

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## The Fatherless.

Speak softly to the fatherless!  
And check the harsh reply  
That sends the crimson to the cheek,  
The tear-drop to the eye.  
They have the weight of loneliness  
In this rude world to bear;  
Then gently rise the fallen band,  
The drooping floweret spare.  
Speak kindly to the fatherless!  
The lowliest of their band  
God keepeth, as the waters,  
In the hollow of his hand.  
'Tis sad to see life's evening sun  
Go down in sorrow's shroud,  
But sadder far still when morning's dawn  
Is darkened by the cloud.  
Look mildly on the fatherless!  
Ye may have power to wile  
Their hearts from saddened memory  
By the magic smile.  
Deal gently with the little ones,  
Be pitiful, and He,  
The friend and father of us all,  
Shall gently deal with thee.

## Procrastination and Promptitude.

Shun delays, they breed remorse;  
Take thy time while time is lent thee;  
Creeping snails have weaker force;  
Fly thy fault, lest thou repent thee;  
Good is best when soonest wrought;  
Lingering labors comes to naught.  
Hoist up sail while gale doth last;  
Tide and wind wait no man's pleasure;  
Seek not time when time is past;  
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure;  
After wits are dearly bought,  
Let thy forewit guide thy thought.

## The Two Shadows.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It was an evening calm and fair  
As ever drank the dew of June;  
The living earth, the breathless air,  
Slept by the shining moon.

There was a rudely-woven seat,  
That lay beneath a garden wall—  
I heard two voices low and sweet,  
I saw two shadows fall.

Two shadows—side by side they were—  
With but a line of light between;  
If shapes more real lingered there,  
Those shapes were all unseen.

The voice which seemed of deepest tone  
Breathed something which I scarcely heard,  
And there was silence, save alone  
One faintly whispered word.

And then the longer shadow drew  
Nearer and nearer till it came  
So close that one might think the two  
Were melting to the same.

I heard a sound that lovers know—  
A sound from lips that do not speak;  
But oh! it leaves a deeper glow  
Than words upon the cheek.

Dear maiden, hast thou ever known  
That sound which sets the soul on fire?  
And is it not the sweetest tone  
Wrung from earth's shattered lyre?

Ains! upon my boyish brow,  
Fair lips have often more than smiled;  
But there are none to press it now—  
I am no more a child.

Long, long the blended shadows lay  
As they were in a viewless fold;  
And will they never break away,  
So loving, yet so cold!

They say that spirits walk the vale,  
But that I do not truly know—  
I wonder when I told the tale,  
Why Fanny crimsoned so!

## Famine in Gaspe.

The St. John's N. B. papers contain reports of a famine prevailing at Gaspe. Two persons have already died of starvation, and many others are in a most enfeebled state and not expected to live. Dispatches have been sent to the Executive for assistance.

## The Dog that was too faithful for his Master.

BY WILLIAM WHITFORD.

In the bleakest and most barren portion of the county of Derbyshire, England, there lived, a long time ago, a man and his wife of the name of Pollard. The former was the keeper of the turnpike gate, and he had only been married some 2 or 3 months, when the circumstances occurred of which we are about to write. The small toll house in which he lived was situated at a point where three roads met, and in a place where the scenery was singularly wild and dreary. It stood in a deep hollow formed by two chains of high hills, whose sides were covered with nought but a continuous surface of dark brown heath, or occasional bushes of prickly goose. Not another house was to be seen for miles, and the only evidences of life were in the few flocks of sheep which were here and there browsing along the mountain's side; or the mail coach and a few wagons which at intervals passed along the road. The only person who ever paid a visit to the toll-house was a butcher named Gonfrey, who called every Saturday, for the purpose of supplying the Pollards with fresh meats.

Mr. Pollard had lived in his present abode during several years previous to his marriage; and being of a very courageous disposition, and having become accustomed to the loneliness of his place of residence, he was not much affected thereby; but his wife, who had ever been accustomed to living in a populous town, and being withal of a very timid nature, now lived in a constant state of alarm and dread—more particularly whenever her husband paid a visit to the neighboring town for such necessaries as they required. And what tended to increase this feeling of alarm to a still greater extent, that part of the country was at that time infested by a band of lawless men, who almost nightly robbed and murdered some unfortunate cavalier, or broke into and plundered some lone farm-house; nor could the utmost vigilance of the authorities succeed in detecting them. Of these men she lived in daily dread, lest they, discovering that her husband was possessed of a large sum of money—the savings of former years—should seize an opportunity, when he was from home and murder her to obtain it. She frequently pressed her husband to give up his station, and remove to some safer place of abode; but he inevitably laughed at her fears, assuring her that there was not the least danger, as none but themselves were aware of the fact of his possessing the money in question. One day in December he received a letter, informing him that his father was lying at the point of death, and earnestly wished to see him before that event took place. This letter gave him great uneasiness, for, apart from the grief it occasioned at his father's situation, if he went he could not possibly return before the next day, as his parents resided more than thirty miles distant, and his wife would be obliged to stay and take care of the "gate." He must go, however—he could not refuse his father's dying request.—When he imparted his intention to his wife, she was seized with the utmost terror, and earnestly entreated him to forego his resolution; nor was it until after a long time, during which he had used the utmost endeavors to soothe her, that he could venture to proceed on his journey.

