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

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The Motherless.

The following is one of the most touchingly beautiful things we have ever read. The whole scene is one of exquisite tenderness, and its beauty lies in its entire truthfulness. There is no attempt, no effort to make grief—what is written, is written because it was felt—because the heart was full, and was relieved by utterance. It is real, not invented. None can doubt this is the language of a husband and a father, with a spirit stricken by the loss of one fondly loved as a wife, and as the mother of his precious ones. How full of nature is the third verse! how like what we would look for—and how beautiful the fourth!

You're weary, precious ones! your eyes
Are wandering far and wide;
Think ye of her, who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide;
Who could to Wisdom's sacred love
Your fixed attention claim?
Ah! never from your heart's erase
That blessed mother's name!

'Tis time to say your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove!
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love;
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng!
Cling as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.
Begin, sweet birds the accustomed strain,
Come warble loud and clear;
Alas! alas! you're weeping all,
Your sobbing in my ear.
Good night!—Go say the prayer she taught
Beside your little bed—
The lips that used to bless you there
Are silent with the dead!

A father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life;
His care protect these shrinking plants,
That dread the storms of strife:
But upon your infant hearts
Shall like that mother write?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul?
Dear, smitten flock!—Good night.

Matrimony.

The following curious advertisement lately appeared in the New Sporting Magazine:—"A gentleman, residing in one of the principal hunting counties, of middle age and sportsman-like manner, is desirous of uniting himself to a lady possessing a passion for field sports. Fortune or beauty are not the object of the advertiser—the former, if any, may be settled upon the lady; and as to the latter, though not an objection, it nevertheless is not a primary object. Good humour, a small foot, and easy on horseback, are the principal qualifications required. As this is the advertisement of a fox, and not a fortune-hunter, it is hoped that no one will answer it out of idle curiosity.—P. S. None with red hair need apply."

An Interesting Case.

A case was recently tried before the Hon. Thomas H. Bell, of Chester county, Pa., charging a man with keeping a public house of entertainment, without a license. By the evidence it appeared that he was in the habit of pasturing cattle, and selling to drovers, hay and oats for their stock, but it was not proven that he was in the habit of receiving pay for lodging and entertaining travellers. The court decided that the farmer had a right to sell his produce as near his own door as he can, but that he has no right to entertain travellers for pay. The verdict of the jury was "Not guilty."

India rubber horse shoes are manufactured in England. A sample has been submitted to the Horse Guards, and approved of. It is intended to test immediately its capability and durability.

From the Washington Capital.

"All's Well that ends Well."

BY HORATIO KING.

"Honor and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

"Say what you will, Mrs. Lincoln, my daughter shall never marry a mechanic—that point is settled beyond question. What right has a mechanic to seek her hand? She moves now in the first society, and I intend she shall not unite herself in marriage with any one who is not her equal, at least in rank."

"Well, they do say," replied Mrs. Lincoln, "that George Hamblen has actually offered himself to her, or is on the point of doing so; and if such be the fact, and if my advice were asked in the matter, I should say, let Mary accept him by all means; she can never do better, and may do much worse. As to your remark about rank, if you intend to intimate that his rank is not equal to that of your daughter, I must be allowed, frankly, to differ from you. True, George is a mechanic; but I have yet to learn that a well educated and accomplished young man, like him, is any the less a gentleman, or the less entitled to be considered of the 'first society,' for being a mechanic."

"Oh, now, you needn't talk so to me," said Mrs. Otis; "you'll never make me believe a mechanic is a gentleman, in the true acceptance of the word. There may be some who are tolerably well educated, and know how to appear quite respectable when thrown into company; but there is something to my mind so vulgar in the idea of a mechanic, that I can never consent to any arrangement which would tend to introduce them into the first society. Last of all, shall any one, with my permission, ever salute me as his mother-in-law. Pshaw! Mrs. Lincoln, the thing is preposterous."

"It doubtless appears so to you, Mrs. Otis; but your views on this subject are all wrong. You cannot have examined it in its true light and reflected properly upon it. Pray, whom do you consider as the only persons who should compose what you call the 'first society?'"

"Why professional men, of course; such as lawyers, doctors, ministers, &c., as well as gentlemen of pleasure, retired merchants, and others who are living upon their money, without any particular employment. I do not wish to be understood as saying that mechanics, farmers, and the like, are not respectable in their places, Mrs. Lincoln; all I ask is that they move in their proper sphere and not intrude themselves where they do not belong."

