

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 10.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1849.

No. 12.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 75 cents per year, extra. No papers of discontinuance until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

Printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms AT THE OFFICE OF THE **Jeffersonian Republican.**

The Marriage Crucible.

A THRILLING TALE OF HIGH AND LOW LIFE.

[Those of our readers who have ever seen acted or read that beautiful modern drama of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, "The Lady of Lyons," need look no farther than the following sketch for its foundation.]

I was born in one of those little hamlets situated in the neighborhood of Montelmar, in the south of France. My father had made many a fruitless effort to raise himself above indigence. His last resource in his old age arose from the exercise of a talent which he had acquired in his youth, that of bellows-mending. This, too, was the humble profession which I was destined to follow. Being endowed by nature with quick and lively faculties, both of mind and body, I soon grew skillful in my trade, and having an ambitious spirit, set off for Lyons, to prosecute my calling there. I was so far successful that I became a great favorite with the chamber-maids, who were my chief employers, and whom my good looks and youth interested in my favor.

One evening, however, as I was returning home after my day's round, I was accosted by four well dressed young men, who threw out a few pleasantries on my profession, which I answered in a style of good-humored raillery that seemed to surprise and please them. I saw them look significantly at each other, and heard one of them say, "This is our man." The words alarmed me, but my fears were speedily dispelled. "Rouperon," said one, "you shall sup with us. We have a scheme which may do you good. If you do not agree to it we shall not harm you, but only ask you to keep our secret. Do not be afraid, but come with us."

Seeing all of them to be gentlemen in appearance I did not hesitate to accept the offer. They conducted me through a number of cross-streets, and at last entered a handsome house, in an apartment of which we found six other young men, who appeared to have been waiting impatiently for my conductors. A few explanatory words passed respecting me, and soon afterwards we sat down to supper. Being young, thoughtless, and lighthearted, I gave way to the enjoyment of the hour, and vented a succession of pleasantries which seemed highly to please my chance companions. But they all grew silent and thoughtful ere long, and finally one of them addressed me thus: "The ten persons whom you see before you, are all engravers and citizens of Lyons. We are all in good circumstances, and make a very handsome living by our occupation. We are all attached to each other, and formed a happy society till love stepped in to disturb us. In the street of St. Dominio there lives a picture merchant, a man of respectable station, but otherwise an ordinary personage. He has, however, a daughter, a creature possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace, but all whose amiable qualities are shaded by one defect—pride, insupportable pride. As an example of the way in which this feeling has led her to treat others, I will own that I myself paid my addresses to her, and was approved of by her father, as one by birth and circumstances much their superior. But what was the answer which the insolent girl gave to my suit? "Do you think, sir, that a young woman like me was born for nothing better than to be the wife of an engraver?"

"Her great charms and her pride have been equally felt by us all," continued the speaker, "and we hold that she has cast a slur on us and our profession. We, therefore, have resolved to show this disdainful girl that she has indeed been born to the honor of being the wife of an engraver.—Now, will you (addressing me) venture to become the husband of a charming woman who, to attain perfection, wants only to have her pride mortified and her vanity punished?" "Yes," answered I, spurred on by the excitement of the moment; "I will fulfil it in such a manner that you shall have no reason to blush for your pupil."

The three months that followed this strange scene were wholly occupied with preparations for the part I was to perform. Preserving the strictest possible secrecy, my confederates did their best to transform me from a plain bellows-mender into a fine gentleman. Bathing, hair-dressers, &c., bro't my person to a fitting degree of regnement, while every day one of the engravers devoted himself to the task of teaching me music, drawing, and other accomplishments; and nature had furnished me with a disposition to study, and a memory so retentive that my friends were astonished at the progress of their disciple. Thoughtless of all else, I felt the deepest delight in acquiring

these new rudiments of education. But the time came when I was to be made sensible, for the first time, of the true nature of the task I had entered upon. The confederates at length thought me perfect, and in the character of the rich Marquis de Rouperon, proprietor of large estates in Dauphiny, I was installed in the first hotel in Lyons. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture-dealer in St. Dominio street. I made few purchases from him, and seemed anxious to purchase more. After a little intercourse of this kind he sent me word one morning that he had received a superb collection of engravings from Rome, and begged me to call and see them, I did so, and was not received by him, but by Aurora. This was the first sight I had got of that lovely girl, and for the first time in my life my young and palpitating heart felt the power of beauty. A new world unfolded itself to my eyes; I soon forgot my borrowed part; one sentiment absorbed my soul, one idea enchained my faculties. The fair Aurora perceived her triumph, and seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expressions of passion which escaped my lips. That interview fixed my destiny forever! The intoxication of enjoying her presence hurried me on, blind to every thing else. For several months I saw her every day, and enjoyed a state of happiness only damped by the self-accusing torments of solitary hours, and by the necessity I was under of regularly meeting my employers, who furnished me with money, jewels, and every thing I could require. At length Aurora's father gave a little fete in the country, of which I was evidently the hero. A moment occurred, in which, thoughtless of all but my love, I threw myself a suitor at her feet. She heard me with modest dignity, while a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only emotion which agitated her heart; yes, I discovered that I was beloved!

