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AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

Jury List, February Term 1852.

GRAND JURORS.
M. Smithfield, Simeon Schoonover.
Smithfield, Samuel Deitrich, Henry Deitrich.
Hamilton, Daniel Heller, George Larew, Chesnut Hill, James Smith, Charles H. Heany, Peter S. Altemose.
Paradise, Andrew L. Storm.
Stroud, Aaron Crossdale, William Smiley, Peter Keller, Jacob Loder, Philip Shafer, Polk, Andrew Serfoss, George Goshimer, Pocono, Robert Mount, Thomas McElhane.
Ross, Peter Jones.
Price, Jacob Miller, William Price.
Jackson John Winters, Michael Miesner.
Coolbaugh, John Vliet.

PETIT JURORS.

Stroud, George Drake, Jr., Wm. Clemens, John S. Vanvliet, William Carey, John Malvin, Olin B. Gordon, Edward Brown, Chesnut Hill, George Everett, Charles Shupp, Patrick Daily.
Smithfield, John Frutcher, Luke Staples, Joseph Fenner.
Hamilton, Peter Snyder, Joseph Hinkle, Adam Kester, George K. Slutter, John Dreher, Alexander Brown.
M. Smithfield, Jacob Angle, Henry Overfield, Charles Shoemaker.
Polk, Peter S. Hawk.
Ross, David Smith, Joseph Altemose, David Gower, Reuben Stevers, Wm. Smith.
Price, Charles Price, (Elezzer's son).
Coolbaugh, George Keiple, Hiram Warner.
Paradise, George Smith, Henry Bush, Charles Transue.
Tobychanna, Philip Abbot.
Pocono, Matthias Miller.

TRIAL LIST—FEBRUARY TERM.

Diabler v Price township.
Merwine & Walp v Greensweig.
Trainer v Teel.
Felker v Woodling.
Taylor to the use of Mosteller v Hoffman.
Geiz et al v Getz.
Crook to the use of Huston a Darling.
Lang v Kintz & Dietrich.
Jonas Greensweig v Joseph Greensweig et al.
Quigley v Albert.
Merwine & Walp v Greensweig.
Clark v Kemmerer et al.
Young v School Directors of Hamilton tp.
Kresge & Correll v Charles Hawk.
Merwine v Keller.
Keifer v Heaney et al.

ARGUMENT LIST.

Account of Michael Brown.
Account of Simeon Schoonover.
Schoonover v Schoonover.
King v Teel.
Hull et al v Miller et al.
Inquisition on Timothy Vanwhys's estate.
Sox v Buskirk.
Yetter v Quigley et al.
Road in Stroudsburg and Stroud township.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons interested in the estates 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 Orphans' Court to be held at Stroudsburg, in and for the aforesaid county, on Monday, the 23d day of February next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Account of John Huston and Isaac Marsh, acting Executors of the last will of Abraham Marsh, senior, late of Hamilton township, deceased.

First and final account of Daniel Keller, administrator de bonis non of the estate of Abraham Shafer, late of Chesnut Hill township, deceased.

First account of F. E. Grattan, administrator of the estate of Matthew G. Grattan, late of Middle Smithfield township, deceased.

SAMUEL REES, jr., Register.
Register's Office Stroudsburg,
January 29, 1852.

Auditor's Notice.

In the matter of the account of Michael Miesner, administrator of the Estate of Ezra Bates, deceased. December 27th, 1851, the Court appoint Mr. Barry, Auditor to settle the account and make distribution if necessary and report the facts to the next Court.

The undersigned will attend to the duties of the above appointment, at the Hotel of Abraham & Simon Barry, in Stroudsburg, on Tuesday the 17th of February, 1852, at 10 o'clock A. M. when and where all those interested can attend if they see proper.

ABRAHAM BARRY, Auditor.
January 22, 1852.

JOB WORK

Neatly executed at this Office.

Has she any tin.

"Oh! do not paint her charms to me,
I know that she is fair!
I know her lips might tempt the bee,
Her eyes with stars compare:
Such transient gifts I ne'er could prize,
My heart they could not win:
I do not scorn my Mary's eyes,
But—has she any 'tin'?"

"The fairest cheek, alas! may fade,
Beneath the touch of years!
The eyes where light and gladness played,
May soon grow dim with tears!
I would love's fires should to the last
Still burn, as they begin:
But beauty's reign so soon is past;
So; has she any 'tin'?"

We have received from two or three sources batches of curious and authentic epigrams. These are the best.

