

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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From the New York Tribune.

## My Final Rest.

BY MRS. J. W. MERCUR.

Where shall I sleep when Earth no more  
Holds this frail tenement of clay,  
When life's short, fiftal days o'er,  
And I am wafted hence away!  
Shall it be where the Sun declines  
With glorious grandeur in the West,  
Beneath its tall o'erhanging vines,  
Shall there be found my latest rest?  
Where Nature decks with lavish hand  
Her favorite haunts with shade and flower,  
Within my own green native land,  
Where Freedom's banners wave with power!  
Where every shout that's borne on high,  
And echoed back to Earth again,  
Resounds beneath our azure sky,  
With Freedom blest in every strain!  
There let it be; I could not rest  
Where stars and stripes ne'er waved above,  
Though in some Island of the Blest,  
Where all is light and joy and love.  
And my freed spirit, it would pine,  
Though basking in Heaven's blissful sight,  
If Freedom's glories ne'er could shine  
Around me in that Land of Light.  
Yes! I would sleep where Freedom sits  
Enthroned upon our giant hills,  
Where every breeze which onward flits,  
The banner of our Country fills.  
Where founts and streams which onward glide  
Their sparkling waves to Ocean's strand—  
Proclaim within each rushing tide  
The glories of our Father-land.  
Yet I would rest where his loved form  
Might bend my quiet grave above,  
Where he might read at every morn  
The records of my changeless love.  
Love which had known no waning mark  
Since its first spark to life had sprung,  
Love which had known no shadow dark  
Upon its glowing pathway flung.  
Then would my rest be calm and deep,  
And quiet as the placid main,  
O'er which the waves are lul'd to sleep  
To raise no more their heads again.  
Yes! calm and deep, where every cloud,  
As Love's pure emblem blest is given,  
And Freedom's echoes high and loud  
Beneath the vaulted arch of Heaven.  
*Hannah's Rest, Santa Cruz, 1847.*

## Calves without Horns.

A writer in the Albany Cultivator says—"I raise calves without horns, and think them quite preferable to calves with horns. They are not liable to injure one another. When the calf is from two to four weeks old, tie his legs, and cut off the hair on and around the horn; having an iron, an inch or more in diameter, square at the end, heat it to a red heat, and sear the lump down even with the surface of the head, and put on a plaster of shoemaker's wax, or some other adhesive plaster, to keep the air from it, and no more is necessary to be done. The calves do not suffer the least inconvenience from it. If the lump is not seared down close, there will sometimes grow a loose nub of a horn."

## Cure for Nervous Maladies.

Persons, especially fine ladies, who, in consequence of inactive or sedentary habits, the too frequent use of close carriages, and an over-refined and luxurious regimen, are afflicted with the distressing disorder termed nervousness, will find their complaint effectually cured by six weeks' residence in a workhouse.

What branch of education do you have chiefly, in your school?

A willow branch, sir; the master has used up almost a whole tree.

## Interesting Case of Insanity.

A gentleman, engaged in the higher departments of trade—a good man, an enlightened man, and an affectionate parent—had two sons, who, at the time I begin this history were respectively at the ages of five and ten. The attachment between them was so remarkable as to be the common topic of conversation among all their friends and acquaintances. The children were incessantly together, and to see them walk around the garden, with the arm of the elder round the neck of the younger, while the other who could not reach to his neck, endeavored to clasp his waist—with their long auburn hair in the fashion of the day, hanging down in ringlets, and, as the elder stooped to kiss his little brother, covering his face,—those who had seen them thus occupied, their lovely features beaming with affection, would have said that nothing on earth could give a more vivid idea of angels.

The children when separated for a few hours were miserable; and when the time arrived for sending the elder to school, it was a subject of serious reflection with the parents and friends, whether so intense an affection should be checked or encouraged, the former was decided on, and the elder was sent to a distance.

Both children were so exceedingly unhappy, that sleepless nights, loss of appetite, incessant weeping, and rapid wasting of body, made every one fearful of the consequences of prolonging the absence, and they were brought together again.—Those who witnessed the tumultuous joy of their meeting, describe it as inexpressibly affecting.—They soon recovered their health and spirits, and their mutual affection seemed, if possible, to be increased by their temporary separation.

