

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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Truth.

BY MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

"This above all—to thine own self be true! And it must follow, as the day the dawn, Thou canst not then be false to any one."

CHAPTER I.—A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"MOTHER! mother!" exclaimed a sweet, eager voice, and the speaker, a child of thirteen years, burst in the room, where Mrs. Carlton sat at work,—"don't you think there will be a prize given on exhibition day for the best composition! and I mean to try for it,—shan't I?"

She was a little harum-scarum looking thing! I suppose she had run all the way home from school, for her straw bonnet hung on her neck instead of her head; and a profusion of soft dark hair was streaming in such disorder about her glowing face, that you could not tell if she were pretty or not; but you could see a pair of brilliant gray, or blue or black eyes,—they certainly changed their color with every new emotion, but I think they were really gray,—full of laughter, and love beaming through the tresses, and all eloquent with the beauty of a fresh, warm soul. This change in the child's eyes is no freak of a foolish fancy; for every one noticed it; and her school-erony, Kate Sumner, used to declare, that when Harriet was angry they were black; grey when she was thoughtful; violet when sad; and when happy and loving, they changed to the tenderest blue.

Mrs. Carlton drew the little girl towards her, and smoothed back the rebellious curls, at the same time exclaiming, with a long-drawn sigh,—"My dear Harriet! how you do look!"

"Oh, mother! it's not the least matter how I look! If I were only a beauty, now, like Angelina Burton, I would keep my hair as smooth as, as any thing; but I wouldn't rub my cheeks though, as she does always, just before she goes into a room where there is company,—would you mother?"

The mother gazed at the child's expressive face, as she spoke, with irregular, yet lovely features, the strange bright eyes, the changing cheek, the full and sweet, but spirited mouth, and said to herself,—"Whatever you may think, my darling, I would not change your simple, child-like unconsciousness, for all Angelina's beauty, spotted as it is by vanity and affectation."

"But, mother, do give me a subject for composition, for I want to write it now, this minute!"

"Harriet," said Mrs. Carlton quietly, "go and brush your hair, change your shoes, and mend that rent in your dress as neatly as you can."

Harriet half pouted, but she met her mother's tranquil eye; the pout changed to a good-humored smile, and kissing her affectionately, she bounded off to do her bidding.

While she is gone, you would like,—would you not, dear reader!—to ask a few questions about her. I can guess what they are, and will answer them, to the best of my knowledge.

Mrs. Carlton is a widow, with a moderate fortune, and a handsome house in Tremont street, Boston. She had been a star in fashionable life, but since the loss of her husband, whom she tenderly loved, she has retired from the gay world, and devoted herself to her child; a wild, frank, happy, generous and impetuous creature, with half a dozen glaring faults, and one rare virtue which nobly redeemed them all. That virtue, patient reader, you must find out for yourself. Perhaps you will catch a glimpse of it in

CHAPTER II.—AUNT ELOISE.

Harriet was busy with her composition, when her aunt, who was on a visit to Mrs. Carlton, entered the room. Aunt Eloise was a weak-minded and a weak-hearted lady, of a very uncertain age, unhappily gifted with more sensibility than sense. She really had a deal of feeling—for herself, and an almost inexhaustible shower of tears, varied occasionally by hysterics and fainting-fits, whenever any pressing exigency, in the case of her friends, demanded self-possession, energy or immediate assistance. If, too, there happened, as there will sometimes, in all households, to be an urgent necessity for instant exertion by any mem-

ber of the family, such as sewing, watching with an invalid, or shopping with a country cousin, poor Aunt Eloise was invariably and most unfortunately seized with a sudden tooth-ache, headache, pain in the side, strange feelings, dreadful nervousness, or some trouble of the kind, which quite precluded the propriety of asking her aid.

Every morning at breakfast, Aunt Eloise edified the family with a wonderful dream, which the breakfast bell had interrupted, and every evening she grew sentimental over the reminiscences which the twilight hour awakened.—It was then that innumerable shades of former admirers arose. Some doubted if they had ever been more than shades; but Aunt Eloise certainly knew best about that; and who had a right to deny, that Mr. Smith had knelt to her for pity; that Colonel Green had vowed eternal adoration; and that lawyer Lynx had laid his heart, his hand and his feet, which were not quite a fortune, at her feet?

Aunt Eloise had been—at least she hinted so—a beauty and a blue, in her day; and to maintain both characters, she rouged, wore false ringlets, and scribbled love verses, which she had a bad habit of leaving, by accident between the leaves of books in every frequented room of the house.

