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

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

The Kentuckian in Malta.

We passed three weeks in Malta, waiting for despatches. Various plans were devised to kill time, and never did it pass so pleasantly away. Fishing, rowing, dinners, suppers, etc., formed our principal amusements, and as the harbor was filled with vessels of all nations, an interchange of national courtesies was kept up until our anchor was weighed, and old Ironsides again before the breeze. At one of the entertainments given on shore by the officers of a British frigate, the conversation turned upon rifle shooting, which led to an animated discussion, in which our officers took part.

'I have often heard,' said the commander of the Thunderer, 'that you have some fellows in your country called Kentuckians, who are reckoned great shots with the rifle.'

'Yes, sir,' replied Lieut. N., 'their fame in that line is great, which is easily accounted for. As soon as they are able to shoulder a rifle they commence practicing, and in course of time become excellent marksmen.'

'They may be very clever, but I believe we have better shots on board our vessel.'

'I do not belong to that section of the country,' observed the lieutenant, 'and have had but little practice with the rifle; but if I mistake not, we have a Kentuckian in company, who will stand up for his native State.'

'Yes, on all occasions,' said our purser, a tall, muscular descendant of one of the first settlers in the State.

'What say you, then, gentlemen, to a shooting match to-morrow morning?' asked the Englishman.

'Agreed, with all our hearts,' said the Yankees.'

The next morning the party met in a beautiful grove, with their target seventy-five yards distant. The English rifle is different from the American, the barrel being shorter and the stock heavier.—Six picked men from the Thunderer were on the ground, all of whom fired. No one, however, 'cut the paper'—the size of a dollar—although several of the balls were close to it.

The shots were considered excellent; the English and French officers present were greatly astonished at the proficiency of the riflemen. The commander of the Thunderer, turning to the purser, said with a smile.

'What do you say to that? I take it you'll find it difficult to come up to it.'

'You may think so—but I consider it no shooting at all,' said the Kentuckian.

'Vous montez le haut cheval,' said a French officer.

'Je vous montraï,' said the Kentuckian.

'Fire away,' said the Englishman.

'I'll bet a wine supper for all hands,' said the Kentuckian, 'that I make three shots, every one of which will be better than any yet made, and each succeeding one better than the first.'

'I'll take it,' said the Englishman, smiling.

The Kentuckian slowly raised a rifle he had brought from home, and fired.—The paper was cut! The second shot was better than the first, and the third 'bored the centre.' Nothing could depict the surprise of all present; the Englishman acknowledged the corn, and said he was satisfied. The Kentuckian enjoyed a hearty laugh, declaring it was nothing to what he could do—that he would be ashamed of such firing in old Kentucky.—Rolling a quid from one quarter of his capacious 'receiver' to another, he continued

'I must have another shot to show what can be done with a rifle, and to convince

my French friend that I am not boasting.'

The whole party stood silent in a row, and the Kentuckian retreated about forty yards, making the distance from the tree to where he stood near one hundred and twenty yards. Ordering a paper of the same size of the other to be put up in the same place, he reloaded—drew his broad brimmed beaver over his eyes, and after taking deliberate aim, fired.

'That was rather too low,' he said, 'the ball is about the eighth of an inch below the paper. The next time I'll bring it.'

On examination, the ball was found to be exactly where he said it was, which increased the astonishment the remarkable shot had produced on all present, with the exception of the Yankees, who were used to it.

'This lick will bring the persimmons,' said the Kentuckian, as he raised his piece high up, gradually lowered it, and fired. The paper fell from the tree, the ball driving home the nail that supported it! Language cannot describe the looks of the foreigners, and particularly of the natives, who crowded in numbers around the Kentuckian. That night the wine flowed freely at the 'Old Admiral's,' and a more joyous party never met in Malta.

Premonitory Symptoms of an Old Bachelor.

Fanny Fern sends us (says the N. Y. Home Journal,) the following characteristic production, as an offset to an article which we published in last week's Republican, entitled, 'Symptoms of Old Bachelism.'

