

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1849.

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**SHERIFF'S SALE.**

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Monroe county, Penn'a, to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the public house of Abraham Knecht, in Datousburg, on

Thursday the 22d day of February

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described property, to wit: All those two certain tracts, or parcels of land situate in Smithfield township, in the county of Monroe, aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: One tract beginning at a stone on the bank of the River Delaware at the corner of land of Edward Lowery, thence by the same north sixty degrees, west forty perches to a stone, north six y-one degrees, west forty-four perches to a stone, south forty-five degrees, west one hundred and nine perches to a white oak, a corner of Ulrich House's land, thence north eight degrees, west one hundred and sixty perches to a black oak, a corner of Aaron Deery's land, thence by the same north forty-six degrees, east four perches to a white oak, thence north sixty degrees, east forty-eight perches to a stone, south side of Cherry creek, thence south forty-one degrees and a quarter, east one hundred and thirty-four perches and a half to a black oak on the bank of the River Delaware, thence down the same River the several courses thereof to the beginning. And the other beginning the above described tract, beginning at an Elm tree, a corner of William Allen's old land standing on the side of the said Cherry creek, and from thence along the south bank of the said Creek the several courses thereof to a mouth of the said Creek to a corner of the old William Allen's land, and land of John Smith, and thence along the said William Allen's land to the Elm tree, aforesaid, the place beginning, which said two described tracts are estimated to contain

**TWO HUNDRED ACRES**

more or less, together with the hereditaments and appurtenances.

The improvements thereon are a two story Frame Dwelling House, 18 feet by 22 feet; a Frame Barn 30 feet by 40 feet with stone stabling underneath; a Frame Stable 14 feet by 16; a Wagon house and an old Frame Dwelling House one half story high, 14 feet by 27 feet. About 10 acres of the above is tillable land.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Ferdinand Dotot and Errie tenaris, and to be sold by me.

PETER KEMMERER, Sheriff's Office, Stroudsburg, } Sheriff. February 8, 1849.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Monroe county, Penn'a to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the public house of Jacob Knecht, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, on

Thursday the 22d day of February

at 10 o'clock, A. M. the following described property, to wit: A certain message, tenement and tract of land situate in the township of Ross, in the county of Monroe, containing

**210 Acres of Land,**

more or less, bounded by lands of David Heimrich, Henry Christman and others; about one hundred acres of said land is cleared, three acres of the same is good meadow, the remainder is good timberland. The improvements thereon are ONE LOG BARN and WAGON HOUSE attached thereto; one

**Stone House**

two stories high, Spring house and Wagon house, kiln, and a large Apple Orchard, and other fruit trees.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Joseph Christman, and to be sold by me.

PETER KEMMERER, Sheriff's Office, Stroudsburg, } Sheriff. February 1, 1849.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Monroe county, Penn'a, to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the public house of Jacob Knecht, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, on

Thursday the 22d day of February

at 10 o'clock, A. M. the following described property to wit: A certain tract or piece of land situate in Coulbaugh township, Monroe county, Pa., containing about

**Forty-Eight Acres,**

be the same more or less, about Four acres of which are cleared land, two of which are good meadow; and bounded by lands of Abraham Yetter and others. The improvements on which are two

**Log Dwelling Houses,**

one Stable, and other out buildings. Seized and taken in execution as the property of Frederick Bush and John Gearhart, and to be sold by me.

PETER KEMMERER, Sheriff's Office, Stroudsburg, } Sheriff. February 1, 1849.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Monroe county, Penn'a, to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the public house of Jacob Knecht, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, on

Thursday the 22d day of February

at 10 o'clock, A. M. the following described property, to wit: A certain tract of land situate in Middle Smithfield township, Monroe county, containing

**145 ACRES,**

more or less, 75 acres of which is cleared land, and fifteen acres of the same meadow, adjoining lands of John Hoffman, James Place Jacob Fenickel and others. The improvements thereon are

**One Log House, One Log Barn**

and an Orchard. Seized and taken in execution as the property of Philip Noych, and to be sold by me.

PETER KEMMERER, Sheriff's Office, Stroudsburg, } Sheriff. February 1, 1849.

**PROCLAMATION.**

Whereas the Hon. LUTHER KIDDER, President Judge of the 21st Judicial district of Pennsylvania, composed of the counties of Schuylkill, Carbon and Monroe, and Moses W. Coulbaugh and John Mcwine, Esq's, Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of the county of Monroe, and by virtue of their offices, Justices of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail delivery, and Court of General quarter Sessions in and for the said county of Monroe, have issued their precept to me commanding that a Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and Common Pleas, and General Jail Delivery and Orphans' Court, for the said County of Monroe, to be held at Stroudsburg, on Monday, the 26th day of February next, to continue two weeks if necessary.

