

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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Coming of the Spring.

I am looking for the coming,
The coming of the Spring;
Oh! my heart with joy is swelling,
And gladness in it dwelling;
While I'm waiting for the coming,
The coming of the Spring.

I've been weary too, with waiting,
Waiting for the Spring;
When the birds shall tell their praises,
And with heavenly rapture sing
Of the presence of earth's fairest child,
The lovely blooming Spring.

O! how long must I be waiting,
For the coming of the Spring!
When the flowers smile with tearful eye
At their awakening!
And the brooks shall dance so gaily,
To welcome back the Spring.

Cease, cease my heart thy pining,
Thy pining for the Spring!
For soon she'll come, and over all
Her fairest beauties fling,—
So I'm looking for the coming,
The coming of the Spring.

My Mother.

BY ALICE CAREY.

'Twas in the autumn's dreary close,
A long, long time ago;
The berries of the brier-rose
Hung bright above the snow,
And night had spread a shadow wild
About the earth and sky,
When calling me her orphan child,
She said that she must die.

She rests within the quiet tomb,
The narrow and the chill—
The window of our cabin-home
Looks out upon the hill.
O, when the world seems wide and wild
And friends to love me few,
I think of how she lived and died,
And gather strength anew.

Facts from History.

Kind Alfred's time-keeper consisted of six large wax tapers, each 32 inches long.
In 1505, shillings were first coined in England.
Slaves of both sexes were publicly sold in England near the conclusion of the 14th century.
All the Anglo-Norman kings, to Richard I., styled themselves kings, dukes, or counts, of their people, not of their dominions.
Hats were not much used till 1500, though mention is made of them in a statute of Richard III., by which the price of a hat is limited at 30 pence.
Windows of glass were first used in England, for houses, in 1180; yet in 1567, glass was so great a rarity as to be found but seldom, even in the houses of the nobility. And not till the reign of James I. were glass used in farm-houses.
In Scotland, so late as 1661, the windows of country houses were not glazed, and only the upper parts, even in those of the king's palaces, had glass, the lower parts having two wooden shutters, to open at pleasure, for the admission of fresh air.
In the reign of Richard III. the clergy were the principal medical practitioners. Although the age was warlike, surgery was little understood, and dissection was described as a barbarous outrage upon the dead.
Surnames were introduced into England by the Normans, and adopted by the nobility in 1200.
It was not until the reign of Henry VIII. that carrots, salads, turnips, or other edible roots, were generally produced in England. When Queen Catharine wanted a salad, she dispatched a messenger to Holland for it.

☞ Nobody is satisfied in this world. If a legacy is left a man he regrets it is not larger. If he finds a sum of money, he searches the spot for more. If he is elected to some high office, he wishes a better one. If he is rich and wants nothing, he strives for more wealth. If he is a single man, he is looking for a wife, and if married, for children. Man is never satisfied.

PETITION AGAINST BLOOD-LETTING.—Dr. William Turner, an eminent physician of the city of New York, has petitioned the Legislature of the state of New York to make the use of the lancet by medical practitioners a penal offence. He states that he has practiced medicine half a century, and that his experience has taught him that the habit of bleeding is destructive of health and life.

New Inventions.

Do scientific discovery and mechanical invention promote human happiness? Some say that they do not; that they are unfavorable to liberty, without which, human happiness cannot be permanent or secure; that they promote monopoly, enrich the few and impoverish the many, and thus render the many the vassals of the few; that they diminish the demand for and consequently the value of, human labor, and thus impoverish and enslave the laborer. And to prove all this, they refer to the Chinese, who will not use modern machinery, because it deprives labor of employment. We have already intimated that, if progress be a law of humanity, discovery and invention are the results of that law, and therefore must be beneficial; and that if progress be not such a law, then man can have no higher destiny, at least in this world, than the lower animals, all of which are stationary, both intellectually and morally.

