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

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Richard Nugent, Editor

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VOL. I.

JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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POETRY.

JESUS.

BY MRS. SUGOURNEY.

Unto Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His blood—Revelations.

How hath he loved us? Ask the star

That, on its wondrous mission sped,

Hung trembling o'er that manger scene

Where He, the Eternal, bowed his head:

He, who of earth doth seal the doom,

Found in her lowliest inn—a room.

Judea's mountains lift your voice,

With legends of the Savior fraught,

Speak, favored Olivet—so soft,

At midnight's prayerful vigils sought,

And Codron's brook, whose rippling wave

Frequent his weary feet did lave:

How hath he loved us? Ask the band

That fled his woes with breathless haste:

Ask the weak friend's demial tone,

Scarcely his bitterest tears effaced:

Then ask the traitor's kiss—and see

What Jesus hath endured for thee:

Ask of Gethsemane, whose dew

Shrunk from that moisture strangely red:

Which in that unwatched hour of pain

Its agonizing temples shed:

The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore

Like the unanswering lamb he bore.

How hath he loved us? Ask the cross,

The Roman spear, the shrouded sky,

Ask of the shrouded dead, who burst

Their prisons at his fearful cry—

O ask no more! but bow thy pride!

And yield thy heart to him who died.

SELECT TALES.

THE MAID OF SOLEURE.

A SWISS STORY.

The town of Soleure is situated among the mountains of Juba, in Switzerland and along the fertile and romantic vale of the Balstal. It is the capital of the canton which bears the same name, and is watered by the river Aar. The town is small, but neat, and surrounded by stone fortifications. It claims the honor of a great antiquity, and its inhabitants have long been distinguished for their love of civil independence. The following traditional story is related of one of the most interesting personages in the history of the place.

Hugo Von Bucheg was chief magistrate of the town of Soleure. He had long been regarded as the father of the council, and the people placed their reliance upon him in every time of danger. His habits were plain and simple. He had amassed wealth, for his services were given and not sold. One treasure he possessed, which he considered beyond all price, and that was his only child Ellen. She had early lost her mother, in wandering about the suburbs of Soleure, gathering plants for her collections, and accumulating a stock of health, energy, and cheerfulness.

She was yet at a tender age, when her father received a most earnest letter from his only sister, who resided in the valley of Lauterbrunn, entreating him to spare his daughter to her for a few months, representing the solitude of her own situation, and the want she had of youthful and cheering society. The last plea he could not resist, and Ellen for the first time separated from her father.

She found her aunt, who was a widow, sick and low spirited. It was a new situation for Ellen. Hitherto, her life had demanded but a few sacrifices; but now her duties began, and day and night she was seated by her bedside. Sickness often makes people selfish and unreasonable. The invalid was unwilling to part with her newly acquired solace for a moment, and Ellen could only gaze on the beautiful scenery around her, without being allowed to plunge into its depths. It was not until health and spirits drooped, that she gained permission to walk at sunset. At first, the rapidity with which she moved along was almost free from thought. It was recovered liberty, and to gaze up to the heavens, and the water, and the woods, to feel that she could sing favorite songs and disturb no one, was rapture. Her delight to ramble amidst the wild scenery of the district was augmented by her naturally devotional feelings. When the glorious sun arose, it was to her like the Creator lifting up the curtain of the night and coming forth from the darkness of his pavilion. As she gazed on the valley and cottages, and listened to the note of the shepherd's pipe, to the tinkling bells of the

herds of cattle, and heard their deep, sonorous voices, she broke forth in the spirit of Milton:

"Parent of good! these are thy works."

Nor were associations less delightful at evening. It was to gaze upon the groups of healthy, happy children, who ran to meet their parents returning from a day's labor—to see the affectionate wife preparing their little repast before the door, and breathing the language of domestic affection.

She gazed on this scene one evening and turned slowly away to pursue her path homewards. As she proceeded, she would be obliged to pass a herd of cattle which had no herdsman. Her habits were fearless, and she did not hesitate. Suddenly one of the animals sprang furiously from the rest, and rushed towards her. She looked around—a frightful death seemed inevitable. To escape by flight, was impossible. At that moment, the report of a gun struck her ear, the animal staggered and fell dead at her feet. A sickness came over her, and she knew nothing till she found herself supported by a young man dressed in military uniform.

"You have saved my life," she exclaimed.

