Jefferson Republican.

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

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Sonnet.

SYLPH of the breeze! whose dewy pinions light
Wave gently round the tree I planted here,
Sacred to her, whose soul hath winged its flight
To the pure ether of her lofty sphere;

Be it thy care, soft spirit of the gale!
To fan its leaves in summer's noontide hour;
Be it thy care, that wintry tempests fail
To rend its honors from the sylvan bower.

Then shall it spread, and rear th' aspiring form,
Pride of the weed, secure from every storm,
Graced with her name, a consecrated tree!
So may thy Lord, the monarch of the wind,
Ne'er with rude chains thy tender pinions bind,
But grant thee still to rove, a wanderer wild and free!

Taking Newspapers.

But few persons appreciate fully the benefit derived from the regular perusal of a well conducted newspaper. Notwithstanding the general disposition manifested to speak lightly of the press and their conductors, there are comparatively few papers published that do not furnish to a family a larger amount of useful information than can be derived from any other source, at the same expense. Books are useful in teaching sound principles as well as the history of the past. Newspapers may be called the *day-books* of the present, which exhibit in panoramic order passing events, from which will be posted the books for succeeding generations. Those who pore over the literature of the past to the neglect of that of their own day, are just so much behind the age. Information is now carried upon the wings of the wind and with the celerity of lightning, so that we can almost put up the doings of the world in a day, and furnish a bird's eye view in a single paper.—But this feature is not the only advantage gained by a regular subscriber to a newspaper. Has he a family? What enjoyment it affords to every member who can read. It begets a habit of reading—a thirst for knowledge, which of itself is of incalculable advantage, and induces its possessor to forego the sensual that he may gratify the intellectual. Mark the difference in families trained under the influence of a good newspaper, contrasted with those who are deprived of such a benefit. The one have an air of general information and intelligence, which is at once observed; the other evince their ignorance of the world, and in many cases of all useful information, to the most common observer, so as to render themselves almost the subject of ridicule. The line of distinction is so easily drawn, that as a general thing it is easy to point out those who have enjoyed the privilege of which others are bereft.

If these are facts, and we think the evidence will confirm their truth, the head of a family who brings up his children without allowing them this opportunity, is culpable to the amount of this neglect if within his means. And here we may be permitted to say, that many men plead hard times and poverty for not taking a paper, who, if they do not spend many times the amount in that which is demoralizing and destroying, have ample means to expend for that which is less valuable. We pity that man who is too "poor to take a paper," for under such circumstances, we very much fear he will not improve his condition. He who curtails his expenses by first stopping his paper, acts almost as wisely as the one who burnt his barn to destroy the rats, and will, most probably, meet with as much success.

We have been led to make these remarks by the frequent excuses rendered for neglecting to take a paper; and if we have said anything that will induce such persons to subscribe for a good one and endeavor to pay for it regularly, we think they will, in the course of a year, acknowledge that it has rendered them benefit beyond its price.
—*Meadville Gazette.*

Preserving Fresh Beef, &c.

Mr. Robin has communicated a paper, to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, detailing a number of experiments made by him in the preservation of animal substances. He states that coal oil, chloroform, ether, and some oils, preserve animal substances. By placing fresh beef in a well stoppered bottle, with a sponge containing coal oil, sulphuric either, or chloroform, at the bottom, he was able to preserve the meat fresh for eight months. The vapor of chloroform and of rectified coal oil preserved the meat in color and form perfectly fresh. This is something of great importance. He recommends the use of pure coal oil, in the preparation of leather such as for carrying; also for the preservation of anatomical specimens and the embalming of bodies.

Unfading Flowers.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Thirty years ago, a small, barefooted boy, paused to admire the flowers in a well cultivated garden. The child was an orphan, and had already felt how hard was an orphan's lot. The owner of the garden, who was priming a border, noticed the lad and spoke kindly to him.

'Do you love flowers?' said he.

The boy replied, 'Oh, yes. We used to have such beautiful flowers in our garden.,

The man laid down his knife, and gathered a few flowers, took them to the fence, through the pannels of which the boy was looking, and handed them to him, saying as he did so, 'Here's a little bunch for you.'

A flush went over the boy's face, as he took the flowers. He did not make any reply, but in his large eyes, as he lifted them to the face of the man, was an expression of thankfulness, to be read as plain as words in a book.

