

# JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
**Jeffersonian Republican.**

**What is a Year.**  
'Tis but a year!  
On life's dark rolling stream,  
Which is so quickly gone that we  
Account it but a dream.  
'Tis but a single earnest throb  
Of Time's old iron heart,  
Which tireless now and strong as when  
It first with life did start.

What is a year! 'Tis but a turn  
Of Time's old brazen wheel;  
Or but a page upon the book  
Which death must shortly seal.  
'Tis but a step upon the road  
Which we must travel o'er,  
A few more steps and we shall walk  
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year! 'Tis but a breath  
From Time's old nostrils blown.  
As rushing onward o'er the earth,  
We hear his weary moan.  
'Tis like the bubble on the wave,  
Or dew upon the lawn,  
As transient as the mist of morn  
Beneath the summer sun.

What is a year! 'Tis but a type  
Of life's oft changing scene.  
Youth's happy morn comes gaily on  
With hills and valleys green.  
Next, Summer's prime succeeds the Spring,  
Then Autumn with a tear,  
Then comes old Winter—Death, and all  
Must find their level here.

## History of the Book of Mormon.

As the *Book of Mormon* or *Golden Bible* (as it was originally called), has excited much attention, and is deemed by a certain sect of equal authority with the sacred Scriptures, I think it a duty which I owe to the public to state what I know touching its origin. \* \* \* Solomon Spaulding to whom I was united in marriage in early life was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for a lively imagination and a great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage he resided in Cherry Valley, New York. From this place we removed to New Salem, Ashtabula county Ohio, sometimes called Conneaut, as it is situated on Conneaut Creek. Shortly after our removal to this place his health sunk and he was laid aside from active labors. In the town of New Salem there are numerous mounds and forts supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. These ancient relics arrest the attention of the new settlers, and become objects of search for the curious. Numerous implements were found and other articles evincing great skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man and passionately fond of history took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement and furnish employment for his imagination, he conceived the idea of giving an historical sketch of this long lost race. Their extreme antiquity led him to write in the most ancient style, and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as nearly as possible.—His sole object in writing this imaginary history was to amuse himself and his neighbors. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit occurred near the same time, and I recollect the date well from circumstance. As he progressed in his narrative his neighbors would come in occasionally to hear portions read, and a great interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by one of the lost nation, and to have been recovered from the earth, and assumed the title of "Manuscript Fund."

The neighbors would often inquire how Mr. Spaulding progressed in deciphering the manuscript; and when he had a sufficient portion prepared he would inform them and they would assemble to hear it read. He was enabled, from his acquaintance with the classic and ancient history, to introduce many singular names which were particularly noticed by the people, and could be easily recognized by them. Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother, Mr. John Spaulding residing in the place at the time who was perfectly familiar with the work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it read. From New Salem, we removed to Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania. Here Mr. Spaulding found a friend and acquaintance

in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. Patterson who was much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it for a long time, and informed Mr. Spaulding that if he would make out a title page and preface he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. Spaulding refused to do. Sidney Rigdon, who has figured so largely in the history of the Mormons was at that time connected with the printing office, of Mr. Patterson as is well known in that region, and as Rigdon himself has frequently stated, became acquainted with Mr. Spaulding's manuscript, and copied it. It was a matter of notoriety and interest to all connected with the printing establishment. At length the manuscript was returned to its author and soon after we removed to Amity, Washington county, &c., where Mr. Spaulding deceased in 1816. The manuscript then fell into my hands and was carefully preserved. It has frequently been examined by my daughter, Mrs. M'Kenstry, of Monson, Massachusetts, with whom I now reside, and by other friends. After the book of Mormon came out a copy of it was taken to New Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and the very place where the manuscript found was written. A woman preacher appointed a meeting there, and in the meeting read and repeated copious extracts from the book of Mormon.

