

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 10.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1850.

No. 33.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cents, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

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The Spring of Life is Past.

The following lines, from the Louisville Journal, are above all praise—surpassingly beautiful.

The spring of life is past,

With its budding hopes and fears,

And the autumn time is coming

With its weight of weary years—

Our joyousness is fading,

Our hearts are dimmed with care,

And youth's fresh dreams of gladness,

All perish darkly there.

While bliss was blooming near us

In the heart's first burst of spring,

While many hopes could cheer us,

Life seemed a glorious thing!

Like the foam upon a river,

When the breeze goes rippling o'er,

These hopes have fled forever,

To come to us no more.

'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen

To the soft wind's gentle swell,

And think we hear the music

Our childhood knew so well;

To gaze out on the even,

And the boundless fields of air,

And we feel again our boyhood's wish,

To roam, like angels, there.

There are many dreams of gladness

That cling around the past—

And from that tomb of feeling,

Old thoughts come thronging fast;

The forms we loved so dearly,

In the happy days now gone,

The beautiful and the lovely,

So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens

Who seemed so formed for bliss,

Too glorious and too heavenly

For such a world as this:

Whose soft, dark eyes seemed swimming

In a sea of liquid light,

And whose locks of gold were streaming

O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine

In the spring time of the year—

Like the changeful gleams of April,

They followed every year;

They have passed—like hope—away—

All their loveliness has fled—

Oh! many a heart is mourning,

That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer

They have fallen from the stem—

Yet, Oh! it is a lovely death,

To fade from earth like them!

And yet the thought is saddening,

To muse on such as they—

And feel that all the beautiful

Are passing fast away;

That the fair ones whom we love,

Like the tendrils of a vine,

Grow closely to each loving heart,

Then perish on their shrine!

And we can but think of these

In the soft and gentle spring,

When the trees are waving o'er us,

And flowers are blossoming;

For we know that winter's coming,

With his cold and stormy sky—

And the glorious beauty round us,

Is budding, but to die!

To-day and To-morrow.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!

Give me the man who'll say,

That when a good deed's to be done,

Let's do the deed to-day.

We may all command the present,

If we act and never wait;

But repentance is the phantom

Of the past that comes too late.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!

There's much to do to-day

That can never be accomplished,

If we throw the hours away.

Every moment has its duty—

Who the future can foretell!

Then why put off till to-morrow

What to-day can do as well!

Don't tell me of to-morrow!

If we look upon the past,

How much that we have left to do

We cannot do at last!

To-day! it is the only time

For all on this frail earth;

It takes an age to form a life,

A moment gives its birth.

New Article of Food—Meat Biscuit.

Some time since we noticed a new kind of Meat Biscuit, or "Portable Desiccated Soup Bread," invented by Mr. Gail Borden, Jr., a highly respectable citizen of Galveston, Texas. The discoverer being fully secured by a patent recently granted, we will give a brief but clear description of it, as it is an invention of the first importance, both to our own country, and it may be said, to the whole human race. The nature of this discovery consists in preserving the concentrated nutritious properties of fresh meat of any kind, combining it with flour and baking it into biscuits. One pound of this bread contains the extract of more than five pounds of the best meat—(containing its usual proportion of bone)—and one ounce of it will make a pint of rich soup. Biscuits by Mr. Borden's process may be made of beef, veal, fowl's flesh, oysters, &c., and thus in a compact form the very essence of agricultural products, fitted for the traveller or mariner, or for the dwellers in distant cities, may be transported by sea or land, from distant rural districts, where fresh meat is comparatively cheap.

In a letter to Dr. Ashbel Smith, Mr. Borden thus relates the way he made this discovery: "I was endeavoring to make some portable meat glue (the common kind known) for some friends who were going to California;—I had set up a large kettle and evaporating pan, and after two days labour I reduced one hundred and twenty pounds of veal to ten pounds of extract, of a consistency like melted glue and molasses; the weather was warm and rainy, it being the middle of July. I could not dry it either in or out of the house, and unwilling to lose my labour, it occurred to me, after various expedients, to mix the article with good flour and bake it. To my great satisfaction the bread was found to contain all the primary principles of meat, and with a better flavor than simple veal soup, thickened with flour in the ordinary method.

This process of mixing and baking, I found to be easily and quickly done, and to answer the double purpose of concentrating in the same cake, the nutritious properties of animal and vegetable food, so essential to the healthful sustenance of man.—This extract of animal flesh may be also combined with corn, or other vegetable meal, and for some marine purposes, I intend to employ the potato and other antiscorbic vegetables, having farinaceous qualities, to desiccate the extract."

