

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.

To the Unsatisfied.

BY MISS HARRIET WINSLOW, OF PORTLAND, ME.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing,
For the far off, unattained and dim;
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?
Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.
Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe.
If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.
Not by deeds that win the crowd's applause,
Nor by words that give the world renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.
Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.
Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile the mountain tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?
Other hands may grasp the field and forest
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine—
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine!
Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty and thy worth are gone.
Nature wears the colors of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshippers she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

A New Step in Horticulture.

The Parisian scientific correspondent of the New-York Courier des Etats Unis, mentions a new discovery of a way to produce cherries without stones. Early in the Spring, before the sap is in full flow, a young bearing tree is divided in two down to the branching off of the limbs, the pith carefully removed with a wood-spatula, the parts again united, the air being excluded by an application of potter's clay the whole length of the opening, and bound together by woolen cord. The sap soon re-unites the severed parts, and in two years the tree will produce cherries of the best kind, and having in their centre, instead of the usual kernel, a thin soft pellicle.

TOBACCO FANS.—They are making fans of tobacco leaves in Virginia. Pretty ones, too, and fashionable, so it is said.

That Hole in the Pocket.

In this lies the true secret of economy—the care of sixpences. Many people throw them away without remorse or consideration—not reflecting that a penny a day is more than three dollars a year. We would complain loudly if a tax of that amount were laid upon us; but when we come to add all that we uselessly tax ourselves for our penny expenses, we shall find that we waste in this way annually quite enough to supply a family with winter fuel.

It is now about a year since my wife said to me one day, "Pray, Mr. Slackwater, have you that half dollar about you that I gave you this morning?" I felt in my waistcoat pocket, and I felt in my breeches pocket, and I turned my purse inside out, but it was all empty space—which is very different from specie; so I said to Mrs. Slackwater, "I've lost it, my dear; positively, there must be a hole in my pocket!"—"I'll sew it up," said she.

An hour or two after, I met Tom Stebbins "How did that ice-cream set?" said Tom. "I set," said I, "like the sun, gloriously." And, as I spoke, it flashed upon me that my missing half dollar had paid for those ice-creams; however, I held my peace, for Mrs. Slackwater sometimes makes remarks; and, even when she assured me at breakfast next morning that there was no hole in my pocket, what could I do but lift my brow and say, "Ah! isn't there! really!"

Before a week had gone by, my wife, who like a dutiful helpmate as she is, always gave me her loose change to keep, called for a twenty-five cent piece that had been deposited in my sub-treasury for safe keeping; "there was a poor woman at the door," she said, "that she'd promised it to for certain." "Well, wait a moment," I cried; so I pushed inquiries first in this direction, then in that, and then in the other; but vacancy returned a horrid groan.—"On my soul," said I, thinking it best to show a bold front, "you must keep my pockets in better repair, Mrs. Slackwater; this piece, with I know not how many more is lost, because some corner or seam in my plaguery pockets is left open."

"Are you sure?" said Mrs. Slackwater. "Sure! ay, that I am, its gone!" My wife dismissed her promise, and then, in her quiet way, asked me to change my pantaloons before I went out, and to bar all argument, laid another pair on my knees.

That evening, allow me to remark, gentlemen of the species "husband," I was very loath to go home to tea; I had half a mind to bore some bachelor friend, and when hunger and habit, in their unassuming manner, one on each side, walked me up to my own door, the touch made my blood run cold. But do not think Mrs. Slackwater is a Tartar, my good friends, because I thus shrunk from home; the fact was that I had, while abroad, called to mind the fate of her twenty-five cent piece, which I had invested in smoke,—that is to say, cigars, and I feared to think of her comments on my pantaloons pockets.

These things went on for some months; we were poor to begin with, and grew poorer, or at any rate no richer, fast. Times grew worse and worse; my pocket leaked worse and worse, even my pocket book was no longer to be trusted, the rags slipped from it in a manner most incredible to relate; as an Irish song says,

"And such was the fate of Poor Paddy O'More,
That his purse had the more rents as he had the fewer."

At length one day my wife came in with a subscription paper for the Orphan's Asylum. I looked at it, and sighed, and picked my teeth, and shook my head, and handed it back to her.

"Ned Bowen," said she, "has put down ten dollars."

"The more shame to him," I replied. "He can't afford it; he can but just scrape along any how, and in these times it ain't right for him to do it." My wife smiled in her sad way, and took the paper back to him that brought it.

The next evening she asked me if I would go with her and see the Bowens, and, as I had no objection, we started.

