

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 10.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1849.

No. 16.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cents, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

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From the Tribune.

Ancestors.

I scorn the man who boasts his birth,
And counts his titles and his lands;
Who takes his name and heritage
From out a dying father's hands.
The sword his proud forefathers drew
He cannot lift from out its sheath,
But walks, a shadow on the earth,
Of mold and ashes down beneath.
I scorn him, and his countless gold—
His equipage, arid lands, and slaves;
I scorn him as a robber of
The glory of ancestral graves.
Fool! with his parchment and his seals,
To think him, as he walks the sod,
A better than the poorest man
Who claims a father in his God.

C. D. STUART.

Hints to the Bald-Headed

According to the following extract from an editorial in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, the easy and sure way to prevent baldness is to go bare-headed or to wear a well-ventilated hat.

"A refined civilization has brought with it a train of physical evils, which it is in the province of science to control or subdue. Our tight hats, our warm rooms, closely fitting caps, silk night-caps, from which the perspirable matter cannot escape, by their combined agency, in connection with other influences not always easy to define, bring off the hair prematurely, and turn it gray, sooner than personal vanity is willing to exhibit such evidences of decay. And this is not all; the skin is actually in a low state of disease, the effects of which are recognized in the accumulation of dandruff—desquamation of the epidermis. The bulbs of the hairs are inflamed—also from the same cause, and from year to year, the hair degenerates and becomes thinner, and not unfrequently ending in baldness. On all that part of the head not covered, viz: from the back side, between the ears and on the temples, the hair generally remains to extreme old age, however much the vertex may be denuded. If females wore equally tight coverings, their hair would probably suffer very much in the same manner; but their light airy bonnets admit of ventilation, and hence a bald-headed woman would be a phenomenon.—Who ever saw a bald-headed Indian? We have had an opportunity of seeing various tribes, in all the freedom of an unrestrained savage life—but a sparse head of hair we have never noticed. Atmospheric exposure conduces to the luxuriance of the hair; and a healthful condition of the scalp.

There is another cause of the falling off, or rather the breaking off of the hair in combing and brushing, not the effect of disease at the root, but the destructive burrowing of a microscopic insect—a living invisible moth—eating its way from one stalk to another, like the Hessian fly in a field of wheat."

White Ink for Writing on Black Paper.

Having carefully washed some egg-shells, remove the internal skin, and grind them on a piece of porphyry. Then put the powder into a small vessel of pure water, and when it has settled at the bottom, draw off the water, and dry the powder in the sun. This powder must be preserved in a bottle: when you want to use it, put a small quantity of gum ammoniac into distilled vinegar, and leave it to dissolve during the night. Next morning the solution will appear exceedingly white; and if you then strain it through a piece of linen cloth, and add to it the powder of egg-shells, in sufficient quantity, you will obtain a very white ink.

To Construct Paper Balloons.

Take several sheets of silk paper; cut them in the shape of a spindle, or, to speak more familiarly, like the coverings of the sections of an orange; join these pieces together, into one spherical or globular body, and border the aperture with a ribbon, leaving the ends, that you may suspend them from the following lamp.

Construct a small basket of very fine wire, if the balloon is small, and suspend it from the aperture, so that the smoke from the flame of a few leaves of paper, wrapped together, and dipped in oil, may heat the inside of it. Before you light this paper, suspend the balloon in such a manner, that it may, in a great measure, be exhausted of air, and as soon as it has been dilated, let it go, together with the wire basket, which will serve as ballast.

Chemistry for Girls.

SOMETHING THAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD READ.

This is properly styled a utilitarian age, for the inquiry, "What profit?" meets us every where.—It has entered the temples of learning, and attempted to thrust out important studies, because their immediate connection with hard money profits cannot be demonstrated. There is one spot, however, into which it has not so generally intruded itself—the female academy—the last refuge of the fine arts and fine follies. Thither young ladies are too frequently sent merely to learn how to dress tastefully and walk gracefully, play, write French, and make waxen plumes and silken spiders—all pretty, but why not inquire "what profit?"

I take my pen, not to utter a dissertation on female education, but to insist that young ladies be taught chemistry. They will thereby be better qualified to superintend domestic affairs, guard against many accidents to which households are subject, and perhaps be instrumental in saving life. We illustrate the last remark by reference merely to toxicology.

