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## Spirit Union.

BY AUG. J. H. DUGANNE.

Tell me, ye who long have threaded  
All the mazes of the heart,  
Are not death and life still wedded—  
Of the other each a part?

Once a gentle form before me,  
Cast a light around my soul;  
Holy eyes were bending o'er me—  
Music through my spirit stole.

As the star that falls through heaven,  
Once upon me shone a love;  
For a moment only given,  
Then recalled to light above.

Once my soul was fondly pledged,  
To a sainted one of earth;  
Like two music notes united,  
Notes that sever in their birth.

Yet not severed we though parted,  
Still in truth our souls are one;  
Though on earth the gentle hearted  
Hath her holy mission done.

With the chain that formed our union,  
Still our parted souls are wed;  
Even now in sweet communion  
I am drawn towards the dead.

In the spirit's tranquil vesper,  
Where the prayer of love ascends;  
Then a sweet responsive whisper,  
With my voiceless musings blends.

And the gentle ray that falleth  
From the gentle stars above;  
To my heart in music calleth  
For its evening prayer of love.

Tell me then, ye spirit-seeing,  
Is not death of life a part?  
Is not love the chain of being,  
Of the dead and living heart?

## A New Manufacture.

The *Algemeine Zeitung*, a German paper, received by the *Cambria*, gives a long account of the creation, by galvanism, of an egg, and its subsequent hatching, producing a fine, lively bird of a perfectly unknown species, and without feathers. This feat was performed by Professor Geifing at Bruneberg, after fourteen years spent in experiments. The Editor of the German paper says he has seen the bird thus produced, and remarks:

"This most astonishing result has almost upset our previous notions of natural philosophy and the governing laws of animal organization. As we gazed upon the featherless bird hopping about, and feeding upon the seeds given it, we began to doubt the reality of our own existence, or that of any thing about us!"

A young buck, who belongs to the "Independent drink-or-let-it-alone-just-as-I-please-without-signing-the-pledge-fraternity," popped the question to a pretty girl of our acquaintance a short time since who brought a still deeper blush to his always blushing countenance, by replying that as she had signed a pledge to neither drink nor traffic in ardent spirits she did not feel at liberty to traffic herself off for a hoghead of brandy!—Pittsburg Age.

It is stated that the daily supply of water for the inhabitants of London, by water companies, is equal to a lake of fifty acres, of a mean depth of 3 feet.

## The Bachelor's Bride.

"When I said that I would die a bachelor, I did not think that I should live till I were married." *Shakspeare.*

"What treason to the country to write London and August on the same sheet of paper," said Mrs. Clifford to her son, as she commenced a letter.

"I have had some such thought myself, and really must accept one or other of the invitations I have for shooting."

"Shall you go to Sir Thomas Crofton?" inquired the lady.

"No; for Lady Crofton will expect that if I kill her husband's partridges in the morning, I shall infallibly make love to his daughters in the evening; her imagination is so fertile, she never sees a man but she enumerates his acres, speculates on marriage settlements, and has visions of white satin, and all the pretty et ceteras of matrimony."

"Lord Bardford's? there are no daughters there."

"True, but his wife is a deep, deep blue—bores you to death with her literary attainments, or non-attainments. I think I shall run down to Dacre's—I have not been to Woodlands since I stood god-father to my little namesake Frank nearly five years ago. I shall feel at home there; no fussy parties, prim and starched as an old bachelor."

Mrs. Clifford smiled.

"Well, if I am a bachelor, and mean so to continue, I am, at least, not a starched one," continued her son, interpreting the smile.

"Why should you be at all, Frank?—you, who have so many of the requisites to make a woman happy?"

"Why, my dear mother, women are so artificial—live for display—sigh for an establishment—and not to be too hard on the fairest and sweetest part of the creation, I ask so much in a wife—I require so many of the nameless somethings and nothings indispensable to female fascination—and, not to speak it irreverently, when I think of the caprice, the vanity, the jealousy, that are the usual characteristics of the sex, I can but be thankful, I am a doomed bachelor. No," continued he, as if pursuing a train of thought, "I have drawn an image on my mind so fair, so pure, that I feel nothing less than the realization of the idea will satisfy me; at the same time, I know that it is one that for me can have no existence—it was the dream of my boy, and it is past."

