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

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From the American Courier.  
**The Fish Hawk, or Osprey.**  
(PANDION CAROLINENSIS.)  
BY JNO. K. TOWNSEND, M. D.

Every one who has spent much time on the coast of New Jersey, is acquainted with the familiar and harmless Fish Hawk. This fine bird makes his appearance on the coast usually about the first week in April, and remains until frost is fairly set in, when he retires to the South, where he finds a more genial climate. His appearance is uniformly hailed with joy by the fishermen of the shore, because they know that his advent indicates the approach of shoals of fish which form their sustenance and continue to enlarge their store. The Fish Hawk is also a universal favorite with the farmers residing near the sea; and it is not unusual at Cape May, for them to encourage him to sojourn on their land, by planting trees of a large kind in their meadows on which to construct his enormous nest. They are aware that the land becomes much richer in the vicinity of these nests, because, from the immense quantity of fish-scales, bones and other offal which fall from it, during the time of feeding their young, the ground is manured for a great distance around the tree, as it is clearly shown by the much more rank vegetation of these parts.

In his disposition, the Osprey is remarkably mild and gentle, never disturbing the domestic fowls, but rather proving a protection to them by his presence, as predatory Hawks, Owls, &c., are intimidated by his great bulk, and fierce look. Audubon states that a person attempting to rob the nest of a Fish Hawk, is in danger from the attacks of the old ones; but this has not been my experience. I have several times, in Cape May, ascended to their nests, have handled, and even taken to the ground their eggs and young, while both the old birds have flown screaming around us without ever appearing to meditate an attack. This probably in consequence of his mildness of temper and the apparent indisposition to defend himself which he evinces on all occasions, that the poor Fish Hawk is fated to suffer from the peevish attacks of the Eagle.

Nuttall states that in some instances the Fish Hawks have been known to combine for the purpose of driving off their inexorable oppressors—but this is undoubtedly incorrect, for the oldest inhabitants of Cape May assured me that they have never observed such a phenomenon. I would not be understood as intimating that my old and valued friend Nuttall, would intentionally depart from the truth in the smallest particular, but I have the highest opinion of his rigid integrity; and he has probably heard this account from one whose object was to deceive him; and with a simplicity which forms one of his prominent characteristics, he has received it all as gospel truth.

It is not at all uncommon for travelling naturalists to be deceived in matters of this sort. The relations of these marvels think it an excellent joke to humbug the "lazy good-for-nothing fellows" that go about the country hunting birds, bugs, and plants and add rejoice over it greatly in company with their pot companions, as they loll about the taverns in the evening.

The food of the Osprey consists exclusively of fish, and few of the coast exhibitions are more interesting than his gyrations in the air, and manoeuvres to catch his prey. He is easily recognizable even when far off, by his unusual form, and peculiar curvature of wing: while his loud, strident scream may be heard from a great distance. At all times of the day he may be seen sailing over the water with his head turning downward, and his keen eye scanning the liquid element. When a fish is seen swimming near the surface, he poises himself over it, often at a great height in the air, and after spending a moment in quivering his wings and tail, closes his pinions and darts headlong into the deep, often disappearing for a moment beneath the waves. If he should miss his prey—which, however, rarely happens—he again rises and sails quietly on, soon to renew his attempt upon another quarry.

It is a singular fact, and one, I believe, not hitherto noticed in works on Ornithology, that he is never known to take a fish except he find it swimming in the water; and although the shore may be strewn with them by the fishermen when engaged in drawing their seines they are perfectly safe from the depredations of the Fish Hawk. If fired at, or otherwise frightened when bearing his prey in his talons, he uniformly drops his fish, but never by any chance does he descend for it, preferring to supply himself, as before, from headquarters. The size of the fish captured and bore away is sometimes enormous. Those weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds, are not unfrequently secured, but some few instances have occurred in which the bold fisher has "caught a tartar," by seizing in his talons a fish of such size and weight that he is utterly incapable of rising with it. In this case the biter and the bitten are usually sacrificed, the first by being drowned, and the second by his inability to free himself from the deadly gripe which has been fixed upon him.

