

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.

Building on the Sand.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis good to wed,
For so the world has done
Since myrtles grew and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair—
Be sure ye pledge with truth—
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.

For, if we give not heart to heart,
As well as hand to hand,
You'll find you've played the unwise part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of the shining stuff—
For charity is cold.

But place not all your hope and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live with yellow dust
Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer chest, and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe where'er we can;
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words;
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds
Should scatter crumbs, as well.

The mercy that is warm and true,
Must lend a helping hand;
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

The Bible.

How comes that little volume, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the social system, than all the other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvellous changes in the opinion of mankind—has banished idol worship—has abolished infanticide—has put down polygamy and divorce—exalted the condition of woman—created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home—and caused its other triumphs by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the winds and waves of human passions obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed, many codes of jurisprudence have arisen and run their course, and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace on the waters.—But this book is going about doing good, leaving society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolation—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit—and smoothing the plow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?

Worth Remembering.—Reese's Medical Gazette says, "In case of any burn or scald, however extensive, all the acute suffering of the patient may be at once and permanently relieved, and that in a moment, by sprinkling over the surface a thick layer of wheat flour."

A man in Cincinnati, the other day, married a dumb woman weighing three hundred and sixty lbs. Peace and plenty, with a vengeance.

A Sheep Story.

The editor of the "Cleveland Herald" is responsible for the following, which we commend to the particular attention of farmers and breeders:—

Among beasts there is a language, one too that speaks, though in silence, with "most miraculous organ," one though "dumb to us" in its expression, yet in action most impressive, however wonderful and mysterious. "Actions (do indeed) speak louder than words," and never fail to call forth our admiration or censure, while "preaching without practice" never fails to draw out our contempt.

On a visit to the country, recently, while sojourning on the farm of a friend, we had occasion to witness the language of dumb animals, carried by themselves into action. Strolling down to a field boarded around with a fence, and wherein were confined a flock of sheep, we stood gazing upon them for some moments when suddenly we perceived one of the sheep approach the fence, and walk clear round it, it being a square enclosure, and having found out what he sought, returned to the flock who stood in the middle of the field watching him, and who immediately formed a circle, their heads all turned to the centre, and held, as it appeared to us, a consultation, which after a few moments ended by the same sheep who had taken 'the round' before, approaching that part of the fence, which he had left last, and which we now observed was lower and easier to climb than any other part, and here stopping, fixed himself head up to the fence, and awaited the approach of the rest who had followed him and who, one after another, now mounted his back and then leaped the fence, till the whole flock had reached the outside, when he, by a sudden spring and then a scramble also gained the outside with them. However singular this may seem, it is nevertheless true, and "we thought it writ down in our duty" to speak of it, as we have never before seen anything of the kind. The farmer had told us that morning, that his sheep had managed to get out of their pen, and it being too high for them to leap over, and there being no aperture large enough for them to get thro', it had been a matter of wonder to him how they did it.

In the river bank at Zanesville, Ohio, a "Fossil Elephant" has been discovered, the third of the same species. *The Courier* says, that has been discovered in the same gravel bank within a few years past. *The Courier* adds: "The one found last was in much the best condition, and may when completely exhumed, show almost the entire bones and frame of the huge monster, much beyond, perhaps double the size of the living Asiatic or African elephant. The molar teeth four in number, all that species possess, were found in the jaw sound and unbroken, and two weigh twenty pounds each, and two fourteen pounds each. The tusks were in good condition, only one being sound enough to bear moving. This one eight feet in length, measures at its base 26 1/2 inches in circumference, and at the point eight feet distant, where it is broken off, 16 1/2 inches in circumference, the whole length of which was probably 12 feet or more. We learn it was intended to postpone the exhumation of the other portion of the remains for a day or two, in anticipation of the arrival of our old townsman John W. Foster, Esq., U. S. Geologist, from Lake Superior.

