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Old King Iron.

I'm the monarch of the mines,
I keep the treasure key;
Without me not an ore that shines
The light of day would see;
I fashion each unto its end—
I give it form and mould;
To me, then, ye, perforce must bend,
For all the power you hold.

I gave the builder's tools to man,
The hammer, axe, and plane;
The mason's cunning else might plan
His master-work in vain;
Through me the ever-teeming earth
For harvest-men prepare;
What to the husbandmen were worth
The plough without the share!

The lever, crank, and crane are mine,
The loom of giant might,
The wonderous engine and the line
O'er which it speeds like light,
Mine is the rod that from the tower
Averts the levin brand.

I, even, I, the lightning's power
Defy with this right hand!
But that wherein I vaunt the most
Is for my power to slay;
'Tis I who arm each rival host
To meet in deadly fray;
'Tis I who drench the battle plain,
And spread the vulture's board;
Yes, wisely, for the club of Cain
I gave mankind the sword.

'Tis I who breathe the sulphurous breath,
That killeth from afar;
Mine is the crushing globe of death,
The thunderbolt of war;
The armaments that sweep the flood
Of ocean's mighty sea,
Might ride at ease upon the blood
That hath been spilt by me.

By me men live—by me they die;
O'er Arts and Arms I sway;
Who dares my empire to deny?
My title to gainsay?
Wherefore to Iron ye the due
Of homage must accord,
And own yourselves my lieges true,
And me your king and lord.

Our Postmaster General.

We are told that one of our merchants who has long been in the habit of sending newspapers to his customers after having drawn a pen around his advertisement, continued to do so notwithstanding the order of the Postmaster General to tear off wrappers and prosecute every one who should make any mark on a newspaper sent by mail. A few days ago the merchant received a note from the District Attorney inviting him to call. The invitation was complied with, when the District Attorney produced several of these newspapers which had been wrongfully abstracted from the mails by order of the Postmaster General, and enquired whether the merchant had made these marks or caused them to be made. The merchant said yes, and the Attorney informed him that he had been ordered to commence a prosecution for this violation of Post Office orders. The merchant addressed the Postmaster General, requesting that functionary to inform him where the provision of law could be found which he was charged with having violated. The answer was a discontinuance of the suit. Our impression is, that a suit against the Postmaster General for ordering the envelopes of the papers to be taken off, and the papers withheld from their proper owners, would be likely to find not only law but public opinion to sustain it.—*Jour. Com.*

How prone are the best of men to backslide, said Ned, when he saw a fat clerical gentleman, going down the icy side of a hill on his back, much faster than he ascended it.

In the reign of Henry the eighth it is affirmed, that no fewer than seventy-two thousand criminals were hanged.

The Sailor's Wife.

BY A STRANGER.

In the month of June, 18—, the fine ship Fame arrived at this port from Liverpool, and was moored from the North River docks. Her commander, Capt George Jones, whom I shall pass over with a few remarks, was an Englishman by birth, rough and harsh in his manners, but with all a thorough bred seaman as far as qualifications went, perfectly competent to command any vessel that ever floated. The first officer, Charles Best, was the son of a wealthy Southern planter, (then deceased,) and as such no pains had been spared to afford him every possible advantage in acquiring an education, and his progress was in everything rapid and satisfactory. While at College he acquired a passion for the sea, which grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, and finding all application to his father for permission to indulge in it, in vain; he determined to go to sea, *coute qui coute*.

He was of a noble high spirited nature, very handsome indeed, brave and generous to a fault, in short, his whole existence seemed to be made up of romance. He was never so happy, never so contented as when engaged in some enterprize which called forth all his energies. He disappeared suddenly from college, and after roaming about the world for three years, (his parents mourning him as dead,) he returns home to receive his forgiveness and blessings, and to take possession of the estate; thus disappointing many hungry expectations. His passion for the sea however, clung to him, and having been offered the berth of chief mate of the Fame, then lying at Charlestown, he joined her, and I now find him here in New York, in that capacity. The Fame had been in three or four days, and was discharging cargo. It was a sultry day, and the crew who had been at hard work all the morning, were eating their dinner in the fore-castle. Captain Jones was walking backwards and forwards on the quarter deck smoking, and Charles Best was seated on the quarter deck, with his jacket off, his eyes fixed upon the deck, and evidently in a deep study.