It was Saturday morning when he started, and one of the dreariest days of the season. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and still continued to fall heavily, causing the face of the surrounding scene to look more wild and lonely than ever. As Mrs. Pollard sat in the small front apartment of the house, her fears gradually increased more and more, as her imagination conjured up a thousand dread forebodings, and almost fancied that each sound of the wind whistling through the valley, was some one even now about to break in. Time sped, when at length Gonfrey, the butcher, approached; her terror had attained to such a height that she determined to ask him to stay in the house, until her husband returned.

This Gonfrey was a tall, powerfully built man; about forty-five or fifty years of age, and with a rough countenance by no means prepossessing.—He resided in a house some five miles distant, and which was at least that distance from any other. He had occupied it for years, followed his present business, and disposed of his meat by taking it in his wagon to the different families in the vicinity. She was unacquainted with him until the time of her marriage; but the familiarity arising from his weekly visit to her house, and the cordiality with which her husband invariably received him, now inspired her with more confidence towards him, than from his looks she would otherwise have done.

"I am so glad you are come!" said Mrs. Pollard, as the butcher entered her dwelling. "John has gone to see his father, who is not expected to live, and will not return until to-morrow, and I am nearly frightened to death, for we have got more than a hundred sovereigns in the house, and if any of these robbers were to come, they would murder me. Won't you stop and keep me company until John comes back?"

During the first part of this address, Gonfrey did not appear to listen with much apparent interest; but the moment Mrs. Pollard mentioned the money, his face assumed an expression of singular import, and his grey eyes flashed quick glances from beneath his pert and snaggy brows, as though something had suddenly moved him. "I am very sorry," he replied—and speaking in a low, deliberative tone—"but I cannot possibly stay—I've got to call at two or three more places with meat yet; and before I could return it would be past midnight. But I tell you what I will do—there's Dash—a better dog never lived—I'll leave him with you, and I'll agree to forfeit my head if he lets any one enter the house while he is there."

With many thanks, Mrs. Pollard accepted his offer; for she had heard her husband speak of the courage and sagacity of the animal in question. "Stay here," said Gonfrey now, as he looked at his dog, and pointed within the room with his finger, "and see that you don't let any one come near."

The dog, which was a very large one, one of the breed called "mastiff," answered this command of his master by wagging his tail two or three times, and looking up into his face with an intelligent expression; and the next moment crouching down by the side of Mrs. Pollard, stretched himself at full length upon the hearth, as though at home.

When the butcher had departed, Mrs. Pollard began to caress the dog, and for a long time endeavored to attract his attention; but in vain; he continued to lie mute and motionless, as though devoid of life. This circumstance raised her fears anew; for she began to think that if the dog lay thus passive now, he would do so if any one chanced to come near the place. Again she renewed her caresses, and finally offered him a piece of meat; but still with the same success; the dog would neither appear to recognize her presence, nor would he touch the meat.

The toll house consisted of two rooms, with only one door or entrance, and which was at the front.

The back apartment was used as a bed room, and was lighted by a small window at the foot of the bed. The front one had two windows; a tolerably large one near the door, and a small lattice, whose diamond shaped squares of glass were encased within this with plates of lead. To none of the windows were there any shutters, with the exception of the one in the bed room.

At the usual time Mrs. Pollard retired to rest, but in vain endeavored to sleep; the dog still remaining in the same unmoveable position as when his master left him.

The night was more chill and dreary than had been the day. The falling snow had given place to a heavy snow storm of commingled sleet and rain, which the wind now blew against the casements with terrible force—almost appearing as though it would raise the house from its very foundation. It seemed a fitting night for deeds of blood! Mrs. Pollard lay in her bed trembling as her terror at each repetition of the keen blast increased. Stories of robbery and bloodshed, which she had heard years ago, now rushed through her mind with vivid distinctness; and her imagination increased their enormity a hundred fold.

