



Jeffersonian Republican.
Thursday, December 22, 1852.

Wood! Wood!! Wood!!!

In order to accommodate such of our subscribers who are indebted to us, and cannot make it convenient to pay, we are willing to receive, a lot of good sound dry wood. We trust that a number of patrons will avail themselves of this opportunity and square up their accounts.

Pennsylvania School Journal.

This excellent magazine is published monthly for one dollar per annum at Lancaster. The editor is Thomas H. Burrows, who has been deservedly called "the Father of our present common school system." Other states have long maintained such a periodical, and cannot the old Keystone? Teachers do your duty.

On Sunday last, a large drove of Turkeys, and also one on Tuesday, en route for the New York market, passed through this place.

Washington National Monument.

The Washington Monument is now one hundred and twenty-two feet high, and will, in all probability, before the close of the building season, reach the height of one hundred and twenty-four feet. It has yet to reach an additional elevation of three hundred and seventy-six feet to make it what it is to be, the most lofty edifice in the world, in commemoration of him who, in all the attributes of greatness, was the most lofty of human beings.

A correspondent of the London Times draws a heart-rending picture of the distress to which vast numbers of the poor of Ireland are brought by their landlords. Speaking of the county of Mayo, he says:—"The whole population of a district many miles in extent are simply turned out into the roads to go where they please, and live or die as they can."

Steamboat Maj. Barnet.

The Easton Whig says:—"The steamer Maj. Barnet, lying at the foot of Northampton street since last spring, raised her steam last Monday morning and passed down the Delaware. We learn that it is not the intention of Capt. YOUNG to run her between Easton and Lambertville hereafter. She will be taken into other waters.

U. S. Senator from Arkansas.

Hon. William K. Sebastian (Dem.) was re-elected to the U. S. Senate for six years from 4th of March next, by the Arkansas Legislature, on the 10th inst., by a vote of 85 to 4 for John S. Roane (Dem.) and 6 for William Stith. The two Houses also elected a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court on the same day, by a nearly unanimous vote, George C. Watkins receiving 94 votes and Mr. Craighead 1.

A dividend of thirty per cent, is ready to be paid to the creditors of the Commercial Bank, New Jersey, by Thom-Marsh, one of the Receivers, on presentation of certificates at the State Bank, New Brunswick, N. J.

Convention of Slaveholders.

A Convention of owners of slaves from Mason, Bracken and other counties in Kentucky has been held, to devise some way of preventing the escape of slaves.—They would have slave protection societies formed in each county in Kentucky, each to have a pursuing committee. A census to be taken of all the slaves in each county owned by members—a fund raised to pay a stipulated reward for recapture and the expenses of the pursuit of the slaves of members—to pay to citizens of free States for the capture of fugitives at the following rates: \$50 for a slave over 16 years old, \$100 for younger ones, and \$50 for information which results in the capture of a fugitive.

Land warrants are bought by the brokers in Cincinnati at the following rates:—160 acres, \$140; 80 acres, \$70; and 40 acres, \$36. Few are being offered.

There is an old man in Belgrade, on the frontiers of Hungary and Turkey, who has attained the enormous age of one hundred and seventy-two years. He is still in possession of all his faculties, and smokes his pipe regular. Fifty years ago he used to go out hunting with his grandson, and it is not quite one hundred years since he made his third marriage with a young girl of nineteen, whom he has outlived by forty-four years.

From California.

By the Prometheus, at New York, we have San Francisco news to the 1st inst. The steamer California having sailed on that day for Panama, with the mails and \$2,644,000 in gold dust. American Flour at San Francisco was worth \$52. Political excitement ran high, and a large vote was expected. Cotton, equal to any grown in the Southern States, had been raised in San Joaquin county; and Coal had been discovered in Trinity county. The accounts from the gold mines were favorable.

From Europe.

The Baltic arrived at New York on Sunday, with Liverpool dates to the 17th. Among her passengers is the Rev. Albert Barnes. The Cotton market was dull, without material change. The market for Breadstuffs had improved, and sales were made at an advance of six pence a barrel, chiefly for export. There is no other news of importance.