**NOTICE**

Is therefore, hereby given to the Coroner, the Justices of the Peace, and Constables of the said County of Monroe, that they be then and there ready with their rolls, records, inquiries, examinations and other remembrances to do those things which their offices are appertaining, and also that those who are bound by recognizances to prosecute and give evidence against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of said County of Monroe, or against the persons who stand charged with the commission of offences, do so then and there to prosecute or testify as shall be just.

PETER KEMMERER, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Stroudsburg, January 25, 1849. (God save the Commonwealth)

**REGISTER'S NOTICE.**

Notice is hereby given to all legatees and other persons interested in the estate of the respective decedents and minors, that the administration accounts of the following estates have been filed in the office of the Register of Monroe county, and will be presented for confirmation and allowance to the Orphan's Court, to be held at Stroudsburg, in and for the aforesaid county, on Monday the 26th day of February next, 10 o'clock A. M.

The final account of George Buskirk, surviving Executor of the last will and testament of Conrad Fisher, late of Stroud township, deceased.

The first and final account of John Huston and Peter Snyder, Executors of the last will and testament of Eunice Partridge, late of Hamilton township, deceased.

The account of Jacob H. Berger and George Nagle, Administrators of the Estate of Henry Berger, late of Ross township, deceased.

The account of Andrew Storm, Administrator of the estate of Peter Serfass, late of Ches-nuthill township, deceased.

SAMUEL REES, Jr., Register. Register's Office, Stroudsburg, } January 25, 1849.

**The California Emigrant.**

BY "ONE OF 'EM." Tune—"Oh! Sussannah!"

I come from Salem city,  
With my wash-bowl on my knee,  
I'm going to California,  
The gold dust for to see;  
It rained all night the day I left,  
The weather it was dry,  
The sun so hot I froze to death—  
Oh! brothers don't you cry!  
Cæsus—Oh! California!  
That's the land for me!  
I'm going to Sacramento,  
With the wash-bowl on my knee.

I jumped aboard the "Liza" ship,  
And travelled on the sea,  
And every time I thought of home,  
I wished it wasn't me!  
The vessel reared like any horse  
That's had of oats a wealth,  
It found it couldn't throw me so  
I thought I'd throw myself!  
Oh! California! &c.

I thought of all the pleasant times  
We've had together here,  
I tho't I o'rt to cry a bit,  
But couldn't find a tear,  
The pilot bread was in my mouth,  
The gold dust in my eye,  
And though I'm going far away,  
Dear brothers, don't you cry!  
Oh! California! &c.

I soon shall be in 'Francisco,  
And then I'll look all round,  
And when I see the gold lumps there,  
I'll pick them off the ground.  
I'll scrape the mountains clean my boys,  
I'll drain the rivers dry,  
A "pocket full of rocks" bring home,  
So brothers, don't you cry.  
Oh! California! &c.

**From the Maine Farmer.**

**Housing Manure.**

That manure exposed to rains and the scorching rays of the sun, must lose a portion of its enriching qualities, no reflecting mind can doubt.—Ashes, exposed to the weather, become leached after a few soaking rains, and are nearly worthless for their alkaline qualities. Although manure probably does not waste in the same ratio, yet that it does waste, any person must be satisfied who has observed the drainings of his manure heaps and yard after a rain, the water being nearly black with the most valuable part leached from the manure. Add to this, the color imparted from the manure heaps to the snow in the Spring, often being stained with the drainings for a number of rods, and who can doubt but that much of the soluble part of the manure has escaped.

Not long since, in conversation with an observing farmer upon this subject, he remarked that manure exposed to the weather and leached by every rain, was not worth more than half what it would have been had it been housed; and in confirmation of the correctness of his theory, stated that last Spring he manured a piece of corn in the hill with the same kind of manure; only a part had been housed, and the other exposed to the weather, and the difference in the growth was such as to satisfy him that there was double the value in the housed manure than there was in the other.

Admitting this statement to be correct, or even allowing it to be exaggerated one-half, which I do not think is the case, would not farmers soon save enough, by housing their manure heaps, to pay the expenses of a shed for the purpose?

They would find it very convenient, when their manure heaps were removed, to shelter cattle, besides affording an excellent place to haul in loam, muck, &c., to lay through the winter and absorb the liquid parts which would otherwise escape.

Try it, brother farmers and see if your farms do not soon give you credit for good economy.

