

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL 5.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1845.

No. 46.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
SCHOCH & SPERING.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and 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 37 1/2 cts. 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 BLANKS,

PAMPHLETS, &c.

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

From the Baltimore Patriot.

The Dying Deist.

I saw him in the bloom of youth,
Ere he had felt affliction's rod;
He spurn'd the sacred book of truth,
The glorious Gospel of our God;
And scorn'd the Almighty Power above,
Whose eye creation's scope may scan,
And read the source of hate or love,
Within the heart of thankless man.
To him a gracious God had given
The gift of genius, to survey
The wondrous works of earth and heaven,
Spread out in beautiful array;
But, ah! creation, to his sight,
Was but a wild, a rude romance,
Sprung from the realms of rayless night,
But dark and undesigning CHANCE.

He saw the charming seasons change,
And flowers bloom out and blush for man;
But in all nature's radiant range,
The MIGHTY MIND he could not scan.
Each spire of grass, each being born,
Should have convinced a mind so wise;
And yet he even laugh'd to scorn,
A suffering Saviour's sacrifice.

I saw the dying Deist roll
Upon an agonizing bed;
Hell's horrors harrow'd up his soul,
His eye-balls starting from his head.
With streaming eyes I saw him stretch
His impious hands to heaven in prayer;
Save! save! oh! save! he cried, a wretch
Whose soul is shrouded in despair!

Death's darkest angel o'er him waved
His gloomy wings, to waft away
The skeptic's spirit, and he raved
And wept and pray'd for one more day.
Philosophy, thou fool! say, where
Was now thy sweet, consoling power!
Where was thy balm for his despair,
In desolation's awful hour!

I saw him gather'd to the grave,
In christian holiness unborn;
He died cold skepticism's slave,
All unrepentant and forlorn:
With genius worthy heaven's abode,
But with a hopeless heart of pride.
Rent by the awful wrath of God,
The poor, unhappy Deist died.

What madness 'tis in man to mar
The joys which God has kindly given,
And blot out Bethlehem's beautiful star,
Whose light illumines our path to heaven!
'Tis vain to strive no power may stay
The will and pleasure of our Lord;
Hell's deep dark dungeons must obey,
And heaven and earth receive his word.

MILFORD BARD.

Songs of the Seedy.

THE TIP-TOP SORT OF THING.

You bid me unbosom; ah, do ye then doubt!—
Believe ye not all that I say!
Ah, Susan, you must still continue to pout.
I cannot unbosom to-day.
My heart, I, indeed, would lay willingly bare,
Nor fear that it ought could impart
To wound or offend thee—Oh, trust me, I wear
No covering over my heart!
You do not believe me, but coldly require
My perfect unbosoming still—
Well, Susan, you say that it is your desire,
And, straightway, dear maiden, I will.
There! there! said I not I no covering wore
On my heart!—Ah! you feel you've been rash;
Then bid me, dear Susan, unbosom no more,
When the one shirt I have 's at the wash.

Buckwheat.—A third of the buckwheat raised in the United States comes from Pennsylvania.

From the Portland Tribune
The Gold Ring.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.
CHAPTER I.

How gently wise, who never move
When stern misfortune lowers;
Who see the same kind hand of love
In sunshine and in showers.
When shadows veil the burning sky,
Behind the clouds they know,
Bright fields of golden grandeur lie,
And seas of splendor flow.
They only bend, but never speak
When angry storms arise—
Prepared the hand of grief to take,
And wait for brighter skies.

