

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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Jeffersonian Republican.

## Flowers.

Ye are the scriptures of the earth,

Sweet flowers, fair and frail,

A Sermon speaks in every bud

That woos the summer gale.

Ye lift your heads at early morn,

To greet the sunny ray,

And cast your fragrance forth to praise

The Lord of night and day.

Sown in the damp and cheerless earth,

Ye slumber for a while,

Then waken into glorious life,

And bid creation smile.

Thus when within the darksome tomb

Our mortal frame shall lie,

The soul, freed from the bonds of sin,

Shall join the choir on high.

## A Sweet Draught.

A lady poetess, writing about her lover, says in the charmingest manner imaginable:

"—He drew

In one long kiss, my whole soul thro'

My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew!"

The Baltimore Clipper tells us a good story, of which the following is the substance:

A board of school Commissioners, who enumerated a consequential little village in Maryland, being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspapers for a well disposed moral man, who was capable of teaching the dead languages, and did not chew tobacco or drink whiskey.

After a fortnight of this advertising had been elaborated, a raw-boned Yankee made his appearance with a knife in one hand, and a Cape Cod Protection, alias a cake of gingerbread in the other, and held the following dialogue with the committee aforesaid:

"Well, sir," said the chairman, eyeing the candidate from head to foot, "do you possess the necessary requisites for a public school teacher?"

"I guess I do," answered Slick, whittling his stick.

"Do you understand Latin?" asked one of the committee men, a Dutch farmer.

"I guess I do," replied Slick again, rounding the end of his stick with his knife.

"Well, let's hear some of your Latin," said the Chairman.

"Quambo hic squash cum, et punkintum lin-cum," said Slick, drawing his coat sleeve slowly under his nose.

"Humph!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "ish that Latin! Who's the author?"

"Josephus," replied Slick, "he says, in his life of Governor Hancock, 'Sic transit gloria Monday morning—Haucocibus quad erat de monstrandum.'"

"Dat's goot!" exclaimed the Dutchman, rubbing his hands, "tere never was peter Latins!"

"Now, sir," said the Chairman, "I suppose you understand geography?"

"I guess I do," replied Slick, sharpening the end of his stick.

"How far have you been?"

"As far as the District of Columby."

"What State is it in?"

"A State of desperation."

"What latitude are we in?"

"According to the thermometer, we are ten degree below zero."

"What is the most western point of North America?"

"Cape Cod."

"Good. Now, sir, let us know how far you studied mathematics. What's the area of a square acre of land?"

"That depends upon the quality," replied Slick, snapping the blade of his knife.

"Well, suppose it be corn land."

"Why, it depends upon the number of hills."

"Say—five hundred."

"Guess you might as well tell a fellow how many grains to a bill."

"Five."

"Then, according to Euclid, it would be 750 feet horizontally perpendicular."

"Excellent! Pray, where are you from?"

"Staunton, down in the Bay State—and I can do most anything."

"No doubt; but there is one thing you cannot do; you cannot humbug us. You can go

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

## White and Brown Bread.

Several years ago, we threw out the surmise that the separation of the white from the brown parts of wheat grain was likely to be baneful to the health. We proceeded upon theoretical grounds, believing that Providence must have contemplated our using the entire grain, and not a portion only, selected by means of a nicely arranged machinery. It struck us forcibly, that to go on for a long course of years, thus using a kind of food different from what nature designed, could not fail to be attended with bad consequences. We have since learned that our views have some recognized support in science. The following paragraph from a recent pamphlet will at once serve to keep the subject alive in the minds of our readers, and explain the actual grounds on which the separation of the flour is detrimental. "The general belief," says the writer, "is, that bread made with the finest flour is the best, and that whiteness is the proof of its quality; but both these opinions are popular errors. The whiteness may be and generally is, communicated by alum, to the injury of the consumer; and it is known by men of science that the bread of unrefined flour will sustain life, while that made with the refined will not. Keep a man on brown bread and water, and he will live and enjoy good health; give him white bread and water only, and he will sicken and die. The meal of which the first is made, contains all the ingredients necessary to the composition of nourishment to the various structures composing our bodies. Some of the ingredients are removed by the miller, in his efforts to please the public; so that fine flour, instead of being better than meal, is the least nourishing; and to make the case worse, it is also the most difficult of digestion. The loss is, therefore, in all respects, a waste, and it seems desirable that the admirers of white bread, but especially the poor, should be acquainted with these truths, and brought to enquire whether they do not purchase, at too dear a rate, the privilege of indulging in the use of it. The unwise preference given so universally to white bread, leads to the pernicious practice of mixing alum with the flour, and this again to all sorts of adulterations and impositions; for it enables bakers who are so disposed, by adding more and more alum, to make bread made from the flour of an inferior grain look like the best or most costly, and to dispose of it accordingly—at once defrauding the purchaser and tampering with his health. Among the matters removed by the miller are the large saline substances, which are indispensable to the growth of the bones and teeth, and are required, although in a less degree, for daily repair. Brown bread should, therefore, be given to nurses, and to the young and to the growing, and should be preferred by all, of whatever age, whose bones show a tendency to bend, or who have weak teeth. It is believed that brown bread will generally be found the best by all persons having sluggish bowels and stomachs, equal to the digestion of the bran. But with some it will disagree, for it is too exciting to irritate bowels, and is dissolved with difficulty in some stomachs.—When this happens, the bran should be removed, either wholly or in part; and by such means the bread may be adapted with the greatest ease, to all habits and all constitutions.