A gentleman near Lebanon, was recently married to his fifth wife. He is already the father of twenty-one children.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. Weaver & Orth, editors of the *Harrisburg Democrat*, for libel, on the oath of Mr. Geo. Berger, was tried in the Quarter Sessions last week, and resulted in the conviction of the defendants.

Sailors' wages are very high at New York; on vessels for the China trade, \$20 per month are given.

The vote in Morgan county, Va., last year for Governor stood, Democrat 288, Whig 288. This year for President it stands, Pierce 291, Scott 291.

In Rockbridge Co. Virginia, there is one town called Jerusalem, and another called Hell Town. We learn by the Richmond Enquirer, that the Whigs carried Jerusalem, and the Locos Hell Town.—After all, there is something in a name.

A small town in Montgomery county, North Carolina, called "The Forks," voted unanimously for Scott and Graham, at the late election. There are one hundred and twenty-five voters in the place, but not a solitary Pierce and King man.

Death of Hon. John Searegent.—We regret to learn of the death of this eminent citizen of Philadelphia. He died at 9 o'clock, on Tuesday evening 23d ult. He held many posts of honor, and was one of the most distinguished lawyers and statesmen in this country. "Peace to his ashes!"

Hon. Walter Forward died at Pittsburgh on Wednesday Morning.

Veteran Voters.

The Painesville (O.) Telegraph says Dea. Rider and James Woodworth, of that town, both of whom voted for Washington, for President, voted on the 2d ult., for John P. Hale.

The Northampton Gazette says: "Oliver Graves, aged 92; Justin Morton aged 91; and Consider Morton, brother to Justin, aged 94, of Whately, were born in the same house, voted for Gen. Washington, and have voted at every Presidential election. We doubt whether another such remarkable trio can be found in the commonwealth. Col. Samuel Thompson, of Amherst, a revolutionary pensioner, over 99 years old voted Scott.

Among those who voted in Newport, R. I., for Scott and Graham, was Nathan Munro, who is one hundred years old.—He voted for Washington at his first election.

The Portland Advertiser states that Mr. Conrad Heyer, of Waldoboro', Me. aged 103 years, notwithstanding the severity of the storm, travelled six miles and was at the polls as usual, and cast his vote for Gen. Scott. Mr. Heyer has voted at every Presidential election, and has always been a Whig. He served three years in the war of the Revolution.

In Newton township, Sussex county, N. J., Benjamin Halsey, Esq., who has voted at every Presidential election since the establishment of the Government, and who numbers among the great names whom he has supported, those of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Clay, Harrison and Taylor, appeared at the poll on the 2d ult., and voted for Winfield Scott.—*Sus. Reg.*

California contains four hundred thousand square miles. This would give eight States as large as New-York State, fifty as large as New-Jersey, and fifty-seven as large as Massachusetts. With a population equal per square mile to that of New-Jersey, California would support eighteen millions of inhabitants; if equal to Massachusetts, forty millions—or fifteen millions more than the present population of the entire United States.

Rev. Joseph Case, a young Baptist clergyman, was killed near Bruce's Cross Roads, S. C., on the evening of election day, by the falling of a decayed tree upon him, while he was passing home. Another man was knocked down, but recovered, and several others received some injuries.

An Experiment.

The New York Tribune says:—"Single results are obtained in this city from a very simple application of the nervous fluid, animal magnetism, or whatever be the agency, to brute matter. Let a party of six or eight persons sit around a common pine table for twenty minutes to half an hour with the palms of the hands held flat on the top of the table; it is not necessary that their minds should pay any attention to the process, or conversation be suspended; but presently the table becomes so charged with the mysterious fluid that it begins to move; then rise from it; push away your chairs, still holding your hands near, though it is necessary to touch it, and it will turn around from end to end, and even proceed rapidly about the room, without any visible agent, on which excursions the persons must bear it company, or the current is broken and the movement stops. This simple experiment may easily be tried; it requires no faith and no outlay of moral strength; and the result, with a table that is not too heavy, is pretty sure to follow."

A Prediction.