"It was a fortunate shot," said he smiling; "I don't often make as good a one, for I have been out all day and have not brought down any game. My uncle's house is not far distant; may I conduct you to see it?"

"I must go to my aunt's," said Ellen, "but I shall need your assistance to get there."

He raised her up, and gave her his arm, and they stood a moment to gaze on the powerful animal that lay stretched before them. The ball had entered the heart. Not a drop of blood was visible.

"This will make a feast in the valley," said the youth; "I will give a fete in honor of your safety. Will you witness it?"

Ellen sighed to think how impossible it would be to gain her aunt's permission.

Upon arriving at the door the stranger bowed and left her.

The impression upon the young girl's mind was deep and lasting.

That night her aunt's illness greatly increased. A despatch was sent for her father, but, before his arrival, his sister had breathed her last. Ellen went no more to the chapel, but returned to Soleure with her father.

Three years passed away, and Ellen's recollections of the strange events that befell her in her mind. "He saved my life," said she; "I hope I shall see him again." But new scenes were fast crowding upon her, and left no room for the wanderings of her imagination. Leopold, Duke of Austria, was approaching Soleure with the avowed intention of besieging its walls—an inordinate thirst for glory to conquer even the innocent and free; and he swore to his brother, the emperor, to plant the Austrian stand on the towers of Soleure.

The attack now commenced and Ellen stood gazing on the scene. She neither wept nor spoke, but was motionless as a marble statue. Her father cast one glance on her, and hastened while his duty called. The wailings of women and children for their husbands and fathers, from whom they were for the first time separated, the thunder of the cannon which made even the earth tremble, the cries of exultation and despair, mingled with the groans of the wounded, all struck upon the ear of Ellen. She flew from street to street, forgetful of her own safety, at one moment in search of her father; and in the next administering comfort to those as wretched as herself.

At length the tumult ceased. The thunder of the cannon was heard no longer, and the glad tidings were communicated from mouth to mouth that the enemy were repulsed and retreated to their encampment. Scarcely had Ellen rejoiced in the intelligence when she beheld her father approaching, supported by a friend. "Merciful heaven!" she exclaimed, "you are wounded!"

"Come with me, my child," said he, and thank the Supreme Being for this respite of our calamities; my wound is nothing, but you will bind it up."

With the tenderest care she applied the emollients necessary, then kneeling at his feet bathed his hands with her tears. At length her father requested her to be calm and listen to him.

"We have," said he, "this time defended the walls of Soleure, and repulsed the enemy: but they will return the attack with new vigor. Our resources are exhausted, and the banner of Austria will soon wave over the ruins of this devoted place; but I have still my duty to perform, and to this there is but one obstacle. I know what fate awaits you from a rude & victorious soldiery in the heat of conquest. There is but one resource. You must repair to Leopold. He is brave and generous. You will will be safe from insult, and I free to do my duty as a soldier. Away! it is my command. Answer me not. Give this letter to the Duke. God bless thee, my dear, my treasure."

Ellen sank upon her knees, and pressed her father's hands to her; but he rushed from her into his room, and his sobs were audible.

When he came out he gazed upon the bridge

over which Ellen was to pass. Her slight figure, faintly visible, preceded by a flag of truce, at length faded away. "Now I am childless," said he: "I have only to die for my country."

Surrounded by the chiefs and nobles of his army sat the Duke Leopold, upon a seat adorned with gold and purple, which served him for a throne, deliberating with them upon the most effectual means of attacking Soleure. The curtain of the pavilion was raised, and an officer entered and informed him that a woman, the daughter of Bucheg, requested admission.

Leopold looked exultingly over his nobles. "Has he sent his daughter to melt our purpose?" said he; does he think that beauty can beguile our resolution? Let her enter, and we will show her that our blood is only warmed by glory."

Again the curtain was raised, and Ellen, dressed in the plainest manner, entered. She approached the Duke and bent one knee to the ground. Noble prince," said she, "I come to you as a petitioner, to claim your protection; and she placed her father's letter in his hand.

The Duke looked earnestly at her, as did also his nobles, with still greater curiosity. The effort of courage was over. Her eyes were cast down, and her whole form trembled with emotion.

