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

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POETRY.

From the Christian World. The Summer Birds. BY MRS. A. B. WELBY. Sweet warblers of the sunny hours, For ever on the wing-I love them, as I leve the flowers, The sunlight, and the spring. They come like pleasant memories, In Summer's joyous time, And sing their gushing melodies As I would sing a rhyme. In the green and quiet places Where the golden sunlight falls, We sit with smiling faces, To list their silver calls; And when their holy anthems Come pealing through the air, Our hearts leap forth to meet them, With a blessing and a prayer. Amid the morning's fragrant dew-Amid the mists of even-

They warble on as if they drew Their music down from Heaven. How sweetly sounds each mellow note, Beneath the moon's pale ray, When dying zephyrs rise and float,

From the Natchez Free Trader. Romantic Story.

The Boston Times says "that some one opened a school as a branch of their missionalately attempted to murder a sleeping woman ry operations. They occupy an apartment in by pouring hot lead into her ear, and that so an old chateau; celebrated in that country as shocking a circumstance was never heard of bethe residence of a Protestant martyr. It was basket? fore." This is a mistake. A more remarkable there that Mr. d'Heris was arrested, under Louis XV., to be led to Mens, where he was de frog. instance occurred some years ago, in Virginia. decapitated. We personally knew all the parties intimately. The Evangelist and his wife are remarkably Col. F ***, a gentleman of high respectability blessed in the spiritual care they. bestow upon and frequently a Representative from his counthe children of the village. A gentleman from ty, died, leaving a wife, some sons, a very Geneva who has recently visited them relates beautiful daughter, about 15 years of age. The widow, finding herself destitute, opened a board- the following instance of the power of the testimony of the truth of God out of the mouth of frog! ing house at the county seat, and among the one of the smallest of the flock. boarders was Mr. W. a wealthy merchant, in A few weeks ago, Lea Glaizette, only four the meridian of life, and a very fine looking years old, gave the missionaries the most cheerman. This gentleman was the prop and stay ing evidence of the value of their labours. This of the family, gave employment to the sons, dear child used to take her little bench every furnished means to educate the daughter in the day and sit at the feet of Mrs. Masson, to hear most fashionable manner, and conceived for her her read the Scriptures, or relate to her some a violent passion. On her return from school, of the stories from the Youths' Friend. She he addressed her, but she resisted alike his apused to retire, frequently, to a corner of the old peals and the importunites of her mother and kitchen of the chateau, where she prayed with friends. She had indeed, formed an attachgreat fervor and simplicity. At the beginning ment for a very "nice young man" in the same of last August, an inhabitant of the village, Mr. town, but he was not to be put in competition X., was attacked by a nervous fever. The with the rich merchant, in the estimation of the child heard them speak of this man with much family. The young lady perhaps thought othanxiety, concerning the state of his soul; for he erwise. Finally, however, after two years of appeared to be approaching his end, but was assiduity and delicate gallantry on the part of bitterly opposed to the word of God. She im-Mr. W. and the combined tears, entreaties, mediately left the house and penetrated, no one threats and persecution of the family, the fair knows how, to the very chamber of the sick girl stood before the altar and became his wife. man, and said to him "Mr. X., you are going of civilized language. Now listen to me, The evening a large party was given them, and to die immediately, and you are going to meet in the midst of the dance Mr. W. being sudden-God, and yet you are not converted! Shall ly attacked with vertigo and sick head ache, it's done. pray for you that the good God may forgive was compelled to withdraw. His young wife hung over him in the silent watches of night, your sins and give you a new heart!" "Yes, if apparently in deep distress, and insisted on you please, my little friend." Immediately, this giving him a potton. She poured out a wine amiable little creature kneeled down and pray- I knows how to shpoke de pure Enklish. glass full of laudanum, and he swallowed it ed for him with so much earnestness and ferwithout knowing its nature. From some cause, vor, that he could not restrain his tears. It is from him alone that we have learned the inciit immediately acted as an emetic; but left him stnpid and wandering. His senses reeled .-One moment he would lay motionless and com- terwards, Lea was herself attacked by the same the Irish channel since I was born, let alone contain a number of current bank notes, amountitose as if on the borders of the spirit would, days her sufferings were dreadful, and she then and then he would shriek and leap up convulsively, like a strong man in his agony. Mrs. that time, the enemy of God was changed, and W. denied all admission into the chamber. At he is now found a constant hearer of the word length he fell into a gentle slumber. She then stooped for a moment over the smouldering em- of God. He cannot speak of little Lea, with- Inglish properly. bers-approached the bed, gazed at her sleep- out weeping .