

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 3.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1842.

No. 19.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
THEODORE SCHOCH.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance.—Two dollars quarterly, half yearly,—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor will be charged 7-12 cts. per year, extra. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A discount will be made to yearly advertisers. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

## POETRY.

### The Cottage Door.

How sweet the rest that labor yields  
The humble and the poor,  
Where sits the patriarch of the fields,  
Before his cottage door!  
The lark is singing in the sky,  
The swallow on the eaves,  
And love is beaming in each eye  
Beneath the summer leaves!

The air amid his fragrant bowers  
Supplies unpurchased health,  
And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers,  
More dear to him than wealth.  
Peace, like the blessed sunlight, plays  
Around his humble cot,  
And happy nights and cheerful days  
Divide his lowly lot.

And when the village Sabbath bell  
Rings out upon the gale,  
The father bows his head to tell  
The music of its tale—  
A fresher verdure seems to fill  
The fair and dewy sod,  
And every infant tongue is still  
To hear the word of God.

O happy hearts! to Him who stills  
The ravens when they cry,  
And makes the lily 'neath the hills,  
So glorious to the eye—  
The trusting patriarch prays to bless  
His labors with increase;  
Such "ways are ways of pleasantness,"  
And all such "paths are peace!"

The fellow that wrote the following must have been as mad as a March hare.—Perhaps he has been honeydewed by a dandy! Who knows!

### Ineffable Contempt.

Give me a flowing demijohn of gall!  
A pen of cane reed split with a broad axe,  
A sheet of paper broad as Congress Hall,  
And vigorous nerves as tough as cobblers' wax.  
Let me be starved, and poor, and meanly clad.  
Encircle me with duns to make me mad,  
Cuddle my skullpit with the fumes of brandy.  
Then let me write how much I hate a dandy.

Ye min'ng, squinting, smoothed faced, nasty things!  
With corners laced as tight as fiddle strings.  
Choked as a toad and subtle as a cat.  
About the waist C sharp, and B flat.

Ye cunning superserviceable slaves,  
Ye self complacent, brainless, heartless knaves;  
Ye lizzard looking apes with cat fish gills,  
Ye scoundrels, go pay your tailor's bills.

### The Lieutenant's Bride.

BY HELEN ASHTON.

It was the annual ball at West Point. The room was elegantly decorated with flags hung in festoons, sables formed into stars, and all the other paraphernalia of military glory. The floor was crowded with officers of the army and navy, of every rank, from the midshipman and cadet upward. The military band of the post occupied the orchestra. Never, perhaps, has there been assembled at West Point a prouder assemblage of beauty than that which then entranced the beholders. There were dark brunettes from Baltimore; golden-haired Hobes from Charleston; stately beauties from Philadelphia; gay belles from the more ostentatious New York; and even the fair blonde daughters of New England, with their blue eyes, their clear complexions, their proud dignity of mien. But among that brilliant array there was one pre-eminently beautiful. Tall and shapely in her figure, she moved through the room with the stately motion of a swan, eliciting admiration from every beholder. Her dress was simple, yet costly and beautiful. It was evident that the severest taste presided over the toilette of the fascinating Ellen Belvoir; for fascinating every one felt her to be who had listened, though but for a moment, to her gay sallies, or her subdued sentiment. Her every look, word, and motion, was grace itself. She possessed the rare combination of qualities which constitutes the lady, in contradiction to the mere pretender. But it was not her manners alone that rendered her so. Her politeness was that of the heart. She was no mere automaton; she would have been equally as affable and kind had she been in a carriage. But alas! it was the misfortune of Ellen Belvoir to have been born of a noble family, and she had been brought up with high notions of the superiority of blood. In

this originated a trait of her character which is shared by too many of her sex—a scorn for all who could not trace their lineage to an equally noble origin with hers. But now, surrounded by admirers, and excited by the gay scene around, even Ellen Belvoir had forgotten her prejudices.

