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

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POETRY.

The Stars of Night.

Whence are your glorious goings forth,
Ye children of the sky,
Whose bright silence seems the power
Of all eternity?
For time hath let his shadow fall
O'er many an ancient light;
But ye walk above in brightness still—
Oh, glorious stars of night!

The vestal lamp in Grecian fane
Hath faded long ago;
On Persia's hills the worshipped flame
Hath lost its ancient glow;
And long the heaven-sent fire is gone,
With Salem's temple bright;
But ye watch o'er wandering Israel yet,
Oh, changeless stars of night!

Long have ye looked upon the earth,
O'er vale and mountain brow;
Ye saw the ancient cities rise,
And gild their ruins now;
Ye beam upon the cottage home,
The conquerer's path of might,
And shed your light alike on all,
Oh, priceless stars of night!

But where are they who learned from you
The fates of coming time,
Ere yet the pyramids arose
Amid their desert clime?
Yet still in wilds and deserts far,
Ye bless the watcher's sight;
And shine where bark hath never been,
Oh, lovely stars of night!

Much have ye seen of human tears,
Of human hope and love;
And fearful deeds of darkness too,
Ye witness above!
Say, will that blackening record live
Forever in your sight,
Watching for judgement on the earth,
Oh, sleepless stars of night!

Yet glorious was your song that rose
With the fresh morning's dawn;
And still amid our summer sky
Its echo lingers on;
Though ye have shone on many a grave,
Since Eden's early blight
Ye tell of hope and glory still,
Oh, deathless stars of night!

The Forsaken Girl.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"They parted—as all lovers part—
She with her wronged and broken heart;
But he, rejoicing he is free,
Bounds like the captive from his chains,
And willfully believing she
Hath found her liberty again."

If there is any act which deserves deeper and bitter condemnation, it is that of trifling with the inestimable value of woman's affection. The female heart may be compared to a delicate heart—over which the breathings of early affection wander, until each tender chord is awakened to tender tones of ineffable sweetness. It is the music of the soul which is thus called forth—a music sweeter than the fall of fountains, or the song of Hours, in the Moslem's paradise. But wo for the delicate fashioning of that harp if a change pass over the love which first called forth its hidden harmonies. Let neglect and cold unkindness, sweep over in delicate strings, and they will break, one after another—slowly perhaps, but surely. Unvisited, and unrequited by the light of love, the soul like melody will be hushed in the stricken bosom—like the Egyptian statue, before the coming of the sunrise.

I have been wandering among the graves—the lonely and solemn graves. I love at times to do so. I feel a melancholy not unallied to pleasure, in communing with the resting place of those who had gone before me; to go forth alone among the thronged tombstones, rising from every grassy modulation like ghostly sentinels of the departed. And when I kneel above the narrow mansions of one whom I have known and loved in life, I feel a strange assurance that the spirit of the sleeper is near; a viewless and ministering angel. It is a beautiful philosophy which has found its way unsought for and mysteriously into the silence of my heart—and if it be only a dream, the unreal imagery of fancy—I pray God that I may never awake from the beautiful delusion.

I have been this evening, by the grave of Emily. It has a plain white tombstone, half hidden by flowers, and you may read its mourn-

ful epitaph in the clear moonlight which falls upon it like the smile of an angel, through an opening in the drooping branches. Emily was a beautiful girl—the fairest of our village maidens. I think I see her now, as she looked when the loved one—the idol of her affections, was near her, with his smile of conscious triumph and exulting love. She had then seen but 18 summers, and her whole being seemed woven of the dream of her first passion. The object of her love was a proud and wayward being—whose haughty spirits never relaxed from its habitual sternness, save when he found himself in the presence of a young and beautiful creature, who had trusted her all on the "venture of her vow," and who had loved him with the confident earnestness of a pure and devoted heart. Nature had deprived him of the advantages of outward grace and beauty; and it was the abiding consciousness of this, which gave to his intercourse with society a character of pride and sternness. He felt himself in some degree removed from his fellow men by the partial fashioning of nature; and he scorned to seek a nearer affinity. His mind was of an exalted bearing and prodigal of beauty. The flowers of poetry were in his imagination, a perpetual blossoming; and it was to his intellectual beauty that Emily knelt down—bearing to the altar of her idol, the fair flowers of her affection—even as the dark eyed daughters of the ancient Gheber spread out their offerings from the gardens of the east, upon the altar of the sun.