**A Rat Story.**

The Chicago Democrat tells the following, prefacing it with the remark that the rats of Chicago are "noted for their firmness and daring":

A few days since, a cat belonging to a friend became the parent of an interesting litter of kittens which she was carefully rearing, as all well-behaved "tabbies" will. A few nights since, however, while exercising the maternal office, "puss" was attacked by a regularly-organized band of rats, which, sad to relate, contrived to kill the parent and make a prey of the offspring. In the morning the cat was found bitten to death by the side of nine of her assailants, whom she slew before over-powered by superior numbers. This encounter is, we believe, without precedent.

"You want a flogging—that's just what you want," said a parent to his son. "I know it dad, but I'll try to get along without it," replied the little rascal.

**Romance of the Nineteenth Century.**

BY HORACE GREELEY.

We are in no danger of estimating too highly the extraordinary character of the age in which our lot has been cast, and of the influences by which we are surrounded. The Present is the proper theme of poetry, the fitting scene. Whoever shall faintly realize the mighty events, the stirring impulses, the lofty character of our times, is in no danger of passing through life grovelling and unobservant as the dull beast that crops the thistles by the way-side. The Past has its lessons, doubtless, and well is it for those who master and heed them; but were it otherwise, the Present has themes enough of ennobling interest to employ all our faculties, to engross all our thoughts—save as they should contemplate the still grander, vaster Hereafter.

Do they talk to us of Grecian or Roman heroism? They say well; but Genius died not with Greece; and Heroism has scarcely a recorded achievement which our own age could not parallel. What momentary deed of reckless valor can compare with the life-long self-devotion of the Missionary, in some far cluster of Indian lodges, of Tartar huts, cut off from sympathy, and from earth-hly hope! How easy, how common, to dare death with Alexander! How rare to live nobly as Washington, and feel no ambition but that of doing good! Take the efforts for the elevation of the African race in our day—ill-directed as some of them appear—and yet Antiquity might well be challenged to produce anything out of the sphere of Sacred History, half so heroic and divine. Let us then waste little time in looking back to earlier ages for higher examples, and deeds that stir the blood. Let us not idly imagine that the Old World embosoms scenes and memorials dearer to the lover of Truth, of Freedom and of Man, than those of our own clime. Let us repel alike the braggart's vain glory and the self-disparagement of degeneracy; yet cherish the faith that nowhere are there purer skies, more inspiring recollections on magnificent landscapes, than those in which our own green land rejoices.

Those daily acts, those common impulses, which viewed individually, and with microscopic or with soulless gaze, seem insignificant or trifling, or take a different aspect, if regarded in a more catholic spirit. Those myriad hammers, which, impelled by brawny arms, are ranging out their rude melody, day by day, and contributing to the comfort and sustenance of man—those fleets of hardy fishers, now chasing the whale on the other side of the globe to give light to the city mansion and celerity the wheels of the village factory—those armies of trappers, scattered through the glens of the Rocky Mountains, each in stealthy solitude pursuing his deadly trade, whence dames of London and belles of Pekin alike shall borrow warmth and comeliness—let us contemplate these in their several classes, unmindful of the leagues of wood or plain or water which chance to divide them. Readily enough do we perceive and acknowledge the grandeur of the army which some chief or despot assembles and draws out to feed his vanity by display or his ambition by carnage; but the larger and nobler armies whose weapons are the mattock and the spade, who overspread the hills and line the valleys, until beneath their rugged skill and persevering effort, a highway of Commerce is opened where late the panther leaped, the deer disported—is not theirs a nobler spectacle—more worthy of the orator's apostrophe, the poet's song! Let us look boldly, broadly out on Nature's wide domain. Let us note the irregular yet persistent advance of the pioneers of civilization—the forest conquerors, before whose lusty strokes and sharp blades the century-crowned wood-monarchs, rank after rank, come crashing to the earth. From ages have they kept apart the sunshine, as they shall do no longer. Onward, still onward, pours the army of ax-men, and still before them bow their stubborn foes. But yesterday, their advance was checked by the Ohio; to-day, it crossed the Missouri, the Kansas, and is fast on the heels of the flying buffalo. In the eye of a true discernment, what host of Xerxes or Caesar, of Frederick or Napoleon, ever equaled this in majesty, in greatness of conquest, or in true glory!

