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

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## My Breeches.

BY G. W. HOLMES.

It chanced to be our washing day,  
And all our things were drying;  
The storm came roaring through the lines,  
And sent them all a flying.  
I saw the sheets and petticoats  
Go riding off like witches;  
I lost—oh! bitterly I wept—  
I lost my Sunday breeches.  
I saw them straddling through the air,  
Alas! too late to win them;  
I saw them chase the clouds as if  
The very duce was in them;  
They were my darling and my pride,  
My boyhood's only riches;  
Farewell! farewell! I faintly cried,  
My breeches!—oh, breeches!

That night I saw them in my dreams—  
How changed since last I knew them!  
The dews had steeped their faded threads,  
The wind had whistled through them;  
I saw the wide and ghastly rents,  
Where demon claws had torn them—  
A hole was in their hinder parts,  
As if an imp had worn them.  
I have had many happy years,  
And tailors kind and clerer,  
But those young pantaloons were gone,  
Forever and forever!  
And not till fate shall cut the last  
Of my earthly stitches,  
This aching heart shall cease to mourn  
My loved, my long-lost breeches.

## The Pin and the Needle.

Len Smith, the cute and philosophical editor of the "Madison Record," tells the following witty fable, which is as good as anything we have seen out of Æ-op. A pin and a needle, says this American Fontaine, being neighbors in a work-basket, and both being idle folks, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do:

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?"

"What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and go through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long."

"Why not?"

"Because you always have a stitch in your side," said the pin.

"You are a poor, crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back."

"I'll pull your head off, if you insult me again."

"I'll put your eye out if you touch me; remember your life hangs on a single thread," said the pin.

While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. She then tied the thread round the neck of the pin, and attempting to sew with it, she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lay down in the dust together, as we do."

## Particularly Interesting.

In New Orleans, last week, a "distingay" looking lady, closely veiled, was observed gracefully cantering her horse down one of the principal streets. Presently the horse became frightened, and dashed furiously down the street. 'Twas but the work of a moment for one of the New Orleans' bloods to whip up his horse, arrive at her side, seize the bridle of the infuriated steed, check it, place his arm around the trembling one's waist, and lift her to the sidewalk. But an accident happened which at once destroyed all the hopes of the gallant knight. In lifting the beautiful girl from the horse, her riding cap fell off with the veil, disclosing one of the most remarkable and beautiful ebony black faces, and as woolly a head, as was ever possessed by a female darkey. Conceive the consternation and horror of the savior of this armful of African humanity! The poor young man fainted.

## The Hard Man.

"A man severe he was."

Archibald Merton was the only son an industrious and thriving merchant, who, originally poor, had, at first from necessity, and afterwards from habit, become a penurious man. Prosperous in all his undertakings, he believed that poverty was invariably the result of idleness, and, consequently, felt no sympathy in the wants of others, and was never known to extend his hand in charity to any.

Archibald had imbibed and acted upon the erroneous conclusions of his father.

Inheriting a handsome fortune at his death, sufficient for the independence of five men of his limited wants and views, he still continued plodding on and increasing his store.

Two years after he had succeeded to the business, he married—not for love, for of that sentiment he possessed as little as he did of charity—no—it was merely a bargain,—and, like most of his bargains, settled upon "Change."

A rich merchant, who had five daughters, offered him the choice, and a certain sum; and when he had made his selection, the transfer was made and accepted, with all the coldness and formality of a commercial transaction.

A daughter was the issue—the only issue; for the wife died three months afterwards, and was buried with "all the honors" usually paid to the wealthy.

Archibald grieved exceedingly that his better half had not lived to bring up the child,—as he was compelled to put it out to nurse!

Notwithstanding his indifference, however, the little Maria grew up; and when she had attained the age of five, he began to take notice of his only child, and had expressed himself rather pleased with her winning ways and artless prattle.

His business, however, engaged the largest portion of his time at the office, and occupied much of his thoughts at home, he consequently had little intercourse with the representative of his house.

Of late years, too, there rose a competition in mercantile affairs, which gradually assumed an air of speculation, that was very distasteful to the old-fashioned merchant; but he still persevered, although he found that he had not only much to contend with, but almost a new game to play, in which he not frequently found himself at fault.

