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

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## The People's Anthem.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOT.

When wilt thou save the People!  
Oh, God of mercy, when!  
Not kings and lords, but nations!  
Not thrones and crowns, but men!  
Flowers of thy heart, oh God, are they,  
Let them not pass like weeds away,  
Their heritage a Winter's day.  
God save the People!

Shall crime breed crime for ever,  
Strength aiding still the wrong?  
Is it thy will, oh Father,  
That man shall toil for wrong?  
"No!" say thy mountains. "No!" thy skies;  
"Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,  
And songs ascend instead of sighs."  
God save the People!

When wilt thou save the People!  
Oh, God of mercy, when!  
The People, Lord, the People!  
Not thrones, and crowns, but men!  
God save the People! thine they are,  
Thy children as the angels fair;  
Save them from bondage and despair.  
God save the People!

Translated from the French of Eugene Guinet.

## The Talisman.

BY ALFRED GAUDALET.

It was after midnight, and the bride had long since retired to her nuptial chamber, when her young husband at last succeeded to escape from the supper table, and leaving his guests to take care of themselves, repaired to his bride's apartment.

"Come in sir," said Anne, in a discreet voice, "Madame is waiting for you."

The young husband pushed open the door, and threw himself at the feet of his wife, who indeed was waiting for him, seated by the fire, in the elegant and coquettish *dishabille* of a rich widow whose desires have been satisfied by a new marriage.

"Rise, pray you, my beloved," she said to her husband, stretching her hand to him.

"No, no, Madame," replied the young man, seizing the hand extended to him, "no, allow me to remain thus at your feet, and do not take away your hand, for I fear you will escape. I tremble lest all this should prove but a dream. It seems that I must be the hero of some fairy tale, and that on the point of being happy, my happiness will fly away, and leave me to sorrow and despair."

"Do not fear, my beloved, I was indeed yesterday the widow of Lord Melvil; and I am to-day Madame de la Tour, your wife. Banish from your mind the fairy tale, for the tale is a true story."

Frederic de la Tour might well think that some favorable fairy had taken the direction of his affairs, for in less than a month he had become rich and happy beyond all expectation. He was 25, an orphan, and earned hardly enough to support himself, when, one day, while passing in the Rue St. Honore, a brilliant equipage stopped before him, and a charming elegant woman called out:

"Sir! Sir!"

The footman unrolled the steps of the carriage, and hat in hand, respectfully invited Frederic to take a seat by the lady, all dressed in silks and covered with diamonds. Scarcely was he seated when the horses started at full speed.

"Sir," said the lady in a sweet voice, "I have received your letter, but notwithstanding your excuse, I will expect the pleasure of your company to-morrow, at my soiree."

"Of my company?" inquired Frederic.

Yes, sir, you. Ah, I beg your pardon," exclaimed the lady, with surprise. "I beg your pardon. But you look so much like an acquaintance of mine, that I mistook your countenance. Ah, dear me, what will you think of me sir! But, indeed, such a striking resemblance. Any one would have committed the same mistake."

Before the matter was explained the carriage had stopped at the gate of a superb mansion, and Frederic could no less than offer his hand to Lady Melvil.

Lady Melvil was beautiful, and Frederic was easily subdued. He congratulated himself upon his good luck, which had made him acquainted with this charming woman—accepted her invitations, and soon became one of the *habitués* and daily visitors at her house. The rich widow was surrounded by a host of admirers, but one by one they were driven away, and things went on so, that before the end of the week, the happy Frederic was the accepted suitor of the rich widow, who had made the first proposal of marriage.

Frederic placed himself sometimes before his small looking-glass, and considered himself with attention. He was not ugly, but still he could not be called a *beau garcon*, and as his means did not allow him to attribute his good fortune to the skill of his tailor, he was induced to believe that he was loved for himself, or that Lady Melvil was fascinated by a spell.

When the marriage day was fixed upon, and Frederic repaired to his lawyer to sign the contract, his surprise changed to amazement. He found himself worth a million! He owned an estate in Burgundy, a house in Paris, other property which he never heard of before. The widow had property abroad—estates in Wales, and pastures in Devonshire. It was a golden dream, from which Frederic dreaded every moment to wake up, and though all the ceremonies had been duly performed, he would not believe in the reality of his happiness.

