

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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To all Concerned.

We would call the attention of some of our subscribers, and especially certain Post Masters, to the following reasonable, and well settled rules of Law in relation to publishers, and to the patrons of newspapers.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the officers to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their paper is sent in the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

From the New York Mirror.

An Hour at the old Play-Ground.

I sat an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream—
Where we were school-boys in old time,
When manhood was a dream;
The brook is choked with fallen leaves
The pond is dried away,
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place, to-day.

The school-house is no more, John,
Beneath our locust trees,
The wild rose by the window side,
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The sod they rested on
Has been ploughed up by stranger hands
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut tree is dead, John,
And what is sadder now—
The broken grapevine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bough;
I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare—
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
As we had placed them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring—
That bubbled down the alder path,
Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot this many a day,
It seems, has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill,
'Tis darker than it used to be,
And seems so lone and still;
The birds sing yet upon the boughs,
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of human kind
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That lives as in old time,
The same half-panel in the path,
We used so oft to climb,
And thought how o'er the bars of life
Our playmates had passed on,
And left me counting on the spot
The faces that are gone.

MARRIED.

In Lenoir county, Ill., near Kingston, on the 15th ult., by Jesse Jackson, Esq., Mr. JARDIN SPHERSON, aged 18 years, and Mrs. SOPHIA MURPHY, aged 75 years.

In Mansion, N. H., Mr. JONAS HUBBARD, and Miss LOUISA SCRIPTURE.

Some keep the Scripture for a show,
Letter'd and gilt on their bureau,
And some to dust and moth degrade it:
But Jonas took the wiser part,
He pressed the Scripture to his heart,
And even on his pillow laid it.

The Two Parses.

Boston, the Athens of America, the Yankee city of notions, most of my readers doubtless know from personal observation, to be thus appropriately named. The first title she well merits in consideration of the liberal encouragement of literature and fine arts; the second too, for the peculiar genius and character of her population, and though we may look upon the back woodsman of New England as a real specimen of acknowledged representative of the tribe (if I may so speak) abroad; and the third title is merited from the fact of the never tiring inventive genius of its inhabitants. Possessing a population of nearly an hundred and twenty thousand, she is yet free in a great measure, compared with her sister cities in the Union, from the horde of vices and evil customs that prevail in the south and west. The gambler here accomplishes his purpose in secret; there are no billiard rooms, masquerade balls, or resorts of infamy; though all these evils exist in a greater or less degree in all large populated cities, yet so hidden as not to come before the eye of the innocent, or tempt those who dare not take the preliminary steps to vice.

Boston, courteous reader, the Yankee city of Massachusetts bay, shall be the locale of our tale. There is a portion of the west part of the town here, as in London, occupied by the mere opulent of the inhabitants, in the immediate neighborhood of the Common, as it is called. The vicinity is the aristocratic section of the city. You will not find this spirit of pride or aristocracy to consist of the same ingredients as constitutes the grade of society in the old country; there birth alone establishes the claim to distinction, while here the most potent agent, money, is the most powerful. Ah, in this boasted free country, gold is the leveller of all ranks, forming itself a kingdom out of the Republic, which it rules with a rod of iron, though in this Yankee city, genius and intellect are far more readily appreciated than in other parts of this State.

It was a cold winter night, and the wind whistled shrill through the bare limbs of the giant trees that lined the mall. The ground was covered with snow, upon whose sparkling surface the light of the moon fell with dazzling splendor, studding the incrustated ground with brilliant diamonds. As the Old South clock struck nine, a young man closely wrapped in his cloak sought the shade of one of the large trees in the park, from whence he watched the coming of numerous carriage loads of gaily dressed people of both sexes, who entered one of the princely houses in Beacon street.—Through the richly stained glass windows, the gorgeous light issued in a steady flood accompanied by the thrilling tones of music from a full band; the house illuminated at every point, seemed crowded with gay and happy spirits. The stranger still contemplated this scene—his cloak, which until now had enveloped the lower part of his features, had fallen, discovering a face of manly beauty, a full dark eye, with arching brows, and short curling hair, as black as the raven plumage, set off to a great advantage his Grecian style of feature—a becoming moustache curled about his mouth giving a decided classic appearance to the whole face. The naval button on his cap showed that he belonged to that branch of our national defence.

"Shall I enter," said he thoughtfully to himself, "and feast my eyes on charms I never can possess? Hard fate that I should be so bound to the iron chains of poverty—yet am I a man who have a soul as noble as the best of them. We will see," and crossing over to the gay scene, he entered the hall. He cast off his over shoes, handed his cap and cloak to a servant and unannounced, mingled with the beauty and fashion that thronged the rooms. Gradually making his way among the crowd, he sought a group in whose centre stood a bright and beautiful being, the queen of loveliness, of that brilliant assembly. The 'bloods' of the West End flocked about her, seeking for an approving glance from those dreamy blue eyes; half abstracted, she answered or spoke upon the topics of conversation, without apparent interest. Suddenly she started, and blushed deeply, dropped a half courtesy, in token of recognition to some one without the group.—Her eyes no longer languid, now sparkled with animation, and as our naval friend entered the

group about her, she laid her tiny gloved hand within his, saying:

'Welcome, Ferris, we feared your sailing orders had taken you to sea this bleak weather.'