The *Natchez Free Trader* makes the following prediction, the truth or falsehood of which will be demonstrated in less than one month: "We predict that by the 1st of January, 1853, a revolution will be in the States of Zacatecas, Tamulipas, Chihuahua, and all the Northern States of Mexico.—The object will be to establish an independent confederated Republic, similar to the United States. It will be under the lead of Americans, though nominally under that of Mexicans. It will be successful, and will have a material bearing on the destiny of the South, of the United States, and of this continent."

The Purchase of Cuba.

The National Intelligencer publishes a very interesting collection of public documents relating to the efforts of the United States to purchase the island of Cuba from Spain. It seems that this subject has engaged the attention of our government at intervals for the last thirty years; and that among the official papers recently transmitted to Congress upon the subject are letters from Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster and other distinguished men. The last effort for the purchase of Cuba was made under the administration of Mr. Polk. Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State under President Polk, instructed Mr. Saunders, then our minister at Madrid, to open negotiations, directly but cautiously with the Spanish Government, for the transfer of Cuba to the United States; that he was authorized to give the most positive assurances that the United States would never permit the transfer of the island to England, or any other European power; and that the sum of \$100,000,000 was further tendered to Spain in exchange for Cuba. The details of the various conversations had upon this subject, with the Spanish ministers, as given by Mr. Saunders possess some interest. The Spanish government not only declined to listen to the proposition, but declared that it would sooner see Cuba sunk in the ocean than consent to its transfer to any other power.

Thus the question stands. If the U. States ever obtain Cuba, they will be compelled to go to war for it.

A New Motive Power.—It is stated that Mr. Charles Mowry, of the city of Auburn, N. Y., has invented an arrangement by which the elasticity of compressed air can be used to propel railroad engines any distance required. The air is compressed by water power or otherwise, and carried in a tube or pipe the whole length of the road.

Sugar, starch and gum are compounds of char-coal and water, in different proportions. For proof, place a small quantity of either in a tumbler, and cover the same with oil vitriol (sulphuric acid), stir the mixture with a piece of wood or a glass rod. In a minute or so, the sugar, or starch or gum will blacken; the mixture will become hot; steam (water) will be evolved, and charcoal deposited in the glass.

A BLUE BEARD.—In Cincinnati, Mr. Samuel Parker, seventy years of age, has just married his sixth wife. Since his first, he has always married a widow, and never remained a widower longer than six months at one time.

E. B. Washburn, Esq., just elected to Congress in Illinois, is a brother to Israel Washburn, recently elected in Maine.—They are the sons of Israel Washburn, Esq., of Maine. This is probably the first instance of two brothers meeting together in Congress from two extremes of the Union, both Whigs, and printers by trade, and both highly esteemed for their talents and moral worth.

The State House, at Trenton, is about to be renovated and put in perfect order for the members of the Legislature, who will make their appearance on the second Tuesday in January.

The aggregate wealth of the United States amounts to \$12,000,000,000, and the population is 24,000,000 of souls.—The wealth, divided by the population, give \$500 to each person, young and old; and counting five persons to each family, it would give the handsome little fortune of \$2500 to every family of the Republic, not excluding the slaves.

The *Louisville Democrat* has the following startling statistics of the swine business of the West: Ohio, in 1850, produced 1,964,770 hogs. Kentucky, 2,801,163. Illinois, 1,915,910. Indiana, 2,263,776. Tennessee, 3,114,111.

Total 12,119,630 hogs.

This is coming it pretty strong—half a hog to every man, woman and child in the Union; but it is nothing to what we are threatened with at the next census, in 1860. Here is a grand total of over twelve million of swine from only five States, and these States not a quarter settled. If this it not going the whole swine, we should like to know what is. Why, if these porkers were placed in a row, and a continuous line formed by placing the caudal appendage of the first in the mouth of the second, and so on, through the entire millions, and taking no unfair advantage by untwisting the kinks, but allowing only four feet to each animal, there would be nine thousand, one hundred and eighty-one miles and a half continuous pork; or if Synmes' hole could be found, they would stretch quite through our globe from arctic to antarctic pole, leaving, besides, a handsome projection of over five hundred miles above the surface on each side; or, supposing the Atlantic to be three thousand miles abroad, and the width of each pig to be but eighteen inches, a pig bridge of nearly five feet broad might connect New-York and London—making a road broad enough for a neat hand to tool a sulky through in handsome style.—It is no joking matter, but a pretty serious and substantial fact. What we are coming to at this rate, no one can tell. This western country will become one vast hog pen if this thing continues to increase at this rate.

