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Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Jeffersonian Republican.

Jury List, Sept. Term, 1851.

GRAND JURORS.

Joseph Frantz, Ross, Franklin Starbuck, Stroud, Peter Landry, Smithfield, Amie Bly, Smithfield, Peter Jayne, M. Smithfield, John Eyerberger, Stroud, Jackson Coolbaugh, do Jacob Hofmann, Chesuthill, John L. Staples, Stroud, Philip Frantz, Ross, John Keener, Paradise, Philip Fetherman, Stroud, Samuel Buskirk, Hamilton, Elias Bonser, Chesuthill, John Tible, Smithfield, Henry Stedart, Tolyhanna, Peter Gower, Ross, Felix Storm, Chesuthill, William Huston, Stroud, John Storm, Paradise, Charles Drake, do Peter Kresge, Chesuthill, Daniel Miller, Hamilton, John M. Strunk, Smithfield.

PETIT JURORS.

John Leeb, Hamilton, Melchor Kintz, Hamilton, Charles S. Palmer, Stroud, Samuel Keller, do James Smith, M. Smithfield, James Posters, Stroud, Wm. Frankfield, do David Bowman, Paradise, Jacob Grube, do George Seizer, Jackson, George M. Michaels, do David Gregory, jr. Park, Rudolph Smith, do Lawrence Fisher, do Philip Metzger, Hamilton, Jacob Long, Pocomo, Lyndon Shoemaker, do James Staples, Smithfield, Chas. Houser, Tolyhanna, George Hyland, Jackson, C. D. Brodhead, Chesuthill, Jacob Dreher, jr. Hamilton, Lyndon Altengae, do Michael Shoemaker, do Charles Muech, Stroud, Fison Meyer, Smithfield, James Bunnel, Smithfield, John Siglin, Chesuthill, Anthony Trausa, do William Ruth, Pocomo, Anthony Schwing, Pocomo, John White, jr. Pocomo, Henry Kintz, do Abraham Yetter, Stroud, Peter Spoke, Coolbaugh, Peter Getz, Ross.

Trial List.

William Trauser vs. John B. Teel.
Owen Rice, attorney for the Heirs of Joseph Horsfield, do vs. Abraham Butz, Peter Meekes, and Terence Tennant.
Same vs. same.
Same vs. same.
John M. Diebler vs. the township of Price.
Wm. Overfield and Sarah his wife vs. Susan South.
George Reinhart vs. David Reinhart.
John M. Taylor to the use of Peter Mosteller vs. Philip Hoffman.
Godfrey Greenswag's Executors vs. John Meekes.
Philip C. Dotter vs. John Kunkel.
Godfrey Greenswag's Executors vs. Jos. Greenswag.

TEAS!!

J. N. & E. W. CORLIES.

No. 69 Pearl Street, New-York.

In porters and Wholesale Dealers in Green and Black Teas, of all descriptions suited to the Country Trade.

Are also receiving from the best manufacturers a full assortment of TOBACCO, of the most approved brands, all of which are confidently offered as equal to any in market, and at the lowest cash prices.

Merchants visiting the City would do well to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

September 4, 1851.—3m

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an alias writ of venditioni exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Monroe county, Penna., to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the public house of Jacob Knecht, in the Borough of Stroudsburg, on Saturday, the

20th day of September next,

at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the following described property, to wit: All that one equal undivided moiety or half part of a certain tract or piece of Land, Water Power and Flouring Mill thereon erected, situate in the Borough of Stroudsburg, adjoining land of Sam'l Stokes, land late of Daniel Stroud, deceased, and land of William S. Wintemute, and John Shively, containing

12 Acres and 42 Perches,

more or less, being the same premises which Daniel Stroud and wife, by their Indenture, bearing date the 4th day of February, A. D. 1830, and recorded at Stroudsburg, in Deed Book vol. 1, page 233, granted and conveyed to James Hollinshead; together also with a ground rent of Fifty Dollars per annum, issuing out of said premises, and secured by Jacob Singmaster's large Frame Tannery and the following buildings, on the ground conveyed to said Singmaster, subject to said ground rent, viz: a two story Frame House, 20 ft. by 45 ft., with a basement or cellar underneath and a frame Kitchen attached, 16 ft. by 20 ft.—a frame House, two stories high, 20 ft. by 20 feet, used as a sleeping apartment. A frame wing of said Tannery, 24 feet by 16 feet.—A frame Latch House, two stories high, 17 feet by 25 feet, with latches or vats therein. A frame building 38 feet by 16 feet, two stories high, with vats or latches; and a frame Bark House, 40 feet by 29 feet; also a steam-works connected with said Tannery. The water for driving said Tannery is carried across said lot, conveyed to said Singmaster as aforesaid, by a wooden trunk or forebay. The improvements are a large