The strong acids, such as nitric, muriatic, and sulphuric, are virulent poisons; yet frequently used in medicine and the mechanic arts. Suppose a child, in his rambles among the neighbors, should enter a cabinet shop, and find a saucer of aqua-fortis (nitric acid) upon a bench, and in his sport, seize and drink a portion of it. He is conveyed home in great agony. The physician is sent for; but before he arrives, the child is a corpse. Now as the mother presses the cold clay to her breast and lips for the last time, how will her anguish be aggravated to know that in her medicine chest, or drawer, was some calcined magnesia, which if timely administered, would have saved her lovely, perchance her first and only boy. Oh, what are all the bouquets and fine dresses in the world to her, compared with such knowledge!

Take another case. A husband returning home, on a summer afternoon, desires some acidulous drink. Opening a cupboard, he sees a small box, labelled "salts of lemon," and making a solution of this, he drinks it freely. Presently, he feels distressed, sends for his wife, and ascertains that he has drunk a solution of oxalic acid, which she has procured to take stains from linen. The physician is sent for; but the unavoidable delay attending his arrival is fatal. When he arrives, perhaps he sees upon the very table on which the weeping widow bows her head, a piece of chalk, which if given in time would have certainly prevented any mischief from the poison.

Corrosive sublimate is the article generally used to destroy the vermin which sometimes infest our couches. A solution of it is laid upon the floor in a tea-cup, when the domestics go down to dine, leaving the children up stairs to play; the infant crawls to the tea-cup, and drinks. Now what think you would be the mother's joy, if having studied chemistry, she instantly called to recollection the well-ascertained fact, that there is in the hen's nest an antidote to this poison? She sends for some eggs, and breaking them administers the whites. Her child recovers; and she weeps for joy. Talk to her of novels—one little book of natural science has been worth to her more than all the novels in the world.

Physicians in the country rarely carry scales with them to weigh their prescriptions. They administer medicines by guess, from a tea-spoon or the point of a knife. Suppose a common case.—A physician in a hurry leaves an over dose of tartaric acid, (generally the first prescription in cases of bilious fever), and pursues his way to another patient, ten miles distant. The medicine is duly administered, and the man is poisoned. When the case becomes alarming, one messenger is dispatched for the doctor, and another to call in the neighbors to see the sufferer die. Now there is, in a canister in the cupboard, and on a tree that grows by the door, a remedy for the distress and alarm—a sure means of saving the sick man from threatened death: A strong decoction of young hyson tea, oak bark, or any other astringent vegetable, will change tartaric emetic into a harmless compound.

Vessels of copper often give rise to poisoning. Though this metal undergoes but little change in a dry atmosphere, it is rusted if moisture be present, and its surface becomes covered with a green substance—carbonate or protoxide of copper, a poisonous compound. It has sometimes happened, that a mother has, for want of knowledge, poisoned her family. Sourkrout, when permitted to stand for some time in a copper vessel, has produced death in a few hours. Cooks sometimes permit pickles to remain in copper vessels, that they may acquire a rich green color, which they do by absorbing poison.

Families have often been thrown into disease by eating such dainties, and many have died, in some instances without suspecting the cause.—That lady has certainly some reason to congratulate herself upon her education, if under such circumstances, she knows that pickles rendered green by verdigris are poisonous, that the white of an egg is an antidote. Illustration might be multiplied but our space forbids. Enough has been shown, we hope, to convince the utilitarian that knowledge of chemistry is an important element in the education of the female sex; without it they are imperfectly qualified for the duties devolving upon them in the domestic relation, and poorly prepared to meet its emergencies. E. THOMPSON, M. D.

No Beaux.—Some one says, "Blessed are the girls who have no beaux to plague them, for they shall not be kept awake on Sunday nights." Where is the girl in this neighborhood who will respond to such a sentiment?

The Kind of Pork New Yorkers get to eat—A Horrible Picture.

A New York correspondent of the *Skanateles Columbian*, gives the following horrifying picture of an establishment in that city, at the corner of 40th street and 10th avenue. We imagine that few city residents were aware that such an enormous nuisance existed even in their suburbs:

A few days since, while strolling in the suburbs of the city, in the vicinity of the track of the Harlem River railroad, intersecting 40th street, my attention was drawn toward an oddly shaped cart, on which was a dead horse.—I had heard that there was a class of people who make a business of drawing off dead animals, and I felt a curiosity to know what was done with the carcasses. I therefore kept a good "look out," and saw it enter an enclosure where there was a number of old wooden buildings and sheds, also a large brick chimney termed "a stack."