The nests of these birds are seen in great abundance all along the sea coast of New Jersey; and so plentiful are they in the vicinity of Cape May I have myself counted seven in view at the same time. Unlike most other birds, they appear at all times to live at peace with their own species; the males having no quarrels with each other, even at the season of breeding. It is not therefore unusual to see three or more nests in the same field, where there are suitable trees on which to place them. These nests are most enormous structures, built exteriorly of large sticks, intermingled with matted sea-weed, and lined with grasses. The same nest serves the pair for a great number, [for the attachment of the male to the female continues through life, and is not, except in case of an accident to one of them, renewed annually,] and is carefully repaired and added to, each season. By these means it becomes so large, after the lapse of some years, as to "fill a cart, and form no inconsiderable load for a horse." It is not an uncommon circumstance for the King bird, and Purple Grackle, or Crow Black-bird, (*Quiscalus versicolor*), to fix their nests between the twigs which form the exterior of the Fish Hawk's abode; and here these small birds will lay their eggs, and raise their young brood, perfectly unmolested by the hawks within, and apparently under their protection. So much attached do the inhabitants of the sea coast become to the Fish Hawks which reside on their plantations, that on no account will they allow of one being killed: and this is not surprising, for in addition to the entire harmlessness of the bird, and its utility, arising from the manuring of the soil, they are accustomed to see the same pair occupying a favorite tree, year after year, and frequently recognize them by some observable mark, or individual peculiarity. They thus, when the proper season approaches, accustom themselves to look for and expect them, and when they arrive, they are hailed as old friends, and treated accordingly.

Some years since, when at Cape May, I was desirous of procuring a pair—male and female—as specimens for my cabinet; but in some consonance of the wishes of the people of the vicinity, I felt myself compelled to go several miles, to one of the uninhabited beaches, for the purpose. I there shot two avoiding the breaking up of more than one family, by killing both the old ones.

A highly respectable gentleman, then a resident of the lower part of New Jersey, once related to me an anecdote of the Fish Hawk, which, I think, possesses peculiar interest. By some chance, one of a pair of these birds which had long occupied a tree on his farm, was killed, and that too at the commencement of season; or before preliminary business of repairing the old nest had been attended to. The mate seemed inconsolable for some days, sitting listlessly about the tree near the nest, and not once visiting the water in search of food. One morning he observed some fifteen or twenty of the Hawks collected around the spot, and among them he recognized the surviving proprietor of the nest. The whole company seemed to be consulting together upon an important subject; there was a great deal of flying around, accompanied by almost incessant squealing. After perhaps several hours spent in this way all the birds retired excepting only the widowed one, who remained, as before, perched near the nest. Soon she flew off, sailing high in the air, in circles, for a short time, and finally heading toward the South, she was soon lost to sight. The gentleman who had been watching these manoeuvres, thought she had left the neighborhood entirely, but what was his pleasure, on the third day thereafter to see the poor bird return, accompanied by another, both of whom flew straight to the nest, and lighted on its edge. In a few minutes all the Hawks in the vicinity again congregated, and as before the circling and squealing were repeated, even more vociferously than at first. This lasted an hour or two, when the guests departed, and the newly united pair remained, and immediately commenced to get the nest ready for the reception of the expected brood.

"My friend calls this 'The Marriage of the Fish Hawks.'"

## The Fortunes of a Country Girl.

A SELECTED STORY.

