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AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

Paro-Oical—A Pain of Life. What the heart of the young woman said to the old maid.

BY HENRY W. SHORFELLOW.

Tell me not in idle jingle,
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single,
And girls are not what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
Single-blessedness a fib!
"Man's thou art, to man returnest,"
Has been spoken of the rib.
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us nearer marriage day.

Life is long, and Youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, though light and gay,
Still, like pleasant drums are beating
Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Do not like dumb, driven cattle!
But a heroine, a wife!

Trust no Future, however pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and hope ahead!

Lives of married folks remind us
We can live our lives as well,
And departing, leave behind us
Such examples as shall "tell."

Such examples, that another,
Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart on triumph set;
Still contriving, still pursuing,
And each one a husband get!

Depravity in New York.

The New-York correspondent of the *Morris Jerseyman* gives the following picture of the morals of the Commercial Emporium:

You in the country can form no idea of the depravity and consummate rascality of most of our city politicians. An intelligent police officer whom I have known for years, told me yesterday that for two or three months previous to an election it is almost impossible to convict a man in any of the lower courts; that often, after having at the risk of his life rushed into a crowd of "Short Boys," "Skinners," or "Rock Boys," who were robbing some countryman or assaulting a female, and having been severely beaten by them himself before he collected their arrest, they were invariably discharged by the alderman or police justice the next morning, and sometimes even without a hearing.

There is no doubt of the truth of the officer's statement, that the police magistrates connive at all sorts of rascality practised by those whose votes elect them to office. If further corroboration be necessary, you have it in the following paragraphs from one of our daily papers of Tuesday, June 3:

"The case of Thos. B. Bicroft, charged with an attempted rape, which was commenced yesterday, was continued to-day. The case was summed up and given to the jury, who returned a verdict of *guilty*. The court sentenced Bicroft to pay a fine of \$50. He paid the money and was discharged."

You see by the above paragraph that a Police Magistrate in New-York virtually says to every scoundrel in the city: "As long as you have a fifty dollar note to spare, you run no further risk than that of losing it, if even a jury should find you guilty of an attempt at rape." The other paragraph is as follows:

"THE RAPE CASE.—The prisoners, Hammond, Smith and Murray, indicted with four others, with having in February last, violated the person of Ellen Rash, were brought before the Court of Oyer and Terminer yesterday, and discharged on their own recognizances."

The crime perpetrated by the above villains was accompanied by the most brutal violence, and attended altogether by circumstances too revolting to contemplate with any approach to coolness; yet they are discharged

"upon their own recognizances," because they have votes, and their victim is a poor but respectable woman. Well, what is the practical effect of all this?

The writer answers this question by relating several cases of atrocious violence recently committed upon unprotected females—and in conclusion, gives the following incident:—

On Thursday morning, again a woman named Sarah Jane Smith, and two men named Murry and Myers, were arrested by the Sixth Ward Police under the following circumstances: It appears that the woman Smith is the keeper of a house of ill-fame at No. 116 Centre-st., and that on Tuesday last she procured from an Intelligence office a girl named Mary Quinn, whom she engaged to act in the capacity of chambermaid. The girl was taken to her new place wholly unconscious of the character of the house, and was there induced to drink liquor. In the evening, the prisoner Murry, by consent of the woman Smith, went into the girl's room and attempted to effect her ruin; but failing in his purpose, he endeavored to accomplish his object by violence, when the girl screamed, and the woman Smith and Myers went into the room to stop her cries and to aid Murray in his diabolical attempt. She, however, continued her screams, and several of the police went into the place and rescued her and took the others into custody. The girl is poor and friendless, and has also been locked up, not being able to give bail for her appearance as a witness. The woman Smith and men are out on bail; and, by employing good lawyers they will be able to put off the case, and so keep the girl in prison until she will agree to clear out if they will procure bail for her. That's the way the thing is done in New-York.—For heaven's sake, don't take your cue, in politics, from New-York—a city in which all men of political influence owe their positions, in a great measure, to their leniency towards rogues.