"Who is that elegant man?" said she to her cousin, during an intermission betwixt the sets, glancing toward a noble-looking officer in the uniform of a captain of the army; "he has been in the room a full half hour, and yet he has not asked to be introduced to me. I declare," she added gaily, "I am quite piqued at his indifference."

"Ah! coz, you will make him repent of it yet," laughingly replied her cousin, "or I mistake your sex. But see, he is coming this way. He is an old messmate of mine, and I will introduce him—ah! Capt. Stanley, glad to see you," and advancing from Ellen's side, her cousin grasped the hand of the approaching officer. The salutation was warmly returned, and awhile the two friends were engaged in talking of the events that had transpired to each since they met last. At length, Stanley's eyes happened to fall on the spiritual face of Miss Belvoir, and from their look of admiration, her cousin knew at once that an introduction would be considered a favor. He accordingly presented the young officer to Ellen, and after a few remarks, sauntered across the room, leaving his cousin and Stanley together.

What is so favorable to love as a gay ball-room? and what ball-room is so dangerous as that of West Point? Both Ellen and Stanley were soon lost to every thing except each other. They danced together, and promenaded in company, until they became the objects of whispered though general remark. Before the festivities of the evening had terminated, it was universally gossiped about that the beautiful Miss Belvoir, and the hitherto heart-free Captain Stanley, had fallen mutually in love. Some affected to sneer at it; some wondered how it did happen; but all agreed that the two were the finest couple in the room, and were admirably fitted for each other.

The gossip of a ball-room was for once, right. Ellen Belvoir had passed three winters since her coming out, without meeting with any one to subdue her virgin heart; but from the first moment she saw Stanley, she felt a strange interest in him. His gallant bearing, his polished manners, his fine conversational powers, and above all a certain frankness of deportment toward her so different from the sickening flattery daily poured into her ears, appealed at once to her fancy, and so subdued her judgment. She felt that Stanley was one to whom she could look up, and she knew that only such a character could possess her love. His eloquent tones vibrated in her ears long after they had parted for the night, and even in her dreams she saw his manly form bending admirably over her.

Stanley had been equally charmed with his partner. Years had elapsed since he had been appointed to one of the stations on the far west, and during that period he had been completely excluded from refined female society. He occupied the time in picturing to himself the beau ideal of a being such as he could choose for a wife. On his return to the east he had met many lovely beings, whose attractions his friends thought him incapable of resisting; but nearly a year had passed even less susceptible than his return. He sought in vain to realize his romantic dreams, and finding it impossible, was content to enjoy the reputation of a confirmed bachelor. Now, however, he thought he had met the divinity which he had so long adored in secret; for, in Ellen Belvoir, he fancied he saw every trait which he sought to have in a wife. As he became more confirmed in his first impression, and after a fortnight's sojourn at West Point, where Miss Belvoir had been passing the summer, Stanley became completely in love. Nor was Ellen less enamored of the young officer, whose gallant bearing attracted every eye, and whose services in the field had already won for him an enviable name. When, therefore, Stanley proposed for her hand, Ellen accepted it, for she was an orphan and an heiress, and already in possession of her property. It was arranged that the wedding should take place the ensuing winter.

The lovers at length parted but only for two short months, preparatory to their future marriage. Business called the lieutenant to Washington, while the affianced bride, accompanied by her cousin, returned to Boston, by the way of Albany.

It was at the close of a hot, sultry day, that the carriage in which they travelled drew up at a neat public house in one of those quiet villages which are scattered through Massachusetts. They had journeyed the whole day through the mountains, and the sight of the white inn, with its green venetian shutters, and its pretty garden in the rear, all betokening the tidiness of the owner, was peculiarly refreshing to the travellers. The pleasant looking widow lady who met them at the door, increased their delight with the place.

"A sweet village you have here," said the gentleman alighting, as he followed the landlady to a small but exquisitely neat parlor.

