

# 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.

## Value of a Broken Pane of Glass.

A London Correspondent of *Peabody's American Chronicle*, gives an account of a singular accident that recently happened at the shop of M. Molliere, of Paris.—A question now universally asked in every society in Paris is,—“Have you seen the broken window?” This refers to an accident of a very ordinary nature, followed, however, by an infinitely improbable result, which occurred in Rue de la Bourse. M. Molliere a bootmaker in that street, has had fortune “thrust upon him” by a cart knocking against his shop window. Rather late at night a restive horse backed a cart against the iron shutters of the shop front, with such force that a pane of plate glass immediately behind the part struck was cracked into a thousands of splinters. M. Mollier's first care was to secure the address of the owner of the horse and cart, and in the morning he was about to send for a glazier, whose bill he would have charged to the person responsible for the trespass upon his property; but this window was cracked in such a manner as no window ever was before, and M. Molliere observed that every passer by stopped to look at it, and exclaimed, “How curious!” “How extraordinary!”—During the whole day a crowd was collected in front of the house. It then occurred to M. Molliere that since his broken window appeared to possess such attractions for the public, it might answer his purpose to make the public pay for the gratification of their curiosity. Accordingly he put up his shutter and charged one franc per head for admission to his shop. Visitors flocked to the exhibition, and in a few hours the fame of it spread far and wide. Not a single particle of glass had fallen out, but the cracks radiating from the centre with wonderful regularity were so numerous that the pane presented the appearance of a gigantic cobweb. Seen from the interior of the shop by gas light it reflects the prismatic colors with extraordinary brilliancy, and may be compared to a peacock's tail.—A speculator has offered the enormous sum of 4000*l.* for the purchase of the fragile property, and the offer has been refused. M. Molliere calculates that he shall receive that sum from Parisians alone, and that afterwards the pane may be removed in its iron frame, and carried round the provinces. This event has made more sensation than any other that has occurred in Paris since New Year's day. The excitement is on the increase. Crowds, too poor to pay the admission money stand about the house to talk over the story, and mathematical students in the *Quartier Latin* are working problems, in the confident hope of finding out how to crack another window in the same way.

**Smart Girls.**—A young gentleman meeting a handsome milkmaid, said, “what will you take for yourself and your milk, my dear?” The girl instantly replied, “yourself and a gold ring, sir. This was good, but the girl at the boarding house was better. A gentleman was called in and was shown over a suit of rooms by a very pretty girl. “Are you to be let with the rooms?” inquired he. “No, sir, I am to be let alone,” she answered.

Martin Chuzzlewit said:—“A verb signifies to be, to do, or to suffer, (which is all the grammar, and enough too, as ever I was taught;) and if there's a verb alive, I'm it. For I'm a bein' sometimes a doin' an' continually a sufferin'.”

An old lady once said that her idea of a great man was “a man who was keeferful of his clothes, don't drink spirits, kin read the Bible without spelling the words, and eat a cold dinner on wash day to save the wimmen folks the trouble of cooking.”

## MINNESOTA.

Rev. H. M. Nichols, who is now in Minnesota prospecting for a colony that intend to emigrate from Massachusetts in the Spring, tells some magnificent stories about the country, in letters written to *The Northampton Courier*. He says the sleighing is excellent, but the air is dry, with no wind to cause any drifts of snow. The clearness and dryness of the atmosphere render the climate favorable to those of a consumptive constitution, and then there is so much electricity in the air that a person cannot feel languid.—Speaking of wild fruit, he says:

“Cranberries, blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, whortleberries, plums, cherries, grapes, crab apples, gooseberries, black currants, black haws, rice and beans, all grow wild, and some of them in the greatest abundance. And beside these there is the m'ido or Dacotah potato, and two species of turnips, which grow wild and are much used by the Indians for food. One of these last named, the *tipsinna*, or Dacotah turnips, grow in size from year to year, increasing with every summer that passes over it. Apples will flourish here, if grown in the first place in a northern climate, and nurseries are now growing in St. Paul, where persons can supply themselves with grafted trees at a cheap rate. Quinces will do well here, but it is not yet fully proved whether peaches will flourish here or not.