"My Lord," said the duke, addressing an old man who stood near him, "support this young lady to a seat." He then unfolded the letter and read:

"Noble Prince: She who brings you this letter, is my only child—all my treasure in the world. Therefore I trust her to you relying on your honor. If the walls of Soleure fall, I shall be buried under their ruins; but if you grant your protection to my daughter, I shall have no more anxiety for her. Give me some token that you grant my petition, and you will receive your reward from that Being who watches over the innocent, and who knows our hearts."

"Bucheg, Magistrate of Soleure."

A deep silence prevailed. At length the Duke said, "Upon the line of our encampment let the banner of the Austrian army be planted, crowned with a green garland. By this token the magistrate will know that he has not mistaken Leopold. Count, to you I confide this young maiden; I know your integrity; your gray hairs, bleached in the service of your country, are a pledge of security, yet one thing I desire; it is your son; I take him for a hostage. You know I love him as my own. Therefore by this pledge he will know how highly I estimate my protection, given to the daughter of Bucheg. But where is the young Count?" continued the Duke; "I miss him unwillingly from among my friends."

"He is at his post," answered the father. I expect him every moment. "In the mean time, suffer me to express my thanks for the confidence you place in me, as well as your kindness to my son."

The old count now took the hand of Ellen, and said, "You have heard, my dear child, the command of the Duke; I hope you will trust yourself to me."

As he spoke, his son entered the pavilion. He gazed on the scene before him in speechless astonishment.

Ellen, too, seemed overcome by her situation. The deepest blushes suffused her cheek, while her heart beat with violence.

"You wonder, my young friend," said the Duke, "how this fair creature came among us rough warriors; but you will be still more astonished when you learn that you must welcome her as your sister. She is the only daughter of the magistrate of Soleure. Her father has confided her to me, and I to you, and thus the mystery is explained. But I am convinced the young lady must need some refreshments. Therefore I request you to see that she is properly lodged and guarded."

(Concluded next week.)

THE LIVING PHANTOM—A TRUE STORY.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

When I was a young boy, I had delicate health and was somewhat of a pensive and contemplative turn of mind; it was my delight in the long summer evenings, to slip away from my noisy and more robust companions; that I might walk in the shade of a venerable wood my favorite haunt, and listen to the cawing of the old rooks, who seemed as fond of this retreat as I was.

One evening I sat later than usual, though the distant sound of the cathedral clock had more than once warned me to my home. There was a stillness in all nature that I was unwilling to disturb by the least motion. From this reverie I was suddenly startled by the sight of a tall, slender female, who was standing by me, looking sorrowfully and steadily in my face. She was dressed in white, from head to foot, in a fashion that I had never seen before; her garments were unusually long and flowing, and rustled as she glided through the low shrubs near me, as if they were made of the richest silk. My heart bet as if I were dying, and I know not what I could have stirred from the spot, but she seemed so very mild and beautiful, I did not attempt it. Her pale, Brown hair, was braided round her head, but their were some locks

that strayed upon her neck; and, although she looked like a lovely picture, but not like a lovely woman, I closed my eyes forcibly with my hands, and when I looked again and she vanished.

I cannot exactly say why I did not, on my return, speak of this beautiful appearance—nor why, with a strange picture of love and fear, went again and again to the same spot that I might see her. She always came, and often seemed to touch or to annoy her, and looked sweetly on me, and silently passed on; and though she was so near me, that once the wind lifted those light straying locks, and I felt them against my cheek yet I never could move or speak to her. I fell ill; and when I recovered, my mother closely questioned me of the tall lady, of whom in the height of my fever, I had so often spoken.

I cannot tell what a weight was taken from my boyish spirits when I learned that this was no apparition but a most lovely woman not young though she had kept her young looks; for the grief which had broken her heart seemed to have spared her beauty.

When the rebel troops were retreating after their total defeat, in that very wood I was so fond of, a young officer, unable any longer to endure the anguish of his wounds, sunk from his horse and laid himself down to die. He was found there by the daughter of Sir Henry R—, and conveyed by a trusty domestic to my father's mansion. Sir Henry was a loyalist; but the officer's desperate condition excited his compassion, and his many wounds spoke the language a brave man could not misunderstand Sir Henry's daughter with many tears pleaded for him, and that he should be carefully and secretly attended.—And well she kept that promise; for she waited upon him for many weeks her mother being long since dead.

