

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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From the New York Morning Courier.

## A Cousin's Kiss.

"There is something in a kiss that never comes amiss."

Buoyant with the spirit of youth, about returning home, after an absence of several years, I looked forward with almost childish glee to my meeting with my affectionate uncle and aunt. Having finished my profession, the fond recollections of the past, and the bright anticipations of the future, seemed to vie in affording joy to the present, and equally to inspire me with emotions of delight. I was an orphan, with neither brothers or sisters; but then I had a blooming cousin, and that was pretty much the same thing, for we had grown together from almost infancy; and if she was not a sister, I was not then a philosopher enough to know the difference.

During my travel homeward, I tried to picture to myself the familiar scenes so fondly loved, from which I had so long been separated; and whenever my imagination reverted to my cousin, (which I must confess they frequently did,) I saw the fancied transport with which she would "welcome me home." Alas! that we should be so vain.

I was received with open arms and evident pleasure by my kind relatives, and when I was kissed by them all—uncle, aunt, nurse, down almost to the washerwoman—it was absolutely outrageous—"positively shocking!"—that Harriet, my pretty, blushing cousin, should alone refuse the kiss must desired.

Such, then, was the termination of all my glowing day-dreams, and though her eyes did sparkle with joy, it was not the meeting I had expected. But she was so lovely, I could not get angry; it would have been ungallant in the highest, and if I could, I understood the female heart enough to know that resentment was not the way to obtain the wished for kiss. That she, who used to treat me with such frank and artless familiarity, herself as gentle, playful, and innocent as the fawn, and whom I had found the same fair being as formerly with the exception that she was far more beautiful, and had a little less of the girl about her; I say that she should thus be reserved and obstinate—why, I declare, it was too bad! How could I win the coveted boon? I was puzzled! My cousin was so popular, that all the beaux in the country were in her train; and I had but two months to stay, before commencing my profession; and yet notwithstanding these difficulties, I was resolved to gain the kiss, a thousand times more valuable now that it was so pertinaciously withheld. I must try.

There was one of her suitors named Summer, whom she seemed to like better than the rest; and I must say, that the first month of my visit, she coquetted with him a good deal at my expense. It used to give me a touch of uneasiness now and then, but I consoled myself with the reflection, as I was not in love, that there was no sense in being jealous, and beside, Mr. Summer's favorable reception had nothing to do with my object of gaining a kiss. So I took to teasing my pretty cousin about her favorite lover. This made a great change in her conduct, as I soon perceived. She denied the charge at first, and then grew really worried that I wouldn't believe her, and finally showed me a pretty marked preference on every occasion. But I was only a cousin, and nobody took any notice of it. My walks and conversation were all set down to the score of coquetry. But they were so delicious, that I regretted that the time had come for me to think of departure, and wished that one's cousin would be with one forever, but I was not worth one copper dollar, unless I could get some heiress to marry me for pity; and I saw no way of living without roughing it through life, so that it was necessary I should do something for myself. I was too proud to trespass farther on the bounty of my uncle, or rather I felt too keenly the sense of my boundless obligations to him already, to be guilty of still greater dependence on him; for it had been through his generosity I had been placed at a profession, and he had declared his intention of aiding me still farther in my future career. I must, therefore, have been ungrateful indeed, to have been

long idle; and my visit was nearly up. Happy, too happy had been those two short months, and Harriet was the cause of it all. She, sweet angel, like all the rest, charged it all to coquetry; but I at last began to open my eyes, and half suspected the truth, for I had noticed that my cousin, unconscious to herself, seemed very fond of my presence. All this I learned by close observation of her conduct and innumerable trifles; many a monarch would have given his broad lands, his greatest victories, or the finest jewels in his crown, to win such tokens of affection from the one he loved. Well, the two months were up, and all this time, I had not got a kiss from my cousin.