"Here lies the body of poor John Mound,
Who was lost at sea, and never found!"

"Lie long on him, good mother Earth for he
Lied long enough, God knows, on thee!"

"Here lies John Bean, who from a house
Into a cistern fell ker-souse;
He struggled hard with many a bound,
But couldn't get out and so was drowned."

The Albany Dutchman expresses its surprise that young men can consent to loaf about the corners as they do, when a good dose of arsenic can be purchased for six pence.

More about the Mormons.

An old citizen of St. Josephs, Missouri—Mr. William B. Yates—writes from the Salt Lake as follows, and any statement he may make may be relied on:

"I reached Salt Lake city too late last fall to come in, and was compelled to winter there with many other emigrants in the same fix. The treatment we received from these infernal scoundrels, is almost too bad to be believed. They shot men down in their tracks for nothing, and confined others with a ball and chain, and made them work in all weather and upon all days, (for they have no Sabbaths), and fed them only on bad bread and water; many poor fellows suffered and died. And what was all this for? I will tell you—for simply asking for the payment of what was due you; they would say, after the work was done, that they did not owe you any thing; that the people of the States treated them like dogs when they were there, and now it was their time. If the man said anything in defense, and happened to say they were dishonest, and acted rascally to get their labor of a man for months and then refuse to pay, they would haul him up before a kind of court, and condemned him to from one to ten years' imprisonment with a ball and chain. I have seen a man shot down at the door of their temple as he was quietly coming out of the church. The cause assigned was that one of the sealed wives of the murderer had taken a fancy to the emigrant, probably not from any fault of his, for he was a married man from the Eastern States. It is a positive fact that a man can have as many sealed wives as he can support, and a woman can at any time be unsealed and sealed to another; in that way she may have five or six children with different fathers. When she is sealed to another, she does not take her children, but leaves them to their father. You will, therefore, see that in the course of fifteen or twenty years, there will be hundreds of young men and girls that will not know their relationship towards each other, and intermarriage with brother and sister will be the result to an alarming extent. I look upon them as the lowest people on top of the ground; the city of Salt Lake a perfect Sodom and Gomorrah, which some day if not visited by the wrath of the Almighty, I shall wonder."

Mrs. Partington on being told that Richie had sold the Union, exclaimed 'Alas! alas! I feared he would do something when I heard that Congress had dejected the bill to identify him. I wonder if he sold the people with it, and if I have to become a nigger slave? If so I shall emulate to the south, where they know how to treat the poor critter!' And Mrs. Partington sighed deeply and said no more.

"Here, young man, I wish to speak to you."
The fellow stopped, and boniface proceeded:
"I admire the appearance of your boots, such a beautiful jet black! I wish you'd tell me how to black mine."
"That," said the awkward fellow, "I can do easy enough—just rub 'em 'gainst your character."

A countryman popping his head into a lottery office, and seeing only one man sitting at the desk, asked him what he had for sale. To which the would-be wit replied, loggerheads. Then, sir, says the countryman, "your trade is almost to an end, for I see you have but one left."

DREAM LIFE.

BY IK MARVEL.
[One more extract from this charming volume. Mothers, read it to your older children. It will do them good.]

A Home Scene.

And now I shall not leave this realm of boyhood, or suffer my hero to slip away from this gala time of life, without a fair look at that Home where his present pleasures lie, and where all his dreams begin and end.

Little does the boy know, as the tide of years drifts by, floating him out insensibly from the harbor of his home, upon the great sea of life—what joys, what opportunities, are slipping from him into the shades of that inexorable Past, where no man can go, save on the wings of his dreams. Little does he think—and God be praised, that the thought does not sink deep lines in his young forehead!—as he leans upon the lap of his mother; with his eye turned to her, in some earnest pleading for a fancied pleasure of the hour, or in some important story of his griefs, that such sharing of his sorrows, and such sympathy with his wishes he will find no where again.

Little does he imagine, that the fond Nelly, ever thoughtful of his pleasure, ever smiling away his griefs—will soon be beyond the reach of either; and that the waves of the years which come rocking so gently under him, will soon toss her far away, upon the great swell of life.

But now, you are there. The fire-light glimmers upon the walls of your cherished home, like the Vestal fire of old upon the figures of adoring virgins, or like the flame of Hebrew sacrifice, whose incense bore hearts to Heaven. The big chair of your father is drawn to its wanted corner by the chimney side; his head, just touched with gray, lies back upon its oaken top. Little Nelly leans upon his knee, looking up for some reply to her girlish question. Opposite, sits your mother; her figure is thin, her look cheerful, yet subdued; her arm perhaps resting on your shoulder, as she talks to you in tones of tender admonition, of the days that are to come.