"Is the captain on board?" enquired a soft melodious voice at the gangway, which caused Charles to start from his seat, and turning to look at the querist, for a moment he was utterly paralyzed. The person who propounded this question was a girl, apparently about twenty years of age, handsomely attired, and possessed of charms that defy description. Her forehead was high, white, and smooth as the Parian Marble—her eyes were very large and dark, and they darted forth an expression perfectly undefinable. It was so wild, so singular, and so appalling, that no one could bear it unmoved. "Is the Captain on board?" she repeated, and the gruff Captain and the young officer passed their eyes upon her surpassing charms, but with very different emotions. "Yes, madam," bluntly responded Captain Jones, walking towards the fair querist, puffing his cigar, they call me captain for the want of a better, and he stared at her with a loose air, that half tempted Charles to knock him down. "Will you marry me, sir?" she repeated without changing her voice. Well I'm astonished: MARRY you? why my dear, I've got a wife in London now, but I don't mind marrying you as long as I stay in port.

The proud, beautiful lip of the lovely girl curled with prouder scorn, her bright eyes flashing with redoubled brilliancy, as she gazed for a single moment on the villain, who could not withstand that glance, but shrunk abashed with his own impertinence, and retired to the cabin. The beauty turned to Charles, who had drawn close to the parties while the brief colloquy was held, with his bright intelligent eyes fixed upon her face while she was speaking. One look served to convince her that he was no second Captain Jones, and she at once propounded the ominous question. "Will you marry me?" at the same time casting down her eyes and trembling violently. Charles gazed upon the lovely being who thus boldly proffered this singular request, but his lips refused to utter one word.

"Must I go farther sir or will you MARRY ME?" and the fair creature buried her hands in her face and sobbed aloud. Charles felt that he was himself again. He felt the spirit of

gallantry and romance rising strong within him, and fast getting the advantage of reason and judgment. A thousand thoughts rushed to his brain. A lovely girl was before him, and before he had time to form another conjecture, the lady had half turned to leave the vessel.

"Stop lady, stop: your request is very, very singular. Let me ask you one question, are you in distress?"

"Oh God! do not deem me crazed. Distress! if you did but know half—but no more—will you marry me?"

"I know not who you are or what you are. Can I not assist you in some other way? I have money plenty if—"

"Out upon that—I want no money. I am not what I seem, indeed I am not what I seem."

"I believe it indeed I do, but surely you need not be so rash. You may repent of a resolution offered so—"

"Talk not to me of repenting sir, and do not waste my time but answer—will you marry me?"

"By Heaven, I will," exclaimed Charles, passionately. There is that about you that tells me you are not what I first deemed you; and that I at least will never rue my part of the adventure. Wait one moment, and I will be with you." He retired into the cabin, and in a few moments he appeared dressed in his best suit of 'Sailor's clothes,' a round jacket, and blue trowsers.

"Come lady whoever you are, or whatever you be, I will abide by the event." Having called a coach and placed her in it, they drove to the house of a friend of Charles, and the moment they were alone, the lady threw herself on a sofa, but neither sighed, nor wept, nor appeared the least affected by the novelty of her situation. Charles said not a word, but seated himself beside her, awaiting her motions.

"Sir," said she rising 'whoever you are, I am sure I may now trust you.—You are no common sailor; and if I am not much deceived, neither of us will have cause to deplore this hasty step. I am not what I seem. Trust me now and in a few hours I will explain all.—believe me, serve me now, and you will never repent it. Suffice it now for me to say, my name is Ellen Hays, and sir, as soon as you are ready let us have the ceremony performed. We must be married at once, and if I am discovered he would force me!—"

"Ellen, not so, I have charge of you now, and I intend no one shall use or even speak of force towards you. So rest easy on that score."

