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The Inner Life.

BY S. H. LLOYD.

The outward world that round us lies
Is not the world in which we dwell;
The inner world alone is real—
The world we neither buy nor sell.
I'm master of all outward things;
Within my soul I take my seat,
And Nature comes in perfumed robes
And lays her treasures at my feet.
All things I have within myself;
Suns set and suns within me rise;
I live within bright palace walls,
Arched o'er by lovely jewell'd skies;
I come and go, a wandering bee
That roams each flowery-scented field;
And treasures up the golden fruits
My daily thoughts and pastimes yield.
I look at things not as they seem;
In all I see the Father's face;
All Nature is a part of Him;
The bending sky is His embrace.
His breath embalms the dewy flowers,
He makes the sun his triumph-car,
His voice I hear in every breeze,
His smiles I see in every star;
He builds his altars everywhere,—
On every heart His dew distill;
His Heaven is with the pure in heart,
His temple-gates the human will.
I turn away from beaten paths
Where trade and politics deceive,
And love to roam each wood and glen,
And feel my breast with rapture leave.
The world wants not that which I have,
But still I love the Inner Life,
And nought can tempt my heart away
To mingle with its scenes of strife;
For deep within I have a vein
More rich than gold that veins the earth;
And deep within are loving thoughts
That give to joy and trust their birth.
That inner world, O be it mine,
And mine to tread each sacred hall
To enter in its silent courts
And know the perfect Soul of All.

Who is my Neighbor.

Thy neighbor—it is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.
Thy neighbor—'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou and succor him.
Thy neighbor—'tis the weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
But low with sickness, cares and pain—
Go thou and comfort him.
Thy neighbor—'tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left—
Go thou and shelter them.
Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thy own,
Remember, 'tis thy neighbor worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

Darkies.—Our readers have all heard of the long Island Darkies. A jollier set of niggers as they are do not show their ivory or swing their heels. They have, too, a great deal of comic originality about them, and we have often laughed heartily at anecdotes concerning them.

A few years ago, at a negro camp meeting held near Flushing, the colored preacher in his discourse, said, "I tell you my lubbed brethren, dat debbel is a big hog, an' one ob dese days he'll come along here and root you all out." An old negro in one of the anxious pews, hearing this, used himself from the straw, and clapping his hands, exclaimed in the agony of his fear, "Ring m' Lord! Ring him!"—*Troy Budget.*

Gold in California.

For months past accounts have been received from California of the discovery of enormous quantities of gold among the sands of the river Sacramento and its tributaries. The amount of the mineral said to have been found, baffled belief, and very little credit was bestowed upon the representations. But, it now appears, from authentic and official sources, that the accounts were literally correct.

The Sacramento has its source in the range of mountains known as the Sierra Nevada of California, in about latitude forty-three, north, and flows on, in a direction nearly parallel with that range, and likewise with the coast of the Pacific, till it almost touches the thirty-eighth parallel, when it suddenly turns westward, and falls into the Bay of San Francisco. Between the Sacramento and the coast runs another chain of mountains, the whole length of the stream. From these mountains, on either side, issue a great number of tributary streams, along the margins of which, as well as of the principal river, abundance of golden sands, of great value, are deposited.

A yankee built a saw-mill on the Sacramento, and, when it was put in action, he perceived that in the eddies below the bulkier and common particles of sand were swept away, while what remained was of an unusual appearance. Upon such examination as he was able to give it, he became satisfied that it was the most precious metal; and, subsequently, he had portions of it subjected to such scientific tests as fully confirmed his conjectures.

The troops of the United States, stationed in California, have generally deserted, and gone to searching for gold. Crews of vessels arriving on the coast, are seized the mania, and abscond for the gold regions. Farms and villages are deserted of their occupants, who have gone to acquire wealth along the water-courses. Expeditions are fitting out in Missouri and other western states for the same destination. From New York to Boston vessels have already sailed, containing parties lured by the hopes of unbounded fortune to be picked from the sands of the Sacramento; and more vessels will sail from the same ports, with other companies, as soon as necessary preparations can be made.

The administration at Washington has ordered an additional force to California, which sailed last week, for the purpose of preserving order among the gold hunters and guarding the rights of the government from violation.

