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

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[From Frazer's Magazine.

The Sepulchre.

There manhood lies! Lift up the pall!
How like the tree struck down to earth
In its green pride, the mighty fall,
Whom life hath flattered with its wealth!
Life is a voyage to our graves,
Its promises, like smiling waves,
Invite us onward to the sea,
Where all is hidden treachery.

What staid beauty slumbers there!
But mark those flowers, pale as the brow
Which they have wreathed; if death could spare
A victim, he had pitied now;
To-day she hoped to be a bride—
To-day, 'twas told her lover died!
Here Death has revelled in his power,
The riot of life's fairest hour.

Look on that little cherub's face
Whose budding smile is fixed by death;
How short indeed has been its race!
A cloud sail'd by the sun, a breath
Did gently creep across a bed
Of flowers—its spirit then had fled,
A morning star a moment bright
Then melting into Heaven's own light.

Behold the picture of decay,
Where nature wearied sank to rest!
Full four score years have passed away,
Yet did he, like a lingering guest,
Go from life's banquet with a sign,
That he, alas! so soon should die
Our youth has not desired so vain,
As creep into an age of pain.

But there how mournfully serene
That childless widow'd mother's look
To her world a waste has been,
One whom it pitied, yet forsook,
Calm as the moon's light, which no storms
Raging beneath it, can deform,
Did her afflicted spirit shine
Above her earthly woes divine!

Thus Death deals with mortality,
Like flowers, some gathered in their prime,
Others were scarcely said to be
Just numbered with the things of time;
With life worn out some grieve to die,
To end their griefs here others fly,
Life is but that which woke it, breath—
Look here and tell me, what is death!

SEEDLING POTATOES.—Mr. James Whartenby, of Bristol township, this county, received the first premium for white potatoes at the late exhibition of the Philadelphia Society; and it is worthy of remark that two years ago, Mr. W. received the premium from the society for the best Seedling Potatoes of the same variety. This potato has never been affected by the rot, thus establishing the fact, in some degree, that starting again from the seed in the cultivation of this all-important vegetable, is a protection against the disease from which the crop has so greatly suffered for several years past, and particularly this year, in this region of country.

Will our farmers take the hint, and act upon it another year?—[Ed. Germantown Telegraph.]

Treatment of Scarlet Fever.

IMPORTANT PRESCRIPTION.—Dr. Lindsly, of Washington, strongly recommends the mode of treatment of scarlet fever, resorted to by Dr. Schneemann, physician to the King of Hanover. It is as follows, and exceedingly simple:

Treatment of Scarlet Fever by Inunction.—From the first day of the illness, and as soon as we are certain of its nature, the patient must be rubbed morning and evening over the whole body with a piece of bacon, in such a manner that, with the exception of the head, a covering of fat is every where applied. In order to make the rubbing somewhat easier, it is best to take a piece of bacon the size of the hand, choosing a part still armed with the rind, that we may have a firm grasp. On the soft side of this piece slits are to be made, in order to allow the oozing out of the fat. The rubbing must be thoroughly performed, and not too quickly, in order that the skin may be regularly saturated with the fat. The beneficial results of the application are soon obvious; with a rapidity bordering on magic, all, even the most painful symptoms of the disease are allayed; quiet sleep, good humor, appetite return, and there remains only the impatience to quit the sick room.

If a man is too poor to take a newspaper, or send his children to school, how many dogs shall he keep?

Having the Small Pox Internally.

The following case of hypochondria has never appeared in print. It occurred in the private practice of Dr. Todd, the first physician to the retreat of the Insane, in Hartford, Connecticut:

The subject of it was a robust, hard laboring man, by trade a mason. He had, as he believed, been exposed to the contagion of small-pox. Under the impression that a spare diet would essentially mitigate the virulence of the disease—on a full diet, in which animal food formed a large portion, he restricted himself to one entirely vegetable, and this in so limited a quantity as hardly sufficient to sustain life. This change in his mode of living, combined with the depressing influence of fear, from anticipation of a loathsome and fatal disease, soon reduced his once athletic frame, and involved him in all the horrors of hypochondria.—The time soon arrived, when according to his calculations, the small pox ought to make its appearance, but not a spot or pimple could he find on himself. A new cause of apprehension now took possession of his mind; viz: that he had the disease internally, and that it was preying upon and destroying his system. Under this impression he consulted a physician, who, after listening to the history of his case, and making a careful examination assured him that his apprehensions were entirely groundless, and existed only in his imagination.

