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Richard Nugent, Editor

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

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POETRY.

From the Political Reformer.
KNOWLEDGE AND VIRTUE.
Three happy he to whom a father says,
"My son be godly and be wise!"
And who his father hears, and treats the ways
That lead to wisdom and the skies.
His is the better lot. Adversity
His noble heart can ne'er depress;
His spirit blooming for eternity,
Yields him true peace and happiness.
He lives a life of bliss. No fears enthrall
His mind. A God dwells in his breast.
The passion's storm, the bustling joys and all
The mirth that fans the worldling's crest,
Ne'er turns his brain, or win him from his aim:
Nor does he e'er his deeds entrust
To future times, for evanescent fame—
But asks himself if they were just.
Wilt thou be happy, first be good and wise;
For without virtue there's no peace,
And short of knowledge naught can gain the prize:
The man who lives but for his ease,
The votary of wealth, ambition, power,
Though he be honest and he brave,
Falls a sure victim to the changing hour,
And to his vicious lusts a slave.
Of thousands who the cup of wisdom drank,
For Peru's gold his avowal to feel
Not one would part. The man of wealth and rank,
If ignorant—is poor indeed!
Look not for happiness to earthly things,
For they are fugitive and vain;
But strike within my heart those tender strings,
That echo virtue's loftier strain.
Roudout, N. Y.

SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.
OUR JESSIE, OR, THE EXCLUSIVES.
BY MRS. EMMA C. ENBRUV.
(Concluded.)
Notwithstanding her boasted confidence, however, Mrs. De Grey really felt considerable anxiety about the matter, and she determined to send Jessie out of the way, until her brother should have forgotten his transient fancy. Convinced that Jessie was utterly unconscious of Frederick's admiration, and unwilling to lose her services permanently, she thought of a plan which promised success, and she consulted Lizzy as to its possibility.
"Aunt Tabitha has sent us to procure her a seamstress for a few weeks, suppose we induce Jessie to go; the poor thing needs country air, and it will be just the place for her."
"Why, Julia?" asked Lizzy with a smile; "because she needs country air, or because we need her absence?"
"Nay, Lizzy, it is no laughing matter. I want to send her out of Fred's way before she has any suspicion of his folly."
"But why send her to Aunt Tabitha?"
"Because Fred will never find her there; he is so terribly afraid of the old lady's sentimentalities, that he never visits her, and the time Jessie returns, he will have some new folly to engage his attention."
The plan was matured; and Jessie, who really felt the need of change of air, or relaxation from her continual labors, consented to leave her mother for a few weeks. Accordingly one bright spring morning a stage deposited Jessie at the gate of a neat old-fashioned cottage, which stood on the outskirts of a village, about forty miles from the great metropolis.
"Where is 'our Jessie'?" asked Fred, when he had watched in vain for her daily return to the little sewing room.
"Lord, brother, do you think I keep a record of her engagements? When she has finished our work, she goes somewhere else, and that is all I know about it."
The idea of that gentle creature being thus driven about from place to place, toiling day after day with her needle, and dimming her bright eyes over plaits and gathers, was extremely painful to Fred. Carleton. The more he thought of it the more uneasy he became. "Why should I hesitate," thought he, "I have seen all the prettiest girls in Lizzy's set, and I like Jessie Murray better than any of them. Seamstress—indeed! I wonder if Julia would like to hear that our own dear mother used to make six shillings a day by binding shoes when she was married to the honest cooper, our father. Yet I should hate to mar Lizzy's plans; I wish I had some one to advise me. Now I think of it, I

