

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 3.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1842.

No. 24.

PRINTED AND 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 7 1/2 cts. per year, extra.  
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## JURY LIST.

Persons drawn to serve as Grand Jurors for September Term, 1842.

- 1 Christian Smith, Smithfield
- 2 Rudolph Smith, M. do
- 3 William Clark, do
- 4 Jacob Spriggle, Hamilton
- 5 John Marsh, Sen. do
- 6 Henry Smith, Ross
- 7 John Frable, do
- 8 John Krasge, Chesnuthill
- 9 Jacob Roth, Hamilton
- 10 Charles Malven, Stroud
- 11 Philip Featherman, do
- 12 Jacob Fellenzer, Ross
- 13 Charles Labar, M. Smithfield
- 14 Abraham Labar, Smithfield
- 15 Andrew L. Storm, Pocono
- 16 George Michaels, Jr. M. Smithfield
- 17 David Edinger, Pocono
- 18 David Gregory, Chesnuthill
- 19 William Gorden, Stroud
- 20 Thomas Franz, Ross
- 21 Jacob Shafer, Chesnuthill
- 22 James Johnson, Coolbaugh
- 23 James Gunsales, M. Smithfield
- 24 Alexander Fowler, Stroud

List of Petit Jurors for September Term, 1842.

- 1 John White, Tobyhanna
- 2 John Huffman, M. Smithfield
- 3 Abraham Arnold, Hamilton
- 4 Perry Sox, Tobyhanna
- 5 Peter Shaw, Hamilton
- 6 Christian Eysenberger, M. Smithfield
- 7 Thomas Altemose, Ross
- 8 George Shupp, Chesnuthill
- 9 Christian E. Smith, Smithfield
- 10 John Roth, Ross
- 11 Joseph Frable, Ross
- 12 Jacob G. Korner, Price
- 13 John Williams, Hamilton
- 14 Adam Mosier, M. Smithfield
- 15 Peter Serfass, Chesnuthill
- 16 John Shoemaker, M. Smithfield
- 17 George W. Brown, Stroud
- 18 Melchior Bossert, Hamilton
- 19 John Zimmerman, Smithfield
- 20 Jacob Dull, Pocono
- 21 John Smith, Smithfield
- 22 David Smith, Ross
- 23 George Slutter, Hamilton
- 24 Philip Krasge, Chesnuthill
- 25 Charles Price, Price
- 26 Adam Brotzman, Smithfield
- 27 Charles Franz, Hamilton
- 28 Henry Detrich, Pocono
- 29 Jacob Dersheimer, Chesnuthill
- 30 Rudolph Keller, Hamilton
- 31 Aaron Dordendof, Ross
- 32 Melchor Heller, Hamilton
- 33 John Bellis, Pocono
- 34 Ichabod Price, Price
- 35 James Ely, Ross
- 36 John V. Coolbaugh, M. Smithfield

We the subscribers, Commissioners and Sheriff of Monroe county, do certify that we have this day drawn from the proper wheel the above list of Grand and Petit Jurors, to serve at September term, to be held on the 6th day of September, A. D. 1842. Witness our hands and the seal of Monroe county this 14th day of May, A. D. 1842.

S. GUNSAULES, Sheriff,

John C. Bush, }  
John Smith, } Commissioners.  
Elihu Postens, }

Attest, James H. Walton, Clerk.

## CAMP MEETING

A union Camp Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will be held by Divine permission, on the 22d August, in Hamilton township, Monroe county, in Mr. William Young's Wood. No sutler, cake stand, or boarding tent, will be permitted within the limits of the law, (3 miles,) but such as are regulated by the authorities of the church.

DAVID E. GARDINER,  
Preacher in charge.

## POETRY.

### An Evening in Summer.

BY CHARLES H. EASTMAN.

