

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## POETRY.

From the New York Tribune.

### Night.

All on earth is shadow—all beyond  
Is substance: the reverse is Folly's creed.  
How solid all where change shall be no more!  
YOUNG.

### I.

So beautifully fair  
I've seen the night-hour never;  
There 's brightness in the air,  
And music in the river:  
No veil—no cloud  
Yon moon to shroud,  
Which moves so meek and slowly,  
'Mid isles of light,  
The pure, the bright,  
The beautiful and holy.

### II.

Dost thou yon glorious light  
Eternally inherit,  
To beacon with thy light  
The disembodied spirit!  
And those bright isles  
That gild with smiles  
The sea of heaven's dominions—  
Are they arrayed  
In flower and shade  
To rest its pilgrim-shinies!

### III.

Or z're ye worlds like this,  
Thro' space and darkness sweeping,  
With one brief hour of bliss  
To glad an age of weeping:  
And have your spheres  
The hopes, the fears,  
The passions and the pleasures—  
Fever of fame,  
Ambition's game,  
And Hope's delusive treasures!

### IV.

Or will the fond and fair,  
Who here in anguish sever,  
Live in those homes of air,  
United and for ever?  
Oh! thus allowed,  
Ye mystic crowd,  
How happy, 'mid our sorrow,  
To know the tear  
That trickles here  
Your light will dry to-morrow.  
New-York, 1841. J. A. SHEA.

From the London Keepsake for 1842

### Jealousy.

BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BELWIER, BART.

I HAVE thy love—I know no fear  
Of that divine possession;  
Yet draw more close, and thou shalt hear  
A jealous heart's confession.  
I nurse no pang lest fairer youth  
Or loftier hopes should win thee;  
There blows no wind to chill the truth,  
Whose amaranth blooms within thee.  
Unworthier thee if I could grow,  
(The love that lured thee perished,) Thy woman heart could ne'er forego  
The earliest dream it cherished.  
I do not think that doubt and love  
Are one—what'er they tell us;  
Yet—nay—lift not thy looks above—  
A star can make me jealous!  
If thou art mine, all mine at last,  
I covet so the treasure,  
No glance that thou canst elsewhere cast  
But robs me of a pleasure.  
I am so much a miser grown,  
That I could wish to hide thee  
Where never breath but mine alone  
Could drink delight beside thee.  
Then say not, with that soothing air,  
I have no rival nigh thee;  
The sunbeam lingering in thy hair—  
The breeze that trembles by thee—  
The very herb beneath thy feet—  
The rose whose odors woo thee—  
In all things—rivals he must meet,  
Who would be all things to thee!  
If sunlight from the dial be  
But for one moment banished,  
Tutts to the silenced plate and see  
The hours themselves are vanished.  
In aught that from me lures thine eyes,  
My jealousy has trial—  
The lightest cloud across the skies  
Has darkness for the dial.

### The Poor Lawyer.

From the Knickerbocker.  
I had taken my breakfast, and was waiting for my horse, when passing up and down the piazza, I saw a young girl seated near the window, evidently a visiter. She was very pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I had left Richmond, and at that time I was too much of a boy to be struck with female beauty. She was so delicate and dainty looking, so different from the hale, buxom, brown girls of the woods—and then her white dress! It was dazzling! Never was a poor youth so taken by surprize, and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her, but how was I to accost her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habitudes of polite life. Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or Sally Pegham, or any other of my leather dressed belles of the Pigeon Roost, I should have approached her without dread; nay, had she been as fair as Shurt's daughters with their looking-glass lockets, I should not have hesitated; but that white dress, and those Auburn ringlets and blue eyes, and delicate looks, quite daunted while they fascinated. I don't know what put it into my head, but I thought all at once I would kiss her! It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here—I would just step in and snatch a kiss, mount my horse and ride off. She would not be the worse for it; and that kiss—oh, I should die if I did not get it.

I gave no time for the thought to cool, but entered the house and stepped lightly into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out of the window, and did not hear my approach. I tapped her chair, and she turned and looked up. I snatched as sweet a kiss as ever was stolen and vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horseback galloping homeward, my heart tingling at what I had done.