GRIST MILL,

40 feet by 50 feet, with two run of stones therein; a FRAME POUNDRY and BLACKSMITH SHOP, and a Hog Pen or Stable, 25 feet by 15 feet.

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

PETER KEMMERER,

Sheriff's Office Stroudsburg, } Sheriff.
August 28, 1851.

Lead and Iron Pipe.

A general supply of Lead and Iron Pipe of all sizes, on hand at all times, and for sale by DICKSON & SAMPLE.
Easton, July 17, 1851.—1y.

BLANK MORTGAGES

For sale at this Office.

Temples not made with Hands.

'Tis not in temples made with hands,
The great Creator dwells,
But on the mountain top he stands
And in the lonely dells;
Wherever fervent prayer is heard,
He stands recording every word;
In dells, on mountains, everywhere;
He never fails to answer prayer.
Yes—in the poor man's lonely stall,
And in the prisoner's cell,
And in the rich man's lordly hall,
The great Creator dwells:
Where two or three are joined in prayer,
His audience hall, His home is there;
Wherever prays the child of grace,
In his peculiar dwelling place.

Think you that temples built of stone,
And blessed by priestly hand,
And more peculiarly His own,
More reverence demand?
Go to thy closet, shut the door,
And all His mercies ponder o'er;
Thine all pervading God is there,
He loves to answer secret prayer.

The temple the Creator owns,
The temple is the heart,
No tawring pile of costly stones,
Nor any work of art,
The cloud capped spire that points on high,
May draw the lightning from the sky,
But 'tis humble, modest flower,
That drinks in the refreshing shower,
And in return for favor given,
It breathes its fragrance back to heaven.

Some cling to prelate's surplice strings,
We bow to no created things;
One God we worship; one alone;
Earth is His footstool!—Heaven his throne.

"Man is a Chameleon and doth Feed on Air."

PROFESSOR LEIBNIZ, in the following, demonstrates this poetical assertion to be a scientific truth:

"Science has demonstrated that man, the being who performs all these wonders, is formed of condensed air, (or solidified and liquefied gases); that he lives on condensed as well as uncondensed air, and clothes himself by condensed air; that he prepares his food by means of the same agent moves the heaviest weights with the velocity of the wind. The strangest part of the matter is, that thousands of these tabernacles formed of condensed air, and going on two legs, occasionally, and on account of the production and supply of those forms of condensed air which they require for food and clothing, or on account of their honor and power, destroy each other in pitched battles by means of condensed air; and further, that many believe the peculiar powers of the bodiless, conscious, thinking, and sensitive being, housed in this tabernacle, to be the result simply of its internal structure, and the arrangement of its particles or atoms; while chemistry supplies the clearest proof that, as far as concerns this ultimate and most minute composition and structure, which is beyond the reach of our senses, man is, to appearance identical with the ox, or with the animal lowest in the scale of creation."

Operation on an Elephant.

A short time since the elephant at the Boulevard of the Temple of Paris, named Aly Scha gave signs of madness during a performance. The superintendent, M. Hugier, at once stopped the performance and proceeded to consult with the competent individuals upon the subject. In consequence he called M. Chepart from his Zoological Museum, veterinary surgeon in chief to the school at Alfort and to the Guard Municipale. After having felt the pulse of this colossus, the consulting surgeons declared that the animal was attacked with hypochondri in consequence of carries at the root of his tusks, and advised the removal of them, which were a yard and a half each in length. To aid in this attempt, M. Hugier endeavored to put the animal to sleep by means of opium and chloroform, but though administered in immense quantities, they had no apparent effect, and they were compelled to employ a windlass to hold him down.

