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

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To the Friends of Peace in America.

DEAR FRIENDS.—We have just returned, after three weeks' sojourn in Paris, whither we were deputed to go by the London Committee, in order to make the needful preliminary inquiries and preparations for the Peace Congress, intended to be held in that city in the month of August. We were met there by an earnest and zealous fellow-laborer, M. Visschers, President of the last Congress at Brussels, who came as the representative of the Belgian Committee, and who rendered us the most valuable aid in our mission, as did your estimable countryman Mr. George Sumner. We were welcomed on our arrival with the most earnest cordiality by M. Bouvet, who procured for us an immediate introduction to M. Lamartine. We felt, from the first moment, when it was proposed to hold the Congress at Paris, that in no way could our object be so effectually subverted, as by enlisting the sympathies and gaining the countenance and co-operation of this illustrious man, always known as an ardent friend of Peace, and lately raised to an elevation so conspicuous and honorable in the presence of all Europe. M. de Lamartine received us with great kindness and courtesy, and when our project was explained to him, assured us, in the most emphatic language, of his deep interest in our cause, and of his willingness to aid us to the utmost of his power in accomplishing our object, and authorized us to inform our friends in England and America that he was prepared to co-operate with other gentlemen in Paris in making suitable preparations for the Congress, and in giving a warm welcome to those delegates from various countries who would visit France on that occasion; adding that if it were deemed desirable, he would go in person to Havre, to receive the American deputation on their arrival, and to conduct them to Paris.

Having thus succeeded in securing the sympathy and sanction of this great man to our enterprise, we then sought access to many celebrated men, members of the National Assembly, eminent writers and philanthropists, known to be favorable to our principles, by all of whom the proposal was received with great interest & encouragement. And we have now the satisfaction to announce that the following gentlemen have distinctly given their adhesion to the movement, and signified their willingness to unite in a Committee of organization to prepare for the Congress, in conjunction with M. de Lamartine:—M. Horace Say, Councillor of State; F. Bastiat, M. Wolowski, M. F. Bouvet, members of the National Assembly; Emile de Girardin, Editor of "La Presse;" M. Duveyrier, Editor of "Le Credit;" M. Guillaumin, editor of "Le Journal des Economistes;" M. Joseph Garnier, editor of "L'Annuaire de l'Economie Politique;" Marquis de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, President of "La Societe de la Morale Chretienne;" Viscount de Melun, a distinguished philanthropist; M. Chevalier, and M. Renzi.

Such are the men, dear friends, who are prepared to welcome us to the soil of France, and to unite in the advocacy of our great principles. The question which now anxiously returns to us is, Will the friends of Peace on both sides of the Atlantic worthily sustain the Assembly that is to be convened and constituted under such illustrious auspices? Shall we have a delegation of earnest men, powerful in character and numbers, such as the greatness of the occasion will demand, and of which, in inviting the men we have mentioned to associate for the purpose, we have inspired an expectation? For England we can answer with confidence. Many hundreds of her wisest and best, headed by such men as Richard Cobden, William Ewart, Charles Hindly, Joseph Sturge, are prepared to testify to their French neighbors the depth and sincerity of their convictions on the question of Peace, by gathering around the most eminent of their fellow citizens on that memorable occasion. And will America prove unequal to the demand made on her enterprise and humanity?—We believe not. No fact in connection with the

coming Congress excited so deep and general an interest in France, as the assurance we ventured to give, that many of the friends of Peace from the United States might be expected to visit the French Capital, and bear part in the deliberations of our Congress. Now, just in proportion to the feelings of kindly interest and pleasure which this announcement has inspired in France, will be the severity of their disappointment, and our mortification, should our promise on your behalf fail.

Have we presumed too much, dear friends, on the energy of American character, on the spirit and fervor of American philanthropy, on the zeal and devotion of American Christianity, in giving such an assurance? Standing foremost, as you do among the nations of the world, for hardy activity, for bold and adventurous enterprise, shall it be said that the cause of universal peace and humanity is too feeble to inspire the national genius! But we will appeal to higher motives than national pride. We call up before your mind the image of bleeding humanity, of fettered civilization, of outraged and insulted Christianity, standing on the shores of Europe in supplicating attitude, and with appealing voice entreating you to come over. We beseech you, dear friends, to hear and obey this appeal, by sending forth a goodly company of your most eminent citizens, who by their wisdom and eloquence shall worthily sustain the reputation of your country in this great assembly, which promises to be more than any other of modern times, a full representation of the progressive intelligence, philanthropy, and moral power of the civilized world.

We are, dear friends, yours, truly,
HENRY RICHARD,
ELIHU BURRIT,
Secretaries of the London Peace Congress Committee.

Popular Co-operation is Necessary to Success of Schools.

