

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.

For the Jeffersonian Republican.

Scott Song.

Tune—Auld Lang Syne.
Our banner to the breeze we've flung,
We've raised our standard high,
When hark! the shout from every tongue,
Is on to victory.

Chorus—Our chieftain never faints away,
Before his country's foe,
He gained the day at Chippewa,
He'll gain it now also.

Our gallant chief is in the field,
Who never knew defeat,
He never faints, he never yields,
Nor from his foe retreats.

Bravely he fought at Chippewa,
As well as Lundy's Lane,
And when his country called for aid,
He hastened forth again;

To win new laurels for the head,
That never knew disgrace;
And now he boldly takes the lead,
To win another race.

Then Whigs with might and main awake,
Our leader's frank and bold,
The locus all with terror quake,
When'er his name is told.

With Scott and Graham on our shield,
We'll make the Pierce men fly,
We'll drive them fainting from the field,
And rush to victory.

Now loikes all, we charge you yield,
For if you don't remember,
Pierce fainted on the battle field,
He'll faint in next November.

Stroudsburg, Sept. 13, 1852.

London in 1852.

Mr. Weed, of the Albany Evening Journal, in a late letter from London says:

Have you a realizing sense of what London, in population and magnitude, really is? Do you know that in population it is larger than the census of 1840 showed the whole entire State of New York? The inhabitants of the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Albany, Troy, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo combined, would not make, by three or four hundred thousand another London!

It has already swallowed up all the surrounding villages, and is extending its "lamp districts" in every direction, as Milwaukee or Chicago spread themselves. I have driven five, six, seven, and eight miles in different quarters, without getting through the wilderness of dwellings.—The railroads run for miles, not through but over the city. And as for the wealth of London, why that is beyond the power, if not of figures at least of computation.

Plowing and Seeding.

Messrs. Editors—I wish you would encourage our agriculturists always to seed their grounds as fast as they plow. The amazing advantages will at once be apparent to the reflecting farmer. To those who will not think on the subject enough at once to see its importance, I recommend to "try a patch."
It is lamentable to see so many farmers plowing for a week, and then when the whole field is done, and the weed and grass seed pretty well germinated, begin to put in their crops.
The moisture and mellowness of the earth, when first turned, creates immediate vegetation; delay loses this to the crop, and gives the advantage to the weeds and grass that are in the soil. Only look at it!

AGRICULTOR.

The above is from the *Ohio Cultivator*. Farmers are not as likely here, as there, to have a field that will occupy one week in the plowing. We are over-fond of small patches, and four-acre lots. But the advice of *Agricola* is good anywhere; and we also advise a trial of "a patch."
—*Journal of Agriculture*.

James McDonnell, residing near Springfield, Ill., sheared one of his French merino sheep, a few days since, and the fleece was found to weigh 27 1/2 lbs.

Questions for *Errata*.—If a hole is twice as wide as it is deep, and twice as deep as it is wide, how many potatoes will it hold provided they are half mercers.

Synopsis of Decision of the Superintendent.

The constable or collector who receives from the treasurer the schedule of unpaid school tax, under the provisions of the 28th section of the general school law of 1849, is responsible for all taxes which by due or ordinary diligence he might have collected, the persons charged having property sufficient and liable for the taxes.

School directors acting together as a board, (where there are no sub-districts) alone may properly employ and fix the salaries of teachers. Where there are sub-districts the committees select the teacher, subject to the approval of the board of directors. A "custom" to employ and pay teachers without the action of the board, can not be recognized as a valid custom, and be of itself set up as conclusive or binding on the board. But where the custom existed, and a teacher was employed by a director, and taught under his contract for a limited time with the knowledge of the board—was officially known and recognized as a teacher, either by having his school and number of scholars taught, &c., returned in the annual report to the superintendent, or by the receipt of his own reports to the payment of expenses of office, &c., or on account of his salary, or in any other way, he may recover and require payment from the board for the amount due him, as per agreement with the director employing him; not because the contract was originally binding on the board, but because by their subsequent conduct, during the period the teacher was actually rendering the services, the board impliedly at least ratified and approved the contract and made it their own.

