

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

Jonathan's Thanksgiving.

Did you ever go up to thanksgiving!
I swaggers! what oceans of cakes!
Confounded fine lots of good living—
What a darned sight of 'lasses it takes!
By golly! what despot great chickens!
As big as old roosters, I van!
And turkeys as fat as the dickens,
I never did see such, I swan!
And then there's the gravy and tatur,
Gaul darn it! how mealy and fat!
And puddins—it does beat all natur,
I couldn't get one in my hat!

Good laud! what a thunderin' pie,
Made right out of punkins, I guess;
I wonder if the crust's made of rye—
I swanny, I'll eat a whole mess.

By thunder! just look o'here—
What a 'tarnal big pile of plums,
And cake, full of 'lasses—oh, dear!
Odd rot it! how it sticks to my gums!

And then there's the fiddlin' and dancin',
And gals, all as cute as a whistle;
'The fellows are kickin' and prancin'—
Their legs are as nimble as gristle.

The old cat! if there aint our Sal,
Jumps up and down like a grasshopper—
By jings, what's got into the gal!
I don't s'pose the devil could stop her.

My stars! how like Sanchez they blow it;
What darn'd cutus capers, I swow!
I yumper, I wish I could go it,
I'd lick up a bobbery, I vow.

Marie.

Some seven years ago a funeral train swept through the wide avenue of one of the most beautiful mansions in the southern part of Maryland. The tall poplars on either side, stirred by a light breeze, bowed their heads as though for the last time they were paying a mournful obeisance to the hearse that bore the mistress of the villa to her grave. At the window, the curtains of which were drawn aside, the pale face of a beautiful girl was seen. It was Marie, and she was watching with a tearful eye the mournful band that bore her mother to her tomb. A few hours after this, at night, a young man and maiden were kneeling, hand in hand, beside a narrow hillock of fresh earth. They were Marie Dunbar and Henry Barbour—the orphan girl and her lover; and there upon the dust lightly piled upon her dead mother's breast they prayed that heaven would heal their wounded hearts. That parent, then cold and lifeless, on her death-bed had placed her daughter's hand in Henry's, and blessing them, bade him be her guardian. Upon her grave her dying words were recalled, and Henry vowed that while life was his he never would desert his beautiful Marie. Silently they rose from that narrow mound, and though their hearts were chastened by affliction, and the fresh memory of the virtues and affection of the lost one, still they were full of hope, and trusted with all the buoyancy of youth to the future for joy and happiness.

Marie Dunbar was wealthy, and she placed the whole of her fortune in the hands of her lover, who resolved to invest it in property in the South. In the section of the country in which they then resided, Marie had no relatives, and it was finally determined that Henry should visit the South, and after he had established himself in business, they were to be wedded. With the promise for the hundredth time that he would write to her twice every week, Henry tore himself away from his beautiful love, and after a short voyage he arrived in New Orleans. For a time every thing went on smoothly, his prospects were brilliant, and, in the thought of enjoying the luxuries of life in company with Marie, a rainbow spanned his visions of the future.

One evening he was induced by a friend to visit one of the gaming houses then licensed in

the city, and with little difficulty he was persuaded to pay a small amount. He threw the dice and won, and being pleased with the feverish excitement which gradually grew upon him, he tried his chance and won again. Wine was ordered, and to the gamster wine is like oil poured upon fire. A large bet was offered, and scarcely knowing what he did, he took it up. He lost and then, and not till then, he recollected that it was Marie's money he was gambling away. This thought almost maddened him, and as a desperate resource he resolved to throw again, in the attempt to retrieve his fortune. He did so, and lost, and so he went on until at last he rushed from the "hell," a beggared and dishonored man. That night was passed in misery. He recollected how he had wronged the confidence of the orphan girl; how they had knelt together on her dead mother's grave, and every word then spoken rose up and taunted him with the thought of what he was then and what he was now. Goaded to desperation, he resolved to break the last tie that bound him to honor, and in an evil moment he forged a check on a merchant in this city to a large amount. He presented it at the bank for payment and was detected and thrown into jail. His trial came on at the criminal court, and there his guilt was made so clear that he was sentenced to five year's imprisonment in the penitentiary. Heavily ironed, he was placed on board the steamboat which was to convey him to Baton Rouge. In the middle of the night a plunge was heard, and the state room which the convict occupied was found empty. Every one on board came to the conclusion that he had thrown himself overboard and was drowned!

Marie was sitting alone in her chamber. She had been weeping, poor girl, and in her lap lay her mother's miniature and one of Henry's letters.—She had not heard from him for months, and his silence was the darkest enigma that ever her young heart had tried to solve. He could not be dead—no, no! Like the wife of the gifted Raleigh, she believed that—
"Living or dead, he would not tarry from her."