This conclusion was far from being satisfactory to the hypochondriac. He was not thus easily to be reasoned out of his senses. The physician was dismissed as one wanting in skill to discover and understand the nature of his complaint.—A second and a third were called, and both concurred in the decision of the first one. But the patient as is common in such a case, would sooner believe the whole fraternity at fault, than himself, the subject of mental hallucination, rejected all medical advice, confined himself to his room, and resigned himself to his fate. In the meantime his robust form had become attenuated almost to skin and bone. His friends now became seriously alarmed at his condition. The reputation of Dr. Todd, then residing in Farmington although in early life, had spread into the neighboring towns, and his peculiar talent for the management of mental diseases, which so eminently qualified him to take charge of the insane, had in numerous instances been manifested.

A brother of the patient called on Dr. Todd, stated his case, and assured him the patient's confidence in the faculty was gone, and that it was without his knowledge he was consulted. A plan was soon arranged by which the doctor should happen to pass the house of the patient and he called in as if by accident. The next day Dr. Todd was seen driving at his usual rapid rate through the street where the patient resided; he was hailed by the messenger, in a tone of voice overheard by the sick person, requested to call and see his brother who had for some time been suffering from ill health.

The doctor alighted and was soon introduced to the patient, but was received without any recognition or act of civility, nor even raising his eyes to look at him, nor could he by any kind attention or enquiries, elicit a word from his sullen and despairing patient.

With a tact peculiar to himself, the doctor commenced a very minute and careful examination of the patient—first looking carefully into his ears, his nose and his eyes; then rising hastily from his seat, he commenced walking the room as if in the utmost astonishment, and could hardly credit his senses, at the same time ejaculating in an undertone:

"Is it possible! Who could ever have thought it! Can it be?"

Then resuming his place by the side of the patient, he went through an examination still more minute. Again leaving his seat he continued his soliloquy.

"It is a fact! There can be no mistake—and yet the like cannot be found on the record of medicine."

By this time the patient's attention was aroused, and breaking through his taciturnity he exclaimed:

"What! what! what is it, Dr. Todd?"

"Why, sir, something very singular in your case; but I am under no obligation to you for the discovery. I will keep it to myself. More than that, it is such as a physician's reputation is worth even to advance an opinion."

"Doctor," said the patient, "I must know it—I will do any thing in my power you ask me, if you will only tell me."

"Well, sir," replied the doctor, "if I tell you it must ever be a profound secret between ourselves."

To this the patient readily assented.

"Then, sir, you must know that you have the small pox internally."

In an instant with all the strength he could command, the patient sprang from his chair, and seizing the doctor by the hand he exclaimed:

"You are the doctor for me! This is just what I have been telling the doctors, but not one of them would believe a word of it. Now, is there any remedy for such a case! Is there any hope for me?"

"I think there is," said the doctor, "but mark me everything depends upon closely adhering to my directions. There are three ways by which this disease may be eradicated—one is by insensible perspiration; another by internal remedies; and the third by bringing it out on the surface in the form of an eruption."

"Let it be the last one," was the quick response of the patient. "Let me have the ocular proof of the fact, and I will be satisfied."

The patient was ordered to resume a course of

nutritious diet, by which he rapidly regained health and strength, at the same time taking some harmless medical preparations, which the doctor assured him, would in due season, bring forth the eruption. When the specified time arrived, the doctor directed the housekeeper to strew the patient's bed with cowhage, an article known to most persons, for producing an eruption, accompanied with intolerable itching when applied to the skin. His bed was so prepared on the night in which the doctor's skill was to be tested, and the patient retired to rest. He had not long been in bed, when, to his great satisfaction, the itching commenced, but wishing to be fully assured that all was right, he immediately called for a light, and found the surface of his body an entire blotch. Satisfied with the proof, he endured the suffering patiently till morning. Soon after he resumed his business and was never troubled again with the small pox internally.—[Hartford Chronicle.]

