of Congress or a humble shoemaker.

A Royal Cake at Windsor Castle.

The English papers publish a description of the Twelfth Night Cake served at Windsor Castle on the sixth of January. This cake is a *chef d'œuvre* in pastry, and the confectioner who made it must have called to his aid several artists who were not of his own profession. About the base of the cake are placed a large number of Chinese figures, interlaced with allegorical devices; birds and animals, at the top rises a circular temple of classic architecture with columns; the floor of the temple is of ice and imitates a basin of water; under the cupola are suspended with light movable threads a large number of white and red fishes which are reflected in the water at the bottom of the temple, and which, moved by some ingenious mechanism, seem to live and to swim in this water so perfectly imitated. The temple is surrounded by imitations of rocks, in which a music box is concealed, and on these are arranged twenty Chinese figures playing different instruments and very skillfully made. By touching a secret spring, the music commences playing and the Chinese figures, set in motion, beat time with their heads with perfect precision. The cake is more than three feet in diameter and more than four feet high. It was admired by the whole court.—*Courier des Etats Unis.*

Death.

Death is a mystery. We know we shall ere long close our eyes on all sublunary objects; but the time and the manner of our death we cannot foresee. Here one falls in his full strength, while another has been languishing for years. The aged are passing by, and the turf is upheaved for the young and beautiful.—Our neighbor falleth by our side, just as we learned to appreciate his worth. A friend sinks in our arms, as we take him to our bosom. Yet these instances of mortality fail to leave suitable impressions on our minds.

We follow our friends to the grave, and turn as anxious as ever to engage in the business and turmoil of life. To-morrow we forget the pleasant smile and cheerful voice, and put far away from our minds the thought of our own mortality. Thus are we blinded; but little as we dwell upon it, the day approaches when our voices will be hushed, our eyes closed, and our lips refuse to do their office. Blessed shall we be, if we live for another world, by cherishing right feelings of the heart, and living void of offence before God and man.

Gen. Kearney has passed on to the South; probably under orders for Mexico.

The "Striped Pig" Outdone.

The scene of the following humorous sketch is laid in Portsmouth, N. H. We were not aware that the people of the old Granite State did such things.

"Is the Cape Ann stage in?" inquired two gentlemen of the barkeeper of a hotel in Portsmouth.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Two back seats inside," said one of the gentlemen, and immediately both left the room. In a moment after a single gentleman came in.

"The Cape Ann stage in?" inquired he. "Yes, sir," said the barkeeper. "One back seat inside," responded the gentleman and walked into the side room.

In this was several entered, some engaging back seats inside, some two or three took front seats inside, and one man took an outside seat.

I remarked to the barkeeper that there was a great deal of travel on the Cape Ann route, observing at the same time that it was a little strange that passengers should prefer the stage to the railroad; besides how do you find so many back seats?

The barkeeper looked shy, put his fingers to his nose and winked. I was a little suspicious before, but at this manoeuvre I knew there was a mystery, and determined to find it out; commenced questioning him. He looked wise, twisted himself a little, and said:

"Then you don't know the secret?" "No," said I, "but I have a great curiosity to do so."

A gentleman who entered, overheard the last of the conversation, and coming up to me said: "Friend, I'll let you into the secret, but before I can do so you must engage a seat."

"Very well," said I.

He went up to the bar and enquired of me what seat I would prefer. I replied that as the stage was pretty well filled inside, I preferred an outside seat. We went into the next room where several were drinking and sat down. Soon a waiter came in bearing a glass of brandy and water, and one of lemonade.—The mystery was solved, the secret brought to light, and I was astonished.

So many back seats inside were so many glasses of brandy and water (strong) The front seats inside were so many glasses of gin and sugar. The two outside seats were glasses of lemonade, one of which I was fortunate enough to choose.

Soon after this discovery the travel on that route began to fail. The cold water people broke it up entirely.

Americanisms in London.

A London correspondent of the *New Haven Register*, in describing the novelty of the place, states that "it is no uncommon thing to see posted in the streets—"American cheese, lard," &c. "American empty flour barrels."—Corn bread, with the corn stalks sticking out of the window to show that it is real Simon Pure.—Also, "American boots," or boots made on the American plan, and "American overshoes," and "American clocks," and last, though, not least, "Baby-Jumpers." These have, as yet, created the greatest sensation of any thing from the land of steady habits. They have been approved by the physicians and the press. Even the *Times* newspaper—the thunderer as it is called—thinks them a very useful article; and Tuttle, the inventor, is acknowledged by all to be the great lion of the city. His extensive store in the Strand is crowded by his numerous customers, and the street and side-walk in front are blocked up by the curious gazers of all nations. It is said he is to be appointed "baby-jumper" manufacturer to her Majesty, the Queen—who has been graciously pleased to accept as a present the beautiful Jumper exhibited at the Fair of the American Institute, and is in raptures at the delightful recreation it affords the little members of her household.—Surely this is a wonderful era in the history of our country when a single Yankee can set a whole nation, princesses and all to jumping—it should be honor enough for any one man.

Grafting Grape Vines.

In Hovey's Magazine, a simple mode of grafting grape vines is described, which in substance is as follows:—Cut off the vine below the surface of the earth; split the stock as in cleft grafting; let the scion be of one year's wood with two or three buds, make it wedge shaped, and insert it in the cleft; if the cleft does not hold it sufficiently firm, secure it by binding it tight; draw the earth over the whole, leaving the second bud from the top uncovered; take off all the sprouts from the stock and scion, except one, and train that as usual. We think those who have unproductive, or wild vines, would do well to try this method. The time is after the vine cease to bleed.

It is said that in Arkansas a three story house means a pig-sty on the floor, fleas in the bed, and a row of fowls resting on a stick above.