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Now-a-Days.

Alas! how every thing is changed
Since I was sweet sixteen,
When all the girls wore home-spun frocks,
And aprons nice and clean—
With bonnets made of braided straw
That tied beneath their chin,
And shawls laid neatly on the neck,
And fastened with a pin.
But now-a-days the ladies wear
French gloves and feather'd hats,
That take up half a yard of sky
In coal scuttle shape or flats—
With frocks that do not fall as low
As such things ought to fall—
And waist that you might break in two,
They are so very small.

Dear me, young ladies now-a-days,
Would almost faint away,
To think of riding all alone,
In wagon, chaise or sleigh:
And as for getting Pa his meals,
Or helping Ma to bake,
O saints, 'twould spoil their lily hands,
Though sometimes they make cake.

When winter came, the maiden's heart
Would begin to beat and flutter,
Each beau would take his sweetheart out
Sleigh-riding in a cutter.
Or if the storm was bleak and cold,
The girls and beaux together,
Would meet and have most glorious fun,
And never mind the weather.

But now—indeed, it grieves me much
The circumstance to mention—
However kind a young man's heart,
And honest his intention,
He ne'er can ask a girl to ride
But such a war is waged!
And if he sees her once a week,
Why surely "they're engaged!"

Hav'n't the Change.

It was house cleaning time, and I had an old colored woman scrubbing and cleaning paint.
"Polly is going," said one of my domestics, as the twilight began to fall.
"Very well. Tell her that I shall want her to-morrow."

"I think she would like to have her money for to-day's work," said the girl.
"I took out my purse, and found that I had nothing in it less than a three dollar bill.
"How much does she have a day?"
"Six shillings."

"I hav'n't the change this evening. Tell her that I'll pay her for both days to-morrow."
The girl left the room, and I thought no more of Polly for an hour. Tea time had come and passed, when one of my domestics, who was rather communicative in her habits, said to me—
"I don't think Polly liked your not paying her this evening."

"She must be very unreasonable then," said I, without reflection. "I sent her word that I had no change. How did she expect that I could pay?"

"Some people are queer you know," remarked the girl who had made the communication, more for the pleasure of telling it than anything else.
I kept thinking over what the girl had said, until another suggestion came into my mind.

"I wish I had sent and got a bill changed," said I, as the idea that Polly might be really in want of money intruded itself. "It would have been very little trouble."

This was the beginning of a new train of reflections, which did not make me very happy.—To avoid a little trouble, I had sent the poor old woman away, after a hard day's work, without her money. That she stood in need of it, was evident from the fact that she had asked for it.

"How very thoughtless in me," as I dwelt longer and longer on the subject.
"What's the matter?" enquired my husband, seeing me look serious.
"Nothing to be very much troubled at," I replied.

"Yet you are troubled."
"I am; and cannot help it. You will, perhaps, smile at me, but such causes sometimes produce much pain. Old Polly has been at work all day scrubbing and cleaning. When night came she asked for her wages, and I, instead of taking the trouble to get the money for her, sent her word that I hadn't the change. There was nothing less than a three dollar note in my purse. I didn't reflect that a poor woman who has to go out to daily work must need her money as soon as it is earned. I'm very sorry."

My husband did not reply for some time. My words appeared to have made considerable impression upon my mind.

"Do you know where Polly lives?" he inquired at length.
"No; but I will ask the girl." And immediately ringing the bell, I made inquiries as to where Polly lived; but no one in the house knew.

"It can't be helped now," said my husband in a tone of regret. "But I would be more thoughtful in future. The poor always have need of their money. Their daily labor rarely does more than supply their daily wants. I can never forget a circumstance that occurred when I was a boy.—My mother was left a widow when I was but nine years old—and she was poor. It was by the labor of her hands that she obtained shelter and food for herself and three little ones.

