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The Hot Season.
BY DR. O. W. HOLMES.
The folks, that on the first of May Wore winter-coats and hose,
Began to say, the first of June, "Good Lord! how hot it grows!"
At last two Fahrenheit's blew up,
And killed two children small,
And one barometer shot dead
A tutor with its ball!
Now all day long the locusts sang
Among the leafless trees;
Three new hotels wrapped inside out,
The pumps could only wheeze;
And ripe old wine that twenty years
Had cobwebbed o'er in vain,
Came spouting through the rotten corks,
Like Joly's best Champagne.
The Worcester locomotives did
Their trip in half an hour!
The Lowell cars ran forty miles
Before they checked the power;
Roll brimstone soon became a drug,
And loco-focos fell;
All asked for ice, but everywhere
Saltpetre was to sell.

Plump men of mornings ordered tights,
But, ere the scorching noons,
Their candle-moulds had grown as loose
As Cossack pantaloons!
The dogs ran mad—men could not try
If water they would choose;
A horse fell dead—he only left
Four red-hot rusty shoes!
But soon the people could not bear
The slightest hint of fire;
Allusions to caloric drew
A flood of savage ire:
The leaves on heat were all torn out
From every book at school,
And many blackguards kicked and camed,
Because they said—"Keep cool!"
The gas-light companies were mobbed,
The bakers all were shot,
The penny press began to talk
Of lynching Dr. Non;
And all about the warehouse steps
Were angry men in droves
Crashing and splintering through the doors
To smash the patent stoves!
The abolition men and maids
Were tanned to such a hue,
You scarce could tell them from their friends
Unless their eyes were blue,
And, when I left, society
Had burst its ancient guards,
And Brattle street and Temple Place
Were interchanging cards!

Protesting a Note.
Accommodation notes are sometimes given as a mere means of raising the wind; at least, this was the case of one which was seen a few days ago in one of our notaries, for "notice of non-payment," happening to know the drawer, the worthy officer called upon him in person. The former, seeing him approach his residence, met him at the door and welcomed him in.
"I am glad to see you, Mr. —"
"So am I you," replied the officer; "I have a note of yours sent me for protest."
"Ah! very well, do you get anything for the note?"
"Certainly, I get one dollar and thirty-seven and a half cents, if you do not pay the note now."
"Indeed! Well, I'm glad somebody gets paid for it; for, when I gave it I did not expect anybody ever to get a cent for it, for I haven't a dollar in the world."
The notary instantly recollected an errand in the next street.
Dubuque, Iowa, it is said, contains four thousand inhabitants, five thousand dogs, and fifty colonels.

The Stream of Death.

BY E. W. CANNING.
There is a stream, whose narrow tide,
The known and unknown worlds divide—
Where all must go;
Its waveless waters, dark and deep
Mid sullen silence downward sweep,
With moanless flow.

I saw where, at the dreary flood,
A smiling infant prattling stood,
Whose hour had come;
Untaught of ill, it neared the tide,
Sunk as to cradled rest; and died,
Like going home.

Followed with languid eye, anon
A youth, diseased, and pale, and wan;
And there alone,
He gazed upon the leaden stream,
And feared to plunge—he heard a scream,
And he was gone.

And then a form in manhood's strength,
Came bustling on, till there, at length,
He saw life's bound.
He shrunk and raised the bitter prayer—
Too late his shriek of wild despair
The waters drowned.
Next stood upon that surgeless shore,
A being bowed with many a score
Of toilsome years.
Earth-bound and sad he left the bank,
Back turned his dimming eye, and rank—
Ah, full of fears.

How bitter must thy waters be,
O Death! How hard a thing, ah me!
It is to die!
I mused—when to that stream again,
Another child of mortal men,
With smiles drew nigh!
"Tis the last pang," he calmly said;
"To me, O Death, thou hast no dread;
Saviour, I come!
Spread but thine arms o'er yonder shore—
I see! ye waters, bear me o'er!
There is my home!"

The Prayer of Habakkuk.
It is said of Dr. Franklin, that during his long residence in Paris, being invited to a party of the nobility, where most of the court and courtiers were present, he produced a great sensation by one of his bold movements, and gained great applause for his ingenuity.
According to the custom of the age and country, the nobles, after the usual ceremonies of the evening were over, sat down to a free and promiscuous conversation. Christianity was then the great topic. The Church was always ridiculed, and the Bible was treated with unsparing severity. Growing warmer and warmer in their sarcastic remarks, one great lord commanded, for a moment, universal attention, by asserting in a round voice, that the Bible was not only a piece of arrant deception, but totally devoid of literary merit. Although the entire company of Frenchmen nodded a hearty assent to the sentence, Franklin gave no signs of approval. Being at that time a court favorite, his companions could not bear even a tacit reproof from a man of his weight and influence. They all appealed to him for his opinion.

