

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, 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 1/2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.

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JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

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Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms

AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

Fashionable Tailoring ESTABLISHMENT.

M. M. BURNETT,

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Stroudsburg and county generally, that he is still exerting himself for their accommodation at his stand, one door below the office of Wm. Davis, Esq. on Elizabeth street, and has now in his possession plates and diagrams of the

Very Latest City Fashions;

from which he is enabled to cut all kinds of gentlemen's wearing apparel in a manner that cannot fail to please those who may wish to dress in strict accordance with the prevailing modes. For others whose tastes may not incline to the latest fashions, or whose ages may suggest ideas of comfort rather than display, he trusts he is equally well prepared; having had the advantage of many years experience in the difficult, yet not unsurmountable task of adapting his work to the wishes of many and various persons. He is prepared to supply orders with promptness and despatch. With his sincerest thanks for the patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, he respectfully solicits its continuance—determined to neglect no means of giving his customers full and ample satisfaction.

All kinds of cutting neatly executed at the shortest notice, and in the most fashionable style.

September 14, 1842.

LUMBER! LUMBER!!

The subscribers have at their Mill situate three miles from John Fleet's Tavern, which is on the Drinker Pike, and only half a mile from Henry W. Drinker, Esq., a large and general assortment of seasoned

White Pine Lumber

of the best quality, which they offer at very low prices. Purchasers would do well to call and examine their assortment, it being from 5 to 10 miles nearer, and a much better road, than to any other Mill in this section of country, where a general assortment can be had.

PHILIP G. READING & Co.

September 21, 1842.—4m.

NOTICE.

Petitions for Discharge and Certificate under the Bankrupt Law, have been filed by Moses Brass, Lumberman, Pike county. Walter Buchanan, Tanner, do. And Friday the 30th day of December next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptcy, at the District Court Room, in the City of Philadelphia, when and where the Creditors of the said Petitioners, who have proved their Debts, and all other persons in interest, may appear and show cause, if any they have, why such Discharge and Certificate should not be granted.

FRAS. HOPKINSON,

Clerk of the District Court.

Philadelphia, Oct. 5, 1842.—10.

NOTICE.

A Petition for Discharge and Certificate under the Bankrupt Law, has been filed by John Finch, Leather Manufacturer, Pike county. And Friday the 30th day of December next at 11 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptcy, at the District Court Room, in the City of Philadelphia, when and where the Creditors of the said Petitioner, who have proved their Debts, and all other persons in interest, may appear and show cause, if any they have, why such Discharge and Certificate should not be granted.

FRAS. HOPKINSON,

Clerk of the District Court.

Philadelphia, Oct. 6, 1842.—10w.

POETRY.

A Prayer in Sickness.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Send down thy winged angel, God!
Amidst this night so wild;
And bid them come where now we watch,
And breathe upon our child!

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep
Or waketh with a patient smile,
And stirreth not to weep!

How gentle and how good a child
She is, we know too well,
And dearer to her parent's hearts,
Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch thro'out the night,
To aid, when need may be;
We hope—and have despaired, at times;
But now we turn to Thee!

Send down thy sweet-souled angel, God!
Amidst the darkness wild,
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
And heal our gentle child.

The Lass of Sixteen.

MACHINE POETRY

Oh what a queer creature's the lass of sixteen!
Neither girl nor a woman but something between:
Not exactly a tadpole, nor neither a frog,
Not a young sucking pig, and not yet quite a hog—
I am not certain whether
She's a bird in full feather
Or a gosling quite green;
Neither this then nor t'other,
Is the lass of sixteen.

She runs, as by instinct, strait after the boys,
And her boldness affrights while her beauty decoys;
And when of a sudden love seizes the heart,
She feels like a duck when its pin feathers start,
Oh, now she is sighing,
And now she is crying,
And now she is seen
With a smile in each feature—
For what a queer kind of a creature
Is the lass of sixteen.

With a bloom on her cheek, and a charm in her eyes,
She seems a young angel just dropt from the skies,
To be courted and kissed by the frail sons of sin
Who leap and not look—and perchance are 'sucked in.'

With an eye full of evil,
She's a little she d—l,
Devilish I mean;
Aye, troublesome witch is
A thing without breeches,
A lass of sixteen.

Sunday Mercury. Spoons, O. G.

Curing Beef and Pork.

