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AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

Jury List, February Term 1852.
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M. Smithfield, Simeon Schoonover,
Smithfield, Samuel Deitrich, Henry Deitrich,
Hamilton, Daniel Heller, George Lawer,
Chesnut, James Smith, Charles H. Heany, Peter S. Altomose,
Paradise, Andrew L. Storm,
Stroud, Aaron Crossdale, William Smiley,
Peter Keller, Jacob Loder, Philip Shafer,
Polk, Andrew Serfoss, George Goshorn,
Pocono, Robert Mount, Thomas McElhenny,
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Jackson John Winters, Michael Miesner,
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M. Smithfield, Jacob Angie, Henry Overfield, Charles Shoemaker,
Polk, Peter S. Hawk,
Ross, David Smith, Joseph Altomose, David Gower, Reuben Stevers, Wm. Smith,
Price, Charles Price, (Elezzer's son),
Coolbaugh, George Keiple, Hiram Warner,
Paradise, George Smith, Henry Bush,
Charles Transue,
Tobyhanna, Philip Abbot,
Pocono, Matthias Miller.

TRIAL LIST—FEBRUARY TERM.

Murphy v. Price township
Merwine & Walp v. Greensweig
Trainer v. Teel
Folker v. Woodling
Taylor to the use of Mosteller v. Hoffman
Getz et al v. Getz
Crook to the use of Huston v. Durling
Long 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.
Kreage & 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 Vanwhy's estate
Sax 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 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 appointed 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.

(Published by request.)
Celestial Railroad.

The way to heaven by Christ was made,
With heavenly truth the rails were laid;
From earth to heaven the line extends—
To life eternal, where it ends.
We're going home, we're going home, we're going home, to die no more,
To die no more, to die no more,
We're going home, to die no more.

Repentance is the station then,
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay,
For Jesus is himself the way.
We're going home, &c.

The Bible is the engineer,
That points the way to heaven so clear,
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
That does the way to glory steer.
We're going home, &c.

God's love the fire, his truth the steam,
That drives the engine and the train;
All those who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ—in him abide.
We're going home, &c.

Then come, poor sinners, now's the time,
At any station on the line:
If you'll repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in.
We're going home, &c.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,<—
For so declares God's holy word,—
The joys that are prepared for those
Who in this car to glory go.
We're going home, &c.

A Wolf Story.

"Talking of wolves," said Black, one evening, "I can tell you a story that no other man on the river can tell."

"When I first came to the cabin, there was no clearing within thirty miles, and the only neighbor I had was George B., who died last year, up by the cedar hill, ten miles or so away. It was a little lonesome, and yet I liked it for a year, and I saw George three times during that twelvemonth. But the next six months I never saw a man, and I used to sit and look at myself in the still water over the side of my canoe, and like it, for it seemed as if I had company. But one day in November I was tired out of being alone, and I started off towards evening to go up to George's. I crossed the river just here, and went along up the edge of the water swinging my rifle in my hand, whistling for company's sake, for it made a pleasant echo in the woods. The night was moonish, very clear, and there was a pleasant moon. Just as I reached the Rock brook, close on the side of the pond, I heard a growl that startled me, and stopping short, I saw a wolf standing with his paws buried in the carcass of a deer, while his jaws were full of the flesh. But he was not eating, for he had seen me, and seemed to be discussing the comparative merits of his meal before him, and the possible meal which I presented for him. He was not any of your dog wolves, but a grizzly rascal, as large as Leo yonder, with larger hair and stouter legs. He snarled once or twice more; and I was fool enough to show fight. If I had let him alone, he would have been content with his feed; for they are cowardly animals, except when there are droves of them, or unless you disturb their eating. I took a short aim at him and shot. He jumped the instant I pulled trigger, and I missed his breast and broke his fore paw. Then he yelled and came at me, and I heard, as I thought, fifty more answer him. It wasn't ten seconds before I was in the crotch of the nearest tree, and four of the grizzly scoundrels were under it, looking at me, wining and licking their lips, as if their mouths were watered for me. I didn't understand their language, or I would have suggested the idea of satisfying their appetites upon the deer which lay a few rods off. But I couldn't persuade them to take any hints of that sort, so I loaded my rifle and shot one of them dead. There was more for them to eat if they had chosen to devour one of their own sort, but I couldn't blame them for refusing the lean bony carcass of such a comrade, especially when a tolerably well-fattened man was in a suppling crouch by, and the more especially when, if they had any eyes, they could see that the sapling was splitting in two at the crotch, and I must come down soon in spite of my repugnance to a closer acquaintance with them. So it was thought, and before I had time to reload my rifle and dispatch another of them, crack went the tree, and I dropped my rifle just quick enough to catch with arms and legs around the tree and hold on for life, till I could get out my knife from my pocket, open it and shove it in my belt. That done, I watched my chance, and if there was a scared wolf that was one when I lighted on his back and wound my arms around him, and we rolled away together. The other two didn't understand it at all, and backed off to watch the fight—a pretty moonlight tussle that was. At length the wolf got me under, and he and I both thought I was done for."

