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The Gift of a Rose.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I send thee, Mary, a sweet young rose,
That bright with the hues of the sunset glows;
Its beauty, alas! is frail and brief,
It will come to thee with a withered leaf,
But the fervent kiss that my earnest lips
Have left for thee on its crimson tips,
Will not from the fading flower depart,
But come all fresh to thy lip and heart;
For oh, 'tis a breath of the love and trust
That will live when our lips and our hearts are dust.

Mary, dear Mary, pray love this flower,
Let it have for thy heart a spell of power;
For I plucked it fresh from its lovely stalk,
On the blooming edge of that garden walk
Where we strayed together so deeply blest
When the sun was low in the golden west,
And murmured our loves in burning words,
With none to hear but the flowers and birds,
And lingered long on the dear sweet spot,
While our warm hearts kissed, though our lips did not.

Mary, dear Mary, my thoughts still cleave
To each memory sweet of that blessed eve,
To each tone more dear than the sweetest lute,
To each vow we breathed when our lips were mute,
To the wild, deep thrill through each trembling frame

From fingers warmed with a pulse of flame,
To each gentle tear, to each gentle sob,
To each sigh that told of the heart's deep throbs;
Ay, these memories dwell in this soul of mine—
Oh, Mary dear, do they live in thine?

Mary, dear Mary, I pray thee say,
Do the roses bloom where thy steps now stray?
Do they look at morn on the sky's soft blue,
Through the trembling tears of the early dew?
When I come to thee will they smile to greet
Thy lover's steps with their perfumes sweet?
Will they list at eve to our tender vows?
Will they weave their wreaths for our gentle brows?
And when at last we are doomed to part,
Will they breathe a sigh for each breaking heart?

Mary, dear Mary, I fain would know,
Do thy heart's sweet flowers keep their fresh young glow?
Are their eyes yet turned on the skies above?
Do they glitter still with the dew of love?
Has no brightening frost, has no bitter blast,
Cold, cold o'er their buds and their blossoms past?
If my name is said, are their leaves yet stirred
To the olden thrill of the cherished word?
And say, oh say, will those dear heart flowers
Still bloom for me in the Eden bowers?

The Wonders of the Universe.

LIFE IN THE AIR.

Leaving the domains of the waters, and the regions of the earth, let us direct a few thoughts toward a subject at present ill understood, but at the same time highly interesting—life in the air. It is to be remarked, however, at the outset, that it is inconceivable that any species of either vegetable or animals should constantly live in the air. While the earth is the great dwelling-place, and the sea the broad home, of an innumerable multitude of those minute organisms to which we have directed attention, the air is merely a temporary residence to any of them. No animal or plant with which we are acquainted, however minute, ever carry on the functions of life in the air. Vegetable and animal existence, in its minutest forms, has exclusively a relation to the earth or to the waters as the scenes in which the development and propagation of such life is to have its place. When, therefore, we speak of life in the air, we desire simply to express the fact—and a wonderful fact it is—that the atmosphere is at all times charged with minute and invisible particles of organic existence, which upon falling on the earth, or into the waters, spring at once into activity. Regarding the manner in which such minute organisms are received by the atmosphere there prevails some difference of opinion and much obscurity. A number of circumstances are, however, on record, which show that the force with which bodies are lifted into the air is abundantly more than adequate to account for the elevation of such light particles as the germs of a microscopic plant or animal. The records of meteorology seem with instances of the transporting power of aerial currents, which render the matter positively certain. Thus we are told that, even fish and similar substances have been carried up into, and then precipitated from, the atmosphere. On the 9th of

March, 1830, in the isle of Ula in Argyleshire, after a heavy rain, numbers of small herrings were found scattered over the fields; they were perfectly fresh, and some not quite dead. In a town in France, some distance from Paris—a violent storm took place, and when the morning of the day following broke, the streets were found strewn with fish of different sizes; the mystery was soon solved, for it was discovered that a fish-pond in the vicinity had been blown dry, and only the larger fish left behind. Dust, ashes, frogs and other such bodies, have also been lifted into and dropped from the atmosphere at different times and in different places. What marvel, then, if the thin and delicate structures which form the life-beginnings of an animalcule or a fungus should be forever found floating around us, present under all circumstances, and ready, whenever opportunity offers, to drop and be developed into their highest activity?

