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Beauty, Wit, and Gold.

"In her bower a lady dwelt,
At her feet three lovers knelt;
Each adored the lady much,
Each essayed her heart to touch;
One had wit and one had gold,
One was cast in beauty's mould;
Guess which was it won the prize,
Tongue, or purse, or handsome eyes!

First began the handsome man,
Peeping proudly o'er her fan,
Red his lips and white his skin;
Could such beauty fail to win!
Then step forth the man of gold,
Cash he counted, coin he told;
Wealth, the burden of the tale,
Could such golden projects fail!

Then the man of wit and sense,
Woo'd her with his eloquence;
Now she heard him with a sigh,
Then she blush'd scarce knowing why,
Then she smiled to hear him speak,
Then a tear was on her cheek.
Beauty vanish, gold depart,
Wit hath won the lady's heart."

DISTRUST.

OR THE VICTIM OF VOLUNTARY WIDOWHOOD.

List and I will tell you a story of real life as it occurred in our midst. The heroine of my story lived many years in Mobile, and was a native, I think, of this place; at all events her lot in life must early have been cast among us. Many in this Fair Room have taken her by the hand; for, at every hearth-stone she was a welcome guest, rendered so by her brilliant manner, and engaging, lovely disposition. Everybody loved Dora Hammersley, for she loved everybody. She had been a widow nine years when I first made her acquaintance, and a more lovely woman in every point of view it has never been my lot to meet with. I often wondered at her perversity in remaining single, when I knew, with the world, that she had it so largely in her power not only to become an interesting wife, but a most useful member of society. She always parried my persuasion, by saying that she dreaded the dominion of a step-father over her only child, a sweet little girl of some ten summers. I noticed at the time, despite her efforts to conceal it, that the poor woman was immeasurably wretched. She was not in love, for she was a woman of too finely a balanced mind ever to sit down and mope on an unrequited passion. Her beautiful blameless life had been passed among us, with the exception of the five years of her married life, which had been spent elsewhere. It was during a brief visit she paid Mobile in 18—while at her father's house, she heard of her husband's death. I shall never forget the shock it occasioned me, more for Dora's sake, who I knew to be so ardently attached to him. Time heals every wound, and I knew, in the common course of things, she must long since have ceased to grieve for her husband's death. The announcement, at last, that she was about to leave Mobile forever, and settle in the West, filled the large circle of her friends with astonishment. What! leave the dear friends, where she had been so petted, so caressed, for a home in a strange land—far from the scene of her childhood! Well might we all wonder. I determined, with my husband's permission, to ask an explanation of this strange resolve. She was to perform her last pilgrimage to the graves of her parents, who were interred in the old grave-yard, head of Church street. Thither we went together, and after sauntering through the old arenas—anon stopping to listen to the wind, as it swept in Aeolian strains through the over-hanging gloomy pines—we reached at last an old broken wall, and bidding her sit down beside me, I took both her hands in mine and implored her, by my past friendship and my present devotion to her interests, to frankly tell me the cause of her unhappiness.

"I am so glad you have touched upon this subject," said she, hesitatingly, "for oh, I know that I would be so much happier if some one else beside myself knew the terrible secret of my past life.—Yes," she said, "I will tell you all without reservation; but we must enter into solemn compact first."

"Anything in reason, Dora, and which it is in my power to perform, I will most willingly do."

"Will you promise not to hate me?" she convulsively sobbed. "Will you promise, by the sacred dust of my parents, that you will still love me as you have hitherto done?"

"I will still continue to love you, Dora, though you had committed murder. There now, will that assurance satisfy you?"

She kissed me affectionately and began the recital of her griefs.