She thought and avowed herself extravagantly fond of her niece, during her early childhood, and imagined that she displayed a graceful enthusiasm in exclaiming, every now and then in her presence, and in that of others,—“Oh! you angel child! I do think she is the sweetest creature!—Come here and kiss me you beauty!” &c. &c. But no one ever saw Aunt Eloise taking care of the child, attending to its little wants, or doing anything for its benefit. The only tangible proof of her affection for her niece, was in the shape of bonbons and candy, which she was in the habit of bringing home from her frequent walks in Tremont street. Harriet regularly handed these forbidden luxuries to her mother, and Mrs. Carlton as regularly threw them into the fire.

“Isn't it a pity to waste such nice things, mother? Why not give them to some poor child in the street?” asked the little girl, one day, as she watched with longing eyes, a paper full of the tempting poison, which her mother was quietly enjoying into the grate.

Mrs. Carlton did not disdain to reason with her child:

“That would be worse than wasted, dear. It would be cruel to give to another what I refuse to you on account of its unwholesomeness.”

But Harriet had now been for a long time out of the spinster's book—as the saying is—and this misfortune occurred as follows:

One morning, when she was six years old, the child came into her mother's room from her aunt's, where she had been alternately petted, scolded and teased till she was weary, and seating herself in a corner, remained some time absorbed in thought. She had been reading to her mother that morning, and one sentence, of which she had asked an explanation, had made a deep impression on her. It was this—“God sends trials and troubles to strengthen and purify our hearts.” She now sat in her corner without speaking or stirring, until her mother's voice startled her from her reverie.

“Of what are you now thinking, Harriet?”

“Mother, did God send Aunt Eloise to strengthen and purify my heart?”

“What do you mean, my child?”

“Why, the book says he sends trials for that, and she is the greatest trial I have, you know.”

The indignant maiden was just entering the room as this dialogue began, and hearing her own name, she had stopped, unseen, to listen. Speechless with rage she returned to her chamber, and was never heard to call Harriet an angel again.

But we have wasted more words on the fair Eloise's follies than they deserve. Let us return to Harriet's all-important composition.

The maiden lady, selfish and indolent as she was, took it into her head sometimes to be exceedingly inquisitive, and officious too; particularly where she thought her literary talents could come into play. She walked up to Harriet, and looked over her shoulder.

“What's this, hey? oh! a story! That's right Harriet, I am glad to see you taking to literary pursuits. Come, child! give me the pen and I will improve that sentence for you.”

“Thank you, aunt, but I don't want it improved.”

“Not want it improved! there's vanity.”

“Indeed, aunt, I am not vain about it, and I would like to have you help me, if it were not to be shown as mine. It wouldn't be fair, you know, to pass off another's as my own. I am writing for a prize.”

“For a prize! So much the more reason that you should be assisted. There, dear, run away to your play, and I will write it all for you. You will be sure to win the prize.”

With every word thus uttered, Harriet's eyes had grown larger and darker, and at the close she turned them, full of astonishment, from her aunt's face to her mother's. Re-assured by the expression of the latter, she replied,

“But, Aunt Eloise, that would be a falsehood, you know.”

“A falsehood, miss!” cried the maiden sharply. “It is a very common thing, I assure you.”

“But not the less false for being common, Eloise,” said Mrs. Carlton; “pray let Harriet have her own way about it. It would be far better to lose the prize, than to gain it thus dishonestly.”

Aunt Eloise, as usual, secretly determined to have her own way; but she said no more then, and Harriet pursued her employment without farther interruption.

CHAPTER III.—THE PRIZE.

The exhibition day had arrived. Harriet had finished her story several days before, and read it to her mother. It was a simple, graceful, child-like effusion, with less of pretension and ornament, and more of spirit and originality, than the composition of most children of the same age contain.

Mrs. Carlton seemed much pleased; but Aunt Eloise had criticised it without mercy. At the same time, she was observed to smile frequently with a cunning, sly, triumphant expression, peculiar to herself; an expression which she always wore when she had a secret, and secrets she had in abundance,—a new one almost every day,—trivial petty secrets, which no one cared about but herself; but which she guarded as jealously as if they had been apples of gold.

The exhibition day arrived. “Good bye, mother; good bye aunt,” said Harriet, glancing for a moment into the breakfast room.

She was looking very pretty, in a simple, tasteful dress, made for the occasion. She held the story in her hand, neatly enclosed in an envelope, and her eyes were full of hope—the cloudless hope of childhood.

“Don't be surprised, Harriet,” said her aunt, “at anything that may happen to-day. Only be thankful if the prize is yours, that's all.”

“If Kate Sumner don't win it, I hope I shall!” replied the eager child, and away she tripped to school.

At twelve o'clock, Mrs. Carlton and her sister took their seats among the audience, in the exhibition room. The usual exercises were completed, and it only remained for the compositions to be read by the teacher.