'We should not have lifted anchor, without first paying tribute to our queen,' was the gallant reply.

A titer ran through the circle of exclusives at his appearance among them, but when the lady approved, there was no room for complaint.

'Strange familiarity,' said one young fellow to another, 'what pretensions can he have here?'

'And Miss H—— called him by his given name too,' said another; 'rather familiar that—wonder what the old man would say to it?'

'What scene does this painting represent?' inquired a lady friend at the moment of Anne H——.

'I think it is an Italian picture,' replied the fair girl.

'Spanish, I should say,' observed he who was first questioned on the appearance of Ferris.

'Evidently Spanish,' said another exquisite, 'though I regret to differ from Miss H——.'

'You err,' said Ferris, turning to the two gentlemen, 'the lady is right. It is an Italian scene, as will be seen by a closer examination of the costumes and figures.'

'Pray, do you establish yourself as an umpire in this case,' retorted one of those who had pronounced this piece to be a Spanish scene.

'I contend that you are wrong,' said the other, seeking some cause for difference, and desiring to 'show up' to the pretending Lieutenant.

'Pardon me, ladies,' said Ferris, taking no notice of the insult of the speakers, 'I saw that painting in the studio of Isola, at Genoa, a few years since, and I know from its author that it represents a street scene in that Italian city, otherwise I should not have spoken.'

'Ah you have great advantage over us all in having travelled so extensively,' Mr. Harvard, said Anne H——, desirous to restore good feeling.

The gay scenes of the night wore on; several times had Ferris Harvard completely put at fault the shallow brained fops around him, placing them in any thing but an enviable light.

Ferris Harvard was a Lieutenant in the Navy; and depended entirely upon his pay as an officer to support a widowed mother and young sister, to both of whom he was devotedly attached. His father a self-made man, had once been a successful merchant, who sailed and freighted some of the heaviest tonned vessels that left the port of Boston—but misfortune and sickness overtook him, and he sunk into the grave, leaving his only son to protect his mother and sister from the wants and ills of life. Ferris had enjoyed a liberal education and having entered the navy as a midshipman, and risen to a lieutenant, by reason of his superior acquirements and good-conduct. His profession had led him to all parts of the world, and he had carefully improved his advantages—though restrained, by reason of his limited means, to the practice of the most rigid economy.

He had met with the only daughter of Harris H——, one of the wealthy citizens of Boston, at a fête given on board the ship where he belonged, and had immediately become enamored of her, but he well knew in his own heart that the difference in their fortunes formed a barrier to his wishes. He had been a casual visitor for several months subsequent to the time our story commences, at the house of the H—— family.

'I must think of her no more,' said Ferris to himself, 'If I am thus sneered at by her friends for offering her common civilities, with what contempt would her austere parent receive a proposition for her hand from one so poor and unknown.'

Harris H——, was indeed a stern old man, and yet was said to be kind to the poor, giving freely of his bounty for the relief of the needy. Still he was a strange man; he seldom spoke to those around him, yet he evinced the warmest love for his child, and Anne too, loved her father with an ardent affection. His delight was to pore over his library, living as it were, in the fellowship of the old philosophers. On several occasions, when Ferris was at his house, and engaged in conversation with Anne, he had observed the old man's eye bent stern-

ly upon him, when his heart would sink within him, and would awake to a reality of his situation.

Ferris was one evening in Beacon street, at the house of Mr. H., where, in spite of the cold reception he received from those he generally met there, he still enjoyed himself in the belief that Anne was not indifferent to his regard.—He had been relating to her, at her request, his experience, with different national characters with whom he had met, speaking of their peculiarities, and describing the various scenic effects of different countries. Anne sat near a sweet scented geranium, whose leaves she was industriously engaged in destroying. Ferris bending close to her ear said:

'Anne, will you pluck me that rose as a token of affection? you must know how ardent is mine for you—or stop, dearest, behind it blows the candytuft. You know the mystic language of both, will you choose and give me one.'

'Hush, hush, Ferris,' said the blushing and trembling girl, handing him the rose.

This passed when the attention of the company was drawn to some engaging object.—Never before had Ferris received any evidence of Anne's love, save from her tell-tale eyes.—The flower was placed next his heart and he left the apartment. He had proceeded but a few steps from the house, when he was accosted by a poor mendicant, clothed in rags, who was exposed at that late hour of the night, to the inclemency of the season.

'Pray, sir,' said the beggar to Ferris, 'can you give me a trifle? I am nearly starved, and chilled through by this night air.'

Ferris, after a few moments conversation with the beggar, for his was not the heart to turn away from the sufferings of a fellow creature, and handing him a purse containing five or six dollars, he urged him to seek immediate shelter and food. The beggar blessed him and passed on.

