

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## The Dawn of Love.

A maiden stood,  
In thoughtful mood,  
Beside a mountain stream;  
Her heart went pit, and then went pat,  
So strangely—you would reason that  
She must be in a dream.

And at her side,  
In manly pride,  
A youth was whispering low;  
His heart went pat, and then went pit,  
So strangely—you would think that it  
Could never flutter so

A willing ear,  
A trickling tear,  
Was all the maiden gave;  
While hearts went pit, and then went pat,  
So strangely—you would reason that  
The subject must be grave.

An instant more,  
All doubt was o'er,  
A voice from Heaven above  
Had soothed each pitting, patting heart,  
Declared they never more should part,  
And—'twas the Dawn of love

One of the boys indites the following to his lady-love:

And when the reverend sir shall say,  
"My son take thou this daughter!"  
I'd answer him in fearless tone,  
"I shan't do nothin' shorter!"

"Will you my son support and nourish  
This flower I give to thee!"  
I'd give my white kid gloves a flourish,  
And answer, "Yes Sir-ee!"

## Taking Toll.

The St. Louis Reveille is publishing a tale, purporting to give some adventures in the life of a young physician, from which we take the following extract:

A snow had fallen, the young folks of the village got up a grand sleighing party to a country tavern at some distance; and the interesting Widow Lambkin sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo robe with myself.

"Oh, oh—don't!" she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face towards me, while her little eyes twinkled through the gauze in the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked, "I'm not doing anything."

"Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," replied Mrs. Lambkin.

"Toll!" I rejoined, "what's that?"

"Now, do tell!" exclaimed the widow, her clear laugh ringing above the music of the bells.

"Dr. Mellows pretends that he don't know what toll is."

"Indeed, I don't then," I said laughing in turn.

"Don't know that the gentlemen when they go a sleighing, claim a kiss as toll when they cross a bridge! Well, I never!"

But shall I tell it all! The struggles of the widow to hold the veil were not sufficient to tear it, and somehow, when the veil was removed, her face was turned directly towards my own, and the snow glistening in the moonlight, and the horse trotting on of himself, the toll was taken for the first time in the life of Dr. Mellows.

Soon we came to a long bridge, but the widow said it was no use to resist, and she paid up as soon as we reached it.

"But you won't take toll of every span, will you doctor?" she asked, to which the only reply was, a practical negative to the question.

Did you ever, reader, sleigh-ride with a widow, and take toll at the bridges?

## Self-Lighting Cigars.

A patent has been taken out in England, by a Mr. Jarvis Palmer, of Camberwell, in the county of Surrey, for the following way of making self-lighting cigars without any offensive odor: Take 18 parts, by weight, of charcoal, 32 parts of salt prunella, 8 parts of Venetian red, 10 parts cascarilla bark, 1 part of oxymuriatic of potash and 14 parts of water, in which is dissolved some gum arabic, or glue will answer. When this is in a fluid state round pine splinters are dipped two or three times in it, when they are dried, and the dipped parts are then broken off and inserted in the ends of the cigars. The cigars thus furnished are lighted by simply rubbing this nib against any suitable substance, such as hard wall.

Nature has triumphed! Prejudices against color have given way, and red whiskers are fashionable!

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

## A Shadowed Picture.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Tom! Why do you do that?" exclaimed Mrs. Telford, in a fretful voice, speaking to a boy about ten years old, who had balanced a chair on one of its legs, and was twirling it around to the imminent danger of the baby, who was sitting on the floor. "Here!" and she caught hold of him with no light grip—"just march out of the room—and try and amuse yourself somewhere else!" Suiting the action to the word, she thrust him out of the door in no very gentle manner.

A storm, even if it comes up suddenly does not subside instantly into silence and bright sunshine. It mutters and sobs, and sighs itself away. So it was with Mrs. Telford.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured, as she went back to the seat she had left—was there ever such a boy? I am worried out of all patience with him.

Mr. Telford sat reading in the room. He did not lift his eyes from the book that was in his hand; nor appear to heed what was passing. But every word his wife had uttered was not only heard but felt.

"I wish you would do something with that boy!" said Mrs. Telford, provoked at her husband's apparent indifference. "There is no living in the house with him."