"Once—I remember the occurrence as if it had taken place yesterday—we were out of money and food. At breakfast time our last morsel was eaten, and we went through the long day without a mouthful of bread. We all grew very hungry by night; but our mother encouraged us to be patient a little while longer, until she finished the garment she was making, when she would take that and some other work home to a lady, who would pay her for her work. Then, she said, we should have a nice supper. At last the work was finished, and I went with her to carry it home, for she was weak and sickly, and even a light burden fatigued her. The lady for whom she made the garment was in good circumstances, and had no want unmet that money could supply. When we came into her presence she took the work, and after glancing at it carelessly, said,
"It will do very well."

My mother lingered; perceiving which, the lady said, rather rudely,
"You want your money, I suppose. How much does the work come to?"

"Two dollars," replied my mother. The lady took out her purse; and, after looking through a small parcel of bills, said,
"I hav'n't the change this evening. Call over any time and you shall have it."

And without giving my mother more time earnestly to urge her request, turned from us and left the room.

I never shall forget the night that followed.—My mother's feelings were sensitive and independent. She could not make known her want. An hour after our return home, she sat weeping with her children around her, when a neighbor came in, and, learning our situation, supplied our present need."

This relation did not make me feel any the more comfortable. Anxiously I awaited, on the next morning, the arrival of Polly. As soon as she came I sent for her, and handing her the money she had earned the day before, said,
"I'm sorry I hadn't the change for you last night, Polly. I hope you didn't want it very badly."

Polly hesitated a little and then replied,
"Well, ma'am, I did want it very much, or I wouldn't have asked for it. My poor daughter Hetty is sick, and I wanted to get her something nice to eat."

"I'm very sorry," said I, with sincere regret.—
"How is Hetty this morning?"
"She isn't so well, ma'am. And I feel very bad about her."

"Come up to me in half an hour, Polly," said I. The old woman went down stairs. When she appeared again according to my desire, I had a basket for her, in which were some wine, sugar, fruit, and various little matters that I thought her daughter would relish, and told her to go at once and take them to the sick girl. Her expressions of gratitude touched my feelings deeply. Never since have I omitted under any pretence, to pay the poor their wages as soon as earned.—Mrs. Graham.

Trimming Apple Orchards.

Farmers who own large orchards usually find it convenient to prune during the mild weather of winter. There are few but have discovered, that good and fair fruit is better grown when the head of the tree is thinned enough to allow all parts a full chance. Small, smothered leaves, within a dense mass of brush, can never furnish a good supply of materials to the swelling fruit. Hence, evenly distribution, and thrifty shoots, forming a well balanced and handsome head, must be the aim of every orchardist.

Many discover, after years of neglect, that their trees have become dense, matted, and scrubby; and to remedy the defect, the saw and axe are unsparingly applied, and large limbs are at once lopped, and the trees left naked and disfigured. The wounds being large, must be covered with a waterproof composition, and a long time is required for healing.

A better way is to begin early, while the trees are yet comparatively young, and on the first appearance of crooked and thick growing shoots, to cut them out with a chisel or knife. This, if repeated each winter where it appears to be needed, will preserve the trees in good order, form and condition, so far as pruning is concerned. Even where trees have become old and need much pruning, it is decidedly better to accomplish the desired thinning gradually in successive years, by a sparing and evenly distributed pruning, than to cut in heavily at once. In all instances, the cutting of very large limbs, should always be, if practicable, avoided.

Some of the best orchardists in the country never allow a heavier tool to be used in their orchards than the knife and chisel. The latter, for cutting expeditiously such branches as may be a considerable height from the ground, avoiding at the same time the trouble of handling ladders, and the bruises and injuries to the bark caused by ascending the tree may be placed on the end of a pole, a blow of the mallet at the lower end of which, will quickly separate closely and smoothly to the tree, any limb an inch and a half in diameter.

