

# JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1851.

VOL. 11.

No. 41.

## 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 37 1/2 cents, per year, extra.  
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## AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

### Be Kind.

BY MISS MARGARET COURTNEY.

Be kind to thy father: for when thou wast young,  
Who loved thee so fondly as he?  
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,  
And joined in thy innocent glee.  
Be kind to thy father: for now he is old,  
His locks intermingled with gray;  
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold—  
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother: for to her brow  
May traces of sorrow be seen;  
Oh, will'st thou cherish and comfort her now,  
For loving and kind has she been?  
Remember thy mother: for she who will pray  
As long as God breath her breath,  
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way  
Even to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother: his heart will have death,  
If the smiles of thy joy be withdrawn,  
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,  
If the dew of affection be gone.  
Be kind to thy brother—whenever you are;  
The love of a brother shall be  
An ornament purer and richer by far  
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister: not many may know  
The depth of true sisterly love;  
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below  
The surface that sparkles above.  
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,  
And blessings thy pathway to crown;  
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,  
More pleasant than wealth or renown.

### The Fair Maid of Cadiz.

BY E. CURTIS HINE, U. S. N.

Not a breeze ruffled the surface of the slumbering sea, and our little brig lay like a weary scabbard, resting her snowy wings, as Ned Rivers and myself were snout forward upon the windlass conversing of by-gone days. I had just left the helm, having been relieved by one of my watch-mates, and not feeling disposed to sleep, determined to while away the remainder of the watch in a discourse with my friend.

"Tell me, Ned," said I, "the tale you promised me some time since about the fair maid of Cadiz, whom you rescued from the bandit, and for which deed you received the reward."  
"O, yes, I believe I did promise to spin you a yarn sometime," he replied, after musing for some moments in silence. "Well, I suppose I may as well tell you to-night as any time; so here goes.

"The ship to which I was attached sailed for England, a few days after the event, and you may be assured that I felt a severe headache when the white walls of Cadiz faded in the eastern horizon, and I found myself once more far out on the wide sea, still I kept my own counsel, and did not impart the cause of my grief to any living person, for a man finds but little sympathy among the rabble rout on board a ship of war. The truth is, I had learned to feel something more than friendship for the fair creature I had rescued from the bandit, and resolved if I should ever succeed in reaching England, I would procure my discharge from His Majesty's service, and hasten back to Cadiz, the place where I had left my heart.

"After a fine run of twelve days, our gallant ship dropped her anchor in Portsmouth Harbor, and five days later, through the interest of the captain, I obtained my discharge and was a freeman again. But I did not, like too many of my class, spend my hard-earned gains in riot and debauchery, but after a visit of a few weeks to my mother, who resided at Lymington, I engaged a passage to Cadiz in one of the regular packets, and in the evening of a lovely day in August, beheld the white shores of my native Albion fading away; for the first time in my life, strange as it may appear without regret. You will not wonder, my friend, when I inform you how eager I was to reach Cadiz, and to again behold the lovely creature who claimed my every thought.

"Well, after a fine run of ten or twelve days, I was again rejoiced with a glimpse of those white walls beside the sea, which a short time before I had left so reluctantly.—As we sailed up the bay, how eagerly my gaze was bent upon every well known object, and how I longed to again set my foot on the crowded mole of the city.

"It was not until dark that the packet dropped her anchor, as the wind was high, and during the afternoon we had made but little progress. But, when at length the mud look was fairly on the bottom, I hurried to the captain and requested a boat to convey me on shore.

"Hallo, you must be in a hurry. I should judge by your actions," said the skipper.—Now tell me isn't there a lady somewhere that attracts you?"  
"I cannot answer that question," said I, "but will you set me ashore?"  
"Certainly if you wish it; I am just about to leave the ship myself—so get ready."

"In a few moments one of the quarter boats was lowered down, and hauled to the gangway, and jumping into her the men shoved off, and I was quickly landed on the mole of the city.

"I had just reached the shore, when the clanging of an hundred bells told that a fire had broken out, and was raging with the most uncontrollable fury; crowds were rushing past me, eager to arrive at the scene of the conflagration, and impelled by a natural curiosity, I followed the dense mass of human beings rushing onward, and soon found myself in the main plaza of the city.

"At this point the devouring element was raging with the most ungovernable fury. A large palace-like building was completely wrapped in flames, and twenty or thirty engines were playing upon it, but apparently without effect. Soon the word was passed that a young lady was in one of the upper rooms, and must inevitably perish if not immediately rescued.