- Quarterly paper of the Foreign Evan. Soc. ing husband, and holding a heated ladle in her hand, calmly prepared to pour a stream of melt-An Argument for the Bible cause. ed lead into his ear. At that instant he moved, A lady in Bristol, England, deeply impressed tato.) dis pome de terre? and the hissing liquid intended to penetrate to; and scald out, his brain, and thus cause his with the importance of the Bible Society, dedeath without a trace, fell upon his cheek. He termined to make personal application in its I call that pum de tar, a potato. shouted in excruciating pain, and the revellers, behalf, to an elderly gentleman and her acmother, brothers and friends, rushed in. There quaintance, who possessed much wealth, but him? writhed the still stupid husband, the lead rivi- never contributed to objects of this nature. ted deep into his cheek, and there stood the She was told by her friends it would be in vain, sure. fiend wife, her bridal fillets yet upon her brow, but this did not shake her resolution .-- She the instrument of death in her hand an empty called and presented the case, exhibiting all call him? phial labelled "Laudanum," lying on the floor. the documents calculated to promote her object. The fearful reality of the case flashed on every They produced no impression. She then rea- him a bodado, any vool might know dat. one, and in the confusion of the moment she soned with him, but without effect. At length Frenchman---Ha, ha, ha! begar! You all call disappeared, and was hurried forthwith out of she asked him the question "Have you a Bible, him different. You all speak de true Inglese, self. The ancients represented time with a the common wealth to a distant State; on search- Sir?" "Yes." "What would induce you to and you no speak him like. Ha, ha, he gar! foreluck, to show that it should be seized withing the room an old French magazine was part with it?" "I would not part with it on any Yankee --- Well, Mounseer, now let me ax out delay, and that if once lost, it cannot be sefound containing the death bed confession of a consideration."-"Sir," said she; "there are you a question. What is this I have in my cured. The duration of a man's life should not woman, who had murdered nine husbands by thousands in this land who are destitute of that hand? (showing a cane.) pouring lead into their ears. The laudanum which you profess to prize so highly. A tri- Frenchman--- Vat is dat? Vy, sare, dat is-and the lead, it was ascertained; procured from fling portion of your property would supply a dat is --- Sacre---me no can tink. Vat you call the store of Mr. W. a few days before their fellow-creature with the book you would not de homme, de rascalle, vot kill A-belle? marriage, and the ladle used was part of a bri- part with on any consideration." This appeal dal present. The Grand Jury next morning produced the desired effect. The gentleman, found a bill against the fugitive, and the legis- however, concealed his feelings, and simply ask- calle, dat murd, dat knock down A-belle, vile lature being in session, decreed a final solute ed with an air of indifference, "What do you he keep de sheep, de mutton. divorce. What renders this case the more sin- think I ought to give?" Supposing that he was gular is, that Miss T. was proverbial for the balancing between a small sum and an absolute blandness of her manners, and the uniform soft- refusal; she replied, "We receive any sum, Sir; ness of her temper. She was a blonde. The however small." He then went to his bureau, rose leaf tinted her lilly cheek as a sun beam took a bag of guineas, and began very deliber- Now what do you call it, you limb of old Iteglows on snow. Her blue eyes were indescri- ately to count them-one, two, three, four, and land? you essence of brogue? bably sweet, and her golden hair floated like so on. After he had proceeded sometime in drapery of gossamer around a form more per- this way, the lady presunting that he had for- if you don't be aisy calling ill names, I'll be af- applied to the neck will cause the glass to exfect and voluptuous, than ever Raphael dream- gotten the subject on which she came; and was ter provin' it to ye. of or Petrarch sung. Often have we gazed, as engaged in other business, ventured to intershe stood the cynosure of every circle, and rupt him with the remark that her time was about a vort. Hark do me. I'll but you out precious, and that if he did not intend to give, one. Wat you gall dis! (showing a quantity of wondered if angels could be so fair. But the sequel of this romance is more sin- she begged to be informed, that she might so- curd with whey. gular still. Years rolled by and Mr. W. con- licit elsewhere. "Have patience for a few tinued a wretched and solitary man. But the minutes," he replied and proceeded till he had spell of the enchantress was still upon his soul. counted seventy-three guineas. "There, mad- but I call it lupper'd milk. He closed his estates --- collected his ample am," said he, "there is one guinea for every means, and followed her to her distant abode, year that I have lived; take that for the Bible Yankee milk ave de ear; ye hear vat he say. consequently wears upon her head two barrels to make a new offer of his hand! She had just Society."