The experiment, after a while, was again made, with similar results; and it was decided never to risk another.

An arrangement was now entered into with a schoolmaster to receive both boys, although contrary to the regulations of his establishment, which professed to admit none under ten years of age.

The two boys kept themselves almost entirely aloof from all the rest; the elder helped the younger in his education, watched him with a kind of parental solicitude, kept a vigilant eye upon the character of the boys who sought his society, and admitted none to intimacy with his brother of whom he did not approve. The slightest hint of his wish sufficed with the younger; who would almost as soon have contemplated deliberately breaking the commandments, as opposing his wishes in the slightest degree. Both made rapid progress in their education, and their parents' hearts were filled with thankfulness for the blessing.

In the midst of this happiness, news arrived from the schoolmaster, from some unexplained cause, the elder boy had begun to exercise a very unreasonable and tyrannical authority over the younger; that he had been repeatedly punished for it; but although he had always promised amendment, and could assign no cause—reasonable or unreasonable—for his conduct, he soon relapsed into his usual habits, and the schoolmaster requested to know what was to be done. The father immediately sent for both boys, and entered upon a lengthened investigation. The little one was almost heart-broken, and exclaimed; "He might beat me every day, if he would but love me; but he hates me, and I shall never be happy again."

The elder could assign no reason for his animosity and ill-treatment, and the father, after many remonstrances, thought it right to inflict on him severe corporal chastisement, and confined him to his room for some days, with nothing but bread and water. The lad, on his liberation, gave solemn promises of altered conduct, but showed little affection for his brother, although the latter used a thousand innocent stratagems to inspire him with tenderness. They returned to school. In a few days, similar scenes, and worse, occurred, the boy was again punished by the master, again and again promised amendment, but in vain, and he was at last taken away from the school by his father.

A repetition, of severe punishment, long incarceration, and a rejection by all his relatives, had no effect in changing his disposition; his dislike to his brother became fixed animosity, and from animosity degenerated into the most deadly hatred; he made an attempt on the child's life; and if he saw him pass an open door, would throw a carving knife at him with all the fury of a maniac.

The family now resorted to medical advice, and years passed in hopeless endeavors to remove a disposition obviously depending on a diseased brain. Had they taken this step earlier, these floggings and imprisonments would have been spared, as well as the heart-sickening remorse of the father.

Still the boy was not insane, on every topic but one he was reasonable, but torpid, it was only by the sight of his brother or the sound of his name, that he was roused to madness. The youth now advanced towards manhood. When about the age

of fifteen, he was taken with a violent but Platonic passion for a lady more than forty years of age, and the mother of five children, the eldest older than himself. His paroxysm of fury now became frightful; he made several attempts to destroy himself; but in the very torrent and whirlwind of his rage, if this lady would allow him to sit down at her feet and lay his head on her lap, he would burst into tears and go off into a sound sleep, wake up perfectly calm and composed, and looking up into her face with lack-lustre eyes, would say—"Pity me I cannot help it."

Soon after this period, he began to squint, and was rapidly passing into hopeless idocy, when it was proposed by Mr. Cline, to apply the trephine, and take away a piece of bone from the skull, in a place where there appeared to be a slight depression. "The indication is very vague," said he, "and we should not be justified in performing the operation but in a case in which we cannot do any harm; he must otherwise soon fall a sacrifice."

It was done; from under the surface grew a long spicula of bone, piercing the brain. He recovered, resumed his attachment to his brother, and became indifferent to his lady.

The disease which led to these terrible results had its origin in a blow on the head with a round ruler—one of the gentle reprimands then so common with school masters.—*American Journal of Insanity.*

From the Cincinnati Journal.

## A Romantic Love Story.

That the course of true love never did run smooth, has been again proved by a circumstance with which we were made acquainted a few days since. For some time back a widow lady has resided in the upper part of our city, whose quiet and retired manner led her to avoid society almost entirely. She was only known to her neighbors, and by them but slightly.—She had no children, was scarce thirty in appearance, and was remarkably good looking, with a face of the mournful cast, which novelists so often choose for their heroines, and which lends such a charm to the features of the pensive order. It was known of her that she had been married to a man much older than herself who had died and left her in comfortable circumstances. About two weeks since the Lawrenceville omnibus drove up to her door, and she stepped into the vehicle for the purpose of visiting the village. There was but one other passenger, a gentleman about the same age with herself.

