

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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Jeffersonian Republican.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

The ensuing is a free translation of a fragment of the late Snodgrass Rambles. The original is written in chaste and elegant dog-latin hexameters. It is impossible, however, to imitate into a translation the spirit and delicacy of that classical language.

TRANSLATION.

Steals the sweet evening o'er the dewy twilight

Which fades away, half smiling, half in tears;
As Hopes vanish from a toppers skylight,
Leaving behind a train of dusky fears;

These mutter dismal groans on darkness spent,
And men instinctive shun the Haunted Tent.

As fades the dusk, the concave deeper grows
To dream-entranced, star-gazing Poetaster;
Swells his pure spirit with internal throes;

He glances up—sublimity flows faster:
Striketh the darkness to his cranium, where
Conceptions, but-like, glide in damp and cloudy air.

Now nature smiles no longer in the rill,
Nor gleams fantastic in the summer cloud.
Nor imaged sleeps in frowning crag or hill,
Starting by glimpses from her clayey shroud;

But, traced in shadowy outline, she appears
A swart and gloomy shape, stricken by sweep of years.

Slowly she draws a misty night-cap on,
And winds a cloth about her for a curtain,
Settles her elish locks, and sinks upon
An airy couch to seek repose tis certain;

In a few moments, after curt gyrations,
Murmurs the midnight deep with nasal intonations.

See! rising from their sweet and silvery sleep,
Glide the weird sisters o'er the upper ocean—
Each wave the bush-ends of their broomsticks sweep,
Gleaning for opiate spells some deadly potion.

So slinking poets, glittering without number,
Lull, by their sleepy draughts, their auditors to slumber.

On fancy lifted, pierce the dark unknown—
Veil of the Future! Of the Past the shroud!

There phantoms of the brave and pure have flown,
Their shadowy structures weaving in the cloud.
So the poor student, with ill-forged defiance,
The glaring specter face, of mathematic science.

As slowly glide the rose-crested clouds the while,
Flushing with passion-tints the face of Heaven,
Breaks her languid brow a holy smile?
A trembling ray the chaos void has given;

Stools o'er the soul a beauteous revelation,
And, faintly shadowed forth, glimmers a new creation.

So, in the blockhead's pate, if some sweet ray
Of sense shall linger o'er the horizon's verge,
Slowly the murky darkness steals away
And forms fantastic from the gloom emerge;

His mind, a stagnant pool, no fair words glance,
But shadowy frogs and tad-poles 'neath the surface dance.

Trembles the death sigh on the minstrel's tongue!
Yet suffer, ere it pass, an admonition,
Ye whose faint hearts too finely far are strung,
Who start and shudder at a coalition,

'As gross,' quoth ye 'as blending peace and pain;
How can the pure sublime e'er pierce a booby's brain?"

Ye craven souls! I cannot sympathize
With those by silly subjects so perplexed;
Ye need not scan the deep, nor trace the skies,
To pierce the mystery; read this homely text.

Watch Reason's pages to your sight extend,
'Pates, like balloons, if stuffed with gas, will always upward tend.'

The Veteran.

It was a Sabbath morn,
The bell had chimed for church,
And the young and gay were gathering
Around the rustic porch.
There came an aged man,
In a soldier's garb was he,
And gazing round the group he cried,
"Do none remember me?"

The veteran forgot
His friends were changed or gone,
The manly forms around him there
As children he had known.
He pointed to the spot
Where his dwelling used to be,
Then told his name, and smiling said,
"You now remember me."

Alas! none knew him there;
He pointed to a stone
On which the name he breathed was traced,
A name to them unknown.
And the old man wept,
"I am 'tendless now," cried he,
"Where I had many friends in youth,
Not one remembers me!"

American Cheese is now taken out to England, brought back, and readily sold as prime English Cheese. Some people are so fond of foreign commodities that it is well enough to lambing them occasionally.

Foreign Correspondence.