Mr. Smith, in his late remarkable work on fruits and farinacea as the food of man, gives some illustrations of this doctrine. "Bulk," he says, "is nearly as necessary to the articles of diet as the nutrient principle. They should be so managed that one should be in proportion to the other. Too highly nutritive is probably as fatal to the prolongation of life and health, as that which contains an insufficient quantity of nourishment." It is a matter of common remark among old whalers, that during long voyages the coarser their bread the better their health. "I have followed the seas for thirty-five years," said an intelligent sea-captain to Mr. Graham, "and I have been in almost every part of the globe. I have always found that the coarsest pilot-bread, which contains a considerable portion of bran, is decidedly the best for any man." "I am convinced, from my own experience," says another captain, "that bread made of the unbolted wheat meal is far more wholesome than that made from the best superfine flour, the latter always tending to produce constipation."

Capt. Dexter of the ship Isis, belonging to Providence, arrived from China, in December 1804. He had been about one hundred and ninety days on the passage. The sea-bread, which constituted the principal article of food for his men, was made of the best superfine flour. He had not been long at sea before his men began to complain of languor, loss of appetite and debility. These difficulties continued to increase the whole voyage, and several of the hands died on the passage of debility and inanition. The ship was obliged to come to anchor thirty miles below Providence; such was the debility of the men on board, that they were not able to get the ship under weigh again, and the owners were under the necessity of sending men down from Providence. When she arrived the owners asked Capt. Dexter what was the cause of the sickness of his men? He replied that "the bread was too good."

## Letters of Paul Louis Courier to a Female Cousin. A PREDICAMENT.

I was one day travelling in Calabria; it is a country of wicked people, who, I believe have no great liking to any body—and are particularly indisposed towards the French. To tell you why would be a long affair. It is enough that they hate us to death, and that the unhappy being who should fall into their hands would not pass his time in the most agreeable manner.

I had for my companion a fine young fellow. I do not say this to interest you—but because it is the truth. In these mountains the roads are precipices, and our horses got on with the greatest difficulty. My comrade going first a track which appeared more practicable and shorter than the regular path led us astray.

It was my fault. Ought I to have trusted to a head of seventeen years? We sought our way out of the wood while it was yet light, but the more we looked for the path the farther we were off from it. It was a very black night, and we came close upon a very black house.

We went in, and not without suspicion. But what was to be done. There we found a whole family of charcoal burners at a table. At the first word they invited us to join them. My young man did not wait for much ceremony. In a minute or two we were eating and drinking in right earnest—he at least. For my own part, I could not help glancing about at the place and the people. Our hosts, indeed, looked like charcoal burners; but the house, you would have taken it for an arsenal. There was nothing to be seen but muskets, pistols, sabres, knives and cutlasses.

Every thing displeased me, and I saw that I was in no favor myself. My comrade, on the contrary, was soon one of the family. He laughed, he chatted with them; and with an imprudence which ought to have been prevented, he at once said where we came from, where we were going—that we were Frenchmen.

Think of our situation. Here we were among our mortal enemies, alone, benighted, far from human aid. That nothing might be omitted that could tend to destroy us, he must play the rich man forsooth, promising these folks to pay them well for their hospitality; and then he must prate about his portmanteau, earnestly beseeching them to take care of it and put it at the head of his bed, for he wanted no other pillow.

Ah, youth, how you are to be pitied. Cousins, they might have thought we carried the diamonds of the crown—the treasures in his portmanteau, which gave him such anxiety, consisted of the letters of his mistress.

Supper ended, they left us. Our hosts slept below, we on the story where we had been eating. In a sort of platform, raised seven or eight feet, where we were to mount by a ladder, was the bed that awaited us—a nest into which we had to introduce ourselves by jumping over barrels filled with provisions for all the year.