Let us examine the condition of the Chinese.—If it be not better than that of progressive nations, then the stationary policy does not deserve this high commendation. And if it exhibit the same evils which appear in progressive society, then these evils are not imputable to progress, and conservation is not their remedy. All accounts tell us that monopoly, differences in condition, exorbitant wealth and excessive poverty, social discontent and disorder, and political rebellion, exist in a greater degree in China, than in any other part of the world excepting India. The poor of Canton and other large Chinese cities are innumerable, and their condition far below that of the poorest in Europe. At the same time, fortunes may be found in them which far exceed the most exorbitant in England, Austria, Russia, or any other country of excessive wealth. Therefore the persistence of the Chinese in ancient customs, their rejection of all improvements that save labor, have not saved them from the very evils which their eulogists ascribe to scientific discovery and mechanical invention.

Leaving the Chinese, let us compare the present condition of the "masses" in Europe with their condition in the middle ages. In the times of the Crusades, even the nobility of England or France were not so well taught, so well lodged, well clad, well fed, as the majority of mechanics and traders of the same countries at the present day. William the Conqueror or Richard the Lion Hearted knew not the luxury of a cotton shirt or silk stockings. The cloths for their coats, when they did not wear sheep-skins, would appear very coarse beside our duffels and blankets. They dwelt in palaces, which, for convenience, light, ventilation, warmth, and other means of health, were far inferior to a modern brick house of the first or second, or even the third class. They were strangers to all the refinements of modern cookery now common in the dwellings of independent mechanics. Carpets were unknown in England, even so late as the reign of Elizabeth, whose royal floors were covered with sand or rushes. Before the days of Magna Charta, few of either Norman or Saxon nobility could write their names, and not a few of them could not read. The majority of peasants dwelt in houses about equal to the modern mud-cabins of Ireland, in comparison with which, the log houses of our pioneers are palaces. As the compass was unknown, navigation was confined to coasting, and therefore tedious and dangerous. As printing and paper were unknown, books were confined to parchment, and multiplied by the pen, and therefore expensive and few. Agriculture was confined to the spade, the hoe, the scythe, and the rude plough, still extant in the most benighted parts of Europe. Even the spinning-wheel was unknown, and the loom was the rude contrivance long since discarded from England.

In these rude ages, twenty men with their imperfect means, could not accomplish so much in a day, as one man now with modern machinery.—Hence much less of anything was produced than at present, and the majority of modern productions were unknown. Let us consider printing alone. All the men and women now in Philadelphia could not then furnish with a pen, so many copies of any book in a year, as the printers alone of the same city will now furnish in a day. Nor could they furnish so many yards of wollen cloth in a year, as the cloth manufacturers of the same city will now furnish in a week. Newspapers could not then exist, and books were rarities, mostly confined to the clergy and lawyers. Hence very few people, even of the high ranks, could read, and consequently could acquire knowledge only from observation or narration. Now the most ignorant farmer, mechanic, trader, is better informed in every science, physical or moral, in agriculture, commerce, manufactures, in religion, in morals, in politics, than the great majority of the nobility in those barbarous ages. And these differences are caused by discovery and invention.—Lidger.

An Irishman, upon seeing a squirrel shot from a tree, said "faith and be Jabers that was a waste of powder, the fall itself would have killed the squirrel."

"My lad," said a young lady to a boy carrying an empty mail bag, "are you the mail boy?" "Yer doesn't suppose, I see a female boy, does yer?"

The Rose.—To change the color of a rose, place a fresh gathered rose in water as far as the stem will allow, then powder it over with fine rappee snuff, being careful not to load it too much. In about three hours, on shaking off the snuff it will have become a green rose.

And What Next?

A gentleman, riding near the city, overtook a young man, and invited him to a seat in his carriage.

"And what," said the gentleman to the young stranger, "are your plans for the future?"

"I am a clerk," replied the young man, "and my hope is to succeed, and to get into business for myself."

"And what next?" said the gentleman.

"Why, I intend to marry and set up an establishment of my own."

"And what next?"

"Why, to continue in business and accumulate wealth."

"And what next?"

"To retire from business and enjoy the fruits of my labors."

"And what next?"

"It is the lot of all to die, and I of course cannot escape."

"And what next?"

But the young man had no answer to make—he had no purpose that reached beyond the present life.