Ellen thanked him with a look so full of gratitude, that he could not forbear, and feeling that he was rapidly getting in love, he snatched one kiss from her ruby lips, and stood off again, mute and dumb, as though sorry for the trespass. She made no remarks upon this, but tendering him a large roll of bills, and said, "Here sir, go and provide for yourself with all you require, and haste, oh! haste for I am in terror every moment until I have a legal protector." "Thank you, Ellen," said Charles, gaily, "I want none of your money. I have enough of my own."

He left her and proceeded directly to Broadway, fitted himself in clothes that became his real station in life, and returned as speedily as possible; he found Ellen waiting patiently his return. She gazed upon him with looks of admiration, and taking his arm they were soon en route for the Mayor's house, and that functionary being fortunately at home, made the twain one flesh. On leaving the house Ellen hung more heavily upon her husband's arm and trembling excessively, but as the Rubicon was now past, she knew there was no retreating, and with a violent effort she composed herself.

"Will you return to my friends," asked Charles as they seated themselves in the coach. "No sir, we are going to your house, where your presence will be required."

Mr. Best looked steadily at his young wife, and for the first time, he actually did think she was out of trim in the upper story, and he was almost convinced that he had placed himself in rather an awkward predicament; he was indeed rather uncomfortable, and was inwardly devising some means of escape, when the door was banged to, and in a moment they were off, and the coach rattled over the pavement. Another glance at his lovely, blushing bride, settled him,

and he determined to see the end of it, as he had begun. The coach stopped at a large and elegant house in one of the most fashionable streets, and Charles having alighted, handed out his wife, and they ascended the stately steps. In answer to the bell which she rung violently, a servant appeared, whom she rapidly asked, "Is my uncle yet at home?" "No, Miss Ellen," responded the menial respectfully. Mr. Best cast a glance around him. They entered a parlor magnificently furnished; closing the door, Ellen threw off her hat and thin shawl, showing her delighted husband all her surpassing charms.

"All that you behold is now your own; an hour since and it was mine," said Ellen timidly, and tendering her hand, which he grasped affectionately. "Believe me—I speak the truth. I know you thought me crazed, but listen, and you shall know how much cause I have had for my conduct. But remember you are master here, and whatever happens do you assert your right and mine."

"Surely you cannot mean deceit," said Mr. Best, gazing anxiously on his lovely wife, and utterly at a loss to account for her strange conduct.

"Trust me, try me, believe me. I will now tell you all I have time to tell, for I expect every moment he will come home. Three years ago my father died, leaving me, his only child, in charge of his brother, my uncle George Hays. His immense wealth was all left in his charge until my marriage, and I was allowed my own selection. My uncle, who poor compared with my father, seeing the advantages which this great accession of wealth would bring him, has not only prevented my marriage, by injuring my reputation, but has actually kept me a close prisoner in my room, and within my own house, from which I chanced to escape this morning. I determined to find some one who would defend and protect me against my uncle's conduct—you know the rest," she added blushing, as he clasped her fair form to his bosom, and vowed to defend her rights as he would his own.

She started from his embrace, and begging him to be seated, rang the bell. When a servant answered the summons, she told him to send all the servants up. They soon appeared, when she addressed them—

"You all know my position in this house—that I am the owner and rightful mistress of all that is here." "We do," they responded, and she continued, "This gentleman, Mr. Best, is my husband, and as you value your places, obey him. Go, now, remember what you have heard." The servants retired bowing respectfully to the new married pair. "And now sir," said she, "you are convinced, continue to maintain your rights, and all will be well."

Ere she could say further, the door was opened, and a coarse looking featured man of about fifty years of age entered and stood for a moment gazing on the happy pair, who were seated on the sofa.