Dr. Smith, a gentleman of scientific reputation, has communicated a paper on the subject to Prof. Bache, President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He says,—"I have several times eaten of the soup made of this meat biscuit," and thus describes the manner of making it:

"The nutritive portions of beef or other meat, immediately on its being slaughtered, are, by long boiling, separated from the bones and fibrous and cartilaginous matters; the water holding the nutritious matters in solution, is evaporated to a considerable degree of spissitude—this is then made into a dough with firm wheaten flour, the dough rolled and cut into a form of biscuits, is then desiccated, or baked in an oven at a moderate heat, the cooking, both of the flour and the animal food, is thus complete. The meat biscuits thus prepared have the appearance and firmness of the nicest crackers or navy bread, being as dry, and breaking or pulverizing as readily as the most carefully made table crackers. It is preserved in the form of biscuits, or reduced to coarse flour or meal. It is kept in tin cases hermetically soldered up; the exclusion of air is not important, humidity alone is to be guarded against. I have seen some of the biscuit perfectly fresh and sound that have been hanging in sacks since last July in Mr. Borden's kitchen: and it is to be borne in mind, that in this climate articles contract moisture and moulder promptly, unless kept dry by artificial heat.

For making the soup of the meat biscuit, a batter is first made of the pulverized biscuit and cold water—this is stirred into boiling water—the boiling is continued some ten or twenty minutes—salt, pepper, and other condiments are added to suit the taste, and the soup is ready for the table. I have eaten the soup several times,—it has the fresh, lively, clean, and thoroughly done or cooked flavor that used to form the charm of the soups of the Rocher de Cancale. It is perfectly free from that rapid unctuous stale taste which characterizes all prepared soups I have heretofore tried at sea and elsewhere. Those chemical changes in food which, in common language, we denominate cooking, have been perfectly effected in Mr. Borden's biscuit by the long continued boiling at first, and the subsequent baking or roasting. The soup prepared of it is thus ready to be absorbed into the system without loss, and without tedious digestion in the alimentary canal, and is in the highest degree nutritious and invigorating.

The paramount excellence of Mr. B.'s discovery, appears to me to consist in this, that it is a meat biscuit—it is meat and bread. Human life may be sustained, as we all know, on a diet of a single kind, but the highest degree of corporeal and mental strength and health can long be maintained only by the use of both vegetable and animal food; especially when labor, fatigues and privations are to be undergone. I believe there does not exist in nature or art the same amount of nutriment in as small bulk or weight, and as well adapted to support, efficiently and permanently, mental and physical vigor, as is concentrated in the meat biscuit in question. One ounce of the biscuit meal makes a pint of rich, invigorating animal and farinaceous soup by its combination with water, all the requirements of a good food are answered, animal and vegetable aliment in a sufficient bulky form.

We publish the remarks of Dr. Smith, as explanatory of the process of making it, and to show the opinion of a scientific man on the subject—We have also partaken of this soup bread, and consider it to be a most excellent discovery, one invaluable to the geologist, surveyor, traveller and voyager. Two pounds of it will supply one man for a week, and fourteen pounds will support him for a month. It provides the means of making the journey through the wilderness, to the promised land on the borders of the Pacific, comparatively easy.

Large feet.—Some think that large feet are ungenteel, but they are convenient. A person with large feet stands a better chance in a high wind than one of small feet, as he is not so liable to overheat. Large feet are also more convenient for kicking rascals. On the other hand, large feet are inconvenient on account of the expense of shoe leather and stocking yarn. It also takes longer to wash large feet than small.

It is still another advantage of large feet that it puts the owner on a "substantial footing in society!"—besides, there is safety in board foundations everywhere.

Selling old Goods.

One P. G., a gentleman of quality, well known to many citizens of New Hampshire, as a successful merchant of C—, owed much of his good fortune to his knowledge of human nature, of which he always endeavored to take advantage. He once in connection with another person opened a "branch store," in a town in the north part of the state, which was mostly filled with unsaleable goods from their principal store in C—. These goods were as 'good as new' among the rustics, and sold quite as well, if we except a large lot of that unique article of gentleman's wear denominated hog-skin caps. By the way, we remember of wearing one myself, and the reader of course is also aware what a hog-skin cap is, or was.