Gerrit Smith.

Gerrit Smith has announced, in a card, the principles he intends to maintain as a member of Congress. He declares that by no possibility can Slavery be brought into or recognized by, either the Federal or any State Constitution;—that "the right to land is as natural, absolute and equal as the right to the light and the air;"—that "political rights are not conventional but natural, inhering in all persons, the black as well as the white, the female as well as the male;" and that the province of Government is but to protect persons and property; everything else falling within the voluntary principle, and resting solely upon individual effort.—These are among the positions he intends to maintain. We do not doubt that he sincerely believes them; and we know that he will argue in support of them with candor, serious earnestness and marked ability.

Harboring Fugitive Slaves.

We have already stated that in the U. S. Circuit Court at Philadelphia, Messrs. Oliver and others, of Maryland, had obtained \$2,800 damages against Daniel Kauffman, of Pennsylvania, for harboring and concealing thirteen fugitive slaves.—Judge Grier, in his charge to the jury, took the ground that the Fugitive Slave Act did not contemplate making mere acts of charity and kindness to the fugitive a crime; but that the "harboring contemplated as criminal, must include the idea of encouraging the slave in his escape from his master and impeding and frustrating the attempts of the master to reclaim his slave. The Judge said: "It is too plain for argument that this act does not intend to make common charity a crime, or treat that man as guilty of an offence against his neighbor, who merely furnishes food, lodging, or raiment to the hungry, weary, or naked wanderer, though he be an apprentice or a slave. On the contrary, it contemplates not only an escape of the slave, but the intention of the master to reclaim him. It points out the mode in which this reclamation is to be made, and it is for unlawful interference or hindrance of this right of reclamation secured to the master by the constitution and laws that this action is given. The harboring made criminal by this act, then, requires some other ingredient besides a mere kindness or charity rendered to the fugitive. The intention or purposes which accompanies the act must be to encourage a fugitive in his desertion of his master, to further his escape and impede and frustrate his reclamation. "This act must evince an intention to elude the vigilance of the master, and be calculated to obtain the object."—[2 McLean. 608.]

The Presidential Electors chosen in Pennsylvania, on the 2d instant, met at Harrisburg on the first Wednesday in December, to give their votes. The electors in all the other States meet at their respective State capitals, on the same day, for a similar purpose. The votes are sent under seal to the President of the United States Senate, at Washington, and on the 2d Wednesday of February next, they are opened in the presence of both Houses of Congress, and the result officially declared.

A DARING FEAT.—The steeple of a new church was completed in Hartford on Wednesday. Just before the last stone was laid, says the Courant, Andrew Conner, one of the stone masons, mounted the top of the stonework, and standing erect, made a handsome bow, at the same time taking off his hat—then placing his hands on his hips turned completely around.—The place on which he stood was only about a foot in diameter, and two hundred and ten from the ground.

Good fat sheep may be had in Mexico for 25 cents!

Spiritual Rappings.

The spirit rappers, like all modern inventors and operators, are progressive, and recently have entered the field of politics, if our impressions are correct.—The probability is that they had some mysterious agency in the election of Pierce, perhaps by calling up to the ballot box, "spirits from the vasty deep," and since the announcement of that event, it is evident that they have not been idle or inactive. Their great forte is said to consist in the ability to produce mesmeric sleep in the individuals who happen to come under their influence, and it is a subject worthy of inquiry whether many Whigs were not operated upon in this way on election day. Be this as it may, not a few have since the election been troubled with rappings—Cabinet officers, Foreign Ministers, Consuls, Indian Agents, Customhouse officers and Postmasters have been especially annoyed, and Whig editors, instead of dreaming of writing leaders about the safety of the Union, have seen visions of great commotion.—We ourselves have more than once since the election experienced slight rappings, without, however, fully comprehending their import; and the other evening, while seated in our sanctum and pondering over the uncertainties, the ups and downs of political life, we were kindly embraced by "Nature's fond nurse;" but instead of enjoying balmy sleep in her lap, we soon found ourself transported to dreamland where the following interesting scene was straight-way presented to our vision, in which, as will be seen, we became a pretty prominent actor.