She lay thus, unable to sleep, until, as near as she could guess, about midnight, when she thought she heard the sound of a single footstep outside the house. She partially raised herself, and bending forward listened for a continuance of the sound with eager intentness. She soon heard the step again, and this time distinctly. They now appeared to be quite near. She now listened for the dog's raising some alarm—but not the slightest movement did he seem to make. Her terror suddenly raised to a great extent, at the animal's not taking notice of the noise outside. Another moment and she heard a sound as of some one removing the glass out of the small casement in the other room, immediately followed by the sharp click of the handle, which fastened it on the inside, turning round. Still the dog gave forth no sound or indication of what was going on.

Mrs. Pollard was now almost frantic with excess of fear, feeling assured that she must undoubtedly in a few moments be murdered. The perspiration streamed from her in large cold drops, and her tongue seemed powerless to utter a single cry.

As we said, the dog had as yet given forth no sign of recognition; but when, a moment after the noise of the handle's turning round was heard, some one seemed to be forcing through the aperture, he gave a low growl followed by a sudden spring. A shrill cry of agony immediately echoed through the house, so keen and startling as almost to chill the blood in Mrs. Pollard's veins. The cry was followed by the sound of fierce struggling, mingled with sharp cries, which each moment became weaker, as of a human being in the very extremest of mortal pain and anguish; and the deep

mouthed baying of the dog. At length the struggle ceased, and all became still as death.

When daylight appeared Mrs. Pollard rose and dressed, with as much speed as the weakness the terrors of the night had occasioned would permit. She then sat down by the window to await the appearance of the first person who might pass, for she could not summon sufficient courage to enter the other room alone. In a short time a teamster approached, whom she hailed; and as soon as he had stepped near to where she was seated, told the story of the previous night's adventure.

He instantly ran round to the side on which was the lattice casement, and the next moment returned, with horror depicted on his countenance, as he exclaimed—"My God, what a sight I have seen." He then got in by the open window, at which Mrs. Pollard had been seated, and led the way to the room.

And what an object was then presented to their view? Hanging on the sill of the casement, with the head and shoulders protruding through into the interior, was the body of Gonfrey, the butcher!—In his right hand he held a large knife, the blade of which was covered with blood; for he had stabbed the dog several times during the struggle. And fierce that struggle must have been, for in his left hand was a quantity of hair, which he had torn from the neck of the dog. The latter, at the moment when they entered the room, was sitting erect on the haunches beneath the place where his master was hanging, gazing with a fixed look upon him; and the blood was still flowing from the stab he had received.

Gonfrey had formed the resolution of robbing and murdering Mrs. Pollard, and had left his dog with her as the means of effectually warding off all suspicion from attaching to himself; never for a single moment doubting but that his dog would permit him to enter the house unmolested. The faithfulness and intelligence of the animal was thus the instrument of punishment on his master, for the enormity of the crime he had intended to commit. The teamster dressed the wounds of Dash, and then pursued his journey. Nor did Mrs. Pollard now feel any further fear of staying alone until the return of her husband, after such a proof of the courage and sagacity of her brute protector. Dash recovered from his wounds, and was ever after kept with as much care as though he had been her child, nor could any amount of money which might have been offered for his possession, have tempted them to part with him.

## The Best Yet.

The Knickerbocker tells of a place down east where the gold fever rages with remarkable fury, which is not a little increased by the practical jokes of a young lawyer who pretends to receive many letters from the gold regions, which he reads to those gaping bumpkins who assemble at his office in order to have their credulity stretched. The following is his last missive:

"We arrived at San Francisco three weeks ago yesterday, and after stopping there four days to recruit and make preparations we set out for the gold country. The country on the bank of the Sacramento is exceedingly fine, and the soil the most fertile. We passed several wheat fields which had just been reaped, and would yield over two hundred bushels to the acre. There is, however, one drawback; this neighborhood is much infested with noxious serpents, and more than as likely as not, in picking up a bundle of wheat, you will take a huge rattlesnake in your arms! We passed along up the river without making much stop, and soon we came to the gold region. We found the gold in small grains or particles.—My companions all stopped to gather it, but I thought I would keep on and go to the head quarters, if I could find them. I soon came to where I found the precious metal in lumps as large as a walnut. Penetrating the country farther, I found it became more plenty, and I frequently noticed pieces of gold the size of a common tea kettle. In fact the appearance of the country in many places reminded me of the New England cornfields after the corn has been removed, and before the pumpkins are gathered. Still I did not stop there, but kept on towards the river. Here the country was broken and mountainous, and large boulders of gold, of the size of a five pail kettle, were quite common. I came at length to a mountain, in which I suppose the river takes its rise. On the side of my approach it was very precipitous. At the base of a huge cliff I looked up and saw about one hundred and fifty feet above me, and almost over my head, a mass of solid, shining gold, as large as a bunch of screwed hay! It seemed to be suspended by a single rope, or vine. I had nothing with me but my gun; it was loaded with a ball, and my first thought was to fire and cut off the cord by which the glittering mass was hung! But as I was on the point of firing, it occurred to me that if I did, the gold would infallibly fall on me and crush me; so I—"

Here the reader was interrupted by a fellow with a largely developed organ of credulity, his eyes transfixed with wonder, and tobacco-juice running down each corner of his mouth, who broke out with, "By thunder! I'd a fired!"

