

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL 8

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1848.

No. 28

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. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

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From the New York Tribune.

Who says Despair?

Who says despair? The Earth is wide As when the first man walked abroad, When all things living owned him lord—Himself but subject unto God.

The Earth has lost no tint of green, The sun still smiles from out the skies; And all the flowers are fair, as when The wind first breathed on Paradise.

The months and years rolled on the same, And from the bosom of the soil Spring all things fresh and beautiful, Obedient to the hand of Toil.

Who says despair, has faith nor will; He shuts his eye, and shuts his hand, And will not reap what God hath spread Lavish and fair in every land.

Who says despair, hath coward heart; He will not drive the ox, nor hold The plow, nor thrust his sickle round Sheafs that are brighter far than gold.

Who says despair, let him go forth And plant the seed that grows for birth; And he shall find his garden fair As the first Paradise of Earth.

C. D. STUART.

Corsets.

When I was down in Boston town, A month ago or more, I saw a very singular thing I never saw before.

'Twas hanging in a window case Upon a string-a-straddle— Looked something like an hour-glass And something like a saddle.

I asked of several citizens, Who chanced to be at hand, "What was it?" but their giberish I could not understand.

One fellow called it "a restraint On certain parties placed, Like a decree in chancery, To stay the tenant's waste!"

Another—just the queerest chap Of any in the swarm— Said, "'twas the glass of fashion, but It was the mould of form."

Another said "'twas a machine A lady used to rig her— To bring her form and life into The very smallest figure."

At last a little girl came out, And think of my amaze! She asked me "if I would not please To buy a pair of stays!"

Of course I'd heard of "stays" before, But, strike me deaf and dumb! If ever I, until that hour, Suspected "them was um!"

Well—'tisn't it exceeding strange That any maid or wife, Just for a "little taper" should Put out the "lamp of life?"

I know that lunatics must have Straight jackets put about 'em— But women in their wits should make A shift to do without 'em!

Why is de inside of a nigger's hand's and de bottom of his feet always white? Because de debil had him on all fours when he painted him.

GALLANTRY.—There is a place in New-Hampshire where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches twenty-nine, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who escape, pay a bonus to the one who gets her.

From Graham's Magazine.

The Last Adventure of a Coquette.

BY THOMAS MAYNE REID.

A more capricious coquette than the beautiful Kate Grossly never played with hapless hearts. She is now a sober matron, the wife of an elegant husband, and mother of two beautiful children. We hate to rake up the ashes of bitter remembrances; (for believe us gentle reader, this story though short, is nevertheless true; and we know one young gentleman at least, who will recognize the unhappy hero of it.) But we cannot pass over in silence the last episode in the unmarried life of Kate. It may be a warning to future, unfortunate lovers, and afford a striking instance of that utter heartlessness which a beautiful flirt alone can feel. Kate was an heiress, that is, a moderate fortune of two hundred thousand had been accumulated expressly for her use—for she was an only child. She had a much larger fortune, however, in her face; and that evening never passed, that the threshold of her father's comfortable dwelling was not crossed by half a score of elegant beaux, all bloods, and some of them men of fortune. Kate amused herself by making these young gentlemen jealous. A beautiful flirt, who can command even the small sum of two hundred thousand dollars, is a dangerous creature in the community of Philadelphia; and already on Kate Crossley's account had two parties of the aforesaid young gentlemen, crossed over to Camden with sanguinary intentions. Fortunately, however, we have the most vigilant police in the world, and a mayor whose instinct is so keen, that it has been known to forewarn him of the time and place of a duel, the arrangements of which had been kept religiously secret from all but the principals and their seconds.

By such efforts of genius on the part of our worthy mayor, had the chivalrous lovers of our heroine been spared the pain of blood-letting, and having purchased the pleasing reputation of courage, they were bound over, and thus procured the sweet privilege of frowning at each other hereafter without the necessity of fighting for it. Matters were progressing thus; lovers were alternately sighing and smiling, and scowling, when the elegant Augustus Nob returned from his European tour, bringing with him, of course, a foreign mustache, and a decidedly foreign accent. Nob was an only son of one of the first families. He had been left an independent fortune by his parents, (deceased,) most of which he had contrived to spend in Paris and London. This, however, was still a secret. Nob was welcome everywhere.

But under no mahogany did Augustus Nob stretch his limbs more frequently than under the hospitable board of Mrs. Crossley. We say Mrs. Crossley, for although her good husband still lived, he was identified in the house as a piece of its plainest furniture.