While the importance of pruning is not to be forgotten, the indispensable necessity of watering and rich and clean cultivation must be constantly borne in mind. A fertile soil and vigorous growth may, to a great extent, compensate for other neglect; but no cutting nor forming of the branches can impart life to a tree which is languishing in a hard, sterile, and neglected soil, overgrown with grass and weeds.—Albany Cultivator.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

The following letter, from Dr. Abraham Fetherman, son of Mr. Balsar Fetherman of this county, who is known to many of our citizens, will doubtless prove interesting to many of our readers:

CALIFORNIA, FEATHER RIVER Jan. 10, 1850.

DEAR PARENTS: It is a long time since I last wrote to you. The arrangements of Post offices and mails are so bad that no letter can be sent to the States with any degree of certainty, but a gentleman intends leaving here for the States next Monday, I therefore write and send these lines with him to New Orleans and have them mailed there. I will endeavor to give you a short history of our travels from Jerseyville here, and then of things as they are in California. Our Teams left Jerseyville, Jersey co., Illinois, on the 27th day of March last, and arrived at St. Joseph, Missouri, the latter part of the third week in April, the distance being between three and four hundred miles. At St. Joseph we fully equipped ourselves, recruited our cattle, &c., till on the 5th day of May when we crossed the Missouri, and on the following day after amply supplying ourselves with all the necessities of subsistence and good teams, viz: two good wagons with four yoke of good young cattle to each, 1400 pounds of flour, 308 pounds of Bacon, one sack of Coffee, one of Sugar, fifty lbs. of rice, one sack of dried fruit, Salaratus, &c. &c. Also a good supply of ammunition, one gun to a man, one good cutting weapon, and together one Keg of Powder, being now fitted out and by the bye with a good young horse also. We left the bank of the Missouri early in the morning, (March 6th) seven of us in number, viz: James Whitlock, Wm. Bridges, John Arnsperger, Andrew Arnsperger, Abr'm. Hovser, James Pering and myself,—each paying an equal part of the outfit. The first days travel was short, only about eight miles, owing to the road being very bad, in fact it was worse than any part we afterwards travelled over for 1500 miles, here we struck up our tent, grazed our cattle, prepared our supper, &c. About 9 o'clock we tied up our oxen, spread our Buffalo Robes and quilts, and were soon wrapped in sleep. On the following morning we turned loose our cattle to graze, during that time we prepared and ate breakfast, then got up our cattle and in a short time were again on the way for the El-rado of the west, during this days travel we overtook some more teams from Jersey co., Illinois and on the morning of the 8th, we connected ourselves with that company, adopted our Constitution, elected our officers &c. On the following day we had the misfortune to lose one of our men, James Whitlock, who died of the cholera. By this time grass was coming plenty, the road being excellent our cattle fresh and strong, and the whole company consisting of about eighteen teams and sixty persons. Everything now went on well the train moving along at an average of 18 miles a day, with the exception of Sunday when we generally laid over. After having travelled in this way about ten days, we were fairly among the Pawnee Indians, the Buffalo, Antelope, and the Wolf, on the 23d of May we reached Fort Childs, here we saw the first house since we left St. Joseph, a distance of three hundred miles but the country is level and the soil extremely rich, producing excellent grass, and is well watered by the Blues and their tributaries. Fort Childs is situated at the head of grand Island, fourteen miles above where we first struck the Nebraska or Platte River. It is a new place, contains a few sod houses and a few military men.—From Fort Childs we followed up the Platte as far as Fort Sarimie a distance of three hundred miles from Fort Childs. About one hundred and ten miles up the river it forks, one called the South and the other the North, we followed the South fork about twenty miles and then crossed that branch and struck for Ash Hollow. From Fort Sarimie may be seen many of the wonders of the world, especially the wonderful and curiously shaped bluffs bounding the valley on both sides. I will give you a brief description of one of these bluffs as I recorded it in my Journal and will describe the rest at some other time, the object I shall describe is usually called the Court House from its resemblance. About two hundred and twenty five miles above Fort Childs, and about 8 miles to the left of the road is this famous object; we reached here on Friday noon, June 8th. It is distinctly seen from the road, and presents to the eye at once the most majestic and sublime appearance, at one view it would seem like a large and ancient tower apparently on the decline. On approaching nearer it would assume different aspects. Five of us set out and

