

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 3.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1843.

No. 46

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JOB PRINTING.

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, &c.

Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms AT THE OFFICE OF THE **Jeffersonian Republican.**

JURY LIST.

Persons drawn to serve as Grand Jurors for February term, 1843.

1 Joseph Johnson, Ross
2 Rudolph Smith, Middle Smithfield
3 Jacob Ruth, Hamilton
4 Thomas Rhoads, Stroud
5 Joseph Greensweig, Ross
6 Smith Price, Price
7 David Lee sr., Stroud
8 Alfred Drake, do
9 Jacob H. Eysenberger, Middle Smithfield
10 Peter Storm, Price
11 Peter Williams, Hamilton
12 Joseph W. Drake, Stroud
13 Philip Krasge, Chesnut Hill
14 Charles Postens, Smithfield
15 William Adams, Tobyhanna
16 Felix Storm, Hamilton
17 John Mansfield, do
18 Jacob Sprigle, do
19 William A. Broadhead, Smithfield
20 Ezekiel Reemer, Hamilton
21 Jacob Hligart, Price
22 Peter Merwine, Tobyhanna
23 Jacob Bisbing, Pocono
24 Peter Keller, Stroud

List of Petit Jurors for February Term, 1843.

1 John Labor, Pocono
2 William D. Walton, sr. Stroud
3 Jasper Vliet, Coolbaugh
4 James McNeal, Stroud
5 Henry Yetter, Pocono
6 Joseph Metzgar, Hamilton
7 Jacob Spinner, Middle Smithfield
8 Jacob Transue, Smithfield
9 John Huston, jr. Stroud
10 John Daily, Pocono
11 Jesse Buskirk, Hamilton
12 Andrew Pipher, Price
13 Christian Metzgar, Ross
14 Charles Musch, Stroud
15 Daniel Depeu, Smithfield
16 George Dersheimer, Chesnut Hill
17 Jacob Dreher, Hamilton
18 Jacob Mackes, do
19 James Eley, Ross
20 James Boys, Stroud
21 Martin Overfield, Middle Smithfield
22 William Smiley, Stroud
23 Isaac Transue, Smithfield
24 A. P. Childs, Penn. Forrest
25 Wayne G. Drake, Stroud
26 Abraham Arnold, Hamilton
27 James Newell, Tobyhanna
28 Peter Merwine, jr. do
29 Jacob Buskirk, Ross
30 Jacob K. Smith, Middle Smithfield
31 Joseph Stout, Tobyhanna
32 Conrad Frable, Chesnut Hill
33 James Morgan, Stroud
34 Charles Poak, do
35 Aaron Driessbach, Penn. Forrest
36 Oliver D. Smith, Coolbaugh

We the Sheriff and Commissioners of the County of Monroe, do certify that we have this day drawn from the proper wheel, the above list of Grand and Petit Jurors, to serve as such at February Term, A. D. 1843.

Witness our hands and the seal of Monroe Co., this 15th day of December, 1842.
OLIS B. GORDON, Sheriff.
JOHN SMITH, }
ADAM OVERFIELD, } Commissioners.
ELIHE POSTENS, }
Attest—J. H. Walton, Clerk.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the account of James H. Stroud, Assignee of Samuel Snyder, has been filed in the Prothonotary's office, in and for the county of Monroe, and will be presented for confirmation at the Court of Common Pleas of said county, to be held at the Court-house in Stroudsburg, on Tuesday the 7th day of February next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

J. H. STROUD, *Prot'y.*
January 3, 1843.

WILLIAM C. SALMON,
Attorney at Law,
Milford, Pike county, Pa.
OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.)
September 14, 1842.

NOTICE TO SAW-MILL OWNERS, Or those who are about to build or repair.

The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he is duly authorized to sell the Right of the Johnson Re-acting Water wheel, to the counties of Monroe and Pike, patented the 22d day of June, A. D. 1840.

The Johnson re-acting wheel is the best now in use to propel a saw mill; it excels any other wheel in the United States under a low water head;—under a head from 5 to 7 feet is sufficient to cut from 2 to 3000 feet in twelve hours of inch or any other boards with ease. The wheels require, under a 7 foot head, 140 inches of water and so in proportion to any other head. Under a 7 foot head, the Saw will make from 200 to 250 strokes per minute. The advantage which those wheels have over any other wheels is, that it requires but four posts to make the floor or bulk head; the wheels are hung on the crank shaft. Two wheels are what is required for a Saw mill, and the posts planked inside the same as a pen stock. I have built one of those mills this season, on the Roaring Brook, in Luzerne county, for Mr. S. P. Temple, under about a 7 foot head, which will cut from 3 to 4000 in twelve hours of inch boards;—therefore, I can recommend them as the best wheels now in operation. There are several more mills in that part, all under low heads, which answers the same purpose as that of Mr. Temple's. For further information, please call on the subscriber.