Crossley had served his purpose in this world—he had made the two hundred thousand—had retired from business, and was no longer of any value. It was now Mrs. C's turn to play her part, which consisted in practically proving that two hundred thousand can be spent almost as fast as it can be made. Balls, soirées, and suppers followed each other in quick succession. Morning levees were held, attended by crowds of blonds.—The elegant Augustus was always present, and always dressed in the most fashionable rig. A party at the house of Mrs. Crossley and the elegant Augustus not present! Who could bear the idea? Not Mrs. C. herself, who was constantly exclaiming.

"My dear Augustus—he is the very life and soul of us; how charming, how handsome, and how fashionable; just the air that travelling always gives. How much I long to call him my dear son; and in fact Mrs. C. was leaving no stone unturned to consummate this maternal design. She was not likely to find much opposition on the part of the 'elegant' himself.—Not only would the two hundred thousand have been particularly acceptable at that time, but the young gentleman, or, in other words, his family, had become greatly excited, and he felt much disposed to carry off the coquette in triumph, in spite of the agony and disappointment of at least a score of competitors.

But where is our heroine, Kate, all this time? Flirting, of course, with a dozen beaux, each at one moment thinking himself most favored, and the next spurned and despairing. Now she smiles upon Mr. Fitzrush, and compliments him upon the smallness of his foot. Fitz blushes, stammers, and appears not at all vain of his feet—in fact, stammers out that they are 'large, very large, indeed; to which candid acknowledgment on his part, should the company appear to assent, he carelessly adds that 'they are small for a man of his size,' insinuating that it is nothing out of the way to find small men with little feet, and little credit should therefore be attached; but a man of large dimensions is found with elegant little feet like his, the credit ought to be quadrupled or tripled at least.

Kate, the talented Kate, understands it all; and after smiling quietly at the gentleman's stammer, she turns her attention upon another victim. Ah! my dear Mr. Cressy, how your eyes

sparkled last night at the Opera—they looked like a basilisk's."

This gentleman's eyes were of a very dull green color, and looked more like a cat's than a basilisk's; but not seeing them as others saw them, he replied that 'he could not help it—the music always excited him so.'

'Ah! the music, Mr. Cressy, but perhaps—' She was prevented from finishing her reply, by the announcement of a gentleman, who had just made his appearance in the doorway, and who was no less a personage than the elegant Augustus Nob.

To say that Mr. Augustus Nob was a small fish in this party, would be to speak what was not true; on the other hand he was a big fish—in fact the biggest in the kettle. Any one who had witnessed the sensation produced by his announcement, would have judged so. The coquette broke off in the middle of her sauté, and running toward the door, conducted him to the seat nearest to her own, where after an elegant bow, he seated himself—a full grown lion. During the continuance of this welcome reception, various pantomimic gestures were exhibited by different members of the company.—There was a general uneasy, shifting of chairs—dark looks were shot towards the 'elegant,' and conciliatory, and even friendly glances were exchanged among the beaux, who, forgetting for the moment their mutual jealousies, concentrated their united envy upon their common rival. If Cressy's eyes never sparkled before, they certainly did on this occasion, and the right leg of Fitzrush was flung violently over the left knee, where it continued to oscillate with an occasional nervous twitching of the toes, expressive of a hardly repressed desire on the part of its owner to try the force of those little feet on the favored 'elegant's' handsome person. It was all in vain, however, Nob was the successful lover, for he sat close to the graceful creature—that is, closer than any other—and chatted to her of balls and operas; and, confident of his position, he did not care a fig for the envy and jealousy which on all sides surrounded him.

And Kate showered all her attentions upon Nob, and Nob triumphed over his rivals. Matters progressed thus for several weeks, Nob still paying marked attentions to the coquette, whose chief delight seemed to be, not only to torment her host of other lovers, but occasionally the 'elegant' himself.

Augustus, however, still continued first in favor, and from the attentions which he received at the hands of Mrs. Crossley, it was conjectured by the family friends that a marriage with her daughter was not far distant. The less aspiring of Kate's lovers had long since 'hailed their wind,' and only a few, among whom were Fitzrush and Cressy, still continued to hang on despairingly to what was evidently a forlorn hope.

Nob openly boasted that he had run them all out of the field, and was heard triumphantly to assert that he was breaking the heart of the 'dear creature,' and that he would be undaw the positive necessity of healing it at the hyeminal altar. He was very young to marry—quite a child—but then to keep the dear sylph in suspense—Oh! it would be bawbawous—positively bawbawous!

It is not to be supposed that the cunning, the talented Kate, was ignorant of these boasts on the part of the elegant Nob. No—no; Kate knew every thing, and among other things she knew Mr. Augustus Nob thoroughly; and she resolved on taking most exquisite vengeance on him.

Spring, delightful spring has returned, and all nature looks as sweet as the lips of a lovely woman.

