

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 13.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. MAY 26, 1853.

NO. 31.

Published by Theodore Schoch.
TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 25 cents, per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same.—A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

JOB PRINTING.
Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental Type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.
Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Justices, Legal and other Blanks, Pamphlets, Ac. printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms.

AT THE OFFICE OF
THE JEFFERSONIAN.

An Hour of Peace.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stillly hour, when storms are gone!
When warrior winds have died away,
And clouds beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquility—
Fresh as if day again were born,
Again upon the lap of morn!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;
And every drop the thunder showers,
Have left upon the grass and flowers,
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them!

Egotism.

Dream not, complacent, thoughtless man,
That heaven of thee takes special care,
Or swerves from its impartial plan
To give thy lot a better share.

For full a thousand millions more,
The showers descend, the sunbeams smile,
On each far continental shore,
Each lonely, sea-sequestered isle.

How vaster far the throng which saw
Our earth, since dawned her primal day,
Which fitted through the gates of awe,
In all the ages past away!

Dost deem thyself 't' important one?
So thought each shadow gone before,
Each felt as, when its day was done
The earth and skies need stand no more.

Then simply spend the fleeting years
That bear thee toward the waiting gloom,
Content to share, with all thy peers,
The common hope beyond the tomb.

A Strange Adventure.

Mr. Redblossom drank rather more than his usual allowance of hot rum, and sugar, one cold night last week; the consequence of which was, he gave his wife a rather confused account of his conduct, on his return home:

"Mr. Smith's grocery store invited me to go and drink cousin Sam—and you see, the wether was dry—and I was very sloppy—so I said I didn't mind punching one drink—and 'squeer how my head went into the punch! The way home was so dizzy that I slipped upon a little dog—the corner of the street hit me—and an old gentleman with cropped ears and a brass collar on his neck said he belonged to the dog—and I was you understand—'is—that is, I don't know nothing more about it!"

What a Taste.

In one of Col. Noland's recent letters from Arkansas to the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, occurs the following paragraph:

I heard a hard yarn on an old toper the other day. He was out of money, credit, and liquor and almost froze for a drink. Some mischievous fellow agreed to furnish him liquor if he would open his mouth and swallow a small blacksnake that one of them had picked up; that was a hard undertaking, but he "craved liquor," and consented; open went his mouth and down went the snake and a sicker man never was known. He swallowed the liquor, and now it was the snake's turn to be sick—he popped, the same road he went in at, and in all probability is still running. A gentleman who resided in the mines in California, declared to me that he knew a hearty and stout Englishman, in the mines, who every spring hunted up small spring frogs, and swallowed six or seven of them alive, and never needed any more medicine until the next Spring—a great improvement on mustard liniment, pain-killer, or any other of the patent medicines. I might, in a dead pinch, go the frog, but the snake I could not swallow, any way it could be fixed. I would rather go the live oysters.

The Texas papers declare the reported discovery of gold mines in that State to be a hoax—the specimens of precious metal exhibited having been brought from California.

An elk can run a mile in a minute, and the speed of the wild mule of Tartary is said to exceed that.

TAKE OFF THE HATCH.

A Sailor's Yarn.

Having procured our horses, we set sail for the country, and becoming interested with our ride, we proceeded a distance of ten miles before we stopped.

At last we dropped anchor in front of the dwelling of a Scotch lady, well known to all of us for keeping good things. We gave our horses to the ostler, and entered the house where we were received like nabobs.

We had a first rate dinner, smoked our Havannas, destroyed some of the old lady's oranges fresh from the trees, rolled ten pins, and became so amused with each other, that we heeded not the hour, when Bob put his head out of the alley, and bawled back to.

"Look here, shipmates, what a row is kicking up overhead."

We all ran out to look at the sight, when we beheld the heavens black as ink, and a tremendous squall coming up, which threatened a hard night in those diggings.

"What do you think of that boys?" said Bob. "Here's a pretty go—here we are, ten miles out of our latitude, and a storm gathering. It begins to rain now. Put up your helm boys, and let her slide for the house."

So we made sail under Bob's command, direct to the old lady's snug harbor.

Wet to the skin, we began to lay plans for the night, when our hostess entered the room.

Bob commenced addressing her on the possibility of her accommodating us for the stormy night.

"Weel, weel, I dinna ken," and away she bustled out of the room.

She came back with the grateful news that she could provide for us all; so we settled down to our happiness again.

We amused ourselves in various ways during the evening, when it was proposed to turn in, as we must be up early in the morning, to get back into the city in any season. So we made a move at once, and were shown to our beds for the night, all but Bob; he wanted to finish his cigar first, and said he would soon follow in our wake.