## A New Motive Power.

The London Mining Journal contains a communication from Adolph Count de Werdinski, in which he describes a new motive power for the propulsion of carriages on rails and common roads, without engines, steam, air, magnetism, or animal power.

The subject of the patent has the advantage of possessing greater expensive power than steam, and being at the same time more controllable and requiring less machinery. It is of the nature of gun-cotton, and is used by dipping any kind of vegetable fibre for eleven or fifteen minutes into nitric acid, strengthened by an admixture of an equal quantity of sulphuric acid, then well washed with pure water, and dried about two hours. By this process the vegetable fibres become highly explosive. The gases evolved consist chiefly of carbonic acid and carbonic oxide, both permanently elastic, so that passing through cold air or water, they do not collapse, but will follow up the piston to the utmost limit of its work.

In using this material neither fire nor water is required, and it creates neither smoke nor any offensive effluvia, and, with the exception of a slight moisture or pure vapor, it leaves no residuum behind.

Among these gases there is none that will corrode metals.

The explosive qualities of the fibres treated in this way was first noticed by Professor Otto, of Brunswick, about fourteen years ago, and again by Pelonze, of Paris, in 1838, and finally fully published in the English press about the early part of the year 1845, under the name of gun-cotton, as it was called, by Professor Schonbein; or *xyloidins*, by M. Pelonze.

A great feature of this new compound is its complete tractability. By compressing it the explosion is retarded or entirely prevented. A slip of cotton or fibre prepared can be exploded in any required part without affecting the other.

By greater or less compression a slip has been made to explode with greater or less violence. Several small pellets of xyloidine were placed on a table, and each of them compressed in the middle with the back of a knife. A match was then applied to the projecting ends, and they exploded. The knife was then raised, and the parts covered were found to be unexploded and sound as ever. These experiments hint an easy mode of preventing accidents.

The explosive qualities of this ingredient are so great that very small quantities and small apparatus are required. For an engine of two horse power a thread not larger in size than ladies' sewing cotton is sufficient. A thread of this size, passed through either end of a piston, and divided by compression, and these parts exploded by electricity, will furnish the power. Mr. Isaac Mickle, of Camden, New Jersey, has built one of this size. The working machinery occupies no more space than a man's hat. Its applicability to every thing that requires motive power is apparent at once, and its freedom from smoke, steam, and heavy machinery will extend its applicability vastly beyond any other power, if it should prove at all practicable.—New York Post.

## Artificial Slate Painting.

A discovery has been recently made by Wm. Blake, of Arkon Ohio, of certain earth oxides, which, after experimenting upon for several years, he has adapted to the coating of roofs and the fronts of houses, either wood, brick, stone, or rough cast, with remarkably success. By the introduction of this improvement, it is probably a revolution will be created in all future building operations.

This coating applied upon the surface of any substance hardens under exposure to air to such a degree that it becomes as hard as stone itself, while it resists what stone or brick will not do, the effects of moisture. Different colors can be given the composition, of which the most approved, perhaps, is chocolate. Of this a rich surface may be imparted to a front which, at the option of the owner, may be neat or plain, or rendered as smooth as a piece of varnished furniture, or made to imitate ranged work, or in short, any exterior which taste may suggest.

Another important application of this article is as a composition for the covering of roofs.—In this respect it has all the advantages of the usual composition applications to roofs, with the addition that it can be applied, it has been successfully upon existing shingle roofs, filling up the interstices and the nail holes, as well as coating the surface so as to render the whole impervious to rain. Tin and zinc roofs are thus protected also from the action of water or fire; this coating resisting perfectly the effect of either.

Having recently pointed out the great advantage of composition roofs over all other kinds, I will only specify one which I did not then refer to. This is, that as these roofs can be made at a slope of one inch to ten feet, which is not much steeper than our street side walks, dwellings put up designed to receive such roofs can be constructed with attics, to receive a level ceiling, in place of the awkward sloping rooms, of which they now consist. Every house-keeper understands the difference.