I knew that Ned Bowen did a small business that would give him about \$600 a year, and I thought it would be worth while to see what that sum would do in the way of house keeping. We were admitted by Ned, and welcomed by Ned's wife, a very neat little body, whom Mrs. Slackwater had told me a great

deal, as they had been school-mates. All was as nice as wax, and yet as substantial as iron; comfort was written all over the room. The evening passed, somehow or other, though we had no refreshment, an article which we never have at home but always want elsewhere, and I returned to our own establishment with mingled pleasure and chagrin.

"What a pity," said I to my wife, "that Bowen don't keep within his income."

"He does," she replied. "But how can he on \$600?" was my answer; "if he gives ten dollars to this charity and five dollars to that, and live so snug and comfortable too?"

"Shall I tell you?" asked Mrs. Slackwater. "Certainly, if you can."

"His wife," said my wife, "finds it just as easy to do without twenty or thirty dollars worth of ribbons and laces as to buy them.—They have no fruit but what they raise and have given them by country friends, whom they repay by a thousand little acts of kindness.—They use no beer, which is not essential to his health as it is to yours; and then he buys no cigars, or ice creams, or apples at one hundred per cent. on market price, or oranges at twelve cents a piece, or candy; or new novels, or rare works still more rarely used; in short, my dear Mr. Slackwater he has no hole in his pocket."

It was the first word of suspicion my wife had uttered on the subject, and it cut me to the quick! Cut me? I should rather say it sewed me up, me and my pockets, too; they never have been in holes since that evening.

Minute Wonders of Nature and Art.

LEWENHOECK, the great microscopic observer, calculates that a thousand millions of animalcules which are discovered in common water, are not altogether so large as a grain of sand. In the milt of a single codfish there are more animals than there are upon the whole earth; for a grain of sand is bigger than four millions of them. The white matter that sticks to the teeth also abounds with animalcule figures, to which vinegar is fatal, and it is known that vinegar contains animalcules in the shape of eels. A mite was anciently through the limit of littleness; but we are now surprised to be told of animals twenty-seven millions of times smaller than a mite. Monsiada de l'Isle has given the computation of the velocity of a little creature scarce visible by its smallness, which he found to run three inches in half a second; supposing now its feet to be the fifteenth part of a line, it must make five hundred steps in the space of three inches, that is, it must shift its legs five hundred times in a second, or in the ordinary pulsation of an artery.

The proboscis of a butterfly, which winds round in a spiral form, like the spring of a watch, serves both for mouth and tongue, by entering into the hollows of flowers and extracting their dews and juices. The seeds of strawberries rise out of the pulp of the fruit, and appear themselves like strawberries when viewed by the microscope. The farina of the sun-flower seems composed of flat circular minute bodies, sharp-pointed round the edges; the middle of them appears transparent, and exhibits some resemblance to the flower it proceeds from. The powder seeds of cucumbers and melons. The farina of the poppy appears like pearl barley. That of the lily is a great deal like the tulip. The hairs of the head are long tubular fibres through which the blood circulates. The sting of a bee is a horny sheath or scabbard that includes two bearded darts: the sting of a wasp has eight beards on the side of each dart, somewhat like the beards of fish hooks. The eye of gnats are pearled, or composed of many rows of little semi circular protuberances ranged with the utmost exactness. The wandering or hunting spider, who spins no web, has two tufts of feather fixed to its fore parts of exquisite beauty and coloring. A grain of sand will cover two hundred scales of the skin, and also cover twenty thousand pieces where perspiration may issue forth. Mr. Baker has justly observed with respect to the Deity, that with him "an atom is a world, and a world but as an atom."

Mr. Power says he saw a golden chain at Tredescant's Museum, of three hundred links, not more than an inch in length, fastened to and pulled away by a flea. And I myself [says Baker, in his Essay on the Microscope] have seen very lately, and have examined with my microscope, a chaise [made by one Mr. Boverick, a watchmaker] having four wheels with all the proper apparatus belonging to them, turning readily on their axles; together with a man sitting in the chaise, all formed of ivory, and drawn along by a flea without any seeming difficulty. I weighed it with the greatest care I was able, and found the chaise, man and flea, were barely equal to a single grain. I weighed also at the same time and place, a brass chain made by the same hand, about two inches long containing two hundred links with a hook at one end, and a padlock and key at the other, and found it less than the third part of a grain. I likewise have seen at quadrills table, with a drawer in it, an eating table, a sideboard table, a looking glass, twelve chairs with skeleton backs, two dozen plates, six dozen knives, and as many forks, twelve spoons, two salts, a frame and castors, together with a gentleman, lady, and footman, all contained in a cherry stone, and not filling much more than half of it. At the present day are to be purchased cherry stones highly polished with ivory screws which contain each one hundred and twenty perfect silver spoons, an ingenious bauble worthy the patronage of the juvenile part of the community. We are told one Oswald Merlinger made a cup of peppercorn which held twelve hundred other little cups, all turned in ivory, each of them being gilt upon the edges, and standing upon a foot, and that so far from being crowded, or wanting room, the peppercorn would have held four hundred more. One pennyworth of crude iron can by art be manufactured into watch-springs, so as to produce some thousand pounds.