"Yes, sir, although it is small," answered the landlady; "it is rarely that we have many strangers visiting here, and so the place is much as it was in the days of our fathers."

"There was something in the low, sweet modulated tone of the speaker, which made the interrogator start. Surely that voice belonged to no common innkeeper's widow. There was that finish in the tones which is the surest evidence of a refined mind. His cousin seemed to notice this also, for when the landlady had retired, she said—

"Our hostess is certainly above the common order—one would almost think she had been born a lady, and transformed by some malignant genius into a common innkeeper's widow."

"She is obviously a woman of education—perhaps some one whom distress has driven to this business for a livelihood. She has not always kept an inn, be assured, coz."

"Still, nothing ought to have induced her to stoop to so degrading an occupation," said his fair cousin, her prejudice at once taking alarm; "there are ways enough in which an impoverished lady can obtain a livelihood, without resorting to the trade of an innkeeper. Pshaw! coz, you are wrong, after all—the fact of her adopting this business, is a sufficient proof that she is no lady," and she gave somewhat of a haughty toss of her head, as she spoke.

When, after an hour's rest, they met at a supper, they were ushered into a neat room, a door from which opened into an apartment beyond, apparently a bedroom. This door was a jar, disclosing a portrait hanging on an opposite wall. The light in this inner apartment was somewhat dim, but Ellen could distinguish that the picture represented a young man in uniform, and a second glance assured her that the portrait was that of her affianced lover. The landlady noticed her emotion with some surprise, and as she sat down to do the honors of the table, looked to Ellen for an explanation. Miss Belvoir, fearing that her agitation had been noticed, said—

"Pray, if not too inquisitive, may I ask whose portrait I see within there? It bears a striking resemblance to one I have well known."

"It is the portrait of my son," quietly answered the landlady, but a proud smile lit up her face, as if she was conscious of the worth of him of whom she spoke.

"And his name?" breathlessly asked Ellen! "Edward Stanley," was the response; "he has been on the frontier for years, and but lately returned. His first visit," continued the fond mother, with pride, "was paid to me, and on his departure he sent that portrait."

"Do you know where he is now?" asked Ellen, concealing, by a violent effort, the interest she felt in the reply.

"At Washington, I believe—he wrote to me about a fortnight since from West Point, stating that he should have to visit Washington soon on business. Is your tea, Miss agreeable?" she continued, suddenly recollecting that, in her fondness for her child, she had forgotten the duties of her station.

Shall we picture the struggle that took place in the mind of Ellen that night after she had retired? Her cousin, little thinking of the effect it was to produce, had bantered her on her love for the landlady's son, and had thus aroused prejudices which only her affection had hitherto kept down. What! should she, the proud, the gifted, the high born, wed the son of a village landlady? Long she lay and thought of it, and every moment her pride grew stronger although her love had struggled for the mastery, her pride of birth came off victor. Perhaps she had never loved with that single heartedness which is a true woman's jewel—but so it was—she rose, the ensuing morning, determined to break off the match with her lover. She resolved, however, not to apprise him of her determination until she had reached Boston.

During the rest of her journey, Ellen assumed a gaiety of tone little in keeping with her real feelings. She made no confident of her cousin, for it was part of her self-willed and imperious nature to rely wholly on herself. But when they reached Boston he accompanied her to her residence, and on taking leave, said laughingly, in reply to a retort of her's:

"Adieu, my sweet coz, and remember, when you are married, to the buy old inn, in—, as a sort of remembrance of old times."

The shock struck home. Ellen had renewed the struggle in her breast betwixt love and pride, and the former had almost come off conqueror, when the unlucky retort of her cousin aroused all her haughtiness. She had many good feelings, but she had lived so long in the world, that she had become a believer in the truth of its maxims. What would her young friends say, she thought, if she married the landlady's son? She went into the house, and on the spur of the moment wrote a dismissal to her lover.