"Rise, dear Frederic," said his wife once more, "Take a chair and let us talk."

The young husband obeyed, without abandoning the hand which he held, and Madame de la Tour began thus:

"There was once—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Frederic;

"Listen to me, dear. There was once a young girl born of parents who once had been rich, but who when the girl was fifteen years old, had only the hard earnings of a father to support themselves. They resided in Lyons, but the hope of a better fate induced them all to come to Paris. Nothing is harder to gain again than a lost fortune. The father of the young girl struggled four years with poverty, without being able to conquer it, and finally died in a hospital.

"The wife soon followed her husband, and the young girl remained alone in a garret, the rent of which was not paid, and without a friend in the world. If a fairy was to play a part in my story, it would now be the times for her to appear. But there is no fairy.

"The young girl remained in Paris, without parents, without friends, without money, asking in vain from strangers for work, which is riches to the poor. Hunger became more and more pressing, and at last drove the unfortunate girl into the streets to beg for charity. She covered her head with a veil, the only inheritance she received from her mother, bent down to imitate old age, went into the street and held out her hand. But her hand was white and delicate, it was dangerous to show it, and the girl was compelled to wrap her veil around it as if it had been covered with disgusting sores.

"The girl placed herself against a wall, away from the light, and when a young girl more fortunate than she was, gaily passed by, she held out her hand and begged for a cent—a cent to buy a little bread. But her appeal was in vain. An old man came next, and the poor girl again implored for charity; but old age is often miserly and hard-hearted. The old man passed on his way. The evening was cold and rainy—it was getting late, and the watchmen were repairing to their different posts for the night. Once more the young girl, exhausted and almost dying with hunger, held out her hand. She addressed a young man, who stopped, felt in his pocket, and threw down a piece of money; for he would not come in contact with such a miserable looking object. A policeman, who was watching the beggar, appeared suddenly and seized her.

"I have caught you at it," he exclaimed; "you are begging. I will take you to the watch-house."

"The young man immediately interposed; he took by the arm the poor girl, whom the moment before he would not have touched even with his glove, and addressed himself to the policeman.

"This woman is not a beggar," said he, "she is well known to me."

"But, sir," replied the enforcer of the law against begging.

"I tell you again that I know this person.—Poor old woman," said he, whispering in the ear of the young girl, whom he took for an old woman, "take this five franc piece, and let me accompany you a short distance; you will thus avoid the vigilance of the man who annoyed you."

"The coin slipped from your hand into mine," continued the bride; "and as you were passing just then under a gas light, I saw your face."

"My face!" exclaimed Frederic.

"Yes, my dear friend, it was my life, and perhaps my honor, that you saved. You gave a dollar to Lady Melvil, to your future wife."

"You," said Frederic, "so beautiful, so young, and now so rich, you have begged in the streets!"

"I have. I received charity once, and it was from you. The day after that unfortunate night, which I now place among the happiest moments of my existence, an old lady, in whom I had inspired some interest, obtained for me a situation of seamstress in a good house; gaiety and happiness soon returned, and I gained the friendship of my employer. One day Lord Melvil entered the little room where I was at work, and seated himself by my side. He was a man of sixty years old, tall, and with a freezing countenance.

"Miss," said he, "I know your history. Will you marry me?"

"Marry you?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. I have an immense fortune, which I do not wish to leave my nephews; I have got the gout, and I desire some one better than a servant to take care of me. From what I have heard of you, you possess a noble and elevated mind; you may now become Lady Melvil, and thus prove that you can bear good luck as well as you have endured the trials of poverty."

"I loved you, Frederic," continued Madame de

la Tour. "I could not forget you, and I had a presentiment that one day we should be united to each other. I knew that Lord Melvil's motive in marrying me was to vent his spite against his nephews, and I hated to be the instrument of his revenge. The noble lord perceived my hesitation, and he urged his point. Those who surrounded me advised me to take advantage of the folly of a man worth millions. But I thought of you, Frederic. Your image was constantly before my mind, and for the sake of one whom I had seen but a moment, I almost sacrificed my fortune and yours. However, my trials had been too severe to allow my romantic ideas to get the better of my reason.