reached this object in about two hours by fast walking, we found the base to be about a mile in circumference, and the object about 300 feet high. We undertook to ascend to its summit, we ascended about 250 feet without any difficulty, from here we had 50 feet to ascend in a perpendicular direction, we took out our pocket knives and commenced cutting holes for our hands and feet, and by so doing finally reached the top or summit, having had a fair view of the surrounding country and after inscribing our names, we fired our arms and then hastened to descend, in which we experienced rather more difficulty than ascending, we however all reached the base again, examined the composition of the rock, which we found nothing but consolidated sand, and every hail storm and heavy winds and rain are gradually crumbling down this wonderful object. We now left this great Court House formed by nature, and went in pursuit of our train and after walking about ten miles, being tormented with millions of Mosquitoes we finally reached our train just as the Sun was hiding beyond the horizon; all well.

On the following morning we set out early and before night we reached Chimney Rock. On the 14th of June we reached Fort Larimie, this is a small trading post for trappers and hunters through a great portion of the Territory, here we left the Platte Valley and all I have to say in respect to the Platte country it is a beautiful valley, in many places abounding with buffalo. I frequently saw as many as thirty in a drove near the road and miles off might be seen, often, hundreds at a time; we killed two very fine fellows. Elk, I saw but one on the whole route, but Antelope could be seen at all times; this animal looks very much like a deer but not quite so large. I will now leave the Platte and enter the black hills. The country from Fort Larimie presents an altered appearance westward from that east. On the 2nd of July we reached the summit of the Rocky Mountains a distance of 311 miles from Fort Larimie.

I almost forgot to mention Independence Rock; this rock is situated about two rods from Sweet water and covers about two acres of ground. It is composed of solid granite, is about 125 feet high. On and around its sides may be seen the names of hundreds of thousands who went to Oregon and California. A short distance from this rock Salaratus may be obtained to any amount. On the night of the 2nd we camped at the Pacific Spring, and this is the first water running westward, we met with for a thousand miles; showing conclusively we were now on the west side of the Rocky Mountains. About 80 miles before reaching the summit, we saw Fremont's Peaks. They presented a magnificent appearance, towering in the clouds and constantly covered with snow. It was remarkably cold crossing the mountains.—From the Pacific spring to big Sandy we travelled in one day 23 miles, then we celebrated the 4th of July, on the next day took Subletts cut off, a distance of 52 miles, without a drop of water, until we struck Green River. Then we recruited our cattle and during this time one of our men was taken sick with camp fever. We told the company if they choose to go on not to wait for us, for our sick man was not able to travel. * *

About 20 miles before reaching the Sink we took a cut off reported one hundred and twenty-five miles to the first diggings. Stimulated as many were with the idea, all fatigue was removed, travelling troubles forgotten. I was anxious to take the old route and told our company it was all a hoax, one hundred and twenty-five miles to the diggings, as we afterwards found out, but they would have their own way. We therefore took the new route and after a few miles travel got on a desert such as I never wish to see again, for 60 miles there was in fact no grass worth counting, the Cattle perished like flies. I presume I saw more than 2000 head perish for want of feed. We finally reached Black Rock, here is a hot Spring of enormous depth; this Spring, has been sounded 700 feet without finding bottom, the water is so hot that one cannot leave a finger in it a moment. Seven miles further are 7 or 8 more, in one of them one fell accidentally, and was sealed to death in an instant. On the 24th of August we reached Mud Lake, here we were informed by a government Officer that we had at least 350 or 400 miles to Sansons and that no diggings was known this side. Such was the startling news we received here. Our cattle were worn down, and two head we had already lost, and had several heavy deaths to pass over, still, we ourselves were almost completely worn down. Many persons lost all their cattle coming over the desert, and then took it afoot, what was to be done, to stop here was impossible, to go back we could not, we were already 2000 miles on our journey our only plan was to move onward, we did so and travelled day after day, we finally reached the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountain, (Sept. 5th) In a