When he cuts a certain number of little square bits of paper every night, and lays them on his toilet table, ready to wipe his razor when he shaves in the morning—that's a symptom. When he carries his fingers perpetually straight in his gloves, for fear of friction on the knuckles—that's a symptom. When he leaves a friend's house in the evening, to avoid a walk home with a lady—that's a symptom. When he keeps his hat on in a lecture-room to the latest permitted minute, on account of a taste—that's a symptom. When he wears a large mustache and beard to conceal certain defects—that's a symptom. When he turns a huge coat collar up over his ears, every time there's a cloud in the sky—that's a symptom.—When he refuses a hymn-book in church, because he don't like to be seen using glasses—that's a symptom. When he can't go to sleep till he has ascertained whether the seam of the sheets is precisely in the middle of the bed—that's a symptom. When an anthracite fire and a wadded wrapper have greater charms for him than a pair of bright eyes, jingling sleigh-bells; and a *tele-a-tele* under a buffalo robe—that's a symptom. When a whiskey punch and a flannel nightcap are the *ne plus ultra* of his earthly felicity—that's a symptom. When he calls women 'humb-bugs,' says 'pshaw!' to children, and has a growing partiality for stuffed rocking-chairs and well-aired linen—that's a symptom.

A Bereaved Parent.

Achmet Jayer Pasha (of Egypt) was said to be very fond of his children—for a Pasha—and was apt to take the death of any of them much to heart. One sickly season a violent epidemic broke out in the royal nursery, and carried off some eighty-nine of the Pasha's offspring. An English missionary, who chanced to be in Alexandria at the time, called to console with his Majesty, hoping that he might turn his bereavement to the advantage of his soul, and make a good Christian of him.—But the old Heathen at once tabooed religious topics, and having ordered a pipe for his visitor, inveterately smoked on in silence. The missionary felt rather awkward. He could espy no opening for a conversation, nor did he know how to get out of the royal presence. At last, making a desperate effort, he remarked that his Majesty must be left nearly, if not quite, childless, by the death of the eighty-nine. 'Yes,' replied the Pasha, 'I am now, nearly childless—I have but one hundred and seventy-three children left, but, Allah be praised.'

A FIGHTING RAT.—A Mr. Dolan of Philadelphia, having challenged all the dogs in Ohio to a combat with a fighting rat in his possession, Daniel Sheard, of Columbus, writes to him as follows: "I now take leave to inform Mr. Dolan that I have a small dog of the terrier and spaniel breed, that I am willing he shall fight his rat for \$100, or any further amount he may please. I am not a sporting character, but I cannot allow the great State of Ohio to be backed out by a Philadelphia rat."

The Legislature of Florida passed a bill requiring a tax of \$200 on all retailers of spirituous liquors, and \$500 fine for a violation of the law.

A Boston Notion.

Boston is a city of notions, everybody knows. America can show no other city so full of matured systems, useful contrivances and odd conveniences as this same Boston. The city maxim seems to be, that "there's a best way of doing all things." In public and domestic affairs the solid men of Boston are not content with simple achievements, but they must have achievement by the best methods.

The latest illustration of this is their scientific way of giving a fire alarm, and calling out and guiding their fire department. A very simple matter, one would think, to raise the window sash and shout *fi-re* two or three times, and leave the alarm to spread. Every villager knows how to pull a bell-rope, and ring till he's tired. Every New Yorker knows how to count the booming strokes of the big bells as they tell off the district number. A very simple thing! One way just as good as another so long as a rousing alarm is started.

By no means. These Boston men have found out a best way.

If your house takes fire, and gets past domestic control, and you feel it necessary to appeal to the municipal authorities for help, do not be at all excited or alarmed. Do not make yourself red in the face, and hoarse with shouting. Put on your hat and run to yonder corner where you see that little iron box fastened up against the wall; step into the store, ask quietly for the key, adding, "My house is on fire," by way of an apology for the intrusion; now unlock the door, and, remembering that the longest way is sometimes the shortest way home obey the inscription and "turn six times slowly." Your responsibility is ended. You've done all you need to. Boston will take care of your house. Shut to the little door.—Hurry home or the engines will be there before you!

Every bell in the city and several more across the water are telling people where you live, and that your house is on fire. In other parts of the city men with glazed hats and brass trumpets may be seen running to these same little iron boxes; they seem to whisper a mument, then they listen, and then they look very knowing, and slap the door to; and here they come pell-mell to your help. How much time has elapsed since you needed help? Perhaps three minutes. There is a best way of giving an alarm, that's a fact.