will go and see Aunt Tabitha; the dear good old soul whom I used to ridicule so much, will now be my best counsellor." So with his usual impetuosity, Fred started on a visit to Aunt Tabitha, leaving his sisters quite ignorant of his destination, and little dreaming of the unexpected pleasure that awaited him.
Dear old Aunt Tabitha! what a singular compound of good feelings and exaggerated sentiments. In early life she had been betrothed to one whose poverty was the only obstacle to their union. He had sailed for India, in the hope of bettering his fortune, but he never returned, nor did any tidings of his fate ever reach his native land. The ship was missing—it had never reached its destined port, and the sea kept its own secret. Deeply tinged with the romance of warm-hearted youth, and greatly addicted to novel reading, Aunt Tabitha had always lived in a world of the imagination, and the mystery which hung over the fate of her lover seemed to strengthen the romantic fervor of her nature. For some years after his disappearance, she never left her apartment, and it was only by awakening the charities of her kindly nature that she could be induced to take an interest in every-day life. She had grown old without having lost one atom of her early tendency to sentiment. Combining active benevolence with almost morbid sensibility, she was often a subject of ridicule to those who did not know her virtues, while she was sincerely loved by those who could forgive eccentricity in behalf of excellence. Frederick Carleton, in his boyish days, had conceived a great dislike of her peculiarities, and unable then to appreciate her real goodness, was terribly bored by what he styled her "sentimentalities." But he had since learned to know her better, and her very foibles now seemed to render her better fitted to afford him counsel. What was the result of her advice?

Let us pass over the lapse of three years, in the course of which Lizzy Carleton had married the rich and aristocratic Charles Tibbs, who was the very pink of fashion, excepting his dislike of perfumes, an antipathy probably owing to early associations. The sisters were established to their heart's content. A fine house, French furniture, a splendid carriage, and plenty of servants, had fallen to the lot of both. It is true, the habitual failings of Julia's husband, had made him a by-word among honorable men, and Charles Tibbs was a mere nonentity—the very 'essence' of insipidity; but these were trifling drawbacks upon the felicity of women of fashion. Fred Carleton was residing in Paris, the happy husband of a charming woman, and enjoying all the pleasures of that gay city. Had he so soon forgotten our Jessie?
One morning Lizzy entered her sister's room with an open letter in her hand, exclaiming, "Oh, Julia, I have good news for you; Fred is coming home, and his Parisian wife will just arrive in time to add brilliancy to our winter parties."
Julia shrugged her shoulders. "I hope it may be so, Lizzy; but Fred is such a queer fellow, that he is quite likely to have some dowdy for a wife, whom we shall be ashamed to introduce."
"Oh, no," exclaimed Lizzy, "I have seen Mrs. Grantham, who has just returned from Paris, and who saw Fred's wife very often in society; she says Mrs. Carleton was quite the fashion. They were wearing bonnets a la Carleton, retingotes a la Carleton, and mantillas a la Carleton; in short, there was no limit to the admiration she was exciting. The Duke of Orleans had asked her name, as he met her in his daily rides, and expressed himself in very decided terms respecting her beauty; the Duke of Nemours has danced with her at a ball given at the Tuilleries, and she has even sung a duet with the princess Clementine, at one of the royal soirees."
"Can it be possible! Well, if that be the case, she will be a great acquisition to our society—she must be a woman of some rank to be admitted into such circles in Paris."
"Mrs. Grantham thinks she is English; but you know Fred has always returned some quizzing reply to our inquiries respecting her, and we can only learn her origin from herself; she is quite distinguished for her vocal powers, and though little skilled in instrumental music, creates quite a sensation by her splendid style of singing. From all I can hear, I judge that Fred has led an eccentric life abroad as he does at home; nobody knew when he was married, but after living in retirement for two years after his return to Paris, he emerged from his seclusion, bringing with him his lovely and gifted wife."
"Well, we shall know all about her when they arrive she will certainly be the fashion, but I should like to know who she is—however, she is a foreigner, and that will be sufficient to attract attention."
A few weeks later, Fred Carleton arrived in his native city, and hurried to see his sisters, whom, in spite of their follies, he really loved.
"Where is your wife?" was the first question.
"At the Aster house."

