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

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Jeffersonian Republican.

A Hundred Years ago.

Where are the birds that sang

A hundred years ago?

The flowers that all in beauty sprang

A hundred years ago—

The lips that smiled,

The eyes that wild

In flashes shone

Soft eyes upon—

Where, O where are lips and eyes,

The maiden's smile, the lover's sighs,

That were so long ago!

Who peopled all the city's streets

A hundred years ago?

Who filled the church with faces meek,

A hundred years ago!

The sneering tale

Of sister frail,

The plot that work'd

Another's hurt—

Where, O where, are plots and sneers,

The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,

That were, so long ago!

Where are the graves where dead men slept

A hundred years ago?

Who, whilst living, oft-times wept,

A hundred years ago!

By other men

They knew not thee

Their lands are tilled,

Their homes are filled—

Yet Nature then was just as gay,

And bright the sun shone as to-day,

A hundred years ago!

Terrific Theory.

Professor Silliman mentions the fact, that in

drilling the Artesian wells in Paris, the tempera-

ture of the earth increased at the rate of one de-

gree for every fifty feet, towards the centre.—

Reasoning from causes known to exist, he says:—

"The whole interior portion of the earth, or, at

least, a great part of it, is an ocean of melted rock,

ignited by violent winds, though I dare not affirm

it is still rendered highly probable by the phenom-

ena of volcanoes. The facts connected with

their eruption have been ascertained and placed

beyond a doubt. How, then, are they to be ac-

counted for? The theory, prevalent some years

since, that they are caused by the combustion of

immense coal beds, is perfectly futile, and is

entirely abandoned. All the coal in the world

would not afford fuel enough for a single capital

combustion of Vesuvius. We must look higher

than this; and I have but little doubt that the

whole rests on the action of electric and galvanic

principles, which are constantly in operation in

the earth."

Inability of Ignorance.

How many men, rich in physical energy, stand

with folded and idle hands, because they are poor

in knowledge! Tell such a man what he should

do, and he is ready and willing to act. He stands

still because he cannot see his way. He is un-

derstanding, because he cannot make out which of two

plans he should choose. He is negligent, only

because he is ignorant of what he ought to do, or

how it may best be done. Or if, in his phys-

ical impotence, such a man rushes forward, he

fails to reach his aim, because he is deficient in

the materials for successful action. How often

we see the energy of one man ill or wrongly

directed because he knows too little of what he

engages in, while, under the guidance of knowl-

edge, every step, impelled by the energy of another

is observed to be a sure stride in advance!

[Professor Johnston.]

At a wedding held at Littleworth, Leicester-

shire, the other day, the bridegroom, when

asked whether he would take so and so for his

bride, was astonished all present by saying

Yes, if she'll give me £20. The money was

whipped up by the bride's brother, and the cer-

emony proceeded.

A Monster Unveiled.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"Poor thing! I do feel for her. Though she

is a person I never saw, yet hers seems a case of

such oppression on the one hand, and such pa-

tient suffering on the other, that one cannot but"

"Oh, I dare say you'll see her in the morning,

for she often steals out then, when the wretch, I

suppose, is in bed."

"But what could have induced a girl to tie her-

self to such a man?"

"Well, I don't know: the old story, I suppose

—false appearances; for no girl in her senses

could have married a man with his habits, if she

had known of them beforehand. There is some-

times a kind of infatuation about about women, I

allow, which seems to blind them to the real char-

acter of the man they are in love with; but in

this case I don't think she could have known how

he conducted himself, or she certainly would have

paused in time. Oh, the wretch, I have no pa-

tience with him!"

This little dialogue took place in one of those

neat, bright, clean-windowed, gauzy-curtained

houses, which form so many pretty districts with-

in a walking distance of the mighty heart of the

great metropolis, and between two ladies, the one

the mistress of the said nice-looking cottage villa,

and the other her guest, a country matron who had

just arrived on a visit to her town friend; and the

object of the conversation of both was the oc-

cupant of a larger and handsomer villa exactly op-

posite, but apparently the abode of great wretch-

edness.

The following morning Mrs. Braybrooke and

her guest, Mrs. Clayton, were at the window of

the parlor, which commanded a full view of the

dwelling of the unhappy Mrs. Williams, when the

door quietly opened and was as quietly closed a-

gain by the lady herself.

"There she is, poor soul," cried Mrs. Bray-

brooke; "only look how carefully and noiselessly

she draws the gate after her. She seems always

afraid that the slightest noise she may make even

in the street, may wake the fellow, who is now, I

dare say, sleeping off the effects of last night's

dissipation."

Mrs. Clayton, with all the genial warmth of a

truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed

with her eyes as far as the street allowed, this

quiet-looking, broken-spirited wife, investing the

whole figure; from the neatly-trimmed straw-bon-

net to the tips of the bright little boots, with a most

intense and mysterious sympathy; then fixing her

anxious, interested gaze on the opposite house, she

said: And how do they live? How do people

under such circumstances pass the day? It is a

thing I cannot comprehend; for were Clayton to

act in such a way, I am sure I could not endure it

a week."

