

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 7.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1847.

No. 33

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JURY LIST.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1847.

Grand Jurors—

Jacob Shoemaker, M. Smithfield.
Jacob Slutter, Hamilton.
Jacob Edinger, Pocono.
James Henry, Price.
John Roth, do.
Peter Jayne, M. Smithfield.
George Serfoss, Chesnut Hill.
Sebastian Broug, do.
Anthony Sebring, Pocono.
Christian Metzgar, Ross.
Anthony Heller, Stroud.
Daniel Andrew, Ross.
Edward Mott, Price.
Emanuel Shoemaker, Hamilton.
John Learn, Price.
Robert Depuy, Smithfield.
Ferdinand Kester, Hamilton.
Adam Anglemeyer, Pocono.
John Anthony, Ross.
Joseph Kemerrer, Hamilton.
Philip Shafer, Stroud.
Henry Smith, Smithfield.
Peter Wolf, do.
Melchoir Depuy, M. Smithfield.

Petit Jurors—

John Delong, Stroud.
Emanuel Gunsauls, M. Smithfield.
Jacob Miller, Hamilton.
Michael Shoemaker, Hamilton.
Adam H. Smith, Jackson.
David Smith, Ross.
David Fenner, Smithfield.
Levi Slutter, Hamilton.
Thomas Heller, do.
John Mixsell, Ross.
Adam Bowman, Polk.
Joseph W. Drake, Stroud.
John White jr., Tobyhanna.
John R. Price, Price.
Rudolph Keller, Hamilton.
John Vliet sen., Stroud.
John Coolbaugh, M. Smithfield.
Abraham Long, Pocono.
Samuel Myers, do.
Thomas Altemose, Ross.
Oliver Smith, Coolbaugh.
George K. Slutter, Hamilton.
Edward Storm, do.
James Fenner, Smithfield.
Edward Brown, Stroud.
Joseph Fenner, Hamilton.
Abraham Arnold, do.
James N. Derling, Stroud.
Jacob Price, Price.
John Yetter, Smithfield.
Peter Butts, Hamilton.
Henry Serfoss, Polk.
John D. Frailey, Jackson.
George Neyhart, Stroud.
Walter Berry, jr., Hamilton.
John Kresge, (Small John) Chesnut Hill.

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Henry Shafer v. Jacob Shafer.
Henry Miller, to the use of E. Shoemaker v. Sydenham Walton.
Elizabeth Huffsmith v. Peter Altemose.
Levi King v. Jacob B. Toel.
Samel Gunsauls v. John Gould.
George L. VanBuskirk v. John Bender.
Michael LaTouche v. J. W. Sylvaria.
Butz et al v. Frantz et al.
Krum and Driesbach v. Sox and Edmonds.
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John Corrells account.
Jesse Weiss v. Adam Shafer.
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Hagerman v. Strouse.

The World a Sepulchre.

There is the lone church-yard
In some sequester'd glen,
Where cottars sleep beneath the sward,
Remote from haunts of men:
There is the stone-paved burial place,
The city's crowded bed
Of graves, where rest full many a race;
"A city of the dead!"

There are the wildernesses vast,
Where sand or snowy wreath
Have o'er the weary pilgrim cast
The still repose of death.

There are the bowels of that land
That opened at God's word,
Ingulfing Korah and his band,
When they defied the Lord.

There are the hateful fields of death;
Strewn with remains of War,
Where millions yielded up their breath,
Crush'd by her "Iron Car."

There is the fathomless blue sea,
With its hidden things,
That o'er a goodly company
Is mocking requiem sings.

Death strews its victims every where
O'er mountain, vale, and wave;
The world's a splendid sepulchre,
A vast revolving grave!

Female Courage;

OR, THE GERMAN HEROINE.

It was the year 1832, towards the close of November; a light snow, mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a little roadside inn situated between Hornberg and Rotweil, on the frontiers of the Duchy of Baden.

Two travellers, driven by the bad weather to the shelter of this humble hostelry, were forgetting their hunger and weariness in the comforts of a hearty repast of smoked beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove contrasted agreeably in the travellers' ears with the loud moaning of the North wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The innkeeper and his wife had, for their only domestic, a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Krettel, for such was her name, was a host in herself; housekeeper and maid to her mistress, cook in the kitchen, valet-de-chambre to the stray visitors in the one best room, and groom in the stable—the hardy, active, and good humored German girl fulfilled all the duties usually shared by a large establishment of servants.

Ten o'clock struck, and the travellers, having finished their supper, drew nearer to the group which had collected round the stove—Father Hoffkirch, the minister, their host, and some neighbors who had entered by chance.—The conversation turned on the fearful and murderous events of which the neighboring forest had been the scene, and each one had his own story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror.