The sun is down, dark grow the glades—  
The stars are gathering in the deep;  
And o'er the earth night's misty shades  
Are stealing, like a dream in sleep.  
The wild winds, wandering through the sky,  
Stoop from their paths as day declines,  
And nestle with a shivering cry  
And weary wing among the pines.  
The twilight fades, and all the earth,  
The night with solemn gladness fills,  
The moon, as fair as at her birth,  
Where heaven is wedded to the hills,  
Through fleecy clouds around her flung,  
Wheels up, beside the same sweet star,  
That with her, when the sky was young,  
Looked over Eden from afar.

And small white clouds like tufts of down,  
Blown over the bosom of the deep,  
Are wandering round the mountain brown,  
As sweet thoughts wander when in sleep;  
While, faintly, in the west afar,  
Is lingering still the day's last light,  
Around those kingly hills that bar  
The circled heavens from our sight.

The cool breeze sweeps the dark blue lake;  
The wild brook to its sweet self sings,  
And the quick night bird, now awake,  
Brushes the wave with glancing wings;  
Sweet Hope, with fair and gentle smiles,  
Looks in the sick man's face and tells  
How fresh-lipp'd health, from fairy isles,  
Is in that cool breeze as it swells.

Oh! would that thou wert here to gaze  
With me upon this evening sky,  
To hear the rising wind that plays  
Among the tree-tops, green and high—  
Stirring their myriad leaves, until  
Their murmur'd music swells along  
With all life's utterances, that fill  
The world with a perpetual song.

With thee beside me, O! more pure  
Would be the prayer I send on high,  
And I more meekly should endure  
Life's sorrows; from thy tender eye  
Thy love would teach me what no book  
O'er which I've pined for years hath taught  
Calmly on baffled hopes to look,  
And bless the changes they have wrought.

### Sarah-Nadeing Extra.

Vake, lady, vake! the moon are high;  
The twinklin' stars is beamin';  
Vhile now and then across the sky  
A me-te-or are streamin'!

Vake, lovely von! the sky are clear,  
Refreshin' is the breezes,  
It blows my nose vile I sit here  
A-fiddlin' 'neath the trees!

Vake, Sally, dear! the bull-frog's note  
Are heard in yonder rushes,  
And the vorbling tree-toad swells his throat  
Singin' in them are bushes.

Vake, Venus, mine! the vipporvill  
Sings on that rail fence yonder,  
Vile the owl pipes forth his hootin' shrill—  
(Vy don't she vake, I wonder?)

Sefilly on the grassy lea  
The moon her beams are pourin',  
The stars look down and vink at me—  
(By gum! if Sal arn't snornin'!)

Vake, Sally, vake! and look on me,  
Awake! 'Squire Curtis' daughter:  
If I'll have you, and you'll have me—  
(By George! who threw that water?)

Oh! cruel Sally, thus to slight—  
(Here comes the bull-dog now!)  
"Bow-ow! bow-ow!" he's got a bite  
Ge-e-e-t out! "Bow-ow! bow-ow!"

### A Chance.

The editor of a paper in Pennsylvania says he wants a wife, and he thus enumerates the necessary qualifications of the lady:

"She must be a gal whose eye beams with love, tenderness and pity; twinkle with fun, frolic and mischief; and lighten up the flash with the immortal part of its frail tenement; whose countenance is illuminated with virgin innocence and purity, chastened by humility, and happy from the practice of every homely virtue, with a heart to feel, a hand to relieve and a bosom to sympathize with misfortune; one who can mend breeches, make shirts, scrub floors, peel taters and cook dinner."

Had he been a Yankee he would probably have appended to the list of qualifications something like the following: one that can ride horse to plough, attend to the garden, feed the pigs, drive home the cows, and occasionally lick the schoolmaster!

## Sketches of the West.

### THE GOLD MINE.

Many years ago, when the now proud Queen city of the West was a thriving village with log cabins and hard cider in abundance, a tall, thin visaged mortal rode a miserable apology for a horse through the principal street and stopped at the sign of the "Chained Bear," on Water street. He was original in every respect. His coonskin cap was drawn over his small gray eyes, and his nut-dyed coat was buttoned up to his chin, although the thermometer was high up in the nineties. Buckskin inexpressibles ornamented a pair of legs which had doubtless done the State some service in running down some wild varmints, and his cowhide boots appeared to be made for the double purpose of protecting his feet from the snows of winter; and carrying water to extinguish fires. Walking up to the bar, the strange customer thus addressed the landlord.

