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

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FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

The Falls of the Remur's Kill, a description of which is attempted below, are situated on a stream of the same name, where it breaks through a chain of hills which for forty miles skirt the western bank of the Delaware. The passage which the stream appears to have wrought for itself, is an almost perpendicular ravine perhaps, in some places, three or four hundred feet deep;—in this ravine, at once wild, romantic and grand, these falls are situated. The two sheets together cannot be less than one hundred and fifty feet high.

The Falls of the Remur's Kill.

I love, ere yet the morning dew has risen From off the scented thyme, or wild blue bell, While nature wakes from silent night's repose, And with "expressive silence" greets the morn, While prowling beasts retreat to well-known lair, And from the tinkling cote the sheep disperse, While feather'd songsters wake their loveliest strains, And with sweet harmony the groves resound; 'Tis then I love to shake off leaden sleep, With beating heart and bounding pulse to climb Some rugged steep, and catch the morning air, And gaze in silent rapture on the scene. The world below how calm! Yon eastern sky How rich in morning's gorgeous drapery— What mild magnificence! Teint blends with teint, "And all so forming one harmonious whole." I love to thread the lonely, silent vale At dewy nightfall; quieting my heart Oppress with anxious care, and sick of life, With gentle murmur of the purling stream, And welcome whisper of the evening breeze. I love when howling tempests burst their bounds, Earth, air, and sea commingling into one, To stand on some high cliff, and mark the waves Of ocean lash the long resounding shore; To trace the lightning's flash from cloud to cloud, Or note the sweep of yonder whirling blast. Nature, I love thee in whatever mood, Or clad in rude December's hoary robe, Or basking in the heat of Tropic Sun, Or in the calm of summer's moonlit eve. But not by charm of thine, nor potent spell, Canst thou so bind my soul as by this spell, Which now I feel enwraps my wilder'd mind. Sure, in this glen, thou'st played thy wildest freak, And realized what romance ne'er conceived. Here on this moss-spread couch could I recline, Supported by this Hemlock's mould'ring trunk, And gaze upon thy broken sheet of foam, And list the thunder of thy monarch voice, From purple morn till evening's silvery star Hath sunk behind yon tow'ring point of pine. On all around the impress of his hand I see, who made these wondrous as thou art, And mingling with thine own wild roar, I hear His voice in solemn majesty proclaim— "Twas my right hand that cleft in twain these hills, Arayed in sturdy oak, and whispering pine; That cast athwart this glen yon massive ledge Whose ragged front is silver'd o'er with foam. I scooped the hollow in that rocky bed, Where sleep the waters in such contrast calm, As resting ere their second whirling rush. Here at thy feet, again I bid them haste, And parting round this verdure cover'd rock, Beautiful as Emerald on maiden brow, Sparkling, once more to leap from this bold front. In diamonds dropping on the rock below. The pathway of yon little babbling stream, That glides so sweetly from the mountain side O'er velvet bed of loveliest green, have I With skill, surpassing pencil touch, described. Below I taught each drop from kindred drop To part, and gently sink in feathery spray, Upon the bosom of the nether stream. Above this scene, so wildly grand, yon arch Ethereal, of richest azure hue, I spread abroad, on which the eye of man, Admiring, lingers with supreme delight— Sunlitude of that benevolence Of mine which overspreads my every work. 'Tis even so—thy hand I see, thy voice

I hear, I gaze, I wonder, I adore. Here, when the morning stars together sang, And all the sons of God, with echoing shout, Exulted in new life, the cataract's Low booming tone returned the sounding praise; And from that morn to this fair sunny day, Ceaseless, as swings the pendulum of time, Is heard, within these hills, the rush, the roar Of this wild waterfall. Here oft the red man whose untutored mind, Nor books had known, nor college laws obeyed, With bow and quiver resting on yon rock, His Eagle plume with solemn reverence doff'd, And, folding arm in arm, in silence stood, And gazing long with mute praise, admired This wondrous work of that Great Spirit, whom His inmost soul adored. E'en yet the wild deer roams these woodlands o'er, And panting oft, with raging heat oppress, Hastens to lave his burning hoof within This rock-bound pool. And here the singing bird, With harmony divine, carols his song, The livelong day.

In yonder rocky glen, From crevice, sheltered by o'erhanging pines, The wildflower blooms, so delicately fair, That beam of summer's Sun would blast it quick In death. Behold yon vet'ran Hemlock, half erect, Covered with hanging moss; how like to age, Hoary and honored bending to the tomb. But now I must away, and seek again The haunts of busy man; peace hast thou spoken, And calm'd my troubled breast; with grateful heart And ling'ring eye I turn once more from thee, Romantic scene farewell. H.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

Courtship of the Elder Adams.

