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Mourning.

You ask me John, the reason why I mourn so little for the dead— You say I pass them heedlessly, And with a smile above them tread. I'll tell you, John, the reason that I am above your scolding, And then, perhaps, you'll understand Why I do not wear mourning.

I had a wife, a dear good wife! Her eyes were blue as heaven; Oh! never to a pilgrim man Was such companion given. She was as fair as angels are, Her voice was like a river Of kind, and pure, and gentle joy, And musical for ever.

I loved her! oh, how well I loved That fairest work of God; How faithfully and truthfully My weary path she trod— And she—her arms are round me now, As warmly as in life. God took her, and I wait and weep My good, my gentle wife.

She loved me with a holy love Born of a holy hope, Faithful and fond was she, and I— How could I give her up? I watched beside her and she smiled My weeping face upon; You'll lonely be, my love, said she, When I am dead and gone.

You'll lonely be, and all the house Seem desolate and cold; But you'll not forget me, darling, When I am lying in the mould; You'll sit beside my grave, dear Will, And when my rosebuds blow, You'll strew them on the couch to which Your Mary goeth now.

Weep not, beloved—I shall be Beyond the furthest star! I'll wait you coming in the home Where all the sainted are; Now kiss me—such a one as that First one when we were wed; Once more, my love, close, closer press— My dear good wife was dead!

I think of her at day dawn, John, I think of her at night; When the sunshine is above me, When the stars are clear and bright, I think of her in trouble; Oh! I dream of her in sleep. And, John, I sit beside her grave, And—yes, I do—I weep.

Her soft white arms are round my neck, Her kiss is on my brow; And as she sang in love tones then She singeth to me now! But think you, John, her grave would be Less cold, and dark, and damp, and she More bright, more blessed there, if we Should put on decent mourning!

Instantaneous Beer.

Put to a pint and a half of water four tea-spoonful of ginger, a table-spoonful of lemon-juice—sweeten it to the taste with syrup or white sugar, and turn it into a junk bottle. Have ready a cork to fit the bottle, a string of wire to tie it down, and a mallet to drive in the cork. Then put into the bottle a heaping tea-spoonful of the super-carbonate of soda, cork it immediately, tie it down, then shake the whole up well, cut the string, and the cork will fly out. Turn it out, and drink immediately.

ESSENCE OF CELERY.—Steep an ounce of celery seed in half a pint of brandy, or vinegar. A few drops of this will give a fine flavor to soups, and sauce for fowls.

A Sketch by a Sportsman.

'Twas a fine October night; I was returning home with my gun over my shoulder, my keeper and dogs had taken a nearer route, and had carried with them the booty of the day. I passed the old Manor-house grounds; the mansion had been long unoccupied, save by an old gardener, who looked, in his Sunday suit of russet livery, as if the sturdy elms and rugged oaks had, while he tended them, lent him in gratitude, something of their rigidity and strength. As my father had a right of shooting over the demesnes, I opened the gates and entered; there was a fine lake near the house, nearly covered by trees, and the setting sun gleaming upon its clear and quiet breast, reminded me of Scott—

“One lively sheet of burnished gold Loch Katrine lay, beneath him rolled.”

I am an enthusiastic admirer of nature; and I stood to gaze upon the scene as it lay sleeping in its calm and placid beauty. It was the middle of the month, and the yellow leaves, brightened by the golden hues of sunset, added a lustre to the landscape; it was truly a scene in which Italian Claude would have gloried. Just as I had turned to leave the spot, my steps were arrested, my whole attention riveted by a voice breaking on the silence; the tone was one of gentle yet thrilling harmony, my imagination told me the singer was as lovely, and I remained in my concealment. I had just returned from college, and knew not that the Manor-house was again tenanted, and was conjecturing from whom such strains could flow.—When they ceased, a rustling was heard among the leaves, and a tall dark-eyed, dark-haired fairy passed. Unconscious of being seen, she turned her face full towards me, and stooped to tie up a luxuriant top that was clinging and climbing across the pathway, then rising, she applied her care to the loose tendrils above; her thick ringlets fell back, and a bright ray of the departing sun made them appear like waving gold. After a few minutes she tripped gaily away, ever and anon her glad voice breaking forth in some brief snatch of a merry song, as if the joyousness of her spirit sought some way to vent its happiness.