We are apt to regard the atmosphere as consisting of only air, forgetful of the innumerable organic particles—some living, or ready to live, and some dead—which float in the folds of its all-enveloping mantle. Humboldt's remarks regarding microscopic life in the air deserve extraction: "Wheel animalcules, and a host of microscopic insects, are lifted by the winds from the evaporating waters below. Motionless, and to all appearance dead, they float upon the breeze, until the dew bears them back to the nourishing earth, and, bursting the tissues which enclose their transparent rotating bodies, instills new life and motion into all their organs. The yellow meteoric sand or mist (*dusi nublus*) often observed to fall in the Atlantic, and not infrequently borne in an easterly direction as far as Northern Africa, Italy, and Central Europe, consist, according to Ehrenberg's brilliant discovery, of agglomeration of siliceous-shelled microscopic organisms. Many of these float, perhaps for years, in the highest strata of the atmosphere, until they are carried down by the Etesian winds, or by descending currents of air, in the full capacity of life, and actually engaged in organic increase by spontaneous self-division. Together with these developed creatures, the atmosphere contains countless germs of future formation—eggs of insects and seeds of plants, which, by means of hairy or feathery crowds, are borne forward on their long autumnal journey. Even the vivifying pollen scattered abroad by the blossoms is carried by winds and winged insects over sea and land to the distant solitary plant. Thus, whosoever the naturalist turns his eye, life, or the germ of life lies spread before him." What an instructive lesson as to the universal presence of these minute invisible germs quick with life, and awaiting the combination of only a few simple circumstances to display their vital energies, is afforded us by simply exposing to the air a drop or two of water containing a very small proportion of organic matter in solution! It is one of the most wonderful spectacles in the world to behold, after a little lapse of time, the peopling up of this drop of fluid with living beings not to be seen in it before.

We shall content ourselves with a short review of a few of the more remarkable phenomena which reveal to us the fact, that the realm of air are peopled with germs and seeds of animal and vegetable life, which float upon every breeze, and are wafted up and down the heavens, round and about the earth. The history of the extraordinary tribe of fungi supplies many singular instances of the presence in the air of innumerable particles ready to burst into life immediately upon their alighting on a suitable matrix. Nothing, in fact, is more wonderful than the apparent omnipotence of fungus germs in the air. A morsel of ripe fruit, a little water spilt on a crumb of bread, a drop of stale ink, a neglected bottle of medicine, afford ample evidence of the activity of this teeming life-world around us. In a very short time a delicate velvet like covering envelopes the decomposing and presently acquires the utmost luxuriance of growth. What a scene is presented when we point the eye of the microscope to such objects! Myriads of delicate forms stand in jaunty attitudes; rearing their delicate filaments over the decaying mass on which they are living in luxurious plenty. Beneath the observer's eye they multiply, they lengthen, they swell, they burst, and scatter their light and invisible germs into the ambient air! A wonderful race are the earth's scavengers—the fungi! Fries, the great fungologist, writing of them, says, "Their sporules are so infinite, (in a single individual of *Reticularia maxima* I have reckoned above 10,000,000,) so subtle; (they are scarcely visible to the naked eye, and often resemble thin smoke,) so light, (raised perhaps evaporation into the atmosphere,) and are dispersed in so many ways, (by the attraction of the sun, by insects, wind, elasticity, adhesion, &c.) that it is difficult to conceive a place from which they can be excluded." Germs of minute fungi are in the air we breathe, for they have been found living within the lungs of a living man; they are in the waters also, for a fungus envelopes with its deadly folds the fish of our ornamental ponds, and suffocates them; they descend wherever an ingress presents into the bowels of the earth itself for a luminous fungus lights the coal mines of Dresden, and turns the regions of darkness into the semblance of a bejeweled and illuminated enchanter's palace.

A LIBERAL OFFER.—The coolest man we know of on this continent is the editor of the Lynchburg Virginian. Noticing the statement which has been travelling in the papers, concerning the vast wealth of Gen. Tarver of Georgia, he offers to relieve him and another millionaire in Virginia of a portion of their burdens, after the following disinterested plan. He is certainly a model philanthropist, and must have in his veins some of "the blood of the Howards."

There is a gentleman residing in Pennsylvania Co., who is a larger slave holder and wealthier than Gen. Tarver, and who is perhaps the richest man in Virginia. He owns 1500 or 2000 slaves, and plantations almost without number. The increase of his slaves enables him annually to settle a large plantation. We respectfully suggest to these two gentlemen, and we presume the suggestion only needs to be made to ensure their compliance with it, that they forthwith remit us a check for \$10,000 each, for which we will send them a lock of our hair, or, if it be more agreeable, we propose to add our common property together, and divide the whole into three parcels of which each shall take a share. We are excessively impatient to know the result of this proposition.