A few nights subsequent to this occasion, he was again at her father's house. Mrs. H., Anne's mother, received him as she did most of her visitors, with a somewhat cold and distant welcome. Being a woman of no conversational powers, she always retired quite early, conducting her intercourse with society in the most formal manner. Ferris was much surprised that Mr. H—— had taken no particular notice of his intimacy at his house, for he seldom saw him, and when he did so, he could see the old man's eyes bent upon him, in anything but a friendly and inviting spirit. In this dilemma, he was at a loss what course to pursue; Anne's acknowledgement of affection for him, and now that he had succeeded in this, he was equally distant from the goal of his happiness, for his better judgement told him that the consent of her parents could never be obtained. On this occasion, he had taken his leave as usual, when he was met by the beggar of the former night, who again solicited alms, declaring he could find no one else to assist him, and that the money he had before bestowed upon him had been expended for food and rent of a miserable cellar where he lodged.

Again Ferris placed a purse in the poor man's hand, at the same time telling him he was himself poor, and constrained the practice of rigid economy in the support of those dependant upon him. He left the beggar and passed on his way, happy in having contributed to the alleviation of human suffering.

Not long subsequent, Ferris called one evening at the house of Mr. H——, and fortunately found Anne and her father alone, the former engaged upon a piece of embroidery of a new pattern, and the latter pouring over a volume of ancient philosophy. On his entrance the old gentleman took no further apparent notice of him, than an inclination of the head, and a 'good evening sir.' He took a chair by Anne's side, and told her of his love in low but ardent tones, begging permission to speak to her father upon the subject.

'Oh, he will not hear a word of the matter, I know,' said the sorrowing girl. 'No longer ago than yesterday, he spoke to me relative to a connexion with R; I can never love but one,' said the beauty, giving him her hand.

Ferris could bear this suspense no longer; in fact, the hint relative to her alliance to another, spurred him to action. He proceeded to that part of the room where Mr. H. sat, and af-

ter a few introductory remarks, said:

'You have doubtless observed, sir, my intimacy in your family for more than a year past. From the fact that you did not object to my attentions to your daughter, I have been led to hope that it might not be altogether against your wishes. May I ask, sir, with due respect, your opinion in this matter?'

'I have often seen you here,' replied Mr. H——, 'and I have no reason to object to your visits, sir.'

'Indeed, sir, you are very kind. I have neither fortune nor rank to offer your daughter, but still emboldened by love; I ask you for her hand.'

The old man laid by his book, and removing his spectacles, asked:

'Does the lady sanction this request?'

'She does.'

'Have you thought well of your proposal.'

'I have.'

'And you ask —'

'Your daughter's hand.'

'It is yours,' said the old man.

Ferris sprang astonished to his feet, saying,

'I hardly know how to receive your kindness, sir; I had looked for different treatment.'

'Listen young man,' said the father, 'do you think I should have allowed you to become intimate in my family without knowing your character? I do you think I should have given this precious child, (and he placed her hand in Ferris's) to you before I had proved you? No sir, out of Anne's many suitors from the wealthy and highest in society, I long since selected you as one in whom I could feel confidence. The world calls me a cold and calculating man, perhaps I am so; but I had a duty to perform to him who had entrusted me with the happiness of this blessed child; I have endeavored to discharge that trust faithfully, the dictates of pride may have been counterbalanced by a desire for my daughter's happiness. I chose you first, she has since voluntarily done so. I know your life and habits, your means and prospects—you need tell me nothing. With your wife you will receive an ample fortune; the dutiful son and affectionate brother, cannot but make a kind husband. But stay,' said the old man, 'I will be with you in a moment,' and he left the lovers together.

'The story of your marriage with R, was only to try our hearts, then, and thicken the plot,' said Ferris to the blushing girl.

At this moment the door opened, and the beggar whom Ferris had twice relieved, entered. Anne recoiled at first at the dejected appearance, and poverty stricken looks of the intruder, while Ferris asked in astonishment how he had gained entrance into the house. In a moment, the figure rose to a stately height, and casting off the disguise it had worn, discovered the person of Anne's father.

The astonishment of the lovers, can hardly be conceived.

'I was determined' said the father addressing Ferris, 'after I had otherwise proved your character, to test one virtue, which of all others is the greatest, CHARITY. Had you failed in that, you would also have failed with me in this purpose of marriage. You were weighed in the balance and not found wanting; here, sir, is your first purse; it contained six dollars when you gave it to the poor beggar in the street—it now contains a check for six thousand; and here is the second, that contained five dollars, which is now also multiplied by thousands.—'Nay,' said the old man, as Ferris was about to speak, 'there's no need of explanation—it is a fair business transaction.' This was of course all a mystery to Anne—but when explained, added still more to her love for her future husband.

Ferris and Anne were soon married, and one stately mansion in Beacon street, serves as a home for mother, sister, wife and ALL. Gossip said, (and gossip said truly for once,) that old Mr. H——, having money enough, had not sought to add more to the fortune he should leave his child, by forming for her an alliance with gold, but had sought and found what was far more valuable, true merit.

'And now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three—but the greatest of these is Charity.'

Women, cards and wine ruin many young men!