

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL 8.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1847.

No. 22

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars 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 proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cents per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

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## Jeffersonian Republican.

From the Monmouth Inquirer.

### The Discontented Husband.

"MARY, my dear," said Charles Halwood to his wife, "Come sit by me, while I read you this beautiful piece in your magazine this week."

"Is it something very interesting?" said Mrs. Halwood.

"Oh! yes, very indeed; it is written by our new authoress, Alice Carlisle, of whom every one is speaking in such high terms. I wonder who she can be. No one knows, and she seems determined to keep herself in obscurity."

"Perhaps she has special reasons for so doing," said Mrs. Halwood.

"I suppose she has," replied her husband; "but I should think one of her brilliant talents, and one, too, who receives so much applause from the public in general, would be proud to make herself known. But I will read to you her productions in this number."

While Charles Halwood is reading to his wife, we will glance at his history. He was the son of a wealthy merchant of one of our large cities. At a very early age he exhibited a fondness for books, and seemed possessed of promising talents. His father finding that he took but little interest in the mercantile business resolved to educate him for the legal profession; and no trouble or expense was spared to qualify him to become a man of eminence. He was possessed of a fine mind, and was a great admirer of the elegant and beautiful; but his parents educated the intellect only, and neglected the heart, so that it could not be said that he was a man of strictly moral principles. At the age of twenty-two he had finished his studies, and commenced the practice of law with very good success. Soon after he became attached to, and married a very fine young lady of his native city. She was one possessed of much personal beauty, but very modest and retiring in her manners; and it was only when something transpired to bring out her powers of mind, that her character shone in its true light.

During the first year of Halwood's married life he had lived very happily; but when the novelty had worn off, and he saw his wife from day to day wearing the same quiet smile, and preserving the same modesty and demeanor, he began to feel a sort of ennui when in her society. Instead of trying to throw off that kind of restraint felt by both, by spending his leisure moments with his wife, and studying the character of her mind, he devoted the most of them to reading the various periodicals of the day, with which his table was loaded. He had become very much interested of late in a new authoress who had suddenly made her appearance in the literary world under the name of Alice Carlisle, and who had become very popular in the public prints, but still kept her true name incognito.

When Halwood had finished reading, he exclaimed, "Isn't that beautiful! How pure and elevated the thoughts. Do you not think that she is a fine writer, Mary?"

"Why, yes, pretty good," replied Mrs. Halwood, with seeming indifference, and turning away busied herself with a book upon the table before her.

Halwood felt disappointed, and pained; he sat for a few moments humming a short tune, and throwing down the book, arose and wended his way to his office. "How stupid," he mut-

tered as he walked along; "not to see the beauties of such a production as that. Oh! that Alice Carlisle was my wife, then I should be a happy man—then there would be congeniality of thought and feeling."

He entered his office, but his thoughts were not there; he tried to dissipate his feelings by looking over and arranging his papers; but still his mind would wander upon the fair authoress, and then he would compare what his imagination pictured her to be with his wife, and he felt more dissatisfied than ever. He dwelt long upon the ideas contained in the writings of the fair unknown; and then there arose a desire to see and become acquainted with her. He made every inquiry, and took every measure that prudence would admit, to ascertain who she was, but all in vain.

Time wore on, but brought no relief to the mind of Charles Halwood. Since that day of which we have spoken, he had never mentioned the name of Alice Carlisle to his wife, or spoken of her writings; but he had eagerly devoured every article of hers that had appeared.

He spent but very little time at home, and appeared reserved and silent in his wife's presence.

At length he broke through all restraint, and resolved to address her by her fictitious name through the medium of the City Post office. Accordingly he penned a short note, speaking in very high terms of her talents as a writer, expressing a strong desire to become acquainted with her, and ended by begging her to grant him an interview. He dropped his note in the Post Office, and anxiously awaited a reply; nor did he wait long, for soon he received the following note:

MR HALWOOD:

Dear Sir:—I received your note of this morn, and am very grateful for the complimentary manner in which you have spoken of my writings. As you earnestly request an interview, if you will at seven o'clock this eve walk in M—street, you will meet a lady dressed in the Quaker garb; turn and walk with her, and you will have the privilege of conversing with

ALICE CARLISLE.