He planted his two paws on my breast, and the claws left marks that are there yet—while he seized my shoulder with his villainous jaws."

Black paused to show us the scars on his breast and arms, particularly the large scar where the flesh was torn from the bone on his shoulder. He continued:

"I was a little faint when his teeth went in. It was unpleasant, and I had time to think of a dozen other ways of dying, any one of which I would have preferred to that, had a choice been possible. The wolf apparently didn't like the hold he had, for he tore out his teeth, and tore out my coat, shirt, and flesh, too, and seized my fur cap. It was a lucky mistake for me. I felt his wet lips on my forehead, and had just time to let go my hold of his throat and clutch my knife, when he shook off the cap and made another attempt to get a mouthful, but his throat was in no fix to swallow it if he got it, for my knifeblade was working desperately across his jugular, and the point of it was feeling between the vertebrae for his spinal marrow. He was a dead wolf, and gave it up like one fairly whipped."

I had been considerably when I rose, but I wasn't weakened a particle. The whole had passed in less than half a minute, and I was ready for the other two, that now came at me both together.

I seized my rifle and met one with the barrel across the nose and floored him. As he picked himself up, I seized him by the hind foot. If the first wolf was scared when I fell on him, this one was more so. I shall never forget the howl which escaped him as I swung him into the air and struck the other a blow with the body of his comrade. The other one, the first I had wounded, frightened at the novel fight, vanished in the woods, and I was left with this one in my hands. He seemed to let out his voice with tremendous force as he went round my head twice. The centrifugal force, as they used to call it at school, forced out its wind, but as I let him fly his scream was fairly demoralizing."

He went a rod from the bank, and the howl stopped only when he reached the water. I was faint and weak now, and my visit to George was of course out of the question; so I seized my rifle, loaded it with difficulty as I ran, and following the water, I at length saw him come up. He struck in for the shore, but seeing me, did not dare to land. I teased him so for two miles, and each time he approached the shore I showed myself, and he kept off. I saw he was getting tired, but I didn't want to shoot him yet, and I followed him till he went over the rapids, and into the deep hole by the Haunted Rock. Here I had to leave the river bank and so I watched him swimming along the edge of the rock until he found a little shelf, on which he crawled out and shook his hide. But he couldn't get up that rock—that was pretty certain, and while he was discussing it all alone with himself, I helped him to settle the question with a rifle-ball in his side. He gave a mad half-bark and half-yell, and sprang into the river, but didn't rise again."

How I got to my canoe I don't know. I managed to paddle over and get in here half dead, with my blood all over me, and my wounds frozen dry. It was a month before I was well enough to hunt again, and I have been shy of wolves ever since."

Love and Liking.

That women were "born to love," is as certain as that Gen. Jackson was "born to command," or that everybody was "born to die." Their very dialect shows the strength of this proclivity. They use the word to indicate any sort of affection, passion, appetite, or fancy. They "love" their lovers, and their husbands, fine dresses and dinners, sweetmeats and "sweet ribbons," with apparently the same sort and the same measure of affection. To "like" is too tame an expression for a lady's choice. She "loves" everything (that she doesn't happen to hate,) and can find no other word in the dictionary that is equal to her need. That this everlasting and indiscriminate use of the highest, holiest word in the language, is improper and even indecent, there can be no ground for debate. "O, I dearly love turnips!" exclaimed a lady the other day at the table—a lady who merely meant to say that she liked the vegetable in question. "What more could you say of your husband, or that beautiful child of yours, or even of your Redeemer, madam?" Love turnips? I hope you may yet find something more worthy of your affections!" —Boston Post.

