

# 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, 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.

From the New York Tribune.

## A Farewell to Ole Bull.

BY ANN C. LYNCH.

THERE was a fountain in my heart  
Whose deeps had not been stirred—  
A thirst for music in my soul  
My ear had never heard.  
A feeling of the incomplete  
To all bright things allied—  
A sense of something beautiful,  
Unfilled, unsatisfied.  
But, waked beneath thy master-hand,  
Those trembling chords have given  
A foretaste of that deep, full life  
That I shall know in Heaven.  
In that resistless spell, for once  
The vulture of Unrest,  
That whets its beak upon my heart,  
Lies, charmed, within my breast.  
Pale Memory and flushed Hope forget,  
Ambition sinks to sleep;  
And o'er my spirit falls a bliss  
So perfect that I weep.  
Oh, Stranger! though thy Farewell notes  
Now on the breeze may sigh  
Yet treasured in our thrilling hearts  
Their echo shall not die.  
Thou'st brought us from thy Northern home  
Old Norway's forest tones,  
Wild melodies from ancient lands  
Of palaces and thrones.  
Take back the 'Prairie's Solitude,'  
The voice of that dry sea,  
Whose billowy breast is dyed with flowers,  
Made audible by thee.  
Take back with thee what ne'er before  
To Music's voice was given—  
The anthem that 'Niagara' chaunts  
Unceasingly to Heaven.  
The spirit of a People waked  
By Freedom's battle-cry—  
The 'Memory of their Washington'—  
Their song of victory.  
Take back with thee a loftier Fame,  
A prouder niche in Art,  
Fresh laurels from our virgin soil,  
And—take a Nation's heart!

## Seven Deadly Sins.

1. Refusing to take a newspaper.
  2. Taking a newspaper and not paying for it.
  3. Not advertising.
  4. Getting married without "sending in the wedding cake."
  5. Making a printing office a loafing place.
  6. Reading manuscript in the hands of the compositor.
  7. Sending an abusive and threatening letter to the editor.
- For the first and second offence no absolution can be granted. The fourth is unpardonable. For the balance dispensation can only be received by an especial bull from the agitated party.—*Boston Wasp.*

## The Three Brides.

A THRILLING STORY.

"Do you see," said the sexton, "those three hillocks yonder, side by side? There sleep three brides, whose history I am about to relate. Look there, sir, on yonder hill you may observe a little desolated house with a straggling fence in front, and a few stunted apple trees on the ascent behind it. It is sadly out of repair now, and the garden is all overgrown with weeds and brambles, and the whole place has a desolate appearance. If the winds were high now you might hear the crazy shutters flapping against the sides, and the wind tearing the grey shingles off the roof. Many years ago there lived in that house an old man and his son, who cultivated the few acres of ground that belong to it.

The father was a self-taught man, deeply versed in the mysteries of science, and as he could tell the name of every flower that blossomed in the wood or grew in the garden, and used to sit up late at night at his books, or reading the mystic story of the starry heavens, men thought he was crazed or bewitched, and avoided him as the ignorant ever shun the gifted and enlightened. A few there were, and amongst others, the minister, and lawyer and physician of the place, who showed a willingness to afford him countenance, but they soon dropped his acquaintance, for they found the old man somewhat reserved and morose, and moreover their vanity was wounded on discovering the extent of his knowledge.

To the minister he would quote the fathers and the Scriptures in the original tongue, and showed himself well armed with the weapons of polemic controversy. He astonished the lawyers with his profound acquaintance with jurisprudence, and the physician was surprised at the extent of his medical knowledge. So all of them deserted him, and the minister, from whom he differed in some trifling point of doctrine, spoke very slightly of him, and by and by looked on the self-educated farmer with eyes of aversion. He instructed his son in all his lore of the languages—literature, history, philosophy, science, were unfolded one by one to the enthusiastic son of the solitary.

