

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 7.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1847.

No. 51

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 25 cents, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor. 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 Editor must be post-paid.

**JOB PRINTING.**  
Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of  
**FANCY PRINTING.**  
Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.  
Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms, AT THE OFFICE OF THE **Jeffersonian Republican.**

From the National Era.  
**What the Voice said.**  
Maddened by Earth's wrong and evil,  
"Lord!" I cried in sudden ire,  
"From Thy right hand, clothed with thunder,  
Shake the bolted fire!"  
"Love is lost, and Faith is dying;  
With the brute the man is sold;  
And the dropping blood of Labor  
Hardens into gold."  
"Here the dying wail of Famine,  
There the Battle's groan of pain;  
And, in silence, smooth-faced Mammon  
Reaping men like grain."  
"Where is God, that we should fear Him?"  
Thus the earth-born Titans say;  
"God! if thou art living, hear us!"  
Thus the weak ones pray.  
"Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding,"  
Spake a solemn Voice within;  
"Wear of our Lord's forbearance,  
Art thou free from sin?"  
"Fearless brow to Him uplifting,  
Canst thou for His thunders call,  
Knowing that to Guilt's attraction  
Evermore they fall?"  
"Know'st thou not all germs of Evil  
In thy heart await their time?  
Not thyself, but God's restraining,  
Stays their growth of crime."  
"Couldst thou boast, oh, child of weakness!  
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,  
Were their strong temptations planted  
In thy path of life?"  
"Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing  
From one fountain, clear and free,  
But by widely varying channels  
Searching for the sea."  
"Glideth one through greenest valleys,  
Kissing them with lips still sweet;  
One, mad-roaring down the mountains,  
Stagnates at their feet."  
"Is it choice whereby the Parsee  
Kneels before his mother's fire?  
In his black tent did the Tartar  
Choose his wandering sire?"  
"He alone, whose hand is bounding  
Human power and human will,  
Looking through each soul's surrounding,  
Knows its good or ill."  
"For thyself, while wrong and sorrow  
Make to thee their strong appeal,  
Coward wert thou not to utter  
What the heart must feel."  
"Earnest words must needs be spoken  
When the warm heart bleeds or burns  
With the scorn of wrong, or pity  
For the wronged, by turns."  
"But, by all thy nature's weakness,  
Hidden faults and follies known,  
Be thou, in rebuking evil,  
Conscious of thine own."  
"Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty  
To thy lips her trumpet set,  
But with harsher blast shall mingle  
Wailings of regret."  
Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,  
Teacher sent of God, be near,  
Whispering through the day's cool silence,  
Let my spirit hear!  
So when thoughts of evil doers  
Waken scorn or hatred move,  
Shall a mournful fellow-feeling  
Temper all with love. J. G. W.

An exchange paper speaks of a Dutchman by the name of Inkerskond-doankinkink-grachdernity. He was always introduced to the ladies as Mister What-d'ye call-'em.

"Young men taken in here," is placed upon a cheap boarding house in Pearl street, N. Y.