Perhaps gold hunting in California may prove a more profitable employment than the like occupation has been elsewhere; but, we confess, we are sceptical on the point. Universal history, so far, testifies that to get a dollar's worth of gold a hundred cents worth of labor must be expended, or so very nearly as to make gold finding a less profitable business than digging coal or burning lime-stone. It may be that nature is now about to "astonish the natives," by disclosing gold in such vast quantities as to make it cheap as lead or iron. But, we must see the event realized before we believe it. That an unusual amount of gold has been discovered in California, is unquestionable; and that some comfortable fortunes will be made in gathering it, is highly probably; but the multitude of adventurers swarming thither will soon overdo the business.

The traders, who furnish the gold hunters with supplies, realize much greater profits than the hunters themselves. Allowing not more than half its intrinsic value for the gold dust, they make enormous gains in the purchase of it. And, after receiving the dust at such reduced rates, they extort from the hunters fifty dollars for a barrel of flour, fourteen dollars for a shovel, and in like proportion for all other articles. So that the strong probability is the hunters will remain poor, while the speculators amass wealth.—*Honedale Democrat.*

Description of the Gold Region.

Correspondence of the California.
NEW-HELVETIA, June 30, 1848.

I have just returned to Fort Sacramento, from the gold region, whence I write this; and in compliance with my promise on leaving the sea-coast, I send you such items as I have gathered.

Our trip after leaving your city by way of Pueblo San Jose and San Joaquin River, we found very agreeable, passing over a lovely country, with its valleys and hills covered with the richest verdure, intertwined with flowers of every hue. The country from the San Joaquin River to this place is rich beyond comparison, and will admit of a dense population.

We found the fort a miniature of Manchester, a young Lowell. The blacksmith's hammer, the tinner, the carpenter, and the weaver's shuttle plying by the ingenuity of Indians, at which place there are several hundred in the employ of Capt. J. A. Sutter. I was much pleased with a walk in the large and beautiful garden attached to the fort. It contains about eight or ten acres, laid out with great taste, under the supervision of a young Swiss. Among the fruit trees I noticed the almond, fig, olive, pear, apple and peach. The grape vines are in the highest state of cultivation, and for vegetables

I would refer you to a seedman's catalogue.

About three miles from the fort, on the east bank of the Sacramento, the town of Suttersville is laid out. The location is one of the best in the country, situated in the largest and most fertile district in California, and being the depot for the extensive gold, silver, platinum, quicksilver and iron mines. A hotel is now building for the accommodation of the travelling public, who are now obliged to impose on the kind hospitalities of Capt. Sutter. A party of men who have been exploring a route to cross the Sierra Nevada mountains have just returned, and report that they have found a good wagon road on the declivity ridge between the American fork and the McCosamy rivers, the distance being much less than by the old route. This road will pass through the gold district, and enter the valley near the American fork.

A ferry is to be established at Suttersville, on the Sacramento, and the road across the tularie improved soon, which will shorten the distance from this place to Sonoma and your city about 60 miles.

After leaving the fort we passed up on the south bank of the American fork, about twelve miles. This is a beautiful river, about three fathoms deep, the water being very cold and clear; and after leaving the river we passed through a country, rolling and timbered with oak. We soon commenced ascending the hills at the base of the great Sierra Nevada, which are, thickly set with oak and pine timber, and soon arrived at a small rivulet. One of our party dipped up a cup full of sand from the bed of the creek, washed it, and found five pieces of gold. This was our first attempt at gold digging. About dark we arrived at the saw-mill of Capt. Sutter, having rode over gold, silver, platinum and iron mines, some twenty or thirty miles. The past three days I have spent in exploring the mountains in this district, and conversing with many men who have been at work here for some weeks past. Should I attempt to relate to you all that I have seen, and have been told, concerning the extent and productions of the mines, I am fearful your readers would think me exaggerating too much; therefore, I will keep within bounds. I could fill your columns about the mines here, far exceeding the Arabian Nights, and all true to the letter.

As near as I can ascertain, there are now about 2,000 persons engaged, and the roads leading to the mines are thronged with people and wagons. The implements used are shovels, picks, tin pans, wooden bowls and Indian baskets. From one to nine ounces of pure virgin gold per day is gathered by every man who performs the requisite labor. The mountains have been explored for about forty miles, and gold has been found in great abundance in almost every part of them. A gentleman informed me that he had spent some time in exploring the country, and that he had dug fifty-two holes with his butcher's knife in different places, and found gold in every one.

Several extensive silver mines have been discovered, but very little attention is paid to them now. Immense beds of iron ore, of superior quality, yielding from 85 to 90 per cent, have also been found near the American Fork. A grist mill is to be attached to the saw mill for the purpose of convenience of families and other settling at the mines. The water power of the American Fork is equal to any upon this continent, and in a few years large iron foundries, splitting and rail mills will be erected.