"How much for my horse and me, landlord—'spose I stay a short time?"

"We charge so much a day for you, and so much a day for your horse," replied the concise and intelligent keeper of the "Chained Bear."

"All right—I know as well as if I'd wintered you, and here I'll drive my stakes. As for black Dick, he'll not trouble you much, old fellow—I've learnt him to live on short allowance. When I started from the cross roads, I put a peck of corn behind my blanket, and told him he must get along with it, to which he agreed, but it didn't last, and he hasn't had a crib for two days—but no matter, just give me that green bottle, landlord—I'm as dry as a rattlesnake's skin!"

The red-eye was furnished, and three double-blooms rattled on the pine counter, drawn from the moleskin purse of the stranger.

"Now for some rib timber and a spread," said the out-and-outer, "and do you hear, landlord, leave a hole for me to get out of early in the morning for I've got some mighty particular business on hand."

"Yes sir—yes sir—your name is?"

"Bill Thompson, from Snake Creek—good night." The keeper of the "Chained Bear" was at a loss to fix his customer, and racked his brain to divine the nature of the 'mighty particular' business he had to transact the following day. The bar room loafers had their say—old Mrs. Know-all her guess—the knowing ones their thoughts—but all concluded it would be better to let old Father Time reveal the future doings of 'Bill Thompson from Snake Creek.'

In the morning, the guest was missed, but he made his appearance at the breakfast table, apparently in a very good humor with himself and all the world. After the repast he inquired for the residence of the Rev. Mr. S—, a chemist of good repute and sloped. He soon stood at the door of the scientific gentleman, and was invited to take a seat in the parlor, by the affable and accomplished tenant.

"Haven't time to stay, thank you—just brought some lumps with me I found 'tother day on a patch of ground I own, to see what it is," said the apparently 'green 'un,' at the same time producing three or four small lumps of metal.

The professor carefully examined the lumps, and stepping into his laboratory, soon returned with an anxious expression of countenance.

"You say you found these lumps on your farm?"

"Sartin—picked 'em up, one day last week after a thunderin' shower."

"Did you observe any similar pieces?"

"Didn't take notice—plenty of 'em I 'spose—the boys have got a lot."

"Well, sir, it is my duty to tell you these specimens are pure gold; but it is singular—nay, impossible I should think, that the precious metal should have been found in such a state of perfection."

"Don't know any thing about it, but I'm mighty glad you say the lumps are gold. I reckon I can find a bushel of 'em. Good morning, sir."

Of course the news spread like wild-fire through the town, that an ignorant countryman had a gold mine on Snake Creek. The bar room of the 'Bear' was thronged with anxious purchasers, who resorted to a variety of devices to pull wool over the eyes of the unsophisticated countryman. The lumps passed through the hands of thousands—the knowing ones on hearing of the stranger, expressed doubts as to their quality—others contended they were copper, and not a few pronounced them stone! The excitement hourly increased—various offers were made for the Snake Creek farm—but the owner did not appear the least disposed to sell. Five, ten, and twenty thousand dollars were offered for land not worth a hundred, but the clodhopper was inflexible; he didn't care about selling out his gold patch. At last he was offered by a company of enterprising speculators thirty thousand dollars for it, on the nail, on his assurance that "the boys" had gathered a pile of similar looking lumps. The bargain was closed—the cash forked over—the eager purchasers shown the "gold patch"—but no more lumps were found! Men were employed to dig in every direction, but no traces of a vein

could be discovered, and the greenhorn was never seen afterwards.

The following anecdote is told in the New-York Spirit of the Times, of Mr. Clay and Col. Edward Blackburn.—Richmond Whig.

