

# 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 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.

## Light for All.

BY J. GOSTICK.

You cannot pay with Money  
The million sons of Toil—  
The sailor on the ocean,  
The peasant on the soil,  
The laborer in the quarry,  
The hewer of the coal;  
Your money pays the hand,—  
But it cannot pay the soul.

You gaze on the cathedral,  
Whose turrets reach the sky;  
Remember the foundations  
That in the earth and darkness lie:  
For, were not these foundations  
So darkly resting there,  
Yon towers could never soar up  
So proudly in the air.

The workshop must be crowded  
That the palace may be bright;  
If the ploughman did not plough,  
Then the poet could not write.  
Then let every toil be hallowed  
That man performs for man,  
And have his share of honor,  
As part of one great plan.

See, light darts down from Heaven,  
And enters where it may;  
The eyes of all earth's people  
Are cheered with one bright day,  
And let the mind's true sunshine  
Be spread o'er earth as free,  
And fill the souls of men,  
As the waters fill the sea.

The man who turns the soil  
Need not have an earthly mind,  
The digger and the coal  
Need not be in spirit blind;  
The mind can shed a light  
On each worthy labor done,  
As lowliest things are bright  
In the radiance of the sun.

The tailor, ay, the cobbler,  
May lift their heads as men—  
Better far than Alexander,  
Could he wake to life again,  
And think of all his bloodshed,  
(And all for nothing too!)  
And ask himself—"what made I  
As useful as a shoe?"

What cheers the musing student,  
The poet, the divine?  
The thought that for his followers  
A brighter day will shine.  
Let every human laborer  
Enjoy the vision bright—  
Let thought that comes from Heaven  
Be spread like Heaven's own light!

Ye men who hold the pen,  
Rise like a band inspired,  
And, poets, let your lyrics  
With hope for man be fired:  
Till earth becomes a temple,  
And every human heart  
Shall join in one great service,  
Each happy in his part.

THE VERY LAST AND BEST.—Why is Judge Edmonds like Benjamin Franklin?  
Because, one bolted lightning and the other jagged (Big) Thunder!

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

## Almost out of Heart.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Why so sad, Ernest?" said the young wife to her husband, affectionately twining her arms around his neck and kissing him.

He looked up with a sad smile and replied: "I am almost out of heart, Mary. I think of all pursuits, a profession is the worst. Here have I been week after week and month after month—and I may soon say year after year—waiting for practice, yet without success. A lawyer may volunteer in a celebrated case, and so make himself, but a physician must set patiently in his office, and if unknown, see men without half his acquirements rolling in wealth while he perhaps is starving. And it will come to that," he added bitterly, "if I do not get employment."

An unbidden tear started into the wife's eye, but she strove to smile, and said: "Do not despond, I know you have been unfortunate so far, but you have talents and knowledge to make your way, as soon as you get a start. And depend upon it," she added with a cheerful look, "that will come when you least expect it."

"So you have told me often, but the lucky hour has never come," said her husband despondingly. "And now every cent of my little fortune is expended and our credit will soon be gone when it is found we do not pay. What then is to become of us?"

Ernest was in a mood which the most sanguine sometimes experience when disappointment after disappointment has crushed the spirit, and the voice of hope is no longer heard within. His wife would have given way to tears, if she had been alone, but she felt the necessity of sustaining him and answered cheerfully—

"And what if every cent is gone? Have no fear that we shall starve. God sent ravens to feed Elijah, and he will yet interpose for our aid. Trust in him, dear Ernest."

The husband felt rebuked, as she thus spoke, and answered less despondingly.

"But really, Mary, this want of success would try the stoutest heart. The mechanic, the farmer, the humblest day laborer is sure of his food and raiment, but I, after having spent years in study, have wasted years besides waiting for practice; and now, when all fortune is gone, if I resort to other means of livelihood, I lose all I have spent both of time and money, and I must forever abandon the idea of pursuing my profession. It is too hard!" And he arose and walked the room with rapid strides.

His wife sighed, and remained silent. But after a moment or two she arose, and went up to him, and fondly encircling him with her arm, said,

"Dear Ernest, you must not worry yourself so. You think it painful for me to bear poverty, I know, but a woman never regards such things when she loves. A crust of bread, a log cabin, would be preferable to me if I shared them with you, than a palace with any other. But it will not come to this. Something within assures me that you will yet be rich and great. Have patience only for a little while longer. There—there is a knock at the door—it may be for you."

As if her words had been prophetic, their little girl, their only help, appeared at this crisis and said the Doctor was wanted in a great hurry. With an exulting smile his wife ran for his hat; and then sat down with a beating heart to await his return.

It was almost the first summons that the young physician had received, although he had resided in the village for more than a year. The place, too, was large and populous, but there were several medical men of large practice, and all these combined to put down their young rival. More than once, therefore, Ernest would have abandoned the field in despair, but his young wife cheered him, though sometimes her own heart was ready to give up. Mary Linwood was then, indeed, that greatest of blessings, a good wife; she sympathized with her husband, economized to the utmost, and by her sanguine words, chased despondency from his heart.