There is a surpassing strength in a love like that of Emily's—it has nothing gross or low, nor earthly in its yearnings—it has its source in the dearer fountains of the heart—and in such as the redeemed and sanctified from earth might feel for one another, in the fair land of spirits. Alas! that such love should be unrequited—or turned back in coolness upon the crushed heart of its giver!

They parted—Emily and her lover—but not before they had vowed eternal constancy to each other. The one retired to the quiet of her home—to dream over again the scenes of her early passion—to count with untiring eagerness the hours of separation; and to weep over the long interval of "hope deferred." The other went out with a strong heart to mingle with the world—girded with pride and impelled forward by ambition. He found the world cold, callous, and selfish; and his own spirit insensibly took the hue of those around him. He shut his eyes upon the past—it was too pure and mildly beautiful for the sterner gaze of his manhood—all beautiful and holy as it was—he turned not back to the young and lovely devoted girl, who had poured out to him in the confident earnestness of woman's confidence, the wealth of her affection. He came not back to fulfil the vow which he had blighted.

Slowly and painfully the knowledge of her lover's infidelity came over the sensitive heart of Emily. She sought for a time to shut out the horrible suspicion from her mind—she half doubted the evidence of her own senses—she could not believe that he was a traitor—for her own memory had treasured every token of her affection—every impassioned word and every endearing smile of his tenderness. But the truth came at last—the doubtful spectre which had long haunted, and from which she turned away, as if it were a sin to look upon it, now stood before her—a dreadful and unspeakable vision of reality. There was one burst of passionate tears—the overflow of that fountain of affliction which quenches the last ray of hope in the desolate bosom—and she was calm—for the struggle was over, and she gazed steadily, and with awful confidence of one whose hopes are not on earth, upon the dark valley of death whose shadow was already around her.

It was a beautiful evening in summer, that I saw her for the last time. The sun was just setting behind a long line of blue and undulating hills, touching their tall summits with a radiance like the halo that encircles the dazzling brow of an angel; and all nature had put on the rich garniture of greenness and blossom. As I approached the quiet and secluded dwelling of the once happy Emily, I found the door of the little parlor thrown open; and a female voice of a sweetness, which could hardly be said to belong to earth, stole out upon the soft summer air. It was like the breathing of an Eolian lute to the gentlest visitation of zephyr. Involuntarily I paused to listen, and these words, which I shall never forget, came upon my ears like the low and melancholy music which we sometimes hear in dreams.

Oh—no—I do not fear to die,
For Hope and Faith are bold;
And life is but a weariness—
And Earth is strangely cold—
In view of Death's pale solitude
My spirit hath not mourned—
'Tis kinder than forgotten love,
Or friendship unrequited!

And I could pass the shadowed laud
In rapture all the while—
If one who is now far away
Were near me with his smile.
It seems a dreary thing to die
Forgotten and alone—
Unheeded by our dearest love—
The smiles and tears of one!

Oh! plant my grave with pleasant flowers

The fairest of the fair—
The very flowers he loved to twine
At twilight in my hair—
Perchance he yet may visit them,
And shed above my bier
The holiest dew of funeral flowers—
"Affection's kindly tear!"

