

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 4.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1844.

No. 43.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance.—Two dollars 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 proprietors, will be charged 75 cents per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.
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.
All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

JOB PRINTING.

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

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER

PAMPHLETS, &c.

Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

Children.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Unto me there are no blessings,
Which kind Heaven, indulgent, lends,
Dearer than the sweet caressings
Of my little friends.
When they flock, like birds, about me—
Birds in rainbow plumage clad—
Their bright looks and thrilling voices
Make my spirit glad.
Pure, confiding, free from sorrow,
Free from even shade of sin,
They, like lilies in their glory,
Neither toil nor spin.
Wicked tongues have not assailed them,
Or the serpent, slander, stung,
Or the poisonous ivy clambered
Their green leaves among.
Parasites, and false companions,
Have not stolen their guileless trust,
And their tenderest flowers of feeling
Trampled in the dust.
Dark suspicion, envy, malice—
Friends to man and foes to God—
Never scathed the blooming gardens
By their footsteps trod.
Mother-love has folded round them
Arms more soft than angels' wings,
And with sweeter accents lulled them
Than an angel sings.
Father-love, defending, keeping,
Leading, strengthening, cheering, throws
Its broad shield above them, waking
Or in deep repose.
Gentle darlings, spoilless creatures,
How, through many a livelong day,
Have I, neither vexed nor weary,
Joined your merry play!
I, a lonely man, am friendless
Never where young children be,
Though my love for them is endless,
Large is theirs for me.

A Hard Customer.

"Billy," said a temperance man, the other day, to a person who loves the "critter" remarkably well; "Billy, it seems strange to me that you should continue to make use of liquor as a common drink, when all your neighbors are true Washingtonians. To be plain, I must say that I think liquor to be the greatest enemy you have on earth, or that you possibly can have. Candidly, don't you think so yourself?"
"Ahem! Well, I s'pose that's a fact, 'Squire. Yes, that's true enough; and if it want, for one thing, I believe I'd quit the old fellow for good and all."
"What's that, Billy?—pray tell me."
"Ahem! ahem! Well, now, 'Squire, it's this ere. I'm something of a reader of the Bible, and that tells me right up and down, flat and plain, to love my enemies; and I mean to enter into the spirit of this great doctrine!"

The ball discharged from the Princeton's big gun, when it exploded, struck the shore and mowed down several large trees.

"How many genders are there?" asked a school master.

"Three, sir," promptly replied little blue eyes.

"Pray give me an example of each," said the master.

"Masculine, feminine and neuter."

"Why, you are masculine, because you are a man, and I am feminine, because I am girl."

"Very well—proceed."

"I don't know," said the little girl, "but I reckon Mr. Jenkins is neuter, as he is an old Bachelor?"

From the Boston Courier. Sin and Philanthropy.

A TRUE TALE.

In a city, which shall be nameless, there lived, long ago, a young girl, the only daughter of a widow. She came from the country, and was as ignorant of the dangers of a city, as the squirrel of her native fields. She had glossy black hair, gentle, beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." Of course, she knew that she was beautiful, for when she was a child, strangers often stopped as she passed, and exclaimed, "How handsome she is!" And as she grew older, the young men gazed on her with admiration. She was poor, and removed to the city to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was just at that susceptible age, when youth is passing into womanhood; when the soul begins to be pervaded by "that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union."

At the hotel opposite, Lord Henry Stuart, an English nobleman, had at that time taken lodgings. His visit to this country is doubtless well remembered by many, for it made a great sensation at the time. He was a peer of the realm, descended from the royal line, and was, moreover, a striking handsome man, of right princely carriage. He was subsequently a member of the British Parliament, and is now dead.

As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella girl, and was impressed by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the opposite store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way-side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic. He was playing a game, for temporary excitement; she, with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens, on the Fourth of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation, with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Ah, could she not take it, without being seen, and pay for it secretly, when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk, and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful Fourth of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant appearance; but she was not happy. On their way to the gardens, he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked in his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly and said, "My dear, are you an innocent girl?" "I am, I am," replied she, with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I done, or said, that you should ask me that?" Her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents as readily, that I supposed you understood me." "What could I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?"—Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of life stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her, the wound was deeper. In her solitary chamber she wept, in bitterness of heart, over her ruined air-castles. And that dress, which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh, what if she should be discovered? And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she should ever know that her child was a thief? Alas, her wretched forebodings were too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested, on her way to the store, and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly.

On the fourth day, the keeper called upon Isaac F. Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison, who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind-hearted old gentleman immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart

would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer.

