

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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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.

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, 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 offices 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 to 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.

To the Autumn Leaf.

Lone trembling one!
Last of a summer race, wither'd and sear,
And shivering—wherefore art thou lingering here?
Thy work is done.
Thou hast seen all
The summer leaves reposing in their tomb.
And the green leaves that knew thee in their bloom
Wither and fall!
Why dost thou cling
So fondly to the rough and sapless tree?
Hath then existence aught like charms for thee,
Thou faded thing?
The voice of Spring,
Which woke thee unto being, ne'er again
Will greet thee nor the gentle summer's rain
New verdure bring.
The zephyr's breath,
No more will wake for thee its melody—
But the lone sighing of the blast shall be
The hymn of death.
Yet a few days
A few faint struggles of the Autumn storm,
And the strained eye to catch thy trembling form
In vain may gaze.
Pale Autumn leaf!
Thou art an emblem of mortality:
The broken heart once young and fresh like thee,
Wither'd by grief—
Whose hopes are fled,
Whose loved ones all have dropped and died away
Still clings to life—and lingering loves to stay
Above the dead!
But list! e'en now
I hear the gathering of the Autumn blast;
It comes, thy frail form trembles—it is past!
And thou art low.
It has been decided in England, that if a man attempt to kiss a woman against her consent, she has a right to bite his nose off, if she has a fancy for so doing.
A love touched damsel writing to her "feller" says, "Co-whap me Johnny, if things don't look all fired slick down here. Taters is up and the pig is doing well."
STRONG DIGESTION.—An Alleghany editor, under the head of "Produce Wanted" in exchange for his paper, offers to take "anything we can eat or wear." Among the articles specified we find, "tow cloth, tallow or candles, wood, soap and hay." Whoever heard of an editor eating such stuff!
IRREVERENT SIMILES.—The minister of a well-known dissenting meeting house, in London, who is notorious for the extreme homeliness of his similes lately addressed his congregation in the following strain: "The bread of life, my brethren, is pure and unadulterated; there is no Irish fruit—no potatoes in it. The gospel is free to all; it is like a round of beef—cut and come again."
It won't do for a drunken man to bump his head against a stove, unless he is sure his head is the hardest.

Ally Ray: OR FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

"Your village, dear aunt, is certainly a most picturesque and beautiful place," said George Murray, a young collegian, to his aunt, with whom he was spending a vacation. It was a bright summer morn, and George had loitered into the breakfast room to have a chat with aunt Mary.

The little village of B. was situated in a most picturesque portion of our northern States. George had always resided far south, and the mountainous, beautiful scenery of his aunt's northern home, united to the high state of cultivation and air of comfort spread over the numerous surrounding farms, caused from his constant expressions of admiration. He stood at the window of his breakfast room gazing on the beautiful view before him. All at once, he exclaimed, "come here, dear aunt, who is this beautiful girl? I met her yesterday as I was riding; she is now coming through the grove toward the back part of the house."

"That is little Ally Ray, a great favorite with us. She is the village shoemaker's daughter, and a good, nice, industrious little girl is she." "A shoemaker's daughter!" cried the southern bred youth, "you are jesting, dearest aunt Mary, surely?"

"Not at all," said his aunt, laughing merrily at his manner. "She is most truly the daughter of Job Ray, and a most excellent shoemaker he is, but your aristocratic notions are quite shocked, are they not, dear George? Is she not pretty,—there, she has stopped to caress Carlo; see that little plump hand and well rounded arm—the delicate little foot and ankle. Father Job has fitted the foot pretty well, if the shoe is heavy; and her form is pretty—so nicely proportioned. The morning breeze has blown down some little rebellious curls from the comb with which she so carefully confines them—see them 'streaking,' as Irish Mary says, from under the bonnet, and that rosy cheek, George, and bright eye. Foolish fellow! I suppose you think a shoemaker's daughter should be coarse, rough and uncouth. Why Ally—or Alice, as is her real name—is as gentle as a town bred girl, and infinitely better bred, for kindness and love have nurtured her. She is a notable little housewife, likewise, for her mother died some years past, and her poor father is an invalid. She takes care of the little garden, which produces most of their simple food, and your uncle sends one of the farm men once in a while to give, as they say, 'little Ally a lift.' Job is able at times to work at his trade, and his work is so well done that it meets with a ready sale; that money buys the few things economical little Ally and her father need. That plump little hand scrubs, washes, bakes and sews. She is a notable industrious little body. And she is not ignorant either; during the winter she attends the country school, and as I visit the city, I know well that the most acceptable present I can bring to Ally will be some addition to her little collection of books. She does a great deal of sewing for me also. But I must not stop here chattering. Ally has come to bring home some work undoubtedly, and Rose's new Sunday dress pattern came from the storekeeper's yesterday, and Ally must make it quickly. Come Rose." And the lively, light hearted Mrs. Mills hastened from the room. The youth leaned against the window long after the pretty Alice had disappeared, and then suddenly recalling his thoughts, he ordered his horse and galloped off on his morning ride.