Still the reputation of his "firm" was high in the market, and he commanded, where others were obliged to solicit.

Time progressed, and Maria was eighteen, a pretty, lively, intelligent girl, with more common sense than accomplishments; her great virtue, in the estimation of Archibald Merton, being, her strict obedience to his will.

He contemplated, however, putting it to the severest test to which a parent can submit his child.

Having no son to continue his business, he had "speculated" upon taking a junior partner, in the shape of a son-in-law; and having compared "notes" with a brother merchant who had an only son, he proposed the affair,—upon conditions, &c.

After mature deliberation, the match was agreed upon, provided the young couple were ready and willing to ratify the agreement. Archibald on his part smiled at the idea of a demur on the part of his daughter; and the introduction took place, the father and son dining with Archibald.

Strange to say, the young couple appeared mutually pleased; for, stranger still, they had previously met, "promiscuously" at the house of a mutual friend; on which occasion young Mr. Belton had been rather particular in his attentions to Maria, who had been particularly pleased; for he was a very fine young fellow, and was quite the observed of all observers; and Maria had, it must be confessed a little vanity in her composition, and felt rather gratified at "carrying him off," on that occasion, although she had never seen him since.

Of course she complied with her parent's request, that she should receive Mr. Belton as her affianced husband, without a murmur, although the little rogue did exhibit an apparent indifference on the occasion, which was naughty, perhaps, but pardonable.

Letters were exchanged by the merchants, setting forth an agreement that "one month from the date hereof," ten thousand pounds should be advanced by each on the day of the marriage of Frederick Belton, Esq., junior, the son of Josiah Belton, Esq., to Maria, the daughter of Archibald Merton Esq. &c. &c.

The young couple meanwhile passed a delightful time in the interchange of the tenderest sentiments, sanctioned by their parents; and, unalloyed by any pecuniary considerations, which were left entirely to the discussion of the original contractors, enjoyed a felicity that was truly enviable.

Mantua-makers and milliners were busily employed in preparing for the happy event, and Maria was in the anticipation of every earthly enjoyment when one week before the proposed nuptials, Archibald returned from "Change" an hour before his accustomed time.

There was a cloud upon his brow, that checked the exuberant joy of his child, and chilled the blood in her veins.

"Girl!" said he throwing his hat upon the sofa, "that old fool, Belton, has been speculating in hops; they have fallen in the market, and he is a ruined man—all gone!—found hanging in his ware house!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Maria, dropping in a chair, and looking like a corpse at the sudden communication of ill tidings, "poor gentleman!"

"Poor indeed!" exclaimed, Archibald bitterly. "I hold a thousand pounds of his worthless paper, and his estate will not yield a farthing in the pound."

"Oh sir!" said Maria, "let us go and comfort Frederick. What must his feelings be?"

"Frederick! comfort him! You do not think of your father, you ungrateful girl. Can he pay me my thousand pounds! He is a beggar; think no more of him."

"Oh sir!" said Maria, "you are wealthy. This loss cannot, will not affect you. Bid me not forget him whom you have commanded me to love and receive as my husband."

"Peace, unfeeling girl!" cried Archibald, "nor dare to mention the son of a man who has robbed and plundered me. He is a beggar, and no match for the daughter of Archibald Merton. Never more shall he cross the threshold of my door.—Forget him!"

Maria did not hear the last command, for she fell as if stricken by death upon the floor of the drawing-room. Archibald rang the bell, and summoning the servants, left the forlorn and hapless maid to their ministrations, and retreated to his accustomed coffee house, to ascertain if there were any hope of a dividend from the estate of Belton.

Recovering from her swoon, and finding that her obdurate father had left the house, Maria attended by her maid, with the boldness of despair, immediately sought her afflicted lover.

Her absence was unobserved; her obedience, indeed, was undoubted; but surely, under the peculiar circumstances of her situation, her conduct could not be reprehended by the severest moralist, for the love Archibald had commanded could not be countermanded at will.

A correspondence between the lovers was the natural consequence; and at the end of six weeks Maria eloped, and married the husband of her father's choice.

