

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.

An Evening Hymn.

BY THOMAS MILLER, BASKET MAKER.

How many days, with mute adieu,
Have gone down yon untrodden sky!
And still it looks as clear and blue,
As when it first was hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder, tramping deep and loud,
Have left no dark impression there.
The village bells, with silver chime,
Come softened by the distant shore:
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never wrung so sweet before.
And silence rests upon the hill;
A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut, and still,
And bowed as if in silent prayer.
The darkening woods, the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just awakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.
The twilight takes a deeper shade,
The dusky pathways blacker grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade,
And all is mute below.
Now shine the starry hosts of night,
Gazing on earth with golden eyes;
Bright guardians of the blue-browed night,
What are ye in your native skies?—
I know not! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what you aim or what your end.
Yet there ye shine, and there have shone,
In one eternal "hour of prime,"
Each rolling burningly, alone,
Through boundless space and countless time.
Aye, there ye shine, the golden dew,
That pave the realms by seraphs trod:
There, through yon echoing vault diffuse
The song of choral worlds to God.
Gold frets to dust—yet there ye are;
Time rots the diamond,—there ye roll
In primal light, as if each star
Enshrined an everlasting soul!
And does it not—since your bright throngs
One all-enlightening spirit own,
Praised there by pure sidereal tongues,
Eternal, glorious, blest, alone?
Could men but see what you have seen—
Unfold a while the shrouded past,
From all that is, to what has been,—
The glance how rich! the range how vast!
The birth of time, the rise, the fall
Of empires, myriads, ages flown,
Thrones, cities, tongues, arms, war-hips,—all
The things whose echoes are not gone.
And there ye shine, as if to mock
The children of a mortal sire,
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
The red volcano's cataclysmic fire,
Drought, famine, plague, and blood and flame,
All nature's ills,—and life's worst woes—

Are naught to you:—ye smile the same,
And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Not only doth the voiceful day

Thy loving kindness, Lord! proclaim—

But nightly, in its sublime array

Of worlds, doth magnify thy name!

Yea—while adoring seraphim

Before thee bend the willing knee,

From every star a choral hymn

Goes up unceasingly to thee!

Oh, Holy Father! mid the calm

And stillness of this evening hour,

We here would lift our solemn psalm

To praise thy goodness and thy power!

And worlds beyond the furthest star

Whose light hath reached the human eye,

Shall catch the anthem from afar

And roll it through immensity!

Kept by thy goodness through the day,

Thanksgivings to thy name we pour;

Night o'er us, with its tears—we pray

Thy love to guard us evermore!

In grief console—in gladness bless—

In darkness, guide—in sickness, cheer—

Till, in the Savior's righteousness,

Before thy throne our souls appear!

From the New York True Sun.

A Narrow Escape of a Young Lady from being Shot.

A few months since, one of the travelling agents for a large house in this city, whose route brought him into the small town of New Frankfort, Scott county, Indiana, as was his usual custom "put up" at the best inn which the town afforded. It so happened that on the afternoon on which the agent arrived at the inn, the landlord's daughter, Nelly, a blooming country lass of seventeen, on the invitation of one of the neighbors, Mrs. Dolbear, living a couple miles distant, had gone to a "quilting;" and on her leaving home, she told her parents that if she was not home by 11 o'clock that night, she should stay with her friend, Susan Dolbear, until the next. Accordingly, as that hour was passed, Nelly's parents concluded that she would stay all night with her friend Susy, as she had promised. So, without any hesitation, the agent was put in possession of Nelly's room (her bed included) which adjoined that occupied by the old folks; and he, after looking in vain for some instrument to fasten the door, undressed himself, taking care, however, to place all the money (about \$300) which he had, belonging to his employer, in the pocket of his pantaloons, and put them under his pillow for safety; and also, as a protection against robbers, he put a loaded "revolver," ready capped for service, under his pillow. After these arrangements were completed, with the strongest assurance of safety, he retired, little dreaming that he should be disturbed that night.

The quilting party, at which Nelly was a guest, did not break up until considerably past midnight, when, somewhat to her disappointment, she found many young ladies who had come a much greater distance than she had, and who, owing to the lateness of the hour, were desirous of staying at Mrs. Dolbear's till morning. Nelly, with true nobleness of heart, forebore to press her claim to her young friend's hospitality for the night, lest some of those who lived farther off should have to go home. So she arranged with Susy, who was one of her most intimate friends, that she should go home with her for company, and that she should stay at Nelly's all night. Under this arrangement, they started in the direction of Nelly's home, which they reached after a walk of about an hour, bringing the time up to about two o'clock in the morning. Without making the least noise, they effected their entrance by the back door of the house, and Nelly leading the way, betook themselves up the back stairs in the dark, to Nelly's room, without having disturbed the old folks, and without the least suspicion of finding an intruder. And, as they had arranged between themselves, to keep from the old folks the lateness of the hour at which they arrived home, their conversation, while disrobing themselves to retire, was carried on in a whisper. The agent's ear, from long habit and practice, possessed nice properties of hearing; the whispering and light tread upon the floor awoke him from his sleep, and supposing it to be occasioned by robbers, he listened to the conversation, holding his breath lest he should give them no-