The operation took place July 17th, before thirty of the pupils of the veterinary school, and a crowd of veterinary surgeons. The animal was alternately placed on each side for the different teeth, and with the aid of a saw and forceps, and cord attached, the teeth were cut off and the roots extracted, which alone weighed eighteen pounds. His teeth will not be replaced. As for Aly Scha, he is a little ill after the severe operation, but it is confidently expected that he will have no returns of madness, and that he soon will be able to resume his exercises which the public find so amusing.

The peach crop has been very good along the shores of the Chesapeake, this season, one grower having received \$7,000 in one week, and \$8,000 in the next, for the produce of his orchard, of four hundred acres.

Correspondence of the New York Literary World.

Death of Tecumseh.

HON. L. BRADISH, Pres. N. Y. Hist. Society: WASHINGTON, May 5, 1851.

Sir: Popular opinion in the United States has, for many years attributed the killing of Tecumseh to the late Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky. The brave man whom that officer led in the attack of the Indians, fighting under the great Shawnee Captain, took a pleasure in permitting public rumor to place the honor of this feat on the brows of the commander. But the truth of history requires that the name of the real actor should now be told.

By a letter which I have recently received from Hon. Orlando Brown, late Chief of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, dated Frankfort, 15th April last, it is shown that the veritable actor was Jacob H. Holeman, of Kentucky, a private in Captain Stuger's company of mounted volunteers. The event has thus been detailed to me by Mr. Holeman.

Stuger had himself been a veteran Indian fighter in the early wars of Kentucky, and perceiving that the woods they approached were favorable for an Indian ambuscade, warned his men on entering it to be on the look-out. The forest consisted of young beech trees, which put out their limbs horizontally, at five or six feet from the ground. Brush rose up nearly to meet them, so that the view was intercepted and the action of cavalry impossible.

Col. Johnson determined to dismount three companies of his command, who tied their horses at the skirts of the wood leaving the other three mounted companies at the same point as a reserve. His force consisted of mounted citizen volunteers—a term by which is meant men furnishing their own horses, who were, from their position, expert in every art of forest warfare, with man and beast. They were armed with a short rifle, of the kind called yagers. They had no swords.

Captain Stuger's company was one of those dismounted, and entered the woods on foot.—The Indians were so completely masked by the foliage that the contest was one essentially of personal combat, both parties seeking the shelter of trees and coverts, and fighting according to the Indian mode, in very open order. Colonel Johnson led his men, and was soon wounded in two places, and carried to the rear. Holeman and a companion were standing together, when they saw two Indians rush forward and in the act of firing. They themselves both fired instantly and killed their men. His companion was also mortally wounded and fell. Holeman ran up to the Indian he had shot and took a pistol of curious workmanship out of his right hand, which lay extended as if in the act of firing when he fell, and retaining it, carried it to his quarters after the close of the action.

When the battle was terminated, it was rumored that Tecumseh had been slain.—General Harrison and some British officers rode up to identify the body. Harrison recognised the chief by a peculiar tooth, which had turned blue, all the others retaining their whiteness. Holeman mentioned the circumstance of taking the pistol from that Indian's hand. He went immediately to his camp and brought it. The British officer (whose name he did not know) decided that it was one of a pair formerly belonging to general Brock, which that officer had presented to Tecumseh.

Tecumseh was armed with a handsomely made English fowling-piece, and evidently had his arm extended in the act of fire when the ball of his antagonist pierced him. His dress could not be distinguished from the other Indians except by its comparative cleanliness.

These particulars were narrated to me in the War Office, a few days ago, by Mr. Holeman himself, in presence of Governor Ramsey, of Minnesota, Captain Eastman, U. S. A., Mr. Wise, chief clerk of the Indian bureau, and several other gentlemen. We were impressed with the entire modesty of the narrator. Not a word was uttered in the vein of boasting, or in depreciating the merits of others, far less of his commander, "Colonel Johnson. He had in that action, three balls pass through his clothes; namely, one under his arm and two through the skirts of his hunting-shirt. He also received a ball in his cartridge-box, in front, which was arrested by a ball in one of his cartridges. He fired sixteen balls in that action.

It affords me pleasure to add that Mr. Holeman has been appointed Indian Agent for the Territory of Utah—a mark of respect due to his intelligence and worth.