"What is your business here and with that woman," he demanded in a stern voice and looking at the same time as though he would annihilate him. Mr. Best made no immediate reply, but measured Hays, for it was him, from his feet to his head, leisurely and undauntedly, Mr. Hays then addressed Ellen.

"Pray Miss Sanctity, be pleased to explain what this man is doing here alone with you." "She need not take the trouble sir," replied Charles, "and let me warn you to address her more respectfully. That lady is my wife, and by virtue of my authority as her husband, and master of this house, let me ask you what business have you here?"

"Your wife, you master!—well that is too good"—and Mr. Hays laughed aloud. Mr. Best curbing himself with difficulty merely said, "come sir, your presence is disagreeable. If you wish to transact any business be speedy, we wish you to retire."

"Why you impertinent scoundrel," was all he had time to utter, as Charles grasped him by the collar, and shook the old ruffian until he gasped for breath. "Scoundrel you would have said, you lying, cheating old villain. I tell you again that lady is my wife—this is her house—and in or out of it I will maintain her rights." "Do you mean to say, Ellen, that you are married to this man?" he asked contemptuously.—

She did not reply, but looked confidently in the face of her husband. Mr. Hays turned to Charles as if for further explanation, but he replied—"Ellen has told me all your infernal villainies, and I repeat the sooner you leave this house the better."

Mr. Hays sprang to the bell and sounded a peal that brought the servants up in an instant. "Turn this vagabond out of the house in an instant," he roared as they entered, but no one advanced a step.

"You see sir," said Charles, "I am known as well as yourself. But you seem to doubt me yet. John go to Mr. Hays room and pack everything that belongs to him." "Yes sir," answered the menial, as he vanished.

"You see, sir, there is no use in resisting, and now I tell you if you hesitate to do as I bid you, I will compel you to disgorge thousands which you have stolen from my wife.—And do not think I married Ellen in the hope of getting wealth. No sir, large as her fortune is, my own is larger, and it is only through pity to your years and name that spare you from exposure."

Mr. Hays uttered not a word, but gazing steadfastly and with a look of demoniac fierceness upon the pair, he retired, and as the door was closed Ellen placed her hand within her husband's, and looking into his face, confidently and imploringly said: "May I prove worthy of your love, may you never repent your hasty marriage with one your generous heart trusted and believed?"

Mr. Best clasped his lovely wife to his own bosom, and was about to utter his thanks for her love, when the report of a pistol was heard.

On proceeding to Mr. Hays' library, the door was found to be fastened, but one vigorous kick sent it flying from its hinges, and on the floor, bathed in blood lay Mr. H. who goaded to desperation by the discoveries of his villainies, had rushed, thus unprepared to the presence of his Maker.

Charles gave directions to summon the coroner, who soon came, and having examined into the case returned a verdict of suicide, and thus closed the career of one who had every quality to make him honored and respected, but whose wicked heart ever prompted him to the ruinous cause. As for Mr. Best and his lovely wife, who can doubt that they lived happily. Two hearts like their own, coming together as they did, must beat in unison. Ellen was easily persuaded to dispose of her property here, and retire to the south with her husband, who before he departed, did not forget Captain Jones, and the other shipmates, all of whom had ample cause to remember the SAILOR'S WIFE.

Never Treat Religion Lightly.

Impress your mind with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies.—Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth, than the affectation of treating Religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind, which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. At the same time you are not to imagine that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to be more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years, or to erect yourselves into supercilious reproves of those around. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability. It is social, kind, cheerful—far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, defects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your Religion, on the contrary connect preparation for Heaven with honorable discharge of the duties of active life. Of such religion, discover every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed; but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world.

"What do you suppose the world to think of us?" inquired a pedantic young man of Doct. Johnson. "Why I suppose," said the doctor, "that they think me a bull dog, and you a tin kettle tied to my tail."