Little Lea Glaizette.

Southeast of France, Mr. and Mrs. Masson have

A Dialogue in the Market,

Republican.

At Saint Jean-d'Herans, a village in the BETWEEN & YANKEE, AN IRISHMAN, A DUTCH-EATABLES AND SPEAKABLES.

> Yankee-Hullo, Mounseer! what are you going to do with them are frogs there, in that are

Frenchman-De frog? Vy, sare, I will eat

Irishman-Ate him! what, ate that sprawling sarpints that St. Patrick carried out of Ireland qualified to represent us, than ourself. divil of a straddle-bug? I'd as soon put all the in a bag down the throat iv me.

Yankee-You can't be in earnest now, Mounseer. You ain't such a pickerel as to bite at a

Frenchman-Pickerelle! Vat is dat you call de pickerelle?

Yankee-A darned great long nosed fish that we catch with a frog bait.

Frenchman-Vat you tell me, sare? You bait de frog vit de fish? Mon Dieu! you no understand de frog-you no taste, no sense, no skill in the cursine! Fish de bait vid de frog? -Begar!

Yankee-Fish the bait! Why don't you parleyroo right eend foremost?

Irishman--Ay, cuishlamacree, why don't you put the cart before the horse, as I do ? Dutchman--Yaw, mynheer, why don't you

dalk goot English, like I does? Yankee-Dalk? Ha, ha, ha! you talk about dalking? Why, you can't no more pronounce the English than a wild Hoppintot. You can't get your clumsy Tutch tongue round the words Mounseer Frenchman, and I'll teach you how

Dutchman-No-lishen to me--I untershtants how to pronounce de most properest. praicher intill the bargain. So, Mister Mon- ence of the money in its hiding place. shure, I'm the boy that'll taiche ye to spake

And so with this praffis, 1'm off.

Dutchman --- Mine Col! wat a vuss is here MAN, AND & FRENCHMAN, ON THE SUBJECT OF apout a pull-viog! But I'll puy mine zour-grout; and den I'll pe off doo, in lesser as no dime.

Comfortably Modest.

An editor in Mississippi says it is about time candidates for Congress were nominated, and concludes with recommending himself thus:

"We know no one in our section of the State, more deserving of the office or better are opposed to the State Bonding System in toto, to the bonds of sin, to all bonds but bonds of love, and are sound in politics. We are strictly moral in every respect; and no one can charge us with a bad act committed since we came to years of discretion-that is, since we cut the credit system. The Democrats of Lafayette will go for us heart and hand. Will our anti-bond friends have a meeting and prevail upon us to serve the party? We only want a little coaxing, like a bashful young wid-"I'is true we are no orator, but we have OW. got a good voice; and have joined the debating club for the express purpose of 'learning to speak in public on the stump.' We havn't joined the tee-totallers, but we shall lake the pledge at their next meeting. Whit more need we say? Editors throughout the State will please announce that we are a candidate, provided they will wait for their fees until we receive payment for Chancery Court advertisthe done by us during the past two year. We shall issue a horse-bill at an early day, describing our parts, pedigree and pretensitins."