"Will no one volunteer to save the girl?" inquired a venerable-looking old man, coming forward, and crying at the top of his voice, five thousand pesos to the man who shall rescue my daughter!

"Still no one offered to run the fearful risk. The danger was too great, and Spaniards are proverbially careful not to put themselves in harm's way when it can be avoided. A ladder had been raised to the roof, and in order to save her, it was necessary for some one to ascend it to just abreast of the window of the room in which the lady was imprisoned by the flames, which was something like sixty feet from the ground, and then to jump from one of the rounds, of the ladder, a distance of at least six feet, into the apartment, where by means of a rope he must lower her down to the pavement, trusting to good luck and circumstances to make good his own retreat.—You will see at once that it was a most perilous feat, and it is not to be wondered at, that of all that immense assembly, not one could be found to attempt it.

"Just at the crisis, the young lady herself appeared at the window, and although pale as death, her bearing was firm and undaunted, and seen as she was at the centre of the window, her features lit up by the devouring flames that were leaping and crackling on every side, she resembled some beautiful Madonna, with disheveled hair floating loosely over the naked shoulders framed in the wall of the burning palace. One look at those peerless features suffice for me; I could not be mistaken. It was the same lovely creature I had rescued from the bandit! Just at this moment the old man, her father, who had gazed with agonizing looks upon his child; with the power of assisting her, again called out:

"Will no one venture to ascend the ladder and save my child? Must I see her perish before my eyes? Were I not so old, you would soon see how I would fly to her rescue! Ten thousand pesos to the man who shall deliver my daughter from the flames!"  
"Look here old gentleman," said I, coming forward from among the crowd, "I don't want your money, because I have enough of my own; but tell me, if I succeed in rescuing your daughter shall I have her for my wife?"  
"Hem!" answered the old man dryly, and casting his eyes upon a tall military officer near by, who did not offer to move a peg in the matter himself, but who scowled upon me from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, "I don't know about that, young man. Who are you?"

"That matters not, sir—if I save your daughter, will you give her to me for my bride?"  
"Again the old man cast his eye upon the officer, as if hoping that he would bestir himself in the matter, but he did not; he only regarded me with a snake-like glance, and with a look seemed to say, 'I should like to slit your windpipe, old fellow.' Finding, however, that there was no hope in that quarter, the father of the girl turned to me steadily for a moment, like one in a trance. It was quickly broken however, by a scream from the young lady, followed by the crash of a portion of the roof, which fell to the pavement with a terrible velocity.

"Jump, jump my lad! Quick, be quick, and save her and she is yours!"  
"I did not wait for further inducements.—Tearing off my coat, I seized a rope from the hands of one of the firemen, and rushed to the window where stood the lady imploring my succor. The window was at least sixty feet from the ground, and when at length I came abreast it, I found I should have to jump at least six feet to reach it.—It was a fearful leap, were I to fall but one inch short of my mark, and not succeed in grasping something, I well knew that I should be dashed a helpless mass upon the pavement below. However thought I 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' so here goes!—With a desperate swing I threw myself forward, and just caught to the edge of the window sill, and there at that fearful height I hung suspended until the young lady seized upon me, and hauled me into the apartment. The rope which had been given me at the foot of the ladder, I had coiled around my neck like a lasso, and was now in a situation to render effectual assistance to the idol of my heart.

"No sooner did she behold my face, than she recognized me as her former deliverer, and began to pour forth her thanks and gratitude, unmindful of the perils by which she was surrounded. But I cut her short, pointed to the blazing roof above her head, and assured her that no time must now be lost. Making fast the rope around her waist, I lowered her in safety to the pavement, where she was received in the arms of her delighted father, who bore her off amid the cheers of the vast multitude, who arose like the moans of the ocean upon some lonely and dreary coast.

"Having succeeded in saving the young lady, the next thing to be done was to save myself. This was no very easy matter, to be sure, but you know a sailor will always find a way to do anything that any body can do.—After revolving for a moment in my own mind the method to pursue, I at length made fast one end of my rope to a pillar of the apartment, and clambering out of the window, I lowered myself to the pavement, which I had but little more than reached when the roof and the entire walls of the building tumbled in with a horrid crash, reminding me of what must have been my fate had I delayed my departure another instant.

"With the destruction of that noble edifice the fire was completely checked, and the engines continuing to play upon the blazing ruins, soon put an end to the confusion and dismay.