“Melons of all kinds grow luxuriantly; indeed, the accounts of the vine race are such as to challenge the strongest faith of my Eastern friends. I have it as a sober truth, from a man, of veracity, the present Sergeant at Arms of the House of Representatives, that a squash, raised by himself, grew so large that he was unable to turn it over, and that it required two men to load it into a wagon, rolling it up an inclined plane. Cucumbers have been grown here eight and nine feet long, and pumpkins measuring three feet in diameter.

“Garden Vegetables surpass anything ever known at the East. Onions, so large they cannot be put in a flour barrel whole; cabbages, the solid head two and a half feet in diameter; beets, six inches in diameter; carrots, three feet and a half long; ruta-baga turnips, so large that one will not go into a half bushel. Now I am aware that many of your readers will call this a fish story, and pass it by. I can assure them, however, that these are the statements of sober and truthful men, and are what has actually been done here.—Every one cannot do this; every place will not do it; but these are real occurrences. And if you don't believe it, come and see.”

## Interesting Facts.

Man has the power of imitating almost every motion, but that of flight. To effect these he has, in his maturity and health, 60 bones in his head, 60 in his thighs and legs, 62 in his arms and hands, and 67 in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes 64 pulsations in a minute, and therefore 3,840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative strength, though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only 50 paces a day; a worm crawls only five inches in 50 seconds; but a lady-bird can fly 20,000,000 times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that. An eagle can fly ten leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of 16 hours. A violent wind travels 20 miles in an hour, sound, 1,142 English feet in a second.

“Having examined the city, Mr. Giles, what do you think of it?”  
“Why, sir, I don't know—but I do think all but the lawyers are a pack of rogues.”  
“Indeed! And what of the lawyers, Mr. Giles?”  
“Why, as for them, I'm sure they be.”

A man appeared at the City Hall, Boston, the other day, for a marriage certificate, giving as his occupation “Rat, Mice, and Cockroach Catcher.” His intended, he said, followed the same business. It takes all sorts and conditions to make a world.

## Extravagance and Folly.

The New York Journal of Commerce says: Men who were here in 1836 and saw the abounding ‘wealth,’ splendid equipages, brilliant furniture, magnificent parties, &c. of that day, and who, a year or two afterwards, saw a large part of those foolish spendthrifts bankrupt and ruined, cannot avoid such reminiscences when they see the far greater extravagance of the present day. They cannot help asking themselves if the end will not be the same. A New York correspondent of the Boston Transcript notes a few items of this extravagance in the words following:

Allusion was made in a former letter to the lavish prodigality with which money was expended in this city upon hotels and stores. Upon further investigation, I find that in respect to extravagance in other matters the New Yorkers are now in advance of all former times. The rage for showy and costly articles for private dwellings far exceeds the emulation which exists between the rival hotels up town.—As a matter of curiosity to your readers, a few of the fashionable styles of parlor ornament will be stated. One of the latest patterns of parlor tables or light stands is made of the richest decorated French porcelain, set in a gilt frame and stand. These are very beautiful; the prices range from \$200 to \$300 each according to the value of the painting.

French porcelain ornamental gas fixtures for the mantel are imported and sold for \$180 a pair.

A pair of bronzed mantel candelabra, with a clock for a centre piece, are for sale at \$800 a set. An importer stated that he had sold four sets for one house, \$3,000.

A novel and unique mantel clock, valued at \$500, would be a rich mantel ornament. This clock has no hands. The hour and minutes are denoted by figures which revolve, like a modern whist counter.

One firm here have a small mantel clock for which they ask \$1,200. Two birds come out and sing from the clock each hour.

Bronzed vases with bas reliefs are plenty at \$300 each. Porcelain tea sets of thirty-six pieces are held at \$180 a set. And so one could go through the list of household articles of elegance and utility, and name prices which would not do except in an ‘age of gold.’

One cannot fail to call to mind the common illustration suggested by the up-pish tendency of all property in this city, and to state that we are now witnessing the brilliant ascent of the rocket; the less certain descent of the valueless stick may not be so agreeable, particularly if it should hit us or one near to us.

Twenty-four gas burners in a bedroom twelve feet square, decorated porcelain spittoons, and seven hundred dollar bed coverings may excite wonder and attract for a time, but such matters are of short duration from the very nature of things.