The cat is purring on the hearth; the clock that ticked so plainly when Charlie died, is ticking on the mantel still. The great table in the middle of the room, with his books and work, waits only for the lighting of the evening lamp, to see a return to its stores of embroidery, and of story.

Upon a little stand under the mirror, which catches now and then a flicker of the fire-light, and makes it play, as if in wanton, upon the ceiling, lies that big book, revered of your New England parents—the Family Bible. It is a ponderous square volume, with heavy silver clasps, that you have often pressed open for a look at its quaint old pictures, or for a study of those prettily bordered pages, which lie between the Testaments and which hold the Family Record.

There are the Births—your father's, and your mother's; it seems as if they were born a long time ago; and even your own date of birth appears an almost incredible distance back. Then, there are the marriages—only one as yet;—and your mother's maiden name looks oddly to you; it is hard to think of her as any one else than your dotting parent.—You wonder if your name will ever come under that paging; and wonder, though you scarce whisper the wonder to yourself, how another name would look, just below yours—such a name for instance, as Fanny—or Miss Margaret Boyne!

Last of all, come the Deaths—only one, Poor Charlie! How it looks!—Died 12 September 18—, Charles Henry, aged four years." You know just how it looks. You have turned to it often; there you seem to be joined to him, though only by turning of a leaf. And over your thoughts, as you look at that page of the record, there sometimes wanders a vague shadowy fear, which will come—that your name may soon be there.—You try to drop the notion, as if it were not fairly your own; effect to slight it, as you slight a boy who presumed on your acquaintance, but whom you have no desire to know. It is a common thing, you will find, with our world, to decline familiarity with those ideas that fright us.

Yet your mother—how strange it is!—has no fears of such dark fancies. Even now, as you stand beside her, and as the twilight deepens in the room, her low, silvery voice is stealing upon your ear, telling you that she cannot be long with you—that the time is coming, when you must be guided by your own judgment, and struggle with the world, unaided by the friends of your boyhood. There is a little pride, and a great deal more of anxiety in your thoughts now—as you look steadfastly into the home blaze, while those delicate fingers, so tender of your happiness play with the locks upon your brow.

To struggle with the world—that is a proud thing; to struggle alone—there lies the doubt! Then, crowds in swift, upon the calm of boyhood, the first anxious thought of youth; then chases over the sky of Spring, the first heated, and wrathful cloud of Summer!

But the lamps are now lit in the little parlor, and they shed a soft haze to the farthest

corner of the room; while the fire light streams over the floor where puss lies purring. Little Madge is there; she has dropped in softly with her mother, and Nelly has welcomed her with a bound, and with a kiss.—Jenny has not so rosy a cheek as Madge.—But Jenny with her love notes, and her languishing dark eye, you think of, as a lady; the thought of her constant drain upon your sentiment. As for Madge—that girl Madge, whom you know so well—you think of her as a sister; and yet—it is very odd—you look at her far oftener than you do at Nelly.

Frank too has come in to have a game with you at draughts; and he is in capital spirits, all brisk and glowing with his evening's walk. He—bless his honest heart!—never observes that you arrange the board very adroitly, so that you may keep half an eye upon Madge, as she sits yonder beside Nelly. Nor does he once notice your blush, as you catch her eyes, when she raises her head to fling back the ringlet; and then, with a sly look at you, bends a most earnest gaze upon the board, as if she were especially interested in the disposition of the men.

You catch a little of the spirit of coquetry yourself—(what a native growth it is!) and if she lift her eyes, when you are gazing at her, you very suddenly divert your look to the cat at her feet; and remark to your friend Frank in an easy, off-hand way—how the cat is lying.

And Frank turns—thinking probably, if he thinks at all about it, that cats are very apt to lie still, when they sleep.

As for Nelly, half neglected by your thought, as well as by your eye, while mischievous looking Madge is sitting by her, you little know as yet what kindness, what gentleness you are careless of. Few loves in life, and you will learn it before life is done, can balance the lost love of a sister.

As for your parents, in the intervals of the game, you listen dreamily to their talk with the mother of Madge—good Mrs. Boyne.—It floats over your mind, as you rest your chin upon your clenched hand, like a strain of old familiar music,—a household strain, that seems to belong to the habit of your ear,—a strain that will linger about it melodiously for many years to come,—a strain that will be recalled long time hence, when life is earnest and its cares heavy, with tears of regret and with sighs of bitterness.