The Duration of the Earth, AS INTIMATED BY ASTRONOMY.

[The following views, by a correspondent of the Puritan Recorder, upon the "Duration of the Earth," as indicated by Astronomy, will be read, we think, with much interest.]

The evidence which geology affords of the great antiquity of the earth, turns thought to the evidence which astronomy furnishes of its future continuance. From the many striking resemblances between the bodies that compose the solar system, we infer for them a common origin and a common destiny. The earth, then, will probably live while the system lives, and no longer. What its particular destiny may be, and by what means brought about, we stop not here to inquire. Our only purpose now, is to consider some intimations furnished us by the system itself, that it is fashioned for a long duration. This is indicated by the immense length of some of the periods involved in this system.

According to the commonly received chronology, the planet Neptune has had but thirty-six of his years since the creation of our race. If the analogy between the earth and that planet holds good, then the first generation of his inhabitant is hardly yet passed away. Some comets have not yet had one year since the date of Adam's creation.

But there are periods of greater length still.—The earth's Perihelion is slowly creeping around the orbit from West to East, at a rate which will require 111,000 years to complete the circuit.—The Perihelion of Mercury is moving in a similar manner, at a rate which will require 200,000 years to complete it. Other planets exhibit the same movement. Now if all the planets in the system were arranged along in a line on the same side of the sun, and all in their Perihelia, i. e., all in that point of their orbits which is nearest the sun, and then all their orbits set revolving according to their present laws of motion, millions of years must elapse ere all of them would meet again under the same circumstances to hold their family festival preparatory to another revolution of the same length.

The earth's orbit is now an ellipse, but is slowly becoming circular; and at its present rate of change, will become a perfect circle in about half a million of years from this time. Then it will begin to resume its elliptical form, becoming more and more elliptical for some millions of years, when having attained the maximum of ellipticity, it will begin again to shape itself into a circle.—Corresponding with this change and caused by it, is a change of the period of the moon's revolution. Its period is now slowly shortening; its motion in revolution, of course increasing; and this rate of increase is such as will make it gain a little more than its diameter in a thousand years. This shortening of her period and increase of velocity will continue until the earth's orbit becomes a perfect circle, and then she will slowly reverse her movements and gradually return to her former condition.

From the mutual attraction of Jupiter and Saturn, their orbits are passing through similar changes, the orbit of one becoming more and more elliptical while, from the same cause, that of the other becomes more and more circular, in consequence of which motions, the period of one is lengthening, while that of the other is shortening. This oscillation requires more than 70,000 years for its completion.

The sun has what is called a "proper motion," i. e., the sun, with all his dependent household, is sweeping through space at the rate of 422,000 miles per day or nearly half its own diameter. It is supposed by some good astronomers that all the stars have a similar movement; all revolving together in the plane of the milky way, about some common centre; that the orbit described by our sun in this grand march is so large, that this inconceivably rapid motion continued for years, forms practically a straight line; in other words, the orbit is so large that the arc of it described since this motion was first observed, is so short in comparison with the whole orbit, as to seem to be no arc at all. At least, no instruments are, as yet, accurate enough to detect and measure its rate of deviation from a straight line. Herschell intimates that the elements of this orbit may perhaps be determined after 30 or 40 years observation with the nicest instruments. Of course, many millions of years must pass, ere this vast circuit can be fully described by the sun.

We grant there is some little of conjecture attaching to this last illustration which belongs not to any of the previous ones; and yet it is much in keeping with those demonstrated facts, that it can hardly be called improbable.

Although these periods are inconceivably long, still they are none the less periods. They are as truly periods, as if they were completed in one day or one hour. The fact that our life is short in comparison and that we cannot in our best estate, have any adequate conception of them, is no more of an objection to their existence than it is an objection to the length of Neptune's period that insects die after a few hours existence, and without any adequate conception of an hundred and sixty-four years existence.