The following receipt for curing Beef or Pork is said to be the very best now in use. It is given by the Editor of the Germantown Telegraph, who remarks that if this mode be once tried, it will be used again in preference to all others. The receipt is as follows:

To 1 gallon of water,
Take 1 1-2 lb. salt,
1-2 lb. sugar,
1-2 oz. saltpetre.

In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired.

Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the salt and sugar, (which will not be a little,) rises to the top and is skimmed off.—Then throw it into a large tub to cool, and when perfectly cold, pour it over your beef or pork; to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with the pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre.

Mr. Clay among the Quakers.

A correspondent of the Richmond Whig, writing from Indianapolis, in speaking of Mr. Clay's visit to Indiana, says:—"He made a most decided impression, especially among the very respectable Society of Friends. The wavering have been confirmed, and the confirmed made enthusiastic in his support. A delegation of Friends waited on him to invite him to attend their church on the 2d, (Sunday). When retiring from his room, the spokesman of the delegation—a venerable old man—took Mr. Clay by the hand, and said, 'Fare thee well, Henry; God be with thee, and we will.'"

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, says the reason that Dickens could not find water enough in our hotels to wash himself, he is such a "dirty fellow."

A NEW MAGNETIC INFLUENCE.—A boy, whom a mesmerizer was operating upon in Boston, was asked "why he didn't go to sleep?" shrilly answered, "because I can't go to my supper."

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE TORY LOVER; Or, Love and Patriotism.

A TALE OF THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "CAPTAIN KYD," &c. &c.

On the outskirts of the village of Newark, in Delaware, stood at the time of our story, a neat farm-cottage, with a majestic elm growing before its door. In the distance, over the fields and woods, could be seen the spires of the town and the silvery glimpse of the river Delaware, with a group of vessels of war, anchored full three leagues off. The cottage stood a little back from the dust of the frequently travelled road, with a green sward between. It had an inviting appearance of comfort, and never failed to attract the eye of the passing traveller. The sun was near setting, one pleasant afternoon in September, 1777, when a young man, half in uniform, half in citizen's dress, came out of the cottage door followed by a young and interesting girl, who was clinging to his arm, and evidently in earnest entreaty with him. He was tall and handsome, though sunbrowned, and bore the appearance of a young farmer. She was rustic too, in her dress, but her face was very fair and beautiful, and her manners refined above the condition to which she seemed to belong. Tears were in her large blue eyes, and one of her hands clasped his, while the other lay upon his shoulder.

"Why will you go, dear George, into this dreadful contest? To-morrow you may be brought home to me a mangled corpse! Oh, fearful, fearful! Say you will not go, and fight against your own country! This is worst of all!"

"I am a loyal King's man, Annette, and if I fight, it must be on his side. The people are rebels, and will yet be put down, and heads will soon fly from the scaffold like wheat heads beneath the sickle."

"No, never! The cause is a right one—a holy one, George, and Heaven will prosper it," she answered, with enthusiasm. "I am grieved that one I so dearly love—to whom my troth was pledged before this quarrel broke out, and tory and rebel were unknown, should now be going forth, armed, to join the foes of my and his country, against his own brethren. If we be wrong, yet we are your kindred—your neighbors—and this should unite your sympathies with us, at least."

"You need not speak, dear Annette. I am resolved in the approaching battle to draw my sword for my King. Cornwallis and Howe are now within a few leagues, marching on—Washington and his forces have taken ground to oppose his passage of the Brandywine—and to-morrow the battle will take place, and Philadelphia be in our hands."

The maiden was silent for an instant with her face hid—at length she spoke, and said gravely.

"Dear George, I feel as if I was called upon to sacrifice my love for you to my country's honor! How can I love my bleeding country and at the same time him whose sword is ready to pierce its bosom. Turn, for my sake, George, and be an American in heart, as you are by birth, and as you should be in honor."

"You need not urge me, Annette," said the young man impatiently; "I will never draw my sword in favor of a rebel cause."

"De it so, and I pledge myself never to give my love to a traitor," answered the maiden, with spirit. "Thus perish the troth that hath been pledged to one who has proved false to himself and his country!" And thus speaking, the spirited girl took from her finger her betrothal ring, and cast it at his feet.

The young tory lover gazed upon her with surprise and anger, which, as he saw her re-entering the dwelling with a resolute step, without even casting a glance upon him, instantly changed into one of entreaty.