When Halwood had read the note, he laid it upon the table, and for a moment his better judgment told him that he had already proceeded too far in this affair, and conscience whispered, "better sit with your wife this eve, whom you have sworn to love and protect." But he did not listen to the voice of conscience; an opportunity offered to gratify his long cherished desire, and he resolved to improve it. He had taken the first step from the path of rectitude, and it was easier going forward than back. Thus it is with man—one wrong committed makes way for another—he loses all self-security—feels himself degraded in the sight of his fellow beings, and goes from one deed of infamy to another, till he finds himself swallowed up in the whirlpool of destruction.

Evening at length came, and Halwood waited with impatience for the hour to arrive for him to go forth to meet the Quakeress, for such he believed her to be. He had spent his evenings, of late, at his office, and being wholly unacquainted with the inhabitants of the street chosen as the place of meeting, he felt no fear of being recognized by any one during the interview, or that it would be known to his wife. He wrapped himself in his cloak, and drawing his hat closely over his forehead, proceeded with hasty steps towards M—street. It was dimly lighted, and there being none but dwelling houses in it, there was but a few people passing back and forth. He walked up and down the street a few times; still no one appeared that he could recognize as the object of his search, and he began to fear that he was the subject of some trick, when, turning suddenly around, he observed a slight figure before him, wearing the close Quaker bonnet and cloak. He approached her, and was somewhat surprised that she immediately recognized him, although she was an entire stranger to himself. He joined her in her walk, and entered into conversation.

He frankly confessed to her, his situation in life—told her of the unhappiness he experienced from having a companion who was not possessed of a mind congenial to his own; then spoke in glowing terms of the beauties of her productions, upon which he had so long dwelt, and biterly lamented that he had not found such an one with whom to spend his days.

The lady seemed somewhat agitated, and rather silent at first, and appeared inclined to keep her face so deeply hidden in her Quakeress hat, as not to give Halwood a view of it.

After some hesitation she told him that she had long known him, and confessed further, that she had loved him in secret—that he possessed the warmest affections of her heart—that ere he led his bride to the altar, she had looked upon him as the being above all others with whom she wished to be united, and that it was love to him alone that had made her what she was as a writer. Halwood listened to her in breathless silence; his busy thoughts ran over the associates of his former years; but he could select none to whom he could apply the character of the lady now before him. He caught sight of her face as they passed a street lamp—There was a striking, familiar look in it, but he could recollect no one possessed of so much sweetness and beauty—True, he had only a hasty glance, yet in that one look he thought he discovered striking marks of a noble mind. He had found the object for which he had so often sighed, and resolved to secure it while within his grasp. He proposed that she should leave the city with him—go to a distant city—there become his wife, and then sail for some foreign land, where they could dwell in obscurity, and enjoy each other's society, undisturbed.

At first she appeared shocked at such a proposal, and spoke of his wife whom he would leave behind broken-hearted; also the disgrace with which he would be looked upon by the world at large. But Halwood was eloquent in overcoming every obstacle she could present; he spoke of the misery he must endure if he remained as he was, and said that his wife could not be more unhappy to have him leave her forever, than to feel daily that although he acted the part of a husband, his heart was far from her. He finally succeeded in gaining her consent to his proposals, on condition that she should not reveal her true name until they should arrive at the first stopping place. Halwood promised to grant any request if she would only accede to his wishes. She at length agreed to meet him at the steamboat landing in W—street one week from that night, and take the night boat for P—, during which time, to insure secrecy, they were to have no communication whatever; having made all necessary arrangements they parted, Halwood to his office, and Alice Carlisle to her home.

During the following week Halwood busied himself in arranging his affairs, which were in a very good condition; he withdrew his moneys from the bank, and made a writing and placed it among his papers, to be read when it was found that he did not return, in which he gave to his wife all the property he had left behind, which was sufficient to give her a handsome support. He told Mrs. Halwood and his acquaintances that his business called him to a distant city, and that he should be under the necessity of remaining for a few months at least, and requested his wife to arrange his wardrobe accordingly.

