

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 6.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1846.

No. 36.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
SCHOCH & SPERING.

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 proprietors, will be charged 37 1-2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.

Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers. All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

## To all Concerned.

We would call the attention of some of our subscribers, and especially certain Post Masters, to the following reasonable, and well settled rules of Law in relation to publishers, to the patrons of newspapers.

### THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

SALT has been distributed over the earth with a capricious hand. In Catalonia, Spain, there is a mountain of rock salt, rising to an elevation of 663 feet above the level of the surrounding soil, with a circumference of about 16,000 feet!

In Astracan there is said to be two whole mountains composed entirely of salt.

There is a salt track in Missouri, along the Missouri river, 80 miles long and 45 wide!

In Virginia, immense under ground masses lie deposited, which, with that out cropping in hills, would supply the world for many ages.

In New-York State, the innumerable deposits of immense salt beds, from which are annually manufactured millions of bushels of salt, show that sufficient salt exists in this State to furnish the world. But, on the other hand, it is so scarce in the interior of Hindostan, as to fetch 62 cents a pound, and in the west of Thibet and Abyssinia it is so valuable as to pass for money.

## Asafœdita.

This plant is a production of the eastern part of Persia. Its stem is from one to two and a half feet in height; the leaves resemble those of the Indian beet-root, and when ripe produce a cauliflower-like head, of a light straw color. The milky juice extracted near the root congeals into the well known gum, of which each plant yields about a pound; but the plants themselves, especially when young, are prized as a high delicacy by the natives, who stew or roast the stem, and boil or fry the head and leaves with clarified butter. In this way its smell is even stronger and more rank than when in the form of a drug, and none but those accustomed to it can endure its offensive effluvia.

**TONIC.**—The following is the tonic used by Reformed Drunkards, to restore the vigor of the stomach:—Take of gentian root, half an ounce; valerian root, one drachm; best rhubarb root, two drachms; orange peel, three drachms; cardamom seeds, half an ounce; cinnamon bark, one drachm. Having bruised all the above together in a mortar—(the druggist will do it if requested) pour upon it one and a half pints of boiling water; cover it close. When cold, strain, bottle, and cork up securely. Keep it in a cool dark place. Two table spoonfuls may be taken an hour before meals, and half that quantity whenever the patient feels that distressing sickness and prostration so generally present for some time after alcoholic stimulants have been abandoned. This remedy has been successfully used, also, in case of dyspepsia and torpidity of the stomach.

**A CURIOSITY.**—A pair of calf-boots were recently found in the stomach of a very old whale! supposed to have been left behind by Jonah.

The Picayune tells of a man who told so crooked a story at the Police Office, that it turned his tongue into a corkscrew.

The Books of the Old Testament, in their order, distinguished by small capitals, with a glance at their principal topics, may be fixed in the memory by means of the following lines:

In GENESIS, mark the beginning:

In EXODUS, see Israel sinning;

LEVITICUS and NUMBERS show

The laws Jehovah spake below.

In DEUTERONOMY, behold

Those laws a second time enrolled:

And here the Pentateuch of Moses,

With its great author's history closes.

Now JOSHUA takes the Promised Land;

Three hundred years the JUDGES stand;

RUTH among the sheaves is seen

"Praising God with her sweet mien;"

In SAMUEL'S book are pictured all

The fortunes of himself and Saul;

OF KINGS succeeds a numerous race,

Whose deeds through CHRONICLES we trace;

Then EZRA doth God's standard wave,

And NEHEMIAH, patriots brave,

Who raise the second temple fair,

And Salem's holy walls repair.

The last page this of Judah's story

Till Bethlehem's Star displays its glory.

Yet interposed, as episodes,

Are hymns, and prophecies, and odes:

First ESTHER'S royal name is found

For beauty and for worth renowned;

JOEL lifts an ancient scroll sublime,

Unknown its author, source or time:

To reach the high strains of the PSALTER,

An angel on his wings might falter;

A treasure 'tis of prayers and praises,

Winding through all music's mazes:

And next like jewels set in gold,

Or strings of pearls in caskets old,

King Solomon's three books behold:

First PROVERBS, then ECCLESIASTES;

The SONG, or CANTICLES, the last is;

A mystic theme or eastern story,

Of Christ's fair church, an allegory.

Four prophets greater, twelve the less,

The dictates of their God express.

ISAIAH'S lips were touched with fire;

Grief-strung was JEREMIAH'S lyre;

In LAMENTATIONS, low and tender,

He mourns o'er Zion's ruined splendor;

In Babylon, EZEKIEL saw

Visions that filled his soul with awe:

And DANIEL'S pen records so plain

The glories of Messiah's reign,

Egypt's and Syria's kings, that we

Write from his book their history.

Ere Israel went to Babylon,

HOSEA'S long career was run;

JOEL breathed forth his soul of flame;

AMOS from the sheep-fold came;

'Gainst Edom and all Zion's foes

The voice of OBADIAH rose;

And JONAH'S faithful lines record,

The story of his whale and gourd;

Nor at much later periods come

The prophets MICAH and NAHUM;

While from sublime HABAKKUK flowed

His burdens and his lofty ode;

And ZEPHANIAH'S voice of terror

Proclaimed that wrath should light on error.