"Yes, I understand; you prefer, as an associate for yourself and daughter, the 'polished gentleman of leisure,' to an honest, intelligent and industrious mechanic. And who are many of these gentlemen of leisure, who are admitted into, and caressed by your 'first society?' Bankrupts in property, moral principles, and every thing else, except brass and bristles; creatures, who would pass currently for puppies every where, (except in the 'first society') though but for their loquacity, some might be taken for goats in breeches, or orang outangs from the Asiatic Islands! Against your lawyers, doctors, and divines, I have nothing to say; in your language, I respect them all 'in their places.' But as distinct classes in society, neither is a whit better, or more respectable, than the hardy mechanics and yeomanry of our country generally. If there be any distinction, the producing classes are certainly entitled to the highest consideration."

"Well, Mrs. Lincoln, if you don't beat all! Why your doctrine, carried out, would destroy all distinctions in society. Only think of a fashionable assembly, composed of gentlemen of the different learned professions, farmers, mechanics, merchants, traders, speculators, gamblers, and what not, each and all with their female associates, congregated on terms of perfect equality! Wouldn't it present a beautiful picture?"

"But you are a little too fast," replied Mrs. Lincoln; "I am not the advocate of any such equality as that, by any means. On the contrary, I wish to see what passes for the 'first society' among us, purged of its impurities, and the worthy mechanic assume the rank he deserves in the world. I would have the frown of the virtuous and good forever fixed upon the unprincipled and dissolute, whatever their occupation in life. External accomplishments, either with or without wealth, should never serve as a passport to a polluted heart into the bosom of respectable society. While honest industry should ever be regarded with the smile of commendation, and its antagonist, indolence, should find no favor whatever."

"Well, it is all folly to talk to me. My mind is made up. Mary is not going to have George Hamblen, or any other mechanic. She shall live and die an old maid first."

"Very well; it is no particular concern of mine," said Mrs. Lincoln; "but we shall soon see whether Mary herself is disposed to regard his advances with favor. Indeed, I have already seen enough to satisfy me that George has nothing to fear, so far as she is concerned. It is not long since I chanced to observe them very closely engaged in conversation by themselves. It was on the occasion of Mary's last visit to her aunt. Leaning with clasped hands upon

his arm, she was looking up into his face with an earnestness of expression that at once convinced me of her devotedness to him. But here she comes; let us hear what she has to say for herself."

Mary has now just returned from a short walk. Well knowing the prejudice of her mother against mechanics, she resolutely insisted that Mrs. Lincoln must have mistaken her cousin Lorenzo for Mr. Hamblen, as the person with whom she was promenading whilst at her aunt's.

At this moment the door bell rang, and a gentleman was immediately conducted into the room, whom Mary recognized and introduced as Mr. Williams, a young physician from a neighboring village. Mary had met him at a recent party; and he had called, in passing, just to present his compliments to her, and see that she suffered no inconvenience from her exposure to the damp air on the night of the party.

His age was about twenty-two—his stature a little above the medium height—complexion light—eyes and nose prominent—and his expression altogether agreeable.

After a half hour of pleasant conversation, he took his leave, not, however, without receiving and accepting a very pressing invitation from Mrs. Otis, in which her daughter, of course, modestly joined, to call again.

He had no sooner left the house than Mrs. Otis embraced the occasion to draw a lively comparison between him, as one of the learned professions and mechanics. With an air of self-satisfaction, she said—

"Show me your mechanic, Mrs. Lincoln, who is able to converse with Dr. Williams.—Did you not observe the variety and extent of his knowledge, his happy faculty of communication and polish of manners. Talk not to me of your mechanics! In point of every thing pleasant and agreeable—nay, even valuable in a gentleman, I will place Dr. Williams, little as I have seen of him, against any dozen mechanics you can produce."

Mrs. Lincoln not disposed to continue the controversy further, and ever willing to acknowledge merit whenever she saw it, very cheerfully concurred in the favorable opinion expressed of Dr. Williams—adding, however, that there were many mechanics fully equal to him in extent of knowledge, readiness of communication, and polish of address.

It is proper to remark here, that Augustus Otis, Esq., the husband of lady Otis, was a gentleman of great good sense, and a lawyer of distinguished ability. Himself the son of a worthy mechanic, he was never heard to speak of mechanics in any other than terms of the greatest respect. Moreover, had he been present, there is little risk in saying Mrs. Lincoln would have found him heartily concurring with her in support of her cause.

Doctor Williams soon became intimate at the house of Mr. Otis, who, with his lady, spared no pains to make his visits agreeable to him. It was also quite apparent that Mary contributed her part towards the same end with the same perfect cheerfulness and good will.

As the writer is not at liberty to disclose further what transpired in the innocent and friendly intercourse between Mary and the young doctor, at this point,

"Where thought meets thought, ere from the lip it starts,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart."

