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The Morning Visit.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

A sick man's chamber, though it often boast The grateful presence of a liberal toast, Can hardly claim amidst its various wealth The right, unchallenged, to propose a health; Yet though its tenant is denied the feast, Friendship must launch his sentiment at least, As prisoned damsels, locked from lovers' lips, Toss them a kiss from off their fingers' tips.

THE MORNING VISIT—not till sickness falls In the charmed circle of your own safe walls; Till fever's throb, and pain's relentless rack, Stretch you, all helpless, on your aching back; Not till you play the patient in your turn, The morning visit's mystery shall you learn.

'Tis a small matter in your neighbor's case, To charge your fee for showing him your face; You skip up stairs, inquire, inspect and touch, Prescribe, take leave, and off to twenty such. But when, at length, by fate's transferred degree, The visitor becomes the visitee, O then, indeed, it pulls another string, Your ox is gored, and that's a different thing! Your friend is sick; phlegmatic as a Turk, You write your recipe and let it work; Not yours to stand the shiver and the frown, And sometimes worse, with which your draught goes down; Calm as a clock your knowing hand directs, REEL, JALAPE, ANA GRANA SEX, Or traces on some tender missive's back SCRUPULOS DUOS PULVERIS IPECAC; And leaves your patient to his qualms and gripes, Cool as a sportsman banging at his snipes.

But change the time, the person, and the place, And be yourself the "interesting case," You'll gain some knowledge which it's well to learn, In future practice it may serve your turn. Leeches, for instance, pleasing creatures quite, Try them, and, bless you, don't you find they bite? You raise a blister for the smallest cause, But be yourself the great sublime it draws, And trust my statement, you will not deny, The worst of draughtsmen is your Spanish Fly! It's mighty easy, ordering when you please, INFUSIA SENE, CAPSAT UNCIAE TERES; It's mighty different when you quack down Your own three ounces of the liquid brown. PILULA PULVIS—pleasant words enough, When other jaws receive the shocking stuff; But oh, what fatality can disguise the groan That meets the gulp which sends it through your own! Be gentle, then, though Art's unsparring rules Give you the handling of her sharpest tools; Use them not rashly—sickness is enough—Be always "ready," but be never "rough."

Of all the ills that suffering man endures, The largest fraction liberal Nature cures; Of those remaining, 'tis the smallest part Yields to the efforts of judicious Art; But simple kindness kneeling by the bed, To shift the pillow for the sick man's head, Give the fresh draught to cool the lips that burn, Fan the hot brow, the weary frame to turn; KINDNESS—untutored by our grave M. D.'s, But nature's graduate, whom she schools to please, Wins back more sufferers with her voice and smile, Than all the trumpery in the druggist's pile.

Once more, be quiet—coming up the stair, Don't be a plantigrade, a human bear, But stealing softly on the silent toe, Reach the sick chamber ere you're heard below. Whatever changes there may greet your eyes, Let not your looks proclaim the least surprise; It's not your business by your face to show All that your patient does not wish to know; Nay, use your optics with considerate care, And don't abuse your privilege to stare. But if your eyes may probe him overmuch, Beware still further how you rudely touch; Don't clutch his corpus in your icy fist, But warm your fingers ere you take the wrist; If the poor victim needs must be perused, Don't make an anvil of his aching bust; (Doctors exist within a hundred miles, Who thump a thorax as they'd hammer piles.) If you must listen to his doubtful chest, Catch the essentials and ignore the rest—Spare him; the sufferer wants of you and art A track to steer by, not a finished chart; So of your questions—don't in mercy try To pump your patient absolutely dry; He's not a mollusc squirming in a dish—You're not Agassiz, and he's not a fish.

And last, not least, in each perplexing case, Learn the sweet magic of a CHEERFUL FACE; Not always smiling, but at least serene, When grief and anguish cloud the anxious scene. Each look, each movement, every word and tone, Should tell your patient you are all his own; Not the mere artist, purchased to attend, But the warm, ready, self-forgetting friend, Whose genial visit in itself combines The best of cordials, tonics, anodynes.

Such is the VISIT, that from day to day Sheds o'er my chamber its benignant ray. I give his health, who never cared to claim Her babbling homage from the tongue of Fame! Unmoved by praise, he stands by all confest, The truest, noblest, wisest, kindest, best! Boston, May 30, 1849.