The first was a sentimental essay upon friendship. Mr. Wentworth, the teacher looked first surprised, then amused, then vexed, as he read, while a gaily and fashionably dressed lady, who occupied a conspicuous place in the assembly, was observed to toss her head and fan herself with a very complacent air, while she met with a nod, and conscious eyes of a fair and beautiful but haughty looking girl of fifteen, seated among the pupils.

“By Angelina Burton,” said the teacher as he concluded, and laying it aside without further comment, he took up the next, “Lines to a favorite Tree,” by Catharine Sumner.”

It was short and simple, and ran as follows:

Thy leaves' lightest murmur,
Oh! beautiful tree!
Each bend of thy branches,
The stately, the tree,
Each wild, wavy whisper,
Is music to me.

I gaze through thy labyrinth;
Golden and green,
Where the light loves to linger,
In glory serene,
Far up, till yon heaven-blue
Trembles between.

I shut out the city,
Its sights and its sound,
And away, far away,
For the forest, I'm bound,
For the noble old forest,
Which ages have crowded!

I lean on its moss banks,
I stoop o'er its rills,
I see through its vistas
The vapor wreathing hills,
And my soul with a gush
Of wild happiness fills!

I pine for the freshness,
The freedom, the health;
Which nature can give me;
My soul's dearest wealth
Is wasted in cares;
Where, only by stealth.

The mountain borne breezes
Can fitfully play,
Where we steal but a glimpse
Of this glorious day,
And but by the calendar
Learn it is May.

But away with repining,—
I'll study from thee
A lesson of patience,
Oh! noble, old tree!
Mid dark walls imprisoned,
Thou droop'st not like me!—

But strive forever,
Still up, strong and brave,
Till in Heaven's pure sunshine
Thy free branches wave!
Oh! thus may I meet it,
No longer a slave!

The next was a story, and Harriet Carlton's eyes and cheeks changed color as she listened. It was the same, yet not the same! The incidents were here, the sentiments more novel-like, and many a flowery and highly-wrought sentence had been introduced, which she had never heard before.

She sat speechless with wonder, indignation, and dismay, and though several other inferior compositions were read, she was so absorbed in reverie, that she heard no more until she was startled by Mr. Wentworth's voice calling her by name. She looked up. In his hand was the prize—a richly chased, golden pencil-case, suspended to a chain of the same material.—The sound, the sight recalled her bewildered faculties, and ere she reached the desk, she had formed a resolution, which, however, it required all her native strength of soul to put in practice.

“Miss Carlton, the prize is yours!” and the teacher leaned forward to throw the chain around her neck. She drew back.

“No, sir,” she said in a low, but firm and distinct voice, looking up bravely in his face, “I did not write that story you have read.”

“Not write it!” exclaimed Mr. Wentworth, “Why then does it bear your name? Am I to understand, Miss Carlton, that you have asked another's assistance in your composition and that you now repent the deception?”

Poor Harriet! this was too much! Her dark eyes flashed, and then filled with tears; her lips trembled with emotion, and she paused a moment, as if disdaining a reply to this unmerited charge.

A slight and sneering laugh from the beauty aroused her, and she answered, respectfully, but firmly.

“The story I did write was in that envelope yesterday. Some one has changed it without my knowledge. It was not so good as that you have read, so I must not take the prize.”

There was a murmur of applause through the assembly, and the teacher bent upon the blushing girl a look of approval, which amply repaid her for all the embarrassment she had suffered.

Aunt Eloise took advantage of the momentary excitement to steal, unobserved, from the room. Harriet took her seat, and Miss Angelina Burton was next called up. The portly matron leaned smilingly forward, and the graceful little beauty, already affecting the airs of a fine lady, sauntered up to the desk, and languidly reached out her hand for the prize.

“I cannot say much for your taste in selection, Miss Burton. I do not admire your author's sentiments. The next time you wish to make an extract you must allow me to choose for you. There are better things than this, even in the trashy magazine from which you copied it.”

And with severe, but justly merited reproof of the imposition that had been practised, he handed the young lady, not the prize, which she expected, but the MS. essay on Friendship, which she had copied, word for word, from an old magazine.

The portly lady turned very red, and the beauty bursting into tears of anger and mortification, returned to her seat discomfited.

“Miss Catharine Sumner,” the resumed teacher, with a smile, to a plain, yet noble-looking girl, who came forward as he spoke,—“I believe there can be no mistake about your little effusion. I feel great pleasure in presenting you the reward, due not only to your mental cultivation, but to the goodness of your heart. What! do you, too, hesitate?”

“Will you be kind enough, sir,” said the generous Kate, taking a paper from her pocket, “to read Harriet's story, before you decide. I asked her for a copy several days ago, and here it is.”

“You shall read it to the audience yourself, my dear; I am sure they will listen patiently to so kind a pleader in her friend's behalf.”

