

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## Jeffersonian Republican.

## POETRY.

The following Poem appeared first in a paper called the States Rights Republican, published in Richmond, Va. No recent American Poem has received more universal and merited praise, and we subscribe to the opinion expressed by a contemporary, "that it is the heart's own language, clothed in the soft drapery of love and truth."

Mr. Gardner, the author, recently met an untimely death at Norfolk, Va., by the discharge of a pistol, whether accidental or by design is unknown. He was engaged in a personal altercation with a Mr. Cook, with whom he had some previous misunderstanding, when Cook was seen to raise his walking cane. Gardner stepped back, and drew from his pocket a revolving pistol; upon which Cook dropped his cane, and seized the pistol. A deadly struggle ensued, during which Cook succeeded in wrenching the pistol from Gardner, and it was discharged, the ball entering the heart of the latter, who instantly expired. Cook was unharmed. Whether the discharge of the pistol was intentional or not, is known only to Cook, who immediately surrendered himself to justice. Gardner was about 30 years of age.

The melancholy death of the writer, and bereavement of her to whom it was addressed, give the Poem an additional and painful interest.

## TO MY WIFE.

Written in absence, on the Anniversary of our Marriage.

BY MELZAR GARDNER.

Thou who didst teach my youthful muse to sing,  
Sitting her new harp, and claimed her earliest strain;

Hover thou near me on thy spirit wing,  
And I will wake its melody again!  
Surely to thee its sweetest strains belong—  
Thy love—thy truth—thy constancy my song.

E'en from the dawning of my spirit's life,  
No soul hath breathed its sympathy for me;  
No kindly word had cheered me in the strife;  
And I was like a gnarled and blighted tree,  
Which, planted firmly on the storm god's path,  
Scorns all his fury, and defies his wrath!

The world had never loved me. I—a child—  
Cast on its bosom, found that bosom cold;  
It spurned me, when I thought it would have smiled,  
—

And when I offered love it asked for—gold;  
And showed me—Love, an article of trade,—  
And truth and friendship waiting to be paid!

I loathed it then;—and each day nerved my soul,  
As with a year of strength, its hate to brave;  
I never bowed me to its base control;—  
—

And thus my heart became a living grave  
Of strong affections. Thou didst set them free,  
And all its treasured wealth belongs to thee!

It is all thine! Oh, would that it were more,  
And better: worth the sacrifice it cost!—  
Kind friends—thy pleasant home—and all the store

Of love thy life had gathered—these thou lost!  
Each would have shared, and each have claimed a part—  
—

Now, thou hast love for love, and heart for heart.  
A wanderer thou—poor, friendless and alone—  
No house—no lands—no hoarded wealth were mine;

Thou wert my all, and thou wert all my own;  
Ah, I was rich to win a heart like thine!  
Love that wealth buys with poverty will fail,  
But truth like thine is never kept for sale!

"I've given up all I loved, for thee alone!"  
These were thy words, which memory aye will keep;

When thou with me didst brave the cold world's frown;  
—

And on my bosom sobbed thyself to sleep!  
Best pledge of earnest love, thy young heart's fears;  
And sweetest proof of love, those bridal tears!

Well might thou doubt my poor world-beaten barque,

To bear my fortunes o'er life's stormy sea!—  
The tempest then was howling fierce and dark,  
And its wild wrath was terrible to thee;  
And but one light shone in the murky sky—  
'Twas Love's bright star!—our hope—our destiny!

That sad unbidden fear—'tis past—'tis past!  
—

And though there ling'reth still that threatening cloud,  
No shadows on our spirits can it cast,  
Nor there that light, 'tis powerless to shroud,  
Beams clearer—purer still, as years depart—  
The bright continuing sunshine of the heart!

Star of our wedded life!—thy brightening ray,  
Hath never faded from the upper sky!

My spirits darkness thou hast turned to day,  
—

And thy soft beams now light that tearful eye,  
For this, I thank thee Father!—who to me  
Didst give that light it borroweth from thee!

Nine circling seasons now their course have run,  
—

Since my world-frozen heart thy love did warm;  
—

Home for life's sunshine—shelter from its storm—  
—

Thou, gentle one, didst nestle by my side,  
—

And to that heart I clasped thee, as my bride!  
—

It doth not seem so long—yet Time hath fled,  
—

For there are sweet and ever blooming flowers,  
—

Our daughters—come to tell us years have sped,  
—

Their age, Love's only record of the hours!  
—

And since I left thee, yet another one  
—

Waiteth his sire's first kiss;—'Tis thine, my son!  
—

I am alone—yet far from them and thee—  
—

Yet have I swift-winged Thought!—and to thy home,  
—

When evening shadows fall, I haste to see  
—

The smile of joy that waiteth till I come,—  
—

Leaving behind all thoughts that give us pain,  
—

To clasp my loved ones to my heart again!  
—

God keep them ever!—and if memory's page,  
—

When I am gone, should hear my humble name,  
—

Or with the record of the passing age  
—

Be linked one act of mine, deserving fame;  
—

Long as that fame one heart is treasured in,  
—

Be thine the praise, thy love inspired to win!  
—

God keep thee, ever dearest! May no cloud  
—

Of sorrow cast its shadow on thy brow;  
—

Or if come, still beaming through its shroud,  
—

May Love and Hope shine beautiful as now;  
—

Till, when the tie that joins our hearts is riven,  
—

It blendeth with the better light of Heaven!