Frank Clifford was handsome, candid, generous, the soul of honor, with an income of three thousand a year—thirty-six and a bachelor, and such he had mentally and verbally resolved to continue; and yet, in spite of all this, he had still his visions and fantasies—starry skies, flowery valleys—the still quiet woods, haunted with some dear sympathizing friend, haunted his day dreams and night visions.

It was a bright day when we travelled to Woodlands; the meadows were enamelled with a thousand gay blossoms; the busy hum of myriads of insects filled the air with their soft drowsy music, and Clifford felt how soothing are such sights and sounds to man's unquiet spirit. And then how cordial was the welcome that awaited him—how happy was Dacre as he romped with his children on the lawn—and how proud of the gentle being who shared his joy at the long-promised visit of his friend!

"You have greatly improved this place, Dacre—it is impossible to conceive a fairer scene. How gracefully blended are these flowers with that green-bowery looking wilderness in the back-ground; it is like a fairy land."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dacre, "and created by the magical wand of Affection, aided by the fairy Goodwill."

"Mary made all these pretty flowers grow," said the lovely girl insinuating her little hand into her mother's—"Mary does every thing that is nice."

"Your portfolio boasts some exquisite paintings," said Clifford, as he turned over the leaves; "I did not know you were so fine an artist."

"They are indeed beautiful," replied Mrs. Dacre, "but I may not claim the merit—that belongs to Mary."

At this moment dinner was announced, and he could only wonder who Mary was. In his bedroom some bold spirited drawings attracted his attention, and his eye quickly detected the name of Mary in the corner; all in the room

bespoke female taste and consideration, and Dacre had said all had been arranged by Mary. Some of Dacre's occupations were too commonplace for the somewhat fastidious Clifford, and he delighted in solitary rambles; in one of these he passed a neat cottage; the gay flowers in the little garden before it arrested his steps, and he paused to admire the deep crimson stocks, and the beautiful double wall flower often seen in such perfection in the cottage garden of—An aged woman invited him to rest in her humble dwelling.

"Take this seat, sir," said she, pointing to one whose very look bespoke comfort and ease; "I suffer a great deal from rheumatis, and Miss Mary from the Great House sent me this chair."

Clifford seated himself in it.

"Oh! she's a nice lady, so free and kind; she brought me these worsted stockings herself," continued the garrulous dame, putting out a foot not exactly a prototype of Taglioni's.

Clifford had a Byronic passion for the name of Mary, and it had come upon his ear so often in his brief sojourn at Woodlands, that he began to feel quite a sensation when it was named, and no small curiosity to see her who had a right to the title.

But it was the first of September, and guns, dogs, and birds, were formidable rivals to the unknown Mary. The sky was clear—the air bland—the birds, "those fairy-formed and many-coloured things," sung gaily—and the stream looked pure and bright, as it "broke into dimples and laughed in the sun." Clifford and Dacre were out early, and with a quick eye and sure aim, returned laden with the spoil. Dacre lingered behind to give some directions, and as Clifford crossed the lawn, he heard the gay laugh of children, and the tones of the most musical voice mingling with theirs. He paused to listen—the sounds came nearer, and in a moment he was in the midst of the group—"Oh! Mary is come home—dear, sweet Mary—and we are so happy burst from the lips of the delighted young ones.

Clifford was slightly embarrassed, but seeing Dacre, he said, "Will you come and introduce me to this lady, who I presume boasts some other name than my favourite one of Mary?"

"O yes, her name is Dacre; the orphan child of my poor brother Frederick," he added in a lower tone; "and this, Mary, is my old friend Clifford, of whom you have heard honorable mention. But tell me how are the Powells and Grace, and how came you home so early?"

"To answer your last question first, Grace drove me in the pony-chaise to park gate and we had such a delightful ride, every thing looked so fresh, it seemed to have the charm of novelty. I had been as happy as a bird; but I began to long for my dear *dulce domum*, and a romp with my darling pets," said Mary, as she stooped to kiss the children.