I grieve to say that a portion of the City Press is answerable, to a certain extent, for the prevailing licentiousness. Never be envious either of the wide circulations or the extended influence of city journals. I could tell you some strange stories about some of them—how they are mainly supported, and by what means they acquire their influence. Two or three such advertisements every week as the following, for example, would entirely pay for your paper and press work and leave everything else clear profit. New-York publishers don't do such dirty work at the usual rates:

BOARD.—Wanted, a furnished or unfurnished Room for a Lady and Gentleman—with board for the lady only—in a retired locality. *Inquisitive persons need not apply.* Address "Cora," *Herald Office.*

BOARD WANTED.—A Lady and Gentleman desire a furnished apartment in a retired situation, with board for the Lady only. *No references given or required.* Address "Franklin," *Herald Office.*

BOARD.—Wanted by a Lady and Gentleman, a furnished room, in a retired locality, and where no questions will be asked. Address "Felix," *Herald Office.*

I have clipped the above from the *Herald* of last week. They are quite decent compared with many that appear in that extraordinary journal, although every New-Yorker knows that they were written by seducers in search of hiding places for themselves and their paramours from the pursuit of wronged husbands or injured fathers.

From Sartain's Magazine.

Premature Interments.

ROMANCES OF DEATH AND MATRIMONY.

Two wealthy merchants of Paris, lived in the same street, and were united together by the closest bonds of friendship. The one had a son, and the other a daughter, of nearly the same age. By being often together, they formed a strong attachment for each other, which was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits, authorized by both fathers, who were highly gratified at the evidence of mutual attachment in their children, and which was in harmony with their desire to unite them in the bonds of matrimony. Accordingly, a marriage was about to be concluded between them, when a wealthy collector of the king's revenue saw and loved the daughter, and asked her in marriage. The charm of a superior fortune which he possessed soon induced her parent to change his resolution with respect to his neighbor's son; and the daughter's aversion to her new lover being overcome by her filial duty, she married the collector. The melancholy induced by this painful arrangement, so fatal to her happiness, threw her into disorder in which her senses were so locked up as to give her the appearance of death, and she was buried as dead. Her first lover soon heard, with profound grief, of the event; but as he remembered that she had once before been seized with a violent paroxysm of lethargy, he conceived that she might have been attacked by a similar disease. This opinion not only alleviated the excess of his sorrow, but induced

him to bribe the grave digger, by whose assistance he raised her from the tomb, and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where by application of all the remedies he could think of, she was happily restored to life again.—The young woman was probably in great consternation when she found herself in a strange house, beheld her darling lover sitting by her bed, and heard the detail of all that had befallen her during her paroxysm.—Her grateful sense of the obligations she lay under to him, and that love she had always borne him, proved an irresistible advocate in his behalf; so that, when she was perfectly restored, she justly concluded that she owed her life to him who had preserved it; and, as a proof of her affection, consented to accompany him to England, where they were married, and lived for several years in all the tender endearments of mutual love. About ten years after, however, they returned to Paris, where they lived without the care of concealment, because they conceived no one could ever suspect what had happened. But this did not prove to be the case, for the collector unluckily met his wife in a public walk, where he at once recognized her. He immediately accosted her, and though she endeavored to divert his suspicions, he parted from her fully persuaded that she was the very woman to whom he had some years ago been married, and for whose death he had gone into mourning. The collector, by great perseverance, not only discovered her residence, in spite of all the precautions she had taken to conceal herself, but claimed her as his wife before the court authorized to decide in such cases. In vain did the lover insist upon his right to her on the ground that he had taken care of her; that, but for his efforts and the measures he had resorted to, the lady would now have been rotting in her grave; that her former husband, who now claimed her, had renounced all claim to her by ordering her to be buried; that he might justly be arraigned for murder, in not using the precaution necessary to ascertain her death; and urged a thousand other reasons, suggested by love; but, perceiving that the court were not likely to prove favorable to his claims, he determined not to await their decision, and accordingly, escaped with his wife to a foreign country, where they continued to live in the enjoyment of peace and happiness till death closed their singular and romantic career.