"Mind your promise not to interrupt me," she said. "You will remember," she continued, "that I was married early in life to one whom I more than idolized, and went to Louisiana to live. It was during the last months of the five years that I sojourned in that state, that the seeds of my after unhappiness were sown. I was young, Emily, and was too prone to put faith in all I saw and heard. It has only been through the two last years of my intimacy with you, that I have learned what a good wife should be. Oh, Emily, Emily, the precious pearls that I have cast from me, and trampled in the dust, because I knew not their value! Will you believe it, my friend, that my husband is now alive and the father of a large family in one of the West India Islands. It was my own fault," she continued, as I was about to interrupt her. "I listened to evil counsel, Emily, and I learned to distrust my husband. Yes, I learned to distrust, and at last to hate (or at least thought I did) that husband who had always lavished upon me every kindness. I never quarrelled with him. No,—I was too innately proud for that; but I allowed myself to brood upon my silent, growing hate, and, oh, there is no feeling on this earth that so nigh wraps the brain to madness as the hate born of jealousy. You know my frank, open disposition, Emily. So I went to him, and with my mouth in the dust, asked for a separation. Oh, never did the poor doomsacked victim of the Bosphorus beg for life, as I for the blessed privilege—of going from his presence forever with our only child. He tried to reason with me, but I was mad, Emily, and have been mad since. I asked for nothing but my child, and pleaded with an earnestness which he saw it was useless to resist.—So, Emily, I will pass on to the announcement of my widowhood—when I went forth to the world a hypocrite in widow's weeds. My husband wrote to me three times during the first year of our separation, imploring me by every precious tie to permit him even by stealth to look once more upon the face of his child. To every entreaty I returned a cold, stern, hard answer, and for all this I have dearly bitten the dust since. The years sped on which returned no more, and my child began to expand into a loveliness which was almost superhuman. Strange as it may appear to you, I again learned to love my husband through his child.—When she spoke to me it was her father's voice, every lineament was his, and I so loved my child that I again loved my husband through her.—Strange inconsistency you may call this, but it is nevertheless true. I knew that he was alive, for regularly every year I have received a small provision for our maintenance through unknown hands. This, with the little patrimony received from my father, enabled me to live far above want—actually affording many of the little luxuries of life. You little know how I yearned to look once more upon my husband's face. Oh Emily, I thought if I could only see him, all might be made up. I was prepared to humble myself in the very dust, that I might be taken back to his heart once more. I knew not where to direct even a letter to him, and like a poor condemned criminal I dared not make open inquiry; for in the eyes of the world I was a widow and my poor child an orphan. So well have I played my part in hypocrisy, that no one has ever dreamed of my husband's existence.

"I believe that I knew, and loved you, too, for nearly four years—and that brings me to nearly a widowhood of thirteen years. I had almost outlived the hope of ever again seeing my husband, when about three weeks since I received a small note from him, announcing that he was in Mobile, and most anxious to see the child of his youth—that he would call on me the evening of that day, as an old friend of the family, promising under any circumstances not to reveal himself to Ada. Oh! the hours of that day were so 'laden paced!' At last he came with seven o'clock. I parted with my husband, a tall slight figure, with light blue eyes, and dark curling hair—and I shook hands with him after a lapse of thirteen years, a perfect Indian in complexion, an enlarged robust figure, eyes somewhat darker, and his hair, instead of grey, was as black as night, lying in thick masses of large manly curly curls! Never would I have recognized the husband of my youth in the fine-looking middle-aged man I presented to my daughter as the friend of her father. I had prepared her to receive him affectionately, and the warm welcome she extended, assuring him that any one who had known her father should have the warmest corner of her heart, was beyond conception painful to both of us. They had a long and interesting conversation. He inquired about her studies, and seemed pleased with the progress she had made, making her promise (with my permission) to correspond with him under the assumed name of Dunslow. While in conversation with his child, I had written a few lines, stating my earnest recantation of my former errors, and earnestly asking for a reconciliation. He was terribly agitated during the whole interview, and when I gave him my note to read, the strong man shook like an ague fit.