From the movements of the heavenly bodies through a certain part of their orbits or of their oscillations, science determines with the greatest exactness the fact that, after a certain point in departure is gained, the body will infallibly return to its former condition and place. On its faithfully returning and thus neutralizing the perturbations caused by its departure, the harmony and stability of the whole system depend.

Now mark the conclusion. For the same good reason that we say the earth could not have been made and set rotating merely to cause fifty or a hundred days, or was not set revolving around the sun to cause only one or two years, or perhaps

only a small part of one year—for these good reasons do we say that these unmeasured and almost immeasurable periods were intended by the Creator to be described, gone through with, and doubtless many times repeated ere the great chronometer runs down.

Our ideas of the perfection of his workmanship are shocked by any other conclusion. Our minds refuse to admit the idea of a period or an orbit, or an oscillation only partially completed. In the language of Professor Mitchell we say: "The entire system forms one grand complicated piece of celestial machinery; circle within circle, wheel within wheel, cycle within cycle; revolution so swift as to be completed in a few hours—movement so slow that their mighty periods are only counted by millions of years. Are we to believe that the Divine Architect constructed this admirably adjusted system to wear out and to fall to ruins even before one single revolution of its complete scheme of wheels had been performed!—At the end of a vast period, amounting to many millions of years, the entire range of fluctuation will have been accomplished; the entire system, planets, orbits, inclinations, eccentricities, perihelia and nodes will have gained their original values and places, and the great bell of eternity will then sound—One!"

Waterloo at Noon

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxuriant crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle, was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface, trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helms and cuirasses, shattered firearms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments; lancers' caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plume and pennon; musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles;—but good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field?—each and every ruinous display bore the testimony to the misery of such a battle. * * * Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amidst its desolation, for the object of their love. Mothers, wives and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible. * * * In many places the dead lay four feet deep upon each other, making the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery.—Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in the bootless essay, by the muskets of the inner files. Farther on you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered; Chasseur and huzzar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horse of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the grey chargers which had carried Albyn's chivalry. Here the Highlander and trapper lay side by side, together; and the heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer. * * *

On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with dead and trodden fetlock deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of the imperial cavalry, the thick straws corpses of the Imperial Guard, pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favored corps, on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally.—Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up;—and here the bayonet closed the contest.—[Maxwell's Victories of the British Army.]

Mice Power.

A gentleman in Kirkcaldy, Scotland, has trained a couple of mice and invented machinery enabling them to spin cotton yarn. They have been employed about two months. The work is done on the tread mill principle. It is so constructed that the common house mouse is enabled to make atonement to society for past offences, by twisting, twining, and reeling from 100 to 126 threads per day. To complete this, the little pedestrian, has to run 10 1/2 miles. A half-penny's worth of oat meal at 15d per peck, serves one of these tread wheel culprits for the long period of five weeks. In that time it makes 110 threads per day.—At this rate a mouse earns 9d. every five weeks, which is 7s. 6d. per annum. Take 6d. off for board, and 1s. for machinery, there will arise 6s. clear profit from every mouse annually.—The mouse employer was going to make an application for the lease of an old empty house, which will hold ten thousand mouse mills, sufficient room being left for keepers, and some hundred spectators. Allowing for rent, masters, interest and machinery, there will be a balance of \$10,000 per annum.

To Toughen new Earthen Ware.

It is a bad plan to put new earthen ware into boiling-hot water; it should first be plunged into cold water, and placed over a fire where it will heat moderately to the boiling point, and then be permitted to cool again. This process greatly promotes the toughness and durability of common earthen ware, which is generally objectionable for domestic uses on account of its fragility. The glazing on this kind of ware will remain uninjured by the boiling, if a handful of rye or wheat bran be added to the water, and prepared to withstand successfully, and for a long time, the action of acid or salt.

Ludicrous.

