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

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No 9.

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Jeffersonian Republican.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Hon. NATHANIEL B. ELDRED, President Judge of the 22nd Judicial district of Pennsylvania, composed of the counties of Wayne, Pike, Carbon and Monroe, and Moses W. Coolbaugh and Stoddell Stokes, Esquires, 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, in General Jail Delivery and Orphans' Court, for the said County of Monroe, be holden at Stroudsburg, on

Monday, the Twenty-second of December 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 to 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 the said County of Monroe, or against persons who stand charged with the commission of offences to be then and there to prosecute or testify as shall be just.

JAMES N. DURLING, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office,
Stroudsburg, Nov. 20, 1851.
(God save the Commonwealth.)

Jury List, December Term—1851.

GRAND JURORS.

Ross; David Correll, Edward Engler, John Meixsell, Jacob Frantz.
Smithfield; John Scyphers, Joseph Houser, Isaac Triple.
Folk; Edward Hawk.
Chesnut Hill; Peter Huffsmith.
Jackson; William Bellis, Michael Meisner, John Possinger, Jacob Engler.
M. Smithfield; Michael Wolf.
Pocono; James Clure, Peter Metzgar.
Price; Josiah B. Snow.
Hamilton; Simon Williams, Peter Snyder, Jr.
Stroud; William Walton, Jr., Samuel Neyhart, John Wolf, Theodore Schoch, George Ransbury.

PETIT JURORS.

M. Smithfield; William Cashar, Jacob Courtwright, George Kintner, Christian Eyllenburger.
Paradise; Peter P. Dornblaser, James Henry, Abraham Hilgert.
Stroud; Joseph Dusenbury, Daniel Lee, John Frankenfield, Joseph Kerr, Alfred Drake, Samuel Phillips, George W. Brown, James H. Stroud.
Chesnut Hill; C. D. Keller, Jacob Dorshimer, J. E. Hoodmacher, Michael Getz.
Price; Edward Mott.
Jackson; Philip McClusky, Peter Miller.
Hamilton; Charles Marsh, Joseph Starner, Joseph Finner, Samuel Snyder, Jr., Thomas Heller, John Groner.
Smithfield; Benjamin Bush, Abraham Deput, William Trause, Joseph Zimmerman.
Ross; David Barlip.
Pocono; Jacob Stouffer, James Trach, Jacob Trause.

TRIAL LIST.

Diebler v Price township.
Rice v Butz et al.
do do.
do do.
Wagner v Staples.
Trauer v Teel.
Miller & Ellenwood v Snow.
Yetter v Quigley et al.
Felker v Woodling.
Reinhart v Reinhart.
Taylor v Hoffman.
Getz et al v Getz.
Storn v Edmonds and Sox.
Commonwealth v P & J Getz.
Merwine & Walp v Meckes.
Crook v Durling.
Long v Kintz & Dietrich.
Dotter v Kunkle.
Greensweig v Greensweig et al.
Gish v Staples.
Quigley v Albert.
Merwine & Walp v Greensweig.
Clark v Kemmerer et al.
Kresge & Correll v Hawk.

ARGUMENT LIST.

In the matter of Auditor's report on account of Michael Brown.
In the matter of account of Simeon Schoonover.
Schoonover v Schoonover.
Craig v Miller.
King v Teel.
Keller v Hoesmer.
Honey v Hoesmer.
Hill v Hoesmer.
Report of lieue upon the interest of John Deput in the estate of Aaron Deput, dec'd.
Rishel et al v Detter.
James v Neyhart.
Keller v Marsh.
Neff v Krome.
Merwine v Serfloss.

A Leaf from our Scrap Book.

The advice and example herein set forth (says the Knickerbocker) are from the pen of an old and genial friend, who follows, and is, and does, precisely what he describes:

Toil not for fame, nor a sounding name,
Strive not for wealth nor power,
Whoso clings to these faithless things
Is cheated every hour.

I'd spend my life away from strife,
With my wife and children dear;
I'd have a cot in a sheltered spot,
And a pleasant neighbor near.

I'd work each day in a quiet way,
I would read and write and talk;
And I'd sometimes ride by the river's side,
Or enjoy an evening walk.

I'd do what good so'er I could,
Regardless of praise or blame,
And when at last my days are past,
Have my children do the same.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

The inertness of the mind is often taken for its peace.

He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

True quietness of heart is got by resisting our passions, not by obeying them.

Man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

There are men, who by long consulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the same deference.

Neither the evil nor the good that men do is ever interred with their bones, but lives after them.