Franklin, in one of his peculiar ways, replied, that he was hardly prepared to give them a suitable answer, as his mind had been running on the merits of a new book of rare excellence, which he had just fallen in with at one of the city book stores; and as they had pleased to make allusion to the literary character of the Bible, perhaps it might interest them to compare with that old volume the merits of his new prize. If so, he would read them a short section. All were eager to have the Doctor read a portion of his rare book. In a very grave and sincere manner, he took an old book from his coat pocket, and with propriety of utterance read to them a poem.

The poem had its effect. The admiring listeners pronounced it the best they had ever heard read. "That is pretty," said one. "That is sublimity," said another. "It has not its superior in the world," was the unanimous opinion. They all wished to know the name of the new work, and whether that was a specimen of its contents. "Certainly gentlemen," said the Doctor, smiling at his triumph, "my book is full of such passages. It is no other than your good-for-nothing Bible; and I have read to you the prayer of the prophet Habakkuk."

Let every reader learn wisdom from this incident; and learn to appreciate the unequalled sublimities of the Bible.
"When a stranger treats me with a want of respect," said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself that he slights but my my old and shabby coat and shabby hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to admiration! So, if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; but it is nothing to me."

From Peterson's Magazine.

Making a good Impression.

BY ANNA WILMOT.

Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones was very desirous of making a favorable impression on the mind of a certain young Doctor Jackson, who had recently moved into the village of Flowerdale, and of whom report said many fine things; as, that he was a man of elegant appearance, finished education, single, connected with a highly respectable family, and moreover, worth something handsome.

The girls of Flowerdale were as a matter of course all by the ears—we don't mean quarrelling—about Doctor Jackson. Fanny Tiller, Jane Herbert, and Florence Wilbur, particular friends of Sarah Matilda's had already been introduced to the young physician, and their report was of a decided character. Fanny said he was the most agreeable person she ever met; Jane was in raptures with his person—such splendid eyes and teeth—such a figure—such a carriage—and Florence laughingly declared him to be a perfect beau ideal in every thing.

Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones was the daughter of Jeremiah Jones, a very excellent man, whose "profession," as Sarah called it, was that of saddle and harness maker. He was not rich; neither was he poor. By industry he had been able to accumulate enough to buy himself a comfortable dwelling, and also to build half a dozen houses, the annual income from which did not fall far short of a thousand dollars. His business, to which he devoted himself with commendable industry, yielded him a few hundred dollars above his expenses every year. Mr. Jones was, therefore, in very comfortable circumstances, and getting better off every day. He was a sensible man, and his wife a sensible woman in most of the affairs of life. They gave their daughter, Sarah Matilda, a good education, and had her accomplished in matters of music, dancing, etc., as far as this could be done during a year's sojourn at a boarding school located near the capitol of the state.

From this boarding school the young lady had returned with a few notions on the subjects of love and gentility in advance of those ordinarily held in Flowerdale. All useful employments she considered vulgar. In this view she may be sure that she found very little sympathy at home; where in spite of her new and improved ideas, she was compelled to take her part in the doings of what had to be done, and darn stockings, mend the jackets and trousers of her brothers, and even peel potatoes and turnips, or string the beans and shell the peas, just as things turned up. All this was a serious grief to Sarah Matilda, and a humiliation of her feelings; but Mr. and Mrs. Jones were people of the old school, and it was no use for the modern young lady to make a stand against them. She understood it very well, and did not commit so great a folly as to waste her feelings in the attempt.

In regard to love matters, it happened that Sarah Matilda made the discovery, while in the finishing school to which she had been sent, that young ladies who expected to get good husbands, must make themselves particularly attractive to the young men. The precise manner of doing this had not been laid down; but in general way it was understood that tasteful dressing, agreeable conversation and the exhibition of varied accomplishments, were among the principal means to be employed in winning hearts. Sarah Matilda felt conscious of her power, and only waited a good opportunity for its display. None had been presented until the arrival of Dr. Jackson; for, among the ordinary village beaux, there was not one worth, in her estimation, the trouble of winning, and, therefore, she wasted no attractions upon them.