Years rolled away, and the old man died. He died when a storm convulsed the face of Nature; when the wind howled round the sheltered dwelling, and the lightning played above the roof; and though he went to Heaven in faith and purity, the vulgar thought and said that the Evil One had claimed his own in the elements. I cannot paint to you the grief of the son at this bereavement. He was for a time as one distracted. The minister came and muttered a few cold and hollow phrases in his ear, and a few neighbors, impelled by curiosity to see the interior of the old man's dwelling, came to the funeral. With a proud and lofty look the son stood above the dust and the dead, in the midst of the band of hypocritical mourners, with a pang at his heart, but serenely upon his brow. He thanked his friends for their kindness, acknowledged their courtesy, and then strode away from the grave to bury his grief in the privacy of the deserted dwelling.

He found at last the solitude of the mansion almost insupportable, and he paced the ebony floor from morning till night, in all the agony of woe and desolation, vainly importuning heaven for relief. It came to him first in the guise of poetical inspiration. He wrote with wonderful ease and power. Page after page came from his prolific pen, almost without an effort; and there was a time when he dreamed (vain fool!) of immortality. Some of his productions came before the world. They were praised and circulated, and inquiries set on foot in the hope of discovering the author. He, wrapped in the veil of impenetrable obscurity, listened to the voice of applause, more delicious because it was obtained by stealth. From the obscurity of yonder lone mansion, and from this region, to send lays which astonished the world, was, indeed, a triumph to the visionary bard.

His thirst for fame had been gratified, and he now began to yearn for the companionship of some sweet being of the other sex, to share with him the laurels he had won—and to whisper consolation in his ear in moments of despondency—and to supply the void which the death of his father had occasioned. He would

picture to himself the felicity of a refined intercourse with a highly intellectual and beautiful woman, and as he had chosen for his motto, "whatever has been done may still be done," he did not despair of success.

In this village lived three sisters, all beautiful and accomplished. Their names were Mary, Adelaide and Madeline. I am far enough past the age of enthusiasm, but never can I forget the beauty of these young girls. Mary was the youngest, and a fairer haired, more laughing damsel, never danced upon the green Adelaide, who was a few years older, was dark haired and pensive; but of the three, Madeline, the eldest, possessed the most fire, spirit, cultivation and intellectuality. Their father, a man of taste and education, being somewhat above vulgar prejudices, permitted the visits of the hero of my story. Still he did not altogether encourage the affection which he found springing up between Mary and the poet.—When, however, he found that her affections were engaged, he did not withhold his consent from their marriage, and the recluse bore to his solitary mansion the young bride of his affections. Oh, sir, the house assumed a new appearance within and without. Roses bloomed in the garden, jessamines peeped through the lattices, and the field about it smiled with the effects of careful cultivation. Lights were seen in the little parlor in the evening; and many a time would the passenger pause by the garden gate, to listen to strains of the sweetest music, breathed by choral voices from the cottage. If the mysterious student and his wife were neglected by the neighbors, what cared they? Their enduring and mutual affection made their home a little paradise. But death came to Eden. Mary suddenly fell sick; and after a few hours illness, died in the arms of her husband and her sister Madeline. This was the student's second heavy affliction.

Days, months rolled on, and the only solace of the bereaved was to sit with the sisters of the deceased and talk of the lost one. To Adelaide at length he offered his widowed heart. The bridal was not one of revelry and mirth. Yet they lived happily, and the rose again blossomed in their garden. But it seemed as if a fatality pursued this singular man. When the rose withered, and the leaf fell in the mellow autumn of the year, Adelaide, too, sickened and died, like her youngest sister, in the arms of her husband and Madeline.