Archibald's anger was deep and inflexible; he uttered no expression, but he felt and nourished an unnatural feeling of resentment against his daughter and her paramour, as he bitterly denominated the unfortunate, and perhaps what worldly people would call, thoughtless Frederick.

Months elapsed, and Archibald heard nothing of his disobedient child; and poor Maria, although married to the man of her father's and her own heart's selection, was by no means perfectly happy; for she had been so accustomed to bow so religiously to his will in all things, that she consequently experienced many qualms of conscience at the step she had taken, which ever and anon passed like dark clouds across the sunshine of her existence. Frederick, too, was unable to obtain any employment, and the little money he possessed was fast dwindling away; and, to add to the misfortunes of the young couple, Maria promised to become a mother.

Too proud and independent to sue for help where he considered it ought naturally to have been proffered, Frederick tried every means in his power to procure means elsewhere before he resorted to solicit the assistance of his implacable father-in-law. Stern necessity at last compelled him to do that which he deemed a degradation.

"What is your business, sir?" demanded Archibald, with a chilling indifference, when, by a sort of stratagem, Frederick had obtained an interview.

"I have no business, Mr. Merton," replied Frederick; "and indeed no pleasure in the application I am about to make to you."

"Then the sooner our conference ends, the better."

"Not so, sir," replied Frederick indignantly, "and by heavens you must and shall hear me!" and rising abruptly, he locked the door of the apartment.

"What is the meaning of all this outrage?" demanded Archibald.

"Fear nothing, sir; you are Maria's father, and that is sufficient protection for you."

"I disclaim, and will disinheret the disobedient girl," said Archibald.

"Listen, sir," said Frederick. "You sanctioned my addresses to your daughter; you did all in your power to promote the match; and had it not been for my father's misfortunes, you would have gladly ratified the agreement into which you had entered."

"Well, sir; but he failed in his part, and I have every right to retract."

"You forget, sir, that this was not a mere contract of bargain and sale; the affections of the parties were involved. You are still a rich man, and Maria is your only child. I do not ask you to give her the handsome portion you promised on her wedding day; but I do claim some assistance, which will enable me to enter into business, and recover at least a part of that connection which my father had by his industry and integrity obtained. He was unfortunate, sir, but not guilty."

"Your daughter, too, is in a precarious state, and requires every comfort; and if you possess the feeling of a parent, you will afford it her."

"You have married the girl, and you must be responsible for your own wilfulness. For my own part, I care not, if she applies to the parish; for the shame will be upon your head for your rashness. Have you anything more to say?"

"Yes sir," replied Frederick, "this charitable prayer, that when you are judged, may you meet with more mercy than you mete out to your own child."

Disgusted with the Hard-hearted man, Frederick departed as much in anger as in sorrow at the fruitless issue of his interview.

Some months after this, Archibald Merton was gratified at hearing that Frederick had quitted

London. He was comparatively happy, and once more pursued his avocations. Between Change and Coffee house he filled up the days at his existence, and increased his fortune.

There came, however, a "lull" in business, and he was miserably, for he required the excitement consequent upon money-making; and like a gambler becoming desperate, he made a "spec," and lost a considerable sum.

A change came o'er the golden dream, and he was induced by some wealthy merchants to become a director in one of the bubble companies of the day. The company failed, and Merton being an opulent man, he became a mark of attack; and the rest of the "board" proved men of straw. Action upon action followed, and he was mulcted in a large amount of damages in every case, and the old merchant found himself under the necessity of becoming a bankrupt, to save himself from a prison, and he did find one who struck a friendly dock-etc.

He obtained his certificate; but he was literally a beggar. He had no friends—not a soul on earth who cared for him, for he had in his prosperity cared for none; and he quitted London, and knew not whether his steps were bent.

Twelve years had elapsed since the unfortunate marriage of Maria,—and old Merton had had no tidings of her fate, for Frederick was as proud as the old man was inflexible.

It was a beautiful day in May,—the hawthorn was in full bloom, and the birds were singing merrily and filled the air with their sweet melody.—All nature smiled at the return of summer.

A beautiful fair-haired girl was playing with a pet lamb in a meadow adjoining a handsome farmhouse, where the bailiff of the lorded estate resided.