But when the captive Jews, restored,

Rebuilt the temple of their Lord,

Then HAGGAI, ZECHARIAH, came,

And MALACHI, whose honored name

Brought up of ancient saints the column,

And sealed the great prophetic volume.

**A Lady's Visit to the Printers.**  
So you sit there all day and cut out pieces from the newspapers; I think I should like that, it is so much like patch work.

Yes, madam, we excise some, though we are obliged to weave considerable cloth ourselves. Suppose you occupy our chair, and give the public your ideas of editing a paper.

Me! goodness! I would not sit down here and write where every body is writing alone for the world; writing makes a person so cross. Besides, your table is all ink, it would soil my dress; why don't you have a nice mahogany table, and white curtains at the windows?—What makes you hang up these dusty old papers round the room? If I was obliged to stay here, the floor should be washed and a carpet laid down; it must be dreadful to live so.

Oh! those are our files; we could not dispense with them very well; and as for a carpet, we fear it would frighten away our customers.

Dear me: the gentlemen are so careless about every thing nice, that I don't think they are comfortable, unless they can have their rooms all littered up. Did you write all those sheets to-day?

Certainly, and we are not through yet. Why—it takes me a whole day to compose and copy a letter. I hope you don't scrawl and blot so when you write to the ladies?

We never have that pleasure, madam. No—and you don't write for them either, or you would not print such dry stuff as you do.

Don't put any thing more about Oregon and Congress in the paper, will you?—it's so dull. But what are those men doing in the other room with the sleeves rolled up, and making motions as if they were going to fight somebody?

Those are our compositors setting type; you see they all have a stick in one hand, and they place the types in it with the other.

I don't see any sticks, unless you call those little square pieces of iron so; what curious names you have. I always thought a stick was to walk with.

Well, ours make the words walk; those little boxes, that we call cases, contain the letters; and the printers put them together into words and sentences by the aid of that little piece of iron that you speak of.

Well, I declare! Doctors and lawyers I knew had cases, but I never knew that printers had before.

Certainly, madam; they sometimes are foul cases and hard cases, too; but what can be expected of those who lead the lives of devils?

Why! do they? I'm sorry to hear it. Do tell me what that man is filling that trough with water for.

He's a-going to wet paper, you know—Oh, yes! I thought you always sprinkled your papers and ironed them, to make them look so smooth; and I suppose this great galloos looking machine is your mangle.

That's the press, madam, and this handle here is the Archimedian lever, which moves the world. Just notice its power; you perceive that it's a broken lever—

Why in the world, then, don't you have it mended? The men are always so slack; but what are those things that resemble long picture frames?

Those are what we term galleys. You have galleys, hey? I didn't know that the printers were so much like the Row-men before.

Look yonder—what's that boy doing? Oh, he's distributing a handful of pie.

Well, I shouldn't think a handful of pie would be much among so many. What are you a-going to do with these slips of printed paper?

These are proofs, and we are obliged to read them; won't you sit down and help us?

No, indeed! I can't bear to read any kind of proof, unless sometimes in trials for breach of promise. I don't believe the ladies would make very good printers.

Pardon us, madam, but we think they would; their slender fingers would be the very things for handling Small Caps, Nonpareil, Diamond and Minion; they might do well even with Long Primer.

Pshaw! don't mention it; I never could abide the name of the long primer since ma used to make me learn the catechism out of it. Goodness gracious! if I haven't spoiled my gloves by touching some of your old types! What a

dreadful thing it would be to get your ink on a lady's hand! Good morning.—*New Haven Courier.*

## Origin of Mormonism.

The Albany Evening Journal gives the following account of Joe Smith's early operations: "Joe Smith," previous to his becoming a Prophet, was a "Loafer." He resided near the village of Palmyra, spent most of his time in bar-rooms, and seemed only anxious to live along "from hand to mouth," without work.—He was remarkable for nothing in particular, but indolence, and scheming, on a small scale. In 1824-'5, he went vagabonding off into Western Pennsylvania, where, nobody knows how, he got possession of the manuscript of a half-deranged clergyman, with which he returned to Palmyra, where he pretended that he was directed, in a dream, to repair to a particular spot in the woods, and possess himself of an oracular "slate," or, as he called it, a "Golden Bible." From this inspired "slate," which he used to place in his hat, he first read to the 'gaping few' new and strange revelations; and finally he produced the "Book of Mormon," as the creed and faith for a People of whom he was designed by Providence to be the Prophet and Ruler. The "Book of Mormon," is a copy of the manuscript which Smith obtained near Pittsburg.

A wealthy Farmer, by the name of Harris, was his first believing convert Harris mortgaged his Farm to raise the money required for the temporal support of the Prophet, and the printing of the "Book of Mormon." The Prophet and his Convert, (Smith and Harris,) came to Rochester and offered us the honor of being their Printer. We were in like manner, a year afterwards asked to print "Morgan's Revelations of free Masonry." But as we were only in the newspaper line, we contented ourselves with reading a chapter of what seemed such wretched and incoherent stupidity, that we wondered how 'Joe' had contrived to make the first fool with it. But he went on making not only fools, but knaves, in America and Europe, for more than twenty years, and until his career was abruptly cut short by men who became themselves violators of the laws they were called to vindicate.