I was an imposter, but heaven is my witness I deceived her not without remorse. In her presence I remembered nothing but herself; but in the stillness of solitude, sophistry and passion disappeared, leaving a dreadful perspective before me. When I associated the idea of Aurora with the miserable fate which was soon to fall upon her delicate hands, employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment, I shrank back with horror, or started up covered with cold perspiration. But self-love would come to my aid, and I thought if she truly loved me she might yet be happy. I would devote my life, I swore, to the task of strewn flowers along her path. But all my hopes, all my fears, cannot be told. Suffice it to say, that her father believed me when I represented my estates as being in Dauphiny, a distant province. I would not allow a farthing of Aurora's portion to be settled otherwise than on herself.—So there was one baseness of which I was not guilty.

We were married. At the altar, a shivering ran through all my veins, a general trepidation seized my whole frame, and I should infallibly have sunk to the earth in a flood of tears had not some one come to my rescue. The silly crowd around mistook the last cry of expiring virtue for an excess of sensibility.

A fortnight after the marriage, as had been arranged by my employers, at whose mercy I was, we started for Montelmar, my unfortunate bride believing that we were going to a far different place. Several of the engravers were themselves our attendants, disguised and acting as courtiers to our magnificent equipage. The awful moment of exposure arrived; and when it did come, it proved more terrible than ever I had anticipated. The engravers made the carriage be drawn up before a mean and miserable cottage, at the door of which sat my humble but venerable father.—Now came the awful disclosure. The poor, deceived, and surprised Aurora was handed out.—The engravers came up; they pulled off their disguises; and he whom Aurora had so pointedly refused, exclaimed to her, "No, madam, no, you have not been born or brought up to marry an engraver; such a lot would have done too much honor to you. A bellows-mender is worthy of you, and such is he whom you have made your husband!" Trembling and boiling with rage, I would have replied, but the engravers entered the coach, and like the shifting of a scene in the theatre, all our grandeur disappeared with them.

Poor Aurora scarcely heard what had been said. The truth had flashed upon her, and she sank back in a swoon. Recollect that I had now acquired a considerable share of sensibility, and delicacy from my late life. At that cruel moment I trembled alike at the thought of losing the woman I adored and of seeing her restored to life. I lavished on her the most tender cares, yet almost wished that those cares might be unavailing. She recovered at length her senses, but the moment her frenzied eyes met mine, "Monster!" she exclaimed, and was again insensible. I profited by her condition to remove her from the sight of those who had gathered around, and to place her on a humble straw couch. Here I remained beside her till she opened her eyes; mine shrank from her glance. The first use she made of speech was to interrupt the broken exclamations of love, shame and remorse which fell from my lips, and to beg to be left alone for a time. The niece of the curate of the parish, however, who chanced to be by, remained beside her, and the poor young victim of my villainy, for she was but eighteen, seemed glad of her attentions.

How shall I describe the horrible night which I then passed! It was not on my own account that I suffered or feared. She alone was in my thoughts. I dreaded above all, for my love was still predom-

inant, to see that heart alienated whose tenderness was necessary to my existence, to read dependence on that eye on whose look my peace depended. But could it be otherwise! That night was a punishment which would almost have wiped out any lesser sin. Frequently, it may be believed, I sent to know how Aurora was: She was calm, they told me; and indeed, to my surprise she entered in the morning the room where I was. She was pale, but collected. I fell before her on the floor and spoke not. "You have deceived me," she said, "it is on your future conduct that my forgiveness must depend. Do not take advantage of the authority you have usurped. The niece of the curate has offered me an asylum. There I will remain till this matter can be thought of calmly."

Alas! these were soothing but deceitful words! Within a day or two after this event, the interval of which was spent in forming wild hopes for the future, I received at once two letters. The first was from the engravers, the cause of my triumph and my fall. They wrote to me that my acquaintance had begot in them a friendship for me; that they had each originally subscribed a certain sum for the execution of their plot; and that they would supply me with money and every thing necessary for entering into some business, and ensuring the creditable support of myself and Aurora. The other letter was from Aurora. "Some remains of pity," she said, "which I feel for you, notwithstanding your conduct, induces me to inform you that I am in Lyons. It is my intention to enter a convent, which will rid me of your presence; but you will do well to hold yourself in readiness to appear before every tribunal in France, till I have found one which will do me justice, and break the chain in which you have bound your victim."

