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Old Times and New.

We copy the following lines, read at the New England Society's Festival at New York, December 22, 1846, by Allen C. Spooner, of Boston.

'Twas in my easy chair at home,
About a week ago,
I sat and puffed my light cigar
As usual, you must know.
I mused upon the Pilgrim flock
Whose luck it was to land
Upon almost the only rock
Among the Plymouth sand.
In my mind's eye, I saw them leave
Their weather-beaten bark—
Before them spread the wintry wilds,
Behind, rolled ocean dark.
Alone that little handful stood
While savage foes lurked nigh,
Their creed and watchword, "Trust in God
And keep your powder dry."

Imagination's pencil then
That first stern winter painted,
When more than half their number died
And stoutest spirits fainted.
A tear unbidden filled one eye,
My smoke had filled the other,
One sees strange sights at such a time,
Which quite the senses bother.

I knew I was alone—but lo!
(Let him who dares, deride me—)
I looked, and, drawing up a chair,
Down sat a man beside me.
His dress was ancient, and his air
Was somewhat strange and foreign—
He civilly returned my stare,
And said "I'm Richard Warren!"

"You'll find my name among the list
Of hero, sage and martyr,
Who, in the Mayflower's cabin, signed
The first New England charter.

I could some curious facts impart—
Perhaps some wise suggestions—
But then, I'm bent on seeing sights,
And running o'er with questions."

"Ask on," said I, "I'll do my best
To give you information,
Whether of private men you ask,
Or our renowned nation."

Says he "First tell me what is that
In yon compartment narrow,
Which seems to dry my eyeballs up,
And scorch my very marrow."

His finger pointed to the grate—
Said I—"That's Lehigh coal,
Dug from the earth"—he shook his head—
"It is, upon my soul!"

I then took up a bit of stick,
One end was black as night!
And rubbed it quick across the hearth,
When lo, a sudden light!

My guest drew back, uprolled his eyes,
And strove his breath to catch—
"What necromancy's that," he cried—
Quoth I, "A friction match."

Upon a pipe just overhead,
I turned a little screw,
When forth, with instantaneous flash,
Three streams of lightning flew.

Uprose my guest: "Now heaven me save,
Aloud he shouted, then
"Is that hell fire!" "Tis gas," said I,
"We call it hydrogen."

Then forth into the fields we strolled,
A train came thundering by
Drawn by the snorting iron steed,
Swifter than eagles fly.

Rumbled the wheels, the whistle shrieked,
Far streamed the smoky cloud,
Echoed the hills, the valleys shook,
The flying forests bowed.

Down on his knees, with hands upraised

In worship, Warren fell—
"Great is the Lord our God," cried he—
"He doeth all things well."

"I've seen his chariots of fire,
The horsemen, too, thereof;
O, may I ne'er provoke his ire,
Nor at his threatenings scoff."

"Rise up, my friend, rise up," said I,
"Your terrors all are vain—
That was no chariot of the sky,
'T was the New York mail train"

We stood within a chamber small—
Men came the news to know,
From Worcester, Springfield and New York,
Texas and Mexico.

It came—it went—silent but sure—
He started, smiled, burst out laughing;
"What witchcraft's that?" "it's what we call
Magnetic telegraphing."

Once more we stepped into the street;
Said Warren, "What is that
"Which moves along across the way
"As softly as a cat?"

"I mean the thing upon two legs,
"With feathers on its head—
"A monstrous hump below its waist,
"Large as a feather bed:

"It has the gift of speech, I hear;
"But sure it can't be human!"
"My amiable friend," said I,
"That's what we call a woman."

"Eternal powers! it cannot be,"
Sighed he, with voice that faltered;
"I loved the women in my day,
"But, oh! they're strangely altered."

I showed him then a new machine
For turning eggs to chickens,
A labor-saving hennery,
That beats the very dickens.

Thereat, he strongly grasped my hand,
And said, "Tis plain to see
"This world is so transmogrified,
"Twill never do for me."