Times Change.

The present Lord Mayor of London is a member of a Congregational church. The civic palace called the Mansion House, in which the Mayor resides, was built a hundred years ago, and towards its erection £15,000, that has been collected as fines upon Dissenters, were appropriated. Recently the Mayor gave a splendid dinner party, having made up exclusively of Dissenting ministers. "Tempora mutantur." —Puritan Record.

All for Money.

BY MRS. S. M. TAYLOR.

What a funny world is ours,
Very funny;
Full of sunshine, full of showers,
Full of money;
But the last is hard to get,
What a pity!
Many are in want of it,
In the city;
In the village, in the town,
Men are wandering up and down
Throughout the valleys, o'er the hills,
Selling notions, vending pills,
And his hand the farmer tills
All for money,
That is funny!

What a funny world is ours,
Very funny,
Full of thorns and full of flowers,
Full of money;
Money, money is the rage,
All are striving,
In this truly golden age,
To be thriving.
Concert singers travel round,
Murdering all harmonious sound,
Dandies undertake to preach,
Rustics leave the plows to teach,
Statesmen oft will make a speech,
All for money,
That is funny!

What a funny world is ours,
Very funny,
Full of sweets and full of sour,
Full of money;
Men of money toil and slave,
Ceasing never,
From the cradle to the grave,
Striving ever.
Priests and cobblers take their tolls,
Blessings, patching up our souls,
Doctors either "cure or kill,"
Clerks will rob the merchant's till,
Tailors bring a wicked bill,
All for money,
That is funny!

What a funny world is this,
Very funny;
Full of misery, full of bliss,
Full of money;
Magic money passing strange
Is thy power.
Men will range about for change
Every hour.
Editors and printers toil,
Writers' sense and grammar spoil,
Teachers teach our boys to read,
Many men will shape their creed,
Lovers, lawyers, lie, and plead,
All for money,
That is funny!

To make Bread without Crust.—When the loaves are moulded, and before they are set down to "rise," take a small portion of clean lard, warm it and rub it, lightly over the loaves. The result will be a crust beautifully soft and tender throughout; this is not guess work. —Prærie Farmer.

Money.—Money was first used by Abraham, who bought a tomb at Macpelah for Sarah, with 30 pieces of silver, 2,139 years before Christ. It was made at Argos 894 years before Christ. Silver was coined at Rome 269 years before Christ. Prior to this period brass money was used there. Britain used coin 25 years before Christ.

Money increased eighteen times its value between 1290, and 1640, and twelve times its value between 1590 and 1800. Silver has increased thirty times its value since the Norman conquest. A pound then, was three times the quantity, and ten times the value in purchasing any commodity. Bank, signifying literally a Bench, from the custom of Italian merchants, exposing money to lend on a banco or bench was commenced about the beginning of the 9th century.

Savings Banks were established in England in 1616.

Arsenic-Eaters in Austria.

A poisoning case at Chili has procured the publication of some interesting facts respecting the arsenic-eaters of Lower Austria and Syria. In both these provinces it appears to be a common custom among the peasantry to consume every morning a small portion of the deadly poison, in the same manner as the Eastern world consumes opium. Dr. Tschudi, the well-known traveller, publishes an account of several cases which have come to his knowledge. The habit does not seem to be so pernicious in its results as that of opium eating. It is commenced by taking a very small dose, say somewhat less than half a grain, every morning, which is gradually increased to two or three grains. The case of a hale old farmer is mentioned, whose morning whet of arsenic reached the incredible quantity of four grains. The effect it produces is very curious. The arsenic eaters grow fat and ruddy, so much so that the practice is adopted by lovers of both sexes in order to please their sweethearts. It relieves the lungs and head very much when mounting steep hills and entering into a more rarified atmosphere.