Emily Acton was an excellent young lady of some eighteen years. Her parents, although in humble circumstances, were industrious, and the daughter was early taught to employ herself about that which was useful. She took pride in rising early and getting breakfast ready by the time her mother arose; after which she would employ herself in the kitchen, or sew or knit. Unlike a great many of her sex, she was seldom seen at the window to watch the young men who passed, dressed in the height of fashion. It was not because Emily was poor, but she had a different taste and thought more of her character and the assistance she might render her mother. Her dress was always neat, but never gaudy; and it did not trouble her, if she could not follow the foolish fashions of the day. Emily was also interesting in her conversation. You would not hear her talk about the fellows and the beaux, from one month to another; nor remark what this person and that one wore at church. She attended meeting to hear and not to see and be seen; and what she heard was treasured in her mind. Miss Acton was called a little odd, by some of her flirt young friends, who were all for fashion and show; but they loved her nevertheless. Emily had an excellent disposition; she was kind and accommodating, and never indulged in angry words or manifested unpleasant feelings.

Mr. Acton was a worthy shoemaker; but as his business was not very good and he not an expert workman, it was with difficulty that he paid his debts and lived comfortably. To purchase the necessaries of life, requires no little sum, especially when rents are high and wood and flour dear. To help along in the family, Emily was in the habit of taking in work, and often earned from twelve to fifteen shillings a week. This she gave to her mother to expend in any way she might think proper.

One morning as Emily was returning some work that she had made, she picked up a small gold ring. On examining it, as she returned home, she discovered the initials 'J. S.' engraved on the inside. 'Mother,' said she, 'this may belong to some one who prizes it highly; otherwise, I think the owner would not have had his initials engraved upon it.'

'If so you may find the owner; for it will certainly be advertised.'
'Do you think one would go to that expense for so trifling a thing.'
'Not unless it is valued more as a gift, than for the gold it contains.'

Emily carefully put away the ring in her box and thought but little of it for a few days. On Tuesday morning when the Gazette came—for Mr. Acton was a subscriber of this paper—on looking over the advertising columns, Emily exclaimed,

'Why, mother, the ring I found last week is really advertised.'
'Are you sure of it?'
'Yes—it describes the very ring.'
'Run and get it, and then read to me the advertisement.'

Emily brought the ring and handed it to her mother and read as follows:
'Lost.—A small gold ring, with the initials J. S. upon it. The ring is prized as the gift of a friend, and whoever has found the same shall be liberally rewarded by leaving it at the store of Mr. —, in Middle-street.'

'It must be the same, Emily, and you had better carry the ring to the store this morning.'
'I will mother; but I shall charge nothing for finding it.'

Putting on her things, Emily started for the shop in Middle-street. On entering she made known her errand, and the store-keeper remark-

ed that the gentleman who lost the ring had left two dollars for him to pay should any one present it. But Emily refused to take the money, and left the ring. The shop-keeper insisted on her taking the two dollars. 'The gentleman is rich and able to pay it,' said he.

Finding that she refused and was leaving the shop, he called her back and requested her name and residence, which she did not hesitate to give, and then left the shop and returned to her home.

The following Monday, when Emily and her mother were at their wash tubs, some one knocked at the door. The old lady went to see who was there and presently returned, telling her daughter a young gentleman was in the front room, who wished to see her. Wiping her face and hands on her apron, she hastened into the room without unrolling her sleeves or unpinning her gown. Yet she did not apologize for her appearance, taking it for granted that if a real gentleman wished to see her, he would know that to work was no disgrace and that on Monday morning she must of course be found at the wash tub.

As she entered the room the gentleman remarked—'If I mistake not, you are the young lady who recently found a gold ring and left it at the store of Mr. —.'

'Yes sir.'
'But as you refused to take the two dollars I left, I didn't know but you might think it too small a sum, and I have called to present you with five dollars.'

'O, sir, I did not think I ought to be paid for doing my duty and therefore I refused to take it; and I shall now certainly refuse your liberal offer.'

'But I insist upon your taking it. Here, accept this bill.'

'I cannot consent to take it. It would not be right for me to be paid for discharging my duty—do you think it would, sir?'

'The ring I value at ten times that sum.—It was a ring worn by a very dear friend, who died about two years since, and on that account I prize it. But I merely ask you to take this bill as a present, not as pay received for a very honest act—and take it you must.'