The next day being Sabbath, we went to Church and heard a sermon read by a clergyman who seemed to care very little for the effect it might have. In the afternoon I took a walk through a deep winding chasm, near a mile long, just wide enough for a road, and in some places 70 feet high, with vast rocks jutting out from its sides, presenting a very wild appearance, and crossing over, ascended to the very top of another of the seven wonders of Derbyshire, Mam Tor or the Shivering Mountain, 1300 feet high. The view from it was magnificent. I had three beautiful dales in sight. All these heights differ greatly from our hills having no trees upon them, but are entirely bare, and though not presenting as fine an appearance as ours, on that account, yet allow a much better view from their summits. At the bottom of Mam Tor is the celebrated Odin Mine, whence is obtained the beautiful Spar called Blue John. In the morning we posted over to Sheffield, 16 miles, by Hope Dale and Hatherrage, and reached there before 10 A. M., leaving us time for an hour's ramble. Here we took the railway to York, and first found-out that they have in front and behind, cars with windows all around, called *coupes*, which allow you a fine sight of the country. The fare is a trifle more, which we always readily paid if we could secure these seats. The railroads are admirably managed in this country. The attendants who are dressed in a kind of police uniform, attend to what each has to do with promptness, and every thing goes right.

We reached York about 2 P. M. and at once started for the Minster, whose turrets we had seen for miles. It was so cluttered up by houses that it was not easily found though so immense a building. The last fire I think did good by clearing away some of them, and a few more burnings if confined to the buildings around, would be of advantage. It is a great shame that this splendid pile should be so periled with miserable huts and dingy buildings, justly placed, as it is, at the head of the Gothic Structures of the kingdom, for its mass, grandeur and architectural beauties. The interior is most superb. The windows are all of painted glass. The screen separating the nave from the choir is a most exquisite piece of sculpture and contains the figures of the Kings of England from William I. to Henry VI. It abounds in monuments, some very ancient, and they show several ancient relics of interest to the curious. From the top is a very fine view of the town and surrounding country. This city the Eboracum of the Romans, is situated on the Ouse and Fosse. It was long the second city in the kingdom, the seat of royalty and affluence, but is now far behind a score of other cities which trade and enterprise have built in the utilitarian age. It is divided into four districts which take their names from the city gates, Mickle-gate, Bootham-gate, Morek-gate and Walen-gate. We passed through Mickle-gate, the finest, viewed these once famed walls of York, went to the Museum, within whose enclosure are the Old Roman Tower and the remains of St. Mary's Abbey, and returning to the railway, went on to Thirsk, 11 miles, from which we again posted 10 miles to the ancient city of Ripon.

After a late dinner, 8 o'clock, P. M. we took an hour's stroll, saw the Tumulus, said to have been thrown up to cover the bones of the Danes, who fell here in 867, in a desperate contest with Ella, King of the Northumbrians, under Hinguar, in which the bird of Odin triumphed and Ella perished with his host. It is a high mound about the height of the Academy hill from Ferrier street, and though many bones are found in it, it being the burial place of the Danes is much doubted. From here we walked to the Chapel attached to St. Mary Magdalen's Hospital, an old decayed building, with half its windows out. It yields £400 per annum to the Dean who preaches in it once a month by his curate, or as our guide said, as often by his chorister. The last Dean took down the bell and sold it. We looked inside and found it corresponding with the exterior in decay and ruin. In the morning we took a fly, over to Studley Royal, to see the famed remains of Fountains Abbey. The grounds of Studley Royal, an immense estate, are most picturesquely laid out and ornamented. It contains some of the finest trees in England, and the walk to the ruins which takes near an hour, is a most delightful one. In various directions openings are contrived to admit of the different beautiful diversities which hill and dale afford, while temples, towers and statuary are interspersed over the whole. Arriving at Anne Boleyn's seat, the guide placed us opposite the folding doors, and then with quite an air, threw open wide the portals, when the celebrated remains of Fountains Abbey with its stately walls and tower burst upon us, surrounded with the most delightful scenery imaginable. I cannot do better than copy for you an extract from one of the many descriptions of it, leaving details until another time. "Six hundred years have passed since Fountains Abbey was first reared by monastic piety. For three centuries it was devoted to the services of the Roman Catholic Church, and for other three centuries it has