From the Monongahela Republican.

Treatment of Scarlet Fever.

As everything relating to the treatment of the scarlet fever—a disease which has baffled the skill of every department of the Medical profession, and which is as destructive and as much to be dreaded as the cholera—is of great interest to the profession and the public, we give place to the following article of *Dr. Harvey Lindsay*, of Washington City, to the editor of the "Boston Medical and Surgical Journal." The plan proposed, has not received the attention, we believe of the medical profession in this country, that its importance demands, if attended with the satisfactory results represented by the writer. It is certainly philosophical and rational in theory, and simple and efficient in practice.

We believe it is universally admitted that the chief burden of this disease falls upon the skin, and hence, whatever tends to restore the deranged functions of the surface, will contribute most materially to alleviate and arrest the symptoms. Dr. L. does not intend, by the employment of this remedy, to prevent the use of such other means as experience any sanction, as laxatives, internal and external applications to the throat, &c.

Treatment of Scarlet Fever by Inunction.—From the first day of the illness, and as soon as we are aware 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 everywhere applied. In order to this rubbing somewhat easier, it is best to take a piece of bacon the size of the hand, choosing a parts till 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 this application are soon obvious; with a rapidity bordering on magic, all, even the most painful systems of the disease are allayed; quiet, sleep, good humor, return of appetite, and there remains only the impatience to quit the sick room.

The advantages of the treatment indicated may be summed up as follows:

1. The improbability, we might almost say the impossibility of the patient getting cold while the skin is thus covered with fat—a point in no disease more important than here.
2. The dry brittiness of the skin and the tormenting itching, are by it, not only materially alleviated, but generally entirely removed. Every practitioner knows how often the itching and burning of the skin in scarlet fever are unendurable to children, keeping them constantly in distressing movements, and robbing them of sleep. Hence children are generally well satisfied with this process, and often ask for its repetition long before the time is come.
3. The influence on physical functions of the skin is still more important. During the coming on of the scarlet fever, the skin becomes diseased, in consequence of which it loses its vital power.—During this illness, and until the covering is again prepared for the surface, the functions of the skin are very imperfectly performed, or during the desquamation, probably not at all. We may cite the fact that death is always the result where more than one-half of the skin has been destroyed by fire or boiling liquid. This destruction of the skin, which ensues in scarlet fever, takes place gradually, and thereby the organism is better enabled, by employing all the activity of the body, to find aid against the mischief which must result from the cessation of the functions of the skin.

Yellow Fever Anecdote.

Under this head the New Orleans Delta relates the following:

"Doctor," said the dying man, opening his languid eyes, "how long do you think I can live?"

"My poor friend," answered the physician, wiping the tears from his spectacles, "I do not think that you can live more than twenty-four hours."

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed the dying man, "don't say that! But still if I can't live, I suppose I must bend to the will of Providence!"

The sick man covered his face with the bed clothes, and the physician not being able to endure the scene, was just about to depart, when his patient called for him—"Doctor, what do you think it will cost for my funeral?"

"My poor friend," answered the humane physician, with tears in his eyes, "it will not cost much—probably not more than \$25."

The dying man started up in his bed, and raising his hands as though he was going to exercise a ghost, exclaimed, in the most pitiful tones, "Oh no, Doctor, don't say that! I can't afford to pay \$25 to be buried. It's higher than other people pay and I can't afford it!"

So saying the young gentleman sunk back, and wept like Niobe. Although worth some four or five thousand dollars in solid cash, he couldn't afford to die, because the funeral would cost him \$25. The meanness of his disposition striking into his system, drove the fever out, and he recovered.

TO CURE SCRATCHES ON HORSES FEET.—Mr. Lewis Pryon, of Erin, Georgia, furnishes the Southern Cultivator, with the following recipe.

Wash the feet well with warm soap suds, wipe them dry, sprinkle finely pulverized blue stone over the raw places, then give a thin coat of copal varnish, turn the animal on dry pasture or a lot a few hours, and you will have no more trouble with it. I cured a case of long standing the first trial.

New method of planting Potatoes.