A Model Livrey-Stable Keeper.
SPICING A HORSE.

Old Simon Trotwood was the proprietor of the only livery stable in Splashtown. He was deeply versed in Horseology, and professed to be able to tell within a half a mile how far one of his anatomical horse-preparations had travelled, whenever they had been out. As the village was principally devoted to manufacturing, and "factory bugs" are proverbially hard customers for horse-flesh, old Sim was in the habit of depending on his own judgment when calculating the bill rather than the statements of the person who had used one of his animals.

It was curious to observe the movements of old Sim, when a horse was returned to his stable after a jaunt into one of the neighboring towns. Without heading, or hearing even, a word that was said to him by the customer who asked for his bill, Sim would walk rapidly to the crowd-bait, place his hands upon its hoopy sides, and stand in a fit of abstraction for full five minutes. Then, stepping briskly back to the horse, perhaps, as he did so—he would without hesitation name the amount necessary to satisfy his "claim."

No counter-statements or protestations could alter his decision. If the customer swore every thing sacred that he had only driven a certain distance old Sim would look him in the eye with a peculiar smile, which seemed to say—

"Oh, yes! No doubt you'd like to gammon me—but old sim is not to be caught." Sim became, at length, such a monomaniac on this subject, that all the town cracked their jokes upon him, and one warm day in June, when it was the topic of conversation at the Jackson Hotel, a wag named Jack Harrison proposed to try an experiment, by way of testing old Sim's power of computing distances in reference to the performances of his teams. Jack accordingly dispatched a lad with a note to Mr. Trotwood, requesting that a team should be brought round to the hotel at two o'clock, as he wished to drive to New Boston, about four miles distant—promising to return at five in the afternoon.

A very respectable equine skeleton was brought to the door, and Jack ordered it to be put into the stable of the hotel, with a peck of oats before, where the nag remained in quiet and comparative luxury until six o'clock precisely. In the meantime, Jack and his companions remained in the hotel, smoking their segars, and chuckling in anticipation of smoking old Sim.

At six P. M. the steed was brought into the stable yard, and as much warm pepper tea was poured down his attenuated neck as was necessary to put him into a reeking sweat. He was then put to harness, and driven round a neighboring square several times, at the top of his speed, and sent to the stable in a profuse perspiration, with a request that Mr. Trotwood would send Mr. Harrison's bill by the boy.

Old Sim had been swearing roundly because "Dick" was not returned at the hour promised, as he had missed thereby an opportunity to "let him" to another customer that evening, and when he saw the animal in a complete foam, he rushed toward him muttering, "Been out more'n he agreed to—s'pose he drove all over creation and a part of Rhode Island beside!"

"But how is this!" exclaimed Sim, when he had placed his hands on the animal's "leathern sides," as Longfellow calls them—"thunderin' hot, 'pears to me! Where the devil has he been with this horse!"

"Please to give the bill!" asked the boy, who had received orders not to return without the document.

"New Boston!" ejaculated old Sim indignantly, without heeding the boy. "New Boston! As far as that no doubt! Swamp Hollow—Rumford—Hopewell—Smithville—and half the country to boot!"

And still the beast panted, and grew hotter and hotter, as old Sim investigated, and computed the immense distance he must have performed. At length he rushed into the little office where his buffalo robes, whips, etc., were kept, and as the boy again asked for the bill, he snapped out, "Yes, yes! I'll make out yer bill!"

Sim sat down to his old greasy desk in a great excitement, seized a scrap of paper and wrote rapidly. When he had finished, he folded the note hastily, put it into the lad's hand, and snapping him on the back bade him carry it to Mr. Harrison.

Jack Harrison and his party were waiting anxiously at the Jackson Hotel, when the boy rushed in, with the bill crumpled in his hand. Jack seized it, and his sides fairly shook with laughter as he glanced at its contents.

"Read it, Jack!"—"Read her out!"—"Let's have it!" resounded from the company. Jack commanded silence, cleared his throat, and read as follows:—

"J. HARRISON, Esq.,
"To Simon Trotwood, Dr.
"For driving my horse to New Boston, Swamp Hollow, Hopewell, Smithville, Helt and elsewhere!! \$10 00
"Jack paid the bill, but never tried a similar experiment on old Sim Trotwood. —Boston Daily Times.