Father Hoffkirch was among the foremost in terrifying his audience by the recital of different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robbers—quite a *chef d'œuvre* in its way.—The scene of the legend was little more than a gun shot from the inn door; it was a tradition, unfortunately, but an ancient gibbet, which still remained on the identical spot, gave to the narration an air of gloomy variety, which no one dared to question. This place was, in truth, made formidable throughout the province as being; it was said, the rendezvous of a troop of banditti, who held there every night their mysterious meetings. All the guests were still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Hoffkirch had caused, when one of the travellers before mentioned offered to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fear of the company. A long silence was then their only reply. Suddenly the young Krettel, who was quietly spinning in a corner, rose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his good wife at first refused, alleging the loneliness of the place, in case of danger; but the fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

Krettel only requested that the inn-door should be left open until her return; and taking a piece of charcoal, to prove on the morrow that she really had visited the spot, she walked towards the gibbet. When close beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise; however, after a moment of hesitation, she stepped forward, ready to take to flight at the least danger. The noise was renewed. Krettel listened intently, and the sound of a horse's feet struck upon her ear. Her terror prevented her at first from seeing how near it was to her; but the next moment she perceived that the object of her fear was fastened to the gibbet itself.—She took courage, darted forward, and traced the cross. At the same instant the report of a pistol showed her that she had been noticed. By a movement swift as thought she unloosed the horse, leaped on the saddle, and fled like lightning. She was pursued; but redoubling her speed, she reached the inn yard, called out to them to close the gate, and fainted away.—When the brave girl recovered she told her story, and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small leather valise was attached to its saddle; Father Hoffkirch would not suffer it to be opened, except in the presence of the burgomaster.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, the innkeeper, his wife, and their guests, all set off to the neighboring town, where they intended, after service, to acquaint the burgomaster with the last evening's adventure. Krettel, left sole guardian to the house, was advised not to admit any one until her master's return. Many a young girl would have trembled at being left in such a situation; but this young servant maid, having watched the party disappear, fearlessly set about her household duties, singing with a light heart and a clear voice some pious hymn which her kind mistress had taught her.

An hour had scarcely passed, when there came a knock to the outer door, it was a traveller on horseback, who asked leave to rest for a little. Krettel at first refused, but on the promise of the cavalier that he would only breakfast and depart, she agreed to admit him; besides, the man was well dressed and alone, so there seemed little to fear from him. The stranger wished himself to take his horse to the stable, and remained a long time examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening in a manner so unexpected. While breakfasting, he asked many questions about the inn and its owners; inquired whose was the horse that attracted his attention so much; and, in short, acted so successfully, that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him her late adventure, and ended by confessing that she was all alone. She felt immediately a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, for the stranger listened to her with singular attention, and seemed to take a greater interest than simple curiosity in what she was saying.

The breakfast was prolonged to its utmost length; at last, after a few unimportant questions, the traveller desired the servant girl to bring him a bottle of wine. Krettel rose to obey; but on reaching the cellar, found that the stranger had followed her, and turning round, she saw the glitter of a pistol handle through his vest. Her presence of mind failed her not at this critical moment. When they had reached the foot of the steps, she suddenly extinguished the light, and stood up close against the wall: the man muttering imprecations, advanced a few steps groping his way. Krettel, profiting by this movement, remounted the steps, agile and noiseless, closed the door upon the pretended traveller, and then barricaded herself securely in an upper chamber, there to await her master's arrival.

Krettel had not been many minutes ensconced in her retreat when a fresh knocking resounded at the inn-door, and she perceived there two ill-looking men, who asked her what had become of a traveller who had been there a short time before. From their description of his appearance, the young girl immediately discovered that the person sought for was the stranger whom she had locked in the cellar; nevertheless, she thought it most prudent to make no admission on the subject. On her refusing their request to open the door, the two men threatened to scale the wall. The poor

girl trembled with fear; her courage was nigh deserting her; for she knew they could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower story. In this perplexity Krettel looked around her, and her eye fell on a musket which hung from the wall, a relic of her master's younger days. She seized it, and pointing the muzzle out of the window, cried out that she would fire on the first man who attempted to ascend.

The two robbers—for that such they were could no longer be doubted—struck dumb at the sight of fire-arms when expecting no resistance, they had brought no weapons, and confounded by such intrepidity, went away uttering the most fearful menaces, and vowing to return again in greater force. In spite of her terror, our heroine remained firm at her post. An hour passed away in this critical position; at last the girl perceived her master and friends coming in sight, accompanied by the burgomaster and some officers.