It might have been half an hour after we had left Bob below, smoking and chatting with the old lady, telling her he had not been able to leave his ship all night before, since she arrived in port; for while loading her he had been on duty all day, and it came night he was tired enough to turn right in. I say Bob was enlightening the old lady in this strain, when we called to him to come up to bed.

"Aye, aye," said Bob, I am coming. Well old lady, pleasant dreams to ye.—I'll turn in now, and we heard Bob start for the stairs.

The house was an old fashioned one, with a very narrow stairway and considerable entry at the foot of them, which opened directly into the sitting-room below where we left Bob.

"Never mind the light, old lady, I can navigate up stairs," we heard Bob say; a door shut, and all was still as death.

"Where's Bob?" said one of our party.

"He's coming; I heard him bid the old lady good night."

"Well, why don't he come up then?—Didn't you sing out for him to come up?"

"Yes, and all of ten minutes ago.—Pass the word there, fellers, for Bob."

"Bob! Bob! Bob! Bob! Bob!" was shouted from each one of us; when we heard him answer very mildly.

"Hullo!"

"Ain't you coming up?"

"Yes I'm coming."

Here was a pause for a minute, when no Bob appearing, we began again:

"Bob!"

"Hullo!"

"Coming up?"

"Rot your pictures, I am up as far as I can go! you're a nice set of boys, you are! Take off the hatch, will you! How in creation am I to get up if you don't take the hatch off—say?"

"Bob's drunk, fellers," was whispered among us.

"Where could he get his rum?" The old lady don't have any.

"Well, he's drunk or, crazy—talking about the hatch bein on. Tom, old feller, you take a light and see where Bob is."

Tom turned out, took the light to the head of the stairs, so that everything was illuminated the bottom, when he screamed out.

"Fellers! fellers! come here and look at Bob!"

We all rushed to the spot, and looking down we saw Bob with his feet on the second round of the old lady's clothes horse, and his hands holding on the up-

per one, bringing his head in contact with wall, which he called the hatch.

We went down to Bob with the light, making everything visible, which before was enveloped in pitchy darkness.

The old lady kept her clothes horse hung up on two spikes, in the entry, at the foot of the stairs. The entry being dark and narrow Bob had got hold of what he supposed to be a 'Jacob's ladder,' and commenced ascending the rounds until his head touched the hatch.

Lectures on Spiritualism.

Mr. J. TIFFANY, of Cleveland, has published a serious of Lectures on the subject of Spiritual communication, embodying many remarkable cases. Among them we find the following:

I will mention another example. Mr. Nathan Whitney, of Warren Co., Ia., is a medium for these communications. His wife lost a brother about nine years of age, in Wilmington, Clinton Co., Ohio. This brother's name was David Allen Everett. This lad previous to his death, had lost a pocket knife which he prized very highly, and in searching for which he and others had spent much time. After David had been deceased for a year or more, his spirit purported to be present to communicate through his brother-in-law Mr. W. Mrs. W., who was strongly inclined to doubt the genuineness of the manifestations, remarked, "David, if this is really you, you can tell us where you lost your knife and where it can now be found." To which he replied "Certainly, I can see it now; it is lying in the pigeon-box in such a barn, in Wilmington, Ohio, with the blade open." He then gave directions how they could get to the box, by climbing up on the scaffolding, &c., and he requested that the knife might be obtained and be kept to be presented to his little nephew, (a son of Mr. and Mrs. W.) when he should be old enough to appreciate it, as a gift from his spirit uncle. Mrs. W. wrote to her parents in Wilmington, requesting them to look for the knife, and thus test the correctness of the communication. They had removed some five miles from the place where the knife was lost, and had not sufficient confidence in the communication to go five miles to test it. Two young men being present at the time the letter was received, and being curious to test the matter, mounted their horses and went and made the search, and found the knife in the exact place described in the letter, with the blade open, as described. And the knife is now being kept to be presented according to the request of the little spirit-giver.—Thus I might continue giving an indefinite number of cases illustrating this point but the above are sufficient.