I approached the entrance, over which was a sign, "Depot for Dead Animals." In a few moments a man came out, and I asked him what he did with the horses. He said, "We skin 'em and bile 'em up. Come in, if you wish to see how it is done." As soon as I entered the gateway, I saw large piles of bones, comprising skulls, leg-bones, ribs, etc., which were very white and clean, and were piled with great regularity, the skulls and other large bones forming the outside, and the smaller bones filled in the centre. The piles were about ten feet in height. There was also a good collection of dogs chained up in the enclosure, intended, probably, to watch the premises. I turned towards the buildings, and the first thing that met my eye was a poor old horse just in the agonies of death. He was bleeding from a frightful laceration in the neck. I stood by, thinking what he might have been once and of his sad fate, when the proprietor remarked, "that was a hard case." I asked how. He said, "look at his hoofs and joints." Sure enough, his hoofs and joints were one mass of disease and putrefaction. I turned from this sight only to see a more horrid one. Here were two Irish boys, "cutting and slashing at an old horse to get his skin off. A few feet distant were another set, cutting up another mass of purified horse flesh, and throwing the pieces into a large cauldron, under which was a fierce fire. Farther off were masses of flesh in the stages of disease and putrefaction.

I inquired of the owner how many animals they manufactured in a day. He replied,—"We keep three carts and horses, and they are busy all day, carrying the animals from all parts of the city; and it was as much as his men could do to cut 'em up as fast as they came." I inquired, "How do you ascertain where the horses are?—do you keep an office down town?" "Yes," he replied, "we have an office in the street inspector's office, at the City Hall, and that is the place where people who have sick or dead animals make their report." I asked, "Do you get paid for removing carcasses?" "Oh, no—we generally pay for the privilege. If the animal is in good order and has not been sick very long, we give a dollar for him; but if, on the contrary, he is poor and thin, we give fifty cents. I have been in this business seven years, and my father followed it before I commenced.—When my father commenced he was almost alone in this line of business. At that time they were paid for taking the animals off; but now there is so much competition that we pay for the privilege." I inquired how many "factories" there were besides his. He said "seven." I asked him about how many horses he got. He said, "About a hundred weight per week." "What do you do with the hoofs, and how much are the bones worth, &c.?" "We sell the hoofs to the glue makers; the bones sell readily for \$12 per ton; the skin is worth \$1.25, and the fat we sell to the soap makers."

I looked into the boiling cauldron, and saw the process. The fat or grease rises to the surface, and is drawn off by means of a faucet in the side of a vat. The flesh is boiled until the bones are loosened, and they are taken out and the residue is fed to the hogs, of which there are large numbers around all these factories. I saw an enclosure containing nearly a hundred hogs, which were being fed by one of the hands. He brought two pails full of the hot soup each time he came, and the hogs were perfectly ravenous, and in a very fair condition to kill. I saw, also, in one corner of the enclosure, what appeared to be the remains of some raw flesh—but I will go no further. This making pork out of old dead horses, caps the climax. Surely, we innocent citizens know not what we eat.

In passing from this establishment I passed another, and saw the same work going on. I asked the "boss" about how many horses were consumed in the horse factories in a year. He replied, "From 50,000 upwards." This is a large number, but I give it to you as I received it.

I forgot to mention that the horse establishments also "manufacture" all the dogs that are killed or die about the city during the warm weather. I suppose they are put in with the horses. I saw, also, at one of the factories, some quite decent-looking steaks hanging up against the wall. Whether it was beef or horse, or whether it was to be eaten, I could not judge.

I give you the foregoing just as the proprietors told me, and as I saw myself—nothing more; and any one may satisfy himself of its truth by going to the factories, corner of 40th street and 10th avenue.

Burton says of sickness that it is the mother of modesty, as it puts us in mind of our mortality, and while we drive on heedlessly in the full career of worldly pomp and jollity, kindly pulls us by the ear, and brings us to a sense of our duty.

Indian Breach of Promise.

Actions by young ladies for breach of promise, we had thought to be one of the perfections of British civilization. "But what spot in the world is not now civilized? In half a dozen years more, the manners of mankind, from Chili to Constantinople, will be as smooth as a bowling-green.