The historical part was immediately recognized by the older inhabitants as the identical work of Mr. Spaulding, in which they had all been so deeply interested years before. Mr. John Spaulding was present, and recognized perfectly well the work of his brother. He was amazed and afflicted that it should have been perverted to so wicked a purpose. His grief found vent in a flood of tears, and he arose on the spot and expressed to the meeting his sorrow and regret that the writings of his deceased brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. The excitement in New Salem became so great that the inhabitants had a meeting, and deputed Dr. Philastus Hurlbut, one of their number, to repair to this place, and to obtain from me the original manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible, to satisfy their own minds, and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive. This was in the year 1834. Dr. Hurlbut brought with him an introduction and request for the manuscript, which was signed by Messrs. Henry Lake, Aaron Wright and others, with all of whom I was acquainted as they were my neighbors when I resided in New Salem. I am sure that nothing would grieve my husband more, were he living, than the use which has been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown about the composition doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to the purposes of delusion. Thus an historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions, and extracts from the sacred Scriptures, has been constructed into a new Bible, and palmed off upon a company of poor deluded fanatics as Divine.—*The Mormons; or Latter Day Saints.*

## Fatal Consequences of Folly

An occurrence, which happened at a young ladies' seminary in New York, is mentioned in the *Times* of that city, which presents another proof of the folly of indulging in the thoughtless practice of attempting to frighten others. Two of the young ladies in the institution were engaged in their own room, conversing upon the science of anatomy, in the course of which one of them proceeded to relate some experience she had formerly acquired in a dissecting room. Just as the conversation reached this point, the door of the room opened and another of the inmates of the seminary entered with slow and solemn tread, having a white sheet wrapped about her form, and her face powdered to perfect whiteness, her jet-black hair, eyes, and brows presenting a contrast which gave a startling lividness to her ghostlike countenance. The lady who was relating her experience, as already stated, is said to be mentally superior to any of her classmates, and noted for her strength of mind and freedom from nervousness and absurd sensibility. So sudden, however, was the approach of the figure, just at a moment when her mind was least prepared for any thing associated with thoughts of the dead, that upon beholding the apparition she fell senseless to the floor and awoke to the scenes around her only to show her anxious attendants that reason had fled and left sad tokens of the mental wreck. At last accounts no change was discoverable in the distressing symptoms of the unfortunate girl, and there is little encouragement to hope that reason will ever resume its seat.—This occurrence, of course, has produced much distress, both in the seminary and in the families of the respective parties.

The Persimmon County Debating Club out in Indiana, are debating the question: Which is the proudest, a girl with her first beau, or a woman with her first baby?

## Give Me a Friend.

BY STACY G. POTTS.  
Give me a friend to love me—  
A friend that I can love—  
And let the storm around me blow,  
The sky be dark above—  
The breathing of that gentle heart,  
The light of that bright eye,  
Shall be to me a world of wealth,  
The rainbow of my sky.

## Oregon.

We take the following from *The Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel*:  
PORTLAND, Oregon, Aug. 10, 1851.

Messrs. Editors: Perhaps a few lines from a former subscriber and resident of Wisconsin may not be unacceptable to your readers.

The first question that I would probably be asked would be, Do you like Oregon better than Wisconsin? This would be a difficult question for me to answer, prejudiced as I am in favor of the latter. It is hard to compare two regions of country so totally different in almost every respect. But, if I were asked in which country a farmer or mechanic could live the easiest and make the most money, I should, without hesitation, say Oregon.

From what I heard at home, I expected to find a country of unsurpassed fertility. In this respect I can assure your readers they would be disappointed. I do not think that any portion of America could compare with Wisconsin and Illinois in that respect; but we have here other advantages that far overbalance that. This is undeniably proved by the wonderful prosperity of the farmers generally, and indeed of all classes of men who are commonly industrious.

The great advantage the Oregon farmer has is the long Summer and the short and mild Winter. In Wisconsin the farmer is busy nearly the whole summer in preparing for the long and severe cold season. Here the cold season is so mild and short that but little such preparation is necessary. In the Upper Willamette Valley the grass continues green the whole year round. It is of a remarkably fattening quality. This makes Oregon the greatest stock-raising country in the world; and, with the whole Pacific coast for a market, it is incomparable. Oregon Butter and Cheese has already a name which it well deserves.

In regard to grain-growing, I will mention one fact that will sound strange to Wisconsin farmers. At the time when the gold was first discovered, farms, stores and work-shops were nearly totally deserted; all rushed for the mines. The dry summer weather at length coming on, and water becoming too scarce, they returned home to harvest the crops of wheat that were sown the preceding season. Of course they would not plow and sow again, as they knew they could return to the rich diggings with the commencement of the rains. The wet season came on and to the mines they went, returning home as before in the summer. They then found, as before, a fair crop ready for the harvest, growing from the waste of the year before, without one stroke of labor having been applied. This was repeated last season, making three crops from the same ground with but one planting.—This, I can assure your readers, is the fact, and shows how little labor is required in Oregon for the sustenance of life.