"He scanned it several times—walked the floor in terrible agitation—looked at me once with the concentrated agony of a life of human suffering—and approaching Ada gave her a miniature of himself, which he said she must keep for her father's sake as well as his own—kissed her several times and bidding her farewell, asked me to take a walk with him on the balcony. "Dora," he said, as he nervously closed the door, "years ago you passed the fiat of our separation. You know how earnestly and hopelessly I sued for terms—you turned a deaf ear and a hard heart to all my solicitations. You were the victim I too well know, Dora, of a wicked conspiracy. Had you but listened to the counsel contained in the last letter I wrote you, twelve years ago, all would have been well; as it is, you sowed the seeds of your own unhappiness, by distrusting your husband, and, at best, have reaped but Dead Sea fruit. I grieve for you—I grieve more for my daughter, who must go forth to the world without a father's protecting arm.—After your rejection of all overtures on my part, I went to the West Indies, obtained a divorce from yourself, and married a Spanish woman, who could not speak one word of English. By my last marriage I have three children, all daughters.—You will often hear from me through my child.—God bless you, madam!" And, without even one kiss, Emily, my husband vanished from my sight. One affectionate, kindly caress, would have been so little to him, and such a precious remembrance to me! May be, this is what men call retribution."

Slowly we pursued our way homewards, and I ceased to wonder at those eccentricities in my friend, which formed the comments of so many. Dora Hammersley left Mobile some years since, and settled in the west. Her daughter, as every body tells me, is worthy of her mother—has married well, and moves with her among the first women in the nation.

Cutting it Thick.

Many years since, there did dwell in a certain town, not a hundred miles from that far-famed place where orthodox divines are flitted up for their profession and calling, a certain D. D., notorious for his parsimoniousness, which occasionally run into the wildest extremes.

"Like a peach that's got the yallars,
With its meanness busting out."—(Hosca Bigelow.)

One day this doctor of divinity chanced into a hat store in the city, and after running over the wares, selected an ordinary-looking hat—put it on his reverend head—ogled himself in the glass—then asked the very lowest price of it—telling the vender that if he could get it cheap enough he thought he might buy it.

"But," said the latter, "that hat is not good enough for you to wear—here is what you want," showing one of his best beavers.

"'Tis the best I can afford, though," returned the theologian.

"Well, there, doctor—I'll make you a present of that best beaver, if you'll wear it and tell your friends whose store it came from. I'll warrant you'll send me customers enough to get my money back with interest—you are pretty extensively acquainted."

"Thank you—thank you!" said the doctor—his eyes gleaming with pleasure at raising a castor so cheaply—"how much may this beaver be worth?"

"We sell that kind of hat for eight dollars," replied the man of nap.

"And the other?" continued the reverend gentleman.

"Three."

"The man of sermons put on the beaver,—looked in the glass—then at the three-dollar hat."

"I think, sir," said he—taking off the beaver, and holding it in one hand as he donned the cheap "flee"—"I think, sir, that this hat will answer my purpose full as well as the best."

"But you'd better take the best one, sir, it costs you no more."

"B-u—h-u—t," replied the parson hesitatingly—"I didn't know—bet—per-haps—you would as lief I would take the cheap one—and leave the other—and perhaps you would not mind giving me the difference in a five dollar bill."

The Death of a Sinner.