It was the night but one before I was to go away. I determined to make a last effort. We were sitting by the window, and the old folks were out; my cousin looked pensive, and doubtless felt so, for I was sometimes so myself. It was just the time for melting thoughts; and the moon shone tenderly upon the river in the distance, pouring her silvery light like fairy verdure on the distant hills. Harriet set by my side, and we were talking of my approaching departure.

"I shall be very busy to-morrow Harriet," said I, "and I do not know whether I shall be able to come here in the evening."

She slowly raised her dark eyes to me, till her very soul seemed pouring out beneath the long lashes, and after seeming to look right through me, answered:

"Why not? You know how glad we shall be to see you."

"Because," said I, (a little piqued at the word, for to tell the truth, I half suspected I was in love, and of course flattered myself that it was reciprocal, "I shall be very busy; and, beside, I heard Summer ask you the other night to go to H— to-morrow night with him, and of course, my pretty coz, you go."

"There goes that Summer again," said she, "I declare you are too provoking; you know what I think of him."

"Ah! but," replied I wickedly, "actions speak louder than words; why make engagements on the night an old companion is going away?"

Her gaiety was stopped at once. She hesitated an instant, and then answered:

"I told him I would answer him to-day, and I thought we were all going together; but I'll send him a note declining at once. You know you don't mean what you said, William."

I laughed it off, and directly rose to depart.

"How very soon you are going," said she, in something unusually melancholy in its gentle tones.

"And you are going to kiss me?" said I gaily, after a little merry conversation; "cousins always do at parting."

"Indeed I ain't," said she, santly.

"Indeed you ought to," said I, earnestly.

"Indeed you are mistaken for once."

"Is'n't it your duty?" said I.

She said nothing, but looked as if doubtful whether I was quizzing her or not.

A smile began to flicker around the corners of her mouth.

"I can establish it by text."

"Indeed!" said she, smiling archly at my anticipated perplexity. But I was ahead of her.

"Do unto others as you would be done unto; is'n't it my pretty coz?"

"Well, really you deserve something for your wit—did you learn that while studying your profession?" and her eyes danced as she answered me.

I saw that I was no match for her, so I betook myself to another ground.

"Well, good bye, coz."

"So early?"

"Early!" and I began to pull on my gloves.

"You'll be here to-morrow night, won't you?" said she, persuasively.

"Do you really wish me?"

"How can you doubt it?" said she warmly.

"But I shall interrupt a tete-a-tete with Mr. Summer," said I, teasingly.

"Pshaw! Mr. Summer again," said she pettishly.

There was a moment's silence, and at its end came a low half-suppressed sigh. I began to think I was on the right track.

"You won't give me a kiss—if now it was to mend Mr. Summer's glove or—"

"It's too provoking," said she in a pensive tone, "how can you think I care for him?"

"How can I? you do fifty things for him you wouldn't do for me."

"You don't think so?"

"Indeed I do," said I.

"William!"

"I ask you for the smallest favor, I take this as a sample, and you refuse; you are very unfair, cousin," and I took her hand.

"Why?" said she, lifting her dark eye till its gaze met mine, and her voice trembled a little as she repeated "Why?"

"Because you never do anything I ask you to."

"Indeed I do! you know I do," said she, earnestly.

"I wish I could think so," said I pensively.

We were standing by the window, and I thought her hand trembled as I spoke; but she

only turned away her head with a sigh, and without speaking, gazed out upon the lawn. At another time, perhaps she would have listened to my language differently; but I was going away, perhaps forever, and the thought made her pensive. Yet she did not know her own feelings; something told her to grant my boon—it was but a trifle—it seemed too foolish to hesitate; but then something whispered to her that she ought not to do it. But then again it would be so reserved and uncousinly to refuse; and might I not justly be offended at her prudery? I could hear her breathe and see her snowy bosom heave with contending emotions. The conflict was going on between love and reserve, and yet, poor girl, she knew it not! but I had seen more of the world than my unsophisticated cousin.

