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No. 80 Dry street, New York.  
June 16, 1859.—1y.

### Dates worth Remembering.

- 1180, Glass windows first used for light.
- 1236, Chimneys first put to houses.
- 1252, Lead pipes for carrying water.
- 1290, Tallow candles for light.
- 1299, Spectacles invented by an Italian.
- 1302, Paper first made from linen.
- 1341, Woolen cloth first made in England.
- 1410, Art of printing in oil.
- 1440, Art of printing from movable types.
- 1477, Watches first made, in Germany.
- 1540, Variations in the compass first noticed.
- 1543, Pins first used, in England.
- 1590, Telescope first invented, by Porto and Jansen.
- 1601, Tea first brought to Europe from China.
- 1603, Theatre erected in England, by Shakespeare.
- 1610, Thermometer invented, by Sanctorius.
- 1619, Circulation of blood discovered, by Harvey.
- 1625, Brick first made of any required size.
- 1626, Printing in colors invented.
- 1629, Newspaper first established.
- 1630, Shoebuckles first made.
- 1635, Wine made from grape, in England.
- 1639, Pendulum clock invented.
- 1641, Coffee brought to England.
- 1641, Sugar cane cultivated in the West-Indies.
- 1643, Barometer invented, by Torricelli, in Italy.
- 1646, Air guns invented.
- 1650, Bread first made with yeast.
- 1759, Cotton first planted in the United States.
- 1763, Fire engine invented.
- 1756, Steam engine improved, by Watt.
- 1785, Stereotyping invented, in Scotland.
- 1788, Animal magnetism discovered.
- 1649, Steam engine invented.
- 1832, Telegraph invented, by Morse.
- 1839, Daguerreotype made, by Daguerre, in France.

The outgushing of affection and hopeful love in the following "Lines to Angelyne," is exceedingly warm and exciting. No dog would venture to bite so ardent a lover. Hear him:

I dearly love the singing bird,  
And little Buzzin' B;  
And deerer far than all the world  
Is thy sweet voice to me.  
Oh very deep is daddy's well,  
And deeper is the sea—  
But deepest in my buzzin' is  
The love I bare for thee.  
Then smile on me, dear Angelyne,  
To make my heart feel light;  
Chain the big dog, and I will cum  
A cortin' sunday nite.

**FASHION.**—There is only one thing more powerful than a steam engine, and that is fashion. Fashion rules the women, the women rule the men, and the men rule the world; therefore, fashion is more powerful than all other influences combined.

Fashion makes men ridiculous and women spendthrifts. It takes the human family by the nose and leads them into captivity. Fashion makes the Hollander wear eighteen pair of breeches at once, and caused the Englishman to wear boots so sharpened at the point, that they could be used as tootpickers.

Fashion, to a great extent, builds our churches, fills our pews, and even regulates the rights of sepulchre. There is as much fashion and flummery in some of the city cemeteries, as will be found in the most fashionable street. Fashion is a great power. What a pity it can never be enlisted on the side of common sense and early hours, goodness and economy.

### A Quick Trip.

At a recent trial before a justice, the following queer colloquy occurred:  
Counsel—"Didn't you tell Hooper to go to the devil?"  
Witness—"I rather think I did."  
Counsel—"Well, did he go?"  
Witness—"I believe not; but if he did, he made a quick trip of it, for I met him next day."

## AN OVERLAND JOURNEY.

XXXIII

### California—Her Resources.

MARYSVILLE, Cal., Sept. 2, 1859.