"In 1836, a party of Kentuckians, in the absence of their favorite amusement, employed a day in the chase, and, at its close retreated to one of those princely mansions, in Woodford, where a generous welcome and good cheer too, is never wanting. Henry Clay and Uncle Ned were of the party, and, as a matter of course, the conversation launched out into a wide field. The then recent arrival of American Eclipse at Uncle Ned's could not fail, in such company and on such an occasion, to engross a large share of its attention. Every one present remembered how the Old Kentuckian had exhausted (as they supposed) the language of praise on Whip, Koskiusko, &c., and were anxious to know what new idea of perfection he could coin for his new and distinguished visitor. Mr. Clay (always at some good natured effort to enliven the social circle) resolved to have an encounter with Uncle Ned, and began an interrogatory.

"Well, uncle Ned, you have American Eclipse, and I am glad of it; but I am very fearful it will be out of your power to say much new in his praise. You have had so many fine horses, and have said so much in their behalf, that your ideas of perfection must be nearly exhausted. To use your own language, Whip was the finest horse you ever saw in your life; Koskiusko was the best Sir Archy horse, and from South Carolina; Good's Arab was the gayest and the finest trotter of the same stock, and from Virginia; Lance was an own brother to Ariel, the best race nag that ever graced the earth since Adam and Eve were placed in the garden of Eden! Now Uncle Ned, what can you say new for Eclipse?"

"This was a severe shot, and all present considered Uncle Ned 'out on a limb,' where the hunter chased the coon—jumping off place, awfully steep! His friend had seen him in many a 'tight place,' but here was his own eloquence brought into judgment against him! Every gentleman present, seeing Uncle Ned's apparent embarrassment, would have much preferred that Mr. Clay had spared his joke. It was now too late to think of that, and his friends mentally invoked to his aid that ready wit and repartee which had, on a thousand similar occasions, brought him off more than conqueror. All eyes were directed to him, as one of Uncle Ned's good natured smiles lighted up his countenance. It was like a vivid flash of lightning on a dark and dreary night. At the instant he rose to his feet and asked the company to fill their glasses. The pleasant duty was performed, and the Woodford farmer had something 'new' to offer in behalf of the Northern champion of the turf. 'Eclipse among horses as Henry Clay is amongst men!' responded Uncle Ned, amid the loud plaudits of the company, 'Harry of the West' being the only silent person present. Probably a more delicate and well-timed compliment was never paid to any man at the festive board. My informant was one of the company; and he described the effect of Uncle Ned's short speech as electrical. It was just like him."

THE SEA SERPENT, as usual at this season of the year, has made his appearance in the northern waters, and may be expected soon to arrive at Nahant. He has been seen by a Captain Hatch, in Penobscot bay, who approached his snakeship within thirty feet and thus had a fair view of the part out of water. He says that the head was elevated about two feet, was flat on the top like a snake's, and the neck bent like a snake's when crawling on the ground; the eyes were of the size of a half-dollar, and very snakish; the body was of the size of a half barrel, and thirty feet of it was out of water. After looking at them awhile, it sunk into the water and moved off, leaving a wake behind it like that of a steamboat.

A circumstance quite extraordinary occurred at Niagara Falls a few days ago. A large white horse was seen from an elevation between the Clifton House and the road leading to the burning spring, swimming from Navy Island, on the Canada side, toward the opposite shore. Strange and impossible as it may seem, being a powerful animal, it is supposed, he succeeded in reaching Grass Island, more than two-thirds the way across the Niagara river. After feeding awhile and attracting a large number of spectators, he again plunged into the current, and essayed to reach the opposite shore, but the rushing and angry waters whirled the poor beast over the cataract, the fall breaking every bone in his body.

"Dawker, dawker," said an exquisite the other day, "I want you to tell me what I can get to put intaw mawy head to make it right?" "It wants nothing but brains," said the gentleman of function.—Uncle Sam.

It is said that Governor Dorr, so desperately wounded in the battle of Cheapachet, is rapidly healing his scar-ed frame, in Canada.