A variety of soil and timber is offered to the choice of the emigrant; those that prefer the woodland can have it to their heart's content. I see from my desk at this moment, thousands of straight, tall pines and firs 200 feet high, with scarcely a branch.

To me the openings and prairies are the most inviting. Many of the prairies contain but a few hundred acres, and are entirely surrounded by the forest; others are much larger, but always interspersed with groves of trees and water-courses. In fact, I look upon them as a perfect farmers' paradise. Above all their other advantages, I look upon their perfect healthfulness as the greatest of all.  
Jno. M. BRECK.

## Common Employment.

"What are you doing, Joe?" said I;  
"Oh! nothing sir," was Joe's reply,  
"And you there, Tom, pray let me know"  
"I'm busy, sir; I'm helping Joe."  
"Is nothing, then so hard to do,  
That thus it takes the time of two?"  
"No," says the other with a smile,  
And grins and chuckles all the while;  
"But we're such clever chaps, d'ye see,  
Nothing's too hard for Joe and me."

**Antidote Against Poison.**—Hundreds of lives might have been saved by a knowledge of this simple receipt. A large teaspoonful of made mustard mixed in a tumbler of warm water and swallowed as soon as possible; it acts as an instant emetic, sufficiently powerful to remove all that is lodged in the stomach.

**Cough in Horses.**—It is said that small twigs of cedar, chopped fine and mixed with their grain, will cure a cough; and that it has been used with complete success.

## An Electioneering Gem.

One of the greatest electioneers of the age is a Mr. Daniel R. Russell, a candidate for auditor in Mississippi. His mode of electioneering is to deal with the "sovereigns" with the most blunt frankness, discarding every particle of blustering humbug. The following sketch of a late speech delivered by him must have puzzled his opponent to reply to:

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—I rise—but there's no use of telling you that; you know I am up as well as I do. I am a modest man—very—but I have never lost a picayune in it in my life. Being a scarce commodity among candidates, I thought I would mention it, for fear if I didn't you never would hear it.

Candidates are generally considered as nuisances, but they are not; they are the politest men in the world, shake you by the hand, ask you how's your family, what's the prospect for crops, &c., and I am the politest man there is in the State. Davy Crockett says the politest man he ever saw when he asked a man to drink turned his back so that he might drink as much as he pleased. I beat that all hollow; I give a man a chance to drink twice if he wishes, for I not only turn around, but shut my eyes. I am not only the politest man, but the best electioneerer. You ought to see me shaking hands with the variations—the pump-handle and pendulum, the cross-cut and wiggle waggle. I understand the science perfectly, and if any of the country candidates wish instructions they must call on me.

Fellow-citizens, I was born—if I hadn't been I wouldn't have been a candidate; but I am a going to tell you where; 'twas not in Mississippi, but 'twas on the right side of the negro line; yet that's no compliment, as the negroes are mostly born on the same side. I started in the world as poor as a church mouse, yet I came honestly by my poverty, for I inherited it; and if I did start poor no man can say but that I have held my own remarkably well.

Candidates generally tell you if you think they are qualified, &c. Now, I don't ask your thoughts; I ask your votes. Why, there's nothing to think of, except to watch and see that Swan's name is not on your ticket. If so, think to scratch it off and put mine on.—I am certain that I am a competent, for who had ought to know better than I do? Nobody. I will allow that Swan is the best Auditor in the State—that is, till I am elected; then perhaps it's not proper for me to say anything more. Yet as an honest man, I am bound to say that I believe it's a grievous sin to hide any thing from my fellow-citizens; therefore, I say that it's my private opinion, publicly expressed, that I'll make the best Auditor ever in the United States.

'Tis not for honor I wish to be Auditor, for in my own county I was offered an office that was all honor—Coroner—which I respectfully declined. The Auditor's office is worth some \$5000 a year, and I am in for it like a thousand of brick. To show my goodness of heart, I'll make this offer to my competitor. I am sure of being elected, he will lose something by the canvass; therefore I am willing to divide equally with him, and make these two offers: I'll take the salary, and he may have the honor; or he may have the honor, and I'll take the salary.

In the way of honors I have received enough to satisfy me for life. I went out to Mexico, eat pork and beans, slept in the rain and mud, and swallowed every thing except life Mexicans. If ordered to "go," I went; "charge," I charged; "break for the chapparal," you had better believe I beat a quarter nag in doing my duty.