A KNOTTY POINT SETTLED.—*1st Juvenile Politician*—Wal, say, now the Demmyerats is in, what do you s'pose they'll do?

2d Juvenile Politician (scornfully)—'Do' yer fool! why, 'nex Cuby and Canada, take the Givano Islands, 'nex Hingland and bring Halbert and Victory over, and show 'em at Barnum's—that's what they'll do.'

1st Juvenile Politician—They will!—Hooray! Demmyerats forever! Say, give us a plug, will yer!—Providence Mirror.

ALL TRUE.—There is nothing in honor or fame, or fortune, which is not vanity when the time of death approaches—nothing real, nothing substantial, nothing worth having, but the hope of God's pardon, and the consolation of His religion.

A Western editor in answer to a complaint of a patron, that he did not give news enough;—advised him when news was scarce to read his Bible, which he had no doubt would be new to him!

Driving off the Fog.

On a late trip of the steamer Express round from Nashville, she was detained several hours by fog. Capt. McComas, anxious to get along, did not stop his boat, but kept her cautiously moving forward, having both eyes wide open for any obstacle. Passing to the stern of the boat to take an observation, he was met by a passenger, who said to him—

"Captain, why don't you drive off the fog?"

"Just the thing I should like to have you tell me how to do."

"Come down into the cabin, and I'll tell you how an old German friend of mine once did it."

In a few minutes afterwards they were comfortably seated in the cabin, when the passenger commenced by saying—

"I shall expect you will believe it, and of course try the experiment."

In the rich valley of the Mohawk, there is a quiet little village called Spraker's Basin. Not many years ago, and before there was such a thing as a railroad in the State of New York, the veritable Mr. Spraker, the patriarch and founder of Spraker's Basin, was keeping a tavern a mile or so from the village, upon the thoroughfare known as Johnstown road.—Spraker's, as it is generally called, was in early times the great rendezvous for the Mohawk farmers while journeying to Albany with their wheat, and of the Jefferson and Lewis county drovers. Now and then a New York merchant on his trip to the northern settlements, was to be seen before the great wood fire in Spraker's tavern. This class of travellers were held in much respect by old Spraker and the honest Dutch farmers on the river. One of this class accosted the old man on the porch one foggy morning with—

"Mr. Spraker do you have much of this sort of weather down here in this valley?"

"Oh, ye'es, put we tont mind it, Mr. Stewart, I has a way of triving it off.—'Ish no matter at all tish fog."

"How's that Mr. Spraker, I should like to know the process of driving off a fog."

"Well, I will tell you, I takes a tram, and goes out and feeds te pigs, and if te fog tont go off putty soon, I takes anoder tram, and den I goes out and fodders te cattle, and if te fog aint gone py tis time, I takes anoder tram and, den I goes out and chops wood like tunder, and if te fog tont go py tis time, I takes anoder tram, and so on Mr. Stewart, I keeps a doin' till te fog all goes away."

"Well, upon my word, Mr. Spraker, this is a novel mode of getting clear of a fog. How many drams did you ever take of a morning before you succeeded driving off the fog?"

"Let me see, about two years ago, I tink I had 'o take about twenty drams, but it was a tam foggy morning."

Interesting to Newspaper Advertisers and Publishers.

In a suit in the Supreme Court yesterday, before Judge Oakley, brought by the proprietors of the *Courier* and *Enquirer* against Henry I. Ibbotson, for \$300 for advertising, the jury rendered a verdict for plaintiff of \$318.89, the amount claimed, with interest. It appears that when the advertisement was taken to the *Courier* office there was some misunderstanding respecting the number of insertions. It was, however, put in, leaded and displayed, and remained so one hundred and fifty days, at \$2 for each insertion. The defence set up was chiefly that Mr. Ibbotson's orders in respect to the advertisement were not carried out.—However, he took the *Courier* and *Enquirer* daily, and, as was presumed by the Court, saw the advertisement in question, and should have notified the editor to alter or discontinue it. The Court ruled that he should have given this notice, and not have expected to enjoy the benefit of the advertisement without paying for it.—*New York Mirror*.