"Your telegraphs, your railroad trains,
"Your gas lights, friction matches,
"Your hump backed women, rocks for coal,
"Your thing which chickens hate;

"Have turned the earth so upside down,
"No peace is left within it"—
Then, whirling round upon his heel
He vanished, in a minute.

Forthwith, my most voracious pen,
Wrote down what I had heard,
And here, dressed up in doggerel rhyme,
You have it, word for word.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

GERTRUDE ELTON,

OR

The Young Widow.

CHAPTER I.

GERTRUDE ELTON was but eighteen when she became a widow. Her husband was a gentleman of good family and fortune, but the victim of hereditary consumption. He died at Wiesbaden in Germany, whither he had gone for his health, about a month after Gertrude became a mother. I shall not attempt to describe her grief. But as if kept by a sort of fascination to the place, she remained at Wiesbaden for many months.

One morning, when she was at the spring, a gentleman hastened with unusual civility to procure a glass for her. The next day as she was setting with her baby, teaching the little thing to crawl for a rose, a card was brought to her with the name of "Baron de Schomberg."

"Who can it be?" exclaimed Gertrude. "I know of no such noble."

The polite incognito of the medicinal spring entered and bowing, said in a considerate, thoughtful manner, "If I intrude, lady, I will retire."

Gertrude, pleased and flattered by such uncalled for civility and respect, desired him to remain, thanking him at the same time for his civility a short time before.

The visit of the Baron lasted half an hour. He was intelligent, kind-hearted, and respectful to the verge of chivalry. As he rose to retire he solicited permission to call again.

"Certainly; I shall be happy to see you whenever you call during my short stay." The Baron kissed the proffered hand, and with a usual grave scholastic bow, retired. Strange to say, within the half hour of the Baron's visit, Gertrude's desire to stay had entirely vanished, for now she wished to depart.

The Baron called the next day, the next, and so on for a week—yet always having the considerate civility to send in his card, that if Gertrude did not wish to see him, she might decline. This, however, did not happen, for he was always welcomed by Gertrude. Alone, in a strange land, his kind, his almost fatherly consideration deeply affected her.

One morning when he entered her private parlor, he heard her say to her maid,
"Janet, have your things and mine ready to start to-morrow."

"She leaves to-morrow," thought the Baron; "I cannot lose sight of her so soon."

He advanced towards Gertrude with his usual courtesy, and having kissed her hand, said, without any embarrassment or confusion,
"Lady, it is but a short time that I have known you—but in that time I have discovered so much sweetness, so much cordially, and so much fairness in your character, combined with your beauty and grace, that you indeed have captivated me. I would fain know, lady, if you will accept of my estates and become my bride. Perhaps you will think it soon, too soon after the death of your husband, to propose your marrying again; but since I heard you tell your attendant to prepare for immediate departure, I am resolved to ask you at once. I am willing to wait a year or even two, if you wish, but answer me at once."

"Your kindness and attention to a stranger pleases me," replied Gertrude calmly. "I have been flattered by your civility, and feel a great esteem for you. But I cannot marry you. My heart is in the grave of my dearly beloved husband. Yet I feel I even married him too young; and now nothing shall induce me to marry again, or at least, for years to come.—Esteem I feel for you, but not love. I do not wish to hurt your feelings, so let us be friends, Eric—friends, but no more."

She gave him her white hand which he pressed to his lips; but his expression lost none of its stately calm as he responded,
"I will understand, lady, the feelings of your heart. I grieve deeply for your resolution, but I shall not press you to alter it. But without impertinence, I wish you to give me a lock of your hair for a keepsake. I shall never marry any one but you, and I shall keep this tress as a memory."

Gertrude could not refuse this earnest request, so delicately proffered. She esteemed the Baron and wished to mitigate the pain of refusal, so she severed a lock of fair hair from her abundance of sunny curls.

"Farewell now, lady, for we shall never meet again, I fear."

As Gertrude bade him farewell, Eloise, the baby, crowd and held up a withered rose which the Baron knew to be the one which Gertrude was playing with on the day of his first visit. He gently took it from the infant, and then with his own stately step left the room.