The way to get on in the World.

TO YOUNG MEN.—A Working Man has lately published his own biography—one of the most interesting volumes that has appeared in the course of the present century. Would that it were in the hands of every one! It would do you more real good than three-fourths of what is taught in Oxford in the course of seven years. The working man is one of the most able and eloquent writers of his time. What a lesson his life presents to young men! You may have his secret of success for a thing of naught. It follows:

"It may to some appear like vanity in me to write what I now do, but I should not give my life truly if I omitted it. When filling a cart of manure at the farm dunghill, I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped up before the other side, at which was another man; I pushed over what I had heaped up to help him, as doubtless he did to help me, when I was last and he was first. When I have filled my column or columns of a newspaper, or sheet of a magazine, with the literature of which I was to be paid, I have never stopped if the subject required more elucidation, or the paper or magazine more matter, because there was no contract for more payment, or no likelihood of their being more. When I have lived in a barrack-room, I have stopped my own work, and have taken a baby from a soldier's wife when she had to work, and nursed it, or have gone for water for her, or have cleaned another man's accoutrements, though it was no part of my duty to do so. When I have been engaged in political literature, and traveling for a newspaper, I have not hesitated to travel many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact, or to pursue a subject to its minutest particulars, if it appeared that the public were unacquainted with the facts of the subject; and this at times when I had work to do which was more pleasant and profitable. When I have needed employment, I have accepted it at whatever wages I could obtain—at plow, in farm drain, in stone quarry, at breaking stones for roads, at wood-cutting, in a saw-pit, as a civilian, or as a soldier. I have, in London, cleaned out a stable, and groomed a cabman's horse for a sixpence, and then been thankful to the cabman for the sixpence. I have subsequently tried literature, and have done as much writing for ten shillings as I have readily obtained—been sought after and offered—ten guineas for. But had I not been content to begin at the beginning, and accepted shillings, I would not have risen to guineas. I have lost nothing by working. Whether at laboring or literary work, with a spade or with a pen, I have been my own helper.

Are you prepared to imitate? Humility is always the attendant of sense—folly alone is proud! In a poor young man, whatever his better qualities, pride will generally prove the grand preservative of his poverty. Mark that! That prince of preachers, George Whitefield, addressing the youth of his Tabernacle congregation, was wont to say,

"Beware of being Golden Apprentices, Silver Journey-men, and Copper Masters!"

O! it is sickening to see a lad wasting the means at his disposal, on canes, snuff boxes, scent bottles, and other trifles, which ought to be devoutly consecrated to the acquisition of knowledge, and the improvement of his understanding. The only cure for pride is sense; and the only path to promotion is condescension. What multitudes have been ruined in their prospects by the pride of their hearts! On the contrary, what numbers animated by a spirit compounded of humility and benevolence, in shops, manufactories, ships, and camps, from being the servants of all, have become the masters of all!

A way then, young men, and away forever, with selfish foppery, with empty pride, idle habits, and expensive associations. "Stoop and conquer!" Sink in spirit, and rise to opulence! "Be faithful over a few things, and be made ruler over many."—(London) Christian's Penny Magazine.

A Touching Incident.

The New York Tribune records the following beautiful incident connected with the attentions to the Hungarian refugees.

"On Monday morning, three Germans, evidently workmen, went to the Astor House and asked to see the Hungarians. They were immediately introduced, and remained some time in conversation with Gov. Ujhazy and family. Finally two of them withdrew and left the third, who continued to talk, but seemed to have something to say which he could not get out. At last, addressing Mlle. Clara, the daughter of Mr. Ujhazy, he said that as exiles who were remote from country and friends and whose property had been confiscated in consequence of their devotion to freedom and people's rights, they must be in an embarrassed condition. Then drawing from his pocket a bank note he said 'Fraulein, this is but little, for I am a poor man and have only what I earn, but I could not refrain from giving the tribute of my mite to you. Receive this, I beg you, as the heart offering of a workman to the defenders of liberty.'

Mlle. Ujhazy, who had not expected anything of this kind, and was rather embarrassed, replied in a tone of emotion, that she was deeply grateful for such kindness, but that they were not in a condition to ask it, when her father said: 'Take it, my daughter, and feel thyself and us all more honored than if a monarch had bestowed millions upon thee!' at the same time warmly pressing the hand of the noble laborer, and assuring him that they could never forget him. We leave our readers to imagine the scene."