Cato, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes to the south in the winter, said a gentleman to his confidential servant.

"Well, I don't know, Massa, unless he no stand clemency of de Norf, and so am obliged to go to de Souf, where he speriences warmer longitude," was the philosophic reply.

A Seasonable Receipt.

Rendering Lard.—One of the best housekeepers in the county of Philadelphia, has communicated to us the following receipt for rendering lard, which was obtained from Charleston, and which possesses many important advantages over the common make. It is simply to put in the kettle before the lard—say *three pints of ley* made of hickory ashes, to a common barrel kettle, (generally holding less than a barrel.) The advantages of this are, that the lard renders *casier, becomes much whiter, is sweeter, and will keep longer.* This method has been pursued for several years, with the highest satisfaction.

Will not some of the numerous Housekeepers who read this paper, try it this season, and inform us of the result?—*Editor Telegraph*.

How to Pop Corn.

A correspondent of the *Rural New-Yorker* gives the following directions for popping corn:—

"Take two quarts of salt, put it in an iron kettle and heat it; when it is hot enough (the degree of heat may be found by trial) to pop the corn, put it in and stir the whole till the corn begins to pop, then cover the kettle to prevent the corn from flying out, raise the cover occasionally and stir the corn to keep it from burning. When you have had a little experience you can pop corn in this way better and easier than in any other. The corn will all be turned inside out, white and soft, provided the corn is well dried, as it should always be when you undertake to pop it. The corn may be easily separated from the salt by sifting through a common fanning mill sieve, and the same salt will answer to pop in all winter." It is not hard to try; but be sure to try right.

Lumbering in California.—A letter from Asa Walker, Esq., in California, says the Bangor Whig gives the following description of lumbering operations of that region, in which he is engaged. He has two trees cut, which will make one hundred and fifty thousand shingles a piece; they are ten feet through at the butt, retain their bigness within a foot for eighty feet of working timber, and then stretch along the earth in a broken mass of timber and knots for about one hundred feet more. Close beside him is the skeleton of a tree out of which has been taken one hundred thousand rails, fifty thousand shingles, and the remains will make at least fifty thousand shingles more; the stump measures twelve feet one way and thirteen the other, in diameter, and the tree stretches on the ground over two hundred feet. One tree has been worked over two months, and two hundred and twenty-five thousand shingles taken from it.

MORE FINANCIAL FRAUDS have been reported in New York, and several persons have been arrested for passing false tokens or worthless bank bills, &c. A young man named Bradley Freeman, and his father, Horatio Freeman, were arrested, the latter having passed several bills on the "New York Exchange Bank," which were worthless, and a package of bills on the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Georgetown, D. C., was found in their house. Freeman said he received them from C. B. Huntington, a reputed Wall street broker, who gave him \$1,000 worth of them to purchase grain, &c., in Canada. Huntington was arrested, and several brokers were discovered to have been defrauded by representations from Huntington that they would be redeemed. It seems also that he induced Mr. J. A. Patmor, a broker, to consent to redeem them by promising to deposit with him \$3,000 for the purpose, and stating that responsible parties in Newark, (N. J.) were interested in them. He thereupon commenced redeeming them, having received a check for \$1,000 on the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Rahway, signed by one Wm. H. Clark, of Newark, but on presentation of the check he was informed that there was no money to meet it. Mr. Patmor, therefore, made complaint, and Huntington was arrested and held to bail in \$6,000. Patmor is said to have lost \$800 by the operation. *The Express* says:

"At present he is unknown to the authorities where these tokens were got up, but they are believed to have been manufactured in this city. In possession of Huntington at the time of his arrest were found bills of various denominations, purporting to be on the Citizens' Bank of Washington, D. C. Merchants' bank, Anacostia, D. C., all of which are fraudulent, there being no such banks in existence."

Iron and Railroads.