My competitor, Swan, is a bird of golden plumage, who has been swimming for the last four years in the Auditor's pond, at \$5000 a year. I am for rotation. I want to rotate him out, and to rotate myself in. There's plenty of room for him to swim outside of that pond; therefore *pop* in your votes for me; I'll *pop* him out and *pop* myself in.

I am for a division of labor. Swan says he has to work all the time, with his nose down to the public grindstone. Four years must have ground it to a pint. Poor fellow; the public ought not to insist on having the handle of his mug ground clear off. I have a large, full grown, and well-blown nose, red as a beet, and tough as sole leather. I rush to the post of duty. I offer it up as a sacrifice. I clap it on the grindstone. Fellow-citizens, grind away—grind till I *holler cough*, and that will be some time first, for I'd hang like grim death to a dead African.

Time's most out. Well, I like to forget to tell you my name. Its Daniel—for short Dan. Not a handsome name, for my parents were poor people, who lived where the quality appropriated all the nice names; therefore they had to take what was left and divide round among us; but it's handsome as I am.—R. Russell. Remember, every one of you, that it's not Swan.

your things, and make yourself at home. [Dan crawled out of the stand, bobbing his head like a tip-up, amid the cheers for "Dan," "A D—m Russell" and Young "Davy Crockett."]

## Variations from Climate in Organic Life.

Organic life assumes new characteristics under new influences. The domestic animals of Europe were not found in this country on its discovery. They escaped from the Spaniards, and ran wild for centuries. In consequence, new and striking characteristics have been acquired in accommodation to the novel circumstances. The wild hog strikingly resembles the wild boar of Europe. The hog of the mountains of Parasmus resembles the wild boar of France. Instead of bristles which the stock has from which he sprang, he has a thick fur, often crisp, and sometimes an undercoat of wool. Changes in color have taken place, and the anatomical structure has altered.

The ox has undergone similar changes; some in South America, called "pelones," having a clothing of fine fur; others with a naked skin, like the Mexican or Guinea dog. In Columbia the practice of milking cows was given up, and the secretion of milk is confined to the period of sucking the calf.

The wild dog of the pampas does not bark like the domestic dog, but howls like a wolf. The wild cat has lost the sweet music of the caterwauling concert. The wild horse of the higher plains of South America is covered with long shaggy fur of a uniform chestnut color. The sheep of the central Cordilleras produces a thick, matted, woolly fleece, which breaks off in tufts, and never re-appears. The goat has lost her large teats, and produces two or three kids annually.—Similar changes occur in geese and gallinaceous fowls. Rumpless ones have sprung up, wanting the caudal vertebrae. Cats are frequent on White river without tails.

The fat-tailed sheep of Tartary lose their mass of fat on removal to Siberia. The African sheep has become like a goat covered with hair. The Wallachian sheep are different still. The wild horses of Siberia have anatomical differences from tame ones. It is a question among naturalists whether the dog and wolf belong to the same species, though it is referred to one species. But between these the differences are immense, from the gigantic St. Bernard and the Newfoundland to the little lap dog in a lady's arms. The cow, the domesticated fowls, and pigeon have put on infinite varieties of size, color, and character.—*Scientific American.*

## To Cure a Felon.

Take one table spoonful of red lead, and one table spoonful of Castile soap, mix them with as much weak ley as will make it soft enough to spread like a salve, and apply it on the first appearance of the felon, and it will cure it in ten or twelve hours.

## Ignorance of Great Physical Truth.

How few men really believe that they sojourn on a whirling globe, and that each day and year of life is measured by its revolution, regulating the labor and repose of every race of being. How few believe that the great luminary of the firmament, whose restless activity they daily witness, is an immovable star, controlling by its solid mass, the primary plants which compose our system, and forming the ignomen of the great dial which measures the thread of life, the tenure of empires, and the great cycles of the world's change. How few believe that each of the millions of stars—those atoms of light which the telescope can scarcely descry—are the centre of a planetary system that may equal, if not surpass our own? And how very few believe that the solid pavement of the globe, upon which they nightly slumber, is an elastic crust, imprisoning fires and forces which have often burst forth in tremendous energy, and are at this very instant struggling to escape—now finding their way in volcanic fires—now upraising islands and continents, and gathering strength for the final outburst which is to usher in the new heavens and new earth "wherein dwelleth righteousness." Were these great physical truths objects of faith as well as deductions of reasons, we should lead a better life than we do, and make a quicker preparation for its close.