G. generally kept himself at his home in C., but often visited his country store, staying sometimes a week or more, and attending the country church; and as a matter of course was looked at with astonishment by the go to meeting young men of the town. Indeed he was honored by their imitation of all his acts, dress, &c. What Mr. G. wore to church of a Sunday, gentleman as he was, was the prevailing fashion there, unless he introduced a new style at his next visit.

G. asked his partner about the business, prospects and other matters wherein he was interested, and received the reply that things went pretty quick at good prices.

'Keep those old caps yet—I didn't make a great bargain in buying them,' said G., espying a large box filled with the caps. 'Can't you get rid of them at any price!'

'Haven't sold one yet; people don't like them, and I've had a notion of throwing 'em out of the back window, and getting rid of the trouble of them. They won't go here, I think.'

G. looked at them a moment and exclaimed,

'I have it! You have kept them out of sight, I see. Next Monday, you get them out and brush them up, and I'll send you a score of customers before the week is out.'

The next Sunday G. appeared at church with one of the identical hog skin caps tipped gracefully on one side of his head, and a splendid gold watch chain dangling from his vest pocket. He was as usual the observed of all observers; and it is needless to say that a fortnight after, when in his own store in C., he received an order from his partner for two dozen more of those 'imperial' caps.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

The other day a gentleman who had occasion to cross New-York in a cab, found on alighting, that he had no change in his pocket. The only shop at hand was a cigar store in which were some three or four fellows, besides the proprietor, puffing the villainous weed.

The gentleman entered, requesting the cab-man to follow him, and handing a five dollar bill to the "Yorker," asked him to change it. The cigar-vender handed him a three dollar bill and the balance in silver, out of which the cab-man was paid, and went on his way rejoicing.

But a moment afterwards, the gentleman, looking at the bill, found it to be a very suspicious-looking document, purporting to be a promissory note of the Dogtown Lumber and Mining Company, or some such ambiguous or apocryphal institution. Finding he had been shaved, he asked the cigar-vender if that was a good bill.

'A good bill! yes—I wish I had ten thousand of 'em,' was the answer. "Bill," (winking to a villainous-looking "B'boy") "isn't that 'ere a good bill!'

"Good as wheat," said the 'b'oy; and "good—good"—was echoed round the shop.

"Very well," said the gentleman, "I asked for information. You seem to have no doubt of the genuineness of the note, and as you were kind enough to accommodate me, I think the best thing I can do is to break it at your counter. Gentlemen, try another cigar apiece at my expense."

The cigar-man was regularly taken in and done for—caught in his own trap. With great reluctance he changed the spurious note, and the operation cost the intended victim but about a shilling.

As he was leaving the store, one of the "B'boys" touched him on the shoulder.

"You're one of 'em," said he, "and I'll bet high that you're a Yankee."

"I ain't anything else," replied the gentleman, "and while I'm in this small village, I mean to keep my eyes open."—*Olive Branch.*

Man with one Garment.

The following amusing paragraph we clip from the Springfield Republican. It certainly contains a moral which may be commended to the attention of all parties or sects who base their faith upon one idea or one principle.

"There was once a man, wise in his own eyes and deemed by his neighbors 'a little strange,' who upon rising from his bed one morning, paused and considered before he dressed. He was an awaking dreamer, and thus he dreamed. 'Pantalons are essential. No other garment is so absolutely essential as pantalons. In truth, no other is essential but pantalons, therefore I go in for pantalons, and nothing but pantalons. Any man who goes in for anything else is a hypocrite, and the truth is not in him.' Well, this man went out into the world with nothing but pantalons on.—He met men in coats, hats, and boots, and clad as men usually are. 'My friends,' said the dreamer, 'you are wrong. You must take off your coat, and pull off your boots, and lay aside your hat, for those are all non-essential.' 'But we have just as good pantalons as yourself,' answered the men. 'I know, but they are partly covered with your coat-tails, and are not the prominent objects of your dress. Look at me! I'm nothing but pantalons.' Thus the man went up and down the country, and thought he found many who admitted that pantalons were essential, he could find but few who did not consider other articles of dress in the same category. He was wroth at this, and brawled, and in process of time gathered to him some wise and more simple, who lifted up their voices and cried, 'pantalons forever!' The world jogged on as usual, but as is usual with a curious world, it would like to know what the party in pantalons, and nothing else, propose to do. Let us have the programme.

An Instance of Female Devotion.