## Eaves Dropping, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

[The following humorous scene we extract from a work recently published by E. Everett & Co., entitled 'Freaks of Cupid; or an Irish Bachelor.' The Bashful lover, Gerald, although in high favor with both father and daughter, still hesitates between hope and fear, until the old Gentleman determines to take the matter into his own hands—when it is unexpectedly settled to the entire satisfaction of all parties.]  
On the evening in question, however, the old gentleman, Mr. Franks, was not in the best temper in the world, for notwithstanding that after dinner he had hinted to Gerald that he wished to say something to him in private, that love-stricken gentleman had thought proper to take the earliest opportunity to make himself scarce, for the purpose of pursuing Jesse to the drawing room, where the delinquent now was, and from whence descended occasionally the tone of a harp, accompanied by two voices blending together in such harmony as plainly told that their practice had been considerable.  
"Confound that infernal strumming!" exclaimed Mr. Franks, at the same time if any one else on earth had presumed to hint that more delightful music had ever been heard by mortal ears, he would have insulted the offender on the spot—confound that infernal strumming! A man might as well live in bedlam! Pah! there it is again—that eternal—I know a bank; they ought to know it pretty well by this time, God knows!—we'll have the Minute Gun at Sea! presently, and then some cursed Italian screech. I wish the inventor of music had the pain that I have in my big toe this minute and see how it would make him sing! Wherever there's a duet singing, there's mischief—it never comes to good—there's villainy at the bottom of it always! such turning up of eyes, and squeezing out of sighs, and every confounded nonsense of the kind must mean mischief! But I'll put an end to it—I'll make them sing another tune—I'll invent a gamut for them! If I don't I won't that's all!" And Mr. Franks looked dangerous.  
Then his thoughts ran on for a while in another channel, and he began to wax wroth as he coned over in his mind all the pros and cons of the case which he was industriously manufacturing against poor Gerald.  
"What!" he muttered half-mentally, "could'n't he come forward boldly, and say: 'Mr. Franks, I love your daughter—will you give her to me?' That would be behaving like a man; but instead here he comes sneaking day after day, and then sneaking off again! I have no patience with such a fellow! Why when I was a young man like him, dam me! I'd popped the question in five minutes; and if the answer was 'No,' poh, what am I thinking of? He knows as well as I do that it would be no such thing. If he don't propose for her before ten days are over his head, hang me if I don't hunt him, like a red shark about his business—There's an end on't!"  
And in this way did the old gentleman vent his spleen, until by degrees he fell into a sort of half doze, disturbed now and then by a sudden malediction against the sounds of music, which still continued at intervals to reach his ears.  
At length neither the tones of the harp nor of the voices were any longer to be heard, and once more he started in his chair.  
"Humph!" he muttered, "there's some villainy going on now! Whenever two young people are in a room together, and no audible sounds beyond the door, there's sure to be mischief in the wind! For two pins I'd steal a march, and find out what they're at: if it is not mischief, there's no harm done; if it is, I'll open their eyes a bit. But 'listeners never hear good of themselves; they say—no matter! Hang me if I don't do it! I know there's villainy going on—and I'll astonish them!" And so saying, the impetuous old gentleman stood up, and noiselessly left the room.  
The luckless pair, against whom he was meditating such dark plots and awful visitations, sat beside each other on a sofa; the hand of the maiden rested quietly in that of her lover; there was no blush of false modesty on her cheek—no turning aside the eyes in affected delicacy—no struggle to free her fingers from the pressure—she was a stranger to all such mockeries—she had yielded up her heart to him that sat beside her, and henceforth there should be nought but confidence between them.  
But, though she loved him, and knew that his love was equal to her own, no avowal on either side had ever taken place. The passion had grown upon them day by day, increasing in its strength as time went on; they felt that it was so, and that was sufficient for their happiness—a million vows could not have added to their security in the truthfulness of each other's love. But in spite of this there were times when Jesse would have wished her lover to speak of the affection which she knew he felt—times when in a deep desponding mood, he mourned the hard fate that rendered vain and hopeless all the dearest wishes of his heart—For a voice in her bosom whispered to her what those wishes were, and if at such times he had but openly declared them she would have