A curious incident occurred during the carnival at Paris. Gertrude, of course, did not wish to join the festivities; and in order to pass about with more freedom, she did not mask, and assumed the dress of a nun. The Hotel in which Gertrude lodged, had a balcony running in front; and one evening Gertrude was sitting there with a favorite spaniel. The favorite ran to the other end of the balcony, and as Gertrude was afraid of losing the little creature she rose and pursued it. It was dusk and the balcony was quite long. The little favorite ran on and on—Gertrude called, whistled and coaxed in vain. At length she saw a tall figure approaching. A stately figure whose face was completely concealed by a black velvet domino. In silence this person caught and returned her dog.

"Could it be?—no! yet it must; the retreating bow so like, so precisely Eric's."

It was indeed the Baron. Not a word he spoke and Gertrude merely curtsied, smiled, and said, "Merci, monseigneur. Je suis bien obligee."

It was too dark to recognise the face even had it been unmasked; but the height, and good proportions of the figure, and stately step at once struck Gertrude as belonging to the Baron, and impressed her with certainty as to who it was.

CHAPTER II.

Reader! now imagine yourself in an elegantly furnished boudoir, where a young girl

of about the age of Gertrude when we first introduced her to you, is sitting with a young man some four or five years his senior.

"Dearest Eloise," said he, "you do then love me!"
Her eyes spoke much more than her lips.
"And we shall be married?"
Eloise blushed.

"You consent! you consent! what happiness!"
She continued to gaze at a flower she held in her hand. How wonderful is the intercourse of lovers! Eloise had answered him without speaking, and he understood her better than if she had made an eloquent discourse.

At this moment the door opened, and a lady of calm, amiable appearance entered. She was about thirty-seven: Her figure was eminently graceful. Her hair still lay over her forehead in waves; the curls were there no longer; they were carefully twisted at the back of her head, and she wore a very small, elegant cap. In fact, behold Gertrude! Her girlish beauty had not fled, but had merged into matronly dignity. She would have been considered by many more lovely than in her youth.

"Ah, Mrs. Elton," exclaimed the young man, rising, "Eloise has answered the question entirely to my satisfaction."

"I congratulate you then, Rudolph, for you have found, let me assure you, an excellent wife. I am not proud of Eloise because she is my only daughter. I only do her justice."

"The marriage," said Rudolph, "must at least be put off until next summer. My uncle—"

"What uncle?" exclaimed Gertrude and Eloise.
"Did I never mention my uncle to you?"
"No, never."

"Strange. Well, no matter. When I finished my education, my uncle, who is my only relation and guardian, thought it was best for me to travel. I leisurely wandered over Spain, Italy, France, and England, he being my companion and monitor. But when we arrived at America, he said he would remain at Niagara Falls, while I took my tour through the States. If I write to him, he will immediately come on, but as he is an artist, I know he wished to take the winter scenery about Niagara, and I will not acquaint him with all this until May."

"Is your uncle married?" asked Gertrude.

"No. He has been in love though, as is apparent from his always wearing a locket round his neck containing a tress of fine hair. A withered rose, the gift, no doubt of some white hand, he keeps carefully under a glass on a velvet stand."

CHAPTER III.

The long wished for May at last arrived; slowly, of course, because it was expected with impatience, but surely; the letter was despatched, and an answer arrived stating that the expected uncle would arrive the day before the wedding. Oh the marriage week! What vexations it brings! One bridesmaid did not want to stand up "with that shy, awkward Alfred Norton. It was too hard." And there was every reason to believe that she would not be bridesmaid at all, but she became amicable again. Then about the wedding cake; Gertrude thought one receipt the best; an acquaintance (a notorious housekeeper) was sure her receipt was much better; but this affair was settled. And last, but not least, was a dispute about the wedding costume. Eloise thought a bonnet became her better than a veil, at which every one cried out. Rudolph settled that matter by admiring the veil, and declining to express any opinion about the bonnet, so the veil was fixed upon. The day before the wedding they were all assembled in the front drawing room, Gertrude, the bride, the bridegroom and the wedding party. A carriage drove to the door—why did Gertrude's heart beat so tumultuously? A firm even step was heard in the hall—what made Gertrude at one moment red and the next pale? The door opened and the uncle entered.