Since I last wrote, (from San Jose), I have traversed the rich valley of San Jose looking through some of its choicer gardens and orchards, and stopping at Santa Clara, Warm Spring, Old Mission, San Leandro, (county seat of Alameda), and Oakland, returning to San Francisco, and coming thence by steamboat to Sacramento and by a much smaller boat up to this city, which I reached last evening, in season to listen to the Annual Address, by Mr. Rhodes of Oroville, at the Agricultural Fair, and to break my own voice for a time in attempting to follow him in some off-hand remarks. The edifice erected by the public spirit of Marysville for the Fair, which are to be held here annually, and at which all Northern California is invited to compete for very liberal premiums, is quite spacious and admirably adapted to all its purposes except that of public speaking; and herein is collected the finest show of Fruits and Vegetables I ever saw at anything but a State Fair. Indian Corn not less than twenty feet high; Squashes like brass kettles and water-melons of the size of buckets, are but average samples of the wonderful productiveness of the Sacramento and Yuba valleys, while the Peaches, Plums, Pears, Grapes, Apples, &c., could hardly be surpassed anywhere. The show of Animals is not extensive, but is very fine in the departments of Horses and Horned Cattle, though lamentably meager in every other respect. The most interesting feature of this show was its young stock—Calves and Colts scarcely more than a year old, equal in weight and size, while far superior in form and symmetry, to average Horses and Bulls of ripe maturity. With generous fare and usage, I am confident that Steers and Heifers two years old in California will equal in size and development those a year older in our Northern States, and California Colts of three years be fully equal to Eastern colts of like blood and breeding a good year older—an immense advantage to the breeder on the Pacific, I am reliably assured that Steers a year old, never fed but on wild grass, and never sheltered; have here dressed six hundred pounds of fine beef. Undoubtedly, California is one of the cheapest and best Stock-growing countries in the world—and will be, after these great, slowly ranches shall have been broken up into neat, modest farms, and when the cattle shall be fed at least three months in each year on Root, Hay and Sorghum, or other green fodder.

Marysville is the chief town of Northern California, and disputes the claim of Stockton to rank third among the cities of the States. Unlike Stockton, it is quite compactly built, mainly of brick. Its population is probably a little over 15,000, and it expects to be soon connected by railroad with Sacramento and San Francisco, which will give a new and strong impulse to its already rapid growth. Located at the junction of the Yuba and Feather Rivers, just above their union with the Sacramento, and at the head of steamboat navigation in the direction of the Northern Mines, it needs but the Railroad connections aforesaid so render it a formidable rival to Sacramento itself. The census of 1850 will probably find its population exceeding 50,000.

The valleys of the rivers first named are exceedingly deep and fertile, and their productiveness in this vicinity almost surpasses belief. I visited this morning, in the suburbs, gardens, vineyards, orchards of rarely equalled fruitfulness. The orchard of Mr. Briggs, for example, covers 160 acres, all in young fruit, probably one half peaches. He has had a squad of thirty or forty men picking and boxing peaches for the last month, yet his fruit by the cartload ripens and rots ungathered. The wagons which convey it to the Mines have their regular stations and relays of horses like mail-stages, and are thus pulled sixty miles up rough mountain passes, per day, where twenty-five miles would be a heavy day's work for any one team. But he is not sending to the Mines only, but by steamboat to Sacramento and San Francisco as well. His sales last year, I am told, amounted to \$90,000; his net income was not less than \$40,000. And this was realized mainly from Peaches; Apricots and Nectarines; his Apples and Pears have barely begun to bear; his Cherries will yield their first crop next year. There are of course heavier fruit-growers in California than Mr. Briggs, but he may be taken as a fair sample of the class. Their sales will doubtless be made at lower and still lower prices; they are now a little higher than those realized for a similar fruit grown in New Jersey; they were once many times higher than now; but though their prices steadily decrease, their incomes do not, because their harvests continued to be augmented by at least twenty-five per cent. per annum.

Let me give one other instance of successful fruit-growing in another district; Mr. Falloun, the Mayor of San Jose, has a fine garden, in which are some ten or twelve old pear-trees—relies of the Spanish era and of the Jesuit Missions. The trees, being thrifty but the fruit indifferent, Mr. F. had them pretty thoroughly grafted with the Bartlett variety, and the second year thereafter gathered from one tree one thousand pounds of Bartlett Pears,

which he sold for \$200, or twenty cents per pound. The other trees similarly treated bore him six to seven hundred pounds each of that large, delicious fruit, which he sold at the same price. And, every year since, these trees have borne large yields of the capital pears. I dare not hope for equal success in the East, but surely the expedient of grafting fine, large varieties on our worthless Pears, at the same time bounteously enriching the soil beneath them, ought to be more generally adopted than it has yet been.