In Illinois, lately, a young Indian fair, or brown one of some distinction in the woods, made her complaint to an old chief, of the faithlessness of her betrothed. The squaw asserted that she had no sooner made up her mind to the marriage, than the young chief chose to turn on his heel and marry somebody else.—The case was brought before the heads of the tribe. The matter was regarded as touching the public honor, and the old warriors held a grand council on the subject.

As, among the Indians, there are yet no professional lawyers, justice was not quite so tardy as in more accomplished countries, and the case was pleaded by the squaw herself. It consisted of statements of frequent visits of the young chief to the wigwam; of his smoking a considerable quantity of her father's tobacco, and eating their venison when he could get it; those attentions to himself being connected with frequent attentions to the lady, the statement being corroborated by several bunches of feathers, yards of Welsh flannel, the fox tails and a scalp. The lover was then called on. He denied the charge of affection altogether. With an air that could not be exceeded by a man of fashion, he said, that though he had visited her father's wigwam, he had done it only when he had nothing else to do, when the beavers were not to be found, or the buffaloes were gone. As to the "feathers and flannels," he acknowledged that he had given them, but had given them merely as matters of common civility. As he concluded his speech, the squaw gave a loud scream and fainted in the arms of her mother. The old chiefs proceeded to judgment, and, whether guided by the justice of the case, or touched by the sufferings of the squaw, brought in a verdict of damages, sentencing the offender to give the broken hearted fair one, a yellow feather, a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen beaver skins. The sentence was no sooner pronounced than the squaw recovered from her swoon, sprang on her feet, clapped hands with joy and cried out, "Now I am ready to court again!"

Cleansing the Bark of Fruit Trees.

This operation should be performed in the early spring, as well as in midsummer. The rough, loose parts of the bark should be scraped off, as well as moss and other parasites. The bark should then be covered with the following mixture, as high as the operator can reach with an ordinary long-handled white-wash brush:—Five pounds soap, one pound fine salt, one pound sand, two pounds potash, two pounds of nitrate of soda, dissolved or mixed with water to the consistency of cream, and thoroughly rubbed upon the bark. Many kinds of insects are kept from the trees by a solution of whale-oil soap alone, and many such are arc resident in the crevices of the bark are destroyed by salt. The fine sand is intended, during the rubbing, to scratch the outer coating of the bark, and thus assist the other ingredients for more perfect action. The potash and nitrate of soda will decompose or soften the dead parts of the bark, so that during the summer they will be thrown off by the healthy action of the growing bark. If the above mixture be applied in dry weather, it will become so hard as to remain during several showers, and thus have time to perform its office. Trees with smooth bark, such as the plum, many of the cherries, &c., should be rubbed with wet, rough, woolen cloth, in a few hours after applying the mixture; this rubbing will cause the sand to clean the surface so perfectly as to give the bark an improved and more healthy surface. Trees so cleansed are not so likely to be revisited by insects as those left with their natural surfaces, nor are they as likely to become bark bound. Indeed we have never known a tree to exhibit the disease called *bark bound*, the surface of the trunk of which, had been softened by a soap-wash in early spring. The cherry, apricot, peach, and nectarine are subject, when left to their natural state, to this disease, and it has usually been attributed to too rich or too moist a soil; and under-draining and slitting the bark lengthwise with the knife are the usual remedies. The one is expensive, and often impossible where choice trees are planted; and the other is barbarous and unsightly, causing exhalation of gum and consequent canker. In any case, a few applications of soap to the surface of the part *bark-bound* will remove the difficulty, and the mixture before recommended may be applied, slightly warmed, when required to soften the bark of a *bark-bound* tree.—*The Farmer and Mechanic.*

From Miss Leslie's Indian Meal Book.

Winter Saccatash.

This is made of dried shelled beans, and hard corn. Take equal quantities of shelled beans and corn: put them over night into separate pans, and pour boiling water over them. Let them soak till morning. Then pour off that water, and scald them again. First boil the beans by themselves. When they are soft, add the corn, and let them boil together till the corn is quite soft, which will require at least an hour. Take them up, drain them in a sieve; then put them into a deep dish, and mix in a large piece of fresh butter, and a little pepper and salt.

This is an excellent accompaniment to pickled pork, bacon, or corned beef. The meat must be boiled by itself in a separate pot.

American gold dollars sell in San Francisco at \$3 a piece.

Doings in our School House.