"Eric!" exclaimed Gertrude, "you here?"
He started, but immediately recovering himself advanced. "Yes, lady, Eric de Schomberg. I little thought to meet you here."

In some confusion Gertrude now presented him. "The Baron de Schomberg, my daughter Eloise—the bride."
"Ah! is it possible! When I last saw you,

you were a baby, Eloise," said the Baron.

"Uncle Eric! where did you meet Mrs. Elton?"

"Mother, I never knew you were acquainted with the Baron de Schomberg."

"How extraordinary!" cried the first bridesmaid.

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed a second.

"Now you don't say," said a third.

"A singular coincidence," observed Alfred Norton.

"Very," was the concise answer of both groomsmen.

Drawing Gertrude apart from the party Eric avowed—"Lady, eighteen years ago, when we parted, I thought never to have met you again. I saw you at the carnival, but as you did not appear to recognize me, I did not address you. I have cherished your memory ever since.—The locket containing your hair, I wear next to my heart. I love none but you, and I have loved you truly. I love you now truly as ever. You once refused the offer of my hand; I will offer it to you once more. Will you refuse it now?"

Could she refuse it now? No, oh no. She had a woman's heart, and did not refuse the offer of a faithful heart which she felt was all her own.

The next day there was a double wedding.

MINNA.

Anecdote of Lorenzo Dow.

We will relate an anecdote which we once heard of that shrewd but eccentric preacher, Lorenzo Dow, merely to show the effect of a guilty conscience.

A farmer came to Lorenzo one morning, as he was preparing to preach before a large country audience, and said:

"Mr. Dow, I am told you know a sinner from his looks, and can tell a thief by his countenance. Now, sir, I have had an excellent axe stolen from me and I shall be forever grateful if you will point out to me the rascal who took it, as in all probability he will be at the meeting to-day, judging from the crowds that are coming."

Lorenzo was not the man to deny the possession of any wonderful faculty that the people chose to ascribe to him—so he told the farmer that he would get him his axe.

Lorenzo mounted the pulpit, took out of his pocket a stone as big as his fist, laid it beside the Bible, and commenced the exercises of the day. His sermon was on the subject of all the sins mentioned in the decalogue, and he went on to give proofs from history of the retributive justice of Providence, in punishing in this life transgressors. "Murder will out," said he, "guilt cannot conceal itself, and I am about to give you this beautiful morning, my dear hearers, an example of a terrible vengeance to follow the breaking of the eighth commandment.

Two nights ago a fellow stole John Smith's axe—and I have been commissioned by authority which none of you will question, to knock down, drag out, sacrifice, destroy, utterly annihilate the miserable wretch, and send him, body and soul and breeches, to the piteous realms of an awful eternity! Poor sinner you turn pale before the rock has crushed you! continued Lorenzo, as he grasped the stone, and raised it in the attitude of throwing. "Don't dodge, you rascal! you can't escape me—don't dodge."

He paused a moment, and pointed his long, crooked, significant finger at a poor devil in the audience, who appeared to be in an acute fit, with his hair standing on end, "like the quills of a fretted porcupine."

"John Smith," cried he, "there is the chap that stole your axe!"

The eyes of the whole congregation were turned upon the conscience-stricken fellow, who looked as if he wished the mountains would tumble on him.

"You will restore Mr. Smith his axe, and steal no more, if I forgive you—won't you?"—asked Lorenzo.

"If I don't darn me!" exclaimed the culprit, with look and tone that showed the sincerity of his declaration.

John Smith got his axe.—Albany Atlas.

"Is not one man as good as another?" asked a Chartist of a Repealer.

"Sure he is," replied O'Brien, "and a great deal better."

In every nation upon the earth, the progress of civilization has gone hand in hand with a chivalric regard for the superior delicacy of woman's nature; and it is only as we retrograde towards the savage state, that we find all proper distinction lost in the treatment of the two sexes.