"Why didn't you bring her to our house?" asked Mrs. De Grey.
"Because I couldn't tell whether you will like to receive her; you know nothing about her, and I have not forgotten your old prejudices."
"Yes; but you certainly could not doubt of her meeting a warm welcome; for although we have never seen her, yet we are not ignorant of her high reputation for beauty and fashion. We are all impatient to meet her Fred: come let us go directly to see her."
"Excuse me, my dear girls: first impressions are all important, and I have no idea of your seeing my pretty wife when she is looking pale and travel worn; I positively forbade her receiving any visits for three days, because I want her to appear in all her charms at Mrs. Grantham's music soiree next Thursday."
"But surely you will allow her to see her relatives."
"No, you are precisely the persons I have determined she shall not see until she is looking perfectly well; I want you to do justice to my choice; she has been much admired in Paris, and I wish her claims to be as well established here."
"So, you have become a convert to our system, brother; and really desire to see your wife a woman of fashion."
"I have my reasons, Lizzy; when I have once seen her enjoying the undisputed possession of your admiration, we shall retire to our quiet home, and laugh at the follies we now perpetrate."
"Do you suppose your wife will be content to retire from the gay scenes which she now adorns?"
"My wife is only obeying my wishes in leaving the seclusion which she loves; I have my reasons, I tell you. By the way, what has become of 'our Jessie'?"
"Ah, Fred, you ought to thank us for manoeuvring you out of that folly; if we had not sent Jessie out of your way, you might now have been the husband of a little-sewing girl, instead of glorying in a wife who claims the praise of princes."
"Perhaps I might, Lizz; but where is the pretty seamstress?"
"I don't know; she and her mother removed from their old residence soon after you saw her here, and I could discover no trace of them. I suppose she is the wife of some honest carpenter by this time. But tell us, Fred, when shall we see Mrs. Carleton?"
"We will meet you at Mrs. Grantham's soiree."
"Ah, I see; you think she needs the necessities of dress, and the advantages of lamp light.—I really believe you are half-ashamed of your wife, Fred."
"Perhaps I am only ashamed of my sisters," was the teasing reply, as with a merry laugh Fred Carleton hurried away.
When the appointed Thursday arrived, the sisters, full of curiosity, repaired to Mrs. Grantham's mansion; but they were far too fashionable to be punctual, and it was quite late when they entered the crowded room. Their steps were arrested by the sound of a simple prelude upon the harp; as they paused just within the door, a sweet bird-like voice filled the apartment with melody. The song was the fine ballad of 'Old Robin Gray,' which, when well sung, never fails to thrill every heart; and as the singer now threw her whole soul into the mournful strains, all stood in breathless attention to catch the exquisite sounds.
"It must be Fred's wife," whispered Lizzy, as they pressed forward to catch a glimpse of the vocalist. But her back was turned towards them, and they could only see a sylph-like figure, attired with the utmost magnificence.
"How do you like your new sister," said Mrs. Grantham, as she welcomed her guests; "is she not all I pictured her?"
"We have not seen her," was the reply, and at that moment Fred approached. What was their astonishment, when in the lady who leaned upon his arm, they discovered 'Our Jessie.'
As he led his wife to a seat beside them, and listened to their gracious welcome, he could not forbear whispering to Lizzy, "You see how much I am indebted to your manoeuvring; the partner of a royal duke, the belle of an hereditary prince, the songstress of the royal soirees, is, after all, only the little sewing girl."
"But when did you marry her?"
"Ask aunt Tabitha."
Fred Carleton had devoted the two first years of his wedded life to the cultivation of his wife's fine musical talents, and he then brought her into society, determined to try whether beauty, talents, and grace were not sufficient claims upon the admiration of the fashionable world. He had succeeded even beyond his hopes, and as he beheld her receiving the homage of rank and fortune, he could not but smile at the remembrance of the indignation which his sisters had once expressed respecting so degrading an alliance. As soon as he saw his wife's charms fully appreciated, and was assured that his sisters had become reconciled to the thought of introducing her into society, Fred gladly withdrew from his frivolous gaieties, and during a long life of uninterrupted domestic happiness, never had reason to repent his marriage with "Our Jessie."
Brooklyn, L. I.
An Indian, who was overtaken by a storm, some distance from the land, in his canoe thus invoked the great spirit: "O! Goody Goddy, jis let poor Injun get on shore agin an he never ax no more favors."