Mr. Telford did not look up nor reply, and his wife was about proceeding, when over tumbled the baby, and bump went its tender head upon the hard floor.

"Mercy!" uttered the mother, catching up the child that screamed lustily.

Mr. Telford shut his book, and tossing it upon the shelf, came and stood by the side of his wife, and examined the baby's head to see the extent of damage. It was of no great account. Being satisfied of this, he resumed his book, without having given utterance to a single word. This silence was perceived by Mrs. Telford as a kind of rebuke, and it tended to fret rather than calm her feelings. As the baby ceased crying, she began murmuring—

"Why don't that girl come up and get the baby? I'm sure she's been long enough gone to eat three dinners. But, that's just the way with them! They get together down there in the dining-room, and gossip away an hour at each meal time. I wish you'd ring that bell, Mr. Telford."

In giving the last sentence, there was no improvement in the amiability of the lady's tone of voice.

The husband slowly, and with a certain dignity of manner, went to the bell-ropes and gave it a light pull. A few minutes passed, but the summons was not answered.

"I'll make her hear!" said Mrs. Telford, impatiently, rising hurriedly, and giving the rope two or three heavy jerks that caused the ringing of the bell to be distinctly heard even in the chamber where they sat. There was a rebuke of Mr. Telford for having done his ringing work so gently, in the voice of his wife, and he felt it. But he said nothing. His feelings were chafed, but he kept silence, for he feared to disturb his wife's temper beyond its present excited state.

The emphatic ring of the lady brought Polly, the nurse, from the dining room in a hurry.

"It takes you a long time to get through your meals," said Mrs. Telford, as Polly came into the room. "Here; take the baby."

Mr. Telford moved restlessly in his chair. For about a minute a hammering sound had been heard over head. This the lady now perceived.

"That Tom's at some mischief! I know it just as well as that I'm alive! Go up stairs Polly, and see what he is doing."

Not very amiable said.

Polly went off slowly, her manner showing that she did not relish being hectoring for no other purpose than to gratify the lady's ill-humor. The hammering soon ceased, but neither Tom nor Polly made their appearance.

"I'd just like to know what that boy's been doing!" said Mrs. Telford, who was nursing her unhappy state of mind. "I sent Polly to learn what he was about, but, of course, I shall see no more of her. I never saw such creatures!"

Still the husband maintained a rigid silence.

"Polly!" cried Mrs. Telford, going to the door a little while afterwards. "Polly!"

The girl answered from above.

"What did I send you up stairs for?"

"To see what Tom was doing," replied Polly, appearing on the landing just above her incensed mistress.

"Then why didn't you come down and let me know?"

"He stopped when I came up."

"Stopped what?"

"Hammering."

"What was he hammering?"

"He was beating on the floor ma'am."

"I know he was, but what with?"

The girl hesitated a moment, and then replied—

"With the towel stand."

"Is it possible! That delicate little mahogany towel stand! And its broken all to pieces, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am. It isn't hurt a great deal."

"How much is it hurt?"

"It's only bruised a little, and one foot knocked off."

"Goodness alive! Now isn't that too much! You Tom!"

"Tom, though he heard distinctly enough, did not feel particularly anxious to hear."

"You Tom! I say!" screamed the angry mother. "Tom!"

"Ma'am, came a feeble voice from above."

"Come a'ing down here!"

Tom obeyed the summons, but with no great alacrity.

"Didn't you know better than to break up that

towel stand, you little villain?" said Mrs. Telford, seizing hold of Tom with a grip that made him cringe.

"I didn't break it up, mother," replied the boy. "Polly, here, says you did."

"I only said he broke off one of the feet," answered Polly, to this.

"It's just the same. What good is it after the feet are broken off, I would like to know?"

A box along side of Tom's ear closed all controversy on the subject, and sent him bawling away to the garret, where he was told to go and not show himself till dark.

Without speaking a word Mr. Telford got up, and putting on his hat left the house. It was an idle afternoon with him, and he had intended staying home to enjoy the society of his wife. But her fretfulness and want of self-control drove him out. He did not go to a tavern, for he had no fondness for the society of persons who usually congregate in such places; but he walked about until he was tired, and then stepped into a public library, where he sat and read until sundown.