Some ten years since I spent a college vacation in the town of Weymouth, Norfolk co., Mass. While there I attended church one Sunday morning at what was called the old Weymouth meeting house, and heard a sermon from the venerable pastor, the Rev. Jacob Norton. About the same time I made Norton a visit, and became much interested in the old gentleman. I mentioned my agreeable visits to an aged lady of the parish, whose acquaintance I had made. She informed me that Mr. Norton was ordained their pastor when he was about 21 years of age, and that he had been with them nearly 40 years. She observed that most of his present parishioners could remember no other pastor; but that she could well remember his predecessor, the Rev. Mr. Smith, and that he and Mr. Norton had filled the same pulpit for the better part of the last eighty years. "Mr. Smith," said she, "was an excellent man, and a very fine preacher; but he had high notion of himself and family—in other words, he was something of an aristocrat." One day, said she to me, "to illustrate to you a little the character of old parson Smith, I will tell you an anecdote that relates to himself and some other persons of distinction. Mr. Smith had two charming daughters—(the eldest of these daughters was Mary, the other's name I have forgotten)—who were the admiration of all the beaux, and the envy of all the belles of the country around. But while the careful guardians of the parson's family were holding consultation on the subject, it was rumored that two young lawyers (I think both of the neighboring town of Quincy,) a Mr. Cranch and a Mr. Adams, were paying their addresses to the Miss Smiths. As every man, woman and child of a country parish in New England, is acquainted with whatever takes place in the parson's family, all the circumstances of the courtship soon transpired. Mr. Cranch was of a respectable family of some note, was considered a young man of promise, and altogether worthy of the alliance he sought. He was very acceptable to Mr. Smith, and was greeted by him and his family with great respect and cordiality. He was received by the eldest daughter as a lover; and was in fact a young man of much respectability. He afterwards rose to the dignity of judge of the court of Common Pleas of Massachusetts, and was the father of the present Hon. Judge Cranch, of the District of Columbia. The suitor of the other daughter was John Adams, who afterwards became President of the United States. But at that time in the opinion of Mr. Smith and family he gave but slender promise of the distinction to which he afterwards arrived. His pretensions were scorned by all the family, excepting the young lady to whom his addresses were especially directed. Mr. Smith showed him none of the ordinary civilities of his house: he was not asked to partake of the hospitalities of the table; and it is reported that his horse was doomed to share with his master the neglect and mortification to which he was subjected, for he was frequently seen shivering in the cold, and gnawing the post at the parson's door, of long winter evenings. In fine it was reported that Mr. Smith had intimated to him that his visits were unacceptable, and he would do him a favor by discontinuing them; he told his daughter that John Adams was not worthy of her; that his

father was an honest tradesman and farmer; who had tried to initiate John in the arts of husbandry and shoe-making, but without success; and that he had sent him to college as a last resort. He in fine begged his daughter not to think of making an alliance with one so much beneath her.

Miss Smith was among the most dutiful of daughters, but she saw Mr. Adams through a medium very different from that which her father viewed him. She would not for the world offend or disobey her father, but still John saw something in her eye and manner which seemed to say "persevere," and on that hint he acted.

Mr. Smith like a good parson and an affectionate father, had told his daughters if they married with his approbation, he would preach each of them a sermon on the Sabbath after the joyful occasion; and that they should have the privilege of choosing the text.

The espousal of the eldest daughter Mary arrived, and she was united to Mr. Cranch in the holy bonds, with the approval, the blessings and benedictions of her parents and her friends. Mr. Smith then said, "my dutiful child, I am now ready to prepare your sermon for next Sunday; what do you select for your text?" "My dear father," said Mary, "I have selected the latter part of the 42d verse of the 10th chapter of Luke.

"*Mary hath chosen that good part which shall never be taken from her.*"

"Very good, my daughter," said her father; and so a sermon was preached.

Mr. Adams persevered in his suit in defiance of all opposition. It was many years after, and on a very different occasion, and in resistance of very different opposition, that he uttered these memorable words, "*sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my heart and hand to this measure.*" But though the measures were different the spirit was the same. Besides he had already carried the main point of attack, the heart of the young lady—and he knew the surrender of the citadel must soon follow. After the usual hesitation and delay that attend such an unpleasant affair, Mr. Smith, seeing that resistance was fruitless, yielded the contested point with as much grace as possible, as many a prudent father has done, before and since that time. Mr. Adams was united to that lovely Miss Smith. After the marriage was over, and all things were settled in quiet, Mrs. Adams remarked to her father, "You preached sister Mary a sermon on the occasion of her marriage—won't you preach me one likewise?" "Yes my dear girl," said Mr. Smith, "choose your text, and you shall have your sermon."—"Well," said the daughter, "I have chosen the 33d verse of the 7th chapter of Luke."