Come with me to yonder apartment.—Stretched upon a bed lies a man whose earthly existence is shortly to be terminated. He has lived many years in vain, defying God and resisting his mercy. He steels his heart, closed eyes, and turned a deaf ear to the invitations of him who was able to succour and to save. No love was sufficient to arrest him and bring him to the cross. The servant of God pointed him to the coming wrath, the deep misery of the second death, the vengeance of the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the hour of death, the resurrection, the day of judgment, and a future existence beyond the grave. But all was in vain. Nothing was able to penetrate his sealed conscience. Now, behold him near his latter end. Death has doomed his victim, and rapidly is he accomplishing his work. Writhing and moaning under the lashes of a guilty conscience, he curses his God, he blasphemes his Maker, and raises his arm in impious defiance against approaching vengeance. The future is dark and dreary to him. No ray of light breaks through it to afford one moment of consolation. Rapidly wasting away, his soul becomes more distressed. Satan is ready for his prey. No kind angles wait to waft his spirit to realms of peace. No Saviour stands by to support and lead him through the dark valley. No music, save that anticipated in the pit of despair, strikes upon his ear. And now the brittle thread of life is almost broken. A few more beatings of the pulse, and time with him shall be no more on earth. His friends in vain listen for some evidence that at the eleventh hour he may have been accepted. Hark! that long drawn breath! The spirit has taken its flight; but, O! to the regions of utter despair. The door of mercy is now forever closed. The spirit will never more thrive, the atoning blood of Christ have no efficacy. Forever and forever must he live in eternal misery, without the slightest alleviation of his tortures. The most harrowing accusation will be, ye knew your Master's will but did it not.

Correspondence of the Newark Daily Advertiser. A Glimpse at Havana—Society, Customs, etc.

HAVANA, Jan. 16th, 1850.

Entering Havana from the sea, the appearance of the port and fortification is quite Malta-like.—Facing the Gulf of Mexico to the north, and its coral-bound shores washed by the current of the gulf-stream, the narrow entrance to the harbor is defended, on its eastern side by the strong fortification called the Moro, whilst the opposite point is crowned by the castle of la Punta. The Moro stands upon a high bluff, fronting both sea-ward, island, and the city, and with its strong batteries commands the entrance to the port. A long line of solid fortifications, the Cabana, also extends from the land side of the Moro, far up, and parallel to the harbor, reaching a point nearly opposite the centre of the city. The harbor here expands into a bay of considerable size, shaped like a *trefoil*, with from four to six fathoms of water, and of sufficient capacity to float the navies of the world. Of course it is perfectly secure in all weathers. Steamers come to anchor beyond the sailing vessels, and after the visits of the health and custom-house officers, and the regulation of pass-ports, passengers are permitted to land on the quays of the city, being the west, or right-hand side of the harbor.

Havana proper is a walled town, but, beyond the barriers, stretches in a westerly direction; the suburbs being far more extensive than the interior city. To an American, the appearance of the streets and houses is singular. The former are narrow, of width nearly sufficient for the passage of two carriages, whilst the side-walks are scarcely broad enough for pedestrians in single file. The houses are of all shapes, sizes and heights—from the low, one-story, scullaped eaved *bodega*, with its dirty front, up to the four-story *morisco* palace of the *conde*. Universally, the lower windows are heavily barred with a lattice work of iron, whilst the upper stories lead out upon projecting balconies.

As to color, light blue seems the predominant taste, but many fronts are painted white, yellow, or brown, with *crimson* cornices, sills and architraves. Tiles are mostly used for roofing. All this, together with the deep windows and huge gateways, (instead of doors,) you may imagine, strikes an American strangely.

The larger houses are built in the form of a hollow square, with the stairways fronting on the court; the parlors and bed rooms, to procure that great desideratum of a tropical climate—ventilation, have windows running from the ceiling to the floor, (some 18 or 26 feet,) both on the street and court, and floored with marble or stone, are cooler than one would suppose. Carpets are not in common use; grates unnecessary. The ladies seldom, if ever, walk the streets. They remain in their *iron cages* the greater part of the day, seated on sofa or arm chair, gazing indolently at the passers by. Flirtations are sometimes carried on with the lover in the street, the mistress behind the lattice, and a watchful mamma asleep in her chair; or if an *accepted* suitor, the balcony proves a convenient place, for sweet recitals of anticipated joys.