He did not find his wife in any better spirits when he returned home. Her brows were knit, and her lips compressed. One glance sufficed for Mr. Telford. He suppressed a sigh as he took a chair and lifted one of his children upon his knee. The little thing was fretting when he came in; but a light came into her sweet face as she saw her father, and she nestled her head down upon his bosom with undisguised satisfaction. There had been no sunshine around her for hours, and her young heart had been disturbed by clouds and storms. We partake to a certain extent of the spirit of those with whom we associate. So it was with little Helen. Her mother's fretful temper had affected her. She too became peevish, restless and dissatisfied. She quarreled with her brothers, rummaged her mother's work-table drawers, and did sundry other things, the consequences of which were visited upon her in more than one case, during the afternoon in punishment. At the time her father appeared, she was exhausted at the conflicts she had endured, both within and without, and sprang to him with a feeling of relief and sense of safety. All this was a sad experience for a child, and one, the memory of which could never be wholly effaced; for the mind, more easily affected by injuries than the body, retains impressions far longer. This fact few understand or think about.

"Where's Tom?" asked Mr. Telford, addressing Helen, but before she had time to reply, his wife said—

"I've sent him off to bed. The child has seemed possessed all day, and has almost worried the life out of me."

Mr. Telford did not inquire as to the particular crime of which Tom had been guilty, for that would only lead his wife to say a good deal on the subject of the child's faults, and his ears were eager for more pleasant sounds. So he kept silence.

When supper was announced all but unlucky Tom appeared in the dining room. Somehow or other, a scolding fretful mistress, usually has careless and neglectful servants. Whether this peculiar temper makes them so, or whether they are sent as a judgment we will not take upon ourselves to say. We simply make the observation. With such domestics Mrs. Telford was blessed. The family drew around the table, and Mr. Telford was in the act of helping one of the children when his wife exclaimed—

"There it is again!" and the table-bell was jingled vigorously. "No teaspoons, as usual!" greeted the ears of the domestic who answered the summons. "Now don't let me have to speak about this again."

The spoons were brought and the servant retired; but she had scarcely closed the door ere the bell was rung again.

"Just look at that sugar bowl!" exclaimed Mrs. Telford, exhibiting the vessel she mentioned. It was empty.

The girl took the sugar bowl with no very amiable gesture, and in her own time supplied the deficiency.

"You'd have better staid all night," said Mrs. Telford, when the sugar bowl at length appeared.

"I came as quick as I could," was replied in an insulting tone.

At this the lady fired up and gave utterance to a pretty sharp rebuke; which the domestic received with sundry mutterings of discontent and then withdrew.

"It's downright willfulness!" said Mrs. Telford; "and if she don't take care, I'll send her off about her business."

The tea was now served around, and Mr. Telford, after helping the children, helped himself, and was lifting the cup to his lips, when his wife exclaimed—

"There! Just see what you are about!—Look at the table cloth now! I've a great mind to send you away without another mouthful!"

Mr. Telford replaced his cup in his saucer without having tasted its contents, and turned to see the cause of his new ebullition. Helen in trying to pour her tea into her saucer, had spilled a part of it on the table-cloth; it was a simple accident. The child felt this and the injustice of the harsh rebuke. She had been in a bad state of mind all day, owing, mainly, to a re-acton upon herself of her mother's unhappy feelings. But on the appearance of her father a better and tenderer state came. She felt softened and subdued. It was upon this better state that the unkind words of her mother fell, and they came with a jar that would not have been felt under other circumstances. The poor child felt deeply hurt. Tears came instantly to her eyes, and were soon falling over her face.

"You needn't set up a cry about it!" said the mother in a harsh voice. "Another time look better to what you are doing!"

Helen turned her wet eyes, with an appealing look, to her father's face, and then quietly slipping down from her chair, left the room.

An angry feeling smote across the bosom of Mr. Telford. He loved Helen with more than a common tenderness; and this perhaps, because she manifested more love for him than any one of his children. Words of sharp rebuke arose to his lips, but, with a strong effort, he repressed them. His wife was not always in this temper. She was not well, and pain had weakened her nerves and made her fretful. These reflections kept him silent. But his sympathies went after Helen so strongly, that he started from the table and followed her from the room.

"Indeed, pa," sobbed the child, as he overtook her in the passage, and, lifting her in his arms, kissed her tenderly—"I didn't mean to do it. My hand slipped."