The act on the part of the man was one of spontaneous kindness, and scarcely thought of again, but by the child was never forgotten.

Years went by, and through toil, privation and suffering, both in body and mind, the boy grew up to manhood. From ordeals like this, come forth our most effective men. If kept from vicious associates, the lad of feeling and mental activity becomes ambitious, and rises in society above the common level. So it proved in the case of this orphan boy. He had but few advantages of education, but such as were afforded were all improved. It happened that his lot was cast in a printing office; and the young compositor soon became interested in his work. He did not set the types as a mere mechanic, but went beyond the duties of his calling, entering into the ideas to which he was giving verbal expression, and making them his own. At twenty-one, he was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence, and force of character. At twenty-five, he was the conductor of a widely circulated newspaper, and as a man, respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

During the earnest struggle that all men must enter into who are ambitious to rise in the world, the thoughts do not often go back and rest, meditatively, upon the earlier time of life. But after success has crowned each well directed effort, and the gaining of a desired position no longer remains a subject of doubt, the mind often brings up from the far off past, most vivid recollections of incidents, impressions that were painful or pleasurable at the time, and which are now seen to have an influence, more or less decided, upon our whole after life. In this state of reflection sat one day the man whom we have introduced. After musing a long time, deeply abstracted, he took his pen and wrote hastily—and these were the sentences he traced upon the paper that lay before him:—'How indelibly does a little act of kindness, performed at the right moment, impress itself upon the mind.—We meet as we pass through the world so much of rude selfishness, that we guard ourselves against it, and scarcely feel its effects. But spontaneous kindness come so rarely, that we are surprised when it appears, and delighted and refreshed as by the perfume of flowers in the dreary winter.—When we were a small boy, an orphan, and with a memory of a home forever lost, too vivid in our young heart, a man in whose beautiful garden we stood looking, pulled a few flowers, and handed them through the fence, speaking a kind word as he did so. He did not know, nor probably never will know, how deeply we were touched by this act. From a little boy we loved flowers, and ere that heaviest affliction a child ever knows—loss of parents—fell upon us, we almost lived among them. But death separated between us and all those tender associations and the affections that to the hearts of children are like dew to the tender grass; we entered the dwelling of the stranger, and were treated henceforth as if we had, or ought to have, no feelings, no hopes, no weaknesses. The harsh command came daily to our ears; and not even for work well done, or faithful service, were we cheered by words of commendation.

'One day—we were not more than eleven years old—something turned our thoughts back upon the earlier and happier time when we had a true home, and were loved and cared for. We were once more in the garden and among the sweet blossoms, as of old, and the mother on whose bosom we had slept, sat under the grape arbor, and we filled her lap with flowers. There was a smile of love on her face, and her lips were parting with some kind word of affection, when to scatter into nothing these dear images of the lonely boy, came the sharp command of a master, and in obedience we started forth to perform some needy service. Our way was by the garden of which we have spoken; and it was on this occasion, and while the suddenly dispelled image of our mother among the flowers was re-forming itself into our young imagination, that the incident to which we have alluded occurred. We can never forget the grateful perfume of those flowers, nor the strength and comfort which the kind words and manner of the giver, imparted to our faint spirits. We took them home, kept them fresh as long as water would preserve their life and beauty; and when they faded, and the leaves fell, gathered them up, and put them away. We grieved for their loss as if a real friend had been taken away.'

'It is long, long time, since that incident occurred; but the flowers which there spring up in our bosom are fresh and beautiful still. They have neither faded nor withered—they cannot, they are *Unfading Flowers.* We never looked upon the man that gave them to us that our heart did not warm towards him. Twenty years ago we lost sight of him: but, if still among the dwellers of the earth, and in need of a friend, we should divide with him our last morsel!'

An old man, with hair whitened by the snows of many winters, was sitting in a room that was poorly supplied with furniture, his head bowed down, and his gaze cast dreamily on the floor. A pale young girl came in while he sat thus musing.—Lifting his eyes to her face, he said, while he tried to look cheerful, 'Ellen, dear, you must not go out to day.'

'I feel a great deal better, granpa,' replied the girl forcing a smile. 'I am able to go to work again.'

'No, child, you are not,' said the old man firmly, 'and you must not think of such a thing.'

'Don't be so positive, granpa.' And as she uttered this little sentence in a half-playful voice, she laid her had among the thin gray locks on the old man's head, and smoothed them caressingly. 'You know that I must not be idle.'