But how was it done?
That little iron box you opened was a telegraph station; you can see the wires where they come down through those two iron pipes into the box. The crank you turned is merely a contrivance that enables the grinder to play one tune well, even though he be no organist. You turned it six times. Once would have been enough, but six times over, and every time the same number, there would be no mistake. The central office knew in an instant of your distress.

Yes, but how did that make the bells ring all over the city and East Boston too? Do they keep a sexton at every bell rope all the time ready to pull when any body telegraphs?

No. That would be full as bad as the New York plan of keeping watchmen up in the fire towers, on a perpetual look out. That would not be scientific enough for a "BEST" way. But you know a church clock strikes the hours without any help from the sexton except to wind it up. Just so the bells are rung for fire; in every steeple there is a machine like the striking train of a clock. These machines will strike several hundred blows each with their heavy hammers by being wound up once. When you sent off your dispatch, it went direct to a third story room on Court Square and was read by a man whose business it is to attend to such messages. From the same room he can, by touching a key, send by another set of wires a current of galvanism to every steeple in the city. If you look you can see these wires entering every steeple that holds a good bell. When this galvanic current passes into the several steeples, it circulates in each around a bar of soft iron, which instantly becomes a powerful magnet, strong enough to lift the detent that keeps the striking machines from running. Now these machines are made so they would strike one blow and stop, unless the magnet keeps the detent back and leaves the wheels unlocked and

free to run. So this man in the little third story room by the Court House, (he'll show you how it is done if you call upon him, for he is very courteous to visitors,) can, by pressing the proper knob or key, make these heavy bell hammers strike any number he chooses. And he makes them strike the number of our ward.

But how happened the engines and firemen to come straight to my house?—There are two or three thousand houses in the ward.

The foreman of every fire company has a key to these useful little iron boxes, and so when he has got to the ward signified by the bells, runs to the nearest box, and sends a private signal to the man in Court Square, asking "just where is the fire?" and then he listens while the answer comes back in little taps, *one, two, three, four, &c.*, till he learns the number of the very box you opened when you gave the alarm in the first place. Every box has its own number. The bells tolled the firemen what ward, and the telegraph taps whispered what station box the alarm came from.

I see. But is it worth all this trouble of wires and machinery and boxes and batteries?

Yes, indeed. Five minutes at the beginning of a fire are very precious. But often times, so rapid is this system, an alarm will be given, bells rung, boxes consulted, fire found, hose procured and screwed to a Cochituate fire plug, and the fire extinguished, ere the family in danger are well awake. Many a time, the first thing a man knows of his danger by fire, is that his room is flooded with water.

But this municipal telegraph is used for more purposes than one. In case of riot, the police captains can send for help to head quarters. To catch an absconding thief by setting guard at every railroad and steamboat, can be done in five minutes. Then, too, very soon all the city clocks will be hitched together by these wires, and all of them go by one central pendulum, accurately, five hundred clocks alike to a second!

Go it, Boston! We shall soon hear of newer notions still. The next move will be to introduce into every first class house city time as well as city water and city gas. Telegraphic time wires will be introduced just as now the water pipes and gas fixtures are. What a millennium of punctuality! Twenty thousand clocks ticking together! Yes, and next we shall hear of a refinement of the fire system. Philip's annihilators will be built into the walls, their nozzles just peeping out into the room. Convenient wires will be arranged so that a man waked at midnight by a smell of fire or a red light in his room, will only need reach out his arm to the fire knob, and pull it "six times slowly," and instantly that wakeful, watchful, handy man on Court Square will touch his wires not to frighten sleep from all city with his dingling bells, but quietly he'll touch the wire, and smash go the acid bottles in the unbrushed annihilators; phix, squiz, fush-sh-sh, rushes out the humid, fire-destroying, life preserving vapor. The unreasonable fire surrenders and goes out. But long ere this, the solid man has rolled himself back into bed again, tucked the blanket snug about his chin and fallen asleep, blessing the best, the very best, the Boston way of putting out fires.

From the Plow, the Loom and the Anvil. Farmers and Book Learning.