tice of his being awake. The girls themselves were a little alarmed at the lateness of the hour, and being extremely anxious that it should be kept from Nelly's parents, their conversation was wholly upon the best method of concealing it from them, &c.; the agent caught a part of it, and a part, too, excited as was his imagination at the time, not a little startling. Susy said to Nelly, "It is much later than we should have been;" to which Nelly replied, "Yes, it is, but we got in without disturbing any body; so far, all's right; but we must be quick or we shall be discovered, and all will go wrong with us." The agent was now convinced that they were robbers; and in the dark as he was, saw nothing before him but murder and robbery. He grasped his pistol mechanically and firmly, and cautiously cocking it, he was prepared for his assailants; directly he felt a hand on the bed clothes passing along in the direction of his pillow, under which his pantaloons and money were laid; he held his breath, and put himself in a position to discharge his pistol. But, imagine his surprise, when he heard a soft, sweet voice, which appeared to be not more than two feet from him, say, "Sue, I can't find my night cap." The truth now flashed upon him. He had been put in Nelly's bed during her absence, and the night cap for which she had been searching in the dark had been removed by her mother. The pistol dropped from his hand as instinctively as it had been grasped before, and it appeared that there was a bit of fun for him, instead of robbery and murder, after his hard day's travel. So, with as little noise as possible, he drew himself toward that part of the bed usually denominated the "back side," where he lay quietly awaiting the result. Susy was soon disrobed and ready for bed, but in getting in she accidentally put her hand upon the agent's head. "Why, Nelly!" she exclaimed, "there's somebody in the bed, as sure as I'm alive." Our hero, (for such he ought, by this time to be called,) was almost convulsed with laughter. "It's only little Sis," replied Nelly, "she always sleeps with me." This answer satisfied Susy; and Nelly, without the least fear, got into bed too. The two girls were soon snugly "ensconced" under the quilt, with (as they supposed) "little Sis" on the "back side," Susy Dolbear in the middle, and Nelly on the front side; but in truth, "little Sis" having been taken into bed with her pa and ma, as Nelly was absent.

Susy Dolbear was as affectionate a girl as Indiana can boast of, and as a proof of this assertion, we have the fact that she could not go to sleep without first having given "little Sis" a kiss—so she turned over to perform this pleasurable act, when she put her hand upon our hero's face, and feeling his huge whiskers, she was made aware of their mistake. In less time than it takes to tell it, she gathered up the bed clothes, and with an effort almost superhuman, she sprang into the middle of the room, screaming, "It's a man! it's a man! Nelly!" Nelly of course partaking of Susy's alarm, rushed into her father's room, followed by Susy, leaving our hero in perfect fits of laughter, from which he has not recovered to this day, as he laughs immoderately every time he sees a pistol, or the occurrence comes to his remembrance.

Nelly's father was up in a twinkling, and a light being obtained by means of a loco loco match, the whole affair was explained to the girls, who afterwards passed through the room of which our hero had full possession, with a light in hand, gathering up their personal clothing as they passed through—to another room in the attic story of the house—where they retired and soon fell fast asleep.

Susan Dolbear, of the two girls, having played the most conspicuous part in this affair, did not wait for her breakfast, but made her escape from the house as soon as daylight dawned; but Nelly, conscious of her innocence, boldly met our hero, face to face, at the breakfast table, where she learned of the narrow escape she had made of being shot as a robber.

"Genius will always work its way through," as the poet remarked when he saw a hole in the elbow of his coat.

Baton Rouge, is to be the new seat of government of Louisiana, the bill having passed both Houses of the Legislature.

From the Boston Bee.

A Strange yet true Story.

An incident of the most romantic character was related to us a day or two since by one upon whose veracity we place the most implicit reliance, and who is possessed of facts which leave no room for doubt in the matter which follows. We withhold the names of the parties concerned, because we believe it to be more satisfactory to them. Verily truth is stranger than fiction.

A young and beautiful girl, of good character and bright prospects, some four years since, while she was but sixteen years of age, became attached to a young sailor boy of her acquaintance, which attachment growing into earnest devotion, resulted in a matrimonial engagement. This circumstance being made known to the parents of the fair inamorata, they remonstrated first, but finding all remonstrance to be useless, they resolved that a separation of the parties should be effected. Such however was the strength of affection, on the part of the lovers, that it became proper in the opinion of the parents to cut off all communication between the devoted couple, and finally to shut up the fair one. By dint of determined perseverance however an escape was effected, and the young lady eloped, assumed the guise of a sailor boy herself, and shipped on board the same vessel with her Leander, in the capacity of a cabin boy. Having performed one voyage, she landed in New York in company with her lover, and preparations were made for their marriage. After a few days residence in New York, her lover suddenly disappeared, and as she could not for a moment doubt of his fidelity, she supposed he must have been murdered. Not to be consoled in her bereavement, after fruitless endeavors to gain some information respecting him, she resumed her sailor apparel, and again shipped as a sailor boy, and performed another sea voyage.