Sears' Magazine.

A Dove-tailer of Sermons.

The Rev. Mr. —, was what is commonly termed a 'popular preacher;' not, however, by drawing on his own stores, but by the knack which he possessed of appropriating the thoughts and language of other great divines who had gone before him, to his own use, and by a skillful splicing and dovetailing of passages, so as to make a whole. Fortunately for him, those who composed his audience were not deeply skilled in pulpit lore, and with such he passed for a wonder of erudition. It happened, however, that the Rev. Doctor was detected in his literary larcenies. One Sunday, a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence before the old gentleman said loud enough to be heard by those near him, 'that's Sherlock.' The doctor frowned but went on. He had not proceeded much farther, when his grave auditor broke out with 'that's Tillotson.' The doctor bit his lip and paused, but again went on. At a third exclamation of 'that's Blair,' the doctor lost all patience, and leaning over the side of the pulpit, 'fellow,' he cried, 'if you do not hold your tongue, you shall be turned out.' Without altering a muscle, the old cynic, looking the doctor full in the face, said, 'that's his own.'

A Prescription.

The editor of the Knickerbocker, ludicrously illustrates the necessity of a reform in medical nomenclature. Very much confounded, he says, was our friend, Dr. Doane, a few years since, by a remark of one of his patients. The day previous, the Doctor had prescribed that safe and palatable remedy the syrup of buckthorn, and left his prescription duly written in the usual eulabistic character, 'Syr. Ram. Cath.' On inquiring if the patient had taken the medicine, a thunder cloud darkened her face, lightning flashed from her eyes, and she roared out, 'No! I can read your Doctor writing, and I ain't a-goin' to take the Syrup of Ram Cats for any body under heaven.'

In 1669, the constables of the colony of Plymouth, Mass., were ordered to look after all persons who slept in church, and report their names to the General Court. If such a law were in force in these days, constables would have their hands full of business, and be precluded from many a comfortable nap themselves.

LARGE.—A cotemporary says that he knows a lady whose heel is near—a foot.

Body and Mind.

BY CARLYLE.

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implements, laborious conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse; wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather tanned besotted, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers, so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battle wert so marred.—For in thee, too, lay a God created form, but it was not to be unfolded, intrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor; and thy body like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, thou art in the duty, be out of it who may; thou toiled for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable—not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty, endeavoring towards inward harmony—revealing this by act and by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low. Highest of all when his outward and inward endeavors are one; when we can name him artist—not earthly crafts men only, but inspired thinker, that with heaven-made implements conquers heaven for us. If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have light, guidance, freedom, immortality! These two in all their degrees, I honor, all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whether it listeth.

Unspeakingly touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimed, in this world, know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such anywhere now be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

And again; it is not because of his toil that I lament for the poor; we must all toil, or steal, (however we name our stealing,) which is worse, no faithful workman find his task a pastime. The poor man is hungry and athirst, but for him also there is food and drink; is heavy laden and weary, but for him also the heavens send sleep, and the deepest; in his smoky crib a clear dewy heaven of rest envelops him, and fitful glimmerings of cloud-skirted dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no heavenly or even earthly, knowledge should visit him; but only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, fear and indignation. Alas! while the body stands so broad and brawny must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated! Alas! was this, too a breath of God, bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded! That there should one man die ignorant, who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it too happen more than twenty times in a minute, as by some competition it does.

An Ingenious Advertisement.

CLASS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—Schoolmaster. 'James, what is a Salamander?'

'An amphibious animal what eats fire.'

Schoolmaster. 'Pshaw! Robert, what's a Salamander? Describe it, and state where it is found.'

'I know! It's a big iron box, with doors to it, as laid in the fire at the Tribune office for thirty-six hours, without getting hot enough inside to scorch a bank bill; and it's found at Mr. Horning's, 139 Water-street, N. York. I see it there myself, and more of the same genus.'

Schoolmaster. 'You're a smart boy, Robert, go to the head.'

Just so.—'A woman who loves, loves for life, unless a well-founded jealousy compels her to relinquish the object of her affections.' So says somebody.

'A man who loves, loves for life, unless he alters his mind.' So says somebody else.