Committees of sub-districts have no power to close schools. The directors of the district are responsible for maintaining and keeping open the schools of the district, and the "care" which the committee may exercise must be subject to the use of the schools under the board of directors, and not to "care" to the extent of closing them; otherwise, such closing would defeat their use.

The school directors alone have the control over the school houses of the district. They hold them to be used for school purposes only, and may prohibit their use for any other. They should not permit them to be used for any other than school purposes when held solely by the school district, unless in cases where the purpose is innocent or promotive of public good, and not objected to by any considerable portion of the tax-payers of the district. Even in such cases the directors have the right to refuse the use of the school houses. If other parties take possession of the school houses, without the consent of the directors, they are trespassers, and may be held jointly or severally liable for all damages done, in a civil action, and, also, where the taking of possession was by force and violence, be prosecuted criminally for a forcible entry.

Guardians resident within a district, of wards residing elsewhere, may be required to pay the school tax upon all the taxable personal property they represent on behalf of their wards. Real estate is taxable only in the district in which it is located.

The 11th section of the general school law of 1849, provides:—"If it shall be found that on account of great distance from or difficulty of access to the proper school house in any district, some of the pupils thereof could be more conveniently accommodated in the schools of an adjoining district, it shall be the duty of the directors of such two adjoining districts to make an arrangement by which such pupils may be instructed in the most convenient school of the adjoining district, and the expense of such instruction shall be paid as may be agreed upon by the directors of such adjoining districts." From this extract the duty of the directors to make, under the circumstances there contemplated, the necessary "arrangement," is expressly enjoined, and directors cannot avoid making the same upon proper request, without a clear violation of such duty and proper liability for such delinquency. The basis of the arrangement is, that "the expense of such instruction" shall be paid to the board of directors of the district teaching the pupils, by the adjoining district. The amount of tax paid

by the parents or guardians of the pupils should not be regarded in making arrangement, for all the children of a district have an equal right to the benefits of the common school system. "The expense of such instruction" can be readily ascertained by a reference to the whole number of pupils taught in any one district, and the entire cost of teaching the same. The right of pupils who are thus located in reference to the schools of their own and of an adjoining district, is as undoubted and well sustained by the law as the right of a pupil to be taught in his own district.

On Good Terms with Death.

In the Southern part of Tonquin, the above highly compliment you can pay to a distinguished personage, and the dearest token of esteem for a revered friend is the present of a coffin. A number of Catholic priests of native origin, joined in giving a coffin as a New-Year's present to the Bishop of Laranda, who had instructed them in theology, saying he was growing old and they could never have a more suitable opportunity to offer him that necessary piece of furniture. At the same time they called his attention to the excellence of the wood, and the beauty of the work. Such is the custom of the country; no person who has reached the age of fifty is without a coffin, which not only stands ready for its prospective use, but serves even now, as a table by day and a bed by night. The children of a family in good circumstances will combine, to offer a handsome coffin to their father and mother, and pupils make the same present to a venerated teacher.—Death there has no terrors. A poor widow, with young children, fall dangerously sick, and the first care of his friends was to borrow a coffin for him. When this was announced to the sufferer he trembled with joy, and asked to see the borrowed article. "Now," said he, "let me die, for if I live I will have to return it, and who knows if I can ever procure another?" In the same spirit the friends of a dying person speak in his presence of his approaching end, and of the preparations for his funeral. The Bishop above referred to, says that one day he visited a catechumen, whose malady, though likely to be prolonged, was sure to end fatally, and found a woman sitting by his bedside making the mourning clothes for the family. At the door was the carpenter engaged in making the coffin in sight of the patient, who directed the work with the utmost particularity.

These particulars we gather from a letter of the good Bishop, to a friend in France, published in the *Journal des Debates*.—*Tribune*.

"Sir," said a pompous personage, who once undertook to bully your editor, do you know that I take your paper? I've no doubt you take it, replied the man with the quill; for several of my honest subscribers have been complaining lately about their papers being missing in the morning.