A *Volanta*! Yes, they ride in a machine which goes by that name, and also goes on two high wheels, propelled by one, two, or three horses, with a postillion—and such a postillion! Figure to yourself a jet-black shining negro, with a comical cap, short jacket of blue, embroidered with silver lace and red worsted, white pantaloons, and boots that out-rival the seven-leagued ones of nursery tales, projecting far up above the knees, and laced a tight fit, to shins as spindly as those of a Cuban negro—the black polish quite throwing the negro's face into a dark comparison—this figure, armed with a long whip, and heavily spurred, is seated astride a diminutive pony, whose heavy harness alone seems burthen enough for his puny frame. Then comes the *volanta*—23 feet in length from stem to stern, with wheels six feet in diameter—a gig it is in general shape, placed upon two long poles, the wheels some distance behind the body, and the ends of the shafts resting upon the pony.

You enter, a pair of you, palanquin fashion, the blue-triangular curtain in front drawn up, and leaning back in Spanish indolence, away go postillion, blue jacket and jack boots, in sort of swaying, rocking motion, quite easy in itself, but particularly hard to describe, especially that of turning a corner. Well, the Senoras, and Senoritas, and Creoles, and Negresses, ride in these *volanta-vehicles*, and having a seat only for two, would be very convenient for a pair of lovers, (only they are never allowed to ride together,) but are decidedly inconvenient for a travelling party, or a family.

At the Plaza de Armas, each evening, from eight to nine, the band plays in front of the captain general's (Alcoy) palace, and the fair Habaneros, seated in their "lengthy" carriages, veiled, fan in hand, dressed in white, and unbunnetted, ('tis January too,) kill an hour in listlessly listening to the wild airs of old Spain. The custom here does not admit of giving evening parties; such entertainments are unknown, and the opera, a ride on the Paseo, a call on a friend, or the music at the Plaza, are the acknowledged modes of "killing the enemy." The gentlemen are remarkably neat in their dress—white pantaloons, white waistcoats, (always spotless,) and black dress coats, with jaupanned shoes, being the style at present. Their usual rendezvous, of an evening, is the famous *Confiteria Dominica*, where delicious ices, sherbets, creams, sherry cobbiers, chocolate, &c., may be had.

The police regulations of the city require that all shall be in their houses by 11 P. M., and very

few people are seen in the streets after that hour. The watchmen are numerous and efficient; they go armed with a long lance, a pair of horseman's pistols, and carry a huge lantern; patrolling the streets faithfully and well, and crying out the hour and half-hour, the state of the weather, (always preceded by a shrill whistle,) in such hoarse, discordant tones, that, for the first few nights after our arrival, sleep was a stranger to us. A dollar, I remember, boldly administered, bribed the one on our square, for three or four nights, to yelp his infernal yell on the corner below.

At 6 A. M. most of the inhabitants are out of their beds, blinds open, a cup of coffee served, and the business of the city commences. Breakfast at 9—from 11 to 3, lounge, dine, and ride out to the suburbs, (most delightful drives,) returning in time for opera or calls. The Paseos, outside the walls, are public gardens of very considerable size, laid out in parallelograms, and planted with the usual variety of tropical trees, plants, palmettos, cotton wood, coa-coa-nut, oleander, banana, &c., forming three parallel roads for horsemen and carriages, and two for pedestrians. The foliage is very luxuriant, and, in the afternoon, all classes resort to these delightful promenades. When you consider that the thermometer here, at midday, in the month of January ranges from 80 to 85 degrees, you can better understand how absolutely necessary the shady walks and the cool breezes of these charming Paseos, become to the comfort and health of the heated denizen of the city.

The palaces, or mansions, of the few *grandees*, are large, but not so imposing as those of the European nobility. Their style of architecture is the same as that of other Habanero houses, painted perhaps more gaily and beautifully, end clearer and more perfect in their general economy. The Captain General's city palace, fronting the Plaza de Armas, occupies one whole side of the square.