It never was a wise thing yet to make men desperate, for one who hath no hope of good hath no fear of evil.

He who defers his charities till his death is rather liberal of another man's goods than of his own.

The poet who knows how to express and paint the affections and passions of the soul, will always be read with greater delight than the most exact observer of inanimate nature.

He that never extends his view beyond the praises or rewards of men will be dejected by neglect and envy, or inflated by honor and applause.

Some people think that the heart can never be affected till it has undergone a battery of exaggerated phrases; and they drive nails into us by way of touching our feelings.

Nations in a state of war are like individuals in a state of intoxication; they frequently contract debts when drunk, which they are obliged to pay when sober.

It is often extremely difficult in the mixed things of this world to act truly and kindly too; but therein lies one of the great trials of man—that his sincerity should have kindness in it, and his kindness truth.

Instruct your son well, or others will instruct him ill. No child goes altogether untaught. Send him to the school of wisdom, or he will go of himself to the rival academy, kept by the lady with the cap and bells.—There is always teaching going on of some sort, just as in fields—vegetation is never idle.

Philosophy, like medicine, has abundance of drugs, few good remedies, and scarcely any specifics.

Perhaps the most acceptable kind of flattery consists less in eulogizing a man's action's or talents, than in deprecating those of his rival.

There are two classes of people that can afford to be modest; those who possess a vast amount of knowledge, and those who have but little.

The world is only rigid for pretty and common faults; a rare audacity astonishes it; a splendid misfortune disarms it.

Absence diminishes moderate passions, and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes tapers, and adds fury to fire.

Our enemies come nearer the truth in their judgments of us than we do in our judgments of ourselves.

What is called liberality is most often only the vanity of giving, which we like better than the thing we give.

Fanaticism, the daughter of ignorance and mother of infidelity.

When good-will goes gadding, he must not be surprised if ill-will sometimes meets him on the way.

We promise according to our hopes, and perform according to our fears.

Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue.

A refusal of praise is a desire to be praised twice.

Gravity is a mystery of the body invented to conceal the effects of the mind.

Public opinion is a jurisdiction, which the

wise man will never entirely recognise, nor entirely deny.

The vain abhor the vain; but the gentle and unassuming love one another. It is the effect of sympathy with the latter, the want of it with the former.

With a true Wife, the husband's faults should be secret. A woman forgets what is due to herself when she descends to that refuge of weakness, as a female confidant.—A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's little failings, and his character should be far more valuable in her estimation, than his life. If this be not the case she polutes her marriage vow.

Be not niggardly of what costs the nothing, as courtesy, counsel, and countenance.

A man too busy to take care of his health, is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

The testimony of those you doubt the least, is not unusually that very testimony that ought most to be doubted.—Lucan.

Lord Bacon beautifully said—"If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them."

David Hume declared that he would rather possess a cheerful disposition, inclining always to look on the bright side, than with a gloomy mind, be master of ten thousand a year.

"Saturday Night."

We cut the following from the *Chicago Daily Journal*. It is a little gem from the pen of the assistant editor, BENJ. T. TAYLOR. Teacher and Poet, who says more good things in his way, than any other man in the West. He who has not the heart to appreciate, and the taste to admire it, has reached a dreary Saturday night in his life—one that never will be followed by a holy Sabbath's dawn:

"There has been a great deal written about Saturday night. Its chief luxury to us is comprehended in the words, 'no paper to-morrow,' but to some people it is vastly more significant. Did you ever read Ike Marvel's 'Reveries?' Some of them are admirable, others a little eked out to make a book.

"Well, we have a picture of our own, and a benediction for somebody else. And to begin with the latter; happy is the man who has a little home and a little angel in it, of a Saturday night. And for the picture; such a night as last night was—cloudy, gloomy, gusty, rainy—casements rattling, storm driving, lake roaring along the shore.

"So much for the out-door scenery.—Now for the in-door; a martin box of a house, no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so—no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it. Let the winds blow—close the curtains! What if they are calico, or plain white, without border, tassels, or any such thing? Let the rains come down—heap up the fire, but it must be an open fire—none of your dark, prison looking stoves. No matter if you haven't a candle to bless yourself with, for what a beautiful light, glowing coal makes, reddening, clouding, shedding a sunset through the little room—just light enough to talk by—not loud, as in the high-ways—not rapid, as in the hurrying world, but softly, slowly, whispering, with pauses between, for the storm without the thoughts within, to fill up.