[After a variety of amusing adventures, Ringwood attempts the study of the law in an obscure settlement in Kentucky, where he delved night and day. Ralph pursues his studies, occasionally argues at a debating society, and at length becomes quite a genius in the eyes of the married ladies of the village.]

I called to take tea one evening with one of these ladies, when to my surprize and somewhat to my confusion, I found here the identical little blue eyed beauty whom I had so audaciously kissed. I was formally introduced to her, but neither of us betrayed any signs of previous acquaintance, except by blushing to the eyes. While tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of the room to give some directions and left us alone. Heaven and earth, what a situation! I would have given all the pittance I was worth to have been in the darkest dell of the forest. I felt the necessity of saying something in excuse for my former rudeness. I could not conjure up an idea, nor utter a word. Every moment matters were getting worse. I felt at once tempted to do as I had done when I robbed her of the kiss—bolt from the room and take to flight; but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good will.

At length I plucked up courage on seeing her equally confused with myself, and walking desperately up to her, I exclaimed—

"I have been trying to muster up something to say to you, but I cannot. I feel that I am in a horrible scrape. Do you have pity on me and help me out of it!"

A smile dimpled upon her mouth, and played among the blushes of her cheek. She looked up with a shy, but arch glance of the eye, that expressed a volume of comic recollections; we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went on well.

[Passing the delightful description that succeeded, we pass to the denouement of Ringwood's love affair—the marriage and settlement.]

That very autumn I was admitted to the bar, and a month afterwards was married. We were a young couple, she not above sixteen, and I not above twenty, and both almost without a dollar in the world. The establishment which was set up was suited to our circumstances, a low house with two small rooms, a bed, a table, a half a dozen of spoons, every thing by half dozens, a little delph ware, every thing in a small way; we were so poor, but then so happy.

We had not been married many days, when a court was held in a county town about twenty-five miles off. It was necessary for me to go there and put myself in the business, but how was I to go? I had expended all my means in our establishment, and then it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I must. Money must be made, or we should have the wolf at the door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode off from my door, leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her hand after me. Her last look, so sweet and becoming, went to my heart. I felt as though I could go through fire and water for her. I arrived at the county town on a cool October evening

The inn was crowded, for the court was to commence on the following day.

I knew no one, and wondered how I, a stranger, and mere youngster, was to make my way in such a crowd, and get business. The public room was thronged with all the idlers of the county, who gather together on such occasions. There was drinking going forward, with a great noise and a little altercation. Just as I entered the room, I saw a rough bully of a fellow, who was partly intoxicated, strike an old man. He came swaggering by me, and elbowed me as I passed. I immediately knocked him down and kicked him into the street. I needed no better introduction. I had half a dozen rough shakes of the hand and invitations to drink, and found myself quite a personage in this rough assemblage.

The next morning court opened. I took my seat among the lawyers, but I felt as a mere spectator, not having any idea where business was to come from. In the course of the morning a man was put to the bar, charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative. He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had not had an opportunity of consulting any. He was told to choose a counsel from the lawyers present, and be ready for trial on the following day. He looked around the court and selected me. I was thunderstruck! I could not tell why he should make such a choice. I, a beardless youngster, unpractised at the bar; perfectly unknown. I felt diffident, yet delighted, and could have hugged the rascal.

Before leaving the court, he gave me one hundred dollars in a bag as a retaining fee. I could scarcely believe my senses, it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke but lightly of the man's innocence—but that was no affair of mine. I was to be advocate, not judge or jury. I followed him to the jail, and learned of him all the particulars in the case; from thence I went to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to bed and tried to sleep. It was all in vain. Never in my life was I more wide awake. A host of thoughts and fancies came rushing into my mind; the shower of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap, the idea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astirish her with my good fortune. But the awful responsibility I had undertaken, to speak for the first time in a strange court, the expectations the culprit had formed of my talents—all those and a crowd of similar notions, kept whirling through my mind. I had tossed about all night, fearing morning would find me exhausted and incompetent; in a word the day dawned on me a miserable fellow.