"Stay, Annette, do not leave me thus. You are not surely in earnest. Come back, and let me talk with thee. If you can thus idly break your troth, I love you to well to do so myself."

"You love me, George Lee!" she repeated, with scorn; "you love me! when you are now ready to go forth and draw your weapon and aim your rifle at the hearts of my father and brother, who are in the ranks of Washington, ready to do and die for their country! Out upon such love! I will none of it! Go, traitor to love and honor! fight for thy tyrant King George, and be his slave as he is thy master."

With these spirited words, the young girl entered the house and closed the inner door, thus shutting out all farther speech with her unworthy and recreant lover. The young volunteer of toryism stood for a few moments looking both mortified and angry, and happening to see the ring at his feet, in the sudden and bitter feeling of the moment; he ground it into the earth with his iron heel.

"Yes, let it and her perish, if they will. I am a fool to love a rebel's daughter, and a rebel's sister!"

Thus speaking, he strode moodily to the elm before the door, where his caparisoned horse

was standing, and vaulting into the saddle, spurred at full speed away in the direction of the British army.

The following day, the country for miles around the cottage was echoing with artillery and the roar of musketry. Two conflicting armies were engaged in deadly contest, close at hand, and in the scene of death and horror, Annette had a father, a brother, and—shall we say it?—a lover; for though her patriotic feelings made her cast him off, her affections still retained his image in her heart. On all sides, columns were charging, engaging, retreating, and the tide of battle now rolled this way and that, and still came in the direction of the road that led past the cottage.

Annette was part of the time fearfully watching the clouds of smoke that marked the progress of the combatants, and part of the time on her knees in prayer for those she loved—and was George Lee excluded from her petitions? Let each maiden's own heart answer.

Nearer and nearer came the sound of artillery, and the roar of the battle! She stood with her aged mother and gathered neighbors, upon the green beneath the elm, in painful expectation. The smoke of the battle field rolled onward, and now they could hear the shouts of the soldiers in the fight. Their position commanded a view of a mile along the road, and soon they beheld stattered troops flying across it, at its extremity, and disappearing in the woods. Then came a squadron of horse, broken and retreating; and then artillery drawn at full gallop, came into the road. The American flag flew from staffs stuck on the gun carriages, and Annette knew that her countrymen were defeated. Louder and more fearful now grew the uproar of battle beyond the wood, and regiment after regiment, broken and terrified, filled the road and were retreating along it towards Chester, and past the cottage. Annette's anxiety for her countrymen, and for her father and brother, would not let her quit her post; and the tide of battle came rolling past her—a terrific spectacle! The dragoons galloped by, each horseman riding by himself, with his reins thrown upon his saddle bow; then came the artillery thundering along, followed by a multitude of soldiers without order, flying at the top of their speed.

"Oh, shame, shame," she cried with hot tears in her eyes; oh! that I were a man, and in the saddle, methinks my single arm would retrieve the day! Where is Washington? He certainly cannot fly!"

As she spoke, she heard on her right, down the road, a loud, commanding voice, calling on the retreating men to rally! She turned and beheld Washington himself, who, hearing of the giving way of the right wing, had come up at the head of a regiment to sustain it. His voice and presence now instilled new life into the flying soldiery, and they soon rallied in the road, and presented a front to the columns of British that were pursuing. General Howe, seeing this demonstration of resistance, and knowing Washington to be there in person, withdrew from pursuit, satisfied with having routed the wing. The American troops then slowly retreated in good order towards a strong position on the heights not far off.

Annette was delighted to see that among those who fled were neither her father nor her brother; but she was pained to discover among the pursuers her own false lover, who, seeing her at a distance, reined up his horse and turned aside, hoping to escape her notice. When she saw this, she resolved she would not only banish him from her heart, but from her thoughts. But the resolutions of a maiden in love, are made only to be broken, especially when the lover is the object of them.

It was about eight o'clock, the evening of the battle, when Annette was seated in her door, listening to every footstep, expecting her father and brother. It was a pleasant night, but the time was a sad one. She fancied the winds wafted to her the moans of the dying and wounded, from the woods and fields around where the fight had been, and her heart was full of forebodings of evil to those so dear to her. All at once she heard the approach of horses' feet, and starting up with solicitous expectation—for she knew neither her father nor brother were mounted—she waited nervously the advance of the horseman along the road. He came at a slow pace, and as he drew nearer, she discovered by the light of the moon that he was an officer, and that his horse was wounded. Instead of passing the house towards the town, he turned up to the door and rode towards her. She was too familiar with scenes of danger, and the incidents of those warlike times to feel alarm, and waited quietly his approach to the door-stone.