'Wait child, until your strength returns.'

'Our wants will not wait, granpa.' As the girl said this, her face became sober. The old man's eyes fell to the floor, and a heavy sigh came forth from his bosom.

'I will be very careful, and not overwork myself again,' resumed Ellen, after a pause.

'You must not go to-day,' said the old man, arousing himself. 'It is murder. Wait at least, until to-morrow. You will be stronger then.'

'If I don't go back I may lose my place. You know I have been at home for three days. Work will not wait. The last time I was kept away by sickness a customer was disappointed; and there was a good deal of trouble about it.'

Another sigh came heavily from the old man's heart.

'I will go,' said the girl. 'Perhaps they will let me off for a day longer. If so, I will come back, for I must not lose the place.'

No farther resistance was made by the old man. In a little time he was alone. She had gone to work—her employers would not let her go away feeble as she was, without a forfeiture of her place.

About mid day, finding that Ellen did not come back, the old man, after taking some food, went out. The pressure of seventy winters was upon him, and his steps were slow and carefully taken.

'I must get something to do, I can work still, he muttered to himself, as he moved along the streets. 'The dear child is killing herself, and all for me.'

But what could he do? Who wanted the services of an old man like him, whose mind had lost its clearness, whose step faltered, and whose hand was no longer steady? In vain he made applications for employment. Young and more vigorous men filled all the places, and he was pushed aside. Discouraged and drooping in spirits, he went back to his home, there to wait the fall of evening, which was to bring the return of the only being left on earth to love him. At nightfall Ellen came home. Her face, so pale in the morning, was now slightly flushed; and her eyes were brighter than when she went out. The grandfather was not deceived by this; he knew it to be a sign of disease. He took her hand—it was hot; and when he stooped to kiss her gentle lips, he found them burning with fever.

'Ellen, my child, why did you go to work to-day? I knew it would make you sick,' the old man said, in a voice of anguish.

Ellen tried to smile, and not appear so very ill; but nature was too much oppressed.

'I have brought home some work, and will not go out to-morrow,' she remarked. 'I think the walk fatigued me more than anything else. I shall be better after a good night's sleep.'

But the girl's hopes failed her. The morning found her so weak that she could not rise from her bed; and when the grandfather came into her room to learn how she passed the night, he found her weeping on her pillow. She had endeavored to get up, but her head which was aching terribly, grew dizzy, and she fell back under a despairing consciousness that her strength was gone.

The day was passed, but Ellen did not grow better. The fever still kept her body prostrate.—One or twice, when her grandfather was out of the room, she kept up the work she brought home, and tried to do some of it while sitting up in bed. But ere a minute had passed, she became faint, while all grew dark around her. She was no better when night came. If her mind could have rested—if she had been free from anxious and distressing thoughts nature would have had power to re-act, but, as it was, the pressure was too great. She could not forget that they had scarcely so much as a dollar left, and that her old grandfather was too feeble to work. Upon her rested all the burden of their support, and she was helpless.

The next morning Ellen was better. She could sit up, without feeling dizzy, though her head still ached, and the fever had only slightly abated.—But the old man would not permit her to leave her bed, though she begged him earnestly to let her do so.

The bundle of work that Ellen had brought home, was wrapped in a newspaper, and this her grandfather took up to read several times during the day.

'This is Mr. T——'s newspaper,' said he, as he opened it and saw the title. 'I knew T—— when he was a poor orphan boy, but of course he has prospered wonderfully.'

And then his eyes went along the columns of the paper, and he read aloud to Ellen such things as he thought would interest her. Among others was a reminiscence by the editor—the same that we have just given. The old man's voice faltered as he read. The little incident, so feelingly described, had long since been hidden in his memory, under the gathering dust of time. But now the dust was swept away, and he saw his own beautiful garden. He was in it, and among the flowers; and wistfully looking through the fence stood the orphan boy. He remembered that he felt pity for him, and he remembered as if it was but yesterday, though thirty years had intervened, the light that went over the child's face as he handed him a few flowers that were to fade and wither in a day.

Yes, the old man's voice faltered as he read; and when he came to the last sentence, the paper dropped upon the floor, and clasping his hands together, he lifted his dim eyes upward, while his lips moved in whispered words of thankfulness.

'What ails you, grandfather?' asked Ellen, in surprise. But the old man did not seem to hear her voice.