Physicians in India raise blisters with red-hot iron, and dress them with cayenne pepper. If such treatment don't make a man ‘smart,’ we don't know of anything that will. One of the favorite cathartics is made of pills of gunpowder—twelve are given for a dose;—a minute after they are down, a coil of fire is administered, when a movement in the particles takes place that either eradicates the disease or the invalid—commonly the latter.

During the recent cold weather, a young Indian and several white boys were skating on the ice in the Passaic river, at Belleville, N. J., when one of the number broke through, which so frightened the others that they all fled except the Indian boy, who immediately ran to the assistance of his drowning comrade and succeeded in dragging him out just as he was sinking. A few days after this occurrence, while engaged in the same sport on a pond at Bloomfield, the same accident happened to another boy. All of his comrades again fled from the spot, with the exception of the heroic Indian boy, who seized a long pole and extended it to the lad, thus a second time rescuing one whom others had deserted in fear.—He is the son of Maungwadas, who, with Chief Kopyway, is engaged in lecturing on the manners and customs of the Indians.

## A Burning Mountain.

We read with no small degree of interest an article in ‘Scott's Weekly’ from the pen of a Mr. Silas S. Steel, on what he terms the ‘Burning Mountain’ at Coal Castle, in this State. The existence of a burning mountain in our own State, we must confess, is something quite new to us. Yet the writer states that this stupendous mountain-bed of burning anthracite has been for the last thirteen years, glaring and smoking through the hot and cavernous crevices, formed by its outward combustion, and casting forth its clouds of vapor and sulphurous lava.

This mountain embraces a portion of Broad Mountain, at Coal Castle, a small mining settlement about five miles north of Minersville, and about fifteen north-west from Schuylkill-Haven. The writer adds:

“The approach to this vast coudron of Anthracite, from the lively borough of Minersville is exceedingly romantic and sublime. You follow the narrow rail track, built by the Delaware Company, exclusively for coal cars, through Mine-Hill Gap, a lengthy and stupendous gorge, lined with rocky tables, caves and turrets, which seem to reach into the clouds, and in some places almost o'reach your winding way.

Upon arriving at Coal Castle, any of the obliging mining operatives will point out to the visitor the Fiery Mountain.—Should the day be dark and cloudy, the indications of combustion will themselves be fully sufficient to point out its location. It is here necessary to apprise the traveler and the curious in general, that an ascent to this mountain is deemed an exceedingly dangerous adventure, from the fact that many portions of its surface are considered a mere superficial crust, or shell; crevices and chasms are continually opening, and in many places where there is no visible sign of combustion, the coal consumed, up to the very superstratum of earth, which is liable from the slightest pressure to fall in, and thus precipitate everything upon its surface, down into its unfathomable cave of fire.

Perhaps, the most secure way to effect an examination, is to cross the narrow gap, over to one of the opposite elevation, and by the aid of a spy-glass survey its cracked and smoking points.—However, notwithstanding the warning of some of the friendly inhabitants of Minersville and Coal Castle, intense curiosity impelled me onward, and possessing less ponderosity and perhaps more folly than my advisers, I resolved to take a naked eye observation of this vast furnace of anthracite, and set out on the toilsome ascent, pulling my corpus upward rock by rock, clump by clump, and tree by tree. At about thirty feet from the base; I found a small stream of water, which came bubbling and smoking through an irregular opening in the earth, and of a temperate sufficiently hot to scald my fingers. The stream at this place was perfectly clear, yet, upon climbing a few feet further upward, a lava-like fluid came hissing and oozing out, embedding the gravel of the soil in its sulphurous ingredients and scorching such few traces of vegetation as happened to lie within its course. My attention was here particularly arrested by an indistinct rumbling, and, on applying my ear to the aperture, a roaring and crackling was sufficiently audible to indicate a most active, if not violent state of combustion within, supported by a current of air from some unknown quarter.