Two months passed by, and the country surrounding B was even more beautiful than it had been during the summer. A slight frost had touched the foliage, giving it a rich autumnal hue. George Murray and Alice Ray were wandering in the woods together. The boy lover gazed with passionate earnestness on the innocent face of the lovely child, while her bright eyes were cast down, that he might not see the tears that dimmed her violet beauty. They were on the eve of parting. The next day and he would be far from her. His guardian had resolved that he should finish his studies at a German university, and years must intervene before they could again meet—possibly never.

"You must always love me, dearest," murmured the youth, "believe me always true; in a few years I shall be master of my own actions, then I will return to claim my little Alice for my wife. Remember, my own one, that you belong to me. Ah, Alice, do not, do not forget me."

The poor child, overcome with the thoughts of their separation wept bitterly, and he soothed her grief with assurances of their happy future. She gazed with sad pleasure at the little locket which he had purchased for her, and which contained some of his hair, while he claimed one little curl in return, and bent over her to choose the silky lock—the sun was at its setting, and its rays shot through the trees, shedding a golden light upon the lovers—was it a beam of hope as a type of the future?

He left his country with saddened feelings but looked toward the future with the bright eye of youthful expectation. He never dreamed of how differently he and poor Ally might be situated towards each other in a few years. What sympathy and companionship could exist between the high bred, finished man of the world, that years' residence abroad might make the now impetuous youth, and lowly Ally Ray. Poor Ally! one would almost pray that she might soon forget him—but no, her early training had strengthened her in confidence and truth; she had never met with insincerity.—Brought up in the quiet village, her pious soul never dreamed of change or falsehood—hers was not a nature to forget.

The first letter George received from his aunt Mary told him of poor Job Ray's dangerous illness; he was near dying when she wrote, and Ally's uncle, who lived in the 'far west,' was to come on for her in case of her father's death.

"I would adopt her myself," wrote the kind hearted aunt Mary—"dear little creature, I am exceedingly attached to her, and I would bring her up as my daughter; my boys already love her as a sister, and you, dear George, would not, I think, object to her as a cousin—but her father wishes she should go with her uncle."

Poor George was almost frantic at the news, and when he heard again from B. Ally's father was dead, and she, poor girl, had left with her uncle for her new home in the then wild west. He could gain no certain information as to Ally's residence. She had promised to let aunt Mary know, when she was settled, but if she wrote, the letter must have been lost, for they never heard from her.

MANY changes took place before George Murray returned from Europe. Sweet aunt Mary was dead, and when he visited B., on his return to this country, he found many things to sigh over. Uncle Mills had supplied his gentle, thrifty wife's place with another spouse—a stately dignified maiden lady he had wooed and brought to his home. The village had much increased. A large hotel had sprung up where father Job's sweet little cottage had stood.—Scarcely a spot remained as in those happy days when he and Ally wandered through the forest.

To do him justice, he still remained unchanged in his love for Ally; it was true that he expected to find her far distant from him in point of mental culture, but then he comforted himself with the anticipation of taking her to a lovely Italian home, and by patient love lessons soon making her a suitable companion. But no Alice was to be found; the villagers had even forgotten her, and he left the place with deeper, heavier sadness than he had years before. Then hope danced merrily before him—now the future contained no anticipation of a sweet wife, Alice and home happiness. His uncle, who had been his guardian, was a bachelor, and resided on a large plantation at the south. He and his nephew were much attached to each other, and to his home did George repair, and so readily did he fall into the solitary habits of his uncle's bachelor life, there seemed little possibility of his heart ever owning another love—but who will answer even for their own constancy?

"I wish you would marry, George," said his uncle one day after dinner. They had just arrived in Washington, in which place they intended staying a short while during 'the season.' "A sweet little wife," his uncle contin-

ued, "would cheer up your lonely plantation. I wonder you have never married—handsome, wealthy, nothing to present you."

"Why, my dear uncle," exclaimed George, laughing, "you should have set me the example yourself; why did you never marry?"

"I should have done so, George," replied his uncle, sadly, "but the only woman I ever loved, died suddenly on the eve of our marriage. Heigho! had she lived, I should not now be the lonely creature I am. I visited my friend Morton, this morning, while you were lazily resting after your journey—the one whose political course you so much admired—he looked so happy; he was stretched out on a lounge, reading, while his daughter, a beautiful witch, was singing and playing away merrily, to cheer her old father—how I wished she belonged to me—and then I thought she would make such a glorious wife for you."

"What! Miss Mary Morton?" exclaimed George, "why she is the acknowledged belle of Washington, nay, of every place, and she is noted for rejecting every one; they accuse her of possessing neither ambition nor heart.—Young Smiley bored me for an hour this morning with her peerless charms and accomplishments."

But George did not find himself so bored when he met with Miss Morton. He found her indeed beautiful and accomplished, but at the same time there was a frank air in her greeting that made him forget she was a belle and a stranger. Her bright eye danced most merrily as she returned his ceremonious salutation, and noticed her uncle's granted look.

He was soon her favored attendant. She rode, drove and danced constantly with him, until every one pronounced it a match. George was deeply fascinated with her, but at the same time he felt a keen remorse for his bad faith to Ally, and a feeling of dissatisfaction would come over him when he found himself contrasting this high bred beautiful creature with the lowly Ally Ray.