"I Cannot Swim."

Such was the New York Day Book, was the agonizing ejaculation of hundreds, as they let themselves down into the water from the Henry Clay, "I cannot swim!" What a terrible thought to one on board a burning vessel. We can imagine nothing more so. The idea that you must sink down helpless, hopeless, into the dark sullen waters, and have them close over you forever is the most horrid of all conceivable things.

How different from one who leaps in perfect confidence into the deep, sinks for a moment beneath the surface, comes up, throws the water from his locks, and strikes out boldly for the shore. He laughs at danger and says his life, amid the agony and terror of hundreds, who sink to rise no more.

Every boy and girl should learn to swim. It costs nothing, not even trouble, and is worth more than all the Latin and music ever learned. A good swimmer is not frightened out of his senses, and in cases of imminent danger his services are available in more ways than one. By all means learn to swim.

"My dear" said a young gentleman to a young lady, to whom he thought to be married, "do you wish to make a fool of me?"

"No," replied the lady, "Nature saved me the trouble."

Letter from an Old Soldier.

We have believed, (says the Huntsville *Southern Advocate*), since the canvass opened actively, that Scott would carry Tennessee. There was some disaffection at first, some few soured politicians flew off, but the bone and sinew stood firm, closed their ranks, fixed bayonets, and charged their opponents. The indications now are that the soldier State is safe for the gallant old soldier who has always led the columns to victory. As one of the many indications we see, we copy the following letter from Lieut. Shields, of Sevier county, East Tennessee. The Knoxville Register says he "is one of those who volunteered from Sevier county to serve in the Mexican war; was afterwards a lieutenant, commissioned by Polk, fought in every battle in the valley of Mexico, was several times wounded in battle, as the scars on his body testify." He now is enthusiastic for Scott. Listen how he talks about his old commander; his words come bursting from the heart, and communicate an electric thrill to the hearts of others:

SEVIERVILLE, August 6, 1852.

To the Editor: I learn by the newspapers that some man in "Little Kentuck" has become very angry at me because I, a Democrat, should support my old commander, General Scott. I had supposed this was a free country, and that a man had a right to vote for whom he pleased. The writer of that article says that I am a convert. In that you are correct; I was a Democrat, and at first felt like supporting Pierce; but when I remembered the trials and dangers I had gone through while under Scott, I did not feel that I could do my feelings justice and vote against him.

When I thought of the long and toilsome march from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, when we were fifty days in the heart of an enemy's country, cut off from all supplies, as well as from all communication with our own country and friends, surrounded by guerrillas on every side; and when you heard of us again we had planted the star-spangled banner upon the Halls of the Montezumas, and it was still floating triumphantly in the breeze over as brave an army and as noble a commander as ever went forth to battle; and when I heard my brave old commander abused I could stand it no longer. Well do I remember with what kindness he visited the sick and wounded in that campaign, and how he administered to their wants day after day. I tell you, Mr. Editor, the officers and soldiers under his command loved him. You, my brother soldiers, remember how he visited the hospitals in the city of Mexico, and how he administered to the wants of the sick, furnishing each man with a shirt, a blanket, a pair of shoes, and a dollar's worth of tobacco; and I for one drew all these comforts, and a knapsack also, as did all others who lost their lives in battle. But now I am to be abused because I choose to vote for my kind, generous, noble brave old commander; and that, too, by a man who fires from behind a masked battery and won't sign his name.

I venture the man that has written against me, and who is trying to tear down Scott, never slept on a wet blanket; never stood sentry at night for his country; was never put on half rations and hard crackers, and was never compelled to drink warm water, unless it was to work off a dose of physic. But if I am not mistaken, in November next we will give you a hasty plate of Scott soup, that you will find warm enough for your comfort, and the water of it shall be real Niagara water.