## Patent Love Letter.

Mr. Mannar, a temperance Lecturer traveling in Pennsylvania, in writing to the Wilmington Standard, gives the following anecdote:

"I will here state a little incident in which I was a party concerned. It will set forth one of the many influences of the temperance pledge. A young man who was paying his addresses to a young lady, stepped up to her on Sabbath day, as was usual on such occasions, though he had never appeared before in her presence in the condition he then was—*drunk*. It is said by some that love is blind; but it is not so blind in these temperance times as some folks think, or at least in the present case. The young lady avoided walking with him by making a retreat in a friend's house. He came home to the house where I stopped, procured a sheet of paper, pen and ink, but was too drunk to write for himself, and therefore solicited the inmates of the house to write for him to his sweet-heart, but they all declined. I offered my services, and they were accepted. I wrote him a patent love letter, which read as follows: 'We whose names are hereunto annexed, do pledge ourselves that we will not use intoxicating liquors as a beverage or traffic in it, and will use all our influence to persuade others to do the same.' His name was duly subscribed, and the letter forthwith despatched to his lady love. He adhered, and it had the desired effect. This all transpired about five weeks since; and on last Monday night I was present at their wedding, and a cold water one it was. If any of our young men get into the same scrape, recommend to them the *patent love letter*."

## The Ruling Passion.

An old woman named Alice Cook died lately at Pennance Vean, Gwithian, aged seventy-one. Her habits were most eccentric and penurious. Her appearance exhibited poverty and wretchedness in the extreme, such as would excite pity in any breast. She lived by herself until within a few days of her death. On her decease, a large sum of money was found secreted in an old chest, with notes of hand for large amounts, which she had lent at interest. She had bequeathed the whole of her property to her grandson, now about six years old. She was the owner of a small estate, the rent of which was £25 a year. Besides the money, there were found in the house a large stock of clothes, six bladders of snuff, with two large pots of butter, and two pots of pork, which had been salted before her husband died, six years ago, and had thus long been carefully preserved to spoil. The cause of her death was characteristic. A short time since she promised a boy a penny for allowing her to ride from Gwithian to Copper-house, a distance of more than a mile, and approaching the end of her journey, she tried to slip out of the hind part of the cart unperceived to evade payment of the penny. In the attempt she fell, and received a hurt, which proved fatal.—[Eng. paper.]

## We can't believe it.

A western paper relates that a man has just returned to Louisville, after an absence of twenty years from his family. His wife, in his absence, supposing him dead, married a second and third time, and became a widow. The long-lost husband has wooed her again, and they are to be married once more. In his absence he was captured off Cuba, and for many years was a prisoner in Spain. He escaped and joined the army of Bolivar in South America, and fought in many battles. He found his old wife somewhat changed in every thing except her heart.

## A Courty Retort.

A certain lawyer, in one of the Western States, had a dog that was a great favorite, and was in the habit of attending Court with him. One day the dog took it into his head to ascend the bench, and annoy the Judge very much by running between his legs. The Judge in a great rage, gave him a violent kick that sent him yelping across the court house. The lawyer, much incensed at the unceremonious manner in which his favorite was treated, called to him, 'Pomp, come here. There,' said he, 'take that,' giving him another kick, 'did I not tell you to keep out of bad company.'

## Marriage Notices.

A Western paper gives the following notice:—All notices of marriages where no *bride cake* is sent, will be set up in small type, and poked into some outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, it will be placed conspicuously in large letters; but when *gloves*, or other bride favors are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the Editor attends the ceremony in propria persona and kisses the bride, it will have a special notice—VERY LARGE TYPE, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, stolen, or coined from the brain editorial.

Prayer is the language of the soul.