The trees upon our side walks, and in our squares are once more covered with green and shady foliage, and from the windows of high houses hang handsome cages from which those warbling prisoners—the mockbird, and the tropical, and the linet and canary bird, send forth their dulcet notes, filling the streets with music and melody.

Fashionable ladies are beginning to make their appearance in the streets, unattended by gentlemen as it is the shopping hour, and a gentleman would be only in the way. From the door of an elegant mansion in the upper part of Chesnut street issues a graceful and beautiful girl, who is proceeding down the street toward the busier part of the city. She does not loiter nor look in the shop-windows, as ladies generally do at this hour, but walks nimbly along as though she came on some preconceived errand. As she nears that part of Chesnut street which is in the neighborhood of the State House she lessens her gait, and walks more leisurely.—She is heard to soliloquize—

'In truth it is as much as my courage, nay, even my reputation is worth, to enter the studio of my sweet painter thus alone; but what can I do, since the dear fellow has been banished from our house by the aristocratic notions of my mother? Well, I shall risk all for him, as he would for me, I know. How happy it will make him to hear my errand. Only think that I am forced to an elopement, or marry that wretched woman my mother has chosen for me. But I shall elope—I shall. Henry has so often proposed to—how happy he shall be to hear me

consent—but I shall do it in my own way—that is fixed. Henry will laugh when I tell him of my plans. Some one may be with him at this moment, and deprive me of the pleasure of conversing with him—but then it is all written here, and I can see him soon again. 'Henry Willis, Miniature Painter.' Yes! this is the sweet fellow's place—no one observes me enter.' So saying, the graceful girl entered a large hall, the door of which stood open, and passing up a flight of steps, she tapped gently with her small gloved fingers upon the door of the chamber, upon which was repeated, in gold letters, the same words that were exhibited in front of the building.

'Henry Willis, Miniature Painter.' In a moment the door opened, disclosing within the studio of an artist, the artist himself, a fine looking youth, with dark hair and slight mustache, and dressed in his painter's blouse, while in the back ground could be seen a prim, stiff old lady in high cap and curls, steadily and rigidly sitting for her portrait.

At sight of the new comer the artist's countenance became bright with love and pleasure, and the exclaiming 'dearest!' that almost involuntarily escaped him, told that they were no strangers to each other. The young lady, on the other hand, perceiving the sinner through the half-opened door, glided back a step or two, so as to be unperceived by the latter, and taking from her reticule a folded paper, she held it out to the painter, accompanying the act by these words: 'A message for you, Henry—it would have been pleasanter, perhaps, to have delivered it verbally, but you see I have been prepared for any emergency.' So saying, she delivered the paper—received a kiss upon her little gloved hand—smiled—said 'good morning!' and gracefully glided back into the street.

The artist re-entered his studio—found some excuse to dismiss the stiff old lady, and was soon buried, with beaming face and beating heart, in the contents of the paper he had just received.

He rose from his perch like a mad man—mad from excess of joy—and hastily striding up and down his small studio, he exclaimed, 'Yes, dearest heart! any thing—any thing you wish shall be done. One week, and she shall be mine—and such a mischievous trick—but the fool deserves it, richly deserves it, for aspiring to the hand of one so immeasurably his superior. Nanny! he little knew how deeply she has loved, sweet girl! How she has deceived them—father, mother, friends—all!—How sweet and how powerful is first love!'

Kate Crossley had often been heard to say that whenever she married, there would be an elopement. She either had a presentiment that such would be her fate, or she so despised the modern, unromantic fashion of marrying and giving in marriage, that she was resolved it should be. Consequently, when the elegant Augustus Nob, on the first day of May, 1842, knelt before her in the most fashionable manner, and made a most fashionable declaration, quite confident of being accepted—who could have refused? He was accepted, with the proviso that it should be an elopement.

'All right!' soliloquized Augustus, as he closed the hall door behind him; 'All right, and very simple—old lady decidedly in my favor—reconciliation easy—carriage and foaw—private clergy—two days in a hotel—sent for, and all right, again—simple, very simple, and very romantic, too!'

It was a dark night—a very dark night for the month of May, and a very cold one, too—and under the shadow of some trees that grew upon the side-walk in the upper part of Chesnut street, making the spot still darker, might be seen an elegant carriage and horses drawn close up to the curb-stone.

The driver was on the box, enveloped in a great coat, and at a short distance from the carriage, and leaning against a tree, might be seen the figure of a young man, fashionably and elegantly attired. He wore a cloak, loosely hanging from his shoulders, and he was evidently waiting for some one to arrive and enter the carriage with him. There were no passers-by, however, to conjecture his motives and actions, as it was nearly two o'clock in the morning, and the streets were quiet. He repeatedly took out a splendid watch, and seemed impatiently waiting for some fixed hour. Presently the great bell upon the stablehouse tolled two. A light footstep was now heard in the distance, and a moment after a graceful woman came tipping along, and approached the carriage. The young man who had been leaning against the tree immediately recognized the figure, and stretched out his hand to conduct her to the carriage. We will conceal the names of the lovers no longer—they were Augustus Nob and Kate Crossley.