I got up feverish and nervous. I walked out before breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts, and tranquilize my feelings. It was a bright morning—the air was pure and frosty—I bathed my forehead and my hands in a beautiful running stream, but I could not allay the fever heat that raged within. I returned to breakfast, but could not eat. A single cup of coffee formed my repast. It was time to go to court, and then I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe if it had not been for the thoughts of my dear little wife in her lonely house, I should have given back to the man his dollars and relinquished the cause. I took my seat, looking, I am convinced, more like the culprit than the rogue I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak, my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered, in opening my cause. I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down. Just then the public prosecutor, a man of talents, but somewhat rough in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on something I had said. It was like an electric spark, and ran tingling through every vein in my body. In an instant my diffidence was gone—my whole spirit was in arms—I answered with promptness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. The public prosecutor made a kind of apology—this, for a man of his redoubtable powers, was a vast concession. I renewed my argument with a fearful growl, carried the case triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

This was the making of me. Every body was curious to know who this new lawyer was, that had suddenly risen among them, and bearded the attorney-general in the very onset. The story of my debut at the inn on the preceding evening, when I had knocked down a bully and kicked him out of doors, for striking an old man, was circulated with favorable exaggeration; even my beardless chin, and juvenile countenance was in my favor, for the people gave me far more credit than I deserved. The chance business which occurs at our courts came thronging in upon me. I was repeatedly employed in other causes, and by Saturday night when the court closed, I found myself with a hundred and fifty dollars in silver, three hundred dollars in notes, and a horse that I afterwards sold for two hundred dollars more.

Never did a miser gloat more on his money, and with more delight. I locked the door of my room, piled the money in a heap upon the table, walked around it with my elbow on the table, and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of the money? No—I was thinking of my little wife and home.

Another sleepless night ensued, but what a night of golden fancies and splendid air. As soon as morning dawned I was up, mounted the borrowed horse, on which I had come to court, and led the other which I received as a fee. All the way I was delighting myself with the thoughts of surprize I had in store for my wife; for both of us expected I should spend all the money I had borrowed and return in debt.

Our meeting was joyous, as you may suppose; but I played the part of the Indian hunter, who, when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaks of his success. She had prepared a rustic meal for me, and while it was getting ready, I seated myself at an old fashioned desk in one corner, and began to count over my money and put it away. She came to me before I had finished, and asked me who I had collected the money for.

"For myself to be sure," replied I with affected coldness; "I made it at court."

She looked at me for a moment incredulously. I tried to keep my countenance and play the Indian, but it would not do. My muscles began to twitch, my feelings all at once gave way—I caught her in my arms, laughed, cried, and danced about the room like a crazy man. From that time forward we never wanted money.

### Tough Yarn.

We have heard a great many plausible stories in our day, but just at this important juncture we were unable to think of any thing which will even hold a candle to the one that follows: If any two-legged animal, with a "human face divine" for a frontispiece can tell any thing more reasonable, we should be exceedingly happy to hear it.—N. O. Picayune.

"In the days of our grandfathers there was one Joe Bowers, conspicuous above all woers for his unremitting attention to his "lady love." By night and by day, in storm or in calm, he knew but then one road, and that led to his mistress's home. His dog, his horse, his cat, every thing belonging him went that way and no other. Even an old pair of boots, which he threw away one night, were found next morning kicking against her door, with the toes turned out, just as he used to wear them, having travelled two miles in a dark night, with no other guide than their knowledge of the road."

A very good tale and very well told; but we can beat it—at least we are foolish enough to think we can.

Some ten or a dozen years ago, before the temperance reformation made much progress, we were acquainted with a disciple of Bacchus, who, for twenty years, never left his house, morning, noon, or night no matter whether he was going to a christening or a burial, to the theatre or to the church, to a marriage feast or to Moyamensing, to market or for the doctor, without stopping at a particular tavern in the neighborhood to "take a dram." It happened, in the course of human events, as is for such cases made and provided, that he died of delirium tremens. A friend of ours followed him to his "last long home," and we can vouch for the fact, that as the procession left the house, and turned a neighboring corner, a sudden halt and confused murmur in the front ranks created considerable excitement and curiosity to know what had happened. Those in the rear advanced and heard the pall bearers declare they could not proceed. The bystanders assisted, but the effort was unavailing; they declared that if each were possessed of the strength of Sampson, they would not be able to carry the coffin. What was to be done? The man must be buried! A hasty consultation was held, but without any satisfactory result, till a voice from the crowd that collected, cried "John wants his bitters; he won't go without stopping at Farrells." The suggestion was acted upon—the command given—"right face, wheel!" (John had been an officer in the militia, and was buried with military honors)—and they moved slowly on without further obstruction, until they attempted to pass Farrell's. Here another halt occurred, and they were "brought up all standing." John was again obstinate, but only for an instant. The landlord appeared at the door, with a glass of the favorite beverage; the pall bearers lifted their burden, the exhilarating liquor was poured on the head of the coffin, and the mourners moved onward. John was now satisfied, and submitted contentedly to a christian burial.—Phila. Chronicle.