## Jane Howard.

Miss Jane Howard was the daughter of a very wealthy merchant residing in the city of Baltimore. Her personal appearance was truly prepossessing; but the graces of her mind, polished as it was by a superior education, and the benevolence of her naturally warm and virtuous heart, rendered her an object of universal esteem and admiration, among all with whom she was acquainted. At a very early age she embraced the christian religion, and much of her time was spent in promoting religious and benevolent objects. In the fall of 1828, Jane with her elder brother, embarked on board a packet, for Charleston, for the purpose of visiting their friends. The captain of the packet was about twenty-five years of age. His person was comely and his manners agreeable, with the exception of one fault, too common among sailors, he was profane. The modesty of Jane's appearance attracted his attention; he gained an introduction to her by means of her brother, and was still more charmed by the sweetness of her conversation than he had been by the graces of her person. It was not long, however, before an oath escaped his lips, which shocked the delicate sensibility of Jane. She politely requested that he would desist from such language while she was on board; to which he immediately assented with a deep blush of chagrin. During the remainder of the voyage the captain's attention to Jane was rather increased than diminished. He spent much of his time in her company, but not another oath was he heard to utter until they arrived at Charleston. They were now about to part; but Jane, feeling no small interest in the welfare of one, whose unremitted attentions more than indicated his solicitude for her own, ventured to ask if he would grant her one request. The captain, with all the enthusiasm of an infatuated lover, replied that whatever request she was pleased to make, if possibly, within his power, it certainly should be granted. "Then," said she, "accept this Bible, and my request is that you will read a portion of it every day." He felt surprised, but considering that he had given his promise, he felt himself bound to fulfil it. In the fall of 1833, Jane went to spend the winter with her uncle who resided at New Orleans. The first Sabbath after she arrived there, she accompanied her uncle and his family to church, and heard a sermon of uncommon interest, delivered with eloquence and religious pathos.

The minister was evidently a man of superior talents; his voice deep toned and agreeable. His figures were applicable, though high wrought and beautiful.

He possessed, in fine, the rare faculty of chaining an audience in almost breathless silence from the commencement to the close of his discourse. But Jane, whose tender heart was so exquisitely susceptible upon the subject of religion, entered so deeply into the spirit of the sermon that she entirely forgot for a time, the distance which separated her from her friends, and all the circumstances by which she was surrounded, with the exception of the rolling sentences as they flowed from the lips of the speaker.

The meeting closed; and while Jane and her friends were waiting in their pew for the aisle to be cleared, the preacher came down from the

pulpit, advanced towards her and addressed Jane as follows:

"If I mistake not, I am addressing Miss Howard."

A confused succession of ideas flitted for an instant across the mind of Jane—but recollecting herself, she politely replied:

"This is my name sir, but I do not recollect to have had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"Perhaps you recollect having sailed from Baltimore to Charleston about five years ago in the Packet Thomas Jefferson, and of having given a Bible to the Captain."

"I do," she replied, "I recollect it well, and if I mistake not, I recognize the Captain in the person before me! But can it be possible?"

"It is possible," he replied, "it is so—I am the man!—and I shall ever feel the deepest gratitude to you, Miss Howard, for the interest you felt in my welfare. That Bible and the reading of it has made me what I am."

I will not attempt to describe the feelings produced by this unexpected meeting. Suffice to say, that the minister was invited home with them and during the winter his visits were neither few nor far between. In the spring he married Miss Jane, and they are now on a missionary tour among the dark and benighted sons of India, where the blessings of Heaven is attending their labors in a wonderful manner, and many souls brought to a saving knowledge of the truth through their instrumentality.

The true gentleman is the man, who treats all men well, and who does his duty, according to the best lights he can find to guide him—such a man is a *gentleman* and a *good man*.

An empty coxcomb boasting of a renowned ancestry is no better than a potato blossom—all that is good pertaining to him being under ground.

## A Smart Old Man.

It is stated in the Zion's Herald, that William Emerson, of Malden, now in his eighty fourth year, made during the past year—with his hands, *eight hundred and ninety pairs* of men's shoes.

Richard P. Robeson who was some years ago accused and tried for the murder of Helen Jewett, is said to be now a member of the firm of Wallace, Blake & Co., merchants, doing business about five miles from Houston, in Texas.

The Millerites of Boston have split in two, and the seceders from the grand tabernacle have got one of their own.

The Secretary of the Treasury has advertised for a loan of seven millions of dollars at five or four per cent.

## Not Bad.

The St. Louis Evening Gazette says:—"A vote was recently taken on board a steamer running between Vicksburg and Memphis, with the following result: Clay, 75; Johnson, 9; Calhoun, 8; Van Buren, 4; Tyler 1. Upon analysing the material, it was found that the Clay men were bankites; the Johnson men, soldiers; the Calhoun men, planters; the Van Buren men, office-seekers; and the Tyler man, an office-holder.

It has been ascertained that T. Downing, late sheriff of Washington county, Miss., has been murdered in a house of ill-fame in New Orleans, where he spent the night. He had on his person at the time about \$3000. The parties have been arrested.

Cooke has been acquitted of the murder of Melzar Gardner, at Norfolk, Va.