A poor old man, with grey hair, and bent double with age and infirmity, walked slowly up to the stile which divided the meadows from the high road, and resting his arms upon the upper bar, regarded the child.

He was not long unobserved, and with all the elasticity and sprightliness of youth, the little creature bounded towards the mendicant.

"Poor old man," she said, "you look fatigued, have you walked far? Shall I bring you a bowl of milk? Here, sit on this bank and take care of my lamb, will you. I shall be with you presently."

And away ran the joyous little creature to the farm house, and quickly returned with a wooden bowl of milk and a slice of bread.

"Thank you—thank you," replied the old man, and heartily devoured the welcome meal, while the little girl toyed with her pet, and at last weary and restless with her exertion, seated herself at the beggar's feet—a beautiful picture of innocence!

"Who taught your heart charity towards the poor?" said the old man.

"What do you mean?" said the artless child.

"Why do you give me this bread and milk?"

"Because I thought you were tired and hungry, and poor," replied the child; "and father would be so angry if I had let you go on without offering you something. Oh! he is so good and every body loves him, and I love him and my mother better than all the world!"

"And are they rich?" demanded the old man.

"Oh! no!—rich people ride in a carriage, you know, and are so proud; but we have everything we want, and can always give some thing away besides. Did you ever see anything like Jessy? look how she butts at me. She is so naughty; and yet I feed her and wash her every day. Come here, do, you naughty thing! and let me cuddle your little woolly neck."

And she entwined her little arm around the lamb's neck, and hugged it to her.

"Bless you, and thank you!" replied the old man, returning the bowl and taking up his staff.

"Don't hurry yourself. I am sure you are tired," replied the child; "and you may stay here as long as you like, and sleep in the barn, too, if you please."

"Sleep!" cried the old man, looking up wildly; and then, as if recollecting himself, he added, "If I may be permitted to rest my weary limbs, till morning—"

"Indeed you may; and you have no occasion to be frightened, for we have dogs, for father says they always bark at poor people; and mother does not laugh so when he says they are faithful, but not harm to do, and I love them. Shall I show you the barn and, depend upon it, I shall be up by five in the morning, and I'll bring you such a nice mess of hot bread and milk; and some bread and meat, too, if you like it."

"Thank ye," murmured the old man as he rose, and scalding tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks, as he followed his pretty little prattling guide.

True to her promise the little girl brought the weary wanderer his welcome meal at five o'clock in the morning, and seated herself on a truss of straw beside him, talking to him like sweet music.

He had scarcely finished, when a manly voice outside the barn in a laughing tone, said, "Come let us see the child's guest; the little rogue wants to engross all the merit to herself!"

The door opened, and in walked the bailiff and his buxom wife.

"Well, gaffer," said the hearty young farmer, "I hope you have been well cared for!"

A shriek from his wife startled him, frightened the child, who burst into tears, and rushed to her mother's side.

"Father! my poor father!" exclaimed Maria, and fell swooning in the arms of Frederick.

## A Long Name.

"I wantsch to schipp in the Lucilla," said a Dutchman to the shipping office.

"Well," said the clerk, pen in hand, "what's your name?"

It is "Hans Vanansmahandordannsevaney mendejretcutmeienschufeldideschupondromp!" said Duchy gravely, spitting out his old quid, and taking a fresh one.

"Heavens!" said the astonished clerk, "I can't write that. Look a here, mister, what is it in English—do you know?"

"Yaw, Ich does. It is Von Suid!" The poor clerk fainted.

## Morgan Jones and the Devil.

"Why yes," answered Morgan "there's some truth in that same sure enough. I used to meet with him now and then, but we fell out, and I have not seen him these several months."

"Aye!" exclaimed each of the party, "how is that Morgan?"

"Why then, be quiet, and I'll tell ye it all." And then Morgan emptied his pipe, and had it filled again, and took a puff of his pipe, and began his story.