"And you really won't come to-morrow evening—" she paused and blushed, while the low, soft, half-reproaching tone in which she spoke, smote me to the heart, and almost made me repent my persistence. But then it was so pretty to see her perplexed!

"Harriet," said I, "I feel grieved; you do not think I should trifle with you. I never before tried to test how true were the profession of those I love, and, if one is to be thus bitterly deceived, I care not to try it again;" and half letting go her hand, I turned partially away.

For a second she did not answer, but she looked upon the floor; and as she averted her head I saw a tear drop fall. Directly a cloud came over the moon, and just as the whole room was buried in a sudden shadow, I heard a sigh that seemed to come from the depths of my cousin's heart; I felt a breath like a zephyr steal across my face, a thrill went through every nerve, as I felt her soft and glowing kiss. I had conquered. But a tear was on my face, and as I pressed her hand more warmly than became a cousin, a sudden revulsion of feeling came across her, the true secret of her delicacy flashed like sunlight upon her mind, and feeling how utterly she had betrayed herself, her head fell upon my shoulder and I heard a sob. My heart stung me, and I would have given worlds to have saved her from that one moment of agony. But in another instant came the consciousness that I loved her, and pressing my arm gently around her, I drew her tenderly towards me. We spoke no word, we whispered no vow, but as I felt how pure a heart I had won, a flash of holy feeling swept across my soul. That moment I never shall forget. She ceased to sob, but she did not as yet look up. It might have been five minutes, or it might have been half an hour, I could keep no measure of time.

"Dear Harriet!"

"Will you not come to-morrow night?" whispered she, lifting her dark eyes timidly to my countenance.

"How can I refuse dearest?" said I, kissing the tears from her cheeks.

"No, love—but now—" and pressing her again to my throbbing bosom, and imprinting on her lips a kiss, a burning, a passionate kiss, I murmured, "good night dearest," and parted.

The next morning I was greeted by a glance from my cousin, which eloquently told the feeling of her heart. Her embarrassment did not escape the penetration of my good uncle, and when he heard the particulars of our interview, his laugh rung loud and joyous, in spite of the blushes of my dear Harriet. Though that was many years ago, I am still a very happy man; no less happy than when my lovely cousin first became my wife.

## MORAL.

Courteous reader, having now concluded my story in conformity with the received customs, I proceed to unfold my moral. The most striking lesson contained in it, is, that anything may be accomplished by proper management; and that the female heart is never so obstinate, but what it will finally yield to gentleness. Again, cousins should be closely watched. They play the deuce with the girls hearts. They're always plucking your daughters a fresh rose, or lifting her over the pebbly little brook; and then they take such long walks in the summer's twilight, or ride for hours alone in a September's afternoon, or sleigh away for miles, on the clear moonlight nights of December, with nothing but themselves for company, and all this time when they are both budding into life, and fall into love as naturally as the moth flies into the fire.

## Cat Story.

Some three or four weeks since a favorite cat on Clinton street, upon the death of one of the family, became cross and turbulent—for which some boys were directed to throw it over the falls. Accordingly they proceeded to the railroad bridge and opened the mouth of the bag in which he had been conveyed to the place, and out jumps pussy into the river, and the rapid current was carried over the falls; the boys returned, supposing, of course, to have made a finish of Grimalkin. But about ten days after this occurrence, pussy having out-leaped Sam Patch, returned to her former place of residence, considerably emaciated, to claim further protection, which has been kindly tendered, and his catship remains very peaceable and kind.

[Rochester Dem.]

## Clay Girls Song.

Tune—OLD ROSIN THE BOW.

If'er I consent to be married,  
(And I am not quite sure but I may,)  
The lad that I give my fair hand to  
Must stand by the Patriot, CLAY.

Must stand by the Patriot, Clay, &c.

He must toil in this great undertaking,  
Be instant by night and by day;  
Contend with the Demon of Party,  
And vote for the Patriot, CLAY.