Perhaps you will think it strange, young man, that after all, the wretched survivor stood again at the altar. Madeline! I well remember her. She was a beauty in the true sense of the word. She might have sat upon a throne and the most loyal subject, a proudest peer, would have sworn the blood in her veins descended from an hundred kings. She loved the widower for his power and his fame, and she wedded him. They were married in that church—it was on a summer afternoon—I recollect it well. During the ceremony the blackest cloud I ever saw overspread the heavens, and the moment the third bride pronounced her vow, a clap of thunder shook the building to its centre. All the females shrieked, but the bride herself made the response, with a steady voice, and her eye glistened with a wild fire as she gazed upon the bridegroom. When they arrived at his house she sunk upon the threshold; but this was the umbrage of a maiden. When they were alone, he clasped her hand—it was cold as ice! He looked into her face—"Madeline," said he, "what means this? your cheek is as pale as your wedding gown!" The bride uttered a frantic shriek. "My wedding gown!" exclaimed she; "no, no, this is my sister's shroud! the hour of confession has arrived. It is God that impels me to speak. To win you I lost my own soul. Yes, yes—I am a murderess! She smiled upon me in the joyous affection of her young heart—but I gave her the fatal drug!—Adelaide twined her white arms about my neck, but I administered the poison! Take me to your arms; I have lost my soul for you, and mine you must be!"

"And then," continued he, in a hollow voice, "at that moment came the thunder and the flash, and the guilty woman fell dead on the floor!" The countenance of the narrator expressed all he felt.

"And the bridegroom?" asked I, "the husband

of the destroyer and the victims—what became of him?"

"'HE STANDS BEFORE YOU' was the thrilling answer.

From the Christian Parlor Magazine.  
**The White Rose of the Miami.**  
BY MRS. ELIZA L. SCHEMERHORN.

[During the Indian wars on the western frontier, the Miami Indian took captive a female child, whose family name was Slocum. She was adopted into the family of the warrior who took her captive, and finally married an Indian chief. After she was the mother of several children, every inducement was ineffectually used to persuade her to return with them to their home, the place of her nativity. This incident forms the subject of the following lines.]

Let me stay at home in the beautiful West,  
Where I played when a child; in my age let me rest;

Where the bright prairies bloom, and the wild waters play,  
In the home of my heart, dearest friends, let me stay.

Oh! here let me stay, where my Chief in the pride  
Of a brave warrior youth, wandered forth by my side;

Where he laid at my feet, the young hunter's best prey,  
Where I roamed a wild huntress—oh! friends, let me stay.

Let me stay where the prairies I've oft wandered through,  
While my moccasins brushed from the flowers their dew;

Where my warrior would pluck the wild blossoms and say,  
His *White Rose* was the sweetest—oh! here let me stay.

Oh! here let me stay, where bright plumes from the wing  
Of the bird, that his arrow had pierced, he would bring;

Where, in parting for battle, he softly would say,  
'Tis to shield thee I fight—oh! with him let me stay.

Let me stay, though the strength of my chieftain is o'er,  
Though his warriors he leads to the battle no more;

He loves through the woods, a wild hunter to stray,  
His heart clings to home—oh! then, here let him stay.

Let me stay where my children in childhood have played,  
Where through the green forest they often have strayed;

They never could bend to the white man's cold sway,  
For their hearts are of fire—oh! here let them stay.

You tell me of leaves of the Spirit that speak,  
But the spirit I own, to the bright stars I seek:

In the prairie, the forest, the waters' wild play  
I see Him, I hear Him—oh! then let me stay.

## Meditations on an Old Coat.

—Quacque ipse—vidi,  
Et quorum pars magna fur.

I hate a new coat. It is like a troublesome stranger that sticks to you most pertinently wherever you go, embarrass all your motions, and thoroughly confounds your self-possession. A man with a new coat on is not at home even in his own house; abroad he is uneasy; he can neither sit, stand, nor go like a reasonable mortal.

All men of sense hate new coats, but a fool rejoiceth in a new coat. Without looking at his person, you can tell if he has one on. New coat is written on his face. It hangs like a label out of his gaping mouth. There is an odious harmony between his glossy garment and his senseless phiz; a disgusting keeping in the portrait. Of all vile exhibitions, defend me from a fool in a new blue coat with brass buttons! Avaunt, thou blue coat! Hence, horrible substance, broadcloth mockery hence!—But come, thou old coat fair and free; be thou my muse; be thou my Charon! Conduct me to the Elysium of thread-bare essayists, battered beaus, and jobbing tailors, where the genius of shreds and patches dwells in some fairy Monmouth-street, while eternal cabbage springs beneath his feet.