"The young seamstress gave you up, and I became Lady Melvil. That was the fairy tale, my beloved. I, a poor abandoned orphan, the wife of one of the noblest peers of England! In my splendid carriage, seated on silk and velvet I drove through the very street where, a few months before, I was begging for a morsel of bread. Such are the caprices of fortune."

"Happy Lord Melvil!" exclaimed Frederic.

"He was very happy, indeed," continued Madame de la Tour. "He was rich beyond measure, and never could spend his income, and he rightly supposed that gratitude would secure him the affections of a woman whose fortune he would make, and he never repented his marriage. I trusted my future welfare in the hands of the noble lord, and I solaced his last hours. He died, leaving me all his wealth, and I then vowed to myself never to marry again but the man who assisted me in the most painful moments of my life. I endeavored to find you, but in vain. Ah, if I had only known your name!"

On saying this, the bride fastened a neckless of rubies, and drew from a small silk purse attached to it, a five franc piece, encircled with gold.

"It is the same," said she, and placed it in the hand of Frederic. "By showing this piece of money, I was enabled to obtain a piece of bread on credit for a few hours. The next day I obtained a situation, and I was thus enabled to keep it; it has never left me for a moment. Oh, how happy I was when I met you a month ago. I was so glad that I used the first stratagem that came into my head to bring you near me. I had but one fear, and that was to find you married. Then you would never have heard this story. I would have made you rich, and poor Lady Melvil would have returned to England, and shut herself in her castle in Wales."

Frederic had dropped the hand of his wife, and stood gazing upon the coin, the cause of his happiness and fortune.

"You see," said Madame de la Tour, "that I am not a fairy; it is you, on the contrary, who gave me the talisman."

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

## Time—its Importance.

Time is but a fragment of eternity; for our present being is intimately connected with the state of endless duration. Then if our time is greatly misimproved, we are greatly the losers. And should all our time allotted to us by a wise Providence here be lost, then are we losers all our eternity; for time once lost is lost forever. How important then that our precious moments and golden hours should all be duly appreciated and wisely improved in reference to our future destiny!

But many have no time or inclination to attend to acts of religion, nor benevolence, nor prayer, nor Bible reading, nor self examination, much less of looking into the future world, and getting ready to die. Their language is invariably, when interrogated on these important and momentous subjects—"I hav'n't time!" "O I hav'n't time!" How amazingly, not to say universally, this mischievous and dangerous expression obtains in our world!

"Hav'n't time!" No time to read religious books or useful miscellany: "hav'n't time" to attend to places of divine worship nor social prayer! "Hav'n't time" to read the Bible that book of books? "Hav'n't time" to go into the closet, nor meditate on God's holy law! No time for religious intercourse; no time to inquire after the Lord—no time to visit the poor and despairing—no time for acts of benevolence, and no season for usefulness! With such there is no time for intellectual research—no time to devote to the promotion of the general good—no time for mental thought—no time for useful labour—no time scarcely to live, and no time, forsooth to die!

But, strange to tell, with such there is a time and time sufficient, for inactivity—for pleasure—for babbling—for mischief—for gratifying every forbidden appetite—for dancing—for theatre going—for novel reading—for idle lounging—for nonsense talking—for drinking wine—a time for presumptions folly and a time to mis-spent precious time! It would seem there was a time for every purpose but to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God."

Why there is not a moment of our precious time to be wasted and squandered away. If life so soon is gone, and then, if not prepared our all is lost, should we not be in readiness for eternity? Queen Elizabeth said when dying, "O time! time! a world of wealth for an inch of time!" If then "an inch of time" to one dying is more valuable than all the riches of earth, can it be any less so to the living? All that now live have to die, and all who are probationers of time must soon be inhabitants of eternity. O how meet and just and important we should duly appreciate and improve our time!

Dear reader, another year is almost ended, and it may be the end of the last year we shall ever live. The sands of life with us may be almost ruin, the candle of life almost consumed and we may, could we realize our true condition, be trembling just on the verge of eternity! O let us consider our latter end and apply our hearts unto wisdom! If longer days be allotted us, let us improve them all in the fear of God and in promoting his glory. Let us, however, endeavor to learn that great lesson to, live

"Each short revolving day,  
As if it were our last."

Let us, Christian pilgrim, so live here as to live forever. Thanks be unto God for the prospects of eternal life! Hail, life! immortal life beyond the grave! I. N. K.