Under this head, we find in the N. Y. *Spirit* some humorous reminiscences by 'Nix, of Gowanus,' from which we extract the following spicy paragraphs:

'First class of vagabones, rise!' thundered our schoolmaster. Well, the vagabones rose. 'Now answer every question correctly, or I'll break every bone in your bodies,' was the next pronouncement of the old autocrat of our red school house.

'John Brown, what do you understand by acoustics?'

'Why, a stick to drive cows with I spose.'

'Get out, you young vagabone! did I not just see you reading about the science of sound?'

'Guess not—that was about Sylvester Sound, the Somnambulist.'

'It was, eh? Sarah, you are John's younger sister?'

'Yeth thir.'

'What is acoustics?'

'I know thir—it ith, it ith the art of making a noith, and hearing a noith.'

'You are right—explain it.'

'Yeth thir. If you stick your finger into your mouth, and then pull it out thuddeently, the cold air rutheth into the vakkum and produtheth a thound that striketh on the tympan of the ear, which maketh the thound audible, and ith called the thience of a coughthix.'

'You are quite right, Sarah. John, can you now tell me what is meant by acoustics? Be careful, sir; or you'll feel my stick.'

'Yes, sir. A cow sticks your finger in her mouth kicks over the tin pan, which sounds awful, and is called the science of a cow's kick.'

'Well John—you do credit to you teacher. You may take your books and run home. Willy Chase, what is the currency of the United States?'

'Cash and money.'

'What are its denominations?'

'Coppers, bogus, and Bungtown cents, pennies, fips, pice, four-pence, ha'pennys, leys, ninpences, Spanish quarters, pistareens and shinpasters.'

'That will do. Jones, what is the standard weight of the U. S.?'

'Scale weight, and wait a little longer.'

'Samuel, how many kingdoms are there in the material world?'

'Four.'

'Three, only three.'

'Four, I think, sir.'

'Well, name them—what are they?'

'Mineral kingdom, animal kingdom, vegetable kingdom, and kingdom come.'

'Now, how many kinds of motion are there?'

'Four.'

'No, only two; voluntary and involuntary.'

'Simon says there's four.'

'What does Simon say they are?'

'Point, point up, point down, and wigwag.'

'You rascal! I've a mind to wigwag your jacket! Hadn't you better describe the motion of my stick?'

'I can sir.'

'And its effect?'

'Yes, sir. Up stroke—the down stroke—the up stroke, regular and easy; the down stroke, spasmodically electrifying, and its effects strikingly indescribable.'

'You understand that, I see.'

'George Smith, do you recollect the story of David and Goliath?'

'Yes, sir—David was a tavern keeper, and Goliath was an intemperate man.'

'Who told you that?'

'Nobody. I read it, and it said that David fixed a sling for Goliath, and Goliath got slewed with it.'

'Wasn't Goliath a giant, a strong man?'

'Yes, he was a giant, but he had a weak head.'

'How so?'

'Why to get so easily slewed.'

'Yes, George; that was undoubtedly owing to the strength of the sling. Wasn't David a musician?'

'Yes, sir—he played palms on the harp; a favorite instrument with the Jews, and at the present day it is called a Jewsharp. I have one in my pocket—here it is. Place it in your mouth, thus—breathe on the tongue gently then strike with your finger, this way—and the palms, in harmonious corn-cob, fructify on the ear as natural as thunder.'

'That's sufficient—you can pocket your harp.'

'Jane, what is time?'

'Something that flies, any how.'

'How do you make that out?'

'Why, tempus fugit.'

'What's that?'

'Latin; it means that time flies, and how can time if it flies, be anything else than something that flies?'

'Excellent. What is the meaning of resqueecat in pace?'

'Rest quiet cats in peace.'

'Well, Jane; at Latin you are perfectly au fait—which translated means perfectly awful; it is a great phrase, from the classics, and applicable to this class, particularly. Now take off your jackets, and I will give 'rewards of merit.' Those who get more than they merit, can keep the overplus as a token of my special affection for them; and those who get less, can have the mistake rectified by mentioning it to me.'

An Egg within an Egg.

A few days since, while a lady in town was partaking of an egg for breakfast, she felt something hard resist the point of the spoon, and, on examination, she found inside in the position which should have been appropriated by the yolk, a small well formed egg. We have often heard of eggs with two yolks, but an egg without a yolk, and in place thereof an egg within an egg, is what we have never seen before. The egg is an extraordinary hen's egg.