The granite of the mountains is superior to the celebrated Quincy. A quarry of beautiful marble has been discovered near the McCosamy River, specimens of which you will see in a few years in the front of the Custom House, Merchants Exchange, City Hall, and other edifices in your flourishing city.

P. S.—"The cry is, still they come." Two men have just arrived for provisions from the Aduba River, who state that they have worked five days, and gathered \$950 in gold—the largest piece weighing nearly one ounce. They report the quantity on that river to be immense, and in much larger pieces than that taken in other parts.

The Journal of Commerce published a spirited letter from California, dated Monterey, Aug. 29. We copy a few curious particulars:

At present the people are running over the country and picking it out of the earth here and there, just as a thousand hogs, let loose in a forest, would root up ground nuts. Some get eight or ten ounces a day, and the least active one or two. They make the most who employ the wild Indians to hunt it for them. There is one man who has sixty Indians in his employ; his profits are a dollar a minute. The wild Indians know nothing of its value, and wonder what the pale faces want to do with it; they will give an ounce of it for the same weight of coined silver, or a tumblerful of glass beads, or a glass of grog. And white men themselves often give an ounce of it, which is worth at our mint \$18 or more, for a bottle of brandy, a bottle of soda powder, or a plug of tobacco.

As to the quantity which the diggers get, take a few facts as evidence. I know seven men who worked seven weeks and two days, Sundays excepted—on Feather River; they em-

ployed on an average fifty Indians, and got out in these seven weeks and two days, 275 pounds of pure gold. I know the men and have seen the gold, and know what they state to be a fact—so stick a pin in there. I know ten other men who worked ten days in company, employed no Indians, and averaged in these ten days \$1,500 each; so stick another pin there. I know another man who got out of a basin in a rock, not larger than a wash bowl, 2 1/2 pounds of gold in fifteen minutes; so stick another pin there! Not one of these statements would I believe, did I not know the men personally, and know them to be plain matter of fact men—men who open a vein of gold just as coolly as you would a potato hill.

Route to the California Gold.

We copy the following interesting article—in relation to the different routes by which California may be reached—from the Philadelphia Daily Sun:

From present indications, not less than twenty thousand persons in N. York city alone are preparing for the gold region. The same excitement prevails in every city and town in the Union.

There are at present three modes of reaching California, the passage round Cape Horn, the Panama passage and the Overland or Santa Fe route. A Texas route is being explored, but its practicability is not yet known. The passage around Cape Horn requires six months in sailing vessels, and a vessel must be a good sailor to make the trip in that time. The expense of passage will average \$200. The Panama passage by steamer, providing there is no delay, will require three months, and the price of passage will average \$250. This passage is made by steamer to Chagres, by canoe 40 miles up the Chagres river, and twenty miles with mules to Panama, and from Panama to San Francisco by steamer or sailing vessel, as the chance may be. A steamer was fitted out in New York, and sailed for Chagres on the 16th instant, to navigate the Chagres river in connection with the mail steamers, reducing the time of passage across the Isthmus to less than a day.

It is not uncommon to be obliged to wait a month at Panama for a passage up the west coast, so that this delay may be looked for. The overland route via St. Louis, Independence, and Santa Fe, may be made by those who are able to bear the rough and tumble of wild woods travel in three months, at an expense ranging from \$100 to \$200. A stout, hearty man with his rifle, ammunition, buckskin suit of cloths, and a mule, will require little else after he leaves Independence. He can even go without a mule. This route can only be traveled in the spring and summer with mules and wagons. A party leaving Independence in March might reach the gold regions some time in July. If families are going, the best method is to organize a caravan, with wagons and mules. From March to September the mules can subsist on prairie grass. The individual expense of a caravan of 100 or more persons, would be from \$50 to \$100. A person may take advantage of a caravan, and these are constantly starting in the right season from the frontier—and hire a seat in an emigrant wagon, though persons able to bear fatigue can foot the whole route more rapidly.

The western hunter and trapper carries nothing but his buckskin dress, rifle and ammunition; he kills game for a livelihood. Those who intend going by the Panama or Santa Fe route with baggage, should secure it in parcels weighing not more than 150 pounds each, for male transportation. Larger packages, especially in crossing the Isthmus in canoes and with mules, cannot be transported to advantage. The Panama route is the shortest and pleasantest, though the overland route may be made from Independence in about the same time. Those who go with goods, especially heavy merchandise, for the purpose of trade, will probably find Cape Horn the cheapest, if not the quickest passage to California.