"Then wheel the sofa round before the fire—no matter, if the sofa's a settee, unmentioned at that, if so be it is just long enough for two, or say, two and a half, with two or two and a half in it.—How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to come, falls on the listening heart then. How mournfully swell the chimes of 'the days that are no more.' Under such circumstances, and at such a time, one can get at least sixty-nine and a half statute miles nearer 'kingdom come,' than from any other point in this world laid down in 'Matte Brun.'

"Maybe, you smile at this picture.—Well, smile on, but there is a secret between us, viz: it is a copy of a picture rudely done, but true as the Pentateuch, of an original in every really human heart. Are you so old or so wicked that the cabinet picture is dimmed or damaged beyond 'restoration?' Then be shrived, make a Saturday night of life, and bid 'good night' to the world.

"Maybe, you think it a ridiculous picture; then Heaven mend, and Alison cultivate your taste."

Cure for a Wen.—Take alum salt, make a strong brine, simmer it on a fire, in which wet a piece of cloth, and apply it for thirty successive days, and it will disappear.

Sugar and Honey.—A young gentleman who has just married a little beauty, says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that nature could not afford it. How full of sugar the honey-moon makes one, don't it? A year from now he will be swearing that his "d-d little fool of a wife has been cleaning the cook-stove with his best boot-brush."

The following sensible and appropriate remarks from the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*, though intended for city readers, are well worth the attention of people in villages and country:

"Living like other People."

AN ERROR OF FALSE PRIDE.

"Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer. To boast a splendid banquet once a year.

One of the most prevalent foibles of the present time, is a disposition to imitate and rival our neighbors, even with means far more limited than theirs. It is an error of false pride. We fancy that the world can be deceived by outward show; that we can make it appear that we are affluent and independent, no matter what the facts may be. This is a sad weakness, and it is often attended with serious consequences. The idea of living like other people, without the means possessed by other people, is indeed absurd and suicidal. It is only calculated to involve us in difficulties, and to take from us the very independence that we assume and aspire to enjoy. The progress of luxury and extravagance is indeed extraordinary. Magnificent mansions and costly furniture are now the order of the day. The spirit of imitation and of rivalry is every where apparent. In social life it is an every day occurrence, to hear individuals indulge in gross exaggerations, when describing their own affairs. No matter what may be the condition of another, a disposition to rival and excel, is too apt to prevail, and thus in many cases, the most absurd pretensions are indulged—nay the grossest falsehoods are uttered. True, these fabrications are in a measure harmless, because they are so transparent as to deceive no one. And yet the habit is vile, and calculated at once to destroy confidence and impair respect. Moreover, an individual who is known to falsify on one subject, is very apt to be distrusted on every other.—Still the desire to excel, to appear in the enjoyment of fashionable position, is so powerful, that all other considerations are lost sight of.

The manner of living at the present time, is, in too many cases, characterized by the wildest extravagance. This is displayed in a variety of forms—in dress, in furniture, in gay parties, in opera displays, and in all kindred exhibitions. It is well observed by a cotemporary, "that persons in moderate circumstances, are carried away far beyond their means, by an insane spirit of imitation. They vainly expect to be esteemed in proportion to the ostentatious display they may be able to make; and are not aware that true gentility is marked more by simplicity of manners and dress, and by dignity of deportment, than in the flash and glitter in which many modern fine people seek to acquire a notoriety. The creditors of such people are too often found to be the real parties who contribute to the expense of the show. The effect upon society is extremely pernicious, hurrying many into pecuniary embarrassments with the loss of character, reason or life, often disqualifying women for the discharge of the paramount duties of domestic life, and retarding and defeating the establishment of young men at the head of families.—Is not all this true? Is it not particularly applicable to large cities like Philadelphia? Are there not many persons in our midst, who are living beyond their means, simply with the object of living like other people? Are there not many wasting their substance, in the empty and idle pursuit of fashion, or in an effort to obtain a position, not of high respectability and elevated character, but of idle importance, in the gay, the giddy, the fashionable world?

It is well enough perhaps, for the rich, for such as have large incomes, to indulge in all the elegancies and luxuries, so characteristic of affluence, refinement and splendor. But for the individual who has a fortune to make, who is engaged in an uncertain and hazardous business, and whose future, therefore, is by no means clear and unclouded, to imitate all this extravagance, and to tread in the footsteps of some millionaire, is folly at once egregious and deplorable. Vanity so empty and idle, pride so false and unsubstantial, are almost invariably the handmaids to ruin. Nevertheless, there are hundreds at this moment engaged in this phantom pursuit. They are taxing their energies to make a dashing appearance before the world, and at the same time are neglecting the real sources of ease and independence—economy and prudence. The true policy is, if possible, to live within one's means. Unnecessary luxuries should only be indulged, when we have "enough to spare." The mechanic, the trader, or the shopkeeper, who is getting along smoothly, quietly and successfully, who is able to provide his family with the comforts of social existence, and at the same time to lay by something for a rainy day, is indeed mad, or worse, if tempted by the idle vanity of display, to appropriate his annual surplus to some unnecessary extravagance, and thus to make his condition one of constant dependence. The misery of such a condition cannot be too vividly described. Ostentation in the out-door world will never