Many persons have asked, "Why can't our people make Iron successfully at all times under a thirty per cent. duty?" We answer, *they can make some Iron under a thirty per cent. duty, a twenty per cent. or even none at all.* Iron Industry has now obtained such development in this country that no possible perversion of National policy can ever more utterly destroy it. There are peculiar qualities of Iron which could be made here and sold at a profit although common Iron were lower than it has ever yet been—And there are certain localities at which choice Iron is now made and sold at prices which defy Foreign competition, Tariff or no Tariff.

But what the Country needs is not that Peter Cooper or Henry M. Watts shall be enabled to make a few hundreds or thousands of tons of Iron at a profit, but that the *Iron product of the country shall be brought into some fair relation to our Home demand for Iron.* We have more and better Ores than any other Nation. We have more ingenious Artificers and Inventors. We have Coal, Wood, Lime, Food and other elements of production as abundant and cheap as any other Iron-making people. If we could only adjust our public policy so as *steadily* to produce at home the Iron we need (which will very soon reach Two Millions of tons per annum, worth at least Sixty Millions of Dollars,) we could teach the world how to make good and cheap Iron within a dozen years.

But one great impediment to the general production of cheap Iron in this Country has hitherto been the difficulty and expensiveness of bringing together the requisite materials. Sussex County, N. J., for example, is known to be as rich in choice Iron and other materials as any other region; it has lime also in abundance; but it has no Coal; and to supply it with the Coal, Flour &c., requisite in the extensive manufacture of Iron has been at all times a costly undertaking. Hence the production of Iron there has been more expensive by many per cent. than it ought to be.

But the present prices of Iron and the success of the Zinc Company which has its mines in Sussex are about to induce a signal and gratifying change. Several Rail roads are now in progress or in contemplation which will reduce the cost of bringing the various materials together and sending the product to market some fifty to eighty per cent. The Morris and Essex Railroad, which now stops at Dover, some twelve miles west of Morristown, just on the edge of Sussex Co., is now being constructed fifteen miles further, past the Stanhope Iron Works, and will doubtless be pushed to the Delaware River within 1854. From the Delaware, a Railroad now actively agitated will soon be constructed to the great Susquehanna coal-field of Pennsylvania, commencing at Scranton with the Leggett's Gap Road, and so forming the shortest route from this City to the West, thus supplying the Mineral Region of New-Jersey with Coal from Pennsylvania, and Flour, Meat, &c., from the West at the lowest rates. Another Railroad from the intersection of the Newburgh branch with the Erie Railroad at Chester will speedily be driven through the heart of the mineral region of Sussex to the Delaware Water Gap, passing the Zinc and other extensive mines on the way. Besides, Mr. Peter Cooper is now building a Railroad from Waterloo on the Morris Canal to his mines at Andover, Sussex Co. (11 miles,) and has proposed to extend it to the Zinc Mines (8 miles further) on terms which are now under consideration. Such extensions would reduce the cost of transporting the Zinc Ore from the mines to Newark by at least fifty per cent.

These are but samples of the facilities for the cheap production of Iron which our British rivals have long enjoyed, and which our American Iron-makers will enjoy, not in our district only, but throughout the Country, should the present demand for Iron continue at something like present prices for two years longer. The way to Cheap Iron (permanently) lies through the cheapening of the actual cost of producing Iron; and this will be effected by increasing and extending the facilities for concentrating the materials required in such production.

At present, all is activity and hope in the Iron region of New Jersey. The vein of Franklinitic in the Zinc locality is some four to twenty feet thick, and has One Million Tons of ore above water level.—This Franklinitic has been extensively sold at \$15 per ton, to mix at the rate of ten per cent. with ordinary Pig Iron for the production of the best Bar. In this way, it is extensively used in the manufacture of fine Wire at Greenswich, Conn. and will doubtless go into use in all directions. Suppose this Franklinitic to be worth in the mine but \$5 per ton for this purpose—here is a property of Five Million Dollars which has been lying dormant and useless for years, but which the new prospects for Iron will call into activity and use. This Franklinitic contains, beside Iron, some 17 per cent. of Zinc, (Oxide,) which can be saved in the smelting, but we do not know that it has yet been determined with what profit this process

can be effected. There is very much yet to learn with regard to the reduction of minerals in this country; but it will be learned; and we hope soon, if the present prospects for Iron-making continue.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Mutton Mill.