"Leave us alone," said he to the keeper.—"Perhaps she will speak to me, if there is none to hear." When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones, "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast done. If thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would for a daughter; and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, I wish I was dead. What will my poor mother say, when she knows of my disgrace?"

"Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it," replied he; and alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her to be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn. He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story. "This is her first offence," said he; "the girl is young, and the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honored woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl, had he known all the circumstances. "Thou shouldst have inquired into the merits of the case, my friend," replied Isaac. "By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved."

The good old man then went to the hotel and inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. "Tell him my business is of importance," said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a plain old Quaker should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy; but when he heard his errand, he blushed deeply and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to "bear a testimony," as the Friends say, against the sin and selfishness of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself, by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl, if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence rests on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest of which man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, distressed him greatly. And when Isaac represented that the silk had been stolen for his sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note, and offered it to pay her expenses. "Nay," said Isaac, "thou art a very rich man; I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled, as he said, "You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman."

"Farewell, friend," replied Isaac; "though much to blame in this affair, thou, too, hast behaved nobly. Mayst thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted."

Luckily, the girl had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name when arrested; by which means her true name was kept out of the newspapers. "I did this," said she, "for my poor mother's sake." With the money given by Lord Henry, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother, well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence remain to this day a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Several years after the incidents I have related, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed young matron, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose to meet him, and her voice choked, as she said, "Friend Hopper, do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, "You once helped me, when in great distress." But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress, to be able to recollect her, without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room, for a few minutes—then dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out, "I am the girl that stole the silk. Oh, where should I now be, if it had not been for you?"

When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his native State. Having a call to visit the city, she had again and again passed Friend Hopper's house, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter her courage failed.

"But I go away to-morrow," said she, "and I could not leave the city, without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him—"Look at that old gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation that he would visit her happy home, and a fervent "God bless you," she bade her benefactor farewell.

My venerable friend is not aware that I have written this story. I have not published it from any wish to glorify him, but to exert a genial influence on the hearts of others; to do my mite toward teaching society how to cast out the Demon Penalty, by the voice of the Angel Love. L. M. C.

Fearful Scene with a Leopard.

We learn from the Baltimore Patriot, that a few days since the members of an Equestrian Company, were passing through several of the streets of Baltimore. Accompanying them was Herr Driesbach, in a carriage, having with him one of his Leopards. When in front of Dix & Fogg's Fountain Inn, Light street, it was agreed upon to take some refreshments, for which purpose they alighted and went into the Hotel. Herr Driesbach taking with him his Leopard. After remaining awhile, the party proceeded to retire to their horses and carriages. Herr Driesbach had the Leopard under his right arm. When nearing the door, he was encountered by a crowd of boys, whose ungovernable curiosity led them to see the animal. In the crowd, just as the lion-tamer had stepped upon the pavement, a boy about 12 years of age, named Jno. Quinn, son of Chas. Quinn, residing in Saratoga street, was thrown against the Leopard by some of his companions. It caught him with its paw, and in an instant grasped the little fellow firmly in its jaws.—Driesbach, with great nerve and firmness, immediately thrust his hand into the Leopard's mouth, thrusting down his throat, and by means of distending its tongue, caused the animal to release its hold. The boy received a wound on the cheek, about three inches in length, and depth nearly to the bone, besides one or two other wounds on the hand. He was taken to the office of Dr. McLaughlin, who dressed the wounds, which are not considered dangerous, although very painful.

The Leopard appeared perfectly furious and determined on making sure of his prey. Driesbach called for a knife, when endeavoring to subdue his pet, and intended to take its life; but it had let go its hold before an instrument could be handed him.

"A warrant was issued soon after the occurrence, against Driesbach, by Justice McDonald, and he was arrested, charged with an assault upon the boy above mentioned, by means of the animal in question. He was merely held to bail in \$1000.

The father of the boy has sued the proprietors of the menagerie for \$5000 damages, after having previously offered to "make the matter up" for five hundred, or even three hundred dollars. Rather an unfeeling proposition for a father, we should say. Driesbach has suffered dreadful pain from the wound received in the rescue.

A Singular Taste.