During this second voyage, she became acquainted with another rover of the deep, and a strong feeling of attachment growing between them, she disclosed her sex to him, and an agreement was entered into that on their arrival in port they would be married. But here again she was doomed to disappointment. Before the consummation of the voyage, death robbed her of her partner, and again she was thrown upon the world. With a resolution which never deserted her, she again returned to the sea service, and performed several voyages, we believe one to the East Indies. In the whole of this time the secret of her sex was undiscovered by those with whom she associated. Her uniform kindness to all, and her readiness to perform the duties assigned her, won for her the good will of all with whom she was acquainted.

At the expiration of her last voyage, about three weeks ago, she arrived in this city, undecided whether to return to her parents, or to continue her romantic wanderings. In this state she came inadvertently to her first lover, who, to her surprise called her by name. The meeting was past description. It was the first time for four years that she had been recognized and called by her right name. He gave her the incidents of his life since his supposed death in New York. Suffice it to say, that their mutual explanations were satisfactory. The result of the matter is a renewal of former friendship, and the parties are to be married next week.—The lady is at present twenty years of age, and although she has lost something of her former beauty, after four years' hardships, and exposure to almost every climate, is described to us as being still very prepossessing, and retaining all her former ardor and affection toward the person for whom she forsook father, mother and home.

We understand that it is the intention of the couple after the matrimonial knot is tied to return to her parents, who are as yet ignorant of her whereabouts, and have since her disappearance from her home, supposed that she had committed suicide. May it be a joyous meeting.

"Jim, I was awfully frightened the other day. Did I tell you about it?"

"No. How?"

"Why a cup of coffee was handed me which was so pale and thin that I thought it was the ghost of some I upset once when my mother caught me stealing meat off the gridiron."

De Blues.

While passing through a street in St. Louis a few months since our attention was attracted by the following colloquy:

Ginger! I've got de blues! de real gingergo blues! It is, individually and collectively!

Well, Snow, if it isn't a gwine to gib you too much trouble, I would like to hab you 'splainify what dem blues is, so as to frow a little more lightnina' on de mind ob dis child, in 'spec to de subject!

Well den, listen, Ginger, you got up in de mornin', you feel worse! you den go frow wad de ambroscations ob de day, and you feel worse! you den go to bed, and you got up in de mornin' agin, and you feel worse dan dat! you take a circumnabulum look into de lookin' glass! and you feel worse dan all free oder worsers put together! you see sich a black prospect afore you! and tink wat a livin' 'sponsibility you am on human nature, you feel dat you hab a large lump ob ice in your heart, and de sections of no brack gal was warm 'nough to melt it!—Dems wat I call de real gingergo blues! and dems wat I got now! how you like to hab 'em, Ginger?

Well, Snow, I isn't a gwine to hab noffin at all to do wid 'em! not if dems de sort!

Old Bread the best.

It has been found that baked bread on the first day produces from seventy-one to seventy-nine per cent. of nutritive matter, while that five days old yields from eighty-one to eighty-two per cent. New bread loses the five per cent. of its weight by evaporation in cooling. Aside from the advantages of stale bread in its nutritive matter, it is more wholesome; more easily digested, has more taste and is sweeter, while new bread lies heavily in the stomach and is of difficult digestion. With these advantages it is strange that most people reject stale bread or prefer the new. It has been found that on feeding the poor, very stale bread mixed with soup is far more satisfying than any other they can obtain. Thus the labouring classes consume one eighth more bread than would be necessary if stale bread were used; or a family that consumed six pounds of bread per day would expend at the present price, some ten dollars more a year by eating new, than by eating stale bread with all the other disadvantages we have mentioned.

Change of Climate.

"Your wife is extremely ill, sir," said a physician to one of our citizens, "and unless she experiences a change of climate she will die."

"Indeed!" was the exclamation, "well, she shall experience a change of climate."

This was a month ago. Yesterday, the physician who imagined that his lady patient was on her way to a distant land, was astonished to see her in Broadway, looking very pale and thin. Hurrying to the husband's counting room the physician said angrily:

"Your wife is dying, sir; she will not live the winter through."

"Well," said the Benedict, coolly, "I can't help that, can I?"

"Help it! why not? Did I not tell you she must have a change of climate?"

"Certainly, you did."

"Well, sir," shouted the exasperated disciple of Esculapius, "she is here in the city, and has not been out of it."

"Of course not. You said she must have a change of climate. Good heaven, sir, the climate changes every twenty-four hours. We have lately had the four seasons in one day. Last night it was freezing; to-day it is as warm as spring. Change of climate! If you don't experience that in New-York, where would you go for it?"

"Go to the d—!" screamed the Doctor, as he bolted for the street.—N. Y. Ledger.

Tricks of Trade.

The Journal of Commerce tells of a broker who received from Virginia a quantity of bees' wax, imbedded in the centre of which were found pieces of iron ore weighing about two pounds. As to the wax itself, though it would not melt before the fire, it would dissolve in warm water, and formed tolerable mush; its principal ingredient being Indian meal. That will do—it excels the wooden nutmegs.