NO TIME TO READ.—We have often encountered men who profess to believe they have no time to read. Now we think of it there have always been men of such characters, the points of which are easily summed up.

Nine times out of ten they are men who have not found time to confer any substantial advantage either upon their families or themselves. They generally have time to attend public

barbecues, camp meetings, sales and singing schools, but they have no time to read.

They frequently spend whole days in gossiping, timpling, and swaping horses, but they have "no time to read."

They sometimes lose a day asking advice of their neighbors; sometimes a day in picking up the news, the price current, and the exchange, but these men never have "time to read."

They have time to hunt, to fish, to fiddle, to drink, to—"do nothing," but "no time to read."

Such men generally have uneducated children, unimproved farms, and unhappy firesides. They have no energy; no spirit of improvement; no love of knowledge; they live "unknowing and unknown," and often die unwept and unregretted.

KNOWLEDGE OF GEOGRAPHY.—One of the latest religious newspapers in London, and one of the ablest and most intelligent journals, speaks of the "State of Cincinnati in America." It is not strange that British writers are ignorant of the theory of our government, when they cannot learn even the names of the states. It would be difficult to find a school boy in this country who would make such a blunder as to speak of the "kingdom of Liverpool," but it is not long since we read in a London paper an account of a destructive fire in a city in the "State of Mobile."—N. Y. Observer.

QUAKER FIGHTING.—Suppose that all the treasure which has been wasted by this great nation, hunting a few wretched Seminoles from the morasses of Florida, had been expended in civilizing the race; in teaching them agriculture and the peaceful arts, in distributing seeds and implements, in educating the children, in diffusing physical comfort and moral and intellectual culture, in elevating the savage to the dignity of a man. How different would have been the result, both to the nation and to the Indians. This would be Quaker fighting, and according to our notion, would not only be more rational and cheaper, but a vast deal more effectual.—Prov. Jour.

The MAILS in England are carried upon nine different rail-ways, at an average price of \$90 per mile. Each company is obliged by law to carry a mail whenever the Post Master General requires it, whether by day or by night. On the London and Liverpool Railroad, over which the great mails for Ireland, Scotland and the British Provinces, as well as for the United States, are carried, the price paid per mile, Pitt's Report says, is \$105.50. The time for running the distance, 210 miles, is stipulated at twenty-three miles the hour! These mails leave London at 8 1/4 o'clock in the evening, and reach Liverpool next morning at half past five! running this distance less than ten hours! The speed on the Baltimore railroad and on the route between this city and New York, compared with the despatch on the London and Liverpool road, is behind the age! They scarcely average ten miles an hour.—North Amer.

COMFORT TO OLD BACHELERS.—A drop of comfort now and then comes to the relief of this unfortunate class of our fellow beings. It comes, it is true, from the wretchedness of others, still it tends to reconcile them to their lot. To find others unhappy, in the achievement of an object in which we have been foiled ourselves, softens the disappointment and defeat. The following official statement is from a late English journal.

### State of Marriages in London

Runaway wives,	1,132
Runaway husbands,	2,348
Married persons legally divorced,	4,175
Living in open warfare,	17,345
Living in private misunderstanding,	13,279
Mutually indifferent,	55,240
Regarded as happy,	3,175
Nearly happy,	127
Perfectly happy,	13

This is a new kind of statistics. We are assured that one of our first moralists is engaged in drawing out a similar account of the city of Paris. It will be curious to see what country may claim the advantage of the matrimonial balance.—North American

A gentleman, says a late London paper, walking past Westminster bridge, inquired how the bridge answered. The reply was ready and witty—"If you'll step to the gate you'll be told."

The aggregate of Treasury Notes outstanding on the 1st inst. was \$7,371,705.09.