Stricture of the Oesophagus.

One of the most extraordinary cases of stricture of the oesophagus, known to us, now exists in a shoemaker, of Boston, who actually keeps himself alive by the habitual practice of an operation that no surgeon in New England would dare perform in the rough manner pursued by this unfortunate sufferer. He is a small man, rising of 70 years of age. For many years he had extreme difficulty in swallowing food. Deglutition finally became so painful that he took advice at the Mass. Gen. Hospital, and, according to his own representation, an instrument was introduced down his throat. The relief was not entirely satisfactory; but discovering that the principle was right, since there was evidently a narrowing in the canal, the idea was conceived of practising upon himself. At the extremity of a rattan, perhaps a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in diameter, he wound a mass of hemp, which was confined by twine.

A rough mass, six inches long on the stick, and an inch thick at the lower extremity, was thus made. Having oiled it, the old man fearlessly forced it down through the oesophagus, fairly into the stomach. This he is obliged to do frequently, otherwise the strictures—for there are two, one just at the top of the sternum and the other a little above the cardiac orifice—become so closed that fluids cannot pass at all. Sometimes after swallowing a draught of water, it is stopped at the lower constriction. To relieve himself, under such a dilemma, he thrusts down a long feather, which produces nausea, and by the sympathy of the gastric apparatus vomiting is induced, and the confined fluid, according to his account forced back. Sometimes food is checked in its descent, at the same point, and ejected by mechanical assistance.

On Tuesday, of last week, after giving us a minute history of his condition, the narrator oiled the monstrous brob, forced it down into the stomach, and brought it back, dripping with gastric juice. Not long since, the lower stricture utterly refused to allow the great swab to pass.—Recollecting that tobacco was a relaxer, while the rattan was protruding above his teeth he calmly lighted a pipe, and by taking a few whiffs had the satisfaction of relaxing the muscular grip, and down the mass went, passing the rebellious point into the great membranous receptacle below. On one occasion the brob was coated over with ground mustard, and thrust through the strictures, on the supposition that they required stimulating. A more singular case, one more formidable in character, and managed in the rude fearless manner here described, cannot be found, it is believed, in the annals of surgery. Under any plan of treatment by his own, this man of ten millions would have been dead, years ago, a victim to an incurable malady. With the course he is habitually pursuing, life may be protracted till he is unable to repeat the operation, and then he may die of starvation.—Boston Medical Journal.

What I have Noticed.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead; and that tomb stones are marked with epithets of "good and virtuous." Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is "forgive us our debts," but makes every body pay who owes him to the uttermost farthing. I have noticed that Death is a merciful Judge, though not impartial. Every man owes a debt—Death summons the debtor, and he lays down his dust in the currency of mortality.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue is certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbors, surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that whatever is, is right with few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left side of a plum pudding.

I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature, it is necessary at times to be downright mad. I have noticed that for us we are always wishing instead of working for fortunes, we are disappointed, and call Dame Fortune "blind," but it is the very best evidence that the old lady has most capital eyesight, and is no "granny" with spectacles.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that tombstones say "Here he lies," which no doubt is often the truth, and if men could see the epitaphs their friends sometimes write, they would surely believe they had got into the wrong grave.—N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

Sex of Eggs.

A correspondent of the Agricultural Gazette says.

"I am induced to tell you that, without pretending to any knowledge of abstruse mysteries, I have learned to discover which eggs will produce pullets, and have pursued the practice through this season with uniform success. It consists simply in this, to avoid setting the long shaped eggs, which always produce cocks, choosing the round and plumper ones. Generally, too, I have found that the very largest egg produce male birds. I select, therefore, the most promising round shaped eggs, without taking the very largest. It is certainly an important matter to succeed in this department having myself often had the mortification to have a whole brood of cocks, or nearly so, the avoidance of this is convenience is truly a desideratum."

Let young people remember, that their good temper will gain them more esteem and happiness than the genius and talents of all bad men that ever existed.

MR. MEREDITH'S REPORT. Adequate Protection to Home Industry—Specific Duties and Stability in Legislation.