And how did he receive it? More in sorrow than in indignation. He sat down and wrote a reply, in which he coldly notified the receipt of her letter. No unworthy regret did he breathe—no attempt did he make to change her determination. His love hitherto had blinded him to this trait of Ellen's character, but now it appeared in all its glaring deformity before him, and he renounced her, certainly not without pain, but without regret.

And years passed, and he saw and wooed another and a fairer bride. But Ellen never married. She repented too soon of her conduct. Perhaps others avoided her on account of her heartlessness towards Stanley, but from the hour of their separation she faded away, as if some secret sorrow was at her heart. She lived to become what she most dreaded—an OLD MAID.

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### Defaunters, &c., denied the Benefit of the Bankrupt Law.

We noticed a few days since, a decision in a Federal Court, in Missouri, shutting out defaunters and all persons who owed in a fiduciary relation, from the benefit of the Bankrupt Law.

Judges Daniel and Mason, of Va., have just made a similar decision in the U. S. Court for the 5th Circuit held in Richmond. The Compiler says:—The decision was upon questions adjourned from the Norfolk District Court, as follows:

1st. Can the Court decree the petitioner a Bankrupt under the Act, &c., when in his petition and schedule, he does not include all his creditors and the debts due them?

2d. Can the petitioner be so declared a Bankrupt whilst he owes a debt as administrators of a decedent's estate, which is unpaid, although he may owe other debts not of a fiduciary character?

The Judges, after stating their arguments, and referring to the parts of the law bearing upon the interrogatories, decided:

1st. That the statute designs a full disclosure of creditors and property, to be rateably distributed amongst them—a suppression then as to the one or the other, is not only a violation of the latter, but a fraud upon the main purposes of the law.

2d. That a petitioner cannot be decreed a Bankrupt while he owes a debt as Executor or Administrator, whilst he is a defaulter as a public officer, or as a Guardian or Trustee, or whilst acting in any other fiduciary character.

This decision has been submitted to the Chief Justice, and we understand, has been approved by him.

### New Remedy for Hydrophobia.

Dr. Heller, member of the Royal Academy of Medicine Paris, lately communicated to his society, that in Greece it is a practice to observe the tongues of those persons who have been bitten by dogs, because at the end of eight or nine days there appears on each side of the tongue, and near the upper part, pustules called lyses by the Greeks. These pustules contain the whole rabid matter, and immediately they are cut out and the wound cauterised, which prevents hydrophobia.

### A Ready Retort.

A drunken lawyer going into a church, was observed by the minister, who addressing himself to him, said—"I will bear witness against that sinner at the day of Judgment."

The lawyer shaking his head with drunken gravity, replied—"I have practised twenty years at the bar, and have always found that the greatest rascal is the first to turn State's evidence."—[Phil. Gaz.]

### Bead Manufactory.

Went to see the Manufactory of Beads, for which Venice has been famed for 400 years. We saw sheaves of glass waving like corn, in the laps of women, who sat assorting the vitreous harvest according to its size. In another stage, a number of men with shears were clipping the long threads into very small bits, the elements of the beads. In the next room lay fragments of 300 colors, and patterns innumerable, filling forty or fifty baskets. A very distressing part of the operation was to be seen below, where, on approaching a long shed, open on one side to the air, and glowing with thirty fires in all its length, stood a number of poor wretches, whose daily and hourly employment it was, to receive the bits of sifted glass, cut as we had seen above, and melt them into beads, by means of charcoal and sand, in the midst of these dreadful fire blasts, which they were constantly feeding, and within three feet of which they stood, streaming at every pore, stooping to draw out the caldron and pour its contents upon a tray, which they then, in this state of their own bodies, drag forth into the air. A new copper of cold materials already awaits them, and a cool superintendent is there to see that there is no remission! The turning, the feeding, the renewed sweat, cease not till night comes to put a pause to miseries which are to last for life! The galleys is a joke to this work. The workmen all die young. We never thought of beads as such an expensive luxury before. A sixpenny necklace may cost the life of the artisan! Look at a rosary in this light!