☞ "When Burchard, the Evangelist was in Lockport, New York, it was his custom to go about the village, and call upon the most prominent of the citizens, especially the wealthy, titled and influential, in order to invite them to attend his meetings, and give countenance and eclat to his labors. In the course of his perambulations, one day, he fell in with Bob S——, an attorney of some reputation, and very famous for his wit and readiness of repartee. Good morning, Mr. S——, said the Evangelist: understanding that you are one of the leading men of this town, and a lawyer of high standing, I have called upon you in hopes of engaging you on Lord's side. Thank you replied Bob, with an air of great sobriety, and with the most professional manner possible—thank you—I should be most happy to be employed on that side of the case, if I could do so consistently with my engagements; but you will have to go to some other counsel, as I have a standing retainer from the opposite party! The itinerant was amazed, piqued, nonplussed, and laughing very heartily, and calling Bob a sad dog, departed from his presence."—Boston Post.

☞ There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart betwixt this world and the next. And in the brief interval of painful and awful suspense, while we feel that death is present with us, we are powerless and the last faint pulsation here is but the prelude of endless life hereafter; we feel, in the midst of the stunning calamity about to befall us, that earth has no compensation to mitigate the severity of our loss. But there is no grief without some beneficent provisions to soften its intensity. When the good and lovely die, the memory of their good deeds like the moonbeams on the stormy sky, lights up our darkened hearts, and lends to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs it.—Prentice.

About Cows.

Every one has felt the inconvenience of having his cows calve during the night. In all seasons, but especially in winter, this is an exceedingly annoying, and not only demands continual useless watching, on the part of the cow keeper, but very often, indirectly causes the death of the calf and its mother. Now it has been ascertained by a person living in the neighborhood of Utrecht, that a cow with calf, milked for the last time at night instead of in the morning, calves in the day and not at night. Out of 30 cows on which the experiment was tried, only three or four are mentioned by Mr. Nunon, Professor of Agriculture at Utrecht, as being exceptions. As confirming the above statement, we may mention the fact, that a large farmer in the Campine has also tried the same plan with success.—*Flore des Serres.*

Can It Be True?

The New York Sunday Courier edifies its readers with a long editorial, from which we take this—

There is an extensive organization of house thieves in Brooklyn, and the business is carried on in a regular secundum artem manner, like that of a railroad company, or a shipping house. They take apprentices to the trade, and instruct them in all the mysteries of the art; they keep a regular set of books, in which all the transactions of the company are entered by the "actuary" of the organization, and declare, regular dividends once in three months. As the quantity of miscellaneous merchandise which the company receives from its members is very great, a regular agent is employed who disposes of it to the best advantage wherever a market can be found. A good deal of the property is sent to Philadelphia and there sold on commission. A regular register is kept in which the different houses to be operated upon are all properly set down with the name of the occupants and the probable amount of their silver, watches, jewelry, &c. The members of this organization from their habit of entering none but the best houses, and dealing exclusively in articles of vertu and luxury, acquire very costly and elegant tastes, and accordingly live in very good style themselves in the genteel parts of the town.

Charcoal, ground to powder, is one of the best things ever discovered to clean knives. This is a late and valuable discovery.

The Confession of a Subscriber.

One of our subscribers came into our office a few weeks ago, and asked what was the amount of his indebtedness to the Jeffersonian. We told him. He handed us the full amount, and said: "I have been taking the Jeffersonian three or four years, have been pleased with it, and would like to continue my name on your list as long as it is published, but times are hard, and money scarce; I find that I can hardly get along at all, so I must retrench by stopping your paper."

"Well," said we, "the sum is small—a mere trifle—and your credit is good. But what will your family do for a newspaper to inform them of the day? You don't want your children to grow up in ignorance of what is going on among the people of our country, as well as the whole world?"

"True," said he, "and there's the rub." My family oppose my stopping it strongly. It reaches us every Saturday, and in the evening our eldest daughter sits down while my wife is employed in knitting or sewing, and I am toasting my feet by a cheerful fire, after a day of hard toil and reads aloud one half its contents, and on the next evening our eldest boy finishes, of course, we enjoy it very much. When I told my wife my intention of discontinuing the Jeffersonian, she said that she would sit up till after midnight to knit stockings to pay for it. But, poor woman, she works hard enough now! So I must stop it!"

"You know," said we, with a little warmth "that you are able to pay, but there's no compulsion about it—so, here it goes," and off went his name.