## The Culture of the Potato.

The culture of an esculent of so much importance as the potato and the means of obviating the diseases incident thereto, is a subject deserving the attention of the philanthropist as well as the farmer.

With all the experiments which have been made, both in Europe and America, by eminent scientific men and agriculturists, it is astonishing what a division of opinion still exists as to the cause or causes of the potato blight.

With due respect for the views which have been expressed on this subject, I am led to think that, in the virgin soil of this country, at all events, the remedy for the evil, in the great measure, is in the hands of the farmer.

That however important chemical analysis may be, it has appeared futile in this instance. Sometimes it has been found that the simplest remedy has proved effectual in instances of bodily disease, where the skill of the physician has been baffled. So, in this case whether he be most learned in the sciences, an amateur agriculturist, or a practical farmer, should not (to use an old saw) strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

I will point a few of the causes of the potato rot among us, which will be within the comprehension of any one who has any knowledge of agriculture. And—

1st. It is the custom of many farmers, after planting, to run the cultivator or hoe-harrow between the rows twice or three times, and then leave the crop to get along, without further attention, the balance of the season.

Now it is evident that with this kind of cultivation, the surface of the ground is left flat; the roots with so slight a covering is exposed to superabundance of water, which, when followed by a hot sun, will almost invariably produce the rot.

The plough should not be neglected, and I would recommend the shovel plough, both on account of the economy of time its use affords, (two furrows being thrown by it at the same time), and for the ease both to the man and beast, with which the work is accomplished.

This should be done immediately after hoe-harrowing. By this means the plant is kept upright and in a growing state much longer, a sufficient space is left on the ridge for the rains to penetrate, and whatever surplus water there may be is carried off between the rows.

Let the shovel plough be used twice, after the cultivator, followed each time by a careful person to remove the grass and weeds, and to right up the plants that may be covered in the ploughing, and if the field is kept clear of all that is foul, through the balance of the season, one very important and easy step has been taken to avoid the potato rot.

2d. Let the crop be planted early, and ploughing out as soon as they are ripe for it.

It is too much the custom to leave the crop in the ground long after it should be carefully stored away in the cellar, there by subjecting it to the injurious affects of the Autumn rains.

Plough the crop out when the ground is dry, have them assorted before placed away for the Winter; your marketable, seed size, and feeding potatoes in separate places and you avoid having too many together, which is a frequent cause of the rot.

3d. The application of lime is beneficial to the potato. This, however, is a subject upon which there is a diversity of opinion. My own experience satisfies me that lime is an important item in the economy of husbandry, and merits more attention from the farmer than it receives.

The few hints I have thrown out will meet the eye of many farmers.

Some may remark this is nothing new. But, I would say to such, have you adopted this or have you better system? If so, you will be doing your country service by making it public.

The expression of the views of the practical farmer, on subjects pertaining to his calling, would be a great public benefit; though the ability is not wanting, there is a backwardness which in most cases prevents. But I must close these remarks. If you deem them worthy of a place in the Ledger, which I believe is read by more farmers in this county than all the agricultural publications combined.

I subscribe myself, very truly yours,  
CINCINNATUS.

## Discovery in Tanning.

The Scientific American is informed by a correspondent in New Oxford, in this state, that Mr. Wm. H. Rosensteel, of that place, has discovered a new and valuable improvement in the mode of tanning leather, which has been tried for nine months, and which it is said, will save "one fourth of the bark and make the stock weigh at least three pounds more per hide, tanning in one third the usual time, and making better looking articles." These are very important improvements, especially as only one fourth of the customary number of vats are employed, and consequently no less than one half the usual labor is saved. The process is not stated.

## Mrs. Swishelm on Babies.

The editress of the Saturday Visitor says; General Taylor could conquer the Mexicans, and may manage the disunionists, but we would just like to see him tend baby for a week.—His mother had more trouble with him, the first five years of his life, than he has ever had with anything, from that time until now.

## Opinions of the Press.

A man who would cheat a Printer, would steal a meeting house and rob a church-yard. If he had a soul, ten thousand of its size would have more room in a mosquito's eye than a bullfrog in the Pacific ocean. He ought to be winked at by blind people, and kicked to death across logs by cripples.—Ann Arbor Wob-terine.