People may ridicule love at first sight, and smile contempt at such an idea, but I have felt and know that it can be, and the truth of its stability and power is attested in the fact of my being still a bachelor. After lingering about the spot, as one entranced, till the evening mists came with a zealous care to wrap the silver lake and its island children from the stranger's gaze, I bent my steps homeward. Upon entering the hall, the sound of music came through the corridors, and told that my mother and sisters, in vulgar phrase, “had a party;” and from a damsel of the room I learned that my lonely, uncomfortable meal, was laid in the library. I carelessly sat down, wondering who the lovely creature could be. I ate little, and ringing the bell upon the table, inquired in no very placid temper, “Who are in the music-room?”

“The ladies from the Hall, Sir George and Lady Winstead, Miss Norman, Lord Heartbury, Lady Jemima and Lady Celia Staunton, Captain—”

“Heavens, that's enough! what a set of bores! Take these things away, and do not let me be disturbed, but when I ring, send De Serre here.”

I threw myself along a sofa, in a passion with myself, the party, but most of all in a passion because I did not know who the fair songstress was. After lounging about for nearly an hour, I rose, and seeing that the hand of the Cupid upon the alabaster clock was fast approaching ten o'clock I rung for my valet, and having accomplished my toilette, entered the music-room, where, after shaking hands with old acquaintances, and bowing to new ones, I got a seat upon a half-vacant divan, near my sister. In the midst of a dissertation with Lord Heartbury upon a Joe Man-on, a voice, replying to solicitations to sing, came upon my ear; I started, and in another instant the self-same warbler passed to the piano. She ran her fingers lightly over the key's, lifted her head and laughed. “I can remember nothing,” she said to my mother; then she bent her head, and her beautiful unadorned ringlets closed over her brow, a minute thus, and the next she threw back the

wavy tresses, struck the ivory keys, and the song of the lake rose, echoed, and died through the room. I felt such an undefinable feeling at my heart, that I continued to gaze upon the enchantress as if every sense, every energy was centred in her. She rose, and turning round, met my fixed and ardent look; a bright blush mantled her face and neck, and she moved hastily away. A loud laugh near me recalled my wandering attention; it was caused by myself; my marked regard had been observed by all.

“Who is that heavenly creature?” I asked of Captain Rodney.

“Miss Forester. She lives with her mother at the Manor-house,” replied he, “but I warn you not to lose your heart for her, for she's engaged.”

“To whom?” I asked I scarcely breathing.

“To Sir Henry Elliot, of the Lodge.” Had a thunderbolt fallen on my head, I could not have been more crushed; Elliot was my oldest friend, we had been playfellows in infancy, boys together at Eton, students at Cambridge, and finally we had travelled together. Never had aught of acrimony passed between us, and yet never on earth were two more dissimilar characters. Elliot, all conciliation, warm-heartedness, and firm principle, his very soul seemed made up of kindness. I, all fire, impetuosity, and rashness, a very miracle of thoughtlessness. Elliot, always cool, self-possessed, and polite—I, always “witty” and captious. A pair of bright eyes turned my brain, and if by chance they wandered towards me, I was enchanted.

I have been in and out of love a hundred times, but even at Almack's, that centre of beauty, Elliot was as calm and provokingly immovable as ever. He was excessively handsome, with an exquisite figure, eight thousand a year, an old baronetcy, and an earldom, in default of the marriage of his uncle, an old man of seventy-six; no wonder then that the fair waltzers of *ton* put on their brightest smiles for him. But sunbeams might as well have been wasted upon the rocks of the Alps. I always thought that nature had left but one thing out of his composition, and that was love—she had given him all else; but I was to be taught otherwise. The next day I met him at the Manor-house; after a few words of hearty greeting, I exclaimed: “So you are thawed at last Harry; I hear you are going to be married.”

“Yes,” replied he, with such a smile as I had never seen before lighting up his expressive features, “I am, to the most amiable creature on earth; come with me, I'll introduce you to her.”