[Blackwood for June.]

GOOD ADVICE TO THE LADIES.—Never encourage the gallantry of boys, if you wish the addresses of gentlemen.

### Native Copper.

Whilst we are compelled to import the immense quantities of Copper used in our extensive country, it is believed that there are the richest beds of copper ore on Lake Superior ever discovered in the world. Enterprize and a little skill are only necessary to bring it into market. A few enterprising Yankees have, during the past year, made a commencement of digging the copper, and with great success. There are hundreds of individuals in this city, out of employ, whose information and knowledge of smelting ores might be most successfully employed on the banks of Lake Superior. If two or three men with some capital were to organize companies, on shares, and proceed to Lake Superior, they would soon realize advantages which no business in New York could equal. We hope this article may be read by some of our enterprising mechanics, and that they will inquire into the truth of what we have stated. [American.]

### Importance of the Quality of the Salt, used in making Butter.

At a late Agricultural meeting in Augusta, Maine, Dr. Bates stated that the Quakers in Fairfield were in the habit of buying the best description of coarse salt, and cleaning it, and having it ground, and this salt they used in the manufacture of butter. The consequence was, the butter made by the Quakers of Fairfield, had a better reputation and bore a higher price than the butter made in other towns. He held them up as worthy of imitation. He stated that the loss of the butter manufactured in that State was greater in amount every year, than the sum raised for the State tax—more than two hundred thousand dollars. He believed that, if the people could be made aware of the loss incurred by bad manufacture, we should at once see an improvement in this article of which so much is produced and which enters into our daily consumption.

### Hints to Blacksmiths.

The cutting of the bars of iron or pipes with the chisel is a laborious and tardy process. By the following mode the same end is attained more speedily, easily, and neatly: Bring the iron to a white heat, and then fixing it in a vice, apply the common saw, which, without being turned in the edge, or injured in any respect, will divide it as easily as a carrot.

### Devotion in a Dumb Animal.

At Bownen near Whitehaven, in England, a farmer named Simpson has a sheep dog, which attends church every Sabbath during the morning service. As soon as the bell commences ringing, the dog shows symptoms of considerable anxiety, and after a few peals have been rung, he may be seen proceeding toward the sacred edifice, unaccompanied by any one. He never attends the church but on Sundays, although the bell rings frequently during the week.

### Bar Eloquence.

The following splendid 'moreau' of the sublime and beautiful formed the peroration of an address of a limb of the law in the 8th senatorial district to a jury. It was called forth during the prosecution of a suit to recover damages for a darling cow that had died upon the hands of the defendant from neglect and starvation:

"Gentlemen of the Jury—In the month of January last, when the cow of my client left the home of her calf-hood, she walked erect and with a stern step—her bones were clothed with flesh, and she was as sleek as an otter. But, gentlemen of the Jury, in the month of March, when the spring-time had come—that time the most critical of all times among cows—where's the cow?—Why, gentlemen of the jury, her hair became rough—that beautiful coat which was upon her had gone glimmering through the dreams of the things that were—she had hardly strength sufficient for the occasion—yet she survived but her perils were great.

"And, gentlemen of the jury, in the month of April, that beautiful month, when God is beginning to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, and the trees to put forth their buds ready for the blossoms—and when the birds begin to sing a song of praise as if in adoration of their divine author—and when they hop from branch to branch among the green trees—while all nature all around looked gay—where's the cow?—Why, gentlemen of the jury, her teats did not give forth their milk—she had faded—she reeled to and fro, and at last she tumbled, stumbled and died. And, gentlemen of the jury, died for what? Because there was no more hay to eat! And for that my client claims twenty-two dollars."

There is said to be a woman in Worcester so large and who sleeps in a room so small, that she is obliged to go into another room to turn over. There is also a family in that town so large that they couldn't all have the measles at once; there wasn't enough to go round.

The following toast was drunk on the 4th, by a "Snasher":—"The right of search, the fit emblem of a pickpocket!"