pay for wretchedness at home. Companionship with the fashionables of the hour, the butterflies who flutter in the sunshine of flattery and of envy, can never compensate for the loss of real independence, domestic harmony, and peace of mind, which are indeed among the brightest jewels in the moral treasury of our nature. The folly of living to dazzle and astonish others, to excite envy and gratify pride, while all the purer and holier objects of life are neglected, can only be likened to the delusion of the poor moth, which flatters around the very blaze by which it is doomed to be consumed.

Matters and Things in California.

The following facts relative to the health, markets, vegetables, daily operations and products, wages of laborers, and mode of doing business in California, (which we find in the San Francisco correspondence of the Tribune,) will be found very interesting:

The health of the State continues good, except that autumnal fevers have appeared in some localities and dysentery and erysipelas in others. In this city there have been 62 deaths the present month; last year there were 102 in the corresponding period. The Chinese have suffered much from scurvy and other disorders contracted on ship-board, and from their crowded mode of living. In the last fortnight twelve of them have died. Among the interments are noted the names of Ah Koy, Ah Hoy, Ah Hing, Chum Wa, Lee On, and Mo Fachu; also a child of Chinese parents, Paul Philips, aged two months. The American name is a fair index of the tendency of this people to adopt our customs.

To stand behind a counter and wait the tardy movements of accidental customers does not suit the impetuous spirit of a Yankee who makes haste to grow rich. Hence a multitude of retail auctions by day as well as at night. At any hour of the day or evening, the stranger who wanders down Long-wharf will soon find himself in a perfect babel with "once, twice, three times—going, going, gone"—pouring into his ears from half a dozen quarters at once.

This is the worst market on earth for inferior articles. People will buy nothing but the best. Provisions of inferior quality are thrown away. I saw, a few days ago, a quantity of potatoes thrown into the streets, quite as good as you would buy at 75 cents a bushel in New York or Philadelphia in the Spring of the year. But no one will pick up such potatoes when first rate ones can be had for ten cents a pound! I saw fifty barrels of dried peaches, damaged, sell for 25 cents a barrel, for hog feed, though they were not worse than pig-makers often use in the Atlantic cities.—Brooms by the stack, slightly damaged, brought 30 cents a dozen.

The supply of fresh beef is always good and the best pieces can be bought for 19 cents a pound; Mutton and Pork being 40 to 50 cents, and Salmon 25 cents. They increase rapidly and require but little attention. I have seen a sow with 22 new-born gruntings around her, all of the same crop. Had the stately matron been better versed in the history of the country, she would probably have done honor to the progress of the Union by a contribution of thirty-one to the swinish population.

Butter is retailed at 50 to 75 cents. A very small quantity is yet produced in the country. Those who raise cows can better sell the milk at fifty cents a quart, if they live near a market. The native cows are poor milkers. They are large, masculine looking animals, and being generally allowed to retain their calves for six months or longer, they do not willingly submit to the regulations of the dairy. It requires too or three men to milk a California cow. They set to work on horseback, and first lasso her and tumble her to the ground. They tie her head to a post, and then bind her feet tightly in pairs. One of the men does the milking, while another holds the bucket, the terrified animal enduring the process with the same docility as a cross baby exhibits while its dirty face is being scrubbed. One or two quarts of milk are the result of the operation.

Far more valuable for dairy purposes are the cows from the valley of the Mississippi, that have crossed the plains. On the journey they are worked like oxen, and even here they are harnessed to the wagon.

A loaf of bread, such as you buy in the Atlantic cities for 3 or 4 cents, here costs you 12 1/2. Potatoes retail at 8 to 12 cents. They are in demand by the quantity at 7 cents.—We certainly have the finest potatoes in the world. From one to two pounds is a common weight, and they often weigh more. I have never seen nor heard of a California potato being hollow or imperfect at the core.—They are invariably dry and mealy. A few days ago I sat down to dine with ten others, mostly adults. A large dish of potatoes graced the table, cut in pieces before boiling. Our landlady informed us that there were two potatoes in the dish, and no more. But there was enough and to spare. On another dish was one-third of a beet. Onions often exceed a pound in weight. A cabbage at the door of a restaurant near me weighs 28 pounds.—

These vegetables are not the result of forced culture. The soil, in many localities, can't help producing them. Very little attention is paid to tillage, and no manure is employed. I am informed that some of the gardeners in this vicinity are applying manure, but I have not seen a load of that commodity in California.