'Do not urge me to take it, sir.'
'Take it—take it—and say not another word.'

Reluctantly Emily held out her hand and took the five dollars—remarking that she would endeavor to make good use of it.

'I have no doubt of that,' said the stranger, seeming but little inclined to leave; 'you have probably learned how to make good use of money.'

'Yes, sir, as my parents are poor I am obliged to earn my own living by sewing and knitting, and I expend but very little for what I think is not really useful.'

'You take in work, then?'

'Yes, sir, all I can get to do.'

'I have some shirting I should like to have made up. Can I get you to do it?'

'I should be happy to do it for you.'
Bidding Emily good morning, the stranger left the house, while the industrious girl returned to her wash tub.

'Mother,' said she, 'who do you suppose this stranger is? He appears to be an excellent man, and insisted upon my taking five dollars for finding the ring.'

'I cannot tell; he must be some rich man's son, or he could not afford to give you so much.'

'Besides, mother, he says he will give me some work.'

'If he should and you do it very well, it may open the way for more employment. I should as lief you would work for gentlemen, as take it from shop-shops.'

Cheerful and happy, Emily continued at her work day by day. She never had a moment to spend to walk the streets, or gossip from house to house. Her thoughts were, how she could make herself most useful, and better promote the welfare and happiness of her worthy parents.

CHAPTER II.

I seek a female in whose heart,
Domestic virtues share a part;
Not fond of gaudy dress or show,
To please some foppish senseless beau,
Who rather at her work be seen,
Than pace the town with haughty mien,

Addressing every male she meets,
In bustling marts or crowded streets.

Charles Simonton was the son of a rich man; but unlike the children of many wealthy parents, from his earliest years he was obliged to work. His judicious father had been brought up at a mechanical trade and had made his fortune by diligence and industry, and he was determined his son should not be ruined by idleness and improper associates: When he was old enough to learn a trade, he put Charles to Messrs. Gould and Webster, to learn the mysteries of making hats. With these gentlemen he worked hard; but at this he did not murmur. Sometimes his fellow associates would joke him on account of his steady habits, and even laugh at him for not touching the ardent spirits which they daily used. But he had seen the evil of intemperance and warned them to beware. They heeded him not.

One day two of the apprentices, young Woodman and Harris, determined they would make Charles take a glass of bitterns with them, but he stoutly refused. They held him and endeavored to pour the poison down his throat, but could not succeed.

'You will be sorry for this,' said Charles; for I am certain, unless you forsake your practice, you will become intemperate and die drunkards.'

'We'll risk that, young Morality,' they replied. 'Who won't enjoy themselves when they can, must be fools.'

Charles made the best of the treatment he received, and was so kind-hearted, it was seldom that he was treated roughly. His most excellent mother had taught him lessons of wisdom, which he could not forget. When tempted to stray from duty, her image and her counsel were before him and he turned from the wrong path and pursued a virtuous life.

When Charles had finished his trade, his masters offered to give him employment, but his father had business for him, which he thought would be more congenial to his feelings—he took him into partnership with himself. Their business was good and prosperity crowned their efforts. About that time Charles met a severe loss in the death of his mother. She had been sick for some months, and her death had been daily expected. She gave her son some excellent advice and begged him never to deviate from a virtuous course.

'My son, I am dying,' said she, 'and when I am gone remember my words to you, and always practice according to the dictates of wisdom. Follow the Bible and treasure in your heart its holy truths, which if obeyed will make you happy in life, cheerful in death and blessed forever. Here, Charles I give you a ring I have worn—keep it to remember my precepts.'

Charles loved his mother affectionately. She had been a devoted parent to him, and when she was dead his grief was poignant. He placed her gift upon his finger, resolving to part with it only in death.

Mrs. Simonton had slept beneath the clouds of the valley for nearly two years, and Charles had safely kept this relic of his mother; but one day on going to his supper, he discovered that he had lost his ring. He looked for it in vain. Charles went directly to Isaac Adams, proprietor of the Portland Gazette, and paid him for an advertisement stating his loss, requested the finder to leave it at a shop in Middle street.