"No sooner had I reached the ground than I looked around among the crowd in order to find the lady I had saved, but she was nowhere to be seen. Some of the bystanders assured me that I had got my labor for my pains, that the old man never intended to ratify his promise but only made it from motives of policy, and that now he had taken his departure, no one knew where, and I should have hard work to find my promised bride. And then the rude mob laughed as if they thought I had been a fool to risk my life to preserve that of an entire stranger.—However, 'let those laugh who win,' thought I, for I knew well where to hunt for the lady, and so taking my way to the hotel, I threw myself into bed, and dozed the remainder of the night away.

"Early the next morning I was on my way to the little cottage in the suburbs of the city, where dwelt 'the lady of my love.' I was not long in reaching the well-known spot where so startling an adventure once befel me, and knocking at the door, I was kindly received by the father, mother, and daughter, the latter of whom had informed her parents of my having twice rescued her, and they were of course very grateful to me, and willing to gratify the wishes of my heart, and also those of the girl herself, who loved me tenderly for the service I had rendered her.

"But," said the old gentleman, "you must not expect to obtain her without opposition. The military officer whom you saw with me last night and who recoiled from the perils of saving her life, claims her hand, and has a promise of long standing from me to give my consent to the measure. Now, although I revoke that promise, you must expect trouble with him, and so you had better be prepared for it. Last night he attended my daughter to a party given at the palace of the Marquis Fontroy, but when the building took fire, she was in the dressing room in the sixth story, and her retreat was cut off to the rooms below, he had not courage to dare anything for her rescue; and had it not been for your efforts, she would have perished.—But look, there he comes now. Beware of him!"

"I looked out of the window and saw him coming up the gravel walk towards the cottage, and at once I became convinced that he meditated mischief. He was dressed in the full uniform of a captain of the Spanish army, and a frown as black as midnight was on his brow. As he entered the apartment he called out:  
"Senor, what is this low fellow doing here?"  
"He is not a low fellow, Captain Cortes," replied the old man, firmly, "but a brave and honorable gentleman, who has twice saved the life of my daughter."  
"I care not," cried the officer, sternly; "if he dares presume to address your daughter, who is my promised bride, he must first fight me," at the same time taking a pair of duelling pistols from his pocket and laying them upon the table.  
"Very well, sir," replied I, "if that is your game come on the green here."  
The parents remonstrated, the daughter clung around me, and bathed me with her

tears; but it was all in vain.  
We rushed to the green; one, two, three—we both fired—and my rival fell dead!—A bullet had passed directly through his heart, while I was unharmed!"  
"And then what occurred?"  
"O, the affair was hushed up, the captain was buried with the military honors, and six weeks after I was wedded to the young belle of Cadiz, and took possession of a large estate given me by her father, where I passed the days in unalloyed happiness."

"And what else?"  
"O, I'll tell you some other time. A breeze is springing up, so I must cut short my yarn."  
"Brace round the yards. In with the topmast stud'n-sails!" cried the little mate, with his sharp shrill voice, and so Ned Rivers, my noble watchmate, and myself separated to other duties, and the little brig sped merrily onward over the deep blue sea.

### A Man's Sphere.

At the Womens' Rights Convention, recently held in Akron, Ohio, Mrs. Coe, in commenting upon some resolutions offered by Mrs. Swisshelm, walked into the masculine gender in the following slashing style:

"Something has been said of the different spheres in which the sexes are to move, and I am glad for once to hear an attempt made in the resolutions of Mrs. S. to limit that of man. I have always heard that he had a sphere, but no one before, I believe, has ever thought of prescribing bounds to it. His sphere has hitherto been all over creation, and if by any Yankee invention he could contrive means to get out of it would be perfectly legitimate. [Laughter.] He may not only engage in the most noble, but wherever there is a copper to be turned, may descend to the most common and ignoble pursuits, without encroaching in the least on the boundaries of the sphere of any other being.

He may not only study and practice the professions, engaged in extensive manufactures and mercantile enterprises, but it is considered perfectly legitimate for him to descend to the minutest details of a lady's toilet. He may sell hair-pins, combs, brushes, thread, needles, breast-pins, ear and finger-rings, doll-babies, with all the ceteras of a child's playhouse, gingerbread, beer by the glass, and even sugar candy by the penny's worth, if there is any money to be made from it, [Laughter;] and it has not inaptly been said of him, that if he were to have a life's lease of heaven, on condition of being perfectly contented with it, and should hear a sixpence drop on the floor of hell, he would feel an itching palm until he had contrived some means to slip down and pick it up. [Applause and laughter.] The creed written on his young heart from the moment he leaves his mother's apron strings, is "Go get you gold, no matter how. No questions asked of the rich I trow; Steal by night and steal by day, Doing it all in a legal way; Be hypocrite, liar, knave or fool, But don't be poor (remember the rule); Dimes and dollars, and dollars and dimes, An empty pocket is the worst of crimes."