The brave Krettel rushed to the door, and her fear, amounting almost to despair, gave place to the liveliest joy. To the wonder and admiration of all, she related what had happened; the burgomaster especially lavished on her the warmest praise for her heroic conduct.—The officers went in search of the robber whom Krettel had imprisoned with so much address and presence of mind. After a sharp resistance, he was bound and secured, and soon after recognised as the chief of a band of robbers who had for some time spread terror over the country. His men, wandering about without a captain, were quickly either taken or dispersed.—The burgomaster decided that the horse, and the valise, which contained a great number of gold pieces, should be given to young Krettel, whose courage had so powerfully contributed to rid the country of a banditti who had infested it for so long a time.

A Crooked Subject.

A Matamoros correspondent of an Indiana paper, in giving a description of the Rio Grande river, says:

"Imagine four of the crookedest things in the world, then imagine four more twice as crooked, and then fancy to yourself a large river THREE TIMES as crooked as all these put together, and you have a faint idea of the crooked disposition of this almighty crooked river. There is no drift in it, from the fact that it is so crooked that timber cannot find its way far enough down to lodge two sticks together; but few snakes, because it is not straight enough to swim in; and the fish are all in the whirlpools in the bends, because they can't find their way out. Birds frequently attempt to fly across the river, and light on the same side they start from being deceived by the different crooks! Indeed you may be deceived when you think you see across it, and some of the b'hoys say it is so darned twisting there isn't but one side to it."

HINTS TO FARMERS.—The farmer's life is shunned by many because it seems one of mindless drudgery. It ought not to be so. If our farmers would study and reflect more, they might do less hard labor, and yet accomplish more in the course of a year. Ten hours work in summer, and eight in winter, ought, with good management, to give any man a good living. He who works so hard that he cannot read or reflect after the labors of the day are over, because of fatigue, does not plan wisely. Let no man shun work when work should be done; delve, delve forever is not the end of Man's life. The farmer's evenings should be devoted to mental acquisition and rational enjoyment. To sup and tumble into bed is a hog's fashion, and highly injurious to health.—But let the farmer have about him the choicest works of his own auxiliary avocations; let these form the subject of study and conversation at least two evenings in a week, while the newspaper, the newest and oldest volume, each having their allotted season. Two or three dollars contributed by each family in a neighborhood or school district, would go a great way in the purchase of standard books at moderate prices. These are but hints which each reader will modify as his judgment shall suggest. I plead only for the essential thing of making home pleasant, and his hours of relaxation hours of instruction also.—H. Greely.

The Key of Death.

About the year 1600, one of those dangerous men, whom extraordinary talent is only the fearfully source of crime and wickedness beyond that of other ordinary men, established himself as a merchant or trader in Venice.—The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her hand in marriage, but of course was rejected. Enraged at this he studied how to be revenged.

Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable which could be imagined. This was a key of a large size, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned with little difficulty. When turned it discovered a spring, which on pressure, launched from the other end a key, or lancet of suitable fineness, that it entered into the flesh and buried itself there without leaving an external trace.

Tebaldo waited in disguise at the door in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel unperceived into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but seized with sudden pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted and was carried to his house amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Van was all the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness; and in a few days he died.

Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They too perished miserably in a few days.

The alarm which these deaths, which appeared most miraculous, occasioned, excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrate; and when on close examination of the bodies, the instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, the terror was universal; every one feared for his own life. The maiden thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first months of her mourning, in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the gate. The face of the foreigner had ever been displeasing to her, but since the death of all those most dear to her, it had become odious, (as though she had a presentiment of his guilt,) and her reply was most decidedly in the negative. Tebaldo beyond himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the grate and succeeded; the obscurity of the place prevented his movements from being observed.

On her return to her room the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and on uncovering it she found it spotted with one single drop of blood. The pain increased; the surgeons who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but cutting deep into the wounded part extracted the needle before any mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady.

The State inquisition used every means to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His house was carefully searched, the invention discovered and he perished on the gibbet.

To make Kitchen Vegetables tender.

When peas, French beans, and similar productions, do not boil easy, it has usually been imputed to the coolness of the season, or to the rains. This popular notion is erroneous; the difficulty of boiling them soft arises from a superabundant quantity of gypsum imbedded during their growth. To correct this, throw a small quantity of sub-carbonate of soda into the pot along with the vegetable; the carbonic acid which will seize upon the lime in the gypsum, and free the legumes, &c., from its influence.

Peach Trees are protected from hard winters by covering the roots a foot deep with straw, in February, after the ground has become thoroughly frozen, which keeps the frost in the ground, and so prevents the sap from starting until the spring is fairly opened.

To cure Scratches on a Horse—Wash the legs with warm soap suds, and then with beef brine. Two applications will cure the worst case.