The following is a description given some time since, of a mill established on a queer mechanical principle, in one of the villages down East:

A gentleman traveling in that section of the country, overtook a farmer dragging a lean, wretched looking horned sheep along the road.

"Where are you going with that miserable animal?" asked the traveler.

"I am taking him to the mutton mill, to have him ground over," said the farmer.

"The mutton mill? I never heard of such a thing, I will go with you and witness the process."

They arrived at the mill; the sheep was thrown alive into the hopper, and almost immediately disappeared. They descended to a lower apartment, and, in a few moments, there was ejected from a spout in the ceiling four quarters of excellent mutton, two sides of morocco leather, a wool hat of the first quality, a sheep's head handsomely dressed, and two elegantly carved powder horns.

Were it not for the fact that the above is "in the papers," we should feel disposed to dispute it.

The total loss of property by fires in California during the past three years, is estimated at sixty-six millions of dollars—more than has been destroyed by fire in all the rest of the U. S. during the last ten years.

Coal Ashes.

Mr. Stour, formerly Editor of the 'Farmer's Gazette,' writes the following to the 'New England Farmer.' He is a judicious man, and his statements are reliable, although they are opposed to the general belief on this subject:

Mr. Editor:—In your weekly paper of 12th June, I notice an inquiry from a correspondent, 'whether coal ashes can be used with any benefit in agriculture?' And as I have not seen a reply to this question in any subsequent number of the Farmer, I will venture to give my own experience in the matter, small though it may be.

About the year 1840, while publishing the 'Farmer's Gazette' at New Haven, I found a heap of anthracite ashes in my garden in the spring—the accumulated siftings from two stoves during the previous winter. Having seen the suggestion in some agricultural paper, that these ashes were of some value as a fertilizing agent, it occurred to me that I might try the experiment without cost. Accordingly, when about to commence the operation of gardening, I spread the ashes over the surface of the garden, as evenly as possible. There were some two or three cart loads of them, and they had lain in a snug heap near the centre of a small garden of not more than four or five rods square. Across the spot where the heap had lain, I had a bed of common blood beets and a few rows of string beans.—The general effect of the ashes on all parts of the garden was evidently good; but on the particular spot which had been occupied by the ash heap, the result was really surprising. The growth of beets and beans, in that part of the beds, was nearly double that of the same vegetables beyond the limits of the heap. So marked was the difference, that it was prominently perceptible to the eye as far as the garden could be seen. The soil at New Haven, as you are probably aware, is a light sand.

I have no doubt that coal ashes are worth something as a fertilizer; and that on farms within two or three miles of any of our New England cities, they will pay for carting. Generally, I suppose, householders in cities will be glad to give them away. I think of trying their virtues on a portion of my mowing, by spreading them either this fall or early next spring; and if they have any material effect, you may possibly hear from me again.

At a recent missionary meeting in Nottingham, a Mr. Allen, of Sheffield, told a story of a woman in the latter town, who lately astonished a neighbor with the intelligence that the devil was dead.—The story did not meet with acceptance and the skeptical woman, therefore, accompanied her friend to the shop in which she had seen the fact advertised. They at length reached a dyer's shop in the window of which was a placard with this inscription:—'Satin died here.'

An advertisement of the Land Agent of Massachusetts appears in the Boston Commonwealth of Wednesday, offering for sale all the lands owned by Massachusetts in the State of Maine, amounting in the whole to about 1,800,000 acres.

The spirits are just now making most decided manifestations in Covington.—Chairs and tables hop about loketee totums.