'Dear grandpa,' repeated the girl, "why do you look so strangely?' She had raised in bed and was bending towards him.

'Ellen, my child,' said the old man, a light breaking over his countenance as though a sunbeam had suddenly come into the room, 'it was your old grandfather who gave the flowers to that poor little boy. Did you hear what he said? he would divide his last morsel.'

The old man moved around the room with his unsteady steps, talking in a wandering way, so overjoyed at the prospect of relief for his child, that he was nearly beside himself. But there yet lingered some embers of pride in his heart, and from these the ashes were blown away, and they became bright and glowing. The thought of asking a favor for the return of that little act, which was to him a pleasure, came with a feeling of reluctance. But when he looked at the pale young girl with eyes closed and her face half buried in the pillow, he murmured to himself. 'It is for you—for you!' and taking up his staff he went tottering into the open air.

The editor was sitting in his office, writing, when he heard the door open, and turning, he saw before him an old man with bent form and snowy head. Something in the visitor's countenance struck him as familiar, but he did not recognize him as one he had seen before.

'Is Mr. T—— in?' inquired the old man.

'My name is T——,' replied the editor.

'You!' There was a slight expression of surprise in the old man's voice.

'Yes I am T——, my friend,' was kindly said. 'Can I do anything for you? Take the chair.'

The offered seat was accepted; and as the old man sunk into it his countenance and manner betrayed his emotion.

'I have come,' and his voice was unsteady, 'to do what I could not do for myself alone. But I cannot see my poor, sick grandchild wear out and die under the weight of burdens that are too heavy to be borne. For her sake, I have conquered my pride.'

There was a pause.

'Go on,' said T——, who was looking at the old man carelessly, and endeavoring to fix his identity in his mind.

'You don't know me?'

'Your face is not entirely strange,' said T——. 'It must have been a long time since we met.'

'Long! It is a long, long time. You were a boy and I unbent by age.'

'Markland!' exclaimed T——, with sudden energy. 'Say, is it not so?'

'My name is Markland.'

'And do we thus meet again?' said T——, with emotion, as he grasped the old man's hand. 'Ah sir, I have never forgotten you. When a sad-hearted boy you spoke to me kindly, and the words comforted me when I had no other comfort. The bunch of flowers you gave me—you remember it, no doubt—it is fresh in my heart. Not a leaf has faded. They are as bright and green, and full of perfume, as when I first hid them there; and there they will bloom forever—the unfading flowers of gratitude. I am glad you have come, though grieved that your declining years are made heavier by misfortune. I have enough and to spare.'

'I have not come for charity,' returned Markland. 'I have hands that would not be idle, though it is not much that they can accomplish.'

'Be not troubled on that account, my friend,' was kindly answered. 'I will find something for you to do. But first tell me about yourself.'

Thus encouraged, the old man told his story.—It was the common story of the loss of property and friends, and the approach of want with declining years. T—— saw that pride and native independence were still strong in Markland's bosom, feeble as he was, and really unable to enter upon any serious employment; and his first impression was to save his feelings at the time that he extended to him entire and permanent relief. This he found no difficulty in doing, and the old man was soon after placed in a situation where but little application was necessary, while the income was all sufficient for the comfortable support of him and his grandchild.

The flowers offered with purely a humane feeling proved to be fadeless flowers; and their beauty and perfume came back to the sense of the giver, when all other flowers were dead and dying on his dark and dreary way.

Cultivating Orchards.

For a few years past, about eighty thousand dollars' worth of fruit trees have been annually set out into orchards in the single State of New York. If these were all treated in the best manner, in preparing the ground, in carefully transplanting, and in good care and cultivation afterwards, each year's planting would probably be worth to the owners in ten years, not less than three millions of dollars, so far as their value may be measured by a sum of money. The question arises, what proportion of this great number of trees are actually advancing with full promise of what they might attain? What portion will be in ten years, by the best treatment, full-sized, healthy, and productive?