The circumstance would have forever been forgotten, had it not been for the re-appearance of our quondam subscriber, a few days since. He came into our office, and sauntered around for awhile and seemed to be in quite a gloomy mood. Finally we said to him in rather a light and inquisitive way, "Well, Mr. S——, how do you get along without your newspaper now?"

"Bad enough," was the response. "To be candid about it, I will tell you why. When the first Saturday came around, after I had stopped my paper, my wife sent our eldest boy to the post office for it. Off he went in high glee. I was ashamed to tell what I had done, so I said nothing, though I well knew he wouldn't get it. He returned with the complaint that the other subscribers' papers had all come but ours. 'What can it mean, Mr. S?' asked my worthy spouse. 'O,' said I, 'I expect the printer boy neglected to put it in the packet yesterday.' 'Well, but they never missed before,' said she, 'and there must be something wrong,' and she fixed a searching look upon me, but I said nothing. That evening passed gloomily enough.

The next day the children became unusually noisy, and got into petty quarrels, and every now and then my wife would say 'there must be something wrong.' 'Yes,' I would sometimes say, 'there must,' and then look in another direction from her. Well, the next Saturday come on, and the boy was again sent to the office on his useless errand, and returned with the same complaint as before. My wife's first exclamation, as she anxiously awaited his return, and heard his report, was—'Indeed, Mr. S. —, there must be something wrong!' Now, thinks I, I shall have to out with it; but I remembered just at that particular moment, that I had forgotten to feed the hogs, and they must be fed, but when I reached the hog-pen, I recollected of having fed them but a short time before. When I returned to the house all was in a uproar—the children quarreling and fighting, and the baby squalling terribly, and my good natured spouse in by no means a pleasant mood. Her attempts to pacify were vain. If she should succeed, it would be but for a moment, the rising household would rebel, and every rebellion grew worse. Thus passed that evening, and Friday evening promised to be still worse. Things began to look 'blue' long before sunset. I feared the arrival of the night, but it came, and as I expected, the children were still noisier and more rebellious than ever; and I then thought that if my even tempered wife was never angry before, she was then. My house, in fact, seemed suddenly turned into bedlam. I could stand it no longer and left the house. The last words I heard my wife say, as I hurried out of the door was, 'indeed Mr. S——, there must be something wrong!' I borrowed a copy of the Jeffersonian, and returned home. I had scarcely opened the door, when two or three voices cried out 'the paper's come!' Our little girl eagerly snatched it and sat down to her old task and soon all was quiet; even the baby, though wide awake, seemed in a happy, good humor. Now, all this fuss and trouble was occasioned by my stopping the Jeffersonian, and before I will pass two more such weeks I will pay for a dozen newspapers. Here's \$2 for another year. A newspaper is a great 'peace-maker' in a family. Mind, I have not told my wife I had stopped the paper, and wish her never to know it. I should not have made this free confession, had I not thought that it might save some poor fellow from falling into my error, his household thrown into confusion, and his ears continually greeted with—'Indeed, there must be something wrong!'

☞ One reason why the Londoners omitted the use of wood in constructing the building for the World's Fair is, that there would be so many Yankees there they were afraid they would whittle it down.

A Rhode Island lad, under examination by a Connecticut schoolmaster, being asked: 'How many gods are there?' The boy, after scratching his head for some time, replied—"I don't know how many you've got in Connecticut; but we have none in Rhode Island!"

Danger of Re-Vaccination.

We perceive that the late Dr. Fisher, of Boston, who is said to have paid attention to the subject of vaccination, alleges that every person should have the operation repeated, one or more times, or until the system ceases to be effected by the virus.—This might indeed succeed in extirpating the small-pox, but how much harm it would cause by communicating various leprous affections from man to man, is past calculation. Many experienced physicians are far from considering vaccination an unmixed good—and mothers who know how liable infants are to be attacked with ulcers, and other scrofulous affections after vaccinations, except in cases of great liability to the disease against which it is intended to guard. It is the opinion of some physicians, that a taint is often communicated to the blood from unhealthy virus, which affects the system through life. Physicians should be very careful never to use the vaccine matter after it has passed through the system of a scrofulous or otherwise unhealthy child.

Poisonous Breakfast Beverages.