Hour after hour she sat there awaiting her husband's return, but still he came not. At last darkness set in, and she began to feel uneasy. She was about rising to go to the door, when

she heard her husband's foot on the step, and hurrying out she met him in the hall.

"God bless you, Mary, for you are an angel," were his first words. "If it had not been for you I should have given up long ago; and now my fortune is made."

Breathless with anxiety to hear all, yet not unmindful of his probable wearied condition, Mary hurried her husband into the little sitting room where tea things were laid, and began to pour out the refreshing beverage with a trembling hand, while Ernest told the history of his day's absence.

"I found," he said, "I was sent for to old Governor Houston's—the richest and most influential man, you know in the country—and when I got there, I learned to my surprise, that the governor had been thrown from his carriage and was thought to be dying. All the physicians of the place had been sent for, one after another, but none could aid him. In despair his wife without orders, sent for me. I saw his only chance of life depended on a new and difficult operation, which none of the physicians had ever seen performed. Luckily I had assisted at one when a student. I stated what I thought could be done. The old Governor is a man of iron nerves and quick resolution, so when he heard the others say they could do nothing for him, he determined to commit himself to my hands. I succeeded beyond my hopes; even the other physicians were forced to acknowledge my skill, and there is nothing now but care required to make my patient as well as ever. On parting, he put this roll of notes into my hand."

Mary was in tears long before her husband had finished his narration, but her heart went up in thankfulness to God for having thus interposed just at the crisis when hope seemed gone.

From that day Ernest Linwood was a made man. The fame of his skillful operation was in every one's mouth, and by the aid of his patient, who now became his patron, he stepped at once into the best families of the place. Wealth, as well as reputation flowed in upon him, but he always attributed his success to his wife, whose affection, he said, had cheered him on, and sustained him when out of heart.

"There is nothing," he would say, "like a faithful wife; under God our weal or woe for this life depends on her. If she is desponding, your own sanguine spirit catches the infection, but if she is full of hope and energy, her smiles will cheer you on in the darkest hours of adversity, and enable you to achieve what you at first thought impossibilities. Our success in this world, as well as happiness, depends chiefly on our wives. Let a man marry one, therefore, equal to either in fortune," who can adorn his riches or brighten his poverty, and who, under all circumstances, will be his help-mate."

## Times Change and Fashions also.

In a lecture delivered some two or three years ago by Mr. Sturges of Boston, on trade and finances, he referred to the singular change of the fashion. Nankens, said he, were once imported in large quantities. As late as 1820 there was one million of dollars worth imported; now there is none. In 1806 Canton crape was first used; in 1810 ten cases were imported; in 1816 there were twenty-one thousand pieces; in 1826 the importations amounted to a million and a half of dollars; and in 1844 the article was not imported! Yet the country has lost nothing by the caprice of fashion, as our country women appear as lovely in nine-penny Lowell calico as in Canton crape. Silk was once imported in large quantities from China; a cargo of near a million dollars worth was once landed in this country, and now the whole yearly importations from China amount to less than one hundred thousand dollars. Great changes have taken place in regard to the pay of our Chinese importations. In 1818 seven million dollars in specie were carried to China, but now our purchases are paid for in bill of exchange on England, from the proceeds of the opium trade. The fur trade was commenced in 1787, and in 1808 there were fifteen American vessels engaged in it, and now it has ceased altogether.—N. Y. Mirror.

Drunken Frolics over the whiskey bottle are now called rye-ous proceedings.

## Not Married Yet.

A SPINSTER'S LAMENT.

I'm single yet—I'm single yet!  
And years have flown since I came out!  
In vain I sigh—in vain I fret!  
Ye Gods! what are the men about?  
I vow I'm twenty!—oh, ye powers!  
A spinster's lot is hard to bear—  
On earth alone to pass her hours,  
And afterwards lead apes—down there!

No offer yet—no offer yet!  
I'm puzzled quite to make it out;  
For every beau my cap I set,  
What, what, what are the men about?  
They don't propose—they won't propose,  
For fear, perhaps, I'd not say "yes!"  
Just let them try—for Heaven knows  
I'm tired of single blessedness.

Not married yet—not married yet—  
The deuce is in the men I fear!  
I'm like a—something to be let,  
And to be—let alone—that's clear.  
They say "she's pretty—but no chick—  
And love without it runs in debt!"  
It agitates my nerves to think  
That I have had no offer yet!

## Cruel but Singular Experiment.

A communication in the Charleston Courier, states that some time since a buzzard was caught in Missouri, and its eyes ripped open with an awl; so that no part of the ball remained. The head of the bird was then put under its wing; in a few moments the bird shook its wings, gradually drew out its head, and its eyes were found as sound as ever! This is said to have been repeated at least fifty times, and always with the same result. The down on the inside of the wing is said to be a cure for blindness.