A case of a very similar character is stated to have occurred in Paris, in 1801. Mademoiselle Lafourcade was a young woman of great personal beauty and illustrious family, who possessed great wealth. Among her numerous suitors was a young man, named Julien Bosuet, a poor litterateur, or journalist, of Paris, who proved to be her favorite lover. But her high birth induced her finally to reject him, and to wed a banker and a diplomatist of some distinction, named M. Renalle.—This gentleman, however, after marriage, neglected and treated her with cruelty. She passed with him some years of wretchedness, and died,—as it was supposed; for her condition so perfectly resembled death as to deceive all who saw her. She was buried in an ordinary grave, in the village in which she was born. Bosuet, filled with despair, and still inflamed by a profound attachment, hastened from the capital to the province in which the village lay, with the romantic purpose of disinterring the corpse and getting possession of her luxurious treasures as a memento of her. At midnight he secretly unearthed the coffin, opened it, and, while in the act of detaching the hair, he was stopped by the unclosing of the eyes of her he so tenderly and ardently loved. She was aroused by the caresses of her lover from her lethargy or catalepsy, which had been mistaken for death. He frantically bore her to his lodgings in the village, and immediately employed the powerful restoratives which his medical learning suggested. She revived, and recognized her preserver, and remained with him until she slowly recovered her original health. She bestowed her heart upon her preserver, and returned no more to her husband, but, concealing from him her resurrection, fled with him to America. Twenty years afterwards, they both returned to France, in the persuasion that time had so greatly altered the lady's appearance that her old friends would be unable to recognize her. But it would seem they were mistaken. Her former husband, at the first meeting, actually recognized and immediately laid claim to his wife. Of course this claim was resisted, and a judicial tribunal sustained her and her preserver. It was decided that the peculiar circumstances of the case, with the long lapse of years had annulled the original contract and the legality of the authority of the first husband, and that the man who had rescued her from the tomb, and with whom she had lived for so many years, was alone entitled to claim her as his wife.

Short dresses, if adopted by the ladies will have one good effect at any rate. It will oblige them to mend their stockings."

Puzzling a Yankee.

"Americans," say that gem newspaper, the *Yankee Blade*, "are an inquisitive people; yet, from the very necessity which this engenders, there is no person who better understands the art of parrying and baffling inquisitiveness in another than a Yankee. We were quite amused, recently, by an account given by a city friend of a colloquy which came off in a country village, through which he was traveling, between himself and one of the 'natives,' who manifested an itching curiosity to pry into his affairs.

"How de dew?" exclaimed the latter bustling up to him as he alighted for a few moments at a hotel. "Reckon I've seen you somewhere, afore now?"

"O yes," was the answer, "no doubt—I have been there often in my life."

"Spouse you are going to—" (expecting the name of the place to be supplied.)

"Just—I go there regularly once a year."

"Exactly, you have come from—"

"Exactly, you are entirely right—that is my place of residence."

"Really now, dew tell! I spouse you are a lawyer, maybe a trader, or perhaps some other profession or calling?"

"Yes I have always pursued some one of those professions."

"Got business in the country eh?"

Yes sir, I am at this time engaged in traveling.

"I see, by your trunk, you are from Boston—anything stirring in Boston?"

"Yes, men and women, horses and carriages, and a furious notheaster."

"You don't say so? Well, I declare now, you're tarnation cute. What d'ye think they'll do with Sims?"

"Why, sir, it is my opinion that they will either deliver him up to the claimant, or set him free."

"You've had a monstrous sight of rain in Boston—did an awful sight of damage, I spouse?"

"Yes, it wet all the buildings, and made the streets very damp—very damp indeed!"

"Did't old Fannil Hall get a good soaking?"

"No—they hauled it on the common, under the liberty tree."

"You're a circus chap—I guess you are kinder foolin'. Pray mister, if it is a civil question what might be your name?"

"It might be Smith or Brown, but it is not, by a long chalk." "The fact is, sir, I never had a name. When I was born my mother was so busy that she forgot to name me, and soon after I was swapped away by mistake for another boy, and I am just now about applying to the Legislature for a name. When I get it, I will send you my card. Good morning sir!"

And so saying, the speaker jumped into his carriage, and drove off, leaving the Paul Pry of the place scratching his head in bewilderment, and evidently in more perplexity than ere he had commenced his catechisms.

Incident to be Remembered.

"There's something good in human nature, after all."

BULWER.

A few years ago, while passing over the Pennsylvania State improvements, the writer was a witness of one of those scenes of genuine kindness which makes the heart thrill with an unutterable blessing, and fills the mind with involuntary consciousness that there is "something of the angel still" in our common nature.