It was the voice of Emily; it was her last song. She was leaning on her sofa as I entered her apartment; her thin white hand resting on her forehead. She rose and welcomed me with a melancholy smile. It played over her features for a moment, flushing her cheek with a slight and sudden glow; and then passed away, leaving in the stead the wanness and mournful beauty of the dying. It has been said that Death is always terrible to look upon. But to the stricken Emily, the presence of the destroyer was like the ministrations of an angel of light and holiness. She was passing off to the land of spirits like the melting of a sun set cloud into the blue of the heaven; stealing from existence like the last strain of ocean music when it dies away slowly and sweetly upon the moonlight waters.

A few days after, I stood by the grave of Emily. The villagers had gathered together, one and all, to pay the tributes of respect and affection to the lovely sleeper. They mourned her loss with a deep and sincere lamentation; they marvelled that one so young and so beloved should yield herself up to melancholy, and perish in the spring-time of her existence. But they knew not the hidden arrow which had rankled in her bosom; the slow and secret withering of her heart. She had borne the calamity in silence in the uncomplaining quietude of one, who felt that there are woes which may not ask for sympathy; afflictions which like the canker concealed in the heart of some fair blossom, are discovered only by the untimely decay of their victim.

Haymaking.

Salt.—Hay that would be liable to heat and sour because not quite cured, may often be mowed away with safety, if six or ten quarts of salt to the ton are applied. The use of salt upon nearly all the hay as it goes into the barn may be wise. I am inclined to the belief that a farm in my neighborhood on which salt has been very freely used in that way, had been greatly improved by it; that is, I think the manure has been much more efficacious in consequence of the salt applied to the hay. At home we find no hay so palatable to the stock as that which is cut young, threefourths dried and well salted.

Clover.—This should be cured without much exposure to the sun. I can tell a story that goes to show that clover need not be thoroughly dried as many suppose. Last year, about the middle of June we mowed some very coarse clover, scarcely beginning to blossom, and as full of sap as clover ever was. The weather was cloudy and foggy for several days, so that but little progress was made in curing it; it continued heavy and green; after four or five days, and while the cocks were damp with fog we loaded it because the indications of rain were strong. It was taken to the barn, stowed away and very thoroughly salted. In four or five days it was dripping wet and burning hot; in 15 days it was mouldy; in December, it was the hay preferred above all others in the barn, by "Old Bug Horn," a dainty cow that was destined to the shambles; every animal in the barn would devour it greedily—and this too, when most of the hay, and all the corn stalks in the barn had been salted;—the salt taste was no rarity.—[New England Farmer.

Extract from a Private Journal kept by a Country Acquaintance.

Thursday hoed corn all day; went to roost with the chickens, tired as a wagon wheel, entertained serious thoughts of either joining the church, or enlisting into the troops.

Friday—was called out of my nest by the old man, before the last bedbug had retired to his post; turned a double swarth in the meadow, bought a churning of butter—killed the old black cat; mended mother's mop; and read a chapter in the Bible all before breakfast. Horn blew for dinner at twelve precisely, found nothing on the table but corn beef and cabbage, made dinner out of bread and cheese cucumbers and curses, father fretted about dry weather, thought it best to pray for rain directly, but concluded to give Providence three days grace, and if it didn't moisten up then to pray on the patent principle.

Saturday—Nothing worth mentioning happened, excepting that it didn't rain, the cattle broke into the corn; Jowler killed a skunk, and grand father died.

Sunday—rose rather late, fed the hogs, and attended family prayers, put on my dry goods, and went to meeting, came up a tearing shower about noon, and wet fathers' hay and the way he swore was a sin to professing christians.

"Something will turn up," as the little dog said when he looked at the kink in his tail.

"Deeply read," as the schoolmaster said to his nose after a night's debauch.

"My eyes what a change," as the boiled lobster said when he looked at himself in the glass.

From the Daily Chronicle.