These manifestations indicate a decree of intelligence superior to that of the mediums or any other person present; and they also indicate an intelligence purely intellectual in its character. Illustrating this point, I will give the case of Prof. Miller, of Cortland Co., New York. He visited certain mediums in Auburn, N. Y., for the purpose of investigating this subject. While there, he endeavored to obtain indications of intelligence of such a character as to render it certain that the answers were in no way dictated by the mediums. He therefore selected a subject for investigation that would require a degree of intelligence not possessed by one in a hundred thousand. He called for the spirit of La Place, the celebrated astronomer and mathematician, and directly the spirit responded to his call. "Now," said Professor M., "if you are the spirit of La Place, you can demonstrate to me such a problem in such a book of your 'Mechanics Celestis.' The spirit responded by giving the desired demonstration. He took it down as given by the spirit, not being quite certain that it was the one called for; but on comparing it with the book he found it to be correct. This demonstration was of such a character that Prof. M. knew no person present excepting himself could understand it after it was given. Prof. M. also applied another test. There was in his mind a mathematical problem which he had been endeavoring to solve for some time, without success. While here making these investigations, he submitted that problem to the spirits of La Place and Newton, and they solved for him the problem. Here certainly was an indication of a very high degree of intelligence concerned in the production of these phenomena. I might add many other cases, but the above are sufficient for my present purpose.

Romantic.—The Springfield (Mass.) Republican publishes a notice of the marriage of a couple, whose ages are, respectively, 74 and 73 years. They were lovers in the hey-day of youth, and a matrimonial connection was then prevented by parental authority. They have each been married, each lost a partner by death.—The frosts of time have failed to chill the affections of their hearts, and, with the weight of years upon them they have now come together, to fulfil the vows of their early years.

"It is well to leave something to those who come after us," as the gentleman said who threw a barrel in the way of the constable that was chasing him.

A Yankee editor says—"The march of civilization is onward—onward—like the slow but intrepid tread of a jackass towards a peck of oats."

[BY REQUEST.] CHEAP FUEL. Delaware, Lehigh and Wyoming Valley Railroad.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: A communication in your issue of the 29th of April speaking so very disparagingly of this enterprise and of all its friends at this place, makes it necessary for me, but with some reluctance, to ask your insertion of this avowal of all the facts in connection therewith. That we of Wilkesbarre have so far borne with the many misrepresentations respecting this valuable improvement is evidence that we detest strife and have no sympathy with those who are so ready to engage in it.

For a period of twenty-five years at different times it has been agitated to open an outlet from our rich and easy-working Coal-beds to the Delaware Water Gap. Various diverse interests, believing that such an outlet would materially mar their prosperity, have had a tendency to retard our hopes and endeavors. These are now beginning to yield to the well known and desirable fact that there is sufficient demand for our staple to give business to all the projected lines. With one exception we think we have the good wishes of all. This exception it is necessary to mention comes from those who have the control of the Leggett's Gap Railroad, and are the proprietors of the village called Scranton. That this should be so is quite unexpected, as in all their requirements for legislative action they have hitherto had our hearty co-operation.—That, after having expended four millions of dollars (without much success) in their laudable endeavors to find iron ore and as good anthracite coal as we have in our valley, is not our fault, and the following well known fact in this valley will fully establish what it is actually necessary the New-York people should know.

When the Pennsylvania Coal Company commenced its operations, it purchased large bodies of lands in the immediate proximity to Scranton. That Company built a Railroad from Hawley to these lands. It expended vast sums in searching for coal and endeavoring to develop the coal that it was believed these lands contained. After all their outlays of time and money, it found the lands so purchased utterly valueless and worthless. Operations upon them were discontinued, and they were abandoned. The alternative was then presented to the Company of extending its railroad 15 miles further, which would lead them into the Wyoming Valley, four miles above our town, or abandoning their works; it was therefore so determined, and that decision has made the Pennsylvania Coal Company what it now is, a thriving and prosperous concern. The foregoing speaks volumes, as far as the purity and abundance of our coal deposits over that in the Lackawanna Valley.

Now the Cobb's Gap Railroad, which is to be used for the purpose of building up Scranton and connect with that wonderful achievement, known as the Leggett's Gap Road, is placed before the New York public, as the only practicable mode of connecting us with New York, expecting to make us tributary to Scranton, and travel 18 miles out of our 29 feet veins to take a railroad with much steeper grades, and passing through the thousands of acres of rough timber-land, which has been recently purchased by this thriving Company and who have taken all the Stock, without paying much for the same, with the expectation of issuing Bonds, to carry out their private speculation. The distance from Wilkesbarre to the Delaware Water Gap, is no greater than from Scranton, the grades easier and right of way open without money or price, in fact the timber also. Look closely into this magnificent project. There are over six Coal Companies in Wyoming Valley who would use this road, and hence it would be a common road, and not used for the promotion of one coal bed, as would be the case at Scranton, where the land for some four miles square is owned by one set of proprietors, having but one interest, namely, the building up of that place and making all others tributary to it.