An English gentleman of education, and so far as we know, of irreproachable character, left England some eighteen months since, with the intention of spending some years in a solitary cell in one of our prisons. He applied at the Eastern Penitentiary, but was denied admission. He insisted upon a place in the cells, and while he avowed that he abhorred the idea of committing a crime, stated that he would do so to ensure the accomplishment of his wishes. He was, of course, arrested upon this pretext, and required, by the Mayor to give bail. In default of bail he was committed to the Moyamensing prison, where he has remained for thirteen months. The prison doors are, and have long been open to him, but he refuses to leave his cell; and, as his daily labor supports him, he is permitted to remain. He is in the full possession of his faculties; is cheerful, and performs all the labor of an ordinary convict. But though engaged ten hours each day at the loom, he pursues his mathematical and other studies with great perseverance and energy. He converses with great intelligence, and is obviously, from education and association, a gentleman. This is a singular instance of voluntary and self-inflicted penance, if such it be; and the satisfaction which it seems to confer upon its subject, proves that the discipline of that excellent institution is far from cruel. [Forum.]

Don't forget that a sprinkling of Scotch snuff will destroy the loathsome vermin on your cows, calves and other animals.

Dr. Franklin's Toast.

Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar over all Europe, Dr. Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French Ambassadors, when, as nearly as I can recollect the words, the following toasts were drank; by the British Ambassador—"England—the sun whose beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth." The French Ambassador, glowing with national pride, drank, "France—the moon, whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations; consulting the sun in darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful." Dr. F. then arose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said, "George Washington—the Joshua, who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still, and they obeyed him." Old, but excellent.

Mary Rogers, the Cigar Girl, Living!

We received the following letter some days since from Derby, but chose not to hazard its publication until we could consult some gentleman from that town, in reference to the story. We are now credibly informed that what is stated below is substantially true. Mrs. Rogers has been inquired of by the neighbors, if Mary, her daughter, had arrived from New York. She reluctantly says that a young woman was at her house, but it was "Mary King." The neighbors have tried various ways to see her, but the stranger is not visible. It will be remembered, this "Mary Rogers" was the "Cigar Girl," who was supposed to have been seduced, and brutally murdered at Hoboken opposite N. York, a year or two since, which fact created intense excitement in that city.

DERBY, March 5, 1844.

MR. EDITOR:—There is a report here that Miss Mary Rogers, of New York celebrity, arrived in town on Friday last. The driver of the Bridgeport stage states that a young lady rode up with him from Bridgeport, whom he took for her, he having been acquainted with Mary when she was a small girl and resided in this town. She declined giving him her name, and wished to be left at the residence of Mrs. Rogers, her mother, whom you are aware resides in this place. Upon Mrs. Rogers' return from New York, at the time of the rumored murder, she brought not a remnant of Mary's wearing apparel with her, and in answer to the inquiries of her friends refused to give any account of them. The above report is generally believed by the inhabitants of this place who have never credited the idea of Mary's death for they have marked well the conduct of Mrs. Rogers during her stay with us. The house has been strictly watched since the above mentioned circumstance, and the lady has not been seen. She probably keeps secreted, as there is much excitement prevailing here on account of the report. Yours, &c. J.

P. S. You can do as you choose about publishing this, but I can assure you it is no idle report, as Mr. Wallace the driver of the Bridgeport stage is a man of high respectability and one in whose word you might confide.—New Haven Courier.

Splitting the Difference.

A nice young gentleman not a thousand miles from this, after a long and assiduous courtship, found himself one bright evening the betrothed of a pretty girl, the very pink of modesty. One night he was about to take his departure, and after lingering about the door some time, in a fidget of anxiety, declared and protested to Miss Nancy, that he couldn't and wouldn't leave until she had kissed him. Of course Miss Nancy objected, and blushing beautifully red, protested in turn, that she could not and would not do that. She never had done such a thing, and never would until she was married—so now he had it. The altercation and debate became deep and exciting, until the betrothed huffed outright, and declared if he couldn't kiss her he wouldn't have her—and was marching off. She watched him to the gate, and saw "the fat was all in the fire," unless something was done.
"Come back then," said she coaxingly, "I'll split the difference with you—you may squeeze my hand!"—Sandersville Telescope.

Is he Qualified?

"Why do you not present yourself as a candidate for Congress?" said a lady the other day to her husband, who was confined to his chair by the gout.

"Why should I, my dear?" replied he, "I am not qualified for the office."

"Nay, but I think you are," returned the wife, your language and actions are parliamentary. When bills are presented, you order them to be laid on the table, or make a motion to rise; tho' often out of order, you are still supported by the chair; and often poke your nose into measures which destroy the constitution."

A Joyful Mother.

The Bangor Whig of the 6th, says:—"We learn that the wife of Mr. Hannibal Stone, of Dixmont, yesterday morning gave birth to three good sized Yankee boys' and all doing well. 'Down East' is getting to be quite prolific, and the population is rapidly increasing."