Several intelligent individuals have given it as their opinion that not one-half of the trees that are set out, ever survive the third year. A very large number are certainly lost by careless removal, hasty transplanting into hard ground, and total subsequent neglect. But of those which survive, there are undoubtedly not one-tenth, that make half the growth they would attain under good management. We have seen whole orchards of young peach trees smothered to death the first summer by heavy growth of meadow grass which nearly enveloped them. A far larger number, however, are those which are not killed outright, but which linger year after year with a slow and feeble growth. Now, this tardiness is altogether unnecessary.—Peach trees as far North as forty-three degrees, have been made to yield the third summer from transplanting, three pecks of peaches, and apple trees the fifth summer one bushel each. An eminent pomologist now living in Western New York, set out a large fruit garden after long years had silvered his head with whiteness; yet for the past twenty years he has annually enjoyed a profusion of fruit from this identical fruit garden. The secret consisted simply in treating his trees as well as every good farmer treats his corn and cabbages.

"But we cannot afford to give so much attention to our trees—the rich man only can do this," says the laboring farmer. What, not afford to be economical? The man of small means is the very person to save his trees after he has paid for them; he is the very man who should not spend his coin to have feeble and fruitless orchards. Let him buy half the number, and apply the other half of the purchase money in taking care of what he has, and he will soon become the gainer by the operation. It is however a great mistake to suppose that much expense is needed. Enriching the land is largely paid for by the heavy crops of potatoes, carrots and rutabagas which grow between the equally heavy and more valuable loads of ripe fruit profusely yielded afterwards. The expenses of plowing once a year, and harrowing four times, is perhaps not half the first cost of the orchard, to say nothing of the annual crops afforded, while it soon renders it quadruple the value of the neglected plantation. Why do not farmers apply the same wit and wisdom to the management of their orchards that they do to their corn and clover crops:—Why should they not, when many who fortunately have already full grown orchards, get more in monied value from them than from all their farms besides?

The difficulty is rendered greater in most cases by the very inconvenient machinery used for plowing near the rows. A plow drawn with a two-horse team, with double whiffle-trees, cannot safely approach nearer than three feet to a tree, and every plowman dreads a task which is commonly attended with mutilated bark on one hand, and wide grassy "balks," on the other. A great improvement is made by placing one horse ahead of the other, with short single whiffle-trees, especially if the draught traces of the hinder horse are considerably lengthened to allow running to right or left.

A wide error is committed in cultivating orchards by those who forget that roots extend far beyond the circle measured by the branches. The whole surface of the ground is covered by the network of roots, where full-grown trees stand 20 or 30 feet apart. The larger and more obvious roots, it is true, are near the base of the trunk; but all finer ones, which so largely contribute nourishment, are spread at great distances. Hence all orchards which have made some years of growth, should have the whole surface cultivated and kept mellow, and not narrow strips or small circles just at the foot of trees.

Newspapers and the Law.

The prevailing opinion among a large portion of the people is, that after having taken a newspaper for a short or long period, they can rid themselves of the responsibility to pay for it, by refusing to take the paper up—or at all events that they can be compelled to pay for so many numbers of the paper only as they actually received. For the benefit of those who are laboring under this delusion, we publish below a case in point, which was decided last week, in the Court of Common Pleas, in Philadelphia, before Judge Kelly. The parties to the case were PHILIP R. FREAS, editor and publisher of the *Germantown Telegraph*, plaintiff, and JACOB HAAS, defendant. We give the case entire as reported in the Philadelphia papers, and in so doing would call particular attention to the able charge of Judge KELLY.

Philip R. Freas vs. Jacob Haas.—This is an action to recover the subscription price of the Germantown Telegraph for 12 years. The paper was left at a public house in the vicinity of the defendant's stall, in Callowhill street, the (defendant being a butcher at the time,) at the express direction of Mr. Haas, where it continued to be left for the space of time stated. The defence was two fold—1st the statute of limitation; and 2d, that the paper should have been left at the residence of the defendant, as it was known to the plaintiff. Wm. S. Price, for plaintiff, F. C. Brightly, for defendant.

Judge KELLY charged the jury, that where a person subscribed for a newspaper, and gives directions where it shall be left, he is bound to pay for it, unless he prescribes the time for which it shall be left. If a subscriber wishes to discontinue his paper, it is his duty to square his accounts, and then give notice for a discontinuance. If a paper is sent to a person through the Post Office, and he takes it out, he is bound to pay for it. If a subscriber changes his residence, it does not follow that the carrier must take notice of it, and a delivery of the paper at the place where he was first directed to leave it, is a delivery to the subscriber unless the publisher received notice to discontinue or send it to another place.

The statute of limitation did not affect the case, as the defendant had paid something on account in June, in 1844. Verdict for plaintiff, $22 50.