Let us examine this subject further.—In the article alluded to, the grade of the Cobb's Gap Road is held up as being more easy than ours. One simple fact will put this all right. The Cobb's Gap is compelled to overcome precisely the same elevation from the same basis as the Delaware, Lehigh and Wyoming Valley Road, but the difference in the facilities to do this are greatly in our favor. The Lackawanna Valley is 19 miles, while the Wyoming Valley is 32 miles in length.—Scranton is situated 13 miles from the eastern termination of the Lackawanna Valley, and six miles from its western verge, which it connects with the Wyoming Valley. It is on the outer rim of the Lackawanna and at the base of the elevation which it is compelled to overcome with its Cobb's Gap Road; the elevation (as before remarked) to overcome is the same in both routes, and is 1,100 feet.—The distance from Scranton to this summit—the only distance it can employ to ascend it—is six miles all told, because it is placed in the very jaws of the gorge it is compelled to employ, and cannot move a mile to the right or left to obtain distance. This fetters the Cobb's Gap Road hopelessly to the employment of a grade of very nearly 200 feet to the mile, unless it can run down into the Wyoming Valley to obtain its distance and its tonnage.

For the whole distance through Cobb's Gap, the railroad of that name is located in the narrow pass, already occupied in a great measure by the Gravity road of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, which takes up the last, and almost the only possible ground, and is obliged to twist along considerably to get through the same. This would oblige the Cobb's Gap to be at an increased expense to go over, under, and around this road of the Pennsylvania Company. Now mark the difference in regard to the road from our place. The Wyoming Valley, as before mentioned, is 32 miles in length, nearly double to that of the Lackawanna, and very different in all respects in mineral opulence and magnitude, from its western termination to the Mill Creek Gap, which is 7 miles East of Wilkesbarre, and through which the Delaware, Lehigh, and Wyoming Valley road will leave the Valley, in a direct line, is 25 miles to our summit. Now any unprejudiced mind may see at once that this whole distance may be easily employed, if necessary, to overcome the summit from our town. The entire eastern slope of the mountain, along which our road would pass, is a gentle declivity, and so unbroken that it would cost little more to grade a railroad along its side than to construct a common country road, and in connection with this advantage, the route along the said slope would pass over the vast seams of our best coal, nearly to the summit of this mountain.

The center of our Valley is the center of the Coal Basin, from which the seams spread for miles across the same and high up on the mountain-side. This surely is interesting to New-Yorkers, who desire cheap and pure fuel. The elevation of the Mill Creek Gap, above Wilkesbarre is 800 feet; from that Gap to the extreme summit, which is 300 additional feet is 11 miles; thus, to overcome the whole elevation of 1,100 feet in a direct line, necessary to pass from the Wyoming Valley to the Delaware Water Gap, 36 miles of distance can be advantageously employed. I speak from actual knowledge, and my statements can be corroborated by Col. Allen, who is now engaged in making the actual surveys and estimates, with two competent corps of assistants, one at each end of the line. The examination made thus far, which is about 10 miles toward the summit from our town, proves to be at a grade of a fraction over 60 feet to the mile. We wait for his report with perfect confidence that it will be found satisfactory to all our friends.

One more fact in relation to furnishing your city with Cheap Fuel and I will finish my somewhat lengthy communication. Coal has been purchased from individuals here for some of your companies at from 68 to 85 cents per ton, ready prepared and in the cars ready for market; and at this price has paid well to the sellers. Now, taking the above rates as the basis of coal delivered upon the line of our road, and adding anything reasonable for toll and transportation that you please—say \$2, more than is paid upon the Reading Road for like distance, and you will have coal of the purest quality delivered in New York City for one half the price you now pay upon an average the year round. And what will not this accomplish in commerce, manufacturers and domestic economy in your city? To build and equip this road for the present a single track is only needed to develop what it is asserted here, which will require an investment of \$1,600,000, a sum which would be more than saved to the City of New York at the reduced price of fuel after it shall have been in operation a single year. Can you doubt it? Look at the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and the Pennsylvania Coal Companies. Are they not great favorites with your capitalists? The Pennsylvania Coal Company have expended eleven millions or more to construct their improvements by distant and circuitous routes. What, then, is there to hang a doubt upon in building this road of 55 miles in length, which brings the great jugular vein of the Anthracite coal formation within five hours of your city? Does any one believe that New-York will cease using Anthracite coal?