One day, I will not say how many years ago—for I intend to be very mysterious for a time with my readers—a young woman stepped from a country wagon that had just arrived at the yard gate of the famous Chelsea inn, the Goat and Compasses, a name formed by corrupting time out of the pious original, "God encompasseth us." The young woman seemed about the age of eighteen, and was decently dressed, though in the very plainest rustic fashion of the times. She was well formed and well looking, both form and looks giving indications of the ruddy health consequent upon the exposure to the sun and air of the country. After stepping from the wagon, which the driver immediately led into the court-yard, the girl stood for a moment in apparent uncertainty whether to go, when the mistress of the inn, who had come to the door, observed her hesitation, and asked her to enter and take a rest. The young woman readily obeyed the invitation, and soon, by the kindness of the landlady, found herself by the fireside of a nicely-sanded parlour, with wherewithal to refresh herself after her long and tedious journey.

"And so, my poor girl," said the landlady, after having heard, in return for her kindness, the whole particulars of the young woman's situation and history, "so thou hast come all this way to seek service, and hast no friend but John Hodge, the waggoner? Truly, he is likely to give thee but small help, wench, towards getting a place." "Is service then difficult to be had?" asked the young woman, sadly. "Ah, marry, good situations, at least, are somewhat hard to find. But have a good heart, child," said the landlady, and, as she continued, she looked around her with an air of pride and dignity; "thou see'st what I have come to, myself, and I left the country a young thing, just like thyself, with as little to look to. But 'tisn't every one, for certain, that must look for such a fortune, and, in any case, it must first be wrought for. I showed myself a good servant, before my poor old Jacob, heaven rest his soul, made me mistress of the Goat and Compass. So mind thee, girl—" The landlady's speech might have gone on a long way, for the dame loved well the sound of her own tongue, but for the interruption occasioned by the entrance of a gentleman, whom the landlady rose and welcomed heartily. "Ha! dame," said the new comer, who was a stout respectably attired person of middle age, "how sells the good ale? Scarcely a drop left in thy cellar, I hope?" "Enough left to give your worship a draught after your long walk," said the landlady, as she rose to fulfil the promise implied in her words. "I walked not," was the gentleman's return, "but took a pair of oars, dame, down the river. Thou know'st I always come to Chelsea myself to see if thou lackest anything." "Ay, sir," replied the landlady, "and it is by that way doing business that you have made yourself, as all the city says, the richest man in the Brewers' Corporation, if not in all London itself." "Well, dame, the better for me if it is so," said the brewer with a smile; "but let us have thy mug, and this quiet pretty friend of thine shall pleasure us, may-hap, by tasting with us."

The landlady was not long in producing a stoup of ale, knowing that her visitor never set an example hurtful to his own interests by countenancing the consumption of foreign spirits. "Right, hostess," said the brewer, when he had tasted it, "well made and well kept, and 'tis giving both thee and me our dues. Now, pretty one," said he, filling one of the measures or glasses which had been placed beside the stoup, "wilt thou drink this to thy sweetheart's health?" The poor country girl to whom this was addressed declined the proffered drink, and with a blush; but the landlady exclaimed, "Come, silly wench, drink his worship's health; he is more likely to do thee a service, if it so please him, than John the waggoner. The girl has come many a mile," continued the hostess, "to seek a place in town, that she may burden her family no more at home." "To seek service!" exclaimed the brewer; "why, then, it is perhaps well met with us. Has she brought a character with her, or can you speak for her, dame?" "She has never yet been from home, sir, but her face is her character," said the kind-hearted landlady; "I warrant me she will be a diligent and trusty one." "Upon thy prophecy, hostess, will I take her into my own service; for but yesterday was my house-keeper complaining of the want of help, since this deputyship brought me more into the way of entertaining the people of the ward."

Ere the wealthy brewer and deputy left the Goat and Compasses, arrangements were made for sending the country girl to his house in the city on the following day. Proud of having done a kind action, the garrulous hostess took advantage of the circumstance to deliver an immensely long harangue to the young woman on her new duties, and on the dangers to which youth is exposed in large cities. The girl heard her benefactor with modest thankfulness, but a more minute observer than the good landlady might have seen in the eye and counte-

nance of the girl a quiet firmness of expression, such as might have induced the cutting short of the lecture. However, the landlady's lecture did end, and towards the evening of the day following her arrival at the Goat and Compasses, the youthful rustic found herself installed as housemaid in the dwelling of the rich brewer.