### Quarreling About Nothing.

How often a trifling incident separates friends. A dispute about nothing makes enemies oftentimes, and the most serious results have followed. Dr. King, in a work entitled "Anecdotes of his own Times," says:

"I remember two gentlemen who were constant companions, disputing one evening at the Grecian Coffee House concerning the accent of a Greek word. This dispute was carried to such a length that the two friends thought proper to determine it with swords. For this purpose they stepped into Devereux Court, where one of them, whose name, if I rightly remember, was Fitzgerald, was run through the body and died on the spot. J. G., my old acquaintance, and one Mr. E of Bristol, both single men, and in good circumstances, agreed to travel together for three or four years, and visit all the countries of Europe. For that purpose they provided themselves with passports, bills of exchange, letters of credit, recommendations, &c. About six or seven days after they set out, they arrived at Brussels, where they had for supper a woodcock and partridge; they disputed long which of the birds should be cut up first, with much heat and animosity. To such a height the quarrel arose, that they did not only renounce their new design of traveling, but all friendship and correspondence. About half a year afterwards I happened to be in J. G.'s company. I asked him whether what I had heard was true, that he and E. had agreed to make the tour of Europe together, but had unfortunately quarreled the first week, about cutting up a woodcock and partridge. "Very true," said he, "and did you ever know such an absurd fellow as E., who insisted on cutting up a woodcock before a partridge?"

A tailor in New York has just invented a new fashioned coat—it has neither seam nor opening. To get into it, you have to crawl out of your trousers.

### Will Locusts Sting?

Since the appearance of the seventeen year Locusts (*Cicada Septendecim*) among us, the question whether they can sting has again been revived, some persons affirming, others denying that they can.—We have noticed various reports of persons having been stung by them, in some of which the result is said to have proved fatal; and we distinctly remember that when they appeared in 1834, various deaths were reported from the same cause. Without pretending to know whether they can or cannot, we give, for the benefit of the curious, the opinion of persons who have paid some attention to the question, and leave our readers to judge for themselves. A correspondent of the North American of a recent date says,

"The Locust takes no food in its winged state; has no sting, properly so called, and with one exception is quite harmless. Yet, it should be known to the boys everywhere, that hardly a locust year passes without one or more receiving a wound from this insect which has caused a painful and speedy death. It occurs in this wise: the female is furnished with a strong sharp instrument called an ovipositor, with which she scores the bark of trees for the purpose of depositing her eggs. Being thus armed, it is not strange that, when collected in numbers, and thrust into a hat upon the boy's head, she should sometimes drive her lancet into the scalp, producing a fatal inflammation."

Gideon B. Smith, a correspondent of the Baltimore American, who has made personal inquiry into every case which he has seen reported—a number of which he particularizes—says that in every instance he found the report without the slightest foundation, or founded upon the grossest error. He concludes his communication by saying—

"I have been anxious to elicit the truth in this matter. I have not taken all labor to satisfy myself, for I know it to be impossible for the insect to inflict an injury upon any man or child. All insects that really have a sting afford very convincing points of the fact very promptly; the humble-bee and honey bee will speedily convince any one that doubts, on the slightest examination.

The locusts are now doing all the injury they are capable of by depositing their eggs in the branches of trees and shrubbery. They will all disappear by the 25th of June. After the process of depositing their eggs is completed they fly about for a day or two and then die; being then no longer proper food for any thing, they will be found dead upon the ground in every direction.

I would be glad if the newspapers generally would copy this article or notice the facts stated, that this error in natural history may not go to our successors in the official form it has now for the first time assumed by obtaining the sanction of the Board of Health.

### EDUCATE YOUR DAUGHTERS.

A writer says: "When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and among other things he informed me at their first start they fell into a great mistake—they only sent their boys to school. They become intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives, and the uniform result was, that the children were all like the mother; and soon the father lost all interest in both wife and children. "And now," says he, "if we could educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls; for when they become mothers they would educate their sons." This is to the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully and permanently civilized and enlightened, when the mothers are not, to a good degree, qualified to discharge the duties of the home work of education."