Dr. Jackson's appearance in the village, however, awakened the young heart of Sarah Matilda from its partial stupor, and she determined, from the first, to make such an impression upon him when they did meet as would place her, in his estimation, far in advance of any other young lady in Flowerdale. Though rather provoking and inopportune circumstances, several weeks elapsed from the time Dr. Jackson opened his office, before an opportunity of meeting him occurred. The occasion which at length presented itself, was that of a party at the house of a friend.

To prepare for this party, was the business of a week. Sarah Matilda thought of little else through the day, and dreamed of nothing else through the night. The great question with her was, how she should dress, so as to make the good impression she desired. The difficulty was to choose from among so many styles presented, something unique, striking and appropriate. To aid in the decision one of the village dress makers was called in to Sarah Matilda's council.

"I want something very elegant," said the young lady. "In fact I must be the belle of the evening, for I'm going to set my cap for Mr. Somebody, and wish to make a good impression."
The mantua maker suggested first one thing and then another, but "no"—"no"—"no"—not attractive enough—"too plain," such like ob-

jections met every proposal. Perceiving, now, the young lady's views in the matter, the dress-maker fell in with them, and between the two something really very striking, though not costly (for plain Mr. Jones had something to say in the matter) was got up. A showy head dress, with rosette's almost as large as cabbages, was next selected, and a few more flowers and bows added to give it the right attraction.

The night of the party at length came. Among the first who arrived was Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones, fully prepared to take the young Doctor's heart by storm. She wore a flashy muslin dress, looped up at the sides and in front with red flowers and rosettes. Her arms were bare, and each wrist was ornamented with a bracelet; one of which she had borrowed from a young friend; said young friend appearing in simple white, and without an ornament, except a few rose buds half hidden among her jetty tresses. From this friend Sarah Matilda also borrowed a large cameo pin, and a pair of heavy ear-rings, both of which she now displayed. From some other source she had been able to get a showy necklace, that had not before glittered in the light of a gay party for years. As to her head dress, we will not venture a description. Language would fail to present it to the mind's eye.

All ready to make a decided and lasting impression, Sarah Matilda came to the party. Her modest friend, a portion of whose jewelry she was now exhibiting, appeared, as had been said, in simple white. Her name was Florence Wilbur. Sarah felt a little sorry for her, when she saw the plainness of her attire, and felt some touches of compunction at having robbed, as she mentally termed it, Florence at down by Sarah's side, and nothing could have been in stronger contrast than the appearance they made.

As guest after guest arrived, Sarah Matilda marked them with quick eyes; and her gratification was extreme, on finding, after the rooms were nearly filled, that she was indeed the belle of the evening, and the observed of all observers. Compared with her every other girl was a mere drab—so she thought—and not dressed well enough to go to church, much less appear at a party.

"I haven't seen the doctor yet!" Sarah Matilda whispered to Florence, who sat still by her side. "I wonder if he isn't coming?"
"There he is," replied Florence, glancing towards the other end of the room.

"Where?" eagerly inquired Sarah.
"He is talking with Mr. Wayland."
"Indeed! Is that him? Oh! what an elegant young man!" And she fixed her eyes languishingly upon the doctor, who was looking steadily at her. In a few minutes he came across the room and spoke to Florence, who introduced him to Sarah Matilda. The latter blushed, simpered, looked interesting—or tried to—and then made an attack upon the young doctor's heart, by a display of her remarkable educational superiority over all the girls in the village. For a time, Florence was thrown in the shade. But that did not trouble her any, for she had not sought the light; and was happy in her own sweet thoughts.

Sarah Matilda felt that she had made a conquest. Dr. Jackson had surrendered at once. And she did not wonder that such should have been the case, all things taken into the account. Attractions such as she presented, were not to be met every day.
For half an hour she held the doctor by the force of her conversational ability, and then let him go, feeling that love's silken cords were around him.

It was not very long afterward that, while sitting near the folding door of the parlor, she heard a voice, the sound of which her ear well remembered, say:

"For Heaven's sake Williams, tell me who that lady is with the head dress and necklace? I don't see her just now, but you know who I mean!"

"The milliner's show figure?"
"Yes. The girl dressed like an opera dancer; who talks like a book, though a shocking bad one."

"That lady is the fascinating Miss Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones. The belle of Flowerdale. Is it possible you haven't met her before?"

"Never had that pleasure."
"She's a character."