But I said the soldiers under Scott's command loved him. You, brother soldiers, remember when he was arrested; you remember the morning he left the army for the United States, and what was done that day; yes, every regiment marched round his quarters, clad with a badge of mourning, in order to show how they honored and loved him. You know we had orders not to cheer; but one of the volunteer companies was obliged to cheer and break the solemn silence, and cheer they did. This was a company of sharpshooters who took a part at Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo, and who did so much of the guerrilla fighting on the road to the valley of Mexico. They were a noble set of fellows, and did their duty to a man.—You all remember how slow and slug-

gishly we marched up the hill that brought us in view of the capital, before the battle of Contreras, and, on arriving at the top of it, there was our old commander looking through his spy glass and crying out to us as we passed him: "Boys, the capital, the capital!" My fellow-soldiers, how did you feel in that hour? Did't you feel new life take hold of your weary toil-worn limbs; and were we not led on from victory to victory until Scott was arrested and torn away from his noble army by his own Government? But, by the blessing of God, we will try and be with him again in November; and whenever Scott leads victory is sure. Newspapers may talk about Sevier county falling off five hundred votes, and all that kind of stuff, but with old Scott as our leader, she will roll up the largest Whig vote she ever gave. The "pine knot" boys who served under him are here, and they will count in any crowd.

And now, fellow soldiers, let's give "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, for our brave old chieftain, General Scott." "Eyes right," "forward march."
J. W. SHELDON.

One of the Girls.

A Correspondent of the *Boston Journal* gives the following description of a young lady residing at East Alstead, in Cheshire county, N. H.

While on a visit to my friends in New Hampshire the past week, I had the pleasure of an introduction to Miss Rosina Delight Richardson, the only daughter of Mr. Nathaniel and Mrs. Mary Richardson. Miss Rosina is nineteen years of age, is 5 feet 3 1/2 in height, measures 5 feet 4 1/2 inches around the waist, (6 feet 2 inches around the hips), 22 inches around the arm above the elbow, and 2 feet 10 inches in a straight line across the shoulders. At birth she weighed 6 pounds, at 5 years 14 1/2 pounds, at 10 years, 26 1/2 lbs. at 15 years, 36 1/2 lbs. at nineteen years of age, she weighs 47 1/2 lbs. On estimating the quantity of cloth in her clothing when dressed for a ride on a winter's day, we found it to contain 6 1/2 yards of 3/4 yard wide cloth.

She has brown hair, dark blue eyes, is of fair complexion, and has what physiologists would call a well balanced head, the preceptive organs predominating.—She can knit, spin, weave, make a shirt, or a batch of bread, is a good singer, and plays the piano with taste and skill—is considered one of the best scholars in the town where she resides,—is courteous and affable, and lively in conversation, and evinces a general knowledge which might raise a blush on the cheek of some of our city belles.

Curious Offer.

The Parisians are in quite a panic because of the numerous cases of hydrophobia the present season. We find the following curious offer in the papers:

A Professor Jaquemart, in a letter to the *Debates*, declares his conviction that hydrophobia is nothing but "a nervous affection, caused only by fright and the instinct of imitation." He rejects the supposition that madness is communicated by a bite, and avers that all attacks of rage may be calmed by a vigorous exertion of the will, and that they are communicated in the same way as epileptic fits are known to be communicated from one person to another. To prove the justice of these views he offers to allow himself to be bitten by dogs recognized by physicians as mad, on condition that a fund be raised to pay the actual expenses and the possible consequences of a fatal termination. To this, M. Grosjean, a gentleman known for the interest he takes in discovering a remedy, has replied that an individual who shall be anonymous has placed him in possession of the necessary means, and he now awaits the convenience of M. Jaquemart to commence the grand experiment.

An Irish woman, who kept a little grocery, was brought to her death-bed, when on the point of breathing her last, called her husband to her bedside.

"Janie, there's Missus Maloney, she owes me six shilling," said she faintly.

"Och! Biddy, darlint, ye're sensible to the last," exclaimed the husband.

"Yes, dear; and there's Missus McCraw, I owe a dollar."

"Och! ye jabbers, ye're as foolish as ever."

There are two things that modest men should never undertake—to borrow money or study law.

Gas Lights in the Country.