My comrade seized upon the bed above, and was soon fast asleep, with his head upon the precious portmanteau. I was determined to keep awake, so I made a good fire, and sat myself down. The night was almost passed tranquilly enough, and I was beginning to feel comfortably enough, when just at the time when it appeared to me that day was about to break, I heard our host and his wife talking and disputing below me and putting my ear into the chimney, which communicated to the room below, I perfectly distinguished these exact words of the husband:

"Well, well, let us see; must we kill them both?"

To which the wife replied—

"Yes"—and I heard no more.

How shall I tell you the rest? I could scarcely breathe; my whole body was as maple; to have seen me you could not have told whether I was dead or alive. Heavens! when I think upon it! we two were almost without arms; against us were twelve or fifteen who had plenty of weapons. And then, my comrade dead of sleep and fatigue. To call him up, to make a noise was more than I dared; to escape was an impossibility.

The window was not very high, but under it were two great dogs, howling like wolves. Imagine, if you can, the distress I was in.

At the end of a quarter of an hour—which seemed an age—I heard some one on the stair case, and through the chink of the doors I saw the old man, with a lamp in one hand, and one of his knives in the other. He mounted, his wife after him; I was behind the door—he opened it; but before he came in he put down the lamp, which his wife took up; and coming in, with his feet naked, she being behind him, said in a smothered voice, hiding the light partially with her fingers—

"Gently, go gently."

When he reached the ladder he mounted, with his knife between his teeth; and going to the head of the bed, where the young man lay with his throat uncovered, with one hand he took his knife and with the other—oh, my cousin, he seized a ham which hung from the roof, cut a slice, and retired as he came in. The door is re-shut, the light vanishes, and I am left alone to my reflections.

When the day appeared, all the family with a great noise came to arouse us as we had desired. They brought us plenty to eat—they served us a very proper breakfast, a capital breakfast I assure you. Two capons formed part of it, "of which," said the hostess, "you must eat one and carry the other away."

When I saw the capons I at once comprehended the meaning of those terrible words, "Must we kill them both?"

## Why is there so much Disease.

Because, in a number of things, we do just what by our nature, we never intended to do. For example:

1. Man is intended to draw fresh air every time he breathes. Almost all the people, when in their shops, breathe the same air over and over again. To show the necessity of allowing fresh air continually to enter living rooms, and the bad air to escape, it may be stated that every person, during each moment of his life, destroys a quantity of air twice as large as himself.

2. Man ought to breathe pure air at every breath. Our sewers and drains are so bad, that the vapor and foul gasses rise, and we breathe them.

3. Man was intended to take open exercise every day. Neither his heart, his stomach and bowels, his skin, his liver, his lungs, his kidneys nor his brain, will act rightly, without walking exercise every day. Most of us do not get any walk, or only a very short one, which is scarcely of any use.

4. Man is formed to take simple, plain and wholesome food. He eats all sorts of things, which not only do him no good, but do him harm, and drinks large quantities of beer, spirits, and wine, which hurt his stomach and take away the proper use of his brain.

5. Man ought to wash himself all over with water every day, so as to cleanse the pores of the skin, else they get stopped up; he cannot perspire rightly, and his skin cannot breathe. The majority of people only wash their hands and faces.

6. Man should wear clean clothes next his skin, because the body gives off bad fluids. At present many people wear the same thing day after day for weeks together.

7. Man was intended to live in the light.—Many, very many, have scarcely any light in their rooms.

8. Man in this climate, must wear warm clothing. Many have no flannel, and are clad with heavy and useless things.

How much misery would be avoided in the history of many lives, had truth and sincerity been the guiding and controlling motives, instead of prevarication and deceit! "Any vice," said a parent in our hearing, a few days since, "any vice, at least among the frailties of milder character, but falsehood. Far better that my child commit an error or do wrong and confess it, than escape the penalty, however severe, by falsehood and hypocrisy. Let us know the worst, and a remedy may possibly be applied. But keep me in the dark—let me be misled or deceived, and it is impossible to tell at what unprepared hour a crushing blow, an overwhelming exposure may come."

## Relief for the Toothache.

Some years since I found the following recipe in a highly popular dental work, and having used it with the most gratifying success from that time to the present, in common cases of toothache, it strikes me I may be instrumental in relieving suffering by making it public.

Take Sulphuric Ether 1 oz.  
Pulverized Gum Camphor 2 drs. chms.  
" Alum 2 "

Mix and keep tightly corked. Wet a little cotton or lint with the mixture and apply to the seat of pain. The above quantity can be obtained of any druggist for 10 or 12 cents.