It is said that the 40,000 muskets that Kossuth has purchased for \$2 a piece, are a part of those sold by the Government at the close of the Mexican war.

Propriety of Speech.

You should be quite as anxious to talk with propriety as you are to think, work, sing, paint, or write according to the most correct rules.

Always select words calculated to convey an exact impression of your meaning.

Let your articulation be easy, clear, correct in accent, and suited in tone and emphasis to your discourse.

Avoid a muttering, mousing, stuttering, droning, guttural, nasal, or lisping pronunciation.

Let your speech be neither too loud nor too low; but adjusted to the ear of your companion. Try to prevent the necessity of any person crying "what?" "what?"

Beware of such vulgar interpolations as "you know," "I'll tell you what," "I'm blamed if it ain't."

Learn when to use and when to omit the aspirate h. This is an indispensable mark of good education.

Pay strict regard to the rules of grammar even in private conversation. If you can not understand these rules, learn them, whatever may be your age or station.

Though you should always speak pleasantly, do not mix your conversation with loud bursts of laughter.

Never indulge in uncommon words, or in Latin or French phrases, but choose the best understood terms to express your meaning.

Above all, let your conversation be intellectual, graceful, chaste, discreet, edifying, and profitable.

Run and Politics.

In Conway, N. H., lived an old fellow named Spangle, who was one of the bluest kind of Democrats, toe-nails, eye-brows and all, and to have intimidated in Spangle's hearing that he could for a moment have rendered "aid and comfort" to the opposite party, would have subjected the rash intimator to the danger of a kick at least. It was during the last Presidential campaign that the Whigs occupied a small school house one evening for a political meeting, one of their "great guns" having come up from Concord to help them.

That self-same evening Spangle had taken a tremendous load of "bricks" into his hat, and, all-unconscious of his inability to bear up under the weight with a clear understanding, he wandered off in the direction of the school house. He saw the lights, and he heard the speaker, and the idea that religious services were being performed took so firm a hold upon his mind that he could not refrain from entering. Spangle had a deal of religion in his heart, and while he had "spoken in meeting," and always was warm and ardent in his ejaculatory responses during prayer and exhortation.

When Spangle entered, on the present occasion, the speaker had dug the grave of Democracy, and he was just beginning to shove into it the whole party; but the "bricks" in Spangle's hat had so thumped and jostled his brain, and their dust had so bedimmed his sight, that he yet labored under the highly consoling, but yet erroneous, impression that he was to a religious meeting.

"The so-called Democracy of our land is only fit for the devil and his angels!" thundered the speaker.

"Amen!" responded Spangle, over whose mind the word devil had sent a sort of quickening influence.

"Democracy has found its grave!" roared the speaker, in thunder tones.

"God be praised!" ejaculated Spangle, vainly endeavoring to turn his eyes towards where he supposed the ceiling to be.

The speaker didn't understand the joke, so he kept on with his speech, but his audience saw through the matter at once, and as Spangle still continued his fervent, heart-felt responses, they lost most of the political food which was being so lavishly spread before them.

Spangle still indulges occasionally, but never when there is a Whig meeting to be held in the vicinity any time within a week. —Carpet Bag.

Privileged Members.

A correspondent of the New York "Independent," writing from Washington, tells the following good one of a minister who was not acquainted with the ways of the capital:

"A gentleman on a visit here, and anxious to listen to the debates, opened, very coolly, one of the doors of the Senate, and was about to pass in, when the door-keeper asked, are you a privileged member? What do you mean by such a man? asked the stranger. The reply was, a governor, an ex-member of Congress, or a foreign minister. The stranger said I am a minister. From what court or country, if you please? asked the official. (Very gravely pointing up,) from the Court of Heaven, sir. To this our door-keeper waggishly remarked, 'this government at present holds no intercourse with that foreign power!'

Bronchitis prevails among the Members of Congress at Washington, with a sprinkling of pneumonia. The country would rejoice to hear of their being attacked by the gnomes."