"It does seem scarcely intelligible," answered

Mrs. Braybrooke; "but I'll tell you how they ap-

pear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by

herself—for, without any wish to pry, we can see

straight through their house from front to back—

About this time she often comes out, I suppose,

to pay a visit or two in the neighborhood, or per-

haps to call upon her tradespeople; and you will

see her by-and-by return, looking up, as she ap-

proaches, at the bedroom window; and if the blind

be drawn up, she rushes in, thinking I dare say,

to herself: "How angry he will be if he comes

down and finds that I am not there to give him

his breakfast!" Sometimes he has his breakfast

at twelve—at one—at two; and I have seen him

sitting down to it when she was having her din-

ner."

"And when does he have his dinner?"

"Oh, his dinner; I dare say that is a different

sort of thing from hers—poor woman! He dines,

I suppose, at a club, or with his boon companions,

or anywhere, in fact but at home."

"And when does he come home, then, gener-

ally?"

"At all hours. We hear him open the little

gate with his key at three, four and five in the

morning. Indeed our milkman told Susan that he

has seen him sneaking in, pale, haggard and worn

out with his horrid vigils, at the hour decent peo-

ple are seated at breakfast."

"I wonder if she waits up for him?"

"Oh no; for we see the light of her solitary

candle in her room always as we are going to

bed; and you may be sure my heart bleeds for

her—poor solitary thing! I don't know, indeed,

that I was ever so interested about any stranger

as I am about this young creature."

"Dear, dear! it is terrible!" sighed the sym-

pathizing Mrs. Clayton. "But does any one vis-

it them? Have they friends do you think?"

"I don't think he can have many friends, the

heartless fellow; but there are a great many peo-

ple calling—stylish people, too—in carriages; and

there is he, the wretch, often with half-slept look,

smiling and handing the ladies out, as if he were

the most exemplary husband in the world."

"Has she children? I hope she has, as they

would console her in his long absences."

"No, even that comfort is denied her; she has

no one to cheer her; her own thought must be

her companions at such times. But perhaps it is

a blessing; for what kind of father could such a

man make! Oh, I should like to know her; and

yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband;

Braybrooke, you know, wouldn't know such a

man."

"My dear Mary, you have made me quite mel-

ancholy: let us go out. You know I have much

to see, and many people to call upon; and here

we are losing the best part of the day in some-

thing not much removed from scandal."

The ladies of course set out, saw all the "loves

of bonnets" in Regent-street; all that "sacrifices"

that were being voluntarily offered up in Oxford-

street; bought a great many things for "less than

half the original cost;" made calls; laughed and

chatted away a pleasant, exciting day for the

country lady, who, happily for herself, forgot in

the bustle the drooping, crestfallen bird who was

fretting itself away in its pretty cage in—Road.

The next day, a lady, a friend of Mrs. Clayton,

who had been out when she had left her card the

day before, called and after chatting, for some

time, turned to Mrs. Braybrooke, and compliment-

ing her on the situation of the house, "I find," she

said, "you are a near neighbor of a dear friend of

mine, Mrs. Williams."

"Mrs. Williams!" exclaimed both her hearers,

pale with excitement and curiosity; "Mrs. Wil-

liams! Oh how very singular that you should

know her, poor miserable creature! Oh, do tell

us about!"

"Poor—miserable! What can you mean!—

You mistake; my Mrs. Williams is the happiest

little woman in London!"

"Oh, it cannot be the same," said Mrs. Bray-

brooke, "I mean our opposite neighbor in Haw-

thorn Villa; I thought it could not be!"

"Hawthorn Villa!—the very house. You sure-

ly cannot have seen her, or her husband, who?"

"Oh the dreadful, wretched, gambling fellow!"

interrupted Mrs. Braybrooke, "I wouldn't know

such a man!"

"He!" in her turn interrupted her friend, Mrs.

Eccleshall. "He a gambler! He is the most

exemplary young man in London—a pattern of

every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amiable, and

passionately fond of his young wife!"

"My dear Mrs. Eccleshall, how can you say all

this of a man whose conduct is the common talk

of the neighborhood; a man lost to every sense of

shame I should suppose; who comes home to his

dissolute wife at all hours; whose only ostensible

means of living is gambling, or something equally

disreputable; who?"

"You have been most grossly misled," again

interposed Mrs. Eccleshall. "Who can have so

grossly slandered my excellent friend Williams?

He cannot help his late hours, poor fellow. That

may safely be called his misfortune, but not his

fault!" and the good lady warmed as she spoke,

until she had to untie her bonnet and fan her glow-

ing face with her handkerchief.

"His misfortune!" murmured Mrs. Braybrooke.

"How can that be called his misfortune which a

man can help any day he pleases?"

"But he cannot help it, poor soul! He would

be too happy to spend his evenings at home with

his dear little wife, but you know his business be-

gins when other people's is over."

"Then what, in Heaven's name, is his busi-

ness?"

"Why, didn't you know? He's the Editor of

a MORNING NEWSPAPER!"—Chambers' Journal.

Curious Mechanism of Olden Times.

Machines made to stimulate living actions

have been constructed in all ages. Archytas

of Tarentum, an able astronomer and geometri