The listeners looked pleased and eager to hear the story; Kate Sumner, with a modest self-possession, which well became her, and with her fine eyes lighting up as she read, did full justice to the pretty and touching story; of which Harriet had been so cruelly robbed.

“It is well worth reading,” said Mr. Wentworth, when she had finished; your friend has won the prize, my dear young lady; and, as she owes it to your generosity, you shall have the pleasure of bestowing it yourself.”

Kate's face glowed with emotion as she hung the chain around Harriet's neck, and Harriet could not restrain her tears, while she whispered,

“I will take it not as a prize, but as a gift from you, dear Kate.”

“And now, Miss Sumner,” said Mr. Wentworth in conclusion, “let me beg your acceptance of these volumes, as a token of your teacher's respect and esteem;” and presenting her a beautiful bound edition of Milton's works, he bowed his adieu to the retiring audience.

“Will you lend me your prize-pencil, this morning, Harriet?” said Mrs. Carlton the next day. She was dressed for a walk, and Harriet wondered why she should want the pencil to take out with her; but she immediately un-

clashed the chain from her neck, handed it to her mother, without asking any questions. She was rewarded at dinner by finding it lying at the side of her plate, with the single word “TRUTH,” engraved upon its seal.

An easy method to clean ice from stone steps and from side walks.

As the season of the year has arrived when ice, upon door steps, in house yards, and on side walks is troublesome and dangerous to walk upon, the following simple, cheap and effectual means of melting the ice at once is worth trying. Take a small quantity of fine salt and sprinkle over the ice, and it will immediately begin to liquify, and in a short time will entirely disappear. The process is more effectual than it would be to scatter burning coals upon the surface of the ice. The salt, when it comes in contact with the ice, begins to depreciate, and a crackling noise is heard. Pumps in which the water is frozen hard, can be cleared of the ice in a short time by throwing into the pump a quantity of fine salt.

Dat. Chron.

The Potato Disease.

Mr. Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore, thinks the disease which has destroyed so many potatoes this season is a fungus, belonging to the same class of vegetable growth as rust and smut in wheat and corn, and mould and mildew. He recommends, not however, having tried the experiment, that all diseased potatoes be carefully taken out and thrown away; and that finely pulverised lime, either quick or air slacked be sprinkled among the healthy potatoes, just enough to whiten their surface slightly.

Bankruptcy in England exists to a far greater degree than in the United States. Firms have gone down within the last twelve months with an indebtedness of \$60,000,000!

The number of letters which annually pass through the United States Post Office, is computed at 24,500,000.

Never Kill a Bee.

The smoke of the “fungus maxims,” or common puff ball, when dried so as to hold fire, has a stupefying effect on the bees, and renders them as harmless as brimstone does, without any of its deadly effects. By means of this, weak swarms, which would not live through the winter, may be united to strong stocks. It is a fact, borne out by experiment, that a hive that has doubled will not consume more honey in the winter than a stock in its natural state. This was discovered by a Swiss pastor, De Gellor. The additional heat seems to serve, instead of additional food, to keep up the vitality of the half torpid bees. A cold, dry, dark room, is the best winter quarters for bees.— They will consume less honey than if left on their stands, and will not be weakened by the loss of thousands, which, tempted out by the premature warmth, are caught by the cold winds, fall to the ground and never rise again. Dryness is essential; and ventilation or proper airing of the hives in summer, is the most valuable improvement in bee keeping.

Rendering Lard.

A new mode of rendering lard, in operation in Cincinnati, is mentioned in the Atlas of that city, which has many advantages over the old. The lard, in leaf and strip, is thrown into a large wooden vat, some ten feet in diameter, where it is thoroughly melted by a volume of steam being poured upon it. It is then conveyed to another vat underneath the water, thoroughly evaporated, and the melted lard drawn off into kegs and barrels. One hundred and fifty barrels per day may be thus rendered, with the labor of two men; there is no possibility of the lard being burnt, and every particle of it in the hog is thus saved, which cannot be done by any press, however powerful.

Bustles were originally invented by a travelling organ grinder to accommodate her monkey with a place to ride.

“Master, this gal keeps sayin' I'm a thief.”
“What does she say that you have stolen?”
“She says I stole her character.” At this juncture a little girl jumped up and said, “I geth he did—I geth he did—for I then him behind the thool-houth a catin' thumthing.”

The business of Lucifer Match making is said to be worth, annually, in the United States, one million of dollars.

An ignorant fellow being about to be married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of his service; but by mistake got by heart the office of baptism for riper years: so when he was asked in the church,—“Wilt thou have this woman etc.,” he answered “I renounce them all.” The clergyman said “I think you are a fool,” to which he replied: “all this I steadfastly believe.”

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