thrown aside all maidenly reserve, and offering him her hand, put an end to his fears and doubts forever.  
Many a little manoeuvre had she been guilty of, to bring about this opportunity—many a time had she hinted that riches were no object with her father or herself—hitherto vain had been all her efforts to effect her wish—so far as words went, Gerald still continued silent on the subject of his love. Yet it was not without a struggle that he had not been on the point of breaking forth into a declaration of his passion and boldly asking her to become his wife. But then would come the remembrance of his broken fortunes, and with the words almost forcing themselves from his lips, he would suppress their utterance, rather than to woo her to the miseries of poverty.  
But this night love had been the conqueror. The hint which Mr. Franks had thrown out of wishing to speak to him in private had alarmed him into momentary forgetfulness of all his scruples, and the dreaded crisis had at length arrived. The old gentleman had chosen a lucky moment for his eaves dropping.  
As yet the lovers had not spoken since they sat there together—but an instinct whispered to Jesse that her wishes were now about to be fulfilled, and she listened anxiously for the words that should enable her, without a scruple, to avow her affection and bestow her hand and fortune where her heart had been already given. But still Gerald continued silent. How could he ask her to become his wife, when he knew that even to support himself his means were scarcely sufficient—for notwithstanding all the encouragement Mr. Franks had given him, he could not believe that he would consent to his daughter's marriage with one whom he knew to be without fortune—or the hope of fortune: and he felt that to urge a child to disobedience against her parent, was to insure her future misery, if not present unhappiness. However, as I have already said, love was the conqueror in this struggle, and words found their way at last.  
"Jessie," said he in a low voice, but not so low as to escape the ears of the old gentleman, who had taken up his position outside the half open door—"Jessie, I'm very unhappy."  
"Humph," growled Mr. Franks—and the reader will be good enough to understand that upon this occasion all his remarks were made mentally. "Humph! what does he mean by that?"  
"Why should you be unhappy?" asked Jesse, softly.  
"Because he's an ass," muttered her father—"that's why."  
"Ever since the first hour I saw you," replied Gerald, "I have been dreaming."  
"Almost time for you to wake then!" chorused Mr. Franks.  
"And now," I feel that when that dream is ended, life will have no further happiness for me."  
"But why should you have such fears?" said Jesse, looking smilingly in his face, "dreams have been realized you know."  
"Mine can scarcely be," returned Gerald, "it was too bright!"  
"Too fiddlestick!" ejaculated the old gentleman, "confounded stuff! Can't the fellow put his arm around her neck like a man, and give her a smack once, instead of all this nonsense?"  
"Too bright," repeated Gerald, "far too bright!"  
"If he says that again," exclaimed Mr. Franks, "hang me if I don't rush in and kick him!"  
"Are you dreaming now?" asked Jesse, archly, "or do you want to put me to sleep with that doleful voice and look? What has made you so sad to night?"  
"Your father—," he began.  
"Ha!" said the old gentleman, "now we are going to have it. I thought there was mischief in the wind!"  
"Your father," continued Gerald, "told me after dinner to-day that he wished to speak to me in private."  
"Well," exclaimed Jesse, anxiously, "I was afraid to remain," he resumed, "for I anticipated the nature of his speak—it would have been to tell me to come here no more."  
"You must be dreaming," said Jesse—how could you think of such a thing?"  
"I feel it," he replied, "and he is right: he cannot but see my love for you; and," he added bitterly, "he knows I am a beggar."  
"I'm longing to be at him," muttered Mr. Franks.  
"Gerald," said Jesse, impressively, and withdrawing her hand from his, "you do my father an injustice. If such a motive had governed him for an instant—which is impossible, as you should by this time know—he would never have suffered our intercourse to continue. No earthly consideration could ever induce him to risk the happiness of his child. You do not know my father!"  
"My child! my own true hearted child!" murmured the old man, softly, while a tear flowed down his cheek—"God bless her!"  
"Forgive me, Jesse," said Gerald, again taking her hand and pressing it fondly between his own—"forgive me, dearest; I meant not to offend you, but the fear that I should be separated from you now almost deprives me of reason. If you could only know the depth of my love you would not blame me."