Such a being would steal the molasses out of a sick nigger's ginger cake; take from a drunken man's mouth his last chew of tobacco; walk at night through the rain, to deprive a blind sheep of its fodder; travel fifty miles on a fasting stomach to cheat a dying woman out of her coffin. Such a man ought to be tied to a sheep's tail and butted to death.—Florence Enquirer.

Exactly so, and that isn't all. He would break a surveyor's level to get out the alcohol, and his wife's watch for the mock jewels; bid against a widow at her husband's auction, and steal the orphan's shoe strings before daylight.—Temperance Banner.

Yes, thousands of such souls as that man's would rattle in a mustard seed—dance contractions on the point of a wasp's sting—or march abreast through the eye of a cambric needle.—A solar microscope would hardly discover them, and when found they would not fill the smallest cranny in creation.—Post.

## Curious Scientific Discovery.

It has long been known, and any one may test the fact, that when a drop of water is placed upon a piece of iron, red or white hot, and the hotter the better, instead of being converted into vapor, it draws itself up in a globular shape and is not even boiled by the intense heat. It occurred to a French philosopher, that this fact might explain certain phenomena of men being able to handle or walk upon intensely hot substance; and upon making the experiment, he found that he could put his hands into the melted iron, or walk over it barefoot, with ease. Any person can do this when the skin is moist, the only caution necessary being not to move the hand or other part in contact with the incandescent metal too quickly. The experiment must be done deliberately, with the iron or other metal at a white heat, or if melted still better. This fact accounts very simply for some astonishing miracles which it has hitherto required no little faith to believe.

## A Row in Old Tammany.

From all accounts, even the Tammany Wig-wam was never the scene of such riot and disorder as that enacted on Saturday night, 16th inst. One paper says the city has never witnessed so disgraceful a scene. The so-called "General Committee of the Democratic Party" had issued a call to "all the Democratic Republican electors of the city who are opposed to the Wilmot Proviso, and are friends of the Union, to meet at Tammany Hall that evening at 7-1-2 o'clock. The result was a scene of mob violence and outrage of the most disgraceful character—proving the utterly discordant, violent and lawless character of the political elements of the party that have so long nourished itself in that birth place of "locofocoism."

Huge posters had been stuck up throughout the City, beseeching the faithful to be on hand. The public sentiment for the occasion had been carefully prepared and embodied in a series of Resolutions boiling over with patriotism and sitch. It had been all arranged who should figure as officers, and who should do the speaking; and to all appearance things bade fair for a "decided demonstration." But alas for the uncertainty of human calculation!

Capt. Rynders, Ex-Ald. Purdy and others, who did not sign the call for the meeting, were on the spot a little too early for those who did, and taking possession of the Committee Room and the large Hall, had every thing their own way. Capt. Rynders opened the ball by nominating Mr. Purdy for the Chair, which he took amid a tempest of yells, hisses and groans.—Mr. Sickle's made his way to the stand and nominated Chas. O'Connor for Chairman when he was immediately "hustled," out reaching the bottom of the stairs in a somewhat damaged state, and begging for dear life. Several others, who ventured to murmur disapprobation at the proceedings, were rudely ejected from the Hall.

The Chairman read a series of resolutions amid such turmoil and confusion that it was impossible for any considerable portion of those present to hear a word he uttered. The vote was taken and the resolutions declared adopted, though a good many voted Nay.

After the adoption of the Resolutions, yells were given for Rynders, Brady, and others.—The Captain took the stand, and, after gesticulating to the groaning and growling menagerie for about fifteen minutes, he was heard to say, "Put that whitelivered scoundrel out of the house!" (referring to an obnoxious individual with a shocking bad hat.) The mandate was obeyed, and, comparative quiet having been restored, the great gun of the party went on with his speech, in the course of which he declared himself not only in favor of a union of the 'Democracy,' but very decidedly favorable to a continuance of the present union of the American States. So the Country is safe at last.

Mrs. Partington says that a man fell down the other day, in an applejack fir; and that his life was extirpated.

SAM LATHROP, the Circus clown, in his stump speech the other evening, made a hit which fairly and significantly "brought down the house." He promised, "if elected," to use his utmost endeavors for various reforms, and among others, to "abolish flogging in the Navy and introduce it in Congress." The shouts of applause at this hit were long and deafening.