The first annual report of Mr. Meredith, the Secretary of the Treasury, is a document of marked ability and most decided interest. The style is clear and vigorous, the suggestions bold and manly, and the tone earnest and convincing. We refer to the whole of it with sincere pleasure, and especially to that portion of it, in which the question of Home Industry is so fully discussed. The views harmonize with those of every liberal-minded Pennsylvanian, and cannot but be read with satisfaction.

Mr. Meredith says distinctly that—to provide for the payment out of the revenue of the instalment which will be due to Mexico in the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1852, to secure the raising of a fund for the gradual extinguishment of our heavy public debt, and to place the revenue on a sure basis of sufficiency for all the expenditures of the Government, it will be necessary to adopt measures for increasing the revenue; and the most available means to that end are to be found in raising the duties on imports. In proposing some alterations in the existing Tariff, with a view as well to the necessary augmentation of the revenue as to the encouragement of industry, Mr. Meredith presents his views distinctly, in the hope that a course may be adopted by the wisdom and patriotism of Congress which may tend to harmonize discordant feelings and promote the general prosperity. He entertains no doubt of the rightful power of Congress to regulate commerce and levy imposts and duties, with the purpose of encouraging our own industry; and he says, that as every producer in one branch of useful industry is also a consumer of the products of others, and as his ability to consume depends upon the profits of his production, it follows that to give prosperity to one branch of industry is to increase that of the rest.—Within each branch of industry there will be individual rivalry, but among the several branches of useful industry there must always exist an unbroken harmony of interest. No country, he continues, can attain a due strength or prosperity that does not by its own labor carry its own productions as nearly as possible to the point necessary to fit them for ultimate consumption. To export its raw material and reimport the articles manufactured from it, or to neglect its own raw material and import the articles manufactured from that of another country, is to pretermitt the means which nature has provided for its advancement. He illustrates this position, by stating that during the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1849, we exported raw cotton to the value of about sixty-six millions of dollars. If that cotton had been spun and woven at home, (supposing its value to be increased fourfold by manufacture,) it would have produced a value of about one hundred and ninety-eight millions in addition.—What would have been the effect of the increased production on the property of the country? He exemplifies the matter still further, and in a manner at once forcible and beautiful. The manufacture of cotton cloth, he says, is begun with the planting of the cotton—it is carried to a certain point by the planter, and then taken up and perfected by the spinner and weaver. The planter and manufacturer are not engaged in different branches of industry, but in the same—the one commences the process which the other completes. Cotton seed of insignificant value being by regular stages of labor developed and brought to the form of cotton cloth, has acquired a value of about two hundred and sixty-four millions. The seed, he continues, bears to the cotton the same relation which the cotton bears to cloth. If we now export cotton of the value of about sixty-six millions, the same cotton, when converted into cloth, would make an export of some two hundred and sixty-four millions, after deducting the fifteen or twenty millions which would be required for our own consumption, (in addition to the portion of our present manufactures consumed at home,) and our imports would be thereby in like manner increased. England, at this moment, derives a large portion of her power from spinning and weaving our cotton. When we shall spin and weave it ourselves, make our own iron, and manufacture our other staples, we shall have transferred to this country the great centres of wealth, commerce, civilization, and political, as well as moral and intellectual power.

Our capacity to manufacture is next discussed, and all the important points are touched upon. The circumstances favorable to production in this country, are stated to be: 1st. Facility in procuring raw materials. 2d. Abundance of fuel. 3d. Abundance of food and other articles necessary for the sustenance and housing of the laborer. 4th. The superior efficiency of the laborers in comparison with those of other countries. The circumstances supposed to be unfavorable to our production may be thus classed—

1st. Want of capital. 2d. Dearness of our labor as compared with that of other countries. 3d. Insecurity by exposure to the influence of violent and excessive fluctuations of price in foreign markets, and to undue foreign competition.

Mr. Meredith thinks that we have abundant capital among ourselves, for any purpose to which it can be profitably applied. He says that the amount of capital required for a large production is not enormous. The whole capital, for instance, employed in the establishment and support of iron works in England and Wales in 1847, has been estimated at less than one hundred millions of dollars; the annual production then being about one million two hundred thousand tons.