Leaving this part to the imagination of the reader, we come directly to the fact that all parties joyfully assenting, the bans were duly published, and the day of marriage agreed on.

Mary never looked more beautiful than on the morning of her marriage day—a bright morning in May—

"Heaven was in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."

At the appointed time the bride and bridegroom—Mary Otis and young Williams, attended by her cousin Lorenzo and a young female associate, stepped into a carriage, in readiness at the door, and hastened to wait upon the minister of the parish, residing at the village, about eight miles distant. In the mean time a small party of friends, Mrs. Lincoln among the rest, assembled at the house of Mr. Otis to offer their congratulations to the happy couple upon their return, and tender the usual civilities of all such joyous occasions.

Conducting them at once into the presence of the company assembled in the drawing room,

"Allow me, ladies and gentlemen," said Mrs. Lincoln, "to introduce you to doctor Williams, better known as Mr. George Hamblen, the mechanic—editor, printer and publisher of the 'Village Chronicle,' and his lady, hitherto the accomplished Miss Otis."

All eyes were fixed on Mrs. Otis, who stood half amazed, in doubt whether to credit what she had just heard as a sober reality, or whether the occasion had been seized on by Mrs. Lincoln to play off an innocent hoax at her expense. She was soon, however, convinced, that the gentleman, now her son-in-law, whom she had known and so highly esteemed as "Doctor Williams," was, indeed, none other than plain Mr. Hamblen, the mechanic.

Collecting herself, and resolving to make the best of the somewhat awkward position in which she found herself placed,

"I perceive," said she, taking by the hand and addressing Mr. Hamblen, "that I have, though I trust not without your approbation, been deceived both in your name and occupation. Be it so. Had I regrets to express, this is no place for them—it is now too late. With mechanics, I had associated the idea of ignorance and want of gentlemanly accomplishments. Hence my unfavorable opinion of them as a class. But in you I observed no deficiency of education; I liked your apparent sincerity; I was pleased with your deportment—yes, more, I entertained the most entire confidence in your honesty and purity of your moral principles. Why, then, should I hesitate? The little deception which I am well aware, has been practised at the instance of her who is now your wife—borne on by friends, not expecting her own father, in whom she confided—and I can most cheerfully forgive and forget what has passed. Take my daughter, it is your choice—it is hers."

"To you, my daughter, now just entering upon new and important relations in life, in the language of another, let me advise you that the good wife is one who is strictly and conscientiously virtuous; she is humble and modest from reason and conviction, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination. What she acquires by love, she preserves by prudence. She makes it her delight to please her husband, being confident that every thing that promotes his happiness, must, in the end, contribute to her own. She always rejoices in his prosperity and by her tenderness and good humor, lessens his cares and afflictions. Go—and may Heaven bless you both!"

Young Hamblen, as may well be supposed, was not free from embarrassment on this occasion. Addressing Mrs. Otis:—

"You are correct," said he, "in the opinion that I yielded; with great reluctance, to the little artifice which has been employed. I finally assented only on the strongest assurance, from those whom I knew to be your best friends, that I should be held blameless in the matter. If I have sailed into port under false colors, it was not from my own inclination, but in obedience to a commanding signal from the very prize I have captured!"

Capitol Hill, D. C.

Iowa Territory.

The Buffalo Gazette says:—Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Ohio seem to be pouring in their population into Iowa, particularly on the Iowa and Des Moines rivers. It is estimated that two thousand families have settled on the new purchase from the Indians on the Des Moines river land which has not yet come into market. It is said to be a fine country, the prairies and timber being well interspersed, and very fertile. It is also said to be a very fine wool growing country, and vast numbers of sheep have been driven in the past year, principally from Ohio and Indiana, sometimes as many as 2000 in a single drove; carding machines and fulling mills have been erected in several places in the territory, and preparations are making for the erection of a woollen factory on the Des Moines river. Many excellent flouring mills have been erected, and many more are in the course of erection, and the water power of the country is very fine.

Farming at Cape Cod.

The farming interests on Cape Cod, appears to be on a rather more precarious footing than any where else, where agriculture is pursued to any extent. A couple of acres of land, planted with corn by Mr. Harvey Hawes, at Dennis, was blown away by the wind, a few days since, to such a depth that it was impossible to tell which part remained planted, and which did not. We have heard strange stories of Cape Cod farming before—how they foddered their cows upon codfish, and weaned the calves upon pickled herring, and all that; but this business of having their freehold taken off bodily by a nor'-wester, is a calamity that is quite new to us. Why don't the Cape Codmen Kellock their corn fields as they do their mackerel boats, or tie up their potatoe patches to a tree, when they see a squall coming?