In the heat of the battle, no finching,  
But firm to his post, come what may;  
He's the lad that is just to my liking  
Who strikes for the Patriot, CLAY.

Though his locks may be brilliant as morning,  
His countenance lovely as May;  
In my heart there's no place, not a corner,  
For any who don't go for CLAY.

Now look to it, all ye young gallants,  
The times will admit no delay;  
Would you win the frank heart of this maiden  
You must work for the Patriot, CLAY.

Then I'll tender my hand at the altar  
To one who is able to say,  
'The battle is fought, my beloved,  
And won for the Patriot, CLAY.'

Tribune. FANNY.

From the N. Y. Tribune

## Americans in Van Dieman's Land.

NEW-YORK, February 17th, 1844.

The undersigned were engaged with Col. Von Shoultz in the affair of the Windmill, near Prescott, in November, 1838. They were tried by a militia court-martial at Kingston, Canada, sentenced to death, but sent to Van Dieman's Land as convicts; where, after a residence of nearly four years, they were forgiven and allowed to return to their country by Sir John Franklin, the British Governor.

On our voyage out, we doubled the Cape of Good Hope; on our voyage home, we doubled Cape Horn—performing, in all, a journey of upwards of 30,000 miles, and sailing once, at least, round the world.

As there are fifty-four of our comrades who were under Von Shoultz still in captivity, we think it a duty to them and their relatives to offer the public an account of their present circumstances, so far as the same are known to us.

To do this in the most satisfactory manner, we here name them severally. They are in tolerable health, except Thomas Stockton, who is in a consumption. Severe treatment and other causes, which it would only excite unkind feelings for us to dwell upon, have made great inroads upon many constitutions once very strong; and should it be the pleasure of the English Government to release them, seeing that it is on the most friendly terms with ours, and perfect peace prevailing on this continent, their wives, sisters, parents and other relatives may expect to meet with men broken down, care-worn, or in many, if not in most cases, friends who have painfully endured a very heavy and, as some think, most unmerited bondage.

Their names are, David Allen, Orlin Blodgett, George T. Brown, Robert G. Collins, Luther Darby, William Gates, John Morrisset, James Pearce, Joseph Thomson, John Berry, Chauncey Bugby, Patrick White, Thomas Baker, John Cronkrite, John Thomas, Nathan Whiting, Riley Whitney, Edward A. Wilson, Samuel Washburn, Bemis Woodbury, John Bradley, James English, Joseph Lafore, Daniel Liscomb, Hiram Loop, Calvin and Chauncey Matthews, Andrew Moore, Jehiel H. Martin, Hugh Calhoun, Leonard Delano, Moses A. Dutcher, Elon Fellowes, Michael Frier, Manuel Garrison, Gideon A. Goodrich, Nelson and Jeremiah Griggs, John Gillman, Daniel D. Heustis, Garret Hicks, David House, Hiram Sharp, Henry Shew, Orin W. Smith, Joseph W. Stewart, Foster Martin, Ira Polly, Jacob Paddock, William and Solomon Reynolds, Asa H. Richardson, and John G. Swansburgh. Also T. Stockton, who is in ill health.

The following Prescott prisoners are dead: Anson Owen, Asa Priest, Lysander Curtis, John Stuart of Ohio, William Nottage, and Andrew Leaper.

The above are nearly all Americans. The prisoners from Windsor and the Short Hills, partly Canadian and partly from the U. States, are in tolerable health, except Robert Marsh, who is consumptive. Their names are, Chauncey Sheldon, Elijah C. Woodman, Michael Murray, John H. Simmons, Alvin B. Sweet, Simeon Goodrich, James M. Acheson, Elijah Stevens, John C. Williams, Samuel Snow, Riley M. Stewart, John Sprague, John B. Tyrrell, James DeWitt Fero, Henry V. Barnum, John Barnes, James Waggoner, Norman Malory, Horace Cooley, John Grant, Lynus W. Miller (student at law,) and Joseph Stewart. Of these, L. W. Miller and Joseph Stewart

are at Fort Arthur, a place of additional punishment. They attempted to recover their freedom and suffer accordingly.