"For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say he hath a devil."

The old lady my informant, looked me very archly in the face when she repeated this passage and observed, "if Mary was the most dutiful daughter, I guess the other had the most wit."

I could not ascertain whether the last sermon was ever preached.

It may not be inappropriate to remark, how well these ladies justified the preference of the distinguished individuals who had sought them in marriage. Of them it will hardly be extravagant to say, they were respectively an honor to their husbands, the boast of their sex, and the pride of New England. Mrs. Adams in particular, who from the elevated position in which her husband was placed before the world, was brought before the public eye, was supposed to hold the same elevated rank with the gentler sex, that Mr. Adams did among men, and she is reported to have rendered her husband much assistance in his multiplied labors of the pen.

Chills and Fevers.

Mr. Solomon Davis, of Petersburg, Va., in a communication in the National Intelligencer, gives the following receipt as a certain cure for the chills and fevers: He says go to a store and have put up 24 grains quinine, 20 grains blue mass, 16 drops oil black pepper—have them made up into 12 pills; take one every hour for six hours, and the next day take the other half, say six, in the same manner. The next day they must be taken in the absence of fever. If necessary, open the bowels with a dose of calomel and castor oil. You may have confidence in this remedy: I have cured, I may say, a thousand persons, and in no instance has a failure been known to me. All I can say to you is, try it, it will do you no harm, and cost you only twenty-five cents.

The Late Comet.

Professor Walker, of Philadelphia High School Observatory, designates the comet discovered last September as a connecting link between planets and comets, its orbit being flattened one half. The orbits of all other comets are flattened more than four fifths, asteroids one-fourth, while those of the old planets are nearly circular.

A New York paper says that several tons of brimstone have been ordered to Washington, to cure those loafers stationed there who have an "itch" for office.

The Deformed Girl.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Memory—mysterious memory!—holy and blessed as a dream of Heaven to the pure in spirit—haunter and accuser of the guilty!—un-escapable presence! Linger through every vicissitude, and calling us back to the past—back to the dim and sepulchral images of departed time—opening a new deep fountain of early passion—the thrilling aspirations of after years! While the present is dark with anguish, and the future gladdened by the sun-bow of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power—Unroll before me the chart of vanquished hours; let me gaze once more on their sunlight and shadow.

I am an old man; the friends of my youth are gone from me. Some have perished on the great deep; others on the battle field, afar off in the land of strangers—and many—very many, have been gathered quietly to the old church-yard of our native village. They have left me alone—even as the last survivor of a fallen forest—the hoary representative of departed generations. The chains which bound me to existence have been broken—Ambition, Avarice, Pride; even all that awakes into power the intolerable thirst of mind. But there are some milder thoughts—some brighter passages in the dream of my being, yet living at the fountain of Memory—thoughts, pure and angelic communion; linked by a thousand associations to the paradise of love.

There was one—a creature of exalted intellect—a being whose thoughts went upward like the incense of flowers upon God's natural altars—they were so unlike the earth. Yet she was not proud of her high gift. With the highest capacities of an unbounded spirit, there was something more than woman's meekness in her demeanor. It was the condescension of seraph intellect—the forgiveness and tears of conscientious purity, extended to the spring and passionate of earth.

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no harmony with her mind. It was not like the bright realities of being, the wealth of beauty which is sometimes concentrated in the matchless form of woman. It was deformity—strange, peculiar deformity, relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark, soul-like eye.

Yet strange as it may seem, I loved her, deeply, passionately, as the young heart can love when it pours itself out as an oblation to its idol. There were gentle ones around me—creatures of smiles and blushes, soft tones and melting glances, but their beauty made no lasting impression on my heart. Mine was intellectual love—yearning after something invisible and holy—something above the ordinary standard of human desire, set apart and sanctified as it were by the mysteries of the mind.

Mine was not to be revealed in the thronged circle of gaiety and fashion, it was avowed underneath the bending heaven; when the perfect stars were alone gazing upon us. It was rejected; but not in scorn, in pride nor anger, by that high-thoughted girl. She would ask my friendship—my sympathy; but she besought me—aye, with tears she besought me, to speak no more of Love. I obeyed her. I fled from her presence. I mingled once more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered my soul. Wealth came upon me unexpectedly; and the voice of praise became a familiar sound. I returned at last with the impress of manhood upon my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams.

She was dying—consumption—pale, ghastly consumption was taking hold on her existence. The deformed and unfitting tenement was yielding to the impulse of the soul.