"So, I find; though, I may say, not one particularly suited to my fancy. But there is one here who pleases me wonderfully well!"

"Ah. Who is she?"
"That modest flower dropping over the book on the centre-table."
"Florence Wilbur."
"Yes."

"Florence is a charming girl. Though rather retiring I have sometimes thought. If she ever wins a heart, it will not be through design. She is innocent of that."

"I can well believe you. Though I would hardly like to say as much for the fascinating Sarah Matilda Ellen, what do you call her?"
Sarah Matilda heard no more, for the conversation between the two young men ceased at that point.

Coillions were formed soon after; but Sarah Matilda was not to be found when the sets were made up. She had retired in confusion, and at the moment when the dancers formed themselves on the floor, she was in the chamber at home, with her finery scattered in disorder around her, and herself drowned in tears.

Nothing could have more astonished her than the words of the young men. The sneering remarks of the elegant doctor seemed, for a few moments, as if they would drive her mad. How she got out of the brilliantly lighted parlors; or how she found her way home, she could scarcely tell. But Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones was an altered girl from that time. Scales had fallen from her eyes and she saw every object around her in a new light. She had sought to make an impression, and had succeeded; but it was a shocking bad impression; and of this she was too fully sensible to permit a feeling of vanity or even self-complacency to take possession of her mind. She did not meet the doctor again for two months; and then, so changed was she in her whole exterior and manner that he did not know her. In the meantime, he had commenced paying marked attention to Florence, but a hint from a friend that she was engaged, and the wedding day already appointed, caused him to abandon all designs in that quarter. On his second meeting with Sarah Matilda, he found her really an interesting and rather intelligent girl, and ere he guessed who she really was, had permitted himself to feel an interest in her favor.

"Who is that young lady with whom I have been chatting?" he inquired of a friend.

"That is Miss Jones?"

"What Miss Jones?"

"The daughter of old Jeremiah Jones, the saddle and harness maker. Have you forgotten the gay belle of the party?"

"What! Miss Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones?"

"The same."

"It can't be possible?"

"The young lady herself; though, from some cause, wonderfully changed for the better."

"So much changed that I didn't know her. Why as she shows herself now, she is quite a clever girl."

"Her father and mother are sensible people, and she ought, therefore, to have a ground work of good sense in her character. They spoiled her by sending her off to a fashionable boarding school."

"A great many girls are spoiled in that way."
"You may well say that. But I am glad this young damsel has seen her folly, if such be really the case."

In spite of the half contempt Dr. Jackson had felt for Miss Sarah Matilda, he now found himself really interested in her; and as she had received a hint in regard to his views and feelings not soon to be forgotten, she permitted herself to act out herself naturally, and did not go a jot beyond this. The consequence was, that, after meeting her a few times in company, the doctor made bold to call, on which occasion he was more than ever pleased with her, and also pleased with the plain, sensible old gentleman, her father.

The more Sarah Matilda saw of Dr. Jackson, the more fully did she comprehend her mistake at the party. He was a clear-seeing, common sense kind of a man, who read character at a glance, and no more wanted a fine, artificial lady for a wife than he did a fiery young colt to carry him about on his professional visits.

In acting out just what she was, and letting her true character be seen, she made another kind of impression altogether from the one produced on the doctor's mind. As her real self she had power to win him, and she did win him. Long ago they were married; and since that happy day, have enjoyed many a hearty laugh over the recollection of the first meeting at the party.

Do Kingbirds eat Working Bees?

The kingbird has been regarded as one of the greatest enemies of the apiarian, in some situations, from the fact that it is a devourer of bees. Wilson, the ornithologist, suggested that the bird only picked out the drones, and never injured the working bees. Some close observers have come to the same. One writer states that to test the matter, he killed a number of the birds, and though he found many drones in their gizzards, he could find no working bees in them. What has been the observation of others?

Potatoes Mixing at the Root.

A correspondent of an exchange paper wants to know if different kinds of potatoes will mix at the root. It is we suppose, a somewhat common idea among farmers, that different varieties of potatoes, if planted near each other, will intermix, so as to produce new kinds. We are convinced the idea is incorrect. We do not believe it is possible for potatoes to mix in the tubers, any more than different kinds of turnips to mix in the bulbs. No one supposes such a mixture possible in regard to turnips, beets, or carrots. The different varieties may mix, to be sure, but they must mix in the blossom, and the seed produced by the blossoms containing such intermixture, must be planted in order to obtain the new variety thus originated.