Every intelligent and practical friend of education, must have perceived the great importance of an active popular co-operation with every plan undertaken for its improvement. Happy is the community which has a good teacher, a well provided and well conducted school, but doubly happy one which has, at the same time, a spirit of co-operation among the people, and family habits of such a nature as to favor the plans of the instructor, and to aid in their accomplishment.

Many parents there are, who go so far as to see that their children learn the lessons assigned for them to study at home, but who seem to content themselves with this, when they should go farther. How small a proportion, even of this class, have established such an intellectual system in their family arrangements, that the child may be said to be ever at school! There are families in which this desirable state of things exist, in a considerable degree; and with some care and labor, it might be enjoyed in many others. Such things greatly depend on habit.

The conversation at table and at the fireside is of greater importance than many imagine: so are the books and newspapers read and thrown among the young. The father at his work bench or behind the counter, while hoeing his corn, or pursuing any other of our social forms of useful labor, may be communicating to his sons and other companions, lessons on an endless variety of useful topics; while the mother may ordinarily find still more frequent opportune occasions to pursue a similar course with her daughters.

Domestic education is of such extreme importance, that it can hardly be too carefully attended to. Let us consider for a moment the amount of time to be disposed of by a child or youth in the intervals of school hours, and compare it with that occupied in school.—We may set the latter at thirty hours a week during eleven months in a year, as the highest rate; that is, 1,560 hours, or the amount of 65 days and nights. Where the school is kept eight months, the child spends, at the utmost, 990 hours in school, or 41 days and nights.

Now if the child had but 12 waking hours in the day, and should never be detained from school a single day in eleven months, he would have more time out of it than in it. But, taking things as they are, we may safely set down the time spent in school, at not more than one third or one quarter of that spent out of it. If then the parents can do anything effectively in favor of the education of their children while in their company, they can have a great deal of time to do it.

And here we may stop a moment to advert to the danger we are always in, of feeling as if there was a kind of magic in a school to render it necessarily more favorable to improvement than any other place. Alas, how far is this from the fact! In a great many instances, the child is there exposed to physical trials and moral difficulties more unfavorable to the moral improvement. We should bear in mind, therefore, that while we have our children around us we commonly have them in a purer atmosphere, more comfortable positions, and

in a state of greater freedom to listen to instructions, and to ask for explanations than the vast majority of children customarily enjoy in their schools. If, therefore, we have the sagacity to select appropriate subjects, and to propose them in the best manner, what an important institution for their education do we preside over while we sit at our own fireside and tables, and pursue many of the daily employments of life!

The House Mit a Big Chimney.

About a year ago the proceedings of the Washington Monument Society, at Washington, received a sudden impetus. Among other measures adopted to procure sufficient funds for the completion of the edifice, was that of appointing an agent in each Congressional district throughout the United States, who were furnished with lithographs of the future monument, which were presented to each gentleman as those to subscribe. One of these gentlemen called one day at the house of a very wealthy farmer in the upper end of Dauphin county, Pa. The whole family were soon assembled to look at the beautiful pictures. In the mean time the agent exerted all his eloquence to induce the steady old German to "plank his tin." He portrayed the services of Washington to his country; he dwelt in glowing terms upon the gratitude we should feel for him.

Suddenly the farmer broke silence: "What is all dis for?"

The agent began again. "You know who Washington was?"

"Yes, he was the first President; he licked the British didn't he?"

"Yes, that's the man; and this monument is to be erected as a fitting testimonial of the eternal gratitude of his countrymen, &c."

The anticipated subscriber studied the plate attentively.

"Well," said he, "I won't pay anything toward it; I don't see no use to build a house mit sich big chimney."

The agent immediately 'dispersed.'

Rhubarb Plant.

The fourteenth number of Braithwaite's Retrospect for Practical Medicine and Surgery, contains an article on this subject which is calculated to alarm those who indulge in the pies and tarts made of this palatable plant. It seems that it furnishes the material of one of the most painful and dangerous diseases to which the human system is subject.

The substance of the article is briefly this. The young stalks of rhubarb contain oxalic acid, and hard water contains lime; and consequently those who eat articles of food made of the plant, and drink such water, are introducing into their systems the constituent ingredients of the mulberry calculus which is an oxalate of lime; and if they are dyspeptic, and unable to digest the acid, are very likely indeed to incur the pain and the exceeding peril of a venal concretion of that kind. The oxalate was found in three out of four after eating the rhubarb.