This letter threw me into despair. I hurried to the curate's hut but could hear nothing of Aurora's retreat, although I became assured that the curate and his niece, despising my condition, had been urgent advisers of the step Aurora had taken. I then hastened to Lyons, where the affair had now created quite an excitement, and saw only the engravers, who, notwithstanding the base plot which they had through me effected, were men of not ungenerous dispositions. As they had driven me out of my former means of livelihood, I considered myself at liberty to accept a sum which they offered me to enter into trade with. They advised me how to dispose of it at once, and I laid it out in a way which speedily and without trouble to me augmented it greatly. Meanwhile, the father of Aurora had made every preparation for annulling the marriage. This could only be done by public detailing the treachery which had been practised. Never, perhaps, was a court house more crowded than that of Lyons on the day on which the case was heard. Aurora herself appeared and riveted the eyes of all present, not to speak of my own. Unknown and unseen, I shrank into a corner like a guilty thing. The counsel for Aurora stated the case, and pleaded the victim's cause with so much eloquence as to draw tears from many eyes. No counsel arose for me, and Aurora, who merely sought a divorce without desiring to inflict that punishment she might easily have brought down on the offenders, would have at once gained the suit, had not one arisen for me. It was one of the engravers—the one who had been refused, as mentioned, by Aurora. He made a brief pleading for me—he praised my character—he showed and confessed how I had been tempted, and how I fell. At last he concluded by addressing Aurora. "Yes, madam," said he, the laws may declare that you are not his wife, but you have been the wife of his bosom! The contract may be annulled, and no stain may rest upon you; but a stain may be cast upon another. Can you, will you throw the blot of illegitimacy upon one even more innocent than yourself?" The appeal was understood, and was not made in vain. The trembling Aurora exclaimed, "No, no!" and the tears fell fast as she spoke.

The marriage was not annulled—was no longer sought to be annulled. But while the contract (which I had signed with my own name, believed by them to be the family name of Marquis de Rouperon) was declared valid, and it was also determined that Aurora should remain unmolested by the adventurer who had so far deceived her. Every legal precaution was taken that I should have no control over her affairs. After this event I did not remain long in Lyons, where I heard my name branded everywhere with infamy. Master, by the means I have related, of a considerable sum, I went to Paris, where I assumed a foreign name, I entered business, and more to drown remembrance than from any other cause, pursued it with ardor which few have evinced in the like circumstances. The wildest speculations were those which attracted me most, and fortune favored me in a most remarkable way. I became the head of a flourishing commercial house, and ere five years had passed away, had amassed considerable wealth. At times however, the remembrance of my wife threw me into fits of anguish and despair; I dared not think, nevertheless, of attempting to go near her, until it chanced that I had it in my power materially to serve a banker in Lyons, and on this occasion with an equipage which was not borrowed, though as handsome as my former one. My friend the banker, on being questioned told me that Aurora still lived in the convent, and was admired for her propriety of conduct, and for her unremitting attention to her child, her boy; but he told me that her father had just died, leaving her almost dependent on the charity of the abbess. This recital excited in me the most lively emotions. I took an opportunity afterwards of one of the engravers, who scarcely knew me, changed as I was, but who received me warm-

ly. I requested him to assemble the creditors of the father of Aurora, and to pay his debts giving him funds for that purpose. I told him also to purchase some pieces of furniture which I knew to be prized by Aurora.

Every hour of my stay in Lyons strengthened my desire to see my wife, and at least to fold my boy in my arms. The feeling became at length irresistible, and I revealed myself to the banker, beseeching him to find some way of taking me to the convent. His astonishment to find in me the much-spoken bellows-mender, was beyond description. Happily however he was acquainted with the abbess, and assured me that it was easy at least to obtain a sight at my wife. Ere an hour had passed away my friend had taken me there. I was introduced as a Parisian merchant, and beheld with emotions unspeakable, my wife seated in the convent parlor, with a lovely child asleep on her knee, in conversation with her venerable friend. Aurora now twenty three years of age seemed to me more lovely than ever. I had purposely wrapt myself closely up, and she knew me not, though I perceived an involuntary start when she first saw me, as if my presence reminded her of some once familiar object. I could not speak; my friend maintained all the conversation. But the boy awoke. He saw strangers present, and descended from his mother's knee. Looking at myself and my friend for a moment, he came forward to me. Oh! What were my feelings when I found myself covered with the sweet caresses, the innocent kisses of my child! An emotion which I had no power to subdue, made me rise hastily, and threw myself with my child in my arms at the feet of my pale and trembling wife. "Aurora! Aurora!" I exclaimed in broken accents, "your child claims from you a father! Oh, pardon! pardon!" The child clasped her knees and seemed to plead with me. Aurora seemed ready to faint. Her lips quivered and her eye was fixed as if in stuper upon me; a flow of tears came to her relief, and she answered my appeal by throwing herself into my arms. "I know not," she sobbed, "whether you again deceive me, but your child pleads too powerfully! Aurora is yours!"