The prisoners were in hopes that when President Tyler and Mr. Webster concluded the late Treaty with Great Britain, through Lord Ashburton, and when Canada got a new constitution, their hard fate would be remembered; but no one of these on the island knows of any steps taken for a general release. Mr. Everett, our Minister at London, told us he was doing what he could for his unhappy countrymen, but that it was very doubtful whether they would be allowed again to see their native land. We were five months on the passage from Van Dieman's Land to London, and Mr. Everett got us a ship to New-York. We say it with truth and sincerity that we would not of choice pass the rest of our lives on Van Dieman's Land if the whole island were given to us in freehold as a gift; and as there can be no fear that our unfortunate friends who remain there will ever again desire to interfere with Canada, we would entreat the generous and humane to exert themselves to procure their release. We have not to complain of unusual harshness used towards ourselves, and yet both of us have often wished to be relieved by death from the horrid bondage entailed on those who are situated as we were. To be obliged to drag out an existence in such a convict colony, and among such a population, is in itself a punishment severe beyond our power to describe.

Several parties, in all about 1,500 men, were placed last May under proper officers by the Governor, for the purpose of securing four criminals, guilty of murder, &c.; we were in one of these parties by whom the criminals were secured; and this and general good conduct procured several persons their liberty, among whom we two were so fortunate as to be included.

Morrisset, Murry and Lafore, are, we think, from Lower Canada.

We can speak more decidedly as to our comrades from Prescott, Windsor, and the Short Hills, above named, because when we got our freedom, we visited most of them, though scattered through the interior of the country, following their several trades or occupations. One of us, Aaron Dresser, resides in Alexandria, Jefferson county—the other, Stephen S. Wright, lives in Denmark, Lewis county, both in New York State. We will be happy to reply to any post-paid letters from the relatives of our comrades, and to give them any further information in our power.

S. S. WRIGHT,  
AARON DRESSER.

## Petition to Time.

Touch us gently, Time  
Let us glide down thy stream  
Gently—as we sometimes glide  
Through a quiet dream!  
Humble voyagers are we,  
Husband, wife, and children three—  
(One is lost—an angel, fled  
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!  
We're not proud nor soaring wings:  
Our ambition, our content  
Lies in simple things.  
Humble voyagers are we,  
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,  
Seeking only some calm clime;—  
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

## Trades and Professions in New York.

Bakers, there are 506; Blacksmiths, 174; Booksellers, 129; Boot and Shoemakers, 1227; Brokers, 435; Carmen, 2000; Clergymen, 243; Coffin-warehouses, 46; Commission Merchants, 810; Carpenters, 35; Dentists, 100; Dry Goods Dealers, 1456; Grocers, 1984; Hair Dressers, 262; Hotels and Taverns, 130; Importers, 1218; Iron Merchants, 35; Lawyers, 839; Milliner shops, 314; Newspapers, 60; Nurses, 148; Oyster Saloons, 136; Physicians, 736; Porter Houses, 992; Tailors and Clothiers, 780.

## Rearing Apple Trees.

A gentleman in Bohemia, has established a beautiful plantation of the best sort of apple trees, which have neither sprung from the choicest seeds nor from grafting. His plan is to take shoots from the choicest sorts, insert each of them into a potato, and plunge both into the ground, leaving but an inch or two of the shoots whilst it pushes out roots, and the shoot gradually springs up and becomes a beautiful tree, bearing the best of fruit, without requiring to be grafted.

## Wounds of Cattle.

The most aggravated wounds of domestic animals are easily cured with a portion of the yolk of eggs mixed in the spirits of turpentine. The part affected must be bathed several times with the mixture, when a perfect cure will be effected in 48 hours.

It is stated that 2,338,400 loaves of bread are consumed weekly in London.