By and by your game is done; and other games, in which join Nelly (the tears come when you write her name, now!) and Madge (the smiles come when you look on her then,) stretch out that sweet eventide of Home, until the lap flickers, and you speak your friends—adieu. To Madge, it is said boldly—a boldness put on to conceal a little lurking tremor;—but there is no tremor in the home good-night.

Aye, my boy, kiss your mother—kiss her again; fondle your sweet Nelly; pass your little hand through the gray locks of your father; love them dearly while you can!—Make your good-nights linger; and make your adieus long, and sweet, and often repeated. Love with your whole soul—father, mother and sister—for these loves shall die.

Not indeed in thought: God be thanked! Nor yet in tears—for He is merciful! But they shall die as the leaves die—die as Spring dies into the heat and ripeness of Summer, and as boyhood dies into the elasticity and ambition of youth. Death, distance, and time, shall each one of them dig graves for your affections; but this you do not know, nor can know, until the story of your life is ended.

The dreams of riches, of love, of voyage, of learning, that light up the boy-age with splendor, will pass on and over into the hotter dreams of youth. Spring buds and blossoms under the blowing sun of April, nurture at their heart those firstlings of fruit, which the heat of summer shall ripen.

You little know—and for this you may well thank Heaven—that you are leaving the Spring of life, and that you are floating fast from the shady sources of your years, into heat, bustle and storm. Your dreams are now faint, flickering shadows, that play like fire-flies in the coppices of leafy June. They have no rule, but the rule of infantile desire. They have no joys that belong to your passing life; they have no terrors as the darkness of a Spring night makes. They do not take hold on your soul, as the dreams of youth and manhood will do.

Your highest hope is shadowed in a cheerful, boyish home. You wish no friends but the friends of boyhood—no sister but your fond Nelly—none to love better than the playful Madge.

You forget, Clarence, that the Spring with you, is the Spring with them; and that the storms of Summer may chance wide shadows over your path, and over theirs. And you forget, that Summer is even now, lowering with its mist, and with its scorching rays, upon the hem of your flowy May!

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.
A Dear Dinner.

Dear P.—At the last "Hen Convention" in our city, some six weeks since, a mutual friend of ours, residing in the suburbs of our metropolis, came to the city in the morning to attend the "hen fair," where he purchased a very large and beautiful pair of Shanghai fowls, to breed from; and as he was to remain in town until evening, he sent the birds by a boy, with a note to a friend of his, living at the Albion, requesting that he would take charge of the chickens until the afternoon, as he had some matters of business that would detain him; he also told the boy to say he would dine with him at 4 o'clock.

The boy delivered the fowls, but forgot the note, and simply remarked, "Here's a pair of rousing big chickens Mr. M—sent you, and says he will dine with you at 4 o'clock."

The gentleman supposing his friend (who, by the way, knows a hawk from a handsaw, and a canvassback from a broil-owl) had sent him something extra, ordered them to be given to the cook, with directions that they be killed and dressed at once, as he had a friend to dine with him at 4 that P. M.—The order was accordingly obeyed, and at the appointed time the dinner served. After imbibing sundry "wine bitters," as a sharpener to their appetites, they sat down, and the Shanghai owner was requested to carve; and as he was dissecting these enormous "cute members of the Hen Convention," he remarked to his friend,

"You have an extraordinary fine pair of chickens here?"

"Yes," answered the other, "they are an indifferently good sized pair of birds; they were sent to me by a mutual friend of ours."

"Indeed, were they? a devilish clever fellow he must be, Jim; a very pretty present this, and I declare they are most delicious flavor I ever tasted, and as juicy, too, as a canvass-back!"

And so he continued praising the rich flavor of the chickens until they had taken care of a couple of bottles of Schrieder; and while chattering over their bottle of sherry, and enjoying their regalia, the owner of the Shanghais said,

"By-the-by, Jim, what do you think of my hen purchase this morning?"

"Why, Bill, I think they were most delicious, and wish you would dine with me every day in the week, if you will send me such chickens."

"Such chickens!" screamed Bill, as the thought flashed across his mind that he might possibly have been eating his own Shanghais. "What the devil do you mean?"

"Mean," replied Jim, "why, I mean to say that you have dined off of those chickens you sent me this morning!"