From the Germantown Telegraph.  
**Harvesting Grain.**  
MR. FREAS:—It would seem to be almost superfluous at this late day, to urge upon our farmers the importance of cutting grain before it becomes fully ripe; yet notwithstanding the numerous articles which have been written and published upon this subject, and the very decided convictions expressed by the most judicious millers and grain dealers in favor of early harvesting—especially where the grain is intended for bread making or flouring—there are many who still adhere to the old practice, and will by no means allow their crops to be harvested till the grain is fully ripe. Prejudice is a tyrannical master, and no class of the community appear to be more full under its control than our own agricultural class. In New York, and indeed, in all the great wheat growing States, the practice of cutting this grain before it is dead ripe, prevails universally. The exact time when it should be harvested, is now, with the grain producing part of the community, no longer a matter of doubt or speculation; all being fully convinced that the right period is indicated by that change which the grain experiences when passing from its milky state to that of complete hardness, and when the kernels,

without being "sticky," are yet not sufficiently hard to resist the pressure of the thumb and finger. The farina of the grain being perfected, all that is necessary to render it fit for flouring, is the hardening of the mass; and this, is abundantly established, may be as well perfected after the straw has been cut, as before. Beside, grain that is allowed to stand till it is fully ripe or dead ripe, makes darker flour, and is not so heavy; it scatters in harvesting, and does not command, in our markets, so ready a sale, or so high a price. The straw of grain, when it is cut before the period of perfect maturity, is also much more valuable; it possesses a degree of succulence and saccharine sweetness which renders it a good feed for stock; a use to which the straw that has stood in the fields till it has become dead or perfectly matured, can never be applied.

I have cut oats when the straw was just turning from its green to its golden hue, and have found the grain as plump and full, and far brighter in color, than that which had stood in the field till ripe. The straw of oats, when harvested early, and properly cured, is nearly as valuable for cattle feeding as the best clover hay; and when, chaffed and mixed with chopped roots or meal, it makes a feed eagerly partaken of by stock of every description.

A MONTGOMERY COUNTY FARMER.  
John, whar's your passin' lesson?  
"That sentence on the black Board—There go a gentleman and a scholar."  
"Pass There."  
"There are a noun of multitude, fast person singlar nomenclative case to Go."  
"Very well—go the next.—[Tom makes for the door]—Come back. Pass 'go.'"  
"I was trying to go past."  
"Next."  
"Go is an insensible r'g'lar verb, finitely mood, present tense; 1st person, go it; 2d person go ahead! 3d person, go go—made in 2d person to agree with daddy's old grey mare understood."  
"Very well; next pass gentleman."  
"Gentleman is an abstract noun, substantive mood, neuter gender, put in opposition to scholar."  
"Right; Scholar, the next."  
"Scholar is an obstinate pronominal adjective, ridiculous mood, imperfect tense, fast person, because I am speaking, and governed by A."  
"Give the rule."  
"Scholars are governed by indefinite articles."  
"Very good; take your seats with nine merit marks apiece."

"Father," said a roguish boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder tea for mother." "Why not?" "Because, every time she drinks it she blows us up."  
EARLY POVERTY A BLESSING.—An experienced Judge being asked what contributed to his success at the bar, replied: "Some succeed by great talents, some by the influence of friends, some by miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

KINDNESS RECIPROCATED.—The Pittsburgh Gazette, of Saturday, says:—  
A Mexican woman named Anastasia de la Trinidad de Mendez, who was obliged to fly from her country, owing to the kindness with which she had treated some sick Americans, on Friday left Pittsburgh to return home. The volunteers in this city and the vicinity, who served in the war, raised three hundred dollars to defray the expenses of the trip.

CHARITY OF A MISER.—An illiterate person, who always volunteered to "go around with the hat," but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overhearing once a hint to that effect replied; "Other gentlemen put what they think proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is nothing to nobody."

"Mr. Smith," said a little fellow the other evening to his sister's beau, "I wish you would not praise our Ann Marias eyes any more. You've made her so proud now that she won't speak to cousin Laura, nor help mother the least bit."

A correspondent of the "Carpet Bag," lately propounded the following to Mrs. Partington:  
"What would be the consequence if an irresistible force should come in contact with an immovable body?"  
After taking considerable time and snuff, the old lady gave it as her idea that "one or t'other of them must get hurt!"

A cobbler in one of the eastern cities thus announces his calling:—Surgery performed here upon old boots and shoes, by adding to the feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution or supporting the body with soles.

He is unworthy to live, who lives only for himself.