been silently passing to decay, but time with a lenient hand has clad its walls in the venerable aspect of ruin, and the kindly influences of liberality and taste have preserved it from that devastation which has levelled many kindred fabrics with the earth. 'The mighty carcass of Fountains,' as Whitaker justly terms it, 'still remains in such preservation as not only to exhibit its architectural details, but also to afford the clearest idea of the relative situation and extent of the several buildings and of the various uses to which they have been assigned. Founded at a period when the massive and gloomy character of Norman building was giving place to the more chaste and elegant style of early English architecture, Fountains Abbey presents a union of these styles, throughout the whole fabric, except only the tower and portions of the east end, which are enriched by additions of a later date. Whether therefore as regards architectural style, the arrangements of a vast monastic institution, or the picturesque beauty of its ruins, Fountains Abbey claims the attention of the architect, the antiquary and the artist, while historical interest and romantic scenery add their powerful attractions and furnish abundant sources of contemplation and enjoyment.' All this and much more may be said of this intensely interesting spot

'Decay has triumphed—from the cloistered gloom Ascends no vesper hymn with solemn tone; But on the aisle that echoed back the swell Of choral harmony the wall flower blooms, As if to shew that beauty best may dwell Where pomp is fled and gloomy grandeur gone.'

The vaulted roof of the cloisters which are yet quite perfect, is supported by 18 pillars, extending the whole length of the interior and dividing it into two aisles each 300 ft. by 21, and the fine perspective from several points gives great beauty to the views. One end is built immediately over the Skell whose waters you see beneath, through one of the windows. Over these cloisters was the dormitory, containing about 40 cells, the windows of which are remaining though the roof is gone. From the Abbey we went to Fountains Hall, built by Sir Stephen Proctor in 1611. It has a square embattled tower at each end, and its front is ornamented with statues taken from the niches of the Abbey tower. Studley Royal containing these parks and massive ruins and buildings all now belong to a maiden lady, by the name of Laurance, who also owns another place near Buxton, named Hackfall, celebrated for its artificial romantic beauty. She is greatly beloved by her tenants, and every one speaks in the highest terms of her excellent qualities and regrets the prospect of her leaving them, which they mournfully anticipate as being nigh at hand, from her age and infirmities. The Earl de Grey, Lord Lieut. of Ireland, succeeds as next heir. Our guide related a singular story to me in answer to a query 'How it came that a lady of so excellent a heart and princely estate was never married?' Part no doubt, is fiction but founded in some truth. He said when young she loved one whose rank and estate were beneath her, though in every other respect unexceptionable. Her guardians refused their assent and would not permit the marriage. She vowed that if prevented marrying him, she would never marry, and has kept her vow. The strangest part of the story was that he married and is now one of the highest in the realm, raised by her influence to distinction far beyond what would have entitled him to her hand, even in the estimation of her worldly guardians. You have the tale as 'twas told me.

We returned to Ripon and visited the Minster there, which is a very ancient and fine building having been commenced by Thurston in 1119. Entering the door the whole extent of a perspective of near 300 feet is before you. Among many other monuments in it you are shown one, as it is said commemorating the death of an Irish Prince, who died here on his return from Palestine from whence he brought a lion which followed him as tamely as a dog and watched over him. On a slab of marble over it are sculptured the figures of a man and lion in a grove of trees. From the interior we went out and descended beneath to the Bone house or Catacombs said to exceed anything of the kind in the country. Here beneath the arches were piled in great order, the bones of thousands who had been interred in the church yard. This seemed the favorite of our guide, who began taking them down and showing the peculiarities of each, broken skulls, fractured thighs, &c. which as I had not much fancy for, much to his annoyance, I cleared out as soon as possible and thus rescued J. to whom he was descending most anatomically learnedly. We took the coach for New Castle upon Tyne at 12 o'clock, M. passing through Darlington and Durham 56 miles. Durham Minster has a very imposing appearance in the exterior, more so I thought than that of York, though it may be owing to its situation. The castle also, now the Bishop's Palace presented a very fine sight. We reached New Castle about 10 P. M. In the morning we rose at 5, and visited the castle, the Market, St. Nicholas with the spire like an imperial crown, and the old wall said to be partly on the old Pict wall which runs across

the kingdom to Carlisle. New Castle seems a more flourishing town than most we passed through, and resembled more one of our commercial cities. Some of the buildings were very fine. We left by coach at 8 A. M. and found on the outside two pleasant young Englishmen from Cambridge bound to Edinburgh as we.