FERDINAND DUTOT, Agent.
Lower Smithfield, Monroe co., }
November 9, 1842

Fashionable Tailoring ESTABLISHMENT.

M. M. BURNETT.

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Stroudsburg and county generally, that he is still exerting himself for their accommodation at his stand, one door below the office of Wm. Davis, Esq. on Elizabeth street, and has now in his possession plates and diagrams of the

Very Latest City Fashions;

from which he is enabled to cut all kinds of gentlemen's wearing apparel in a manner that cannot fail to please those who may wish to dress in strict accordance with the prevailing modes. For others whose tastes may not incline to the latest fashions, or whose ages may suggest ideas of comfort rather than display, he trusts he is equally well prepared; having had the advantage of many years experience in the difficult, yet not unsurmountable task of adapting his work to the wishes of many and various persons. He is prepared to supply orders with promptness and despatch. With his sincerest thanks for the patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, he respectfully solicits its continuance—determined to neglect no means of giving his customers full and ample satisfaction.

All kinds of cutting neatly executed at the shortest notice, and in the most fashionable style.

September 14, 1842.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT. Wholesale and Retail TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE MANUFACTORY,

At Stroudsburg, Monroe county, Pa.

The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Stroudsburg and the public generally, that he has opened a shop on Elizabeth street, nearly opposite William Eastburn's store, where he intends keeping constantly on hand, and will manufacture to order, all articles in his line of business, such as

TIN-WARE in all its variety,
Stove Pipes and Drums of all sizes,
Spouts for Dwelling Houses and other Buildings.

Also,—very superior Russian and American Sheet Iron,

Which he will manufacture into every shape to suit purchasers, &c. &c.

As the subscriber is a mechanic himself, and employs none but first-rate workmen, the public may rest assured that his work is done in the best and most workmanlike manner; and he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

Come and see for yourselves, before you purchase elsewhere.

PEWTER and LEAD, taken in exchange for work, and all kinds of REPAIRING in the Copper, Tin, and sheet Iron Business done at the shortest notice.

WANDEL BREIMER.
May 4, 1842.—tf.

BLANK MORTGAGES
For sale at this office.

From the Golden Vase.

The Shoemaker.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."
The shoemaker sat amid wax and leather,
With lap-stone over his knee,
Where snug in his shop, he defied all weather,
Drawing his quarters and sole together:
A happy old man was he!

This happy old man was wise and knowing,
The worth of his time he knew,
He bristled his ends, and kept them going,
And felt to each moment a stitch was owing,
Until he got round the shoe.

Of every deed that his wax was sealing,
The closing was firm and fast,
The prick of his awl never caused a feeling
Of pain to the toe; and his skill in healing
Was perfect and true to the last.

Whenever you gave him a foot to measure,
With gentle and skillful hand
He took its proportions, with looks of pleasure,
As if you were giving the costliest treasure,
Or dubbing him lord of the land.

And many a one did he save from getting
A fever, or cold, or cough;
For many a foot did he save from wetting,
When, whether in water or snow, 'twas setting,
His shoeing would keep them off.

When he had done with his making and mending
With hope and a peaceful breast,
Resigning his awl, and his thread was ending,
He passed from his bench, to the grave descending,
As high as a king to rest.

Geese Exempt from Attachment.

Miser Skinfint was a shrewd, money-lending yankee. He was one of those men who are their own lawyers, and as soon a debt arrived at maturity, if not paid, he would fill a writ and have it served forthwith, with orders to attach anything the officer could get hold of. Yet, though bold in his movements he was by nature timid and might be readily frightened.

Mr. Williams was one day sitting in his office smoking a cigar, when a client entered, looking like the shadow of starvation.

"Squire," said he "I'm a ruined man. Miser Skinfint has taken all I'm worth in the world. The darned cut-throat has got all my geese."

Now the attorney was a fat, jolly son of a gun, and with twinkling eye, he promised to get the geese back again. He sat down to his desk, and wrote the following note:

"MR. SKINFINT,—Sir: If you would avoid consequences of the most terrible character, you will call at my office without an hour's delay.

Yours, &c. JOHN WILLIAMS."

The note had been written but about half an hour, when Mr. Skinfint called.

"How d'ye do, 'Squire?"

"Mr. Skinfint, your servant, sir," responded the attorney looking very sedate.

"I've just got this letter, 'Squire. What's the matter?"

"Matter enough, Mr. Skinfint. You have attached Mr. Jones' geese, haven't you?"

"Sartin; but that aint again the law, is it?"