The important eve soon came around; the time had been shorter to Halwood than he anticipated; he had been so much occupied with his business that he had not taken time to consider upon the step he was about to take, but rushed forward with heedless impetuosity.

Having all things in readiness, he took a hasty leave of his wife, sprang into his carriage at the door, and soon found himself at the steamboat landing. His fair companion had not yet made her appearance. It was now eight o'clock in the evening; in half an hour the boat would start. He waited twenty minutes between hope and fear, when a cab stopped near where he was standing, and from it issued the little Quakeress, dressed in the same neat, plain manner, closely veiled. Halwood stepped forward, gave her a cordial greeting, and conducted her on board the boat to the ladies' cabin. She then requested him to leave her until they should arrive at their destined port; he reluctantly obeyed, as he had promised to grant all requests she should make.

Halwood retired to his state-room, but not to rest. Now that he was left to himself, and had time for reflection, he found that although his wishes were in some degree gratified, he was far from being happy. He tried to close

his eyes to sleep, but a calm quiet face would stand by his side and look upon him with entreating sadness. It was that of his wife whom he pictured at home, lone and sad. He thought of the kindness with which she had always supplied his wants; the solicitude which she seemed to feel in all that concerned him, and more than once he wished himself by her side to ask forgiveness. He tried, however, to dissipate such thoughts and feelings by thinking upon Alice Carlisle, who was now to reveal herself to him on the morrow, and the hours seemed like so many weeks, such was the anxious state of his mind.

Morn at length came, and its first ray of light was a glad vantage to the sleepless eyes of Halwood. He arose and went on deck; tall spires of the city of P— were just in sight; and when the sun had risen above the horizon, they had neared the wharf. Halwood sought Alice, and taking a carriage, drove to the City Hotel. From the time that they had first met, he had seen her face but once, and that was at night in the street. The form of her bonnet, together with a thick veil and adroit management on her part, had completely concealed her features from him during their journey.

Now they were alone, and the time had arrived when he was to behold the object he had so long wished for. Halwood stood in breathless anxiety; he longed and yet dreaded to see her unveil herself. She slowly raised her hands, loosed her bonnet and cloak, together with some smoothly combed hair, threw them from her, and kind reader, HIS OWN WIFE stood before him!

Halwood was thunderstruck; he stood for a single moment paralyzed; during that one moment the past, quick as lightning darted through his mind; every thing was explained and he rushed forward exclaiming, "forgive, O! forgive," and — but we must leave them to themselves, and just say that the next boat took Halwood to his home a wiser man.

Reader our tale is not all fiction. There are many in the world, who, if they are not Halwoods, are like him; and we believe that there would be less domestic misery, and more happy fire-sides, if many husbands would spend more of their leisure hours at home in the society of their wives and children.

KATE.

Cedar Creek, Oct. 1, 1847.

### How to get a Cabin Passage.

Those who have ever made a voyage to Brazos Santiago, or any other point across the Gulf, in one of our Government Transports, must have noticed a crowd of all sorts of people on board—from the epauletted officer to the humbled private—from the privileged cabin passenger to the quartermaster's man who has to eat and sleep on deck. In one of these motley crowds there is much to teach the mind rare lessons of human nature. There may be found the favored son of affluence 'to the manor born,' with his commission easily if not unmeritedly obtained; the Brazen old regular who has 'done the State service' in many a hard campaign, but who, though capable of drilling a battalion, is still a private; the youthful volunteer, inexperienced in the hardships of camp-life, seeking distinction by his valor in the battle-field and eagerly pursuing the 'bauble reputation at the cannon's mouth'; the devoted camp-follower fondly following her husband into the very midst of an enemy's country, to share with him the dangers and toils and chances of war, and the waggish and lighthearted teamster, who seeking adventure, volunteers to go and run his risk abroad in order that he may see—'The Elephant.'