This, it must be admitted, is rather startling. The mulberry calculus is the most painful form of the concretion of the kidneys and bladder. The rhubarb plant has come into extensive use, and is generally considered a very wholesome article of diet. If the danger in using it is as great as is represented in the Retrospect, it should be universally known.—Indeed there would seem to be reason to infer that the danger is not confined to those who use limestone water, for the acid will probably combine with other bases as well as with lime. The presence of oxalic acid in the plant, perceptible to the taste, would lead one to conclude a priori, that the ascribed effect would result from its use, whenever it is not decomposed by the stomach, which seems to be the case in the greater proportion of instances; and the experiments have little room to doubt its agency in the productions of oxalate gravel in the urine.

The Solar System.

During a recent lecture before the Whittington Club of London, delivered by the learned and eminent Professor Nichol, of Glasgow University, he used the following extraordinary language relative to the destruction of the solar system:—"The planets are retained in their orbits because two opposite forces exactly balance each other. But modern astronomy has proved that there is a power at work destroying their balance. From observations made on the retarded return of Encke's comet, and its gradual approximation to the sun, we learn the existence of a fluid, an ether, which, however subtle, tends to diminish the centrifugal force, and add to the attraction of the sun. However slowly it may approach, we may yet contemplate the day when this present system shall pass away; not, however, into a vast ruin, but in its own beautiful and majestic order, just like a flower which, having adorned the earth, lets drop its leaves when its work is done, and falls back upon its mother's bosom."

How Sam Brown came to be called the Doctor.

BY NED.

A good natured, generous-hearted fellow was Sam Brown, a great favorite with the girls, and generally liked by his acquaintances; diffident and bashful in his manners, he moreover, had a way of getting into any quantity of scrapes, and committing innumerable blunders. The facility with which he involved himself in a difficulty, was only equalled by the awkwardness with which he extricated himself. Sam is not a professional man—far from it; yet he is well known as "the doctor." The manner in which he attained that honorable prefix to his name, is a matter well worth relation.

Some time ago, Sam was elected a constable of a township, somewhere in Missouri, and it appeared that his evil genius followed him wherever he went. He never did any thing right but by mistake, and then, in attempting to rectify the mistake, he always got wrong again. Sitting, one afternoon, in his little ten by twelve office, intently engaged in speculating upon the probable ruin and eventful destruction of the country provided Gen. Taylor was elected, (Sam was a democrat) he was startled by the abrupt entrance of Mr. Dentine, one of the three lawyers who enjoyed the extensive and lucrative practice of the village of M.

"Got a writ for you, Sam," said Mr. D. in a very business like and therefore unusual tone and manner, "must be served right off, not a moment to be lost. It's on Will Smith, and he, you know, has gone east, so you will have to leave a copy with his wife; don't make any mistake Sam." With these remarks, the professional gentleman bustled out of the office, and hurried along the street as if he had two or three judges and any quantity of clients waiting on his movements.

In a few moments Sam issued from his den and after a short walk, arrived at the door of Mr. William Smith's dwelling. In answer to his official knock, a remarkably red-headed young lady, with one eye that looked up the street, and the other that looked down, asked him to walk in.

"Is Mrs. Smith at home?" asked Sam, as he sat down on the edge of a chair.

"Certain, sir, I'll tell her you've come," and away went this specimen of "lovely woman."

"Tell her I've come," mentally ejaculated Sam; "I wonder how she found out who I am. She's another Venus di Medici, she's seen me before, certain, but I never saw her, and what's more—"

What the more was remains a mystery, for the door opened, and Sam was asked to "walk up stairs."

"But can't Mrs. Smith come down?" asked Sam, "I only want to see her a minute."

"Come down," said the VENUS, in astonishment, "why Missis couldn't think of it."

"Well, your Missis is confounded stiff, I'm thinking," muttered Sam, as he arose from his seat and followed the servant up stairs.

"This way, sir," said the servant, as Sam stopped at a door at the head of the stairs—"that's the sittin' room, sir; this is Missis' sleeping chamber."

"The d—! it is," muttered Sam. "I wonder if I'd better go in—I'll bet I'll git in a scrape as usual."

No time was left for deliberation, for the door was already opened, and in a moment he was in the room, and the door quickly closed.

The chamber was quite dark, the blinds being closed and the curtains drawn.

"Mrs. Smith is not here," he said, as he strove to distinguish objects in the partial obscurity.

"Oh, yes! she's in bed, you know." Sam didn't know any thing about it.

"She ain't sick, is she?" he asked.

"Oh yes! You don't think," asked the girl in a half hesitating, half confidential tone, "as how there's much danger, Doctor, do you?—Missis thinks it 'FAINT TWINS THIS TIME!'"

Had a thunder bolt fallen at his feet, Sam could not have been more astonished, as the light suddenly broke upon him.

"Some confounded mistake—I ain't a doctor!" he stammered as he retreated backwards.

Stumbling over a chair he finally gained the door and rushed down stairs, overturning in his course a worthy deciple of Galen, who had just arrived.