Upon gaining the summit of the towering mountain, a most desolate yet interesting picture presents itself. The surface, as far as the eye can reach, is either cracked, burnt, or broken into enormous and fearful depths by the approach of the fires to the upper stratum;—roots and trunks of the lofty trees are charred and blackened, mingling their pyroliginous odor with the sulphurous vapors from the hot caves and crevices around.—The calcined bones of birds, reptiles, and small quadrupeds, lie here and there, half mixed with the mineral ashes, to fill up blasted view, while amidst the vast scene of desolation may be seen a solitary wood-flower, springing from this perpetual ‘hot-bed,’ and presenting in the ungenial atmosphere, a mockery of bloom. Towards the southward brow of the mountain, I observed a deep and lengthy opening, formed by a huge rock, having been rent asunder by action of the fire; and the edge of each division being hung with lengthy rows of stalactites of sulphur, hanging like irregular teeth, gave it the appearance of a vast and hideous mouth, which belched forth its hot and noxious breath from the flaming lungs below. By means of a lengthy pole, formed of a tree,

a companion and myself succeeded in dragging up from this ‘jaw-bone furnace,’ if I may be allowed the term, a portion of the interior matter in a state of fusion—a part of which I leave for your examination.

Finding the earth in this locality inclined to yield like bending ice, and the soles of our feet becoming uncomfortably warm, we made our descent carefully, yet as rapidly as possible, towards Coal Castle, considerably scorched, scratched and fatigued, yet gratified and instructed by our clambering journey over the Fiery Mountain.

Col. Fuller, of the N. Y. Mirror, has been for some time sojourning at the South. Below will be found an extract from one of his rich and racy letters from N. Orleans:

At the risk of being charged with a lack of gallantry, I shall venture to state that the Southern ladies paint like Jezebels. Brows, cheeks, lips and necks bear palpable marks of chalk and “pink saucers.” To an unsophisticated taste, this giving the lie to Nature is simply disgusting; and in a married woman should be made by statute, sufficient ground for divorce. I say it boldly, as I intend to leave this evening.

The Quadroon ladies of New Orleans excite both a feeling of admiration and pity—admiration for their accomplishments and beauty—commiseration for the unnatural and unjust condition entailed upon them by the laws of Louisiana. A man cannot legally marry a Quadroon woman, unless he is able to swear that he has *black blood in his veins*. As many of these women are not only very white, but very beautiful and highly accomplished, resistance to their charms is no easy matter; and, as love is not apt to be controlled by statute limitations, the consequence of this absurd state of things is readily anticipated. They marry, or *place*, as they call it, without the sanctions of the State, or the benedictions of the Church. The mother of the girl consents to a temporary arrangement, provided her daughter is furnished with comfortable quarters, and a couple of slaves, with a promise on the part of the mock husband to give his little quadroon a good education. It is not a very uncommon thing for Northern Bachelors, to say nothing of Northern Benedicts, to be under the necessity of supporting and educating the offspring of this peculiar institution. I have heard of one case, in which a man was so madly, or perhaps I should say, *truly* in love with a beautiful quadroon, that in order to marry her, he injected a little *black blood* into his veins procured from one of his negroes; and then took the requisite nuptial oath, thereby fulfilling the letter of the law. It may spoil the romance of the story to add, that the lady had a dowry of three hundred thousand dollars.—But in this age of gold the mercenary spirit is an element not to be overlooked; and here in the South a bachelor in a ball room is asked to be introduced to a young lady with so many hogsheads of sugar—or so many bales of cotton—or so many well conditioned negroes. A young lady with more charms of purse than person, overheard an ungallant fellow remarking the other evening upon the number of freckles on her face, when she turned upon him with the sharp retort that *her father had a negro for every freckle!*

## Medical Facts.

Merchants generally die of the bilious, printers of the typhus, and brokers of remittent fevers.

Masons usually go off with stone, gravel or dropsy.

Most tailors leave the world in fits—through their customers rarely do.

Disappointed actors usually die of mortification.

Seamstresses suffer much from stitches in the side.

The children of coopers are never free from whooping-cough.

Our congressional orators are never troubled with shortness of breath, although flatulence is not uncommon.

Dyers are subject to the blues and scarlet fever, and clock-makers to the tic-douloureux.

Glaziers are never without pains.

Brewers are constantly ailing.

Editors are carried off with ‘an idea’ in their heads, but nothing in their pockets.