'What makes you look so angry?' said Bob to Tom, the other day.

'Angry! Wouldn't you look angry if a man were to spit in your face?'

'Certainly. Did any person do so to you?'

'Yes.'

'Of course you knocked him down?'

'No I didn't, but I looked devilish hard at him.'

## Way of the World.

Under this head the Portland Tribune holds forth in the following pungent style:

'He's only a mechanic; no matter if he has broken his leg.'

True: but a mechanic has some feeling.

'He's a dirty Irish boy—don't stop the horses—drive over him, if he doesn't get out of the way.'

But that Irish boy has parents, it may be, who love him as tenderly as you do your own children.

'Push him aside—what business has a nigger on the walk?'

Stop: that black man can think and feel. His heart may be as tender as yours.

'Turn her out of doors—she's a miserable old hag.'

Do you know that? Perhaps she's honestly poor.

'Box his ears—he's only pa's apprentice.'

But he's no less entitled to kindness.

'Give her the mouldy bread—she's only a kitchen girl.'

Still she can relish good food as well as you.

'That's right—run him again; nobody cares for him; he has no friends.'

So much the more reason why you should befriend him.

The world, the selfish and unfeeling world, who can but detest it? We have no love for our fellow-creatures in distress—no sympathy for the poor and unfortunate—no bowels of compassion for the sad and dejected. We crush the poor—cheat the ignorant, and ridicule those who have not been formed as ourselves.

## Use and abuse of Lime and Plaster.

The prejudice against the use of lime and plaster has been overcome with difficulty, notwithstanding the striking effects of their early application. The objection to those mineral measures, that they would stimulate the soil to a fruitfulness that would soon exhaust it, is not altogether unfounded, provided care is not taken to keep up a supply of other minerals, which are indispensable elements in the vegetable kingdom. Lime and Plaster do not enter into the composition of plants, but they have an agency in evolving other mineral elements, as well as securing to the soil the aerial constituents, carbonic acid and ammonia. Quick lime, however, we should remark, expels ammonia, and should not therefore, be mixed with barn manure, either in the heap or in the soil.—Wheat crops have been frequently injured in consequence of the dissipation of ammonia by the mixture of quick lime with manure. Plaster has the opposite effect. Most of the plaster used on our farms would be first well employed as an agent in fixing the fertilizing gases in the manure. I have known rich loams—soils containing an abundance of soluble vegetable matter—much injured by the application of fresh lime. But the fertility of fresh lands, or soils which from any cause contain a large amount of partially decomposed vegetable, and animal matter, would be increased and preserved by the use of plaster. It facilitates decomposition, and at the same time fixes the ammonia in the soil.

To escape any injury from the use of lime as a manure, and to insure its best effects, the safest general rule is to spread it on grass land, and leave it a considerable length of time exposed to the atmosphere. The soil in this section is evidently exhausted, to a great degree of some elements requisite to a luxuriant growth of clover. It flourished some years since much better than it does now, notwithstanding our superior care in cultivating and manuring the soil. Lime and plaster we are in the habit of supplying. The heavy crops which follow the application of those manures, have exhausted the soil to a very great extent, of other indispensable inorganic constituents. As an evidence of this fact, we have seen clover which had been sown on oats, after corn which had been ashed in the hill, flourishing on the hills, from the effect of the ashes, whilst between the hills, the land was entirely bare. The combustion of vegetables dissipates all their organic constituents; but ashes containing all the inorganic elements which have entered into their growth; hence the striking effect of its application to some soils, are very deficient in some of those elements. Clover meliorates and supplies the soil with a large amount of vegetable matter, hence it is a cheap and an efficient fertilizer, when there is a deficiency of potash, lime, sulphuric and phosphoric acid, it must, in the long run, if removed from the soil, have an impoverishing tendency.

J. Dungan's Address, before the Buck's Co. Pa., Agricultural Society.

## A Dangerous Plow.

The N. E. Farmer says:—We find the following in one of our exchanges, and frankly confess that we more than doubt the truth of the statement:

"A farmer near Lowell, to save expense, undertook to make a Plow with his own hands. It looked so ugly when finished, that he deemed it prudent to chain it to an apple-tree; but it got loose during the night, and killed two of his calves."

An honest Hibernian once wanted a friend to discount a note. 'If I advance this,' said the lender, 'will you pay your note punctually?'

'I will on me honor,' replied the other; 'the expense of the Protest and all!'

Two travellers having been robbed in a wood, and tied to trees at some distance from each other, one of them in despair exclaimed, 'Oh, I'm undone.' 'Are you?' said the other, 'then I wish you'd come and undo me.'

A farmer, who all along supposed he was a citizen of Canada, but who was turned over to Vermont by the late running of the boundary line, declared himself highly satisfied with the change, because Canada was always a sickly place.