Major John Pillers, who is said to have been the operator in the case, has made affidavit stating:

"I am the individual alluded to in the above communication, and that the facts stated therein, so far as I am concerned, are true in every particular. The experiment of ripping open the buzzard's eyes, during the time we kept it, from February until May, was repeated, I dare say fifty times; and once, at a log rolling, ten times in one day. An old African negro, belonging to Mr. F. Vahl, Sen'r. of St. Genevieve, named Joseph, (though supposed to be upwards of one hundred years old, first told me of it, and I have tried it frequently since, on different buzzards, with the same result. This same negro told me that the feathers could not be plucked out of a bald eagle. This is true.—You may try it in any way, and scald it, and you cannot pull out a feather."

## The National Bird of America.

The Boston Journal says:—"A bald Eagle flew on board the U. S. ship John Adams, at sea, much fatigued. As poultry die rapidly at sea, he fared well, not being eatable, and become very tame, walked around from mess to mess, getting a crumb here and a drink there. He is now considered one of the crew, and attends to the furling of the royals. He never left the ship until the Princeton anchored at Pensacola, when he alighted on the cross jack yard, took a searching glance, saw all was right as far as Uncle Sam was concerned, and returned to his own ship. The most singular part of this occurrence is, that three foreign men-of-war were at anchor near the John Adams, and this republican bird did not visit either of them."

## Preservation of Pumpkins.

This fall let every farmer gather as many of his best matured pumpkins as will suffice to supply his stock with a mess daily through the winter, and deposit them carefully in a close and secure repository, according to the following succinct and definite rules: 1st, lay a stratum of the husks of straw from the threshing floor, one foot thick; on this stratum deposit another layer of pumpkins, and cover them with another layer of straw and so on to the end of your heap.

In this way pumpkins may be preserved most of the year, as sweet and fresh as when taken from the field. Try it friends, and don't leave everything to be discovered by accident, as is the case with experiments in agriculture generally.

## The Season for Transplanting Trees.

For many reasons Autumn is the best calculated for the transplanting of trees. In the first place, it is a season of more leisure than Spring, and the ground is in a better condition both for taking up and setting out the trees. Secondly, the operation of the frost, and the accumulation of water by the melting of snow, tend to work the earth in among the roots. It is an acknowledged fact that trees set out in the Fall get better rooted, and are consequently better prepared to withstand drought than those which are set out in Spring. There is but little more danger of their winter killing than if they remained in their natural position. We tried the experiment last year with entire success, and though we set out peach trees of thrifty growth as late as the middle of November, they lived, and through the past unusually dry summer, they have flourished finely.—Since choice fruit are so easily and cheaply procured, and beautiful forest trees can be had for taking them up, it is astonishing to us that so little attention is paid to their cultivation both for ornament and use. A small spot of ground will suffice for rearing a fine tree or a beautiful grape vine, which will a thousand times repay the labor of cultivating them. A farm in the country without a good orchard, and a house unshaded by ornamental trees and shrubbery, betokens a sluggish and tasteless owner. If the time that is spent in hanging round the resorts were devoted to the useful purpose of planting trees, the roadsides every where would present a luxuriant and beautiful appearance.—Boston Olive Branch

## Nutritive Properties of Sugar.

The nutritive properties of sugar are much under-rated in this country. As an aliment, Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, maintains that sugar produces the greatest quantity of nourishment in a given quantity of matter of any substance in nature. Horses and cattle, when fed wholly on it in St. Domingo for some months, when the exportation of sugar and importation of grain were prevented for want of ships, during the crop times in the West Indies all appear fat and flourishing. The cattle fed on the cane tops, become sleek and in a fine condition.—The negroes drink freely of the juice, and become fat and healthy. Sir Staunton observes, that many of the slaves and idle persons in China hide themselves among the canes and live entirely on them for a time. In that kingdom the emperor compels his body guard to eat a certain quantity of sugar every day, that they become fat and look portly. Sugar and rice constitute the common food of the people, and every kind of domestic animal is fed on sugar. Plague, malignant fevers, and disorders in the breast, are unknown in the countries where sugar is abundantly eaten as food.

## An Imperishable Cloth.

As it is called has been invented in England, and presented and described at a late meeting of the Royal Institution. It is made of hemp and wool, the wool of the one and the warp of the other; or of the mixed materials, flax and cotton for the one, and silk and flax for the other. But the invention consists in the saturation of the tissues before weaving. The fibres are saturated with boiled linseed oil, raw white lead, powdered charcoal, litharge and common salt. They are then worked in this saturated state at the uniform temperature of from 60 to 80 degrees Fahrenheit. The fabric is then pressed through rollers for the purpose of hardening and flattening the surface of the coarser material, and it is afterwards dried in the open air. It is said this cloth is not liable to injury from heat, rot or mildew, and is capable of being made air tight.

Some ungallant fellow has perpetrated the following. He must have found the women very un-feline we should think:

"O woman, woman, whether lean or fat—  
In face an angel, but in soul a cat."

## An Editor Courting.

An absent minded editor having courted a girl and applied to her father, the old man said—"Well, you want my daughter; what sort of a settlement will you make? What will you give her?" "Give her!" cried the other looking up vacantly; "Oh I'll give her a puff."