Very respectfully,
HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

Repelling Mice from Trees.—We still often hear the death of trees, by mice gnawing. Prevention from this disaster is one of the easiest and most certain things in the world, consisting simply in throwing up a little circular bank or mound of earth round the trunk of each tree, nine or ten inches high. One man will do hundreds in a day, and we have never known a single instance out of thousands of cases where it has failed.

CHEMICAL FREEZING AGENTS.—In the hot-bed of wonders, the chemist's laboratory, the degrees of cold are procurable by using highly volatile liquids for evaporation. A man may be frozen to death, simply by keeping himself drenched with ether. By the assistance of liquid sulphuric acid, water may be frozen in a red hot vessel. But that remarkable substance, liquid carbonic acid, takes the highest rank of all known freezing agents. In drawing it from the powerful reservoirs in which it is necessarily kept, it evaporates so rapidly as to freeze itself, and is then a light porous mass, like snow. If a small quantity of this is drenched with ether, the degree of cold produced is even more intolerable to the touch than boiling water—a drop or two of the mixture producing blisters, just as if the skin had been burned.

An Interesting Incident.

Mr. Joseph Leavitt, one of our citizens returned from California, in speaking of sights and scenes in California, made a mention of the following highly interesting incident which speaks eloquently of the true humanity of hearts even in California, where selfishness and passion are supposed to reign with unwonted force.

During the raging of the cholera in California a young man from the State of Mississippi, Jesse Cook, about 23 years of age, who was engaged in the laborious work of mining, chanced to meet with a family from Missouri, consisting of husband, wife, and two children, one of them an infant. Disease had attacked one of the children, a little boy, and he was soon stricken down by cholera and laid by the sorrowing parents in a little grave dug on the bank of the river. Soon after the father of the child died, leaving only the mother and her infant daughter. Her grief was great. She was in a strange land. The husband of her youth and the first born son of her hope had departed to the land of spirits, and their remains were lying in their graves in the quiet vale of a river. Her earthly support has failed, and yet she clung to life for the sake of her infant daughter.

Strangers proved kind, and the hand of benevolence provided for her wants, and the voice of kindness greeted her ears. But disease preyed upon her, and death tore her away from her tender infant, and by stranger hands she was buried. The sweet loving eyes of an infant looked up smilingly into the face of young Cook, and a smile wreathed his beautiful face and his delicate little hands stretched forth fondly. No female was there to caress and care for it, and the young miner, with a swelling heart, and with a trust in God and his own resources, took the nameless infant, then only seven months old, in charge and provided for it with all a father's care and a mother's love. He daily fed and washed it and dressed it, and gave it fond name of his mother, Mary; by day cradled it near him in his toils, and at night huddled it, as an angel-child, to his bosom. After a while he made application to various families at Sacramento to have the child taken care of, and offered to pay five dollars a week, but none were disposed to undertake the care of it and he abandoned mining, and resolved to proceed to Oregon and there take up land for a farm and make a home for the little orphan. The simple unadorned facts in this case are sufficiently touching and suggestive, without any comments from our pen.—Bangor Whig.

A Curious Bequest.

M. X.—, a rich farmer in the neighborhood of Pithivers, (France), died a short time ago. A few days before his end, which he felt was approaching, he sent for his lawyer, and having made his will he enjoined upon him to have it read to his heirs before the funeral. The lawyer promised, and X.—, having died, he proceeded the next day to the house of mourning, all the heirs duly assembled. But what must have been their astonishment when they heard the last curious bequest? "I wish my body to be embalmed and placed in the vault where my father and mother rest. I wish to be seated in a large red arm chair, beside a marble table, in a position of a man taking his meal. I desire that a person (a female) should keep me company for one year and one day, and all this person shall ask, should be given her, as if I called for it myself. To that person who must not be chosen from among the heirs, I bequeath forty thousand francs, and give her leave to go out two hours each day to take the fresh air." Such is the queer story related by the French papers. Thousands of applications are daily received by the executor of the rich deceased, from nurses and old gossips anxious of the honor of keeping the company of the queer individual, and fingering the reward.

Artificial Leather.