You may fancy better than I can tell you, as he slowly recovered, all the moments that were spent in reading, and low voice singing and gently playing on the lute; and how many fresh flowers were brought to one, whose wounded limbs would not bear him to gather them for himself; and how calmly the days glided on in the blessedness of returning health, and in that sweet silence so carefully enjoined him. I will pass by this, to speak of one day which brighter than others, did not seem more bright or more lovely, than the looks of the young officer, who was now recovered of "a little festival, which she meant to give, in honor of her guest's recovery." "And it is time lady," said he, "for that guest so tended and so honored, to tell you his whole story, and speak of one who will help him to thank you; may I ask you fair lady, to write a little billet for me, which even in these times of danger, I may find some means to forward." To his mother no doubt she thought, as with light steps and a lighter heart she seated herself at his couch, and smilingly bade him dictate; but, when he said, "My dear wife and lifted up his eyes to ask for more" he saw before a pale statue, that gave him one look of utter despair and fell heavily at his feet. Those eyes never truly reflected the pure soul again, or answered by answering looks the fond inquiries of her poor old father.

EDUCATION.

There is something so exquisitely beautiful in the following extract from an Illinois paper, addressed to the principal mistress of a female academy in Quincy, that we wish to see it copied in every paper throughout the Union.

"Imagine for a moment, that the beautiful was placed in your hands, on which you are required to engrave a sentiment, which must be remembered at the great day of account, in the presence of listening angels and assembled worlds! What care would you exercise, what industry would you use, to select from the vast commonwealth of letters, a sentence, pure, refined, chaste and holy! No cost—no pains—no efforts would be lacking.

"Permit me to say to you this is your situation.—Precious innocent hearts, in all the beauty of childhood's delightful bloom, are placed in your keeping; and the duty of engraving principles there which will outlive the sun, and live—and still live and live on forever, devolves on you. Yes these diamonds more precious than orient pearls; more costly than that sweet little star that smiles the dying day to sleep, will soon be removed from your sight and locked up in the archives of eternity. And when all nature shall be assembled to hear their final doom, they will unfold, and some swift winged angel as he bends his lofty flight around the tree of life, will catch the echo of present instructions, and with his silver trumpet pour them into the ears of unnumbered millions!"

YANKEE ILLUSTRATION.—We find the following in a Massachusetts Agricultural Report on Sheep! "A sheep should be judged of, like a shandy, by the fineness of his coat. We beg pardon, by the fineness of his coat—but it is so apt! In both cases, the coat is the most important part of the animal. What is a sheep good for without a fleece? and what is a dandy good for without a coat!"

THE JOCKIED FRENCHMAN.

A Frenchman, in America, who was little acquainted with horse-jockies or horse-flesh, was grievously taken in a purchase. He gave a hundred dollars for a miserable jade of an old mare, fatted up to sell, which turned out to be ringboned, spavined, blind, and windbroken. The Frenchman soon discovered that he had been used up in the trade, and went to request the jockey to take back the animal and refund the money.

"Sare," said he, "I ave fetch back the mare-horse vat you sell me, and I vant de money in my pocket back."

"Your pocket back!" returned the jockey, feigning surprise, "I do not understand you." "You no stand under me!" exclaimed the Frenchman, beginning to gesticulate furiously, "you not stand under me? Sare, you be von grand rascalie—you lie like Sam—like Sam—vat you call de leetle mountain?"

"Sam Hill, I suppose you mean?" "Out monsieur—Sam de Hill—yes sare, you lie like two Sam Hill. You sell me one mare-horse for one hundred dollaires—he no vort von hundred cent."

"Why, what is the matter with the beast?" "Mataire—sacre!—mataire, do you say? Vy, he's all mataire—he no go at all—he got no leg, no feet, no vind—he blind like von stone viddis eye—he no see nobody at all vid dat eye—-he go v-heelze-o, v-heelze-o, like von forge-hammer bellows—he go limp lump—he no go over at all de ground—he no travel two mile in tree day! Out sare, he is von grand sheat. You must take him, and fund de money back."

"Refund the money? O! I could not think of such a thing."

"Vat! You no fund me back de money? You sheaty me vid von hundred dollaire horse dat not can go at all?"

"I never promised you that he would go." "Vat is von horse good for ven he no go? He is no better as von dead shackass! Vill you, sare, take de mare-horse, back and give me my money vat I pay him for?"

"No, sir, I cannot." "Twas a fair bargain. Your eyes were your own market, as we gentlemen of the turf say."

"Gentlemen de turf! You be no gentleman at all—you be no turf. Mon Dieu! you be von grand Turk—