The fortunes of this girl, it is our purpose to follow. The first change in her condition which took place subsequent to that related, was her elevation to the post of housekeeper in the brewer's family. In this situation she was brought more than formerly into contact with her master, who found ample grounds for admiring her propriety of conduct, as well as her skillful economy of management. By degrees he began to find her presence necessary to his happiness; and being a man of both honourable and independent mind, he at length offered her his hand. It was accepted; and she, who but four or five years before had left her country home barefooted, became the wife of one of the richest citizens of London.

For many years Mr. Aylesbury, for such was the name of the brewer, and his wife, lived in happiness and comfort together. He was a man of good family and connexions, and consequently of higher breeding than his wife could boast of, but on no occasion had he ever to blush for the partner whom he had chosen. Her calm, inborn strength, if not dignity, of character, conjoined with an extreme quickness of perception, made her fill her place at her husband's table with as much grace and credit as if she had been born to the station. And as time ran on, the respectability of Mr. Aylesbury's position received a gradual increase. He became an alderman, and, subsequently, a sheriff of the city, and in consequence of the latter elevation, was knighted. Afterwards—and now a part of the mystery projected at the commencement of this story, must be broken in upon, in as far as time is concerned—afterwards, the important place which the wealthy brewer filled in the city, called down upon him the attention and favor of the king, Charles I., then anxious to conciliate the good-will of the citizens, and the city knight received the farther honour of a baronetcy.

Lady Aylesbury, in the first years of her married life, gave birth to a daughter, who proved an only child, and round whom, as was natural, all the hopes and wishes of the parents entwined themselves. This daughter had only reached the age of seventeen when her father died, leaving an immense fortune behind him. It was at first thought that the widow and her daughter would become inheritors of this without the shadow of a dispute. But it proved otherwise. Certain relatives of the deceased brewer set up a plea upon the foundation of a will made in their favour before the deceased had become married. With her wonted firmness, Lady Aylesbury immediately took steps for the vindication of her own and her child's rights. A young lawyer, who had been a frequent guest at her husband's table, and of whose abilities she had formed a high opinion, was the person whom she fixed upon as the legal assertor of her cause. Edward Hyde was, indeed, a youth of great ability. Though only twenty-four years of age at the period referred to, and though he had spent much of his youthful time in the society of the gay and fashionable of the day, he had not neglected the pursuits to which his family's wish, as well as his own tastes, had devoted him. But it was with considerable hesitation, and with a feeling of anxious diffidence, that he consented to undertake the charge of Lady Aylesbury's case; for certain strong, though unseen and unacknowledged sensations, were at work in his bosom, to make him fearful of the responsibility, and anxious about the result.

The young lawyer, however, became counsel for the brewer's widow and daughter, and, by a striking exertion of eloquence, and display of legal ability, gained their suit. Two days afterwards, the successful pleader was seated beside his two clients. Lady Aylesbury's manner was quiet and composed, but she now spoke warmly of her gratitude to the preserver of her daughter from want, and also, tendered a fee—a payment munificent, indeed, for the occasion. The young barrister did not seem at ease during Lady Aylesbury's expression of her feelings. He shifted upon his chair, changed colour, looked to Miss Aylesbury, played with the purse before him, tried to speak, but stopped short, and changed colour again. Thinking only of best expression her own gratitude, Lady Aylesbury appeared not to observe her visitor's confusion, but rose, saying, "In token that I hold your services above compensation in the way of money, I wish also to give you a memorial of my gratitude in another shape." As she spoke thus, she drew a bunch of keys from the pocket which every lady carried in those days, and left the room.