Bill instantly jumped up from the table, and rammed his hands up to his elbows in his breeches pockets, and after striding across the room some half dozen times, without uttering a word, but his eyes all the while with "fine frenzy rolling," stopped short, and turning to his friend, exclaimed, with no little gesticulation—

"Good God, Jim! I paid thirty-five dollars for that pair of fowls this morning! Didn't that cussed boy give you a note this morning when he left the chickens?"

"No," said Jim, "he gave me no note, he simply handed me the Shanghais, and said you would dine with me at four! Therefore, I had them roasted!"

Bill instantly rushed for his horse and wagon, and has not been seen in the city but once since, and then he was closely muffled up, and both ears stopped with cotton, for fear he would hear some one say Shanghai!

A few days since, while passing his residence, I dropped in upon him for an hour, and after a while ventured to touch, upon the different breeds of poultry, but at once discovered a wildness about Bill's eyes, therefore discontinued the topic.—When he said, imploringly,

"Old fellow! don't hit me now, I'm dazed—that chicken dinner has never yet digested!"

Tru'y yours,
Boston, January 5, 1852.

To Preserve Milk.

Put a spoonful of horse-radish into a pan of milk, and it will remain sweet for several days, either in the open air or in a cellar, while other milk will sour.

Cure for Tooth Ache.

Two parts of brown sugar, two parts of tar, and one part of finely ground black pepper; mix them cold and apply a portion to the affected part. Repeat this occasionally, for a day or two, and a perfect cure will be effected. I have tried it twice with entire success on my own teeth. My neighbors have found it equally efficacious.

"No one would take you for what you are," said an old fashioned gentleman, a day or two ago, to a dandy, who had more hair than brains. "Why?" was immediately asked. "Because they cannot see your cats."

Boundlessness of the Creation.

About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star, the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon. The other redeems it from all insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are world-steeming life, and numberless as the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe! the other suggests to me, that within and beyond all that minuteness which the unaided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomers have unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as chides all the powers of the microscope, but where the wondering God finds room for all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of world and fill and animate the evidence of his glory.—Chalmers.

Cure for Deafness.

M. S. W. Jewett, writing to the Boston Cultivator says:—

At about three years of age, a daughter of the Hon. Daniel Baldwin, of Montpelier, became very deaf in both ears.—In conversation it was quite difficult to make her hear and she continued in this wretched state until about eighteen years of age, when an Indian doctor chanced to see her, who told the mother, Mrs. B., that the oil of onion and tobacco would cure her if prepared as follows:—Divide an onion, and from the centre take out a piece the size of a common walnut; fill this cavity with a fresh quid of tobacco, and bind the onion together in its usual shape; roast it, then trim off the outer part until you come to that portion slightly colored or penetrated by the tobacco; mash up the balance of the tobacco; put it into a phial. Three drops of this oil Mrs. B. informed me, she dropped into the ear after her daughter had retired to bed, which immediately gave her considerable pain which lasted for some time. Before morning however, her hearing was so extremely delicate and sensitive, that she suffered by the sound and noise in common conversation! This she soon overcame, and for more than three years past her hearing has been entirely restored, to the great joy of her parents and friends! Having been acquainted with the family for many years, the case is so miraculous and gratifying, that I cannot, in justice to the afflicted, refrain from making this simple and effectual remedy for deafness known.

To make Court Plaster.

Dissolve isinglass, suspend your silk on a wooden frame by tacks, apply the glue with a brush and let it dry, repeat it, and when dry cover it with a strong tincture of Balsam of Peru. This is the real English court plaster. It is pliable and never breaks. The mere common is covered over with the white of egg and dried.

To Prevent Ink from Freezing.

Instead of water use brandy with the same ingredients that you use for any ink and it will never freeze.

To Make Yellow Butter in Winter.

Just before the termination of churning put in the yolk of eggs. It has been kept a secret, but its value requires publicity.

To Prevent Shoes From Taking Water.

One pint of drying oil, (boiled linseed,) two ounces of turpentine, and half an ounce of Burgundy pitch melted carefully over a slow fire. Rub new boots with this mixture either in the sunshine or at some other distance from the fire, repeat the operation as they get dry until the leather is saturated. Let them remain for some days until they get perfectly dry and elastic, and they become impervious to wet; they will wear much longer and acquire a softness and pliability that prevents the leather from ever shriveling.

"Come here, my little man," said a gentleman to a youngster of four years old, while sitting in a parlor where a large company were assembled, "do you know me?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do."

"Who am I, then; let me hear."

"You are the man what kissed sister Jane last night in the parlor." Jane fainted.