At this moment a servant brought her a letter, and a single glance told her that it was from Henry. A glad cry escaped her lips—she hastily opened it, and instead of the warm outpourings of a lover's heart, she read Henry's confession of his guilt! The servants heard a shriek, and when they came in, they found their mistress lifeless on the floor. For many weeks after Marie Dunbar was a maniac, and when she recovered her beauty was like that of the lily which had been crushed by the storm. With a calmness that savored not of earth, she announced her intention of quitting her place of birth forever. The old homestead was sold, and the servants, many of whom had grown grey in the service of her family, crowded round her with tearful eyes, as she bid them farewell. Again, and for the last time, Marie knelt down upon her mother's grave. A prayer akin to His breathed in the garden of Gethsemane, went up to Heaven, and the orphan was alone, with none but God to shield her!

In the year of calamity, 1837, when thousands were torn away by the hand of disease, there was a sister of Charity in this City whose origin none knew; who was universally beloved. Many a beggar wretch in the Hospital, in his last agony, had breathed a prayer for the "pale lady," who like an angel had so kindly relieved his wants. She never smiled; but a holy radiance would sometimes overspread her beautiful features, and then as she turned her deep blue eyes to her spirit's home above, she looked like a being of another world. Some said that she carried in her breast a broken heart. She was never seen to weep, but still there was a sorrowful shade on her countenance, that spoke of blighted dreams and the wreck of earthly love.

One evening while the yellow fever was at its zenith, a poor outcast, who was evidently in the last stage of the disease, was brought to the hospital. Medicine was given him, and the larger rooms being full, he was placed in one of the small chambers of the building. It was now night, and the sky shined with a lavish hand the lustre of its jewels on the sleeping earth. The calm sweet noon—the silver heart of the heaven above—threw its light upon the timid flowers, and they with their rainbow eyes returned its glances. The breeze flew by with ambrosial wings, and as the dying ones inhaled its passing fragrance, they thought how sweet a thing it was to live in health, and they remembered that when they were young they had loved the fresh blooming flowers. Then they felt sharp pangs dart through their frames, and the cold dew stood upon their foreheads, and the grave seemed pleasant. The tinkling bell in some of the wards told them that one of their number was no more, and then they wondered how a bell sounded to a dead man—if he could hear it, and if it would be rung when they were no more.

The "pale lady" was passing by the chamber where the outcast lay, and the lamp in her hand threw a strong gleam upon her features.

The sick man fixed his eye upon her retiring form, and covering his face with his hands, he murmured, "No, no. It cannot be she!" The lady thought she remembered the voice, and she trembled like an aspen. She went back to the room from whence the sound proceeded and looked upon the patient; but his eyes were closed, and she could not recognise him. She laid her thin white hand upon his temple, and the touch seemed to revive him. He looked at her for a moment, and then the muscles of his throat swelled, and his lips quivered as though he tried to speak. A tear coursed down his sallow cheek—it was the last drop in the well of sorrow, and it flowed for some by-gone memory. The "pale lady" took her hand away, for though the outcast was dead, yet his features assumed a living expression. She knew it all. She was standing by the corpse of Henry Barbour!

Marie, the "pale lady," uttered no sound, but she kissed his still heated brow, while thoughts too big for utterance rose in her mind. Poor heart stricken girl! Her trials on earth were ended, and in a few months afterwards, on the celebration of All Saints Day, a little child placed a wreath of flowers on the "pale lady's grave!"

Ins and Outs.

I'm out of cash, and so of course,
I've pocket-room to let;
I'm out of patience, just because
I'm never out of debt.
Besides I'm dreadfully in love,
And more than half in doubt
Which is the greater evil, that
Of being in or out.
I'm deeply in my tailor's books,
But I don't mind a dun;
And, if I wasn't out of funds,
I'd pay him, out of fun.
He always gave me 'fits,' he said,
But heaven bless his eyes!
'Twould put him in a fit, I guess
He'd be in such surprise.

I'm out at elbows in distress,
Ah! mine's a sorry tale!
I'm out of favor, out of sorts,
But then I'm out of jail.
My landlord says my time is out;
And thinks I'd better shin;
I'm such an "out and outer" he
Won't have me in his inn.

I'm out of office, but in hopes
To get put in some day;
If I don't 'run' for something soon
I'll have to run away.
I'm out of spirits, and I'm out
Of more than I can think;
I'm out of temper; hang the pen!
By gosh! I'm out of Ink!

A terrible scene at a Bull Fight.

[Extract from Stevens' Travels in Yucatan.]