We soon reached Outerburne near which was pointed out the field of Chevy Chase, a monument marks the spot where the gallant Douglas fell. The country assumed a wilder appearance than any we had yet seen. Our road carried us through Ellsdon Moor, an extensive waste inhabited by sheep and grouse. At Carters Fell we crossed into Scotland. The scenery hereabouts is wild and extensive. Had the hills our foliage the resemblance to many parts of America would have been very great. Approaching Carters Fell we saw the Cheviots and the border country so celebrated for wild forays and predatory excursions in the days of feud between England and Scotland. We reached Jedburg a place of some note and beauty 2 P. M. It is upon the river Jed, from whence it takes its name and is perhaps better known to us as a place where story tells many of our name were executed, captured in the border strifes. While our fellow passengers dined, the young Englishmen and ourselves paid a visit to the ruins of the Old Abbey, founded by David I. in 1118, burnt in the border warfare in 1545, by the Earl of Hertford. It is a magnificent ruin and deemed the most perfect specimen of the Saxon and early Gothic in Scotland. Part of one end is now used as a church. We ascended to the top of the tower and had a full view of the environs of Jedburg, abounding in picturesque scenery, with the winding beautiful Jed. Soon after leaving it we crossed the Teviot, went through Ancrum near which the battle of Lilliar's edge was fought in 1545. Now the Eildon hills appear bold in view and soon, passing near the ruins of the beautiful Abbey, we alighted at the Royal George, in Melrose, and ordering dinner to be ready on our return, our Cambridge friends and we ordered a conveyance to Abbotsford at once. Passing along the Tweed, we reached this home of the Great Wizard of the North, in about half an hour, and passed two intensely interesting hours, in going over the house and grounds. The house is filled with the most recherche and curious articles that could be collected in the same space—no rubbish, nothing that ought not to be there, and all arranged by Sir Walter himself, just as they should be. It would take a letter to enumerate them and I will not begin. The hall into which you first enter is hung with ancient armor. Its walls paneled with richly carved oak, and round the cornice is ranged the coats armorial of the families which kept the borders with their names. Among the Douglasses, Scotts, Turnbulls, &c. that of the Maxwells of course, struck us at once, St. Andrew's Cross upon the shield with the name below. As we passed through his breakfast, dining and drawing rooms and into the Library, we lingered at each step to trace his hand in every thing; but the last spot was of most interest, his study, from whence issued those writings which have been the admiration of the world. I sat upon his study chair, still having the ink upon it, and wished that some little of the spirit of him whose seat it was, might come to me. In a closet adjoining are the last clothes he wore, just as he took them off, when he laid down in the bed from whence he never rose again. The lady who showed us seemed to revere his memory as of one a little more than mortal, and was just the kind of guide one wanted there. She was dressed in the plaid. The view of the Tweed from some of the windows was very fine.

On our return a shower came upon us which continuing until after dinner, we started to see the Abbey in the rain, intending of course to look on it again before we left. We were very fortunate. For though Sir Walter says "to view fair Melrose light" one should "visit it by the pale moon light," we saw it to even better advantage, by the evening lightning, lighting it up most beautifully, and then leaving it to the rich mellow of the clearing up of the shower. It was a most beautiful sight long to be remembered. These elegant and graceful ruins are well worthy the praise of Scotia's Bard, and I cannot do better than refer you to the opening of the 2d canto of the Lay of the last Minstrel, for a proper idea of their effect. We saw the grave of the gallant Douglas, and where Bruce's heart was said to be. I sat upon the stone, the favorite seat of Sir Walter with Maida on his knee, and as the lightning's glare flashed thro' the beautiful east window, lighting all up within, the XI stanza of canto 2d came full to recollection. It looked as though

'Some fairy hand Twixt poplar straight, the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.'