## The Highest Style Yet.

A correspondent of the Boston Bee, in describing the recent grand dress ball at Newport, says of a young lady, that she looked sweetly in a plain white muslin dress tucked up to the waist!

IF A venerable old lady, who had a singular faculty for skipping "hard words" in the text, came to the passage which says—"And the Lord smote Abijah, the High-priest, that he died," which she rendered thus—  
"And the Lord smote Abijah—His te ti fo, that he did."

## Three "Great Things" on their way.

It is a little odd that the three greatest inventions of the age have not yet, in spite of a good deal of preliminary description and announcement, been brought into practical use. We refer, to Paine's Gas Hillotype, and fire Annihilator. By coupling them, we do not mean to say that they are all alike; but strangely enough, they all deal in the same element of fire, either in the shape of light or heat. Mr. Paine proposes to light the world with gas made from water; the Annihilator proposes to extinguish fires with gas; and Mr. Hill proposes to give us colored pictures of landscapes, human faces, &c., by the aid of sunbeams only. Of the three we have not yet seen a single room lighted by Mr. Paine, a single picture painted by Mr. Hill, nor a single building extinguished by the Annihilator. The last, however, promises to be on hand first. Mr. Barnum, the energetic working man of the Fire Annihilating Company is to set "a house on fire" for us before a great while, when we trust (by his success) Mr. Paine will be encouraged to set the N. River on fire, or do something on a smaller scale in turning water into light; as for Mr. Hill, if he fails to appear soon, we shall think he is not a "colored gentleman," as he professes to be, and that he dares not to show his face.—N. Y. *Reveille.*

## How to cure a Cold.

Of all other means of curing colds fasting is the most effectual. Let whoever has a cold eat nothing whatever for two days, and his cold will be gone, provided he is not confined in bed, because by taking no carbon into the system by food, but consuming that surplus which caused his disease by breath, he soon carries off his disease by removing the cause. This will be found more effectual if he adds copious water drinking to protracted fasting. By the time a person has fasted one day and night he will experience a freedom from pain and a clearness of mind, in delightful contrast with that mental stupor and physical pain caused by colds. And how infinitely better is this method of breaking up colds than medicines!

## Terrible Drought in Texas.

The *Houston Telegraph* is informed that the drought has been so severe in the frontier counties of Texas, between the Trinity and the Brazos, that the grass through a belt of country more than a hundred miles broad, is literally parched up. It was so dry, that when rubbed between the hands, it crumbled like dry faxe.

The cedar forests in many places are all brown and sere; and scarcely a living tree could be found for miles. Fires had swept through some of these forests, and thousands of acres had been cleared as effectually as if the woodman's axe had been busy for years. The prairies are so parched that the Buffalo has deserted its old haunts, and the Indians are compelled to wander far to the north for game. Many of the prairie tribes are in a starving condition unless the government furnishes them food, all the troops in the Union cannot keep them from stealing the cattle of the frontier settlers!

## Important Legal Decision under the Homestead Exemption Law.

Court of Common Pleas.—Judges King and Kelly.—Henry vs. Williams. This was a rule to show cause why the sheriff's sale of the deft's real estate should not be set aside. At the time of the levy upon the property a notice was served on the sheriff, in compliance with the act of Assembly, setting forth that the defendant claimed the benefit of the law—the exemption of \$300. The sheriff appointed appraisers who reported that the property "could not be divided without injury to the whole," and it was accordingly sold for the nominal price of \$50. The counsel for the rule contended: First, that there was not a sufficient sum in the hands of the sheriff for the defendant to come upon; secondly that the report of the sheriff's appraisers was defective and invalid because no appraisement was made; And Thirdly, that the court has at any time before confirmation, the power to set aside a sheriff's sale. Rule absolute, and sale set aside. T. W. Higgins, Esq., for the rule; E. Heysham, Esq., contra; John Cadwallader, Esq., for the Sheriff.—*Phila. Argus.*

A fellow was engaged to a girl in Maine, but liked her sister better than he did her. Wishing to be off with the old one before he was on with new, he asked his betrothed what she would take to release him—she replied that about sixty-two dollars she thought was as much as he was worth; whereupon he paid the cash, took a quit claim, and married the sister.

The first newspaper tolerated in Virginia was in 1783; the subscription price was \$50 per annum, for one copy; advertisements of moderate length were inserted for ten dollars the first week and seven dollars for each week succeeding.