"Well then," says he, "you must know that I had not seen his honor for a long time, and it was about two months ago from this that I went one evening along the brook, shooting wild fowl, and as I was going whistling along, whom should I spy coming but the devil himself! But you must know he was dressed mighty fine, like any grand gentleman, though I knew the old one well by the cut of his tail which hung out at the bottom of his trousers. Well, he came up, and says he, 'Morgan, how are ye,' and says I, 'touching my hat, 'pretty well, your honor, I thank ye.' And then says he Morgan what are ye looking a'ter, and whats that long thing ye're carrying with ye!" And says I, 'I'm only walking out by the brook this fine evening, and carrying my backy-pipe with me to smoke.'

"Well, you know the old fellow is mighty fond o' backy; so says he, 'Morgan, let's have a smoke and I'll thank ye.' And says I, 'You're mighty welcome.' So I gave him the gun, and he put the muzzle in his mouth to smoke, and thinks I, 'I have you now, old boy,' cause you see I wanted to quarrel with him; so I pulled the trigger, and off went the gun bang in his mouth. 'Puff,' says he, when he pulled it out of his mouth, and he stopped a minute to think about it and says he 'd—d strong backy, Morgan?' Then he gave me the gun and looked huffed, and walked off, and sure enough I've never seen him since. And that's the way I got shut of the old gentleman my boys.

## Not Slow.

A correspondent of the Boston Mail tells the following capital story in connection with the old Waterville (Me) Bank. It is hard to catch a Yankee napping, especially a genuine, live, Down-East one; catching a weazel asleep, ain't a circumstance:

"I recollect of hearing an anecdote, a few years ago in relation to the bank, which I will give. At the time Nathaniel Gilman, an accenter man, was President of the Bank a heavy demand was made upon the Institution by a N. Y. company, with the intention of breaking it. Mr. G. got wind of it, and had all the specie in the vault removed to his cellar, and requested the Cashier of the bank to go out of the town for a day or two. The demand was made, Mr. G. informed them that the cashier would be back the next day, and wishing them to wait until then, at the same time giving them an invitation to his mansion which they accepted.—After talking upon various subjects, Mr. G. ventured to ask them what the amount was, they wished to be redeemed? They informed him.

"Oh, is that all?" said he.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well," said the President, "I have got specie enough in my cellar to redeem that amount without troubling the bank," and ordered his man to commence bringing it up. They were perfectly thunder-struck, and refused to take it, saying if the President had specie enough in his house alone to pay that amount without interfering with the bank, it was of no use to think of upsetting it and returned to New York.

The following whimsical circumstance occurred some time ago in Kilkenny, Ireland:

A tailor who was married to a very sickly woman, got enamored of a young girl who lived in his neighborhood, and on certain conditions he agreed to give her promise in writing, to marry her immediately on the demise of his wife; in consequence of which Mr. Snip passed the following curious note of hand.

"In two days after the demise of my present wife, I promise to marry Miss Moran, or order, value received, under fifty pound sterling Given under my hand this sixteenth day of May, &c. J. Sullivan." Shortly after Miss Moran received the above note she died, leaving it endorsed to a female friend, who also chanced to take a fever, and died before the tailor's wife; however, on her sick bed she also endorsed the note, and gave it to a cousin, whom the tailor absolutely married, agreeably to the endorsement, in two days after the death of his wife, and it is said the tailor and his wife are now living happily in the city of Kilkenny.

## A Monster Tree.

A California correspondent of the "Salem Gazette" (Joseph S. Wallis) says that Colonel Temple Tebbets, formerly of Lewistown Falls, Maine, cut a tree of the Redwood species, in California, which was 254 feet high, and measured at the top 2 feet in diameter, and at the butt 12 feet in diameter. The tree was worked into lumber 140 feet from the butt, where it measured 5 feet in diameter. There were made from this giant of the forest 110,000 shingles, 6,000 clapboards, 4,000 three by four joists 22 feet long; and there were left, at a moderate calculation, from seventy to eighty cords of wood. The clapboards were sold for \$50 per thousand, the shingles for \$35 per thousand, the joist for \$375 per thousand, and the remaining part of the tree would readily sell in this city, for fire wood, at \$40 per cord; thus, at a moderate calculation, there was derived from the working of this mammoth dweller of the primeval forest the neat little sum of \$11,350—N. O. Picayune.

The longest life is but a parcel of moments.