"I know you didn't, love; but never mind.—Don't cry. And he drew her hand down upon his breast, and carried her over to the chamber where she usually slept.

"You didn't finish your supper," said the father, as he sat down, still holding the child in his arms.

"I don't want anything to eat," replied Helen. Mr. Telford kissed her, and said—

"You must try and be a good girl, and do anything to make your mother unhappy."

"I do try," answered the child, who had grown calm. "But I'm naughty sometimes. I won't be naughty any more. But mamma scolds me so much. Katy Lane's mother never scolds her. When I was at Mrs. Lane's yesterday, Katy let her cup fall on the floor and broke it all to pieces. But her mother didn't scold a bit. She said she was sorry, and that Katy must be more careful."

There was an auditor to this conversation unperceived by either of the parties engaged in it. The sudden withdrawal of her husband from the supper table startled Mrs. Telford.—Her mind was thrown into a whirl of excitement. She felt the act as one of stern rebuke. Scarcely had Mr. Telford retired when she arose from the table. Quickly following, she came to the door of the chamber where her husband had gone, just as little Helen said—"mamma scolds me so much," and heard distinctly the whole sentence that followed.

"But you know, Helen," replied the father, "that your mother doesn't feel well."

"Does scolding make her better?" asked the child, in a changed and curious voice.

This was rather a difficult question to answer under the circumstances.

"No I don't suppose it does," replied Mr. Telford, with some reluctance in his voice.

"Then why does she scold so much?"

"Because you worry her so, dear."

"No I don't. Mrs. Lane doesn't scold Katy; and she's sick sometimes. Her head ached yesterday, but she didn't scold a bit. I wish mamma wouldn't scold so. Won't you tell her not to scold, papa?"

"Let's talk about something else, dear," said Mr. Telford. "Wouldn't you like to go to Fairmount to-morrow afternoon?"

"Oh, yes! Can I go?" eagerly responded the child.

"Yes. You shall go!"

"And can Tom and Hetty go too?"

"Yes."

"Can Tom have some supper?" asked the child. "Mamma sent him to bed, and he didn't do nothing but fall back over a chair."

"I'm afraid Tom hasn't been a good boy."

"Oh, yes he has!"

"If he'd been good mamma wouldn't have sent him to bed."

"He only fell over a chair; and he hurt his head, too. And mamma said he was a little villain, and boxed his ears and sent him to bed."

All this Mrs. Telford heard, and with sobered feelings. It was true, just what the child alleged. Tom in his restlessness had climbed upon the back of a chair, and, losing his balance, had fallen over at the feet of his mother, who, having already lost all patience, on the impulse of the moment boxed his ears and sent him off to bed, muttering to herself as he left the room—

"I hope I'll have a little peace now!"

Poor Mrs. Telford! She had not felt well all day. Her nerves were in an excitable condition, and vibrated at the slightest touch. This state had been increased through want of any attempt at self-government, and the summoning of kind and deliberate feelings to her aid. Every little thing was felt as an annoyance. The weight of a feather proved a burden. Thus it went on, all around re-acting upon her excited feelings, until a condition of things arrived such as we have seen. For a brief season, a more unhappy family could hardly have been found in the city.

As the last remark of Helen about Tom fell upon the mother's ears, her true maternal sympathies came back. She waited to hear no more, but went quickly up to the room to which the child had been banished. She found him lying on his bed fast asleep, and now for the first time became aware that in falling he had cut the side of his face, which was covered with blood that had oozed from the wound.—The cut was of no consequence, really, but the sight of the blood filled the heart of the mother with wild alarm. Rushing down stairs she entered the chamber where her husband still held Helen in his arms, and exclaimed, with a wild look—

"Oh, Mr. Telford! Come up stairs, quick!"

"What's the matter?" eagerly inquired the husband.

"Oh! come, quick! quick!"

Mr. Telford followed his wife with a failing heart. Her manner filled him with a vague but terrible fear, which was in no wise allayed by the first glance obtained of Tom's bloody face. He was not long, however, in discovering that the child was in a pleasant sleep, and that the injury he had sustained was little more

than a scratch. Tom soon awoke, and after his face was washed, looked about as well as ever, and judging from the way he ate his supper, had sustained no serious injury.