The next would have been worthy of the best bull fights of Old Spain, when the cavalier, at the glance of his lady's eye leaped into the ring to play the marauder with his sword. He was a large black bull, without any particular marks of ferocity about him, but a man who sat in our box, and for whose judgment I had conceived a great respect, lighted a new straw cigar, and pronounced him "may bravo." There was no bellowing, blustering, or bravado about him, but he showed a calmness and self-possession which indicated a consciousness of strength. The picadores attacked him on horseback, and like the Noir Faineant, or Sluggish Knight, in the lists at Ashby, for a time he contented himself with merely repelling the attacks of his assailants, but suddenly, as if a little vexed, he laid his head low, looked up at the spears pointed at his neck and shutting his eyes, rushed upon a picador on one side, struck his horse in the belly with his horns, lifted him off his feet and brought horse and rider headlong to the ground. The horse fell upon the rider, rolled completely over him, with his heels in the air, and rose with one of the rider's feet entangled in the stirrup. For an instant he stood like a breathing statue, with nostrils wide and ears thrown back, wild with fright; and then, catching sight of the bull, he sprang clear of the ground and dashed off at full speed around the ring dragging after him the luckless picador. Around he went, senseless and helpless, his whole body grained with dirt, and with no more life in it apparently, than a mere log of wood. At every bound it seemed as if the horse must strike his hind hoof into his forehead. A cold shudder ran through the spectators. The man was a favorite, he had friends and relatives present, and every body knew his name. A deep murmur of "El Pobre" burst from every bosom. I felt actually lifted from my seat, and the president of the Life and Trust would not have given a policy upon him for any premium. The picadores looked on aghast; the bull was roaming loose in the ring, perhaps the only indifferent spectator. My own feelings were roused against his companions, who

after what seemed an age on the rack, keeping a special good lookout upon the bull, at length started in pursuit with the lassos, caught the horse around the neck, and brought him up headlong. The picadores extricated their fallen companion, and carried him out. His face was so begrimed with dirt that not a feature was visible; but as he was borne across the ring, he opened his eyes, and they seemed staring from his head with terror.

He was hardly out of the ring, when a hoarse cry ran through the spectators, "a pic! a pic!" "on foot! on foot!" The picadores dismounted and attacked the bull fiercely on foot, flourishing their ponchas. Almost at the first thrust he rushed upon one of his adversaries, tumbled him down, passed over his body, and walked on without even turning round to look at him. He too was picked up and carried off.

The attack was renewed, and the bull became roused. In a few moments brought another picador to the ground, and, carried on by his own impetus, passed over the body, but, with a violent effort, recovered himself, and turned short round upon his prostrate prey, glared over him for a moment with a low bellow, almost a howl, and, raising his fore feet a little from the ground, so as to give full force to the blow, thrust both horns into the stomach of the fallen picador. Happily the points were sawed off! and furious at not being able to gore and toss him, he got one horn under the picador's sash, lifted him and dashed him back violently upon the ground. Accustomed as the spectators were to scenes of this kind, there was a universal burst of horror. Not a man attempted to save him. It would, perhaps, be unjust to brand them as cowards, for brutal and degrading as their tie was, they doubtless had a feeling of companionship, but at all events not a man attempted to save him, but the bull after glaring over him, smelling and pawing him for a moment, a moment too of intense excitement, turned away and left him.

This man, too, was carried off. The sympathy of the spectators had for a while kept them hushed; but as soon as the man was out of sight, all their pent up feelings broke out in indignation against the bull, and there was a universal cry, in which the soft voices of women mingled with the hoarse voices of the men, "Matalo! matalo! Kill him! kill him!" The picadores stood aghast. Three of their companions had been struck down and carried off the field; the bull, pierced in several places, with blood streaming from him, but fresh as when he began, and fiercer, was roaming round the ring, and they held back, evidently afraid to attack him. The spectators showered upon them the approbrious name of "cobardes! cobardes!" "cowards! cowards!" The dragon enforced obedience to their voice, and, fortifying themselves with a strong draught of aqua ardiente, they once more faced the bull poised their spears before him, but with faint hands and trembling hearts, and finally, without a single thrust, amidst the contemptuous shouts of the crowd, fell back, and left the bull master of the field.

Popping the Question.

One of the merriest fellows of the day is the gallant Col. Carter of the Lycoming Gazette.—The following are his grave and profound remarks upon the important science of "Popping the question."

Girls are queer little animals; angels we intended to have said; and we love 'em all, in spite of their faults, folly and flirting. We have "popped the question," at least a dozen times have we been refused. The reverses have not engendered a feeling of despair; and strange as it may sound, we are on as good terms with ourselves as ever.—We rather attribute this want of success to a want of taste and discernment on the part of certain fair ones; and dark as the prospect now is, we entertain a faint hope that, perhaps at some distant day we may yet woo and win some young, middle-aged, or even old lady, worthy of our small means, and extensive prospects; worthy of our high standing, (six feet in our socks,) and worthy of those graces of mind and person which we are supposed by many to possess. But this is an episode—only indulged in to show our dear "Maria," that the decision of this momentous question has been left to a person who has had some experience in the wayward, strange, queer, puzzling, provoking, perplexing, incomprehensible and capricious ways of lovely woman! Now to the text.