'My dear Kate,' said he, 'I have been waiting for you half an hour—how very cold it is!—No, no—no cold on such an errand as ours. But, dear Augustus,' said Kate, changing her tone, 'we must be married by the Rev. Mr. C—; the good old man has been like a father to me, and I could not think of any one else; he has promised me, and is expecting us.'

'Oh, very well,' replied the lover, 'are you sure he expects us?'

'Yes: I will give directions to the driver. So saying, she whispered a word in the ear of the driver, who seemed perfectly to understand her, and entered the carriage, followed by Augustus.

The driver immediately gave the whip to the horses, and turning down Chesnut, entered a cross street, and drove northward towards the district of the Northern Liberties.

The carriage drove up before the door of a handsome house in the upper part of the street, and the driver, dismounting from the box, opened the door, let down the steps and handed the lady to the pavement. Nob thought he saw the driver kiss his bride's little white gloved hand as she stepped upon the curb-stone; but it was so dark he could not be sure of this. He was sure, however, that he was the most important and officious driver he had ever seen; and from the slight glimpse he caught of the fellow's face, by the light of the street lamp, he saw that he wore a mustache, and was what a very handsome young man.

It was no time, however, to study physiognomy, or recent imaginary insults. The door of the house was quietly opened by some one within, and Nob and his beautiful bride entered, and were shown into the drawing-room. The servant desired Kate to follow her to a dressing-room, that she might take off her bonnet, and intimated to Mr. Nob that the Rev. Mr. C— would wait upon him in a minute.

Now it was a very strange thing that that same driver who kissed Kate's little hand—for he actually had kissed it—instead of staying by his horses, as every good driver should do, gave them up to another, and walked into the house close after the bride and bride-groom. It was also strange that the bride kept the elegant Mr. Augustus Nob impatiently waiting in that front parlor for at least twenty minutes—but the strangest thing of all was, that when she did make her appearance, she still had her bonnet on, as when he last saw her, and was leaning on the arm of a handsome young gentleman wearing mustaches and white kid gloves, whom the stupefied Augustus at once recognized as the impudent driver, and whom the reader may recognize as Henry Willis, the artist.—Mr. Willis politely thanked Mr. Nob for having kindly attended his wife thither, and assisting him in bringing the affair to its happy termination, and added, that as he had driven the party thither, he hoped that Mr. Nob would condescend to reciprocate and take the box on their return. Nob, however, having got the sock in so cruel a fashion, felt no inclination to take the box, and in a few moments he was among the missing.

He was never again seen in the city of Brotherly Love.

The young artist and his beautiful bride entered the carriage and drove to Jones' Hotel, where they remained until sent for by Mr. and Mrs. Crossley, which happy event occurred a day or two after. Whoever should see the modest and matronly Kate now, with her two beautiful children, would hardly credit the story, that she had ever been a coquette. This, however, was her last adventure.

Vegetable Leather.

We learn from the *New-Brunswick Times*, that Mr. H. Day, the celebrated manufacturer of India rubber goods, has been for many months past engaged in experiments for the purpose of ascertaining the value of a new substance recently discovered, called gutta percha, or vegetable leather, for various purposes, and so well satisfied has he become of its importance that he has sent Mr. A. D. Wycoff to the Indian Archipelago, where the article is found, for the purpose of instructing the natives in the proper manner of preparing it for use. It is capable of judging express the opinion that the gutta percha will be found valuable for various mechanical uses. It will probably take the place of India rubber in many cases, and of leather in others. It will doubtless be used for shoes, machine bands, &c. We have seen some of the article prepared for book-binding, and we believe it will be found to be preferable to any other article now used for that purpose.—*Newark Eagle*.

Railway Cars in France.

Nothing can be imagined more luxurious, in way of seat, than a first class French car. You sit upon figured white silk or damask, and cushions yielding to your slightest movement. You have them at your side, you have them for your head. Brussels carpet to tread upon; silk curtains to shut out the sun; and your construction below is such that you feel no jar, but seem to be swimming through the air.

Talleyrand once said that the art of putting men in their proper places was perhaps the first in the science of government. We do not always succeed; sometimes we send men to Congress whom we ought to send to the state prison; and place men on the bench who ought to be set before the bar; men are seen laboriously thumping the cushion who ought to be thumping the axvil.