—Just a word now on Grain. California is still a young State, whose industry and enterprise are largely devoted to Mining; yet she grows the bread of her Half Million well fed inhabitants on less than a fortieth part of her arable soil, and will this year have some to spare. I am confident her Wheat-crop of 1859 is over Four Millions of bushels, and I think it exceeds twenty-five bushels for each acre sown.—To-day, its price in San Francisco is below a dollar per bushel, and it is not likely to rise very soon. Though grown, harvested and threshed by the help of labor which costs her farmers from thirty to forty dollars per month, beside board, it is still mainly grown at a profit; and so of a very large breadth of Barley, grown here instead of Oats as food for working horses and cattle. Though Wheat is probably the fullest, I judge that Barley is the surest of any grain-crop grown in the State. It has never failed to any serious extent.

Indian Corn is not extensively grown; only the Russian River and one or two other small valleys are generally supposed well adapted to it. And yet, I never saw larger or better corn growing than stand-to-day right here on the Yuba—not a few acres merely, but hundreds of acres in a body. I judge that nearly all the intervals throughout the State would produce good corn, if well treated. On the hillsides, irrigation may be necessary, but not in the valleys. None has been resorted to here, yet the yield of shelled grain will range between 75 and 100 bushels per acre. And this is no solitary instance. Back of Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, Mr. Hobart, a good farmer from Massachusetts, showed me acres of heavy Corn which he planted last May after the rains had ceased and the dry season fairly set in, since which no hoe nor plow had been put into the field; yet the soil remains light and porous, while there are very few weeds. Not a drop of water has been applied to his farm; yet here are not only Corn, but Potatoes, Beets, &c., with any number of young fruit trees, all green and thriving, by virtue of sub-soiling and repeated plowings last Spring. The ground (sward) was broken up early in the Winter, and cross-plowed whenever weeds showed their heads, until planting time; and this discipline, aided by the drouth, has prevented their starting during the Summer. Such thorough preparation for a crop costs something; but, this once made, the crop needs here only to be planted and harvested. Such farming pays.

The Fig-tree grows in these valleys side by side with the Apple; ripe figs are now gathered daily from nearly all the old Mexican gardens. The Olive grows finely in Southern California, and I believe the Orange and Lemon as well.—But the Grape bid-fair to become a staple throughout the State. Almost every farmer who feels sure of his foothold on the land he cultivates either has his vineyard already planted, or is preparing to plant one, while most of those who have planted are extending from year to year. I have looked through many of these vineyards, without finding one that is not thrifty—one that, if two years planted, is not now loaded with fruit. The profusion and weight of the clusters is marvelous to the fresh beholder. I will not attempt to give figures; but it is my deliberate judgment that Grapes may here be grown as cheaply as Wheat or Corn, pound for pound, and that Wine will ultimately be made here at a cost per gallon not exceeding that of Whisky in Illinois or Ohio. Wine will doubtless constitute a heavy export of California within a very few years. So, I think, will choice timber, should the wages of Labor ever fall here so as to approximate our Eastern standards.—At present, I estimate the average cost of Labor in California at just about double the rates paid for such Labor in the Middle States; which, with Wheat and Beef at New-York prices or lower, and Clothing little higher in a climate which requires little fuel, ought to make the condition of the effective worker here a very fair one. Such I consider it to be; while I am assured by practical men that a fall of even twenty-five per cent. in wages would incite a large and prompt extension of Mining, Farming, &c., should employment to additional thousands of laborers. Should fair average day labor ever fall here to a dollar per day, I think the demand for it in Mining would very speedily be doubled, and soon quadrupled. I do not imply that such reduction is either desirable or probable; but I can see why the owners of large estates or of mining claims should strongly desire an ample and incessant immigration. This is plain enough; while it is not so obvious, though I deem it equally true, that an immigration of one hundred thousand effective workers per annum would be readily absorbed by California, and would add steadily and immensely to her prosperity and wealth.