The great Tacon Theatre, situate a short distance outside the walls, is, in every respect, the *beau ideal* of an opera house. You enter the first tier and parquette from the level of the street, and find the interior as large almost as the famous San Carlos of Naples. Five tiers of boxes and a parquette, with stalls for 600. The lattice work in front of each box is light and graceful, and so open that the dresses and pretty small feet of the Senoras are seen to bewitching advantage. The decorations of gilt are costly, and the frescos and side ornaments of the proscenium exceedingly beautiful. Each box seats six persons, (thirteen dolls;) the broad lobbies extend completely round the circle, and an excellent ventilation is procured by means of stationary blinds in each box, looking out upon the lobbies, and through which any one is privileged to gaze at the fair and *fat* Senoritas. I counted a dozen gentlemen peeping through the blinds of the box of Senoritas E., the "belle of Havana." A magnificent cut glass chandelier, lighted with gas, and numerous smaller ones from the boxes, give a brilliant light to this brilliant house.

A corps of soldiers, some eighty or ninety, are always dispatched to preserve order at the opera; they are stationed in the lobbies and on the landing places. As for the beauty gathered there, it don't compare with our Astor Place. The dresses are mostly white, and of materials suited to the warmth of the climate. The jaunty opera cloak and snowy white furs are unknown; diamonds in glittering profusion, head dresses simple, and the fans! Yes, the coquetish fans, of costly and rare workmanship, are used as only Spanish women can use them. The small hands that generally toy with these airy playthings, belong to brunettes, with the smooth, oily complexion peculiar to the inhabitants of Spain or Italy; the hair and eyes are invariably black. A fair skin is not uncommon, with dark eyes and hair, and, in fact, color is somewhat prosaically in these latitudes. Past twenty, obesity prevails to a heavy extent—the indolent habits of the ladies, doubtless, being the cause. The Tacon can challenge any opera house in the world in the dimensions of its female audience, and the whole house will seat 5,000 persons.

The street has its swarms of negro urchins, (white children are seldom seen in the thorough-fares,) and offensive as it is, hundreds of them are daily seen, free from any artificial covering. Living is expensive. The rent for an ordinary house is fifty ounces (\$850) per annum, and from that up to two and three thousand dollars—this includes the *stable* on the ground floor, where the *volanta* and horse are kept, literally under your very nose. Meat, (I won't describe the dirty, filthy markets,) such as it is, 20c the pound; fish, red, yellow, blue and green, 16 to 18c; good butter not to be had, bread excellent, but dear; wines cheap, fruits, ditto; carriage and horses, \$2 per hour, and last not least, ice \$1 per hundred. Clothing, of light stuff, sells at moderate prices. Good board, at a boarding house, there being no such "institution" as a hotel, cannot be procured for less than \$2.50 per day—the fare miserable—two in a room, and musquitoes and—Washing \$1.50 per dozen. The cheapest thing here is MAN. A good, lively, likely negro, young and strong, is marketable for 30 ounces (\$510), and if bred as a waiter, cook, or coachman, will bring a few ounces more. They all appear well fed and happy in the city, and on Sundays, with kettle drums, hollow logs, calabashes and fife, dance their fandango along the barriers in true African style.

The burial of the dead at the Campo Santo, is the most shocking scene about Havana. Picture to yourself the unattended corpse, brought in a wooden box to the grave, and tumbled, shrouded but *coffinless*, into the pit provided for it! The poorer classes are wrapped in the most miserable rags, and frequently bodies are left for hours naked on the ground, and covered with vermin, awaiting the tardy movements of the burier. Sculls and bones also lie exposed on the surface, and poor humanity in this christian city, receives not at the grave the sober, decent respect paid to the dead by the North American Indian.

Yours, &c., S.

Destroying Briars.

A writer of much experience gives his views as to the best mode of destroying *briars*, which prove so great a pest to many otherwise excellent farms. He has tried every conceivable mode. Cutting off and hoeing out he has repeated over and over again, without the least success—as the more he cut and hoed, the more thrifty they sprung up. But finally, he put the ground in with clover, thickly sown.—The briars appeared next season as usual, but they were sickly; sheep were then turned in to pasture on the clover—and that was the complete extirpation of the *briars*. This is an easy mode for most farmers to try; the writer is confident that clover is the great enemy of *ho* briar and a sure extirpator.