Singular Occurrence.

Some weeks since, an old gig was sent to Mr. Samuel H. Gover, auctioneer in Baltimore, gomes from te todder sidt of Enkland, and zure to be sold. On Wednesday last it was knocked off to an individual for the small sum of Irishman-Is that a raisonable sort iv a rai- \$2 50. Subsequently the purchaser disposed son now? By that same logic I should know of the gig to a Mr. Moody. On removing the how to speak the Inglish still better, for I came lining on Friday, Mr. M., discovered a pocket dents of this touching scene; for, three days af- from this side iv Ingland, and was niver across book, which; on being opened, was found to fever with such violence, that for forty-nine the day before that. And thin, besides, me ing in all to the sum of \$750. As far as the great grandmother was a schoolmaster, and me former owners of the gig have been traced, no died without recovering her reason. From second cousin, on me neighbor's side, was a one seems to have any knewledge of the exist-

Like lovers' sighs. away! Like shadowy spirits seen at eve, Among the tombs they glide; Where sweet pale forms, for which we grieve, Like sleeping side by side. They break with song and solema hush Where peace reclines her head, And link their lays with mournful thoughts That cluster round the dead. For never can my soul forget

The loved of other years; Their memories fill my spirit yet-I've kept them green with tears;

And their singing greets my heart at times, As in the days of yore, Though their music, and their loveliness,

Is o'er-for ever o'er.

And often, when the mournful night Comes with a low, sweet tune, And sets a star on every height, And one beside the moon--When not a sound of wind or wave

The holy stillness mars, I look above, and strive to trace Their dwellings in the stars.

The birds! the birds of summer hours-They bring a gush of glee, To the child among the fragrant flowers-To the sailor on the sea. We hear their thrilling voices In their swift and airy flight, And the inmost heart rejoices

With a calm and pure delight. In the stillness of the starlight hours,

When I am with the dead, Oh! may they flutter 'mid the flowers That blossom o'er my head, And pour their songs of gladness forth In one melodious strain, O'er lips whose broken melody Shall never sing again.

The Farmer's Song.

"Well, farmer, how speaketh the weather to-day? How springeth the seed through the soil? And how, when their trust these broad acres repay, Wilt thou find the reward of thy toi' !" The farmer look'd up through the calm of the sky-The farmer look'd out o'er his field. And he paused, as if scanning with spirit and eye, The harvest those acres would vield. "For years have my forefathers follow'd the plough

And the harvests the Godhead has given ! With the fruits which, in autumn, they shock from the bough,

They gave to the purpose of heaven! The fruits have the board of the festival grac'd, And the grain has been ground in the mill;

married a man of high standing, aware of all the circumstances, but incapable of resisting her charms. Poor W ! Then indeed, did the

ered in his side." His early love-his fluctua- fired obleeged to you for this shore up in the tweedledee. So, good bye to "What makes you think so, my son?" "Cause Where the poor have requir'd, it has freely been ting courtship---his triumph---and the tragedy ranks you have given me. Feller Sogers, I'm you, it occasioned-the flight-the divorce-his not goin to forget your kindness soon ... not by Frenchman ... De feedledum he is no feedle- moon." years of misery --- the new birth of his passion a darn'd sight, and I tell you what it is; I'li dee, begar! (Here one of the frogs hopped out Drunkenness. and now its dissappoinment, final and forever stick to my post like pitch to a pine board, so of Monsieur's basket; he porsues him) Keshey --- came rushing over him, like an avalanche, long as there's peace; but as I go in for rotation de frog! keshey de frog! O, me pauvre frog! The Grand jury of Allegheny County, says in the tide of bitter memories, and he prayed in office, if we should come to blows with the O, grand fricaisse! He scape --- he run away --- the Easten Whig, have presented to the Court the subject of drunkenness, and suggested that for death! Whether this prayer was answered Britishers, I'll be darn'd if I don't resign right begar! Irishman-Och, and isn't that quare now, intoxication should be made a criminal act by we know not. He may yet wander broken off, and give every fellow a fair shake for fame that a living straddle-bug should run away be- the laws of the State. hearted over the earth; but one thing we do and glory, and all that ere." fore he's cooked at all, at all; the ungrateful sarknow. If he be dead, a more wretched, yet a pint! St. Patrick presarve me from all frogs Why is a widow like a kettle mender? Bepurer and nobler spirit never winged its flight Why are weddings called (bridal) parties? and toads and other anakes as long as I live. cause she is desirous of re-pairing. Because folks generally get bit by them. to Heaven.