"Against the law! Why sir, you have subjected yourself to heavy damages for the false imprisonment of those geese. Are you not aware, sir, that they are exempted from attachment."

"Dew tell! now you're jokin, 'Squire, I've read the Statute Book purty snug, and I haint found that 'ere."

"Statute Book, Mr. Skinfint! Why sir, it's Common Law."

"Wall, now, you know of course, 'Squire, and I'll send the critters back. But just tell me how long it's been common law?"

"Why ever since the cackling of geese saved Rome. The Romans then passed an act that they should be sacred from legal process, and they call it common law to distinguish it from their other statutes, which were very uncommon ones."

"I am satisfied, 'Squire. You'll never catch me in this scrape, again. As I said afore, the critters shall go back."

And so they did.

This is no fiction, but a fact with the exception of names. *Portland Advertiser.*

Hard Run.

The editor of the Bridgeton Chronicle is hard pushed for money, and has been taking in wood and a little of every thing for subscription dues. In his last number he thus soliloquizes:

"Well! Court week is over, and the way we have taken in rags and muskrat skins is a caution. We also took in a goose, and would have eaten it too, if the constable hadn't levied upon it. Bring 'em in the night, friends, I'll round the back way."

Out in the West, we notice that an editor has got some subscriptions in the shape of a few cords of wood piled up before his door, and even this he cannot keep, as, he says, his subscribers pilfer by night what they pay by day. Hard life that of a country editor!—*Forum.*

"A Clean Back Out."

In a flourishing village, not more than three hundred miles from Mobile, Ala., live two individuals, whom we shall call Jim and Joe. The latter is a quiet, good-natured, inoffensive sort of a chap—one of those who will stand "running upon" as long, if not longer, than the most of men, but who is a perfect "Bengal tiger" when his passions are once aroused.

On the other hand, Jim was a blustering, bullying braggadocio—one of that particular class of men whose voice is always loudest in a brawl, but whose feet have a wonderful knack of carrying them out of the way of hard knocks. For a great length of time the latter had made a butt of Joe—had, time and again, by dint of much blustering and swaggering, completely cowed him. An opportunity finally occurred, however, of showing the two men up in their proper colors.

In the course of a warm dispute, Jim let out some offensive remark which produced a more than ordinarily caustic rejoinder from Joe. The former tried the "bluffing" system at once; but Joe as he himself remarked, had "stood enough," and would "put up" with no more insults from his bullying neighbor.

"Perhaps you want to fight," said Jim, buttoning his coat, and looking pistols and bowie-knives at the calm but determined face of his opponent.

"Fight I will," rejoined Joe. "You have been in the habit of crowing over me for a year past, and I intend putting a stop to it at once." Jim could not for a moment believe that his neighbor had the least disposition to carry out his threats, and accordingly went at him louder than before. "Well," said he, "I've been trying to get a fight out of you for the last six months," and slapping his hands together, and commencing to square off, he concluded with, "At last there is a small chance of making something out of you."

"Walk with me out of the corporation limits, where we can avoid the law, and you shall be gratified. I'm not in the habit of bragging, Jim, but it's my candid opinion that in about ten minutes you'll be so badly licked your own mother won't know you. Come along."

There was an air of determination about Joe that rather staggered his adversary, but he still thought he could frighten him out of a fight, and with that intention started off down the street that led out of the village.

"Who!" said Jim, "I feel so much like fighting, I can hardly hold myself."

"Glad to hear it," coolly rejoined Joe.

They had now nearly reached the corporation limits, and Jim's courage like that of *Bob Acres*, was oozing out at every pore. He had tried to frighten Joe out of the notion of fighting, but finding himself disappointed, he now tried to creep out of the scrape off another tack. They were passing the last grocery in the village, and an open lot, which had been chosen by Joe as the field of combat, was in plain sight.

"Joe—a-hem—Joe," said Jim, nervously, "can't we compromise—a-hem—can't we settle this thing somehow, Joe?"

"No."

"Well—a-hem—a fair show—that's all I want, Joe—a fair fight."

"Never you fear—you shall have a fair show."

They were now upon the ground. Joe commenced taking off his coat with a provoking coolness and self-possession.

"A-hem—Joe, can't we come to some understanding—can't we, as I said before, compromise this little quarrel without—a-hem—a fight, eh?"

"I am here to fight," rejoined Joe, throwing down his coat, and commencing rolling up his shirt sleeves.

"You will—a-hem—you will fight, Joe?"

"I will, Jim."

"Well, here's a clean back out! I shan't fight—it's all nonsense."

It is almost unnecessary to say that, from that time out, Jim has been one of the quietest and most peaceable citizens in his neighborhood, and the severe lesson Joe gave him will not soon be forgotten. What a pity that every "Jim" has not his "Joe!"