An old bachelor in Cairo, Illinois, being waited on by the Tin Pan melodists through a mistaken idea that his wedding had come off that night, feeling the disappointment of the crowd, and determined that they should not go home altogether ungratified, called on his intended, got her consent by his eloquence to an immediate union, took her to the Squire's Office, obtained a certificate, got married, and returned home amid the congratulations of the harmonists—all in an hour.—Where's your telegraphs now?

Absence of Mind.—It is said that the foreman of a grand jury at St. Louis, who dazzled by the beauty of a Lady, who appeared as a witness, became a little confused, and after administering the oath as usual, instead of presenting the book drew up his face in the most fascinating manner, and said—"Now kiss me, ma'am." He never discovered his error till the whole jury burst out into a roar of laughter.

Beauty eventually deserts its possessor, but virtue and talents, accompany us to the grave.

Chinese Etiquette.

The Chinese are so punctilious that their code of etiquette outrives the most ceremonious courts in Europe. As soon as a guest alights from his sedan chair, he is met by the host, who bows his head, bends his body and his knees, joins both hands in front, and with them knocks his chest. When he wishes to be very polite, he takes his guest's hand with his and knocks it upon his chest. This is their mode of shaking hands. Now follows a polite contest as to precedence, which, after various knockings, bowings, and genuflections, terminates by the host and guest entering the house together. At the sitting apartment another ceremony takes place, equally protracted and irksome. The point to be determined is where each shall sit, and who shall be seated first. Etiquette extends even to a decision on the size of a chair, by which invariably the rank or importance of a guest is determined. The host now motions to a large chair, and attempts to take a smaller one himself. Good breeding compels the guest, in turn, to refuse this compliment; and after a wearying contest of politeness, the point is amicably adjusted to the satisfaction of the belligerents, either by both parties sitting down simultaneously on the same bench, or upon two chairs of equal dimensions. The fatigue of this courtesy may be easily conceived, as the same routine is performed on the arrival of each guest. As soon as the guests are assembled, tea is handed round in covered cups, which are placed in silver stands in the form of a boat.—These are fluted and beautifully chased. The cups on the occasion to which I refer were of that antique porcelain so exceedingly valued, which is as thin as paper, pure white, perfectly transparent, and is ornamented with obscure figures, whose dark outlines are only perceptible when the vessel is filled with tea. The mode of making tea in China is similar to that in which coffee is made in Turkey. The tea is put into a cup, boiling water poured over it, and instantly covered, to prevent the escape of the aroma, with a lid, which is used as a spoon to sip the tea. They never use sugar or milk with tea in China.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A Reptile in the Stomach.

Dr. Richardson, of Hallowell, Maine, addresses the editor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal the following note:

HALLOWELL, (Me.) Nov. 1, 1848.

Dear Sir: Permit me to make the inquiry through you whether it is possible for a reptile to live in the human stomach, and if so, how long. Could it not only live but grow to some size there?

The reasons for making this inquiry are the following: Mrs. W., who has usually enjoyed excellent health, has, during the summer past, been unable to attend to her ordinary business. Her appetite has been capricious. She has complained of a disagreeable sensation at the pit of the stomach, amounting to pain, and frequently attended with nausea. These symptoms increased in severity until, about a fortnight since, she ejected a live snake from her stomach. It was seven inches in length, and of the common green species. It lived two days in a bottle of water, and then died. I have it now in spirits. Mrs. W. thinks she remembers having swallowed some object in a glass of spring water which she drank in the dark, in May or June. She has now recovered her usual health.

Yours, &c.
M. C. RICHARDSON, M. D.

How to Give.

At a missionary meeting among the slaves in the West Indies these three resolutions were agreed to:

1. We will give something.
2. We will give as God has enabled us.
3. We will all give willingly.

As soon as the meeting was over, a leading slave took his seat at a table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and put down, some more and some less. Among those that came was a rich old slave, almost as rich as all the others put together, who threw down on the table a small silver coin.—"Take dat back again," said the slave who received the money; "dat may be according to the first resolution, but not according to the second." The rich old man accordingly took it up, and huddled back to his seat in great rage. One after another came forward, all giving something himself, he was ashamed, and again threw a piece of gold on the table, saying—"Dar, take dat."

It was a valuable piece of money, but it was given so illtemperedly that the slave answered again—"No dat won't do yet. It may be 'cordin' to de first and second resolutions, but not according to the last," and he was obliged to take up the coin again. Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came to the table, and with a smile on his face very willingly gave a large sum to the treasurer. "Bery well," said the slave, "dat am according to all de resolutions."