He admits that the difference between the

price of labor here and in Great Britain is great, and expresses a hope that it will never be diminished by a reduction of wages here. The difference has been estimated at an average of thirty-three per cent., and in some branches, such as the manufacture of iron, it is much greater. This difference is in part compensated by the disadvantages under which the foreign manufacturer is placed by the necessity in some branches of procuring his raw material from a great distance, or transporting a heavy article of production, such as iron, to a distant market. In addition, he is pressed by a heavy burden of taxation. The greater efficiency of our labor is to some extent an additional compensatory element. This includes the greater capacity for acquiring skill, the superior general intelligence, the higher inventive faculty, the greater moral and physical energy, both of action and endurance, which our people possess in comparison with the foreign laborer. Better fed, clothed, housed, and educated—conscious of the ability to lay up some capital annually from his savings—encouraged to invest that capital in the enterprise in which his labor is engaged—enjoying practically greater civil and political liberty, looking forward to an indefinite future in which, through his own good conduct and example, he may expect each successive generation of his descendants, to be better circumstanced than its predecessors, it cannot be doubted that these advantages will add greatly to the efficiency of the American laborer. Still, the Secretary admits and urges the necessity of further protection, and he therefore proposes that the duties on the staple commodities, (whether raw material or manufactured articles,) in which foreign nations compete with our own productions, be raised to a point at which they will afford substantial and sufficient encouragement to our domestic industry, provide for the necessary increase and due security of the revenue, and insure the permanence and stability of the system. All, he continues, that is wanting, is a general determination that industry shall be encouraged and supported in the home production and manufacture of iron, wool, cotton, sugar, and our other staples, and that the legislation necessary to sustain it shall be firmly adopted and persevered in.

The rates of duty, he thinks, are too low, especially on articles similar to our own staples. He proposes, moreover, a return to the system of specific duties on articles on which they can be conveniently laid; and he argues the point with great force and ingenuity. By the present system, he says, the revenue not only suffers, but a certain sum is, in effect, annually distributed by the public among dishonest importers, as a premium for their dishonesty; and that fair American importers may be gradually driven out of the business, and their places supplied by unknown and unscrupulous foreign adventurers. These are the chief points of that portion of the report which alludes to the tariff. They cover the whole ground, are decided and liberal without being ultra. In brief, Mr. Meredith recommends—

1. Adequate protection to home industry by increased duties on certain articles.
 2. A return to specific duties to a very great extent.
 3. Permanency and stability in legislation.
- These are indeed the great essentials. The report throughout is, we repeat, clear, comprehensive and able.

Chloroform in Operations.

The benefits and safety of Chloroform in surgical operations is doubted and contradicted, indeed totally despised by many Surgeons and the patient has to endure the sufferings patiently. Dr. Gideon A. Kaski of Monroe county who has had an extensive experience in the use of chloroform and ether in operations on adults and every one of them successful, convinced himself on the 13th and 14th of November in two cases he operated upon, of the safe administration thereof to little children. The first of said operations was the excision of a congenital tumor on the Tendo Achilles measuring eight inches in circumference, in a little girl two years and five months old. The little patient was rendered perfectly insensible and the operation performed without causing her to give even the slightest motion to the limb, and after the dressing was completed she opened her eyes and looked around as though in astonishment at what had passed.

Doctor Kaski does not hesitate in any case where the constitution is sound to resort to the use of anaesthesia, preferring in adults, Prof. W. Atlee's combination of one part of chloroform to two of ether, with a view of compensating their opposite effects of sedation and stimulation. To young children such as the above mentioned have been, he gives the preference to the chloroform alone from the fact that children are ignorant of the way of inhaling it and are consequently influenced sooner by chloroform from its acting quicker and requiring fewer inspirations.—Easton Argus.

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of South Carolina, imposing a fine of \$1000 and twelve months imprisonment, upon any Postmaster who shall knowingly deliver to any person any written or printed paper or picture, drawing or engraving, calculated to disturb the peace of the people in relation to the slave population thereof.

The Tribune says that the story of one of the city papers, that arrangements had been in progress, or completed, for a ferry across the North River at Piermont in order to connect the Hudson River and Erie Railroads, so as to supersede the boats of the latter company, is a rumor and nothing more. There have been such suggestions, but no arrangement of the kind has been agreed upon.