I call our formation the jugular vein, from the fact that besides numerous lesser seams, our whole valley is underlain by the mighty white ash veins of 25 feet and the red ash of 27 feet in thickness.—This should settle the question of Cheap Fuel. You can avail yourselves of it, if you desire, at a comparatively small outlay. Why, Mr. Editor, there is an opening in Plymouth Township, seven miles west from our town, that has been successfully worked for more than twelve years, and so enormous is its thickness that the excavations do not extend to three-quarters of an acre. The Baltimore Coal Company's mine is a mile and a half east of Wilkesbarre. They are and have been excavating from their 26 feet vein 80,000 tons per annum, which they send altogether down the Susquehanna. But this article is already drawn out much more than I intended, and I will close by saying that the more this subject matter is examined the greatness of its importance to your City will be properly appreciated.

FAIR PLAY.
Wilkesbarre, Penn., May 3, 1853.

A Sharp Justice.

In one of the remotest recesses of the "Mountain Distret" of Tennessee, there lives but one solitary Whig. All the rest belong to the untried Democracy, be-

lieving still that Gen. Jackson is President of the U. S. and voting for him once in four years. Well, this Whig has for the last twenty years, it is said, held the office of Justice of the Peace, in this community, by a sort of common consent. But this year political excitement being quite stirring, a project was formed of turning the "Squire out of office, and putting in a Democrat.

On the day of election, the people assembled and the voting commenced.—The election was held in an old distillery, and the ballot box was a large gourd.—The opposing candidate was the owner of the distillery; and there was whiskey enough on the premises for them all to swim in.

The "Squire was early on the ground to watch the proceedings. He came on the ground bare footed, and unnumbered with any other garments than his shirt and pants.

After eyeing the proceedings for some time in silence, he rose up and told the crowd that he wanted to make them a speech. "Agreed," said they all. He accordingly mounted a whiskey barrel and then commenced:

"Fellow Citizens: I've been looking on here, and I see plainly what's going on here. Fellow Citizens—I've been a Justice of the Peace here for the last twenty years, and a good many of you know that I've saved you from going to the Penitentiary, and now you are trying to turn me out of office. But I just want to tell you one thing—I've got the Constitution and Laws of the State of Tennessee, and just as sure as you turn me out of office, I'll burn 'em up!—if I don't blame me, and you may all go to ruin together."

The effect of this speech was tremendous, and he was re-elected by an overwhelming majority.

"Kiss Me Mamma, Do Kiss Me."

The child was so sensitive—so like that little, shrinking plant that curls up at a breath, and shuts its heart from the light. The only beauties she possessed were an exceedingly transparent skin, and large, mournful blue eyes.

I had been trained by a very stern, strict, conscientious mother; but I was a hardy plant, rebounding after every shock. Misfortune could not daunt, though discipline tamed me. I fancied, alas, that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature, and so one day, when she had displeased me exceedingly by repeating an offence, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and on sending her to her little couch, I said:

"Now, my daughter, to punish you, and to show you how very naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to-night."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open. I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then, and I left her with the big tears trickling down her cheeks, and her lips quivering.

Presently I was sent for. "Oh, mamma, will you kiss me! I can't go to sleep if you don't," she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling; and she held out her hand. Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty.

"Mother can't kiss you, Ellen," I whispered, though every word choked me.—Her hand touched mine; it was very hot, but I attributed it to her excitement.—She then turned her griefed face to the wall, and I left the room for the night. It might have been about twelve, when I was awakened by the nurse. Apprehensive, I ran to the child's chamber. Ellen did not know me; she was sitting up, crimsoned to the throat, her eyes so bright that I almost drew back against at their glance.

From that night a raging fever drank up her life—and what, think you, was the incessant plaint poured into my anguished heart? "Oh, kiss me, mother—do kiss me. I can't go to sleep. You'll kiss your little Ellen, won't you, mother? I can't go to sleep."

Holy little child, she did go to sleep one grey morning, never to wake again. Her hand was locked in mine, and all my veins icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded in those beautiful eyes.—She never knew me, but with her last breath she whispered, "I'll be good, mother, if you'll only kiss me."

Kiss her! God knows how passionate but unavailing were my kisses upon her cheek after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers that she might know, if but once, that I kissed her. But all in vain; she lies in the tomb, with a little urn at her head, and a rose-bush at her feet. There grow the sweet summer flowers; there waves the gentle grass; there birds sing their matins and their vespers; and there lies the freshness of my heart.

Remedy for the Yellow Fever.

A correspondent writes: "A few years ago I fell in company with a very intelligent captain of a merchant ship, who had made many voyages to the west Indies, and also to the coast of Africa, and he informed me that as an antidote to the fevers prevailing in those climates he always took with him a large bottle of finely pulverized charcoal, of which he gave his crew a teaspoonful three times a day in a glass of water, and he never lost a man by the yellow fever, though other ships were daily losing their men. Should any one have faith to try this, with good effects, I hope it may be published to the world." (English paper.)