For five months there has been confined in the jail of this county, a young man charged with forging a \$12 note. At the time of his arrest, his wife was 100 miles distant, and the mother of an infant but a week old. As soon as she was able she immediately journeyed to this city, had an interview with her husband, made herself acquainted with the case as far as she could and provided for defending the trial by procuring counsel, &c. She then went west as far as Batavia, returning through Palmyra, Lyons, Newark, &c., endeavoring to procure testimony which should clear her husband. At the December Circuit, the District Attorney moved the case for trial, but on the urgent application of the wife, it was permitted to go over, to give further opportunity for the defence. From that time until the trial, which was had last week, she was constantly employed in efforts to secure a favorable issue for her husband. During the five months her husband was confined in jail, she was under the same roof with him full one half of the time, making her home in the jailer's family, constantly visiting him in his cell, administering to his wants and cheering his spirits. During the month of December she made a journey east and again west, on her old errand—traveling, in both trips, more than eight hundred miles.

In all her journeys she was accompanied by no one save her infant child whom she carried in her arms. During the trial last week, she was constantly present in court, watching, with visible anxiety, every stage of its progress.

The trial resulted in the acquittal of the defendant, and the husband and wife were restored to each other, and the doubts and fears—the intense mental agony—of five long months were ended. Tears of joy attested the deep feeling which hung upon the result.

Such instances of female devotion—to the honor of the sex be it said—are not rare, but quite sufficiently so to render the mention of them at all times proper. They serve to illustrate the tenacity of female affection, and force us to regard the true woman as indeed man's guardian angel—in misfortune and sorrow, as well as in joy and sunshine—his best counsellor and ever-abiding friend, willing to plead, endure, and suffer, for the one she loves, to the last.—*Syracuse Star.*

Thawing out a Fortune, Almost.

A Dutch washerwoman in West Utica cut a large piece of ice from the canal the other day, and took it home to melt into water for use. As she watched its gradual transformation from a solid to fluid form, she was startled to find portions of paper resembling bank bills beginning to develop themselves, and when the thawing was finished, she picked from the water three bank bills, one for \$1,000, one for \$10, and one for \$5. Here was a streak of luck rather ahead of California, with no stockholders in the bank ground to claim a share in the profits; \$1015 was to pay for washing 3030 doz. of pieces, without the work. But even as the ice had thawed into water, so did the fortune fished from the water vanish into air, for the bills proved to be counterfeit.

Agricultural Discovery.

Com-ock's discovery in Agriculture, which the New York Legislature proposes to test, professes to be a botanical one, which is of such a nature, that it cannot be made the subject of a patent. It is claimed that it will keep in health and fertility that sickliest and most difficult of trees to manage in this country, the peach, that it will ensure the thriftiness of any plant to which it may be applied, and make the raising of good crops a far more certain thing than it now is.

The discovery consists in avoiding certain errors in cultivation which are most likely to be prejudicial in the best soils, and often produce disappointment to the farmer who has taken the most pains. It is our opinion, however, that there can be no certain nor infallible application of any one substance nor one process, that will suit every plant, and answer in every soil and climate—it is impossible.—*Scientific American.*

The Trial of Genius.

Many of our readers (says the Boston Republican) will perhaps remember Sidney Smith's account of his first attempt at letter writing. He had a very rich maiden aunt in the country, whom his mother wished to impress with a favorable opinion of the son's genius; and so, after much coaxing, she got him one day fairly seated for the purpose of writing a letter. He tells us he had mended his pen, and scratched his head for more than an hour, but had got no further than the date and address, when his anxious mother bolted into the room, she got a glimpse of the wonderful epistle before it was despatched on its errand. So she seized it, and read its whole contents—'My dear Aunt.' Her disappointment may be imagined by all "proud" mothers. Bestowing on the delinquent a rousing box on the ear, 'What,' she exclaimed, 'have you been here two hours in learning to call your dear aunt a *pissture*!'

"You have broken the Sabbath, Johnny," said a good man to his son.

"Yes," said his little sister, "and mother's long comb, too, right in three pieces!"

Fa, is Beach good to eat?"

"Certainly not, Simon. Why do you ask me such a question as that?"

"Cause the newspaper says that during the hot weather the rich people all go and live on the beach."

Plebe, be quick and grease this boy's temples, and put him to bed, or he'll die with the brain fever.

Curious Custom.

A very curious mode of trying the title of land is practiced in Hindostan: Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the plaintiff and defendant's lawyers put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is the Client, and not the Lawyer, who puts his foot into it.

Wonderful Thunderbolt in Connection.