An old coat is like an old acquaintance.—However stiff you may have felt with either at the first introduction, time makes you perfectly easy with both; with both you take equal liberties; you treat neither with ceremony. An accidental breach with either is soon repaired. An old coat is favourable to retirement and study. When your coat is old you feel no tendency to flaunting abroad or to dissipation.—Buffon, they tell us, used to sit down to write in his dress wig, and Haydn to compose in a

new coat and ruffles. I cannot conceive how they could manage it. I could no more write an article in a new coat than in a strait waistcoat.

A happy thought, by the way, just strikes me. You may tell by the manner of an author how he is usually dressed when composing. I am convinced, that Sir Walter Scott writes in an old coat. Lord Byron without any coat at all. Geoffrey Crayon in the ordinary dress of a gentleman, neither new or old. Colbet in a coat very often turned. Moore in a very handsome brown frock, and nankeen trowsers. Croly in full dress. Leigh Hunt in a night gown, of fantastic pattern, and somewhat shabby. Mr. Wordsworth in a frieze jacket and leather gaiters. The late Mr. Shelly wrote in dread-nought. Coleridge in a careless dress, half lay, half clerical.

I cannot say that I have so much attachment to other aged articles of dress as to an old coat. An old waistcoat is well enough; but old breeches are treacherous friends, too apt to desert you on a pinch; their friendship rests on a very slight foundation, and they often fail those who are in need.

Not so an old coat; it sticks by you to the last. With a little care you may wear it for years, nay, for life. The vulnerable parts of an old coat are the armpits, the elbows and the skirts; of those you must be cautious. I remember a friend who was rather attached to gesticulation, and used to elevate his arms to an indiscreet height long after his coat had reached its grand climacteric; this should be avoided.

The indifference with which you enter into all sorts of places and adventures when your coat is old, your gallant independence of the weather, your boundless scorn of coaches and umbrellas, the courage with which you brave every accident by flood and field, are all conspicuous advantages in an old coat.

The last benefit I shall notice of an old coat, is, the exercise it affords the genius of the wearer. Judgement taste and fancy are equally strengthened by the patching, disguising and setting it off to the best advantage. I found a friend busily engaged on a blue coat, that to all appearance, was in the very last stage of decrepitude. First, he patched the elbows, &c., and strengthened the tottering buttons. Next came brushing and dusting, a ticklish operation, let me tell you. Then came watering; your water is a sore refresher of your whorson old coat. Then came a second brushing, with a soft brush. Then he took a sponge, dipped in ink mixed with vinegar, and rubbed the seams withal. Lastly, he polished the buttons with a piece of soft leather. After all this, the coat was not recognized by its most intimate friends. There was as much difference between it and its former self, as between an old beau of sixty when he first rises in the morning, bald, grizzled, rough and toothless, and the very same beau shaved and dressed, with his false teeth, his painted eyebrows, and new black wig.

## Good Precepts.

- We are not lawyers, and charge no fee for advice.
- Don't kiss your wife while promenading in Broadway, at noon.
- Never put sulphurate of antimony in a sherry cobbler.
- It is good to raise in the world, but never hoist yourself up by the waistband.
- When you build a castle in the air, "stand from under," lest it may fall and crush you.
- Keep your jacket on, but mind and don't tear your linen.
- Do not steal your neighbor's newspaper but subscribe for one yourself.
- Never wind up your watch with a piece of soap.
- Don't pound your corns with a shoemaker's hammer.
- Don't scratch your head with a currycomb.
- Never pick your teeth with a crow-bar.
- Don't take your soup with a shovel.
- Don't drink more than ten toddies at one time.
- Never sleep with your feet out of the window.
- Pause and consider, before you set the North River on fire.—*N. Y. Aurora.*
- There are no less than 9000 different species of roses and 50 of pinks.