It is a very common thing to decrie "book-learning," especially in its relation to the practical business of life.—Something may be said by way of apology for this habit, but it is unquestionably productive of great evil. All readers know a great deal about a great many subjects. But how much of this knowledge is the result of their own experience? Were all they have acquired from other sources erased from the tablet of their minds, they would be very much inclined to shave their heads, and play the monk till they have qualified themselves anew for the stations they now occupy.

Whence was this knowledge chiefly obtained? From two sources; reading and conversation. This is true of all kinds of knowledge, both of the arts and sciences. But conversation can be carried on only by a limited number of individuals.—Ears are not constituted so as to enable us to hear all that is worth hearing. The pen and press step in, and do what they can to supply this deficiency, and communicating with multitudes who, without their aid, could know nothing of these things. We can now hear thousands of miles; and thus is scattered, as on the wings of the wind, the information which would otherwise attract the attention of but few.

In theory, the pen and press communicate the better part of what is thought

or spoken; and though they sometimes err, the thought is not unpardonable, nor fatal. We should be thankful that we are obliged to read and hear so little of what is worthless.

Note another fact. Nine-tenths of all that appears in the ponderous volume, relating to matters of general interest, first appeared in some periodical. Neither in the arts nor in the sciences, do we find an exception to this remark. Nay, more. In the periodical, this truth first appears in a form suited to the wants of the public. Afterwards it is remodelled, and, being clothed in a scholastic dress, forms a volume of science, suited only to the learned. An illustration of this, fresh in the recollection of our readers, is found in the "pendulum experiment," as illustrating the revolution of the earth. You may remember the story of the young gentleman, born and bred in the city, who having purchased a farm in the country was offered his choice out of a large herd of cows. Through a little embarrassment, lest he should display his ignorance, he soon made a selection, saying, "I will take the thick necked one." Upon this, the boy was ordered with a partially suppressed laugh from all hands to drive to the young farmer's new establishment a fine, stout bull. Had this youth but examined even the pictures in our agricultural journals, he might have avoided so ridiculous a blunder, and the milk-maid would have been spared the mortification of being sent out to obtain her supply for the dairy from an animal unaccustomed to render such service.

There is a deal of fancy farming. The incident just detailed belongs to this department. The young farmer selected his "cow," on that principle. Thousands do the same thing. Some of this class carry on their farms very much as somebody is said to have bought a library—by the appearance of the covers. Each has his own fancy, and is controlled by it; while true science and common sense, have not even a seat at the council board.

Nor is this class of farmers confined to the novice. It may be found among those who have grown gray upon a farm. True, in outward form, there may sometimes be a fair appearance. One may manifest an ardent desire to adopt the best modes, and yet may belong in these ranks. He refuses thoroughly to inform himself but is governed by his fancy in following the lead of a mere pretender. This is his fancy. He prefers this to the study of science.

I remember visiting one of the best farming towns in Massachusetts some two years ago, and when in conversation with some of the most intelligent farmers in the place, one of them enquired "Are you concerned in Bonner's patent?" An emphatic "No, Sir," and a smile, materially affected a visage already unnaturally prolonged by the recollection of ten dollars thrown away on that humbug.—Five dollars paid for a single paper that explained that mysterious fertilizer, would have saved other five dollars, not only for him, but for several of his neighbors.—"Experience" as the word is popularly used, is but an imperfect security against the thousand cheats and humbugs to be found in every community.

He is but a fancy farmer who chooses to continue the modes and methods of his ancestors. His father and grandfather used to do so, and hence it must be right. This is his only principle of action. In other words, it is his fancy to do so because they did. He knows how to conduct a farm only by imitation, and looks to the past for his models, without knowing or understanding the results of his own or their operations. To him there is no such thing as progress, and failure and success are words without meaning. Twenty bushels of corn to the acre is quite satisfactory, so long as he depart from no established usage, and is not outdone by his neighbors. I know not why he should be called a wise man more than our city-born friend before spoken of.—Both are governed alike by considerations undeserving of confidence.