We give place to the communication below, believing that its publication will be useful to some of our readers, and likewise afford them an opportunity of judging of the improvements that are progressing in various parts of the Union, notwithstanding the complaints and apathy caused by the hard times:—

BLOSSBURG is situated in the southern part of Tioga county, Pennsylvania, about 25 miles from the New York line. The town lies immediately on the Tioga river; the flat or valley on which it is built, is about three to four miles long, by one to two miles in breadth. On every side it is surrounded by mountains, which rise from 700 to 800 feet in height, covered with choice timber, and abounding in rich veins of bituminous coal and iron ore. The coal is of similar character, and equal in quality, to that of Pittsburg. The enterprising citizens of New York have already begun to secure to themselves the rich advantages of this place. Mr. Van Ness, a very intelligent and experienced iron founder, has erected a furnace, and produced iron of very superior quality. The ores of these mountains he estimates among the richest in this country, yielding from 40 to 50 per cent. of iron. A Company from Albany, are also about to establish very extensive iron works, with a capital of \$300,000. But to me the object of most interest was the Arbon Coal Company. They have already opened several mines, and have all the cars, apparatus, &c., to mine and carry to market from 50 to 100,000 tons of coal per annum. This Company will have the entire supplying of the whole western part of New York; and from the rapid disappearance of wood, the day is not far distant when they will be dependent on this region for all their fuel. The Coal Company possesses about 2000 acres of land. The great mass of these coal and iron mountains is owned by what is called the Arbon Land Company, constituting about 8 to 10,000 acres. That part of the valley which belongs to the Land Company, they are reserving for town lots, which must soon become exceedingly valuable, as the town is increasing with great rapidity, numbering already more than 1000 inhabitants. From Blossburg to Corning, a flourishing town situated in New York, 14 miles north of the Pennsylvania line, there is now completed, and in successful operation, a very substantial and excellent railroad; and which must be gratifying to the proprietors, has been accomplished at less cost considerably than any other road of equal length in the United States—the whole expenditures, including the road, depots, buildings, cars, locomotives, &c., not exceeding \$500,000, and this for a road full 39 miles in length. With us the cost of such a road would have swelled up to millions. The secret of this success is found in the character of the officers, who for industry, energy, and talent, cannot be surpassed—they were all interested in the company, and, from the President down, have had very low and hardly adequate salaries.

CORNING, which but a few years since began its career in the wilderness, is in Steuben county, New York, situated on the Chemung river, a branch of the Susquehanna, formed by the Tioga and Caniosto. Whilst all the rest of the world has been on the retrograde, it has steadily advanced in wealth and population, and, from one house in 1836, now numbers upwards of two hundred, with a population rising 1000. On a square reserved for this purpose by the Corning Land Company, there are now built three handsomely constructed churches, Episcopalian, Methodist, and Presbyterian.—There is also a Bank, with a capital of 100 to \$200,000, one large Hotel now occupied, and another larger one nearly completed. The coal, lumber, &c., which descends the rail road from Blossburg to Corning, finds its way into the interior of New York, also to Albany, Buffalo, and New York city, by the Chemung canal to Seneca lake, and thence to the Erie canal. The Blossburg coal being but recently presented to the market, has not yet entered into large consumption. Late experiments at Salina have, however, proved that it can be used as a fuel in the manufacture of salt, at much less cost than wood. The value of this experiment may be appreciated, when we take into consideration the fact that the Salina works consume daily from 1800 to 2000 cords of wood. Here, then, is about to be opened a market which will require more than 100,000 tons of coal per annum. The immense revenues that will be reaped by these Arbon companies can hardly be estimated. To hear the noise of the hammer, the songs of the miners, and the incessant rattling of the coal cars down the plane, seems more like the busy tumult of our commercial cities, than the wilderness.

Blossburg is to be the Pittsburg of Western New York, and before many years must become a large city. It is the thoroughfare of the Western travel from Pennsylvania to New York. For passengers alone, the rail road received during the last year \$10,000, and for lumber, sent down from 100 to 200 saw mills, established on the Tioga, Caniosto, and Chemung river, about \$15,000. G. F. L.

Conversations in Philosophy, &c.