This preparation having been simply the result of scientific investigation, and not having been obtained either from the Indians or Arabs, it is recommended to cure toothache arising from local inflammation, (in about three cases out of four, in less than five minutes) but so far as the writer of this article is aware, has not been known to cure Neuralgia Facialis—consumption—to set bones, or "shut the cellar door and rock the baby."

H. PRESTON, dentist.

No. 12 State-street.—Hart. Courant.

Mrs. Partington says she has always noticed that, whether flour was dear or cheap, she had invariably to pay the same money for half a dollar's worth.—Bost. Post.

## Poll Evil.

I noticed a very simple cure for the poll evil in your paper some time ago; that is to wash out the sore and apply common salt. We have a good horse that had it for two years. I doubted the simple remedy, but resolved to try it, thinking it could do no harm, at least. However, the horse soon got well, and is now as sound as ever. JOHN MILLER.

Thornton, Ill., Feb., 1847.

## A Good Telescope.

A gentleman conversing with an Irishman, stated that he had seen a telescope with which he could see rocks in the moon. "Arrah," said Pat, "and was it not my own father that had a telescope which would bring a hog so near you could see him five miles off, an' you could hear him grunt, too!"

In Germany every child must enter school at six years of age, in default of which a penalty is exacted of the parent.

## Fatal to Swine.

Saltpetre is as fatal to swine as arsenic to man. Our foreman last year salted some swine with refuse salt which had been taken from a beef barrel and stored away; within twelve hours two out of three which ate of it died, and the third was much injured. As farmers at this season are emptying their meat barrels, instead of preserving the refuse salt for the future, they had better bury it in the compost heap. Our beef was but slightly saltpetred, and but a very little could possibly have been taken by the swine.—N. H. Post.

## Choking.

Neat cattle, fed on apples or potatoes, are very liable to get choked, and many a valuable animal has been lost from not knowing how to afford relief in time to save life. The following remedy is therefore published, with the fullest and most confident reliance in its efficacy.

As soon as an animal is found to be choking, pour into the mouth, from a bottle, a pint of oil, rubbing the throat externally, at the same time, with the hand. A friend who, by the way, is a skilful veterinary surgeon, assures us he has never known this remedy fail, and that the relief afforded is almost instantaneous. The oil lubricates the gullet, and facilitates the rejection of the obstructing substance, without the slightest pain. If oil is not immediately obtainable, soap and water may sometimes be substituted with equal success.

MARRYING.—"Young women! I need not tell you to look out for your husbands, for I know that you are fixing contrivances to catch one, and are as naturally on the watch as a cat is for a mouse. Don't ban your hook with an artificial fly of beauty; if you do, the chances are ten to one that you will catch a gudgeon—some silly fool of a fish that isn't worth his weight in sawdust. Array the better lady with beautiful garments of virtue, modesty, wisdom, truth, morality, and unsophisticated love, and you will dispose of yourself quicker, and to much better advantage than you would if you displayed all the gew gaw, flippings, fol de rolls, and fiddledees in the universe. Remember that it is an awful thing to die a self-manufactured old maid!"—J. J. Jr.

A machine has just been invented for making beef-steak tender. In one minute, the toughest beef-steak that ever made a man's jaws ache, is made tender and delicious. This machine will be a blessing to boarders, if the keepers of boarding houses will introduce it.

"Wife," said a married man, looking for his boot-jack, after she was in bed, "I have a place where I keep all my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."

A lawyer wrote "rascal" in the hat of a brother lawyer, who, on discovering it, entered a complaint in open court against the trespasser, who, he said, had not only taken his hat, but had written his own name in it.

A drunken Yankee soldier in Mexico, by way of penance, was made to march through the camp, in a straight jacket made of a headless rum-barrel, labelled "a walking rum cask."

"Waiter," said a dinner-out, in a down town restaurant yesterday—"Waiter, bring me a plate of soup, quick."

"Say soup again, stranger, said a tall Tennessee returned volunteer, who happened to sit opposite to him, "and I'll give you a Sierra Gorda whipping, I will. I told the old General when I left him at Jalapa that when I come to the States I'd lick the first man I'd hear sayin' soup, and I'll be hanged if I don't do it."

## A New Boot Crimping Machine.

Mr. John E. Tucker, of Boston, has invented a machine for crimping boots, which appears to be quite a novel feature in the boot-making art. It can be made so as to be driven by steam.

## Metallic Hub, Spoke and Rim.

A Mr. Holmes of Moscow, N. Y., has at length perfected a metallic hub, spoke and rim carriage or wagon wheel, by bracing the spokes in two rows on the hub, which is in parts, a cylinder, in which the spoke is screwed or riveted and the axle sheeted. The spoke is also riveted or screwed into the rim.