A Child to Boast of.

A farmer's wife, in speaking of the smartness, aptness, and intelligence of her son, a lad six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said—
"He can read freely in any part of the Bible, repeat the whole catechism, and weed onions as well as his father."
"Yes, mother," added the young hopeful, "and yesterday I licked Ned Rawson, threw the cat in the well, and stole old Hinckley's gimblet."

Mosquitoes—Good if True.

Parley's Magazine contains the following:—"To get rid of these tormentors, take a few hot coals on a shovel or chafing dish, and burn upon them some brown sugar, in your bedrooms and parlors, and you effectually banish or destroy every mosquito for the night."

More Discoveries.

TORPOR OF THE HUMAN SYSTEM—A SLEEP OF AGES.

An American travelling in Europe, writes the following communication to the Baton Rouge Gazette. We give it as we find it, for the lovers of the wonderful:—

Professor Van Grusselbach, of Stockholm, has very lately brought to a state of perfection the art of producing a torpor in the whole system, by the application of cold of degrees of intensity, proceeding from a lesser to a greater, so as to cause the human body to become perfectly torpid, without permanent injury to any organ or tissue of the frame. In this they may remain one hundred or a thousand years, and again, after a sleep of ages, be awakened to existence, as fresh and blooming as they were when they first sunk into this frigid slumber.

The attention of the learned Professor was first led to the subject by finding a toad enclosed in a solid fragment of calcareous rock, ten feet in diameter, which, when taken out, showed unequivocal signs of life—but it is supposed that the concussion caused by blasting the rock occasioned its death in a few hours after. The opinion of Baron Grunhizen, who is at present Geologist to the King of Sweden, was that it must have been in that situation for at least seven thousand years—and his calculations were drawn from the different layers or strata by which it was surrounded. From this hint the Professor proceeded to make experiments, and after a painful and laborious course of experiments for the last twenty-nine years of his life, he at last succeeded in perfecting the great discovery. Not less than sixty thousand reptiles, shell fish, &c. were experimented on before he tried the human subject. The process is not laid entirely before the public as yet, but I had the honor, in company with a friend, of visiting the Professor.

I shall give a slight description of one of the outer rooms containing some of his preparations. Previous to entering we were furnished with an Indian rubber bag to which was attached a mask with glass eyes. This was put on to prevent the temperature of the room from being raised the slightest degree by our breathing. It was a circular room lighted from the top by the sun's rays, from which the heat was entirely disengaged by its passage through glass, &c., colored by the oxide of copper, (a late discovery and very valuable to the Professor.) The room is shelved all round, and contains nearly one thousand specimens of animals. One was a Swedish girl, aged, from appearance, about 19 years—she was consigned to the Professor by order of the government to experiment upon, having been guilty of murdering her child. With the exception of slight paleness, she appears as if asleep, although she has been in a state of complete torpor for two years. He intends to resuscitate her in five more years, and convince the world of the soundness of his wonderful discovery. The Professor, to gratify us, took a small snake out of his cabinet into another room, and although it appeared to us to be perfectly dead and rigid as marble, by the application of a mixture of cayenne pepper and brandy it showed immediate signs of life, and was apparently as active as ever it was, in a minute, although the Professor assured us it had been in a state of torpor for six years.

Animal Electricity.

Mr. Glover has published the following method of receiving the electrical shock from a cat. Place the left hand under the throat, with the middle finger and the thumb slightly pressing the bones of the animal's shoulder, then gently pressing the right hand along the back, sensible electrical shocks will be felt in the left hand. Very distinct discharges may be obtained too, by touching the tips of the ears after applying friction to the back of the cat. It will hardly be necessary, we suppose, to hint how requisite that a good understanding should exist between the experimenter and the apparatus, lest shocks might be elicited more electric than were to be wished.

Mr. Dallas and the U. S. Bank.

Governor CORWIN, in a recent speech at Dayton Ohio, gave the following reminiscences of the candidate who, a day or two afterwards, was nominated by the locos for the Vice Presidency. "In 1832, a bill to re-charter the Bank was introduced into the Senate by George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, one of the leading friends of Gen. Jackson in that body. The bill passed both Houses and was presented to the President for his signature. After it had been in the President's hands for several days, Governor Corwin said he met Mr. Dallas late one night, for the House was then frequently in session till a late hour, and expressed to him his fears that General Jackson intended to veto the Bank Bill. Mr. Dallas replied—"General Jackson dare not veto it." But the very next morning the veto was sent in, and in one week afterwards the same Mr. Dallas was in Philadelphia denouncing the United States Bank as warmly as he had ever advocated it."