We fancied ourself seated astride an old log on the Banks of a great river, our spectacles off and a telescope to our eyes, viewing the embarkation of a large crowd of men, some wearing epaulettes and others in citizens' dress, while a few hardy tars stood on deck to receive the passengers. Among this crowd we recognized many friends and acquaintances, several of whom winked at us significantly, while others, seemingly much excited, motioned to us to come on board. We hesitated for a moment, but concluding it were better to be with the crowd and afloat than solitary and alone on an old log, we mastered our aversion, and so walked the plank and took a seat on deck. To our great joy, we found there amongst other distinguished men, General Scott, who was partaking of a "hasty plate of soup," which had just been cooked over a blazing "fire in his rear"—and being told this was the starting meal, and some one handing us a spoon, we imitated the General as well as we knew how, and found the soup of an excellent flavor, though rather too highly seasoned for our taste. Breakfast over, the dishes washed and stowed away, and all things in readiness to commence our voyage, orders were given to cut the cable; and being fairly afloat, with a fine breeze springing up from shore, our barque glided across the water like a duck, while three cheers were given by all on board, which were answered by three times three from the people who remained behind, after which the Graham band struck up the well-known air:

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul—
We ne'er shall him more."

We had just fairly got under way, when the man on the look out cried "Ship ahoy!" and presently there he in sight a "low, long, black schooner," at whose mast head was floating an immense flag inscribed with the significant words:—"To the victors belong the spoils." The "human lumber" with which she was freighted, was a poor, lean, care-worn set with "all the vulture in their jaws." Among them we saw many whom we had known years ago, and some there were of whom we had heard much without knowing them personally. On inquiry we learned their names generally, but we can only notice the more prominent. Near the bow stood James Buchanan, wearing a black reversible coat and white vest, with a ten-cent piece fastened to his hat, turning his face North and South alternatively, and bowing politely to all around him; and apparently in the best imaginable humor with himself and all those with whom he was associating.—But this pleasantness was undoubtedly affected, for shortly after, finding himself alone, he was humming away something after this manner:

"Oh! my heart is unasy,
My brain is near crazy,
And it's often I wish I was dead;"
For "Penn's favorite son,"
Is again nately done,
And another by my sowl, is elect-ed.

Next to him was Lewis Cass, his head uncovered, holding a scroll in one hand, and the other a little raised, as if in the act of addressing the people; but he was evidently prevented from speaking by the "noise and confusion" around him. But during a short cessation in the commotion, the hero of Seisword was heard expatiating most eloquently against the doing away of old fogysim, with its snags and sawyers and steamboat disasters, (inasmuch as it was exceedingly funny to see so many people taking a plunge bath in the lake at once, and then it was conducive to health, too;) and substituting therefore the new, progressive doctrine of River and Harbor Improvements, and finally came to the conclusion that:

"Nae longer thrifty citizens, an' douse,
Meet owre a pint or in the council house,
But stumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry,
The hurrying and rain of the country;
Men, twa parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste their well-hained gear on rivers
and harbors."

Near him sat Judge Douglass, astride a whiskey barrel holding a huge bottle in one hand and a horse-fly in the other, but was as motionless as a statue. Sam Houston was bobbing about, near by, as if in search of something. Suddenly

turning to the Judge, the Texan remarked that he thought their situation was similar to that of a certain old lady's favorite, so graphically set forth in the following stanza:

"Old mother Hubbard,
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone,
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none."

In a corner sat Marcy, on an old tar bucket, mending his breeches with a bodkin; and near him Stockton was sawing away on a two stringed fiddle, singing with solemn air, "A life on the ocean wave."