As to what passed between the husband and wife when they found themselves alone, after that eventful day, we acknowledge a total ignorance. We do not know whether the slightest allusion was made to the occurrences we have detailed; but we do know that Mrs. Telford never scolded so much afterward, greatly to the relief and comfort of the family.

## Uses of Water.

How common, and yet how beautiful! and how pure is a drop of water! See it as it issues from the rock to supply the spring and streams below. See how its meanderings through the plains, and its torrents over the cliffs, add to the richness and the beauty of the landscape. Look into a factory standing by a waterfall, in which every drop is faithful to perform its part, and hear the groaning and rustling of the wheels, the clattering of shuttles and the buzz of spindles, which under the direction of their fair attendants, are supplying myriads of fair purchasers with fabrics from the cotton plant, the sheep and the silk worm.

Is any one so stupid as not to admire the splendor of the rainbow, or so ignorant as not to know that it is produced by drops of water as they break away from the clouds which had confined them and are making a quick visit to our earth to renew its verdure and increase its animation!

How useful is the gentle dew in its nightly visits, to allay the scorching heat of a summer's sun! And the autumn's frost, how beautifully it bedecks the trees, the shrubs and the grass; though it strips them of their summer's verdure, and warns them that they must soon receive the buffetings of the winter's tempest! This is but water, which has given up its transparency for its beautiful whiteness and its elegant crystals. The snow too—what is that but these same pure drops thrown into crystals by winter's icy hand! and does not the first summer's sun return them to the same liquid drops?

The majestic river, and the boundless ocean, what are they! Are they not made of drops of water! How the river steadily pursues its course from the mountain's top, down the declivity, over the cliff, and through the plain, taking with it every thing in its course! How many mighty ships does the ocean float upon its bosom! How many fishes sport in its waters! How does it form a lodging place for the Amazon, the Mississippi, the Danube, the Rhine, the Ganges, the Lena, and the Hoang Ho!

How piercing are these pure limpid drops!—How do they find their way into the depths of the earth, and ever the solid rock! How many thousand streams, hidden from our view by mountain masses, are steadily pursuing their courses, deep from the surface which forms our standing place for a few short days! In the air, too, how it diffuses itself! Where can a particle of air be found which does not contain an atom of water!

Whose heart ought not to overflow with gratitude to the abundant Giver of this pure liquid, which his own hand has deposited in the deep and diffused through the floating air and the solid earth! Is it the farmer, whose field, by the gentle dew and the abundant rain bring forth fatness! Is it the mechanic whose saw, lathe, spindle and shuttle are moved with his faithful servant! Is it the merchant, on his return from the noise and perplexities of business, to the table of his family, richly supplied with the varieties and the luxuries of the four quarters of the globe, produced by the abundant rain, and transported across the mighty, but yielding ocean? Is it the physician, on his administering to his patient some gentle beverage, or a more active healer of the disease which threatens!

Is it the clergyman, whose profession is to make others feel—and that by feeling himself that the slightest favor and the richest blessing are from the same source, and from the same abundant and constant Giver! Who that still has a glass of water and a crumb of bread, is not ungrateful to complain!

## His character.

An editor in vindicating the private character of a friend who had been nailed for sheep stealing, thus eulogises him:—"We have known Mr. Thomas for twelve years. Our acquaintance commencing with the great equinoctial storm which blew down our grandfather's barn. At that time he was a young man in the prime of life, and we think raised the best marrow-fat peas we ever eat. He was a good mathematician, kind to the poor, and troubled with the piles. In all the relations of husband, father, uncle and trustee of common lands, he has followed the direct standard of duty. Mr. Thomas is at this time forty-three years of age, slightly marked with the small-pox, an estimable citizen, a church member and a man of known integrity for ten years. And as to sheep stealing, that he would do it if he can get an opportunity is without the least foundation in point of fact. Mr. Thomas could have stolen our lead pencil several times, and he didn't do it—It's a sad world we live in!"

## An Editor's Joy.

The Richmond Palladium says that an editor was recently elected to the Indiana Legislature from Wayne co., who was so elated at his success, that he caught himself by the seat of his trousers and tried to hold himself out at arm's length. It is added in the postscript, that he would have accomplished the feat if he had not let go to spit on his hands!