## Making Butter.

Mr. Were of London, who has been for more than thirty years engaged in the butter trade of that city, has furnished a paper to the New Farmer's Journal, on the best methods of preparing and keeping butter, from which we extract the following:

"Solidity and firmness, is I think, of more consequence than is generally allowed; the nearer butter can be made of the consistency of wax, the longer it will retain its flavor. To accomplish this object, I recommend salting the cream, by putting in rather more fine table salt than is used when applied after churning, because a part will be left with the buttermilk; or instead of salt, use strong clear brine to mix with the cream or butter.

Brine is preferable to salt, as the butter is smoother and better flavored. If salt be used, it may be in the proportion of half an ounce of fine dry table salt, mixed with two drachms of salt-petre, and two drachms of sugar, both made fine to every pound of butter. If the butter be made into lumps for the market, I should recommend that each lump be wrapped round with a piece of calico, soaked in brine made from fine dry salt that will carry an egg; for if the brine is weak, it will be injurious. If the butter is put into a firkin, the cask should be made of white oak, ash, sycamore, or beech, well seasoned by scalding out several times with hot brine, made from the pure and clean salt. If very choice butter, I would recommend a salt cloth around the butter, also on the top and bottom; the cloth to be kept in its place by hooping, which can be removed as the cask fills." Mr. Were deprecates the use of the hand in making butter, and recommends the use of wooden pats, not unlike our farmer's wife's ladders, for beating out the buttermilk or packing in casks. "These pats must be always (except when in the hand for use) kept in a tub of cold fresh water, which will prevent the adhering of the butter, and keep them cool."

## Spontaneous Combustion.

A case of spontaneous combustion occurred in Hartford, Ct., recently. In drawing Linseed Oil, some of it, was split on the floor; it was absorbed by a coarse sponge, and placed upon a shelf—the smell of something burning led to an examination of the premises, when the sponge was found to be in a state of combustion, and just ready to burst into a flame.—Only about two hours had elapsed between the time of using the sponge and the discovery.

## In a Bad Fix.

We saw a man, says the Picayune, going down Royal street yesterday as uncomfortably off as any poor devil we have seen lately. He had a bundle under and a lady upon each arm, a parasol in each hand, a pair of gloves in his mouth, and a little dog, belonging probably to one of the ladies, was trotting along after, every now and then jumping up and trying to catch the skirts of his coat. We pitied the fellow some.

## Scarlet Fever.

The happiest effects have resulted from washing the patient in weak ley, which feels slippery to the fingers. It is best to begin in time, when the fever or redness first appears, and with a cloth or sponge, apply it all over the child every few hours; but if the fever has got up, it should be repeated every five minutes, till the heat abates. A child was getting better under this treatment, but his nurse observed in the night that he was again very hot; she washed him all over, and in a few minutes every trace of the fever left him. He felt cool, slept comfortably until morning, and had no return of it. Even bathing the feet in weak ley has a very soothing effect.

There were discharged the past month 11 convicts from the New York Sing Sing State Prison, by the expiration of their sentences, and there remained in the prison on Saturday 741 men and 71 women—total, 812. The convicts generally were very healthy.

## An 'Old Joe' Revived.

A steamboat stopped at Carthage—the town was nearly under water—and as the boat neared the houses, (there being no landing,) a tall customer, standing up to his knees in water, in front of his dwelling, hailed the boat with "Boat ahoy!"

"What do you want?" said the Captain.  
"What will you take, Captain, to tow me house over the river where there is high ground?"  
"Fifty dollars," said the Captain.

"I wont give it," said the man in the water. "Float on with your darn'd old boat—I don't believe there will be much of a raise, any how."

The last was seen of him, he had got on the roof of his house playing the fiddle, while a little boy was trying to learn his dog to sit up on his hind legs.

## Dysentery.

Dissolve a table-spoonful of common salt with two spoonful of vinegar in a half pint of water, and take a spoonful of it hot, every half hour until the pain is relieved.