But we are forgetting our purpose—that of telling how to get a cabin passage. Not many weeks since, when one of our finest and swiftest transports was about leaving the levee for Vera Cruz, the usual crowd, such as we have described above, went on board and made arrangements for the passage; each one having an eye to making himself as comfortable as his rank and circumstances would allow. The passenger register was lying open in the cabin and soon Col. — had his name down for berth A No. 1; Major — followed suit and entered his name, Capt. — and Lieut. — and —, did the same, and, to make the matter short, all those entitled to a berth in the cabin

followed in order and entered their names in the register. All was bustle and hurry; trunks, boxes, saddles, holsters and sabres were being tumbled about in confusion. The steamer was almost ready to let go her hawser; one young gentleman with a lieutenant's stripes on his shoulder had forgotten a box of 'groceries,' another could nowhere see his servant on board, and the scene was one of great disorder generally; when a plain and neatly dressed young man of intelligent expression walked quietly up to the table where the register was lying, and in a plain and bold hand wrote 'John Robinson, M. D.' opposite to No. 16. The clerk of the steamer was standing by at the time and immediately said to the young man:—"Doctor, I can give you a more comfortable berth than 16, one better ventilated." "Thank you sir, I'll leave it entirely to your selection," answered Robinson and walked quietly off.

Soon the steamer was under way, and the passengers began to dispose themselves about the cabin as was most convenient. Robinson had a small valise, carried by one of the stewards, and placed in the berth selected for him by the clerk and sat down perfectly at his ease. But this was not to last long.

One of the 'sure enough' officers suspected that Robinson was intruding, and not knowing who he was, called the attention of Capt. — to him. "Do you know who that man is, Captain?" said the inquisitive officer. "Not exactly," replied the captain, "but I think he is one of the teamsters under my charge; I'll see the clerk about it," and so saying he went to the clerk's office. As he passed where Robinson was sitting he recognized him; and approaching the clerk he said in rather an abrupt tone—"Why, sir, do you allow that man, (pointing to Robinson,) to enter the cabin? 'That man,' answered the clerk, 'has as much right, sir, in the cabin as you have.' 'You are mistaken,' said the captain, 'do you know who he is?' Certainly I do know who he is—that's one of your surgeons." The astonished officer started in amazement, and exclaimed "Why, sir, that's one of my teamsters—surgeon indeed!" It was now time for the clerk to show surprise, and he looked the very picture of astonishment.—"There must be some mistake about this," he finally remarked; "but I'll soon see all about it," and stepping into the cabin took up the register and pointed to 'John Robinson, M. D.' By this time several of the passengers were crowding about the register, having heard something of the affair. The captain of the steamer, too, had also joined the company, when the clerk turning round to Robinson, said to him:

"Look here, Doctor, or Mr. Robinson, or whoever you are, is this your name?" The individual addressed coolly got up, and stepping to the table to see which name the clerk meant, said, upon seeing the name on which he held his finger; "Yes sir, that's my name."

"Did you write it?" asked the commander of the vessel.

"Yes Sir."

"Did you write 'M. D.' after it?" asked the commander.

"I did."

"Are you a doctor of medicine or a surgeon?" continued the captain.

"No Sir," calmly answered Robinson.

"Then why do you attach those initials to your name?"

"Because they designate my profession, or rather rank in the army."

"Your profession! your rank! Explain yourself. Are you an officer?" continued the commander.

"No sir, I never said I was an officer," mildly replied Robinson.

"Well sir, demanded the captain, why do you use the 'M. D.' after your name; what do you mean?"

"I have no sort of objection, sir, to inform you—M. D. as I use the letters stand for Mule Driver! John Robinson, M. D.—John Robinson, Mule Driver! and I ain't nothing else."

All hands laughed at the cool wit of the fellow and the captain of the ship said that M. D. couldn't go on deck of his vessel to eat and sleep, 'no how it could be fixed.'—[Pleasant]

"Oh, mother," said a very little child, "Mr. Ed. does love aunt Lucy—he sits by her—he whispers to her, and he hugs her." "Why, Edward, your aunt does not suffer that, does she?" "Suffer it! no, mother, she loves it."