This event closes my history. I found Aurora much improved by adversity, and have tasted a degree of happiness with her such as no penitence for the past could ever make me deserving of.—One only incident in my history after my reconciliation with Aurora seems to be worthy of attention. I took my son and her with me to Paris, but at the same time, seeing it to be my wife's wish, bought a small country house for her near Lyons. Sometimes we spent a few weeks there, and on one occasion she invited me to go down with her to be present at a fete for which she had made preparations. Who were our guests?—The ten engravers who were the original cause of all that passed! It was indeed a day of pride to me, when I heard Aurora thank them for the happiness which under the agency of a wonderful Providence, they had been the means of conferring on her.

The Tempest.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I was never a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes of either human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of the battle, and the swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents in the air. I have seen those things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that reeked no danger; but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called pride to my aid—I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but it avails me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks, quivers and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a little cousin—a girl of the same age as myself, who had been the constant companion of my youth. Strange, that after the lapse of many years, that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can see the bright young creature—her eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheeks glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded over the wooded hill, or fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her little hands in the ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a free nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and gladly I became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censor of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods; the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations; the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed a cloud of roses scattered down by the hands of a Peri, from the afar off garden of Paradise.

The green earth and the blue sea lay round in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them. The little creature at my side in a delirium of happiness, and her clear sweet voice came wringing upon the

air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility of the day continued until near noon. Then for the first time the indication of an approaching tempest was manifest. On the summit of a mountain, at a distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and at the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled on like a banner unfolded upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm, and the leaves as motionless, as before; and there was not a quiver among the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and rugged precipice. Here we stood and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds marshalling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was so frequent, and every burst was so fearful, that the young creature who stood by me, shut her eyes convulsively, and clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break.

A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger towards the precipice that towered over us. I looked, and saw an amethystine peak! And the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible, I cannot tell—but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds was dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of thunder came in faint murmurs from the eastern hills.

I rose and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around. She was there—the dear idol of my infant love—stretched upon the green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of her death had been. At first, I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed upon her face almost with feelings of calmness. Her bright disheveled hair clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured there; the red rose tinge upon her cheeks was lovely as in life, and as I pressed it to my own, the fountains of tears were opened, and I wept as if my heart were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed—I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming twilight, and I was taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow, but scenes I have portrayed, still come over me at times with a terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice; but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk looking upwards to the sky, as if calling to the clouds for drink, is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. A year ago I visited the spot and thoughts of bygone years came mournfully back to me. I thought of the little innocent being who fell by my side like some beautiful tree of Spring, rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of blossoming. But I remember—and O! there was joy in the memory!—that she had gone where no lightning slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlight waters are broken only by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief to me—my fears have assumed the nature of an instinct, and seem indeed a part of my existence.

American Butter.

We cut the following paragraph from the Scientific American. The subject is one worthy of the closest attention:

The Genesee Farmer, speaking of American butter in England, says that by foreign accounts, it is not so well packed or made as the Irish or the Dutch, and a great quantity of it has to be sold for grease, as being unfit for use. We believe the evil of this does not so much lie in the packing as in the way of collecting the cream. To make good butter the milk should never be turned when the cream is taken off. Let care be exercised in this respect, and then we will always have sweet butter from sweet cream. Or let the milk be churned without skimming—the way in which the best butter is produced. It would be well to pack the butter firkins inside of larger firkins, filled between with salt.

The Western Corn Crop fully makes up for the deficiency in the wheat crop. The Cincinnati Gazette says the yield of Indian corn in that State is abundant. It has been estimated that the valley of Paint Creek, within the space of 25 miles from the mouth of that stream, has produced nearly two millions of bushels of maize. Similar accounts, both as to the quantity and quality of the corn crop, reach us from all the rich valleys in the West.

A Snake Story.

An old Deacon in Yankee land, once told us a good story. He was standing beside a frog pond—we have his word for it—and saw a large garter snake make an attack on an enormous bull frog. The snake seized one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of either of them!