When Clifford descended to the breakfast room, Mary was seated at the table, and as he entered she was talking in a cheerful tone to Mrs. Dacre, whose simple matronly cap and fair gentle face, contrasted sweetly with the profusion of dark brown curls which hung in beautiful luxuriance over the more animated countenance of her companion.

"Our truant has returned at last," said his hostess, and she tells me you have met."

The brow of Mary Dacre was a sweet clear page, where you might read all that passed in her kind and noble heart. Her beauty did not fascinate for a moment, but it attracted by its grace and intelligence; it was a face to gaze on and return to, to flit across "the mind's eye," haunt you at all hours, unbidden and unexpected; in fact she was a dangerous invader of the rights of bachelorship, and Clifford, scarcely resisting the fair assailant, found the strong holds of celibacy one by one giving away, and each stern sentinel that hitherto guarded the avenues of his heart, deserted his post.

"What folly!" thought he, as he stood gazing on the light form of Mary, as she tripped like a wood nymph over the lawn, "to fancy so young and fair a creature would ever mingle her fate with mine, nothing but love, the purest and profoundest could ever tempt me to marry; and then I must have equal devotion—one who should share my aspirations after better things than earth can offer, and sympathize in all my hopes. It is folly, rank folly and egregious

vanity, to imagine she could ever love me thus."

But Mary was not insensible to the polished manners and winning grace of her uncle's friend, nor did the delicate attention he paid, or the friendly interest he evinced for her, pass unappreciated. Agreeable first impressions facilitate intercourse amazingly, and is one astonished what progress love makes in a country house, where communion is unfettered and free.

"And so we are going to have a dinner-party to-day," said Clifford to Mary, as she was gathering flowers for the vases; "how I wish it was over—I hate such affairs."

"I see you are spoiled," said Mary, laughing; "you have been petted by my aunt, praised by my uncle, till you really are beyond bearing."

"Who are coming?"

"A great many agreeable people."

"Country squires mostly are—they will talk of the corn laws and tithes, and the pedigree of their horses, and other interesting 'sayings and doings.'" "Will you tell me any of their names?"

"Sir Edward and Lady Talbot; he, grave and sedate; she, all sparkle and sauvity. Mr. and the four Miss Arnolds; he a clever, shrewd man of the world; his daughters worthy of such a sire. Pretty, accomplished, and sing and play enchantingly;—Lord Lucas, fond of the 'feast,' though not of 'reason,' he is a bachelor," continued Mary, archly, "therefore I must be merciful to him. Then Mr. and Mrs. Powell, my Powell's two sons, and dear graceful Grace—beauty, wit, and goodness enough in her own dear self, to make the dullest dinner charming."

"Does your enthusiasm extend to the whole family?" asked Clifford, assuming an indifference he did not feel.

"O yes; indeed, I wear them all in my heart of hearts."

Clifford was satisfied.

"You cannot imagine how much ore may be extracted from such folks as these seem to hold in contempt," continued Mary, by the exercise of a very little moral alchemy; will you try?"

"I will do anything for you."

"Well, be thankful then for this petite historette—you ought, for I had scarcely left ten minutes for the graces." And away she ran, laden with flowers looking, as Clifford thought, the very personification of Flora.

"Your niece is very lovely," said Clifford, a day or two after the above conversation, breaking a long silence, and thus indicating the current of his thoughts.

"Yes," replied Dacre, "pretty and portionless; my poor brother was ever heedless of the future, and he left her little beside his blessing; but I cannot talk of that even to you, Frank."

Clifford spoke of his protracted visit. "I have been here six weeks! surely never did time pass so rapidly."

"You must not, my dear fellow, think of going yet, we have all been so happy in your society."

Clifford wondered if Mary was included in that imperial pronoun *We*. Another and another week flew on, and still he lingered; he was less cheerful and when alone on his wanderings, which became more frequent, he felt life flat, void, fruitless but ever in his musings he imagined a bright, fair vision, which he believed was the only charm required to make it very different—he became decided that love was not all a delusion—an airy nothing—sparkling but to make the gloom more apparent at its vanishing. "Mary! he softly breathed, and, as if she had heard the scarcely uttered sound, a turn of the path brought her to his side.