We turned back; he was evidently glad of an excuse to return. Any other man would have described Agnes Forester as a beauty; but true to himself, he dwelt only upon her mind. We found her at her easel. Upon our entrance she turned and perceiving Elliot, an expression of happy innocence gathered upon her beautiful brow; she was so gleeful, so girlish in her countenance, and yet so modest and retiring, that you felt you were gazing upon the impersonation of purity and womanly loveliness.

For six months I was daily thrown into the company of Agnes Forester, and loved her to distraction. With a confidence that did his noble mind honor, and my friendship and principles of justice, Elliot frequently made me the messenger of his love to the being he was betrothed to; and never did a shadow of distrust cross his splendid brow when he met Agnes leaning on my arm, or gazing in my face, listening with her eyes to tales of sunny Italy, of which, perhaps, her gallant lover was the hero. Yes, he was safe, he had his security in his own honor and trust. Who could look on that face, those clear, unsuspecting eyes, and meditate treachery? And never did I love him more than when I felt that the day that gave him Agnes would make my reason totter; yet I had not courage to withdraw for it was heaven on earth to linger near this gentle girl, within reach of the sunshine of her glad smile, and to catch the infection of her merry laugh and sporting glee.

The fifteenth of the next October was fixed on for the nuptials, and I heard the news with surprising fortitude; but my heart was raging

with the fire my own rashness had kindled.—Two days before the one appointed for the ceremony, Elliot and I parted from shooting at the entrance of the grounds; he to join Agnes, I to gaze on the spot where one brief year before I had first beheld her. I had just reached it, when I heard the report of a gun, followed by a piercing scream. I threw down my fowling-piece and hastened to the place; a groan of stifled agony, a gurgling, choking shriek burst from my breast as the terrific sight met my eye—before me lay Elliot, his left arm and side awfully shattered, and dying; by his side was Agnes, senseless. He opened his eyes and beckoned me; I approached and knelt, while he spoke faintly and with difficulty:

“Grenville, on your friendship I rely for comforting Agnes. This is an awful accident, on the very verge of bliss; dear, dear Agnes, may God protect her. Frank, if you love me, swear,” and he looked earnestly in my face, “that you will be a brother to my blessed Agnes; shield, watch her as I should have done, and win her affections if you can—to you I confide her, and upon your honor I rely; tell her my last thoughts were her's. No Grenville,” continued he, upon my proposing assistance, “I am dying, I feel it; to remove would only hasten my end. God be merciful to me,—he moved his lips as if in fervent prayer,—he took my hand, the grasp of death was in it, “Frank, God bless you!” Convulsions came on, death was grappling with its victim—“Agnes—Agnes!” he screamed, as if knelled in her ear by a demon, the shriek recalled her senses. She started to her feet—back were dashed the clustering ringlets; madly her hands were pressing on her temples, and her eyes set and glazed in horror, stared upon her lover—for a second death stood aloof as if the sight of that appalling agony had startled him from his prey.

“Agnes!” breathed Elliot, frightened at her fearful state.

“Ha!” she gasped, but the rigidity of marble was in her limbs—blood gushed from her mouth—expression and form was lost in distortion—a scream that would have woke the dead, broke from the maddening girl, a groan, that told the convulsion was over, and that earth and heaven had each its part of the sufferer, followed it.

I stood then alone, the only living thing amid that awful slaughter, for Agnes, with a gurgling laugh of madness, fell from my arms a corpse, upon her lover.

I have a confused remembrance of being examined by a coroner, something, too, of a funeral and white plumes passes before my mind, but all is vague and indistinct.

Years after this I wandered on the Continent till recalled by my father's death to claim the honors and take the oaths of a Peer. I was still young, with health, wealth, and rank; but I would give all to erase that day of fearful horrors from my memory.

Facts and Curiosities.

Bird lime is prepared from the berries of the mistletoe and the middle bark of the holly: it is boiled till it becomes soft.

The earth is believed to increase in heat, a degree in every fifteen or twenty yards in depth.

Mercury for thermometers is purified by agitation in a bottle, with sand, and then by straining it through leather.

The waters of the Red Sea appear to be 32 feet higher than the Mediterranean—and the Gulf of Mexico is 28 feet higher than the Pacific.