few more days we struck Pitt river, we followed this river 100 miles and then crossed it, and struck for Sansons Settlement, 160 miles further. The first 100 miles of this road passed through the largest pine timber, I ever saw, I saw trees eight feet thick and sixty high, without a knot or limb. The last portion of this route was extremely bad, the road very rough and for sixty miles not a mouth full of grass. On this portion of the route the cattle died off like flies, one lost, the best one we had and three others gave out, but the three we finally got to Sansons, and traded them for a Spanish beef, we reached Sansons on the 2nd day of October, and here we saw the first house for 1500 miles travel. We were now completely worn down, having walked every day since early in the Spring. I did not ride on the wagon one mile during the whole of this distance, nearly twenty-five hundred miles. My feet and ankles as well as all the rest I heard of were completely worn out. I could oftentimes scarcely get one foot before the other. We drove three miles below Sansons and there recruited ourselves and cattle, on the beautiful banks of the Sacramento. During the whole of our journey here we had no trouble with the Indians as was anticipated, all that we met behaved themselves friendly. It is true some of the Emigrants had their cattle killed by them. I saw several of them myself with arrows in their sides and a few white persons were killed by them. The Sioux Indians about Larimie are said to be remarkably friendly and hospitable. The Sho-Shonees are alike friendly but the Diggers inhabiting the Humbolt are more savage. They go entirely naked, and are a lazy, filthy tribe. The number of Emigrants that came through was probably 20,000. They nearly all came through with ox teams. Some few with mules and now and then one with horses.

Some who had the best of teams commenced packing their pack horses would give out and then they would pack on oxen and after their giving out they would pack on their backs. We saw no rain for the last 1500 miles travel for it seldom rains west of the Rocky mountains after March. From that time till about the middle of November or later.

As I am now writing on my 3d sheet of paper I will hurry to the mines. From our recruiting place last mentioned we had sixty-five miles to Longs bar on Feather River which place we reached on the 13th day of October. Hence you may know we travelled a great distance from the 27th of March, till the 13th October, every day now and then one excepted, we travelled. I was glad after we had reached the mines. I was always on my feet from morning till night. I done all the cooking for 2000 miles. I often had to carry water two miles and wood nearly as far. Sometimes no wood could be got, I would then gather reeds and dead grass and do the best I could. I also drove our loose cattle 1300 miles. The old man Arnsperger was to assist me but he rode the horse all the way complaining of being unwell, so I had to do the best I could. Immediately after reaching Feather River, Houser and myself, went down into a ravine where he soon picked up a piece of gold worth about a dollar, in a few minutes he picked up another piece about the same size, the sun was shining dreadfully hot I sweated more that day than any one on the whole route. On this same day Houser was taken sick with the bloody flux and died in two weeks afterwards.

Now for the gold.
That there is gold in California is certain for I have myself seen more than \$50,000 dug out of the ravines and banks of Feather River. In any Ravine that empties in the river there is more or less gold. What the people average a day is impossible to tell. Some make an ounce, \$16 a day. Some half that, others one fourth, but my opinion is a person with a good rocker can average when the weather is good about \$12 a day. I believe the diggings here are about as good as any. I heard of a place 25 miles up this River that they are making from 1 to 2 oz, a day, I doubt it very much, but next summer fortunes will be made on the South and North forks, by turning the water and working the beds of the streams. I venture to say that in Feather River is more gold than all the gold that was ever handled in the United States a thousand times over.

I would not hesitate in saying that I could pick a spot within 150 yards of my house 100 ft square containing not less than one hundred millions of dollars but under water. Fine pieces are found on the highest mountains weighing from 10 to 80 dollars. Feather River is difficult to turn owing to the deep Canyon through which it passes and bounded by immense rocks on both sides.
Yours, &c.

A. H. Fetherman.