Poets ascend to the realms of the moon, feed on imaginary vapors, and die among strangers at the Insane Asylums.

**Honesty Turned Up.**—It is said that Professor Anderson, at present in Charleston, has received a letter from Louis Napoleon Emperor of the French, inclosing a check for £30, which he borrowed some years since from the professor in London, accompanied with a present of a diamond ring, and an invitation to visit Paris.—This will be cheering news to all who were the Emperor's creditors in the times that tried his soul.

## Agricultural.

### Twenty Acres of Corn.

M. C. CRAPSY, of Lockport, N. Y., gives in the *Journal* of that place, the mode of cultivation adopted and exact expenditures except manure, incurred in raising twenty acres of corn. Every farmer will read with interest. He says:

The land must be entirely clear from stumps, stones or anything that will obstruct the drag or cultivator. Sod ground which was used in this case, is decidedly preferred.

The earliest warm weather in the spring should be improved for drawing on the manure.

Plow eight inches deep, roll hard, then drag and cultivate the ground till it is fine as an onion bed. When the ground is thus prepared, no danger need be apprehended from the wire worm. The corn is up and beyond harm from this insect before it comes to the surface. Mark the ground each way in straight rows just 3 feet apart. This gives 4,840 hills to the acre, of a fraction more than 66 hills to the bushel.

Delay planting until the ground is so warm that the corn will come up within eight days. Put in from 5 to 8 kernels in a hill and roll the ground after planting.

Cultivate each way as often as the weeds start. About the time of wheat harvest pull up the large weeds that can be found.

Cut up when the small as well as the large ears are sufficiently glazed. When husked, I put the ears in an out door covered crib which admits the free passage of the air.

### ITEMS OF EXPENDITURE TO EACH ACRE.

1. Drawing 16 loads manure,	\$2.00
2. Plowing,	2.00
3. Rolling, dragging, and cultivating before planting,	1.38
4. Marking out before planting,	.31
5. Seed corn, 19 cts.; planting, 75 cts., 94	
6. Rolling after planting and thinning out,	.72
7. Cultivating each way three times,	1.12
8. Pulling weeds,	1.13
9. Cutting up, &c.,	1.13
10. Husking, cribbing, setting up stalks,	4.30
11. Shelling, \$1.54, drawing to market 77 cts.	2.31
12. Interest of money on land,	7.00
Total,	\$23.84

### RECEIPTS.

77 bushels corn at 56 1/2 cts per bush.	43.31
Stalks,	7.00
Clear profit,	26.47
Clearing from 20 acres,	\$529.40

The mode of culture described above saves labor, and adds largely to the profits compared with any that I had previously practised. I have recently traveled through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, and although I have seen localities where a larger amount can be raised with the same labor, I have seen no place in the west where the same number of days work, or the same expenditure will bring larger returns to the producer than in this county.

### How to Raise fruit every Year.

If rightly understood, few trees unless absolutely dead or rotten, need occupy ground without yielding a plentiful crop. After a long and varied series of experiments, I gradually adopted the following mode; as soon as the winter had sufficiently disappeared, and before the sap ascends, I examine my trees; every dead bough is lopped off, then after the sap has risen sufficiently to show where the blossoms will be, I cut away all the other branches having none on, and also the extremity of every limb the lower part bears a considerable number of buds, thus, concentrating the sap of the tree upon and destitute of fruit. You may think this injures the trees, but it does not; for you will find trees laden with fruit which formerly yielded nothing. Of course all other well known precautions must be attended to; such as cutting out worms from the maturation of its fruits, and saving what would be useless expenditure of strength. In the quince, apricot, and peach trees, this is very apt to be too luxuriant, in leaves and destitute of fruit.

**SENSIBLE DOCTOR.**—A handsome young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints with which she was afflicted.

“In the first place,” said she “I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?”

“For that, madam, you should take air and exercise.”

“And, Doctor, I am quite fitgety at night, and afraid to lie alone. What shall I take for that?”

“For that, madam, I can only recommend that you take—a husband!”

“Fie! Doctor. But I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?”

“For that, madam, you have besides taking air, exercise, and a husband, to take—the newspaper.”

Sensible doctor, that,