Having seen some remarks in the adulteration of coffee in the Leader, I think a few words by one who has been behind the curtain may be of use.—To begin with green tea, the system of faking, or getting up, as it is called, is carried on to an extent that few people would believe. Twelve or fourteen years ago the faking was chiefly done by the hand—in Manchester, at least—and the principal ingredient used was magnesia. This gave place to Prussian blue, indigo, and Dutch pink.—Within the last few years various other deleterious articles have been brought into use, and the steam-engine is now made to do the work that was formerly done by hand. When black tea is so much damaged that it cannot be sold without disguise, they at once set to work and make it into green. No matter how rotten it is, it will be steamed and roasted up; and if it will not take a curled leaf, it is ground and made into small green tea.—Plumbago, ivory black, French chalk, and other like substances, are used to lay a foundation for the Prussian blue, etc.; and the quantity of those powders used for that purpose is truly frightful.—The system of mixing and repacking is also carried on to an enormous extent; and great is the ingenuity often displayed in making the chests look original. The new nails are often sprinkled with salt and water to make them look rusty. Ground coffee (as most people are aware) is quite as much adulterated as tea. I have seen remarks made about various kinds of grain being used, but the principle article is chicory, which is itself mixed with every substance that can assimilate with it. In Liverpool, damaged sea-bread is bought up for the purpose, and all kinds of spoiled grain. Rye is also used in large quantities; and when chicory was dearer than at present I have seen clay (yes common clay by the cart load) used in Manchester for the purpose of reducing chicory to 366 per cent. When heavy grain was used, the packets looked so small for the money that another scheme was adopted. That was to roast and grind bran along with it; and I have seen hundreds of tons roasted for that purpose. To give a rich blooming appearance to all this rubbish, oxide of iron is used in large quantities, and orange buds are ground along with it to give it a different flavor. If even no grain is used, Venetian red and orange buds are used, for coloring chicory alone. At present something like calcined sugar is having a great run, and goes by the name of fino. A little of it is put along with the chicory; but it can easily be detected by the naked eye, showing itself in bright glittering particles like glass. Cocoa also shares the same fate as tea and coffee. At the present time I know that in Lancashire soluble cocoa is made at prices which vary from 3d. up to 2s. the lb., from the same parcel of cocoa. To effect this, flour, potatoes, farina, and other like substances are used; also, treacle, and here again oxide of iron is used to keep up the color. The evil does not end here, for those shopkeepers who often get the blame for the practices I have alluded to, know nothing of them, the fault of it is with the wholesale dealers, (or manufacturers, I may call them,) and often also carry on a retail business, but who take care to sell good articles themselves, and serve other shops with goods which they will not sell. Thus they monopolize the ready-money trade to themselves, and get a name of fair-dealing. We hear much talk at times about sanitary reform; but I think little good can be effected as long as the people's food is poisoned by such doings. I have no doubt whatever but every branch of the provision trade is subject to the same complaints.—London Leader.

Take care of the Feet.

"Of all parts of the body," says Dr. Robertson, "there is not one which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet." Every person knows from experience that colds and many other diseases which proceed from the same, are attributable to cold feet. The feet are at such a distance from "the wheel at the cistern" of the system, that the circulation of the blood may be very easily checked there. Yet, for all this, and although every person of common sense should be aware of the truth of what we have stated, there is no part of the human body so much trifled with as the feet. The young and would-be-genteel footed, cramp their toes and feet into thin-soled, bone-punching boots and shoes; in order to display neat feet, in the fashionable sense of the term. There is one great evil, against which every person should be on their guard, and it is one which is not often guarded against—we mean the changing of warm for cold shoes or boots. A change is often made from thick to thin soled shoes, without reflecting upon the consequences which might ensue. In cold weather boots and shoes of good thick leather, both in soles and uppers, should be worn by all. Water-tights are not good if they are air-tights also; india rubber, overshoes should never be worn except in wet splashy weather, and then not very long at once. It is hurtful to the feet to wear any covering, that is air-tight over them, and for this reason india rubber should be worn as seldom as possible. No part of the body should be allowed to have a covering that entirely obstructs the passage of the carbonic acid gas from the pores of the skin outwards, and the moderate passage of air inwards to the skin. Life can be destroyed in a very short time, by entirely closing up the pores of the skin. Good warm stockings and thick soled boots and shoes are conservators of health, and consequently of human happiness.