The opinion has generally prevailed, that the potato cannot be successfully grown without the assistance of large applications of energetic and strong manure. My experience however, with this crop, since the prevalence of the rot has induced me to adopt a different opinion. Finding that every instance where green, unfermented manure was applied and where gypsum was used as a substitute both on old lands and there recently broken up, the rot or murrain as it is denominated in Europe, prevailed to a most fearful extent, I have, for the last two years, planted my crop on green sward turned over early and deeply in the spring, without any other stimulus than that contained in the soil itself and with complete success, so far as regards immunity from the rot. Plaster or gypsum, I consider the very worst application that can be made, even in dry seasons. Indeed I have never known an instance of its being applied where the tubers were not most injuriously if not fatally affected. Why it is so is a point equally as obscure to my comprehension as the cause of the disease itself. It is true that a less yield results from this system of non-manuring, but then this important advantage attending it, the product we do obtain is sound. My method of planting is as follows:—

Early in the spring I break up my sward land—choosing for this purpose such portion of my mowing lands as are very rich, roll and harrow. I spare no pains to bring the surface to a fine and even tilth, as by so doing I in a measure obviate the necessity of manure. Having accomplished this important preliminary part of the performance I next draw my furrows three feet and a half apart, and drop my tubers, which I select from the smallest or medium sized portion of the previous crop, as they produce earlier potatoes—placing them two feet apart in the rows, a closer stand having a tendency to induce a stagnation of air, and thereby induce disease. Before planting, I expose the seed for a week or so on the sunny side of a fence, or out building, covering them carefully over at night to prevent them from being frosted, and plant them whole. I cover them with a coverer. This is a very simple implement, and is made thus; two pieces of plank, two inches thick, six wide and three and a half feet long are attached to one end by an iron hinge so as to admit of the instrument being contracted or expanded at pleasure.—At the narrow end, a portion of the wood is cut out, say from one-fourth of the distance forward, to the extremity, leaving just enough at the point to hold the hinge. The wide end is the forward part, and is kept expanded by a cross bar to which the horse gear handles are attached. This when drawn longitudinally of the furrows, draws on the dirt, and the scarfed opening behind, leaves a ridge over the potatoes, of uniform depth and width. The inner sides of the main pieces ought to be protected by thin plates of iron, extending half an inch below the edges, and running the entire length. One of these coverers will save its cost in a single day.—*Germantown Telegraph.* AGRICOLA.

Mysterious Poison.

THE CURARE is a violent poison, prepared by some of the tribes, chiefly cannibals, who inhabit the forests bordering on the Orinoco, the Rio-Negro, and the Amazon. It is a solid, black matter of a resinous appearance, and perfectly soluble in water, and is supposed to be procured from a species of thorn abundant in the country. Such at least is the origin assigned to it by Baron Von Humboldt. This illustrious philosopher has given a relation of the feasts of the Indians upon their going each year to gather the plant. *Laswstoxa curare*, which produces the poison in the forests of Java. He also minutely describes the method of extracting the curare, and the singular effects of this poison, which may be taken into the stomach with impunity, while, introduced by a puncture under the skin, it causes almost immediate death. New details have since been given by travellers, but much doubt and uncertainty still rest upon the subject. The recent experiments of a learned Frenchman go far to confirm the marvels related of the poison, at the same time that they appear to complete its history.

Upon injecting a liquid solution of curare into the veins of an animal, death ensues instantaneously, without the creature uttering a cry, or manifesting any species of convulsive agitation. If the poison be introduced under the skin, its effects manifest themselves more slowly; but death invariably supervenes with similar and very singular symptoms. The animal appears not to feel the wound; a bird will fly as usual, but at the end of a few seconds it falls dead without uttering a cry, or giving the least sign of suffering. A rabbit or a dog will go and come, after the infliction of the fatal puncture, in its ordinary manner, but it soon appears fatigued, and lies down as if to sleep.—Then respiration ceases; sensibility and life disappear, and it dies without a struggle.

In general, when life ceases suddenly, the nerves retain for some time the power of reaction under the influence of mechanical or chemical stimulants. If a nerve of motion be excited, convulsions supervene in the corresponding muscles; if the skin be pinched, certain special movements will follow. After death by curare, none of these phenomena can be induced; there is a complete annihilation of all the properties of the nervous system. The nerves of the still warm animal that died but a minute ago are as inert as those of one that has long been cold and stiff. The blood is completely black, and so much altered that it coagulates with difficulty.

The city of Newark, is to be lighted with gas.

Dahomey, in Africa.