Most mountains present their precipitous faces to the sea and their slopes to the land.

The sea is to the land, in round millions of square miles, as 160 to 40, or as four is to one.

The narrowest part of the Atlantic is more than two miles deep. In other parts it is one and a half mile.

Insects are found in slate, and flies and ants in amber.

The mountains of Seger, in Arabia, produce frankincense; and those of Safra, the balm of Mecca, from the amyria opobalsamum, which the early ages sold for its weight in gold.

Earth is eaten as bread in several parts of the world. Near Moscow, a hill furnishes earth of this description, which will ferment when mixed with flour.

Sweeney in Horses.

I have a recipe for curing sweeney that I got hold of the other day, accidentally, just in time to cure a horse of mine that was taken very lame. And by the by, I got it for the trifling sum of seventy-five cents. I look upon it as being ahead of anything of the kind that is going; two or three applications being sufficient for my horse, and he was apparently well in two days.

Take the proportion of one pint of spirits of turpentine, one ounce of Spanish flies, half a pound of lard, half a pound of rosin. Melt the lard and rosin together; when partly cool, put the other two ingredients in, and shake till thoroughly mixed.

I suppose that it is always well to bleed for the Sweeney the first thing. To apply the mixture, shake it well, and rub it in well with the hand, so as to get it into the hair thoroughly. Apply it to the part affected once in two days. In hot weather let the animal stand in the sun, in cold, heat it in with a hot iron. It is perfectly safe and sure; and leaves no mark other than to take the hair off, which comes on again directly.—*Cor. of the Prairie Farmer.*

See what the Girls of the Bay State do.

We have received the statistics of the various branches of industry in Massachusetts, for 1845, taken with the State census that year.—To show our young ladies that it is no disgrace to work in the Pilgrim land, we give them the particulars of the straw bonnets and hats, and straw braids and palm-leaf hats made there in one year:

	Number.	Value.
Straw Bonnets & Hats,	1,046,954	\$1,057,892
Value of Straw Braid,		102,367
Palm-Leaf Hats,		496,337

Total, \$1,640,596

All this by females, mostly farmers' daughters. Worcester, Hampshire and Franklin counties do the most. Are not such industrious girls worth going after? Instead of street yarns, they are for the dollars and cents. They don't constantly bother their parents and husbands with teasing for a new silk dress, or a \$40 shawl. They have the money in their purses from their own industry. There are lots of rosy cheeks who have their hundreds deposited in banks, from the straw braid employment.—We once knew two sisters who bought a farm for \$4,000 for their parents, from the savings of braid.—*Springfield Republican.*

Heated Rooms.

Rooms heated with anthracite coal, and rooms heated with close stoves, in which wood is burnt, have a very dry atmosphere. The use of water in such rooms is very congenial to health, but the water should not be placed in an iron or tin vessel upon the stove, for the reason that it will undergo that degree of heat which will make its vapors offensive and injurious to breathe. It is as injurious to the human system to breathe purid water-vapors of this kind, as it is to breathe the vapors from stagnant ponds in hot weather. If water is used upon a stove, an iron pan should be made use of, and this filled with dry sand, in the sand set an earthen bowl filled with clean water, which should be changed twice a day, and the bowl washed and kept as clean as if used for a drinking vessel. Where hard coal is burnt in a grate, a glass globe should be suspended in the room filled with clean pure water, and as the heated air arises to the top of the room, it will steadily evaporate the water and moisten the dry and heated air. Persons who prefer the atmosphere of salt water vapor, can add cologne water, or any other perfume which they prefer. It is as important to have clean air for breathing as to have clean water for drinking. Basement rooms, where hard coal is burnt should be frequently ventilated. Small children accustomed to stay in basement rooms find a bad air near the floor, the air should be removed by allowing the door to be opened freely to let in the fresh air. A little care in these matters will tend wonderfully to comfort and enjoyment.

Our *idea* is—says a fellow that got a shrew for a wife—that

Woman's love is like Scotch snuff;

We get one pinch and that's enough.

An old ducky says—

Woman's lub is India rubber—

It stretch de more de more you tub her.