The Hartford Courant, speaking of the destruction of a large tree by a thunderbolt, at New Poquonock, and the effect in the vicinity, says: The next day it was ascertained that the lightning, or, as some supposed, a meteor, had fallen upon a large oak tree, which stood in an open pasture, west of Phelps's Hotel.—The tree was about three feet in diameter, and without a limb to the height of forty feet, when it branched out and formed a heavy top. The lightning first struck the tree at the forks, dropping the branches, and scattering the trunk in every direction. The trunk was shivered into small pieces; no one of them is larger than a man can lift. Even the roots were scattered about, and many pieces were carried a distance of more than thirty rods.—Some portions of the tree were crushed as fine as sawdust. The fragments cover an area of eight or ten acres. The posts and rails of fences, for several rods, were broken off by the flying fragments. One stick was hurled through the body, and into a room, of an unoccupied house, that stood fifteen rods from the tree, and some pieces of the tree have been found at a distance of one hundred rods from the place where it stood. Much of the body of the tree was riven into splints, like those used by basket-makers; and so small are the pieces, and so evenly distributed over the ground, within the distance mentioned, that a person can hardly find a place to put his foot without treading on some of them. persons residing seven and eight miles from the place, say they felt their dwellings shake from the explosion.

Great Invention in Engineering.

The Cincinnati Times says that Mr. Sellers, of that city, formerly of Philadelphia, and known as one of the most ingenious mechanics of the United States, has just completed an invention which it is said, will simplify and revolutionize the whole science of Engineering. Mr. Sellers submitted his machine to the inspection of Dr. Locke, T. W. Bakewell, Mr. Riekey, and other scientific gentlemen; all of whom approve of it, and consider it a great triumph of mechanical skill. The machine, the Times learns, combines the operation of the perambulator with that of the pentagraph, giving profile lines of plats, surveys, and measuring distances. By trundling over a tract of country, more accurate survey for a railroad can be made than by any other method, and at least fifteen miles per day mapped with correctness—altitudes, depressions and space. It can also be used on our streets, thus dispensing with the services of an engineer.

Cattle from the West.

The New York Express says:

"But few people in New York, we apprehend, have any just conception of the magnitude and importance of the cattle trade of the West; nor is it known, we dare say, beyond the precincts of the drove yards and the markets, that of all the beef we consume in this part of the country, full two-thirds, or more than two-thirds of it, come to us from the banks of the Ohio and its tributary streams. The average weekly demand from the city of New York for beef cattle is, throughout the year, fairly estimated at twelve hundred head, at \$6 per cwt., the lowest price for which purchases can be made, just now, this will give us an aggregate valuation of nearly \$100,000. Kentucky sends us annually a vast number of cattle, as well as Tennessee and some parts of Western Virginia, but by the greater proportion of it comes from the 'Buckeye State.'"

Charring Butt-Ends of Posts.

We take occasion, as the spring will be upon us in a week from this, and fences will have to be constructed and repaired, to commend to the favor of our agricultural friends, the practice of charring the butt ends of posts before inserting them in the ground. We advise that the butt-ends of posts be charred sufficiently far to leave about four inches of the part so treated above ground. That the durability of posts, thus prepared, will be greatly prolonged, we have not the slightest doubt—nay we believe that it will make one post last as long as three would, that had been planted without such previous preparation, and that any wood susceptible of being wrought into posts, can by this process, be rendered comparatively durable. Our reason for this opinion are these.—1. Charcoal being indestructible, is not liable to be acted upon disadvantageous by heat and moisture, those active agents in the process of decay. 2. Charcoal, though possessing great affinity for moisture, is a bad conductor of heat, and therefore, it is not to be presumed, that it would, in this connection, exert an injurious office upon the interior of the wood beyond the charred part, because the necessary degree of heat and moisture, to excite and carry on decomposition would not be present. 3. Because the very process of charring the butt-end, would expel a considerable quantity of water or sap in the body of the posts, and thus relieve them in a great degree, of the presence of the agent by which rotteness, when operated upon by heat, is most generally brought about. Therefore, if you deprive the post of the cause of decay, as a consequence, you must assure its preservation through a very great length of time.

Sun and Air.

A cross-grained, antiquated maiden vixen went to a physician for advice. "Madam," observed the doctor, "it seems to me that it would do you good to have a little sun and air." "Oh, you a-bominable critter! a son and heir! Oh, dear! will somebody fan me? I shall go off! The outrageous brute!" The old maid vamped, and has not since been seen.