The subject of manures is a great science. Our fathers knew but little of it. They had less occasion to know than we have, for they had not so thoroughly exhausted their soils. But the process was carried on with a terribly destructive constancy. We are trying to carry it a little farther; and in some instances the work seems complete through almost entire States. Harvests fail to support the laborer, and this, in any other employment, would be considered and treated as a failure. No other class of men would remain content with this condition. The farmer alone manifests patience so perfect, and that two when he might double and quadruple his income.

How entire is the revolution in the mode of conducting most of the manual operations of the day! Every art has its improved tools and reformed methods. Agriculture ought not to be counted an exception. The youngest of our readers can remember the publication of the first

work worthy of the name of agricultural Chemistry; and science necessarily proceeds judiciously, intelligent practice. Under other circumstances, we can only blunder upon success. We may happen to guess right but the chances are strongly against us. But with correct views of the chemistry of agriculture, the way is opened for a judicious application of manures, and a wiser succession of crops. Hence there is no apology for such a condition of things.

Fiely Caught.
Some two miles up the river from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is a primitive sort of a little village, called 'The Centre.'—Here, not long since, the rustic youth of the vicinity congregated for 'a dance,' and dance they did, said our informant, 'with an unctious unknown to your city bellers and beaux.' One young man having 'imbibed' rather too freely, became 'fatigued' in the course of the evening, and wisely concluded to 'retire' for a short rest. A door ajar near the dancing hall revealed, invitingly, a glimpse of a comfortable bed, of which he took possession, with a prospect of an undisturbed 'snoodle.' It so happened, however, that this was the ladies' withdrawing room, and no sooner had he closed his eyes, than a pair of blooming damsels came in from the hall, and began adjusting their disordered ringlets, the dim light of the candle not disclosing the tenant of the bed. The girls had tongues, (like most of their 'seek') which ran on in this wise: 'What a nice dance we're having! Have you heard any body say anything about me, Jane?' 'La, yes, Sally! Jim Brown says he never see you look so handsome as you do to-night. Have you heard any body say anything about me?' 'About you! why sartin: I heard Joe Flint tell Sam Jones that you were the prettiest dressed girl in the room.' Whereupon the dear things chuckled, 'fixed up, a little more, and made off to-wards the ball room. They had hardly reached the door, when our half-conscious friend raised himself upon his elbow, and quite intelligently, though slowly, inquired, 'Ha! you heard anybody say anything about me, girls?' 'Phansy their phelinks' at this juncture! They fled with an explosive scream.—Kniekerbocker.

The Transmutation of Metals.

Many of the fundamental and leading ideas of the present time, appear, to him who knows not what science has already achieved, as extravagant as the notions of the alchemist. Not, indeed, the transmutation of metals, which seemed so probable to the ancients, but stranger things are held by us to be attainable.—We have become so accustomed to wonders, that nothing any longer excites our wonder. We fix the solar rays on paper, and send our thoughts literally with the velocity of lightning to the greatest distance. We can, as it were, melt copper in cold water, and cast it into statues.—We can freeze water into ice, or mercury into a solid malleable mass, in white hot crucibles; and we consider it quite practicable to illuminate most brightly entire cities with lamps devoid of flame and fire, and to which the air has no access.—We produce artificially, ultramarine, one of the most precious minerals; and we believe that to-morrow or next day some one may discover a method of producing from a piece of charcoal a splendid diamond, from a bit of alum sapphires or rubies, or from coal-tar the beautiful coloring principle of madder, or the valuable remedies known as quinine and morphine. All these things are more valuable than gold. Every one is occupied in the attempt to discover them, and yet this is the occupation of no individual inquirer. All are occupied with these things, inasmuch as they study the laws of the changes and transformations to which matter is subject; and yet no one individual is especially engaged in these researches, inasmuch as no one for example devotes his life and energies to the solution of the problem of making diamonds of quinine. Did such a man exist, furnished with the necessary knowledge, and with the courage and perseverance of the old gold makers, he would have a good prospect of being enabled to solve such problems.—Liebig's Letters on Chemistry.

Our "devil" says, when a feller falls in love, the sensation is like a hay-bug crawling up the leg of his trousers. At least that is the way he suffered, when he first squeezed the hand of the gal he loved.

The Supreme Court of Ohio have decided that any person losing money in a bet at any election may recover the amount lost by suit, and if the loser fail to sue in six months, any other person may sue for and recover it for his own use.