What passed during her absence between the parties whom she had left together, will be best shown by the result. When Lady Aylesbury returned, she found her daughter standing with averted eyes, but with her hand in that of Edward Hyde, who knelt on the mother's

entrance, and besought her consent to their union. Explanations of the feelings which the parties entertained for each other ensued, and Lady Aylesbury was not long in giving the desired consent. "Give me leave, however," said she to the lover, "to place around your neck the memorial which I intended for you. The chain,"—it was a superb gold one—"was a token of gratitude from the ward in which he lived, to my dear husband." Lady Aylesbury's calm and serious eyes were filled with tears as she threw the chain round Edward's neck, saying, "These links were born on the neck of a worthy and an honoured man. May you, my beloved son, attain to still higher honours."

The wish was fulfilled, though not until danger and suffering had tried severely the parties concerned. The son-in-law of Lady Aylesbury became an eminent member of the English bar, and also an important speaker in parliament. When Oliver Cromwell brought the king to the scaffold, and established the Commonwealth, Sir Edward Hyde—for he had held a government post, and had been knighted, was too prominent a member of the royalist party to escape the enmity of the new rulers, and was obliged to reside upon the continent till the Restoration. While abroad, he was so much esteemed by the exiled prince (afterwards Charles II.) as to be appointed Lord High Chancellor of England, which appointment was confirmed when the king was restored to his throne. Some years afterwards, Hyde was elevated to the peerage, first in the rank of baron, and subsequently as Earl of Clarendon, a title which he made famous in English history.

These events, so briefly narrated, occupied a large space of time, during which Lady Aylesbury passed her days in quiet and retirement. She had now the gratification of beholding her daughter Countess of Clarendon, and of seeing the grand-children who had been born to her, mingling as equals with the noblest in the land. But a still more exalted fate awaited the descendants of the poor friendless girl who had come to London, in search of service, in a wagoner's van. Her grand-daughter, Anna Hyde, a young lady of spirit, wit and beauty, had been appointed, while her family staid abroad, one of the maids of honour to the Princess of Orange, and in that situation had attracted so strongly the regards of James, Duke of York, and brother of Charles II., that he contracted a private marriage with her. The birth of a child forced on a public announcement of this contract, and ere long the grand-daughter of Lady Aylesbury was openly received by the royal family, and the people of England, as Duchess of York, and sister-in-law of the sovereign.

Lady Aylesbury did not long survive this event. But ere she dropped into the grave, at a ripe old age, she saw her descendants heirs presumptive of the British crown. King Charles had married, but had no legitimate issue, and, accordingly, his brother's family had the prospect and the right of succession. And, in reality, two immediate descendants of the barefooted country girl did ultimately fill the throne—Mary (wife of William III.) and Queen Anna, princesses both of illustrious memory.

Such were the fortunes of the young woman whom the worthy landlady of the Goat and Compasses was fearful of encouraging to rash hopes by a reference to the lofty position which it had been her own fate to attain in life. In one assertion, at least, the hostess was undoubtedly right—that success in life must be laboured for in some way or other. Without the prudence and propriety of conduct which won the esteem and love of the brewer, the sequel of the country girl's history could not have been such as it was.

## An American Doctress.

The medical community of Paris has been set a-talking by the arrival in this city of the celebrated American doctress, Miss Blackwell. The lady has quite bewildered the learned faculty by her diploma, all in due form; authorizing her to dose and bleed and amputate with the best of them. Some of them are certain that Miss Blackwell is a socialist of the most furious class, and that her undertaking is the entering wedge to systematic attack on society by the fair sex. Others who have seen her say that there is nothing very alarming in her manner, that on the contrary she appears modest and unassuming and talks reasonably on other subjects. The ladies attack her in their turn. One of them said to me the other day, "Oh it is too horrid; I'm sure I never could touch her hand! Only to think those long fingers of hers had been cutting up people?" I have seen the doctor in question, and must say in fairness, that her appearance is quite prepossessing. She is young and rather good looking; her manner indicates great energy of character; and she seems to have entered on her singular career from motives of duty & encouraged by respectable ladies at Cincinnati. After about ten days' hesitation on the part of the directors of the Hospital of Maternity, she has at last received the permission to enter that Institution as a pupil.—Paris Cor.