At a point this side of the mountains, where occurred the transhipment of passengers from the west, was moored a casual boat, waiting the arrival of the train ere starting on its way "through" to the east. The captain of the boat, a tall, rough, sun-embrowned man, stood by his craft, superintending the labors of his men, when the cars rolled up, and a few moments after, a party of about half a dozen gentlemen came out, and deliberately walking up to the captain, addressed him something after this wise—"Sir, we wish to go on east—but our further progress to-day will depend on you. In the car we have just left is a sick man, whose presence is disagreeable. We have been appointed a committee by the passengers, to ask that you will deny this man a passage in your boat. If he goes, we remain—what say you?" "Gentlemen," replied the captain, "I have heard the passengers through their committee. Has the sick man a representative here?" "To this unexpected interrogatory there was no answer, when without a moment's pause, the captain crossed over to the car, and entering beheld in one corner, a poor, emaciated, worn-out creature, whose life was nearly eaten up by that canker-worm, *consumption*. The man's head was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping. The captain advanced and spoke to him, kindly. "Oh! sir!" said the shivering invalid, looking up, his face now lit with trembling expectation, "are you the captain—and will you take me! God help me! The passengers look upon me as a breathing pestilence and are so unkind. You see sir, I am dying—but oh! if I am spared to reach my mother I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington, sir, and my journey is more

than half performed. I am a poor printer, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die!"

"You shall go!" replied the captain, "if I lose every passenger for the trip!"

By this time the whole crowd of passengers were grouped about the boat, with their baggage piled up on the path, and they themselves awaiting the decision of the captain before engaging their passage. A moment more and that decision was made, as they beheld him coming from the cars, with the sick man cradled in his stout arms. Pushing directly through the throng with his dying burden, he ordered a mattress to be spread, in the choicest spot of the boat, where he laid the invalid with the care of a parent. This done, the captain directed the boat to be prepared for starting.

But a new feeling seemed to possess the astonished passengers—that of shame and contrition at their inhumanity.—With one common impulse they walked aboard the boat, and, in a few hours after, another committee was sent to the captain, entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin. He went; and from their midst arose an aged, white-haired man, who, with tear-drops starting in his eyes, told that rough, sun-embrowned man, that he had taught them all a lesson—that they felt humbled before him and that they asked his forgiveness. It was a touching scene. The fountain of nature, and its waters welled up choking the utterance and filling the eyes of all present. On the instant a purse was made up for the sick man, with a generous contribution from the captain, and the poor invalid was started with a "God speed!" on his way home to die in the arms of his mother!"

The true-hearted captain of that boat was GEN. SAMUEL D. KARNES, and the above incident is worth remembering.—Correspondence of the *Blair County Whig*.

Origin of Negro Slavery.

Early in the sixteenth century, the Spaniards having formed settlements in the West Indies, reduced the natives to the bondage of servitude. The constitutions, tempers and habit of the Indians, however unfitted them for such a condition. The system was consequently cruel, fatal and unprofitable.

About the year 1517, Las Casas, the Spanish Bishop of Chapa, with the view of relieving the poor Indians from the cruelties to which they were subjected, proposed to substitute Africans for Indians. The suggestion was immediately acted upon, and Emperor Charles V. granted a patent to certain persons to supply the Spanish Islands with slaves. This was the same Charles whom Luther met at the Diet of Worms.

It is said, however, that negro slaves had been imported into the Spanish Colonies as early as 1501; and that Las Casas only chose one of the two existing evils. In those days, and long afterwards, few appear to have thought it wrong to kidnap, or purchase from native chiefs, the poor Africans, and the salvo to their consciences was that they were heathen and of course excused. This applied to both Indians and Africans.

In 1662, the English entered into the trade of supplying the islands; but it was not until 1620 that the first cargo was carried into these colonies, and these were carried in a Dutch vessel, and landed in Virginia. At that time the Dutch had no possession of New Amsterdam, now (New York), but the records of that colony make no mention of slaves as early as 1620.

Thus we find that from 1620 to 1808, a period of 188 years, slaves continued to be imported from Africa to these colonies and States, and until near the close of the last century the minds of men seemed to be insensible to the enormity of the traffic. Now, it is almost universally held in abhorrence. Such are the revolutions in human sentiment; and it is very manifest that that sentiment, is still advancing and at war with Slavery wherever found.—*Pittsburg Gazette*.

Harry Erskine, of factious memory, was retained for a female named Tickle, against whom an action had been brought. On the trial, he commenced his address to the Court, thus:—"Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord." The audience, amused with the oddity of the speech, were almost driven into hysterics by the Judge replying, "Tickle her yourself, Harry; you are as well able to do it as I."