In a few days, Charles called at the store, and ascertained that the ring had been found.—'But,' said the shop-keeper 'the young lady who found it would not take the two dollars reward you ordered me to pay her.'

'Wouldn't take it!—and why not?'

'It is more than I can tell. She seemed to think it was not one's duty to receive pay for what was found. And, faith, Charles she was a very pretty girl.'

'But she shall be paid. Just inform me where she lives and I will see she is rewarded for her honesty.'

The shop-keeper informed Charles of her residence, and on Monday he called at the house. The result of that visit the reader learned in our first chapter.
When Simonton left the house of Mr. Acton he resolved on one thing—to marry the interesting and domestic daughter, as he found her to be, provided he could obtain her consent.—Her beauty and her modesty, her industry and

her humility struck him at once, and he could not forget her. At night he thought of the beautiful girl and in the day time she was before him. 'She is just such a woman as I need,' said he to himself, 'and she suits me better than any of the dozens I am acquainted with, who fill the circle of pride and fashion.'

In a short time Charles called at Mr. Acton's with the shirting he wished to have made up. It was in the evening. He was politely invited in, and gladly embraced the opportunity. While sitting with the good lady, Emily busied herself with ironing the clothes, now and then stopped to converse with Charles. Everything was neat about the house and spoke of industry and not of poverty.

In taking leave he was invited to call again, by Emily and her mother, the former stating that his work would be finished in the course of a week.

'What a fine young gentleman Mr. Simonton is,' said Mr. Acton, after Charles had gone; for on that evening, for the first time, they had learned his name.

'He is very pleasant and very kind,' remarked Emily. 'How different he is from many of our rich men. I really begin to love that young man.'

'I certainly do,' said the mother. 'You seldom see a man of his wealth so pleasant and agreeable to poor folks.'

'If ever I should be so lucky as to get a husband mother, I know no one who comes up to my ideas of what a husband should be as this Mr. Simonton.'

'I fear, my child, you will not get such a gentleman as he.'

'I do not expect it. I never dreamed of such a thing. It was only some of my foolish talk.'

One week passed away and Mr. Simonton called for his work. It was done and well done; for which he paid Emily liberally—she refused to take more than it was worth, until over-persuaded.

When Charles took his leave that night, he remarked to Emily—'On Sunday evening next Dr. Dean delivers a lecture before the Benevolent society. I should be happy to have your company there.'

'I should be pleased to go,' said Emily, and they bid each other good night.

Charles and Emily went to the lecture. A door was now open for his frequent visits to Mr. Acton's, and every week he spent two or three evenings there.

A year passed away—just one year from the day that Emily picked up the gold ring in the streets. There was a wedding at the house of Mr. Acton, and Emily was the happy bride.—She never looked handsomer, and Simonton's joy was complete.

Mr. Kellogg united the happy pair and then invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon them.

As Mr. Simonton was a wealthy man, he purchased a fine house in Back-street; thither he took his excellent companion, where they lived in peace, prosperity and happiness for more than half a century. It was but a few years since, that they were deposited in the narrow house, followed to the tomb by numerous friends and relations. They died in Christian faith, the precepts of the Bible cheering them in their sickness and giving them an antepast of those joys which are in reservation for the righteous.

Colic in Horses.

Horses attacked with this fearful disease are speedily and effectually relieved by the following simple remedy. Dissolve in a quart of pure water, as much salt as will thoroughly saturate the liquid, and drench the animal thoroughly until you discover symptoms of relief. The same is good for the bots.

An honest dame in the town of — standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing, in 'piteous tones,' his untimely departure, observed—'It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as ever they was.'

Henry Clay was sixty-eight years of age on Saturday, 12th instant.

The Green Bay Republican has a report from Lake Superior, that a rich Copper mine has been discovered near Copper Harbor, which will yield six millions of dollars annually.