LEAP YEAR.
By a reference to the Almanack, we have ascertained that this is Leap Year, and as the ladies have, during its continuance, very peculiar, and we may be allowed to say, extraordinary and valuable privileges, we should be wanting in a duty of our vocation, if we did not (without fear of the consequences) apprise our fair readers of their rights. It has been established by custom immemorial, which is tantamount in law, to an act of assembly, that the ladies (dear souls) shall once in every four years assume the right of acting on the offensive,—that is to say, any lady may cut short a courtship that has been unprofitably carried on for the space of 3 years, and bring the undecided dangle to a point, by asking him in plain terms, what he means, or whether he thinks of being noosed in matrimony. This too can be done by the ladies, without risking any imputation of being over bold. It is a right guaranteed as we said before, by old custom and evidenced by the *almanack*. It will not be necessary for us to go into an argument to prove the wise policy of, and the many benefits arising from such a custom.
How often do we see 'Heavens best gift to man' like the sun fixed in the firmament of society, glorious and alone, in unapproachable loveliness! The revolving beaux like the planets, bask in the light of some fair lady's countenance—but keep their orbits, because they fear perhaps, to approach the great centre of attraction. During three years this state of things may continue—but on the fourth, woe to some unlucky satellite who prefers to keep a safe distance from his luminary. Just fancy some inveterate old bachelor beset by three or four old maids, rivals for the prize, breaking in continually upon his quiet, telling him how comfortable he *might be*, and insisting upon the necessity of changing his miserable condition of single blessedness, and thereby setting a good example to his juniors. Imagine the awkwardness of his situation, upon the main question being popped at him, with all the ardor of antiquity to back it. How difficult in such a case, would it be for a gentleman to say no? Heaven preserve us from such a quandary. The thing would be impossible. Hymen would light his torch, and thousands yet unborn, (as the phrase is) would live to bless the good old customs of Leap Year.—*Bucks County Intel.*
A NOBLE SHOT.
One of the best shots I ever heard of was made by percussion gun. About 10 or 12 years ago an Eastern Shore vessel was frozen up in this river and her provisions being exhausted, the Captain went on shore to see how the land laid; in other words to make a reconnaissance of hen roosts. Old Mrs. —, who was celebrated for the number of her domestic fowls, could not bargain with the captain for any of 'his assorted cargo'; at length he agreed to give a silver dollar for a shot among the poultry, and agreed to shoot a gun without a flint—this was accepted by the old lady provided she loaded the gun, which she stipulated to do fairly. Capt. Bobstay, who was up to a thing or two went on board, took down Old Blue Trigger, (just altered to the percussion principle,) a large silver sighted, trumpet muzzled, imported before the Revolution to shoot Swans on the Potomac, put in six fingers clear of the wads, then cut off the ramrod level with the muzzle, and returned on shore re-inforced by his mate and cook. The old lady, after trying the ramrod very deliberately, took off a small thimble, which she used as a charger, and having loaded with a thimble full of powder and an equal quantity of shot, delivered the gun to captain Bobstay, who then placed six fence rails in two rows at a foot distance, and baiting with corn between them; as soon as the poultry mounted the rails and began to feed with their heads between the rows. Bobstay took a position so as to enfilade the whole defile. Slap, bang, went Old Blue Trigger with a most tremendous explosion. Huzza for Old Blue Trigger shouted the captain—huzza, shouted the mate huzza, shouted the cook—"God have mercy on me," said the old lady—"his went the geese—gobble, gobble, gobble went the turkeys—quack, quack, quack, went the ducks. Seventeen turkeys, nine geese, five ducks, thirteen chickens and the house pig, were the fruits of Captain Bobstay's exploit.
The Boston Transcript in talking of female loveliness at Santa Fe, has the following episode which wanders into Chesnut Street:
"The blushing beauties of that emporium of charming women—the city of Brotherly Love; and they are so brilliant that a poor fellow from Down East was obliged to leave the city after one days sojourn therein, because if he stayed another day he would be a fit subject for a straight jacket. Such an array of fairy like beings met his glance at every turn that he was completely overcome, and is fully determined never to visit Philadelphia again, unless the laws or fashion shall compel the loveliest of the maidens there to veil themselves, when they exercise their locomotive powers on the fashionable Promenades."
Who would have thought that "the bosom of the frozen north" were so susceptible to the "soft impeachment!"