The various particulars of statistical and other information relative to Dahomey, acquired by Lieut. Forbes during his first mission, says the *Athenaeum*, may be thus thrown together. The country is about 150 miles in extent from east to west, and about 200 miles from the sea coast to its inland frontier, the Kong mountains. This large country, though rich in all kinds of natural resources, is very thinly peopled, owing to the devastating war and slave hunts of which it has been the scene for more than a century. The whole population does not exceed, it is supposed, 200,000 persons of both sexes, of whom only 20,000 are free. The capital, Abomey, numbers about 30,000 inhabitants. The Dahoman army consists of 12,000 regular troops, of whom about 5,000 are Amazons or fighting negroes—such armies of Amazons having been one of the institutions of Dahomey ever since the reign of Ada Hoonzo, the grandfather of Gezo, (1774—1789), one of whose "happy" conceptions it was to make his female subjects serve him as soldiers as well as males. On occasions of emergency, however, the King of Dahomey can bring 50,000 soldiers of both sexes, or a fourth part of his subjects, into the field; the women being as efficient as the men, and much fiercer.

The sole occupation of the nation, with the exception of a little agriculture, which is well conducted, and a few manufacturing processes carried on at Abomey, is war or slave-hunting. Every year the nation is levied *en masse*,—a foray is led against some adjacent tribe or nation interior or near the coast,—villages are destroyed and the aged and young murdered,—and thousands of prisoners are dragged into the Dahoman territory, to be either sacrificed to the Fetish gods, or driven down to Whydah, where resident slave merchants purchase them from the Dahoman king, sell them again to Portuguese and Brazilian traders who are on the watch to run them through the line of the British cruisers and across the Atlantic. These slave-hunts usually take place in November and December. Their proceeds form the sole revenue of the Dahoman king; who, besides supplying his soldiers with rations, rewards them by an annual largess of rum, cloth, cowry-shells, &c., during the period of the "Customs." His ministers and higher officers are similarly paid. The king is absolute, and decapitates his subjects at pleasure,—his prime minister being also his executioner; still there are certain traditions and rules which bind him. At the annual "Customs" Dahoman opinion makes itself heard; and topics of state are freely handled in a noisy palaver, in which the Amazons take a leading part. At these "Customs" the scene of the next slave-hunt is discussed and secretly determined. The Fetish people, or priests, exercise a good deal of influence all the year round.

A HARD SHELL'S HYMN BOOK.—A traveller called at nightfall at a farmer's house the owner being alone, refused to lodge the traveler. How far then said he, to a house where a preacher can get lodgings? Oh, if you are a preacher, said the old lady, you can stay here. He deposited the sabble-bags in the house, and led his horse to the stable.—Meanwhile the mother and daughter were debating the point as to what kind of a preacher he was. He cannot be a Presbyterian, said the one for he is not dressed well enough. He is not a Methodist, said the other, for his coat is not the right cut for a Methodist. If I could find his Hymn Book said the daughter, I could tell what sort of a preacher he is: and with that thrust her hand into the sabble-bags and pulled out a flask of liquor, she exclaimed—"La! mother he's a Hard Shelled Baptist!"

A Fact in Natural History.—Dean Jackson passing one morning through Christ Church quadrangle, met some under-graduates, who passed a long without capping. The Dean called one of them and asked:

"Do you know who I am?"
"No, sir."
"How long have you been in college?"
"Eight days, sir."
"Oh, very well," said the Dean walking away, "puppies don't open their eyes, until the ninth day."

MUSTACHOS—THEIR USE.—We never could conceive the use of these appendages to the human face until enlightened by a friend just from the land of gold. Meeting the other day an old acquaintance just returned from California, with a huge blacking brush stuck beneath his nose, we asked what in the name of decency could tempt him so to disfigure himself. Oh, said he, you little know the use of such an appendage in California; there the fleas and flies are so thick that you could not drink unless you had a mustache for a strainer to keep them out of your throat. We gave it up at once; and when we go to Eldorado we too may wear a mustache, if the facts shall prove as represented.

Beware of eating Red Waters.

A Coroner's jury in London, lately held an inquest on the body of a child 9 years old, who came to his death in the following manner:—The deceased was playing in the street, with other boys, when seeing some bright red wafers lying before the door of an oil shop, they tasted them, and subsequently ate some. All the lads were taken ill; and the deceased who had eaten more than the others died. The wafers contained red lead, and the symptoms of the boy's illness were those which ordinarily follow poisoning by that metal. The jury returned a verdict of "accidental death," with an admonition to the tradesman from whose shop the wafers had been incautiously sweet.