Tomatoes are plenty, at a shilling a pound, which is considered cheap. Grapes are coming in, and bring 75 cents to \$1 a pound.—They will be cheaper before long, as immense quantities are to come from San Jose and the adjoining villages and from down the coast.

A cargo of oranges lately arrived from the Society Islands—the first offering, I believe, made by those islands to California.

Wages continue high. Farm hands have received from \$75 to \$100 a month and found. A mere child can command twenty to forty dollars a month, "to mind the baby." Thirty dollars was lately offered for the services of a little girl of 12 years, but her mother declined the offer, as the girls services at home were worth more to her than that. A laboring man made a wry face to me, and complained that wages had fallen so that he got but four dollars a day!

There are washerwomen here who make from 50 to 80 dollars a week, by the labor of their own arms. The price of washing and ironing is from three to four dollars a dozen. Board, with lodging, is from \$10 to \$20 a week.

Weddings, after the Atlantic fashion are becoming quite common. Mr. Douglas the U. S. Marshal, brought hither from Sacramento a blooming bride last week. On Friday evening a party was given here at the "Oriental," and things were conducted in Oriental style. The party cost a thousand dollars. Boston ice having melted away, the snow of the Nevada Mountains was used instead.—This native production is brought to Sacramento wrapped in blankets, on the backs of mules, and is there shipped to this market, where it sells for fifty cents a pound.

A Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance has been organized here. Mr. Willis, of Sacramento, is the presiding officer, and Henry Haight, Esq., of this city, is the Grand Scribe. A large number of the Policemen of this place are members of the subordinate Divisions. Five of them joined at one time, last week.

Smoking Chimneys.

The "Scientific American," says, on what it calls reliable authority, that if at two feet above the throat of your chimney you enlarge the opening to double the size for a space of two feet, then carry up the rest as at first, your chimney will never smoke.

Boy Love.

One of the queerest things to think of in after life is "boy love." No sooner does a boy acquire a tolerable stature than he begins to imagine himself a man, and to ape manish ways. He casts sidelong glances at every tall girl he happens to meet, becomes a regular attendant at church, or meeting, sports a cane, carries his head erect, and struts a little in his walk. Presently, and how very soon he falls in love—yes, falls is the proper word, because it best indicates his happy, delirious self-abandonment. He lives now in a fairy region, somewhere collateral to the world, and yet somehow blended inextricably with it. He perfumes his hair with fragrant oils, scatters essences over his handkerchief, and desperately shaves and anoints for a beard. He quotes poetry in which "love" and "dove" and "heart" and "dart" peculiarly predominate; and, as he plunges deeper into the delicious labyrinth, fancies himself filled with the divine afflatus, and suddenly breaks out into the scartest rash—of rhyme. He feeds upon the looks of his beloved; is raised to the seventh heaven at a pleasant word; is betrayed into the most astonishing ecstasies by a smile, and is plunged into the gloomiest regions of misanthropy by a frown.

He believes himself the most devoted lover in the world. There never was such another. There never will be.—He is the one great idolator! He is the type of magnanimity and self-abnegation. Wealth! he despises the grovelling thought. Poverty! with the adorable beloved, he rapturously apostrophizes as the first of all earthly blessings; and "Love in a cottage with water and a crust," is his beau ideal paradise of dainty delights.

He declares to himself, with the most solemn emphasis, that he would go through fire and water, undertake a pilgrimage to China or Rumschatka, swim storm-tossed oceans, scale impassable mountains, and face legions of bayonets, for one sweet smile from her dear lips. He doats upon the flowers she has cast away. He cherishes her glove—a little worn in the fingers—next to his heart. He scrawls her dear name over foolscap—fitting medium for his insanity. He scornfully depreciates the attention of other boys of his own age; cuts Peter Tibbets dead, because he said that the adorable Angelina had carrot hair; and passed Harry Bell contemptuously, for daring to compare "that gawky Mary Jane" with his incomparable Angelina.

Happy! happy! foolish boy; love with its hopes and its fears, its joys and its sorrows, its tortures and ecstatic fervors, and terrible heart burnings, its solemn ludicrousness, and its intensely prosaic termination.