Patriotic.

"Feller Sogurs," said a newly elected lieuiron enter his soul. "The deadly arrow quiv- tenant of Militia, away down in Maine, "I'm al- Why, you don't know the difference betwixt the urchin to his father, the other evening.....

Frenchman-Oui. All speak de Inglesede Yankee, de Irishman, de Dutchman, all was blown over in the late storm, which has speak him bess, and all speak him different! been for a long time a great curiosity in that Begar! Now, vat you call dis-(showing a po- neighborhood, The circumference of this tree

Frenchman---Oui. And now, sare, val you

Dutchman Wat I galls him? Wy, I galls

Yankee .-. What killed a bell?

Frenchman Oui, Monsieur; dat grand ras-

now; he means Gain; de vurst mutterer. Frenchman --- Oui; yes sare: 'tis one cane.

Dutchman --- Now, shentlemans, don't vight

Irishman --- Och! and isn't it a bonney-clapper? Yankee You may call it what you please,

Mon Dieu!

wat I have in de hokkin, is schimearcase.

Yankee --- It's a darned queer case, 1 think .---

A Great Tree.

A red or sugar maple tree, in Ossipee. N. H., at the ground was 28 feet, and contined about Yankee-That pum de tar! Why, Monseer, the same size for 17 feet, perfectly straight and smooth. The owner has made forty pounds of Frenchman-Oui. Now, sare, vat you call sugar from this tree a year, and its product now at the saw mill has just been ascertained to be Irishman-A paratie --- a raal murphy, to be 3300 feet of inch boards, and nine cords of wood for fuel.

Time.

It is a truism that time passes rapidly away. The wheel is constantly revolving and carries with it our griefs and joys-and finally life itbe estimated by his years but by what he has accomplished -- by the uses which he has made of time and opportunity. The industrious man lives longer than the drone--- and by inuring our body to exercise and activity --- we shall more than double the years of over existence.

A recent village debate in Vermont, upon Dutchman ... Oh, oh; I know what he means the question "ought a young man to foller a gal, after she gives him the mitten?" was duly argued pro and con- and then the President de-Yankee --- Right, Mounseer, it isn't two canes. cided that "he hadn't ough'ter.

When the slopper of a glass decanter be-Irishman --- I'm after calling it a shilalah; and comes too tight, a cloth wet with hot water and pand, s's that the stopper may be easily remov-

The editor of the New York Aurora is a prime haild at "kalkailating." Listen to him : In Cincinnati, where eggs are three cents and a half per dozen, pork one dollar and a half per hundred, and flour four dollars per barrel, a Frenchman--- Lop-ear milk! Mon Dieu! De jady pays \$15 for a Parisian bonnet. She of flour. 400 cwt. of pork, and about 29 1-2 Dutchman --- Now you pe's all wrong. Dis dozen of eggs. A pretty good for one lady.

> "Daddy, daddy, is going to rain," said a firthere's a tarnal great 'circumstance' round the

plac'd. But it never was food for the still!

"And blessings have follow'd to them and to theirs, And plenty, and pleasure, and peace; They sow'd not in evil, and reap'd not in tears, And each season was crown'd with increase! Like them have I sow'd, and like them have I mow'd And I've reap'd and I've gathey'd like them ; And while I tread in so blameless a road, Neither Heaven nor earth will condemn"