We went from here to the Church yard and saw the graves of Dominic Sampson, and several others, whose portraits Scott had drawn,

giving new names. Here we lingered again among the beautiful carving that every where profusely embellished this magnificent monastery. And here and in the cloisters we staid as long as any light was left, reaching the hotel about half past ten o'clock.

In the morning I got up at five, determined to ascend one of the Eildon hills before breakfast, and was well repaid for my trouble. I first went to the top of the highest. The eye takes in a view of 30 miles, in all directions. Beneath were the Abbey and Melrose. In one direction Smailholm, Scott's birth place, Berwick, with Jedburg and Dryburg on the right, while to the north were Abbotsford, Danick, Galashiels with the Tweed winding down among them. Observing the tracery of an old Roman Camp on the hill opposite me, I descended to the bottom of the peak which divides them, and ascended to it. I found it in quite good preservation and easily traced it round. Here I saw J. mounting the top of this peak with a lad he had picked up, so I joined him and went up to the top of it from which was the same view, thus doing double duty before breakfast, for the ascent of these hills, at least 1000 feet high, is no trifle so early. The Eildon hills, the Trionum of the Romans, as tradition says, were once one uniform cone and formed into the present three picturesque peaks by the spirit that Michael Scott had to keep busy. (For the particulars read Lay of the Last Minstrel.) We left Melrose at 9 A. M. and crossing the Tweed, Allan Water, Crookston Water and the Esk, passing the banks of the Gala, separating the road from Galtsheub, Crookston, Middleton, Fushis bridge, Dathousie, Liberton and Powburn, seeing the ruins of Borthwick and Roslin Castles, Hawthorndon and the seats of many of the nobility, we reached Edinburgh about 2 P. M.

A man named Marsh was once travelling in a stage-coach, and was much annoyed by a garrulous old maid. After ascertaining his name, she inquired if he belonged to such a family of Marshes?

"No, madam, I do not, nor to any other family that you know," was his reply, in sharp and abrupt tones.

"Oh," said the antiquated virgin, "there's so much acid about you, I suppose you sprung from the Cranberry Marshes."

"If I did, madam," was the prompt retort, "I'm fit sauce for a goose." The lady was silent the rest of the journey.

"Zeb, can you tell us who is the greatest man in the United States?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Wickliffe."

"Why so, sir?"

"Becos, sir, he's at the head of the male department; and if 'want for him, there wouldn't be any males, sir; and males is very necessary, sir, to a free country; and, sir—"

"Stop, Zeb, that'll do—"

"No, sir, 'twont do at all, sir, because if there want no males, sir, the females wouldn't live on no condition whatever. Just you think, sir, for a moment, upon the situation of a whole world full of unprotected females! Oh, sir, it's awful, sir. Oh! oh! oh!"

Here Zeb's feelings were too many for him, and he fainted.

Cure for Rheumatism.

We saw a young man, of our acquaintance, to-day, limping at the streets, half dead with the rheumatism, (cather an unusual thing, at this season of the year,) and we bethought us of a remedy that we had tried, with signal success, when similarly afflicted two winters ago; 'tis this:—"Swallow a piece of *Asafetida*, about as big as a pea, three times a day, just before meals, and, in a week, or less, you will be well; it don't "smell like apples;" but never mind—it's a sovereign cure. We used to wash it down with "a drink o' summat; but if you have any scruples about a dram, it is not important.—*Albany (Ga.) Courier.*"

The North American says:—A curious little instrument has lately been invented, which, though not much longer than a tooth pick, will enable the wearer to hang up his hat where he pleases, or indeed anything to the weight of fifty pounds, completely out of his way. It will be found very useful in a crowded theatre or concert room, or any public meeting, and be likely to save the economist a hat per annum. It will also serve for a cigar-holder.

It must be a curious little instrument indeed. But where was it invented, and where is it to be seen?

Thomas Hart, beerseller at Halliwell, Eng., christened his twenty-ninth child lately. Of that number twenty-five are still alive, and should the prolific pair live a few years, further additions to their family may be expected.

Surprising Speed.

The St. Louis Organ says that a mule, which had been frightened by a grisly bear, in the Rocky Mountains, started on a run, for the first time in his life, and went so fast that his rider took the consumption, owing to the change of the climate, and died!