FARMERS MAKE YOUR OWN CANDLES. Take 12 pounds of alum for every ten pounds of tallow, dissolve it in water, before the tallow is put in, and then melt the tallow in the alum water, with frequent stirring, and it will clarify and harden the tallow, so as to make a most beautiful article, for either winter or summer use, almost as good as sperm.

If the wick be dipped in spirits of turpentine, the candles will reflect a much more brilliant light.

[The above is from the *American Farmer*, and appears to be a good receipt.—*Sa. Amer.*]

To our Mechanics.

"Come let us Reason Together."—It is an undeniable fact, that the great majority of our mechanics are not reading men, that is, they do not read useful and instructive works. We do not mean to say that all; far from it, for there are but few among us who have not received the elements of a common education but we do say that the majority do not make a practice of reading works which expand the intellect and improve the mind.—The works which they make a practice of reading tend to grossify and puddle the mind. This is one reason why there are so few among our mechanics capable of taking charge of and managing the business they have learned as trades. It is also a reason why so many of them are rough in speech, and uncourteous in manner. There are many, very many men in our country who were once journeyman mechanics, but who now occupy high and important positions in the republic. We rejoice at this, but we are not a little sorry to add that the majority of them had to leave their trades, and become lawyers—they at least did not move out from the workshop direct to the house of Representatives, or the Senate Chamber. Fillmore, and Douglass Senator from Illinois, were once tradesmen, but they arose to their present positions; not through the tailor's or cloth maker's bench, but the lawyer's bench. There is not a solitary individual in our country; who has, from a lowly elevated himself to a high position in society, but has been and is a reading man—one who has read and does read books that are books.

Those mechanics who rise to foremen and employers, are the reading men of the mass; they aspired to be something and adopted the best means to secure the desired ends. Worth and intelligence always command respect from those whose respect is worth striving for. We are not pleading for a gross struggle for wealth, although a reasonable amount of it, as a provision for sickness or old age, is a laudable, proper desire; but we plead first of all for an elevation among men of real worth. Wealth without worth will never make a man pass among gentlemen as a current coin; but the man who is industrious, intelligent, trusty, and courteous will always pass for the genuine metal.

Industry, honesty, and intelligent are qualities of character more valuable than gold seven times purified. A talented, first-rate, handy mechanic, without such qualities can never rise, for he cannot be trusted. It is not the smartest man who is always selected to be a superintendent among his fellow workmen; it is he who combines the greatest amount of abilities which give his employers confidence in his moral worth. We have often been solicited to furnish competent mechanics to take charge of new establishments, and have found it very difficult to secure, at any time, the proper man; and no further back than last week, a gentleman writing to us from the South, uses the following language: "Last summer, I visited the north and purchased machinery for the manufacture of chairs, and after considerable trouble hired a man alleged to be competent to superintend the whole business. I have not yet been able to commence operation, owing to the incompetence in every respect, of the man in whom I trusted to superintend my business; can you send me a man with the requisite qualification, and above all let him be a gentleman?" We cannot send him the kind of a man he wants and requires. Our real good men are scarce, they soon find situations, and we believe there would be more good situations for men (manufacturing establishments would increase) if we had more men capable of filling them honorably and well.—*Scientific American*.

Pretty Hands.

Some matter of fact genius raps the knuckles of pretty hands very roughly. Just hear him:

"Delicate, beautiful hands! Dear Miss how do you contrive to make your hands so pretty? And such rings, too, as if to draw attention that way. Let us feel them. Oh dear how soft and tender."

"Do you bake, Miss?"

"No."

"Do you make beds?"

"No."

"Do you wash floors and scrub the pots and kettles?"

"No."

"So we thought. Look at your mother's hands. Ain't you ashamed to let that old lady kill herself outright, while you do nothing from daylight to dark, but keep the dust from your hands? What are you good for? Will a man of common sense marry you for your delicate hands? A person who is a real man would prefer to see them blackened occasionally by coming in contact with pot books and trunnels, and calloused by a day or two's rubbing at the wash-board. Pretty fingers indeed!—what are they good for but to move over a piano or stick through gold rings? Like many of the vain things of the earth, they are kept for show and nothing more; for our part we would rather see them out in actual service, and as tough as a coquette's conscience; than so tender that a fly's foot will make an impression upon them."