The Mastery of Man over Nature—this is an inspiring truth, which we must not suffer, from its familiarity, to lose its force. But from the might of his intellect, Man has not merely made the elephant his drudge, the lion his diversion, the whale his magazine, but even the subtlest and most terrible of the elements is made the submissive instrument of his will.—He turns aside or garners up the lightning; the rivers toil in his workshops; the tides of ocean bear his burdens; the hurricane rages for his use and profit. Fire and water struggle for mastery, that he may be wicked over hill and valley with the celerity of the sunbeam. The stillness of the forest midnight is broken by the snorting of the Iron Horse, as he drags the long train from lakes to ocean with a slave's docility—a giant's strength. Up the long hill he labors, over the deep glen he skims, the tops of the tall trees swaying around and below his narrow track. His sharp, quick breathing he speaks his impetuous progress; a stream of

fire reflects its course. On dashes the restless, tireless steed, and the morrow's sun shall find him at rest in some far mart of commerce, and the partakers of his wizard journey scattered to their vocations of trade or pleasure, unthinking of their night's adventure. What had old Romance wherewith to match the every-day realities of the Nineteenth Century.

**The United Nation.**

A late visit to that department of the Bureau of Indian Affairs that is under the management of Mr. Henry R. Schoolcraft, says the National Intelligencer, has elicited the following facts respecting the Sioux, or Dah-ko-tah, Indians. The territory now claimed by this nation is principally watered by the St. Peter's river, and is about nine hundred miles in length, and from two to five hundred in width. The original name of the tribe was Dah-ko-tah, the interpretation of which is said to be a confederacy or a united nation; the name of Sioux, for which there seems to be no acknowledged meaning, having been given to them by the early Jesuit missionaries. The population of this tribe is estimated at about fifteen thousand, and they are divided into bands numbering from fifty to a thousand souls. Occupying as they do an immense prairie region, they make use of the horse instead of the canoe; and the wealth of a Sioux chief is universally estimated by the number of his horses. Private rights are respected among them. They compute time by the four seasons, but their month contains only twenty-eight days. They designate the month of January as the hard moon; February, the moon in which the racoon runs; March, the moon of sore eyes; April, the moon when the geese lay; May, the moon for planting; June, the moon for strawberries and hoeing corn; July, the midsummer moon; August, the moon for gathering corn; September, the moon when they gather wild rice; October and November, the moon for the running of the doe; and December, the moon when the deer sheds his horns. They are kind to the sick, but take more care of their youth than they do of their old men. They are averse to the custom of bleeding, and seldom draw blood, except in severe cases of illness. Their medicines are chiefly composed of roots and plants, and they never make use of metallic medicines.—They are partial to vapor baths, and resort to them for the cure of many diseases. Their bodily sickness they frequently attribute to the displeasure of some animal which they have hunted with difficulty and slain. The Sioux Indians consider it lawful to take the life of a fellow-being by way of revenge, but a great crime to take life under any other circumstances. They invariably have a great fear for the spirits of the dead, who they think have the power of injuring the living; and it is thought that this fear is what prevents them from committing murders more frequently than they do. The practice of lying is considered as exceedingly wrong. They believe in a Great Spirit, but have no definite idea of his attributes.—Whenever any calamity happens to them, they allege that the Great Spirit is angry, and so, when they receive a blessing, they acknowledge it as coming from the same being. They look on the death of a human being as a manifestation of Divine displeasure. They resort at times to sacrifices, and cases have been known where Sioux fathers have sacrificed their children to appease the anger of the Great Spirit. They are much afraid of a creature which they look upon as a kind of vampire, and to see this creature is a sure sign of approaching death. They are exceedingly superstitious in regard to fire, which they consider a gift from the Great Spirit. In former times they obtained it from friction of wood, but at the present time chiefly from the flint. When about to partake of a religious feast, they remove all the old fire from the lodge, and rekindle it for the purpose of cooking the food, so that they may be sure that there will be nothing unclean about the feast. They have no idols or images which they worship, but are in the habit of making offerings of tobacco and other articles which they value. They venerate the rattlesnake, and seldom or never deprive it of life, excepting when they wish to employ its skin and rattles in their incantations. They believe in fairies, which they allege have the power of taking the form of any animals, and of living either on land or in the water; all their rivers and lakes are closely associated with little people. They look upon thunder as emanating from a large bird. Among their fabled monsters they acknowledge a huge giant, who can destroy an Indian by the glance of his eye.—When a man dies they place his remains upon a scaffold, which they ornament with trophies of war; and when the flesh has decayed, they bury the bones in the earth, and cover the grave with pickets or a rude house. They do not bury in a sitting posture, but invariably clothe the deceased in his finest robes, covering him with all his favorite ornaments. They express their grief at the loss of a friend by cutting off the hair, going barefooted, dismal shouting, mutilating their bodies, and by making a feast for the dead.