Clasping her wasted hand I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eyes to mine, and in those beautiful emblems of the soul, I read the hoarded affection of years—the long smothered emotion of a smothered heart. "Henry," she said, I bent lower to catch the faltering tones of her voice—"I have loved long and fervently. I feel that I am dying. I rejoice at it, Earth will cover this wasted and unseemly form, but the soul will return to that promised and better land, where no change of circumstances can mar the communication of Spirit. Oh, Henry, had it been permitted; but I will not murmur. You were created with more than manhood's beauty, and I deformed—wretched as I am, I have dared to love you."

I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over her features, and fixed there like an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead. And they buried her on the spot which she herself had selected—a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green young willows. I have stood there a thousand times in quiet moonlight, and fancied that I heard in every breeze that whispered among the branches the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage. Gently and soothingly thou comest to watch over my sleeping pillow—to cheer midst the trials of humanity—to mingle thy heavenly sympathies with my joys and sorrows, and to make

thy mild reproving known and felt in the darker moments of existence; in the tempest of passion, in the bitterness of crime. Even now, in the awful calm which precedes the last change in my being, in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel that thou art near to me—

"Thyself a pure and sainted one, Watching the frail and loved of earth."

Alpaca.

Probably few ladies who wear and admire the beautiful fabric called Alpaca, are aware of the source of its production. The Alpaca is a wool-bearing animal, indigenous to South America, and is one of four varieties, which bear general points of resemblance to each other. The Llana, one of these varieties, has been long known, and often described; but it is only within a few years that the Alpaca has been considered of sufficient importance to merit particular notice.

Nine-tenths of the wool of the Alpaca is black, the remainder being partly white, red, and grizzled. It is of a very long staple, often reaching twelve inches, and resembles soft glossy hair—which character is not lost by dyeing. The Indians in the South American mountains manufacture nearly all their clothing from this wool, and are enabled to appear in black dresses, without the aid of a dyer. Both the Llana and Alpaca are, perhaps, even more valuable to the natives as beasts of burden than as wool-bearing animals, and the obstinacy of both, when irritated is well known. The importance of this animal has been already considered by the English, in their hat, woollen and stuff trade, and an essay on the subject has been published by Dr. Hamilton, of London, from which some of these details are collected.

The wool is so remarkable, being a jet black, glossy, silk-like hair, that it is fitted for the production of textile fabrics, differing from all others, occupying a medium position between wool and silk. It is now mingled with other materials in such a singular manner, that while a particular dye will affect those, it will leave the Alpaca wool with its original black color, and thus give rise to great diversity.

When the value of this commodity became appreciated in England, it became an important question whether the animal itself could be reared in the country. From the power possessed by the Alpaca of living on very scanty herbage, it has been proposed to introduce the animal in these districts of Scotland and Ireland, where the English sheep cannot flourish.

The Volcanic Mountain in Georgia.

At the last meeting of the Brooklyn Society of Natural History, the following interesting information was communicated in relation to the volcano in Rabun county, Georgia:

A person who resides near it states that on one occasion there were small lights discovered on the mountain, as of burning charcoal. At another time the mountain in the night time appeared one mass of fire; the trees and various other objects were distinctly visible by means of the light. At other times the flames have been seen to issue from the fissures of the rocks to the height of ten feet, &c. This mountain is situated in the gold region, and it is somewhat extraordinary to find volcanic matter in such regions.

Courting.

For the benefit of those who do not know much about up country fashions, we copy the following description of "how they do up the courting business" in the region of New London, New Hampshire. We find it in a letter in the Nashua Oasis:—

A good looking young man meets a girl at a Lyceum, apple-and-cider party, or something of a similar nature. He invites her to a sleigh-ride. She blushes and agrees to go. Then the matter rests until the father of the girl seeks out the promising young buck, and accosts him with a question something like the following: "And is the ride the last on't?" The youngster seems gratified with the flattering notice, and at once concludes the bargain. This, you see, is a great saving of time, and a decided improvement on the old method.

A Man Legally Proved never to have had a Father.

A young man was summoned to appear before the magistrates at Rocking petty sessions, on the 28th of March, to show cause why he refused to support his father, who had received relief from the guardians of the Braintree Union, and consequently was not able to maintain himself. Mr. Lane, who appeared for the young man, to show cause, informed the magistrates that he should be able to prove that his client never had a father. Mr. Lane then did so by showing that his client was born out of wedlock, and consequently, legally had no father; upon which the magistrates dismissed the case. [Essex Herald.]

IRON FACTORIES.—There are sixteen iron factories in Pennsylvania, using anthracite coal, which manufacture 45,500 tons of iron annually. There are also four in New Jersey, which make 800 tons.