A young itinerant preacher, in the constant habit of declaiming a great deal about the creation, and especially about the getting up of man, whenever he wished to display his native eloquence to good advantage, was one day holding forth to a mixed congregation in a country school house. Becoming warm and enthusiastic as he proceeded, it was not long before he reached his favorite theme, and started off in something like the following style:

"And when the world was created, and the basis of the field, and fowls of the air, and pronounced very good, God said, let us make man. And he formed man after his own likeness, and declared him the noblest of all the works of his hands! and he made woman also, and fashioned her in the exact image of man, with a little variation—"

"Thank the Lord for the variation!" shouted an old sinner, who sat over in the amen corner of the room, at this interesting juncture of the discourse.

The effect was perfectly ludicrous and irresistible. The preacher dropped the subject where he was interrupted, and was never heard to allude to it during a subsequent ministry of forty years.

A love-born swain broke a wish-bone with his heart's queen, somewhere up in New Hampshire.

"Now, what d'ye wish, Sally?" demanded Jonathan, with a tender grin of expectation. "I wish I was handsome," replied the fair damsel, "handsome as—as Queen Victoria!" "Jerusalem! what a wish," replied Jonathan, "when you are handsome 'nuff, neow! But I'll tell ye what I wish, Sally—I wish you was locked in my arms, and the key was lost!"

A SNAKE STORY.—An old deacon in Yankee land once told us a story. He was standing one day beside a frog pond—we have his own word for it, and saw a garter snake attack an enormous bull-frog. The snake seized upon one of the bull-frog's hind legs, and the frog to be on a par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail, when both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this operation until nothing was left of either of them!

The man who would cheat a printer is too mean to receive a passing grunt from a hog; there is a moral pestilence continually around him. His mind is filled with wickedness, and when he goes home he flogs his wife if he has sufficient courage. His children are ignorant and malicious for they never care to read the stolen paper. The dogs stop wagging their tails when he passes by them. Reader, do you know such a creature?

A man in Michigan, not long since, committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and jacket, found on the bank of the lake. Verdict—"Found empty."

The Cow Tree.

On the parched side of a rock in Venezuela grows a tree with dry and leathery foliage, its large woody roots scarcely penetrating into the ground. For several months in the year the leaves are moistened by a shower; its branches look as if they were dead and withered; but when the trunk is bored, a bland and nourishing milk flows from it. It is at sunrise that the vegetable fountain flows freely. At that time, the blacks and natives are seen coming from all parts provided with bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at its surface. Some empty their vessels on the spot, while others carry them to their children. One imagines he sees the family of a shepherd, who is distributing the milk of his flock. It is named the *palo de vac* or the cow tree.

Cure of the Eyes.—Looking into the fire is very injurious to the eyes, particularly a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united soon destroy the eyes. Reading in twilight is very injurious to the eyes, as they are obliged to make great exertion. Reading or sewing with a side light, injures the eyes, as both should be exposed to an equal degree of light. The reason is, the sympathy between the eyes is so great, that if the pupil of one is dilated by being kept partially in the shade, the one that is most exposed cannot contract itself sufficiently for protection, and will ultimately be injured. Those who wish to preserve their sight, should preserve their general health by correct habits, and give their eyes just work enough, with a due degree of light.

A PRODUCTIVE "FARM."—One of our industrious townsmen, in West Chester, who has been in the habit of supplying our table occasionally with vegetables, has furnished us with the following estimate of the income derived from his "farm." It will serve to show how productive a "little farm well tilled" may become. His "farm" is indeed, nothing more than a garden, of about one-sixth of an acre.—He has sold the present season \$15 worth of potatoes; he has 700 head of cabbage worth 7 cents a head; \$49; \$4 worth of onions; his turnips \$5; and he has sold 50 cents worth of beets. He has besides, ten bushels of potatoes reserved for his own winter use, and other vegetables in proportion. This will make \$69.50, as the product of his sales, the present season, upon a single "farm," over and above what has been required to provision his own family! This is not considered by him as an extraordinary crop. The product of his cabbage patch has usually paid his rent. His garden has been cultivated rather as a pastime than otherwise, and has not seriously interfered with the pursuit of his usual business.—[Village Record.]