"Hello! why what's the matter, Sam?" cried the man of physic, as he gathered himself slowly up, at the foot of the stairs.

"I'll be hanged if I know," was the reply, "how should I? I ain't a doctor!"

The girls look slyly at each other, and smile demurely, whenever Sam's name is mentioned with the title of doctor prefixed.—St. Louis Reveille.

A NICE HUSBAND.—"Ah! John, you won't have me much longer. I shall never leave this bed alive."

"Please theesself, Betty, and thee'll please me," returned John, with great equanimity.

"I have been a good wife to you, John," persisted the dying woman.

"Middlin', Betty, middlin'," responded the matter-of-fact husband.

Death of Colonel Henry Clay.

But most sad, and yet most glorious of all, it was to see the death of the second Henry Clay! You should have seen him, with his back against yonder rock, his sword grasped firmly, as the consciousness that he bore a name that must not die in-gloriously, seemed to fill his every vein and dart a deadly fire from his eyes!

At that moment he looked like the old Man. For his brow, high and retreating, with the blood-clotted hair waving back from its outline, was swollen in every vein as though his soul shone from it, ere she fled forever. Lips set, brows knit, hand firm—a circle of his men fighting round him—he dashed into the Mexicans, until his sword was wet, his arm weary with blood.

At last, with his thigh splinted by a ball, he gathered his proud form to its full height and fell. His face ashy with intense agony, he bade his comrades to leave him there to die.—That ravine, should be the bed of his glory.

But gathering round him, a guard of breasts and steel—while two of their number bore him tenderly along—those men of Kentucky fought round their fallen hero, and as, retreating step by step, they launched their swords and bayonets into the faeus of the foe, they said with every blow—HENRY CLAY!

It was wonderful to see how that name nerved their arms, and called a smile to the face of the dying hero. How it would have made the heart of the old man of Ashland throb, to have heard his name, yelling as a battle cry, down the shadows of that lonely pass!

Along the ravine, and up the narrow path! The hero bleeds as they bear him on, and tracks the way with his blood. Faster and thicker the Mexicans swarm—they see the circle around the fallen man, even see his pale face, uplifted as a smile crosses its fading lineaments, and like a pack of wolves seeking the frozen traveller at dead of night, they come howling up the rocks, and charge the devoted band with one dense mass of bayonets.

Up and on! The light shines yonder, on the topmost rock of the ravine. It is the setting sun. Old Taylor's eye is upon that rock, and there we will fight our way, and die in the old man's sight!

It was a murderous way, that path up the steep, bank of the ravine! Littered with dead slippery with blood, it grew blacker every moment with swarming Mexicans, and the defenders of the wounded hero fell one by one, into the chams yawning all around.

At last they reach the light, the swords and bayonets glitter in sight of the contending armies, and the bloody contest roars towards the topmost rock!

Then it was, that gathering up his dying frame—armed with supernatural vigor—young Clay started from the arms of his supporters, and stood with outstretched hands, in the light of the setting sun. It was a glorious sight which he saw there, amid the rolling battle clouds; Santa Anna's formidable array hurled back into the ravine and gorge by Taylor's little band! But a more glorious thing it was to see that dying man, standing for the last time, in the light of that sun, which never shall rise for him again!

"Leave me!" he shrieked as he fell back on the sod—"I must die, and I will die here! Peril your lives no longer for me! Go! There is work for you yonder!"

The Mexicans crowding on, hungry for slaughter, left no time for thought. Even as he spoke, their bayonets, glistening by hundreds, were leveled at the throats of the devoted band. By the mere force of their overwhelming numbers, they crushed them back from the side of the dying Clay. One only lingered—a brave man who had known the chivalric soldier, and loved him long; he stood there, and, covered as he was with blood, heared these last words:

"Tell my father how I died, and give him these pistols!"

Lifting his ashy face into light, he turned his eyes upon his comrade's face—placed the pistols in his hand—fell, back to his death.

That comrade, with the pistols in his grasp fought his way alone to the topmost rock of the path, and only once looked back. He saw a quivering form, canopied by bayonets—he saw those outstretched hands grappling with points of steel—he saw a pale face lifted once in the light, and then darkness rushed upon the life of the young HENRY CLAY.

TOUCHING EXPRESSION.—A certain lady had two children, girls, both young and nearly of the same age. But the older one, by some whim or accident possessed all the mother's affections; there was none for the younger, nothing but harshness. Very lately the mother fell sick, and was confined to her bed.—While lying there she heard gentle steps approaching it. "Is that you my child?" said the sick woman.

"No, mamma," naively and softly said the resigned one, "it is only me."

Most parents and all mothers will understand this simple answer.