"I never could love but once," said the belle one evening in a brilliant circle, as one talked of first and second love. "A fig for second love, there is no such thing," and she extended her hand to George with a strange look of mingled confidence and mischief, as the band struck up a waltz—his brain whirled as her soft breath played upon his cheek during the bewitching measure of the music—he scarcely knew how he moved. "I will tell all," he murmured to himself—"she may refuse me, but she shall know that there can be a wild, devoted second love." And he told her all the next morning as she was arranging some new flowers the gardener had brought for her tiny conservatory. George dwelt on the fervency of his love for Ally—he described with manly sincerity her girlish beauty, and confessed nobly his deep affections for even her memory—the maiden blushed, and tears trembled in her bright eyes as he dwelt on the sad years after they parted.

"But why did you not write to her?" said she, in low tones, as she bent over a fragrant plant.

"I did, over and over again, but in utter desperation, for I knew not even where she lived."

"She never received your letters," said Miss Morton, turning toward him—he gazed at her wildly—"George! George!" whispered she, as she drew from her breast the little locket, "and have you not recognized your Ally?"

It was indeed sweet Ally Ray. But we will leave our hero and heroine to enjoy their delirium of love, while we explain in sober language how the little Ally Ray was thus metamorphosed into the brilliant Mary Morton. Her uncle had become a distinguished man. The eastern and northern states send many such men as Eldred Morton out into the far west, to seek their fortunes, and the habits of self dependence they are taught, make them strong in the strife and struggle of life. Ally Ray's name at her christening had been Mary Alice. Uncle Eldred loved better to call her Mary, for the only daughter he ever had, and who died in her childhood, had been named Mary, after Alice's mother, his only sister. Many forgot at last that Ally was not his only daughter, and the old man wished that the world should think her his child. Through his indulgence and care she had every opportunity of education. Keen natural abilities, united to the earnest de-

sire of fitting herself as an equal bride for George when they should meet, accomplished much; and at five-and-twenty the brilliant Mary Morton would never have been taken for the modest, gentle little Ally Ray. Life has many such changes reader.

A True Picture.

A young man who had formerly lived in N. York, and who, during a short residence in Europe, had by good fortune, amassed a large sum of money, on his return to that city thus describes what he calls the 'codfish aristocracy of Gotham':—

"A source of great amusement to me on my return from Europe to New York, was the discovery of so many new scenes, when I discovered so many wealthy men who composed the codfish aristocracy of New York, extending their hands to me, and expressing their great delight at seeing me again, although before I left New York these same nabobs would look down on me with disdain, if I had presumed to have spoken to them. I really forgot till they forced the truth upon my mind, that since I left them, I had accumulated a few more dirty dollars, and now therefore, we were upon equal ground! Bah! the thought of money being the standard of merit makes me sick; and the fawning, canting, obsequiousness which I witnessed from many during my flying visits to America, made me despise the sycophants, and almost wish I was not worth a shilling in the world. On the other hand I met some good honest friends, in humble circumstances, who almost approached me in awe—and then again I felt ashamed of human nature. What a miserable, pitiful and disgraceful state of society it is, which elevates a booby or a tyrant to its highest summit, provided he has more gold than others: while a good heart or a wise head is trampled in the dust, if the owner happens to be poor!"

Liberty.

The "Razor Strop Man" says—"When first I got acquainted with strong drink, it promised to do a great many things for me. It promised me liberty—and I got liberty. I had the liberty to see my toes poke out of my boots—the water had the liberty to go in at the toes and get out at the heels—my knees had the liberty to come out of my pants—my elbows had liberty to come out of my coat—I had the liberty to lift the crown of my hat and scratch my head without taking my hat off. Not only liberty I got, but I got music. When I walked along on a windy day, the crown of

My hat would go flipperty flap,
And the wind whistle "how do you do."

A young fop, about starting down to New Orleans proposed to purchase a life preserver, "Oh, you'll not want it," suggested the clerk—"bags of wind won't sink."

Ointment for Inflamed Eye-lids.

The following receipt was obtained from the late Dr. B., one of the most eminent physicians of Baltimore, and used in our family with un-failing success:

Take half a drachm white precipitate, and 1 oz. lard—let these be well rubbed and mixed till there are no unbroken particles, but a smooth mass—annoint the eye-lids two or three times in twenty-four hours, always night and morning. The ointment is also useful for common sores which children have on the nose. Every housewife should keep this ointment by her.

American Farmer.

Nashville papers contradict a story going abroad that Polk is a member of a church, but say that his wife is, and that she is by far the best man of the two.

A gentleman who had just been shaved by a barber, asked for a towel to wipe his face with, and on being presented with one, asked the master of the shop if he had not another. "No," replied the barber, "all my customers have used that for three weeks, and no one ever complained of it before."

SHARP DODGING.—The Pekin Visitor says: "Coming home a few mornings since, we met a man who was attempting to walk on both sides of the street. By a skillful manoeuvre, we passed between him."