—Yet I cannot conclude this survey

without alluding once more to the deplorable confusion and uncertainty of Land Titles which has been and still is the master scourge of this State. The vicious Spanish-Mexican system of granting land by the mere will of some provincial governor or municipal chief, without limitation as to area or precise delineation of boundaries, here develops and matures its most pernicious fruit. Your title may be ever so good, and yet your farm be taken from under you by a new survey, proving that said title does not cover your tract, or covers it but partially. Hence many refuse or neglect to improve the lands they occupy, lest some title adverse to theirs be established, and they legally ousted or compelled to pay heavily for their own improvements. And, in addition to the genuine Spanish or Mexican grants, which the Government and Courts must confirm and uphold, there are fictitious and fraudulent grants—some of them only trumped up to be bought off, and often operating to create anarchy and protract litigation between settlers and the real owners. Then there are doubtless squatters who refuse to recognize and respect valid titles, and waste in futile litigation the money that might make the lands they occupy indisputably their own. I blame no party exclusively, while I entreat the State and Federal Governments and Courts to do their utmost to settle to their lands in this State beyond controversy at the earliest possible day.—Were the titles to lands in California today as clear as in Ohio or Iowa, nothing could check the impetus with which California would bound forward in a career of unparalleled thrift and growth. It were far better for the State and her People that those titles were wrongly settled than that they should remain as a now. I met to-day an intelligent farmer who has had three different farms in this State, and has lost them successively by adjudications adverse to his title. I would earnestly implore grantees and squatters to avoid litigation wherever that is possible, and arrest it as soon as possible, eschewing appeals save in flagrant cases, and meeting each other half-way in settlement as often as may be. The present cost of litigation, enormous as it is, is among the lesser evil consequences of this general anarchy as to land titles.

Should these ever be settled, it will probably be found advisable to legislate for the speedy breaking up and distribution of the great estates now held under good titles by a few individuals. There will never be good Common Schools on or about these great domains, which will mainly be inhabited by needy and thriftless tenants or dependents of the landlords. An annual tax of a few cents per acre, the proceeds to be devoted to the erection of school houses and the opening of roads through these princely estates, would go far to effect the desired end. But, whether by this or some other means, the beneficent end of making the cultivators of the soil their own landlords must somehow be attained—the sooner the better, so that it be done justly and legally. In the course of several hundred miles travel through the best settled portions of this State, I remember having seen but two school houses outside of the cities and villages, while the churches are still more uniformly restricted to the centers of population. Whenever the land-titles shall have been settled and the arable lands have become legally and fairly the property of their cultivators, all this will be speedily and happily changed.

I believe, too, that the time is at hand when some modification of the present Mining Laws will be demanded and conceded. Hitherto, the operators with pick and pan have been masters of the State, and have ruled it, like other aristocracies, with a sharp eye to their own supposed interests. To dig up a man's fenced garden, or dig down his house, in quest of gold, is the legal right of any miner who does not even pretend to have any rights in the premises; but such as the presumed existence of gold thereon gives him. Of course, the law contemplates payment for damages sustained; but suppose the digger is pecuniary irresponsible, and digs down your house without finding any more gold than he spends in the quest, what are you to do about it? Such laws, I trust, cannot stand. I am sure they should not. But I must break off for tonight.

### HORACE GREELEY.

We understand that the pikes found in Old Brown's possession were manufactured at Unionville, by C. Hart, who voted for J. B. for President, and has ever since voted the Administration ticket. Of course, according to the logic of the Buchanan papers, the Administration is implicated!—*Hartford Press.*

The total vote cast by the largest boroughs of Pennsylvania at the last election were—York 1564, Allentown 1394, Harrisburg 1212, Pottsville 1185, Easton 1125.

Brigham Young tells his followers some serious truths. He said in a late sermon to the Saints: "Many of you will exchange your last bushel of wheat with the stores for ribbons and gewgaws, when you need it for bread. And, with shamefacedness I say it, some will take the last peck of grain to the distillery to buy whiskey, and then beg their bread." Similar truths might be told of many fools out of Mormondom.