"Ah! that's something like," said Mr. Franks "the business will soon be settled now!"  
"Is it very deep?" asked Jesse, coaxingly—"I think it must be, it has taken it so long to come to the surface."  
"Good!" said Mr. Franks, "let him put that in his pipe and smoke it!"  
Gerald passed one arm around the waist of his companion, and as he drew her closer to his side, whispered—"You love me, Jessie?"  
"Do I?"  
"Such is my hope—is it a deceitful one?"  
"Not quite so much so as hopes generally are."  
"Do you know my poverty?"  
"Blast his poverty!" cried Mr. Franks.  
"Never allude to that again," said Jesse, "if you would not wish seriously to wound my feelings." And then smiling gaily, she added, "you know riches are so unromantic!"  
"Pah!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "we'll have love in a cottage now—flowers and bowers, eyes and sighs, hearts and darts, and all that sort of thing!"  
"They may be unromantic, Jesse," said Gerald despondingly, "but they are very necessary nevertheless, and notwithstanding all your father's kindness to me, I cannot hope that he would give his consent to our union."  
"For a sixpence I'd walk in and order him to march!" exclaimed Mr. Franks—"How dare the fellow have such an opinion of me!"  
"Gerald," said Jesse, after a moment's pause, during which there was a great struggle between her maidenly propriety and her love—"Gerald, dear Gerald," and her voice sunk almost to a whisper, "there must be no reserve between us now; I know I am stepping beyond the bounds of what the world calls propriety in what I am about to say; but you will judge me lightly, and she looked up confidently in his face. "Shall I confess it? I have long wished for this hour to come. I could not be blind to your love, for my own heart taught me to read yours. I knew your feelings, for I knew my own; but I longed to hear you speak them; for then, dear Gerald, I could tell you how they were returned."  
And the ears of the old gentleman were greeted by a sound which led him to entertain a strong suspicion that a kiss had taken place, and immediately succeeding it he was able to distinguish the words, "My own Jessie!"  
"All right!" he chuckled—"I may soon walk in!"  
"There! that'll do!" resumed Jesse, as another detonation resounded through the room—"Let me finish what I have to say before you smother me entirely." And dropping her voice to the tones she had spoken in, she continued—"I will speak to you now as freely as if we had already pledged our vows before the altar, for why should a false modesty make me hesitate to say that which can give happiness to both?" Gerald, I know my dear father's nature, and you have but to tell him of our attachment, to insure his consent and his blessing."  
"The little villain!" exclaimed Mr. Franks, in an ecstasy of delight—"the cunning little villain! how did she guess it?"  
And the old gentleman wondered why at that moment an intrusive tear should have started to his eye.  
At the conclusion of Jesse's speech, her companion sprang from the sofa as if some uncontrollable impulse urged him to perform a hornpipe; but as suddenly, the idea struck him that he was about to make a particular fool of himself, and so he contented himself for the occasion with reseating himself beside her, and embracing her passionately while he exclaimed—"Now I am indeed happy. But, dearest, may you not be mistaken? may you not reckon too fondly on your father's consent?"  
"I'll make him smart for this!" muttered Mr. Franks.  
"No, Gerald, replied Jesse, "I'm not mistaken: my father loves you as well as—almost as well as—" she paused, and, while a deep blush came upon her cheek, added—"as well as I do."  
"My own darling girl!" exclaimed Gerald passionately, and drawing her to his heart, he pressed his lips to hers in a kiss that was worth five years of life.  
"Come! this won't do!" cried Mr. Franks aloud, throwing open the door and walking into the apartment. "Hang me if I can stand any more of this! he'll eat her before he stops!" and the old gentleman hobbled over towards the delinquent.  
"Mr. Franks," cried Gerald, and—"my father!" ejaculated Jesse, simultaneously, while they both looked very foolish.  
"Yes, sir, Mr. Franks—yes, madam, your father!" vociferated the old gentleman, with a desperate effort to make his voice like thunder and his look like forked lightning—"You ought to be proud of yourselves! This is a remarkable nice duet I have interrupted, pray go on with it—oh, pray do!" And Mr. Franks was perfectly satisfied that he had said something terrifically ironical.  
"Indeed, sir," stammered Gerald—and he went no further.  
"Well, sir, what have you got to say? Are you ashamed of yourself? Do you feel afraid