Art, guided by science, has achieved another triumph. At Abington, Massachusetts, there is an establishment for manufacturing artificial leather by the aid of a steam engine of six or eight horse power, the machinery attached to which grinds up the chips and shavings of leather which are cut off by the shoe and boot makers, and which have heretofore been burnt or thrown away. These are ground to a powder resembling coarse snuff, and this powder is then mixed with gums and other substances, so thoroughly that the whole mass becomes a kind of melted leather. In a short time this dries a little, and is rolled out to the desired thickness—perhaps one twenty-fourth of an inch. This new-fashioned leather will make good middle-soles, and perhaps inner soles; and would be very durable round the shafts of a carriage, or in any place where mere chafing is all the wear desired. It is supposed that it would wear well as bands for some kinds of machinery, and will doubtless be used for many other purposes. A patent has been secured, and the article will soon be in market and in use.

Hear what a Pennsylvanian says of Us.

We find in the North American of the 19th ult., a letter from Baltimore. The writer says he is "a Democrat, and has been one from the good old days of Jackson down"—that he is no politician, and that the only vote he ever cast for President was in 1836, when he voted for Mr. Van Buren. He is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and still considers this State his home. He thus talks of the approaching election:

"The present struggle in Pennsylvania I regard as of the highest moment in its bearing on the future prosperity of the State and of her citizens. It was my fortune to be abroad during those disastrous years which followed the suspension of the payment of the interest on her immense debt. Odium I heard everywhere heaped upon her name, until at length her sons blushed to acknowledge a mother whose fame and character were as precious to them as their own. Those who passed, as I did, through an ordeal of so much obloquy—in a measure, it must be confessed, not altogether without justification—can never look back upon it with other feelings than those of mortification and regret, and will instinctively shrink at the bare idea of witnessing a return of the same deplorable condition of things. The great, and in fact the only question, after all, involved in the present contest, is the financial good character of our always honest, and now debt-paying Commonwealth. Other issues which have been made by interested partisans are swallowed up in this.

"If Gov. Johnston is again chosen by the voice of the people to sway the destinies of the State, the restored and well-sustained credit, character, and confidence of the last three years, are the best omens for the future. The faithful exertions of one man—his watchful care and economical management of her finances—the prestige of his unsullied integrity, inspiring hope and reliance around—these qualities and efforts have once more placed Pennsylvania on that broad platform of honesty and trustworthiness, from which nothing but the most incompetent statesmanship ever could have thrust her. Re-elect the present Executive, and her course will still be onward and upward, until the heavy burthen left us as a legacy by his predecessors, shall be reduced within reasonable limits.

"Now, Messrs. Editors, while my political principles are very decided, I am no politician; the only vote I ever cast for President was in 1836, when I voted for Mr. Van Buren. In examining the question now agitating our State, I have aimed at attaining an honest and candid solution of it. It matters not to me whether an Executive, who may be fairly said to have plucked up the "drowning honor" of the Commonwealth by the locks, is a so-styled Whig or no. All I look at is the good of the State. While party prepossessions urge me to vote for Mr. Bigler, because he is a Democrat, a regard to the welfare and reputation of the State says vote for Mr. Johnston, because he has proved himself the man of the crisis. The danger is not yet over; but when it is, it will be time enough to commit the helm to less able and more inexperienced hands.

"The most disastrous event that could happen to Pennsylvania at the present time, would be the election of the Democratic candidate. So thinking, I intend to make a journey of one hundred miles next fall, to cast my vote for Mr. Johnston, the tried, true, and faithful friend of his State.

"They who love Pennsylvania, and are proud to see her exultation once more without a stain, will vote for Gov. Johnston; those on the other hand, who think meanly of her, and wish to strike hands with secessionists and traitors everywhere, can cast their suffrages for Mr. Bigler."

The New Protection Against Fire.

The following letter from an American in London, furnishes additional and interesting facts in relation to Phillips's "Fire Annihilator," which, if it is what it professes to be, is undoubtedly a most useful and wonderful discovery:
LONDON, Friday, July 25, 1851.