The modern fashion of lighting houses by gas has hitherto been regarded as one of the peculiar luxuries of city life, which those inhabiting the more secluded portions of the country could not enjoy; but among the many other ingenious contrivances of this active age, an invention has recently been made which seems to overcome entirely all former objections in this regard, and it not only promises to supersede all other kinds of light, where a large quantity is required, but greatly to diminish the cost, by enabling every housekeeper and factory manager to make his own gas.

We had the pleasure on Thursday evening of witnessing the operation of an apparatus of this kind at the house of Mr. C. W. Dusenbery, President of the United States Portable Gas Company, who resides in Orange, and introduced it in his dwelling for the purpose of testing its capacities. It is beautifully simple and compact, occupying but a few square feet of space, and is said to require no more skill for its management than a common coal fire. It consists of a small can, or reservoir, containing a coarse kind of rosin oil, a "small stove," and a gasometer.—The oil passes through a pipe and drips upon a metallic plate placed over the coals in the small cylindrical stove; it there flashes into gas, which immediately rises through a deposit of lime-stone placed over the plate, and thence it passes, purified, through another pipe to the gas holder—a sheet-iron drum, rising and falling in a tank of water, as it is filled or exhausted. From this gasometer it passes through the pipes like other gas, to the burners. The apparatus may be separate, and the evaporating part, we are assured, may be inserted in a kitchen range, or any other contrivance for cooking or heating. The light is remarkably brilliant and pure, emitting no unpleasant odor nor smoke.

The material used in making the gas, is the first run of liquid produced in making rosin oil; this is sold for a shilling a gallon, which is estimated to produce a 100 cubic feet of gas. Mr. Dusenbery's apparatus supplies eight burners, each of which gives as much light as those in our stores, and he estimates the cost not to exceed seven cents per night—of five hours burning.

Professor Renwick, who, with other scientific men, have examined it pronounce his belief in its practicability and economy; a table has also been prepared of the cost, &c., (estimated at \$1.50 per thousand cubic feet), which states the saving on 25 lights, used five hours per night, to be \$511 a year over the city gas, which is certainly something of an item in domestic economy. The cost of such an apparatus is \$150. The proprietors of the patent are desirous of forming a Company with a small capital, for making apparatus in this city, which is believed to afford superior facilities for mechanical enterprise, and we understand that orders are already waiting here and in New York sufficient to ensure a successful commencement at least. Indeed, the facilities it will afford for lighting churches, public houses, factories and dwellings, in country villages, will attract a large share of attention, and its economy and beauty will cause it to be used in many large establishments in cities where companies already exist. The subject is certainly worth an examination.—*N. Y. Courier*.

Useful Receipts.

A Correspondent of the *Germantown Telegraph* furnishes the following remedies:

Blind Stoppers in Sheep.—Melt a half a pint of hog's lard, and turn it down the throat of a sheep afflicted with this disease, and it will effect an almost instantaneous cure.

To Keep Bugs out of Peas.—By shelling and drying peas, for two days in the sun, bottling in glass bottles, air-tight, there will be no bugs in them at planting time. We have done as I have stated, and found the result satisfactory.

Ring Bone.—Mix equal parts of spirits turpentine and common lamp oil, and apply to the part affected night and morning, rubbing it well into the hair around the edge of the hoof.

Scratches in Horses.—Wash the legs thoroughly in strong soap suds, and then in beef brine. A pickle made of salt and water, strong enough to bear up an egg, may be used as a substitute for the latter, but is not so good. Repeat the washing till you effect a cure.

Tricks, Lice and other Vermin on Cattle.—A small piece of brimstone, as large as a kernel of corn, thoroughly pulverized and mixed with salt, once a week, will protect all kinds of domestic animals from parasitical vermin, and even cause them to leave after they have once made their attack. The quantity may be increased one half or more, if necessary.

Saliva in Horses.—Mix a tablespoonful of flour of sulphur in the salt, give them once or twice a week.

Oh papa! Doctor M.—had sich hard work in pull mother's bad tooth out.

"Had he, my son?" "Yes, I see him try first with his pincers, then he put his mouth rite close to mother's and pulled it out with his teeth."