A few minutes after the omnibus started, the gentleman made a remark which attracted the attention of the lady, and throwing back her veil to answer, enabled the stranger to get a glance of her features. An ejaculation expressive of surprise escaped him, and a scream from the lady proved that she was startled in no slight degree. "Mary!" "Charles!" and in a moment a scene rarely witnessed off the stage was performed in the omnibus. The people who had entered the carriage as strangers, were in each other's arms, the lady in tears the gentleman exhibiting by his voice and caresses, the extreme of joy.

In two days longer, the widow was no longer a widow, nor the stranger a bachelor.

The secret of this sudden change of circumstances is this:

Some twelve years ago, the two persons whose names we have given as Mary and Charles, resided in a little town of Western Pennsylvania. The former was the belle of the village, and the latter, some two or three years her senior, was her lover. The match was perfectly satisfactory to the friends of both parties; the young man bearing an excellent character. Before the time fixed for their marriage, however, misfortune came upon the lover, reducing him from comparative affluence to penury, and at the instance of her relatives the engagement was postponed and finally broken. Depressed in spirits by this double misfortune, the youth left his home, no one knew whither.

A year or two afterwards, our heroine, still inconsolable for the loss of her lover, attracted the attention of a rich old fellow who resided near this city. He was a bachelor, and had neither chick nor children of his own. Indifferent as to what became of her, the girl suffered her relatives to dispose of her hand, and she made what was called a successful match in marrying the rich old bachelor. Three years after her marriage, her husband died, leaving her every dollar of his estate. Independent now of the world, she determined to spend the remainder of her days single—a mourner for

the cruel fortune which had so destroyed the happiness of her young love's dream. She removed to this city, where she has resided for nearly seven years, unknowing and unknown—living only in the world of a mournful memory, enlivened only by an occasional thought that she might yet meet with her heart's chosen.

By a singular coincidence he happened to be in our city where he had arrived a few days before from New Orleans, and was paying a visit to the garrison on the day on which she called the omnibus for the purpose of an excursion in the same neighborhood. They recognized each other in a moment, mutual explanations ensued, he was still unmarried, and her wildest hopes were realized by her union with the husband of her girlhood's choice.

We have the names of the parties in this little romance in our possession, and would give them if it were necessary. The bridegroom had gone to the South, success has crowned his efforts, and he is by this time on his way with his bride, to his plantation in Louisiana. The history affords material for half a dozen novels, with a proof that romantic attachments are still extant in this humdrum world of ours. We hope that the parties may live to enjoy through long years of happiness, the reward of their fidelity to their early vows.

## A Shrewd Boy.

A friend tells us the following, which he considers a good 'un.

Being in a mechanic's shop, the other day, an urchin came in, his dress covered with mud. His father, observing his dirty plight, said to him—

"William, my son, how came you to muddy your dress so?"

The boy stopped a moment, then looking his father in the eye, very soberly asked—

"Father what am I made of?"

"Dust. The Bible says, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.'"

"Well, father, if I'm dust, how can I help being muddy when it rains on me?"

"William! go down stairs and get some wood. Start!"

## Aquatic Shoes.

Hats warranted to become effectual floats for the use of persons in danger of being drowned, are no novelty to the readers of advertisements in English newspapers. A new article of dress, of more extraordinary floating pretensions, has it seems, been invented by Lieut. Smith, the director of the military swimming school at the Hague. It is a species of shoes which will enable a man to walk and run on the water, and, if upset, to float on it. The shoes are attached to an apparatus which covers the entire body, leaving it the free use of the arms, and the apparatus is said to be shot proof. Several experiments have been made, and have proved successful.—*Daily News.*

## To the Ladies.

I am a great admirer of fine teeth. There is no excuse for neglecting these ornaments.—Some pretend they cannot find good tooth powder; I will remedy this difficulty. Every lady reading this article is requested to cut it out and send the recipe underneath to any apothecary in the town or country, and she can have for eighteen cents a box of the same tooth powder that is used by Queen Vic and all the ladies at court.

## AN OLD BACHELOR.

RECIPE.—Arminian bole, 4 drachms; borate of soda, 2 drachms; powdered mirrh, 2 drachms; prepared chalk, 1 ounce—well mixed.