"Good evening, maiden," he said, with a foreign accent; "I pray thee give me your hospitality a brief space—I and my horse are both wounded, and he will carry me no further, I fear."

There was something in the gentle tones of the voice of the stranger, as well as in his noble figure and engaging address, that immediately interested Annette in him; and without asking whether he were friend or foe, she invited him to alight and enter the dwelling.

With some difficulty he got to the ground, for his leg was stiff with his wound. She assisted him, and received his grateful thanks. He then examined first his horse's wound, and with her aid dressed it, and had him put into the shed and protected from the night air, with plenty of hay. When this was done, he went with her into the house, and submitted his foot and ankle, which had been shattered by a cannon shot, to the skill of the mother and daughter. Annette then provided him with refreshments, and tried to make him as comfortable as possible, without knowing whether he were one of her country's invaders or defender; but his foreign accent led her to suspect that he was the former. But Annette was a Christian, and she remembered and obeyed the injunction of our Saviour—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

The ensuing morning, the grateful stranger was about to leave. His horse was at the door, much improved, as well as his master.

"My sweet maid," said the officer, "you must take gold, for I can repay thy hospitality in no other way."

"Cease to fight against my country is all I ask, sir," she said, warmly.

The officer smiled and said, "Have you, then, regarded me as a foe, and still done all this for me?"

"I have done my duty, sir."

"You are a noble girl, and I am happy to let you know you have not thrown your benevolence away upon one undeserving of it. I am an officer under Washington."

The stranger then remounted his horse, and was about taking leave of her, and Annette had it on her tongue to ask him who he was, when two men made their appearance before the house with guns and knapsacks.

"Father and brother!" cried she, joyfully receiving their embraces, as they hastened towards her. "What officer is this? He says he is under Washington."

The young man glanced at his face, which had been turned from them, and answered with pride and pleasure, "Do you not know him? It is the young French General, Lafayette."

They then went towards him, and paid their respects, informing him that there had been fears he had been slain.

"No, no," he said, "my brave men. I heartily welcomed you, and was hospitably entertained by the maiden, who mistook me for an English officer, yet did nothing lack in her charities. Your are honoured, Monsieur, in having so generous a child."

Thus speaking, the young French soldier made his adieux, and rode away.

After congratulating each other upon their safety, the brother told her that they had only come to see her a few hours, and were to return to the army the same night. They told her that the column which had pursued their wing along the road past the cottage, had afterwards been met by General Kuyphausen, and had been compelled to give up much of the vantage ground it had gained, with the loss of a great many men, slain and taken prisoners. Annette recollected that George was in this division, and she would have asked for intelligence of him, but her pride kept her silent.

At length her brother and father went into the house, and as she was following them, a young man, who had been a rival of George Lee's, rode up to the door, alighted, and called in a high tone of voice to her brother—

"Ho! Reuben, did you hear the news? Gen. Lee was taken last night skulking in the camp, and he is to be hung this afternoon as a spy!"

Annette heard, and came near falling to the ground. She, however, recovered herself, and with a bursting heart hastened, without making any outcry, to her own chamber. She still loved her tory lover, and now that he was likely to die, all her heart bled for him, and all her love returned in its strength.

"He shall not die!" she said resolutely; "I will save him."

That afternoon George Lee was brought out for execution in the rebel camp. Lafayette was in his tent, when Annette breaking through the guards, threw herself at his feet, and implored his intercession for her lover's life. He recognized his hostess, and hastened with her to Washington. What he said to his chief we know not; but we do know George Lee was pardoned, and the next day was attached to Lafayette's body guard. In the subsequent battles of the Revolutionary struggle, he distinguished himself by his valour and devotion to the American cause, and at the close of the war was married to Annette, whose patriotism was rewarded by the fulfillment of those hopes of love which she had so nobly sacrificed in behalf of it.

"Wife, which way do you suppose the wind is, to-night?"

"Well, really, I don't know, John, but suppose you light a candle, and look in our straw bed."

"How can I tell by that?"

"Why, bless you, don't straws show which way the wind blows?"

"Go to sleep, you critter."