"Now nobly towering o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,
Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars, in combat than a mouse."

There stood Frank Pierce, his one hand holding the rudder and the other upon the hilt of his sword; he appeared faint and haggard, and so much bothered that he could neither speak nor move.

Joshua K. Giddings was seated on a cotton bale, with a little Nigger perched on each knee, whom he was feeding with sugar plums obtained from the Island of Cuba. John P. Hale was floating behind on a sort of platform made of old corn-stalks and sugar cane; but just then his frail barque was caught by a snag, and there he stuck, unable to reach either the vessel or the shore.

"Oft as he turn'd, the torrent to oppose,
And bravely tried if all the powers were foes,
So oft the surge in watery mountains spread,
Beat on his back, or burst upon his head."

In the meantime the black schooner reached the wharf where there was a large boarding house with long rows of tables, laden with provisions "fine, fat and greasy," which were instantaneously devoured by the hungry passengers; and as there was not enough for one out of every hundred, those that got but dry pickings, or nothing at all, commenced beating the others with clubs, which resulted in divers broken bones and bloody noses. The unsuccessful then began to curse the officers, and regretted that they had ever made the voyage, which had terminated in just nothing at all for them, for in the country whence they had come they had enjoyed peace and plenty.

Before their quarrel had ended, our vessel, running against the current without effort and straight as a bee line, had increased the distance between the combatants and ourselves so greatly that we were unable to see or hear anything more. At this instant, too, arriving at a bend in the river, our attention was drawn to huge piles of salt along the shore, from which we were informed the stream had derived the name of "Salt River." Here we anchored, and were making arrangements to disembark, when a few men who had gone ashore, were so beset with fleas, which were left by the company whom we had just met, that they were compelled to come on board again. We were all consulting what was to be done in the emergency, when the "spirit of our dream" was disturbed by a rap! rap! rap!—and we were in the act of springing to our feet, but were arrested in our purpose by a well-known voice informing us that our candle was burnt out. This awoke us fully. Our voyage was ended—our fancy dreams of gushing fountains, and Elysian groves, and vales of bliss had vanished—and we found ourself relieved from an excited delusion, to meditate again upon Life's sober reality.

The Home Journal for 1853.

The first number of an entirely new series of this bright, sparkling and surprising family newspapers will be issued (with new type, new features and new attractions) on the first of January next. An original novel from a well-known pen, a fresh supply of pencillings by Willis, and a new batch of songs and ballads by Morris, are among the tempting inducements to subscribe for the coming year. At the very moderate price of two dollars per annum, or three copies for five dollars, this elegant, refined and universally popular journal is without a parallel for cheapness. Now is the time to subscribe; so, reader, take our recommendation, enclose two dollars to the address of Morris & Willis, 107 Fulton-street New-York, and you will receive in exchange for that trifling amount, fifty-two numbers, (a whole year's subscription) of the most racy, piquant and refreshing family newspaper extant. As a new-year's gift to a lady friend, it is invaluable. Send your orders while it is fresh on your mind, and before you forget it, and you and your family will thank us for the advice at least fifty-two times in a year. The *Home Journal* is a great luxury at a very trifling cost. We conclude this notice with the remarks of the "Gem of the Prairie," published at Chicago, every word of which we endorse: "The Home Journal is one of the few newspapers of the country that is never taken up without real profit, and never missed without so much dead loss. It furnishes a style of reading and a class of information that can be gotten nowhere else. If a person takes the *New-York Times*, he can jog on very comfortably through life without the *New-York Tribune*,—or if he reads the *Chicago Tribune*, he will be 'in town' without reading the *Democrat*—but he who tries to get on without the *Home Journal*, plods along with one shoe off—a loss not supplied by the fact of his having the other shoe on. Morris & Willis furnish just those criticisms on art and music, those choice selections from the best writers, and those 'insightings' into the heart of society, which no other editors can, or at any rate, which no others do. So we say to our friends, take the *Home Journal*, and thus be weekly reminded that, in the words of their prospectus, 'it is not all of life to get a living.'—*Day Book.*