## The Horse an Intellectual Being.

Dr. G. H. Sutherland, of DeKalb, N. Y., sent us a letter a few days since, in which, among other things, he alluded to the importance of treating horses as "intellectual beings," and of trying the effect of "constant kindness" in training them, the result of which he believed would be the attainment on the part of the horse to "an elevated position in the scale of intelligence, not only distinguishing themselves among their kind, but actually outstripping many of their owners, as far as the nobler attributes are concerned." With this high appreciation of the capacity of the horse, the doctor, five years ago, came into possession of a fine 3 year old colt, and was concluded to try the power of kindness in the endeavor to develop his mind. The result is given in the St. Lawrence Republican, in which paper a correspondent writes:

During my wanderings a short time since, I chanced to stop at Hermon.—Hearing of Doctor Sutherland's learned colt, I had the curiosity to go and see him, and found him a prodigy in learning, besides being quite a curiosity. The doctor calls him the "White Pilgrim." His color is light nankeen, white mane and tail, and white eyes. He is a splendid little horse. The doctor tells me that he had owned him only six months—rode or drove him almost every day, (as his riding is considerable,) but still during that brief time he broke him to the saddle and harness, and taught him the different feats I saw him perform, such as standing upon his hind feet, jumping the whip, kneeling down, lying down, sitting up, and walking on three legs. He will unbuckle a common saddle girth, and take off his own saddle; he will step up to his own master, make a very low bow, shake hands, take his coat, cap and mittens off, and lay them away, and when told, bring them all back to him again. With cards he will tell his age, the days in the week, months in the year, &c. With the alphabet he will spell any simple word put to him. Spread out a number of playing cards and he will fetch the one called for. He will play a good game at *old sledge*, and beat you as often as you can him, and tell your fortune, if requested. He will waltz around his yard with quite as much ease and grace as some of our country gentlemen, and pass around a hat for a contribution at the close of a performance. He is a rare specimen of horse flesh, and his equal, I think, for beauty, activity and intelligence, could not be found, considering the labor performed by him, and the short time he has been under discipline; and the doctor certainly deserves the credit for being a great Horse Man.

The Doctor, in the conclusion of his letter, says, that until this season he never before undertook to train a horse for trotting, but that he now has a three year old mare he calls "Crazy Jane," out of Tom Jefferson's Black Hawk, her dam sired by George Parish's imported St. Lawrence. With very little training she will make her mile in less than 3.30, over rather a poor track. Now, says the doctor, "if trotting is a science that a horse can acquire by careful training, (like playing *old sledge*.) Crazy Jane will yet, if nothing befalls her, be one among many to demonstrate the fact that the horse has an intellect, or reasoning powers, equal if not superior to many of their brute owners, and that it can be developed and cultivated with as much certainty and profit as the minds of our children."

We look forward to the result of the doctor's experiments with a great deal of interest; how much kindness will do to develop speed in horses is yet to be ascertained.—*Evening Post.*

## Bring up your Children to do Something.

A great sin in family discipline, remarks the Philadelphia North American, should be to provide for each of the juveniles some line of pursuit which will give them a sense of their usefulness and necessity to the household. This feeling, properly instilled into their minds, will make them members of society valuable to others and happy in themselves. The Creator who makes nothing in vain does not in vain send human beings into the world, if only they would find their places and fill them. Idle men and women are the bane of any community. They are not simply clogs upon society, but become sooner or later the causes of its crime and poverty, its folly and extravagance. In plain English, every family motto should read, "Be somebody. Do something. Bear your own load."

John Fine, aged 96 years, was married recently in Davie County, N. C., to Miss Elizabeth Harley, aged 87.—The couple walked eight miles to the residence of the officiating magistrate, to get the nuptial knot tied, and after dinner, having had a merry time with a large company who had assembled to witness the ceremony, returned home, making a walk of sixteen miles that day, without rod or staff. The bridegroom, it is said, was the most hilarious youth, out of some forty or fifty, present at the marriage, and fairly outdid the whole company, by his jests and stories.

Patrick McFinnigan, with a wheelbarrow, ran a race with a locomotive; as the latter went out of sight, Mac observed, "Aff wid ye, ye roaring blaggard, or I'll be after running' inter ye!"