"Now, Nimrod, you sit over in that 'ere corner, there, and I'll sit in this 'ere corner, here. I'll ask you some scientific questions, and see how many on 'em you can answer."

"Well, Solomon, try it on. Wait, though, till I get that pesky gravel stone out of my boot There, fire away."

"In the first place, Nimrod, what makes the magic needle always point to the north?"

"Most philosophers say it is owing to some peculiar attraction—but I am inclined to think it's a way it's got!"

"How long is it since the corner stone of the Tower of Babel was laid?"

"About as long as a piece of string, if not longer."

"At what pitch will mankind in general arrive, at the end of the world, if they continue improving in scientific knowledge, as they have since its beginning?"

"Yellow pine pitch, probably. I mean to say, a pitch into eternity."

"How often do comets make their appearance upon an average?"

"Frequently."

"When may we expect another?"

"Immediately, if not sooner."

"Why is the sun called HE?"

"Because it isn't a woman."

"If a person gets wet in a rain, is he liable to take cold?"

"He can, if he likes—especially if it be a damp rain."

"Who was the King of the Cannibal Island?"

"If we can place any reliance on ancient history, I should say that he was one of them."

"Why is it that two rivers so often unite and form one, while one seldom or never separates and forms two?"

"It's because cold water meetings are prevalent all over the country."

"If a man travels forty miles a day in fair weather, how far can he travel when the weather is bad?"

"Let's see—four times five is five times four—consequently it will take him an hour to travel a mile in fifteen minutes."

"What is the difference between carbon and hydrogen?"

"One kills people, and the other destroys life."

"What are fogs?"

"Volumes of mist-eries."

"What effect can medicine have on a tight pair of boots?"

"If the boots are castive, a dose of Dr. Brandreth's pills will operate as a moral cathartic on the anterior superior spurs procs of the ilium."

"Look here, Nimrod!—you'll do to travel—you've seen enough of these parts."

Western Eloquence.

The following sublime effort of a young, and we suspect rather verdant disciple of Blackstone, appears in a Western paper.

Gentlemen of the Jury:—

Can you for an instant suppose that my client here, a man what has allers sustained a high degradation in society, a man you all on you suspect and esteem for his many good qualities yes, gentlemen, a man what never drinks more nor a quart of likker a day; can you, I say, for an instant, suppose that this ere man would be guilty of hookin' a box of peruchum caps? Rattlesnakes and coonaskins forbid! Picter to yourselves, gentlemen, a feller fast asleep in his log cabin, with his innocent wife and orphan children by his side,—all nature hushed in deep response, and nought to be heard but the loud muttering of the silent thunder and the tuneful hollers of the bull-frogs;—then imagine to yourselves a feller sneaking up to the door like a despicable hyena, softly entering the peaceable dwelling of the happy family, and in the most mendacious, glaring, and dastardly manner, hookin'—yes, hooking a whole box of peruchum! Gentlemen, I will not, I cannot, dwell upon the rapacious monstrosity of such a crime! My feelings revolt from such a picter of mortal turpentine, like a big woodchuck from my dog Rose! I cannot for an instant harbour the idea that any man in these diggings, and much less this ere man, could be guilty of re-mitting an act of such rantankerous, inextricable, and unexampled discretion.

And now, gentlemen, after this ere brief view of the case, permit me to retreat of you to make up your minds candidly, and partially, and give us a verdict, guilty or not guilty, as we might reasonably expect from such an unlightened and intolerant body of our feller citizens;—remembering, that in the language of Nimrod, king of Troy, who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill, it is better that ten innocent men should escape, rather than that one guilty should suffer. If the court please;—Judge, give us a chew of tobacco.

"I say," said a wag to a tall youth, whose appearance will be readily understood, "I say, didn't there an almighty great tree stand in front of your father's house?" Why, enquired the Jonathan. "Because," replied the other, "you looked so thundering green, I reckoned you must have been brought up in the shade."