Take a fellow who swears hard enough to shame the devil, with a good stock of impudence, and a cigar in his mouth, and you will find one nearly prepared to take his diploma in the school of blackguards.

## Cure for Founder.

The seeds of sunflower are the best remedy known for the cure of founder in horses. Immediately on discovering that your horse is foundered, mix a pint of the whole seed in his feed, and it will effect a cure.

Woman.—An exchange paper mentions the case of a woman who is so large round the waist that her husband cannot hug her all at once, but when he takes one hug, he makes a chalk mark, so as to know where to commence the next time going round.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

## The Sun-Flower.

It is not perhaps so generally known as it deserves to be, that the oil of the sun-flower seed is possessed of highly valuable properties. It is stated that C. A. Barnitz, near Baltimore, instituted a series of scientific experiments for the purpose of accurately ascertaining the quantity obtainable from a bushel of seed, and found that a gallon of fine oil was the result. The seed, it is said, was previously pulled, and none was lost by the saturation of the dry covering! He thinks that, when well managed, a gallon may be counted upon with safety. There are probably few productions more easily cultivated than the Sun-flower. The seed is an excellent article for poultry; its highly oleaginous character rendering it a most valuable substitute for meat—an article which it is necessary to provide, and in no stinted quantity, when the fowls are confined and debarred the range and freedom of the fields.

Since penning the above, I have perused an article in the New England Farmer, written by a Mr. Inan, who seems to have been acquainted with the process, and who obtained no more than half a gallon of oil from a bushel of seed. The failure of this person is easily accounted for, however. He did not hull the seed. For burning, the oil of the sun-flower is justly preferred to all other articles of the kind, as it burns with a brilliant and clear flame, and is totally destitute of any offensive smell. For painting, it is preferred to linseed—spreading smoothly and with ease, and drying with a rapidly approachable by no other oil in common use. For culinary purposes, it is preferred by many to the purest olive oil, possessing an advantage in cheapness, and having a more agreeable flavor.

I have made some few experiments with the sun flower, and have found it exceedingly prolific. In the spring of 1837, I planted two hundred and sixty two hills on old, well-worked soil, and obtained seven bushels of seed—two plants only to the hill. Many of the flowers measured ten inches in diameter. The leaves of this plant are an excellent food for cattle, and are believed to produce an extra flow of milk. It is supposed that on soils of the right constitutional conformation, and with proper management, the sun-flower will produce from one hundred to one hundred and fifty bushels per statute acre. My experiment in 1839, corroborates the correctness of this supposition, although the soil was carefully prepared and great attention accorded during the entire season. I mention these facts as many might regard my successful experiment as the common result, and expect the same quantity of produce from the same number of plants, on soils of inferior quality, and without a moiety of the care in culture or the economy of the crop.

An agricultural friend of mine, assures me that he has cultivated the sun-flower for years, principally as a feed for his poultry. The last year his crop amounted to one hundred and fifty bushels, from about two acres of land, costing according to his estimate, forty-five cents per bushel, and worth for the ordinary purposes of feeding, one dollar.

He regards it as the most profitable production of his farm. A PRACTICAL FARMER. Bald Eagle Farm, Feb. 10, 1847.

## Certain Cure for the Dropsy.

Take cinder from a blacksmith's shop and beat it fine, sift it, take out the coarse particles, mix the fine cinder in a pint of honey until it is stiff enough to lay on the point of a case knife, not hard like pills. Give the patient as much as will lay on the point of a case knife, three times a day, morning, noon and night. This mixture is very purgative, and will cause the patient to discharge great quantities of water, both purgatively and by urine. The portion may be given according to the operation, if that appears to be too severe, give less; if it does not operate enough, give more, and continue it until the swelling is gone. The patient may eat any diet but milk, of which he should not taste a drop, neither take any other kind of medicine while using the above. I have known several persons who were cured of that dreadful disease, some of whom were so bad that the water oozed out of their feet and legs and left their tracks, as they walked on the floor. The editors of all the papers in the United States, who wish to benefit mankind, will give the above an insertion in their respective papers.

A Little Paragraph with a Big Moral.—"I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in company. "Nor I," replied an industrious miller, "I am obliged to work for it."