## Cultivating too Much Land.

The farmers generally attempt to cultivate too much land. The disadvantages arising from this cause, are many and obvious. It is no exaggeration to say, that the land cultivated in the country are capable, under a high state of cultivation, of producing twice as much as they now produce.

When will our farmers in the country fully appreciate this truth? There is no one thing that contributes so much to retard our agriculture, as the folly of cultivating too much land.

In the first place no farmer should think of managing 80 or 100 acres of land with one or two men. It is bad economy to do so; nothing can be expected from it but poverty,—poverty of both land and purse. How much better it would be to cultivate half the number of acres, or less, and do it well. It costs just a bush to plow an acre that will yield ten bushels of corn, as one that will yield fifty or a hundred bushels. The difference in hoeing would be a trifle, and the planting would be the same. It will require the same amount of fencing in the one case as in the other, and the same tax will have to be paid on each.—Why not, therefore, plow less and plow deeper? why not cultivate less land and manure more? Farmers, many of them, appear to forget that they have a productive farm just underneath the one they are cultivating, equally and perhaps much more productive than the one on the surface.

Turn up this farm, then, with a deep subsoil plow,—expose it to the action of the sun and frost, and thereby double your crop.

## Stump Eloquence.

One of the best criteria to judge of the eloquence of a speaker, is the effect he produces upon his audience. Every judicious speaker will adapt himself, both in his language and illustrations, to the capacity, the taste and the prejudices of his audience. To address a fine speech, clothed in elegant terms, to a backwoods hunter, would be absurd, and most certainly would fail of the desired object.—Nobody understands this subject better than the stump orators of the West. The following is a real specimen of the tact to which we have alluded. Is a part of an electioneering speech, delivered by Mr. Garret Davis, a Congressional candidate in Kentucky, in 1830, in opposition to Mr. Daniels, the sitting member, whom he charged with gross inconsistency of conduct in regard to the Maysville Road Bill, voted by President Jackson:

"Here, fellow-citizens," said he, "we have a man who professed great friendship for this turnpike previous to his election—and afterwards, when a bill was before Congress to make an appropriation for it, he made speeches in its favor—voted for it—and it was passed and sent to the President for his signature, but returned with his veto. It then came before the House again, when he: this ardent supporter of the bill turned and voted against it!"

"Now, gentlemen, what would you think of a dog that would go a coon hunting with you—follow the track well—run well—catch the coon—bite well—and just as you had got up with him, and were in the very act of seizing the coon, would let him go, and turn and bark at you? I say, gentlemen, what would you do with such a dog?"

"Kill him! by thunder! Shoot him! by jingo!" was the universal shout of the audience.

## A Remarkable Union.

The Worcester Transcript says that Mrs. D. W. Moore, of Weston, Boylston, Mass., was safely delivered on the 7th inst., of a pair of twins more remarkably united than were the Siamese Twins.—The pair were female children, perfect in form, but joined breast to breast from the collar bone to the umbilical. There was one breast-bone on either side, and the ribs of both children were joined to these bones. There was but one liver in common, but double in size. The heart was of the same conformity. There was one kidney to each child, but they were double.

## A Rich Man.

Speaking of George Law and his wealth the New York correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent writes that "if anything don't pay, Mr. Law respectfully drops it. He now owns nine-tenths of the Eighth Avenue Railroad, which alone is an income of a prince, and growing more valuable every day. He also owns nearly all the stock of the Ninth Avenue which when completed will run through Greenwich street to the Ninth Avenue, and thence to Harlem River—a nine mile concern.—Half the ferries belong to Law. He owns the Dry Dock Bank, and the bank owns about forty acres of dry dock houses and land, almost in the heart of the city.—Law owns the Staten Island Ferry boats and two miles of water-front nearest New York, that in a few years will be worth for docks, ten millions. He really owns the Flushing Railroad; and heaven knows how much more he owns. Most persons have an idea that he is an old man. No such thing. He is only fifty-one years old, and possesses one of the most vigorous constitutions that will last forty-nine years longer."