CHARACTER OF THE HOG.
The following humorous remarks, extracted from the Report of the Committee on Swine, before the Worcester Agricultural Society.
"The Judges of swine, report, that their duties on this occasion have brought them in close connexion with a most lovely portion of the animal creation. What animal, for instance, can compare with the hog in personal neatness? Where else can be found such gravity and dignity of demeanor? Who has not looked with admiration on the wonderful elongation of countenance, which the most pleasurable sensations can never distort into a smile! Who ever heard of a hog laugh!—The little cross accidents which constitute so large a part of the sum of our miseries can never disturb the calm serenity of his countenance! And who can fail to admire the elegance of his whole figure, and the grace of all his movements? But above all, who has not listened, with the most excruciating interest, to the harmony of his voice? Notwithstanding all the amiable qualities of this most interesting beast, it cannot be denied that he has been slandered most foully. One class of the human family has been allowed to usurp the sovereignty of his name.
The miserable drunkard has, by common consent, been dignified by the name of *hog*, and the scene of his most disgusting orgies has been unaptly called a *sty*! This is wrong and oppressive, all must allow; but your committee have found themselves unable to devise a plan which is likely to furnish a remedy for the evil. Several were suggested, but none could be hit upon which seemed likely to effect their object than a convention of swine, to be assembled at some suitable time and place, where the whole matter could be fully discussed and considered.
The first meeting would of course be, to nominate suitable candidates for office! but the main object would be to pass resolves expressive of the following sentiment:—"That if any man hereafter knowingly and willingly speak evil of a hog he ought never afterwards to have a rash-er of bacon for his breakfast."
THE HONEY BEE:
A New Hive.
The following communication, although more particularly intended for the agriculturist, can scarcely fail to interest and please the dwellers in the city. It is copied from *Ex-Governor Hill's Monthly Visitor*, and was written by Mr L. S. Keith, of Oxford Me.
The bee possesses the united skill of the mason, the architect, the geometer, and the civilian. Many naturalists of this and other countries have devoted much time in searching out their habits, admiring their sagacity, and in giving to the world the result of their researches. They have learned much, and there is much more yet to be learned of this wonderful insect. I have myself kept bees for thirteen or fourteen years; I long since felt the necessity of preserving these little creatures from the barbarous custom of annual suffocation. For a while I tried the box hive, but found my bees unwilling to enter it, and I lost several swarms in trying to force them into it. I abandoned this kind of hive, and finished a room in my garret, dark and tight, with a communication through the external wall of the house, thro' which to give them a passage way. I placed a hive of bees in this room, their entrance into the hive being on a level with this communication, and near to it. To this room I have a door from my garret, never accessible to children or intruders. The room should be made impervious to rats and mice which are very fond of bees, sparing not even their weapons of defence. This young swarm soon filled their hive; and then commenced their operations, beneath, above and around the hive, filling in their white virgin comb; without the aid of bars, slats or cross pieces to build to, from the roof of the house to the floor of their room. At times, I stole into this apary, and by the aid of a light, viewed the progress they were making, and the splendid columns of comb they were erecting. They had the benefit of the labor of all their increase; all their progeny; there was no swarming, no colonizing from their numerous family. Give bees room and they never swarm. Who ever heard of bees swarming from a hollow tree, till the space within it was filled? After the second year of their operations, and during the coldest of the winter, while the bees all lay dormant at the centre of their retarive pile, I took my family stores from the external layers, which always contain the whitest and purest in the storehouse, and is the only which can be taken without injury to the residue. For many years I was supplied from this room with the choicest of fruits and many a friend has enjoyed a treat, and lingered to admire this simple contrivance for the preservation of the bee, and the house so well adapted to receive the fruits of his labor.
A HAPPY EXPRESSION.—The following is a copy of a resolution offered in the Legislature of a Western State; "Resolved, That this general assembly will adjourn *sine die* when they get ready and not before—any thing in *Bill Turner's* resolution to the contrary notwithstanding."