The most extraordinary thing that I have witnessed since I left America, is Phillips's Fire Annihilator. Passing up Cheapside a few days since, I saw streams of flame pouring out of the three-story windows of a Wholesale Cloth Establishment, and the building and its contents, seemed doomed to immediate destruction. I was within a few rods of the house, and as I approached the door, a man rushed in with a Portable Fire Annihilator in his hand. It was not larger than a common water-bucket, and weighed some 20 pounds. He ran into the third story, and within less time than it has taken me to write these few lines, every vestige of flame had been "annihilated" by the vapor which issued from the miraculous little machine. For a minute or two afterwards, the vapor was seen issuing from the windows, then

all was over. The fire was extinguished! I was so much astonished at the marvellous results of which I was an eye-witness, that I hastened to discover and visit the inventor of this Fire Annihilator. At his establishment I examined the machine, and tried several experiments, each of which satisfied me that this is beyond all question the most valuable discovery of the age.

The vapor contained in this little machine acts upon flame exactly as the damp in a well actuated lighted candle. Flame cannot exist an instant in the vapor. The vapor rushes from the little machine with as much force as steam flies from the escape-pipe of a steam-engine, and flame falls before it as quick as the lightning-bolt. The effect is inconceivable, and the triumph over fire is marvelous beyond conception. A great and valuable addition to the utility of this invention is that this vapor can be breathed without injury.—The consequence is, a man with one of these little machines may protect himself with the vapor and enter into the midst of the fiercest flames with perfect impunity. They fall before him in an instant!

Depend upon it, that scarcely a house in America will be without one or more of these machines within a year, and you will see that the fire insurance offices and fire engine companies will be numbered among the things that were. The amount of property and human life, of toil and trouble, that this little miracle will save, is beyond computation.

Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

This road extending from the village of Scranton in the coal beds of Pennsylvania to the Erie railroad at Great Bend, 14 miles east of Binghamton, a distance of 51 miles will be completed and opened for business during the ensuing month of September. The company building this road is the same that owns the Cayuga & Susquehanna road, running from the village of Ithaca at the head of Cayuga Lake to the Erie railroad at Owego.—They have made arrangements with the Erie railroad company to run their trains on the Erie road from the points of intersection—Owego and Great Bend—45 miles apart. They have their engines already built, and a large number of cars contracted to be in readiness when the Pennsylvania section is completed.

A line of railroad will then be completed and in operation from the coal beds to the village of Ithaca at the head of water communication with all parts of the State, which must be for some time to come at least, a point of transhipment. It is questionable whether the difference in favor of canals over railroads in the transport of heavy articles like coal, will not overcome the expense of transhipment, and forever make the Cayuga Lake channel the great thoroughfare for the transit of Pennsylvania coal to the interior and Lake markets of the State. The enterprising Company engaged in opening this new route are building a coal depot on a large and extensive scale at the head of navigation in Ithaca. They are cutting a canal parallel with the inlet to the Lake, so that a train of cars can dump their coal directly into canal boats, and the ordinary labor and expense of transhipment be mostly saved. We will receive coal in this city by way of Ithaca early in October at a much cheaper rate than ever before. The coal for this market will of course come by the Cayuga Lake, until the Syracuse and Binghamton railroad is built.—Owego Times.

Three Seventeens.

We heard a good story the other day, of an ancient joker (now dead) who is the father of a great brood of fast boys.

The old gentleman who was a rather strict governor, though when outside he would occasionally "let up," drink, talk horse, and go in for the chances. The boys knew this—boys generally do—and while they respected the "governor" on account of his age, they positively objected to his propensities for humbug. One Sunday the governor was reading the Bible, and when Ezr, the oldest boy procured a set of dice and having spotted all the low sides so that he could not get less than fifteen, commenced throwing them on a chair. The governor came to a hard word, looked up and saw the game. Then came the following conversation:

Gov.—Ez, you boy—Ezra! Do you know what day it is!

Ez.—Yes—fifteen—Sunday. Seventeen.

Gov.—Well, then, you go and put them things away; throw them in the stove—no put them on the shelf. Get a book, sir, and sit down and read.

Ez put the bones in his pocket, and got a book; but somehow or other the dice were again soon out.

Ez.—Seventeen! seventeen! seventeen!!!

Gov.—(Springing from his chair and allowing the Bible to drop on the floor.) What! not three seventeens! Good God!—them would have been the last night!