"How fresh all things look," she exclaimed; how pleased and glad nature appears! listen to the matin song of the birds, is it not sweet music, is it not all delightful?"

"It is lovely, but it is something brighter than all that makes it appear bright to me!"

"Need we go on, or say how beyond 'all count of time' that morning walk was extended, or how Mrs. Dacre forebore a reproof when they entered long after luncheon, or how Mr. Dacre smiled when Clifford said,

"How noiseless falls the foot of time  
That only treads on flowers,"

and smiled still more when he asked for ten minutes chat in the library—Mary in the interim, with eyes overflowing with tears, whose source did not spring from woe, was quite con-

fidential with Mrs. Dacre; and it would have been difficult to have found a more happy party than that which met at the dinner-hour that day.

But spring has come, with all its green buds, and every blade of grass is full of fragrance, and the air is 'making sweet music, while the young leaves dance; and Mary, with a tearful eye and smile like a sunbeam has just received the nuptial blessing. In the primitive looking church where her vows were registered, there were no inspiring painting—no gothic aisles, sparkling shrines, or delicate carvings; but after life how dear was the memory of that humble sanctuary where Mary Dacre had become a bachelor's Bride. E. S. F.

## A Skeleton Head on a Living Body.

The European papers papers contain some wonderful things. Among them is the following:

Paris is horror-red just now, with the details of a surgical disclosure, showing the ground of a rumor which has been for some time whispered through the noble circles of Europe. It has been credibly asserted for a year past, that there was shut up in a Hotel at Berlin, a young Polish Countess, immensely rich, and wanting a husband, but who had a drawback, (or rather the *make-draw-back*) of a skeleton head upon an otherwise healthy body! The story has been somewhat doubted, but a celebrated surgeon, Drieffenbach, has lately published an account which we condense as follows:

On a certain evening three persons called on this celebrated practitioner. An Italian and a Polish gentleman came forward, leaving a veiled lady in the back-ground. On the retirement of the other two, the incognita timidly looked around, advanced hesitatingly, and finally uncovered her head. A man whose profession was to look on horrible scenes was not likely to be easily moved, but from what now met his sight, he started back with a scream of fright and horror. A grimacing skeleton, with the bones of the head scarcely covered with a reddish epidermis, stood before him. The tongue lay entirely visible, and all the passages of the nose and throat without a covering. In the attempt to speak, the tongue played like a serpent, half protruding from a corpse. The eyelids were turned inside out, and of the upper jaw there remained but a small portion entirely deprived of teeth.

Such was the portrait of a lady of eighteen, daughter of one of the most brilliant and wealthy families of Europe, who had been to this degree a victim of scrofula!

The Surgeon goes on to narrate that he could not, at midnight, when this interview took place, stand without almost intolerable dread before this frightful apparition, but she at last attempted to speak to him. It was an appalling attempt at utterance. She could make no articulation that he could understand but she pointed with frantic vehemence at his nose. He at last comprehended that she wished a surgical supply of this member to her denuded face, but he shook his head in despair. The scene of abandonment to grief which immediately followed, was, he declares, wholly indescribable.—She threw herself on the floor in an agony of convulsive despair.

The Surgeon departed next day for Vienna, and thither the lady followed him. Another interview, with her and some of her relatives, ended in his giving his attention to see what could be done. He called together a few mechanical artists, and the first result was a false palate and set of teeth which enabled her to chew and articulate distinctly. After a few months more, he succeeded in drawing the skin over a frame nose, and finally he has sent her into the world, not beautiful but at the same time not hideous. She frequents balls and operas without a veil, and by the aid of flowers in her hair and other adornments, passes without attracting extraordinary notice in public. It is said to be one of the greatest triumphs ever attained in the surgical and mechanical arts.—The lady's hand is now open to competition.

Mr. Barnum, of the New York Museum, it is said, has sent home \$14,000, as the proceeds of but six weeks exhibition of Tom Thumb.—The aggregate of profits made by him out of that unfortunate little monstrosity, is not far from a hundred thousand dollars.