If a gentleman should meet with a repulse—a refusal—it is wholly and solely his own fault.—It is in his power to ascertain the state of the lady's feelings before he "unbosoms" himself. But how? Of course, she will never make a tender confession in tender words or tender looks.—Oh, no! She will use very little artifice to convince him that she does not care two straws for him, but if she really loves, she betrays the existence of the tender passion in a hundred different ways in the presence of the "dear object." If she meets the "object" in the street, she tries to look cold and composed, but blushes to her temples. If they should be left alone, and are in close proximity, they become excruciatingly embarrassed; have a sort of

croaking sensation about the throat—trembling of limbs—faltering of words—changing of color, &c. If he admires any peculiar mode of wearing the hair—any particular style of dress—he will discover that she innocently and unconsciously enough accommodates herself to his fancy. If, on entering the room she is the last to greet his approach, he may set it down as a very favorable symptom, *ad finitum*; but we have furnished enough for all useful purposes.

If, then, a gentleman finds a lady in the state which we have attempted to describe, he may propose with perfect safety. But he must be careful as to time and place. The season of sunshine and flowers is the time—when mountain and hill, plain and valley, are clothed in the richest verdure—when the birds carol forth their songs of joy and love—when the balmy winds of the south give color to the cheek and life to the step—when the sweet murmuring of the brook breaks upon the silence of the forest—when the goddess of the morn bathes the smiling landscape in one bright stream of golden effulgence—when the eyes become soft, tender, dewy, and the lowering of herds proclaims the close of day—when each field speaks of joy and plenty—when every trembling leaf whispers of love—Oh, then, then is the time!

As to the place—in some secluded walk where there is no possibility of interruption. Tremblingly place her delicate, white, soft hand within your own mitten fist, pop the question, and murmur into her expecting ears vows of love and constancy! If she is a sensible, candid, off-handed sort of a girl, she will say "Yes," and thank you. If she is a timid, loving girl, she will probably burst in tears, hide her head in your bosom, and refer you to her "pappy." If she is a foolish girl, she will say, "Yes" eagerly, and jump up and kiss you. If she is a coquettish girl, she will look pleased, but pretend to be astonished, and it will require many succeeding interviews before you are able to make her "define her position."

True love, we all know is diffident, and the question is frequently "popped" without the "popper" knowing what the complexion of the answer will be from the "poppee." If the lady hears you coldly and unmoved—betrays no alarm, no embarrassment, no soft fluttering of the heart, hand and voice—and blasts your hopes by polite utterance of the terrifically terrible monosyllable "No," we advise you immediately to get on your feet again, carefully brush the dirt off your knees, take your hat in your hand, bow politely and indifferently to the lady, as if the disappointment was not so great as she expected, walk yourself off to your lodgings, light a cigar, compose yourself on a soft cushioned chair, speculate upon the future, the caprices and imperfections of the sex, the blessings of a bachelor's life, and it is probably you will soon forget her. It must be evident that she don't care a copper about you. It is true, by dogged perseverance you might eventually obtain her consent; but, in nine cases out of ten, hearts do not accompany hands won in that way. But if the lady says "No!" when all her looks and actions say "Yes," do not, we beseech you, tear your hair and fly off in a tangent. The hook has caught, and by giving her plenty of line, and playing with her delicately and scientifically, you can, in good time, draw her to your arms, as she blushing confesses the power and potency of your charms.

A booby of a fellow, now may spoil all, in his haste or tardiness, and let the fair one escape from his unskilful hands, to be caught in the net of some old sportsman.

A Bungler in Flattery.

There was my poor friend Snifton, he hated pig and prune sauce as he hated a poor relative; nevertheless for twenty years did he consent to eat it at his uncle's table; nor could he find words rich enough wherewith to do honor to uncle's pig and prune sauce. Uncle died. "Thank heaven," cried Snifton, "I shall now receive my reward in hard cash for my sacrifice to that demand pig and prune sauce." The will was read, and thus was Snifton rewarded: "And I hereby give and bequeath to my dearly beloved nephew, Peter Snifton, in consideration of his peculiar love of my pig and prune sauce, the whole and sole recipe, whereby he may cook it." My son, be wary and avoid such wretches.—Punch's Letter to his Son.

Temperance Toast.

"Revolutionary armies and cold water armies; the one drove the red coats from our land, the other the red noses."

Pretty Fair.

A corset-board supports and strengthens the chest of a lady. If so, says a witty editor, it may be properly termed the "board of health."

To remove warts from a cow's udder, wash the part two or three times a day with a strong decoction of alum and water. It is an excellent and simple remedy.

Let no man anticipate uncertain profits.