Potatoes.

When a particular kind of Potatoe has become known for its excellence, that kind is used for propagation; but after a few years it is observed to degenerate, and lose the qualities which at first distinguished it. This is probably owing to the method of propagation. The potatoes themselves—or, in other words, the roots of the plant—are used for seed, instead of the true seed, which is annually produced in the small berries on the stalks. Thus the potatoe wears out in a manner analogous to that of the fruits of grafted trees. Varieties of the potatoe, which have been recently obtained from the seed berries, will admit of being propagated for several years, by planting the potatoe itself. The ground, before planting should be thoroughly pulverized; the manure should be well fermented; the potatoes should be planted whole, and not deprived of their first shoots.

Specie continues to pour into New Orleans.

Western Earthquakes.

We have now received sufficient information of the late earthquake to draw some general inferences.

1. It appears that it was felt from the western slope of the Alleghenies to the lower Mississippi, and will probably be heard from further.

2. It was felt more slightly towards the East, and more violently towards the South West. At Zanesville, for example, it was felt, as represented, less than at Cincinnati. At Nashville it was quite a severe shock, and in that region it was strong enough to throw plates from the shelves. At Mills-Point it is represented as throwing down chimneys. At New Madrid, it is said that the ground sunk.

3. In this respect, it was similar to the earthquake of 1811-12, which on the 7th of February, 1812, threw down chimneys at Cincinnati, and opened the earth, and overflowed the waters of the Mississippi at New Madrid.

4. As observed here by Dr. Roy, the current of the movement of the earthquake was from the S. West to the N. East.

5. This fact, and that of its greater force in the S. West, indicates that its moving power was in the S. West, near the lower part of the Mississippi river, unless indeed, it should appear from further intelligence, that there has been volcanic action of sufficient strength to produce it, in still more distant regions.

6. The fact, that this trembling of the earth is felt over such an extensive region, and that its severest effects are felt so far distant, is pretty good evidence that the moving power is seated deep in the earth, and is not any superficial volcanic influence.

Whether the above inferences are just or not, they are worthy the investigation of inquiring minds. With respect to the valley of the Ohio, it has not probably ever been the seat of volcanic action, nor do these tremblings of the earth give any reason to suppose it will be. For the power which produces them is evidently remote, so far as regards terrestrial causes.—*Cincinnati Chron.*

Tomato or Love Apple.

This plant or vegetable, sometimes also called the Jerusalem Apple, which belongs to the same genus with the potatoe and egg-plant, and was first found in South America. It is now cultivated in various parts of Europe, and in North America, but chiefly in the Southern and Middle States. In warm climates they are more used than in Northern, and have a more pleasant taste. The Italians make great use of this plant in cooking, and it is becoming more common in England. In northern latitudes it is raised against walls and artificial banks, being first brought forward in hot-beds, and then transplanted like other tender annuals. The Tomato is a tender, herbaceous plant, of rank growth, but weak, fetid and glutinous. The leaves resemble those of the potato, but the flowers are yellow and arranged in large divided bunches; the fruit is ornamental, of a bright red color, and pendulous. It is now much used in various parts of the United States; and many persons consider it a great luxury. It is used in sauces and soups, and when boiled and seasoned with pepper and salt makes an excellent sauce for fish and meat. A learned medical professor in the West pronounces the Tomato a very wholesome food in various ways, and advises to the daily use of it. He says it is very salutary in dyspepsia and indigestion; and is a good antidote bilious disorders, to which persons are liable in going from a northern to a warmer climate. He recommends the use of it also in diarrhoea, and thinks it preferable to calomel. If this vegetable, or fruit, has the properties here ascribed to it, it will no doubt soon be universally cultivated. For most other vegetables except rice, are supposed to be unfavorable to dyspepsia.—*Amer. Magazine.*

Imprisonment for Debt.

He who owes and runs away,
May live to pay another day,
But he who is jail confined,
Can pay no debts of any kind.

Cure for Warts.

Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up—then wash the hands or warts with this for a minute or two, and allow them to dry without being wiped. This repeated for two or three days, will gradually destroy the most irritable wart.

INQUISITIVENESS.—An inquisitive gentleman thus accosted a boy who was tending pigs: "Boy, whose pigs are those?" "The sow's sir," was the prompt reply. "Well, then, whose sow is it?" "Father's." "Well, well, who is your father?" "If you will mind the pigs, I will run home and ask my mother."

Mr. Kennedy, a Loco Foco member of Congress from Indiana describes himself as a wild hoosier, who was born in a Sycamore tree, brought up upon Coon broth, never had pantaloon on till he was sixteen years old, nor shoes till he was twenty—never went to school a day until he was twenty-two, and very little since.