to look me in the face? And as Mr. Franks said this, he fancied that an cure was a fool to himself, smiled—and so did Jesse.  
"What are you grinning at, madam?" exclaimed her father with what he considered an aw-inspiring frown—"how dare you smile? I wonder you don't sink to the earth with shame! Have you no idea of decency?"  
"Come, papa, don't be cross!" said Jesse coaxingly, while she drew close to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder, "you know you look so terrible when you're vexed!" And she smiled archly.  
"Don't touch me!" cried the old man, at the same time dying to embrace her, but with a wicked determination to punish her as she imagined, for not having made him her confidant, "don't come within twenty miles of me! How dare you love any one without asking your father's leave? How dare you do it, I say?"  
"Please, sir," said Jesse, dropping a courtesy, "I couldn't help it!"  
"You couldn't help it either, I suppose?" sneered Mr. Franks, turning towards Gerald.  
"No, sir," replied Gerald timidly.  
"And do you dare tell me that you love my daughter?"  
"I do, sir," was the response.  
"And you would wed her without my consent?"  
"I would not sir—there you wrong me. I would never have urged her to disobedience of your wishes, and therefore, deeply as I loved her, I have never spoken of it till now."  
"Say no more," interrupted Mr. Franks and then turning to his daughter, he demanded:  
"And you, madam, would you have become his wife without my sanction?"  
"No, father no!" she replied, throwing both arms round his neck: "no, you know I would not."  
"And you love him?"  
"She nestled her head closer to her father's bosom and in a low voice replied—"I do."  
"The old man pressed her to his heart, and stooping his head upon her shoulder, remained silent a moment—then turning towards Gerald, he motioned him to approach.  
"Here," said he, taking his hand, and speaking in a voice husk and broken from emotion—"here—take her take my darling, my own beloved child. And as he resigned her to his arms, the old man's eyes were filled with tears of pride and love.  
"Cherish her?" he continued in strong excitement—"cherish her in your heart's core! for heaven has given her to you for a blessing! If you ever neglect her—if if ever one cold look should fall upon my child—I will curse—"  
"My father! dear father!" exclaimed Jesse, returning to him, and pressing his lips upon her forehead—"you must not have such thoughts—we will be so happy now!" And the beautiful girl looked as confident of the future as though care and sorrow were strangers to the world.  
The old man made no answer. Slowly and tenderly he laid his hands, one after another, upon her shoulders, and thus holding her at arm's length before him, he gazed upon her, with such intense affection that it seemed as though the fountains of his heart were full to overflowing, and were gushing forth holy love; he tried to speak and could not—feelings such as were then his, can find no utterance—at length a tear forced its way and trickled down his cheek, and then another and another: he clasped her to his bosom in a passionate embrace, held her for an instant, and then suddenly releasing her, he placed her hand in that of Gerald's, and fervently exclaimed, "May God's blessing, and mine attend you both!" rushed from the room.

**An Odd One.**  
Who that knows any thing about Newburyport, surely knows that there was a good, honest, but rather rough old parson, Milton. Many are the anecdotes extant of this eccentric man. He was a queer looking personage, withal, resembling very much Crebber's jack of clubs. And such a voice! Like the thunder of some mighty organ, 'twould make the very clapboards rattle on his old church!  
One Monday Morning as the good old man was lugging home a huge catfish, he was accosted by one of his deacons, with "Mr. Milton, did you not know that fish was caught on the Sabbath?"  
"What of it?" returned the parson; "the fish isn't any worse for it."  
This deacon was a dealer in wood, and it had been whispered more than once about his short measures. The following Sunday, Milton, after reading his text from Proverbs about short weights and measures, roared out at the top of his voice, almost cracking the sounding board, "any man that will sell six feet of wood for a cord, will have to 'take it' in the next world, if not in this; I don't care if he does sit in the deacon's seat; that won't save him, by a long chalk!"  
About the time that temperance and anti-slavery began to bud forth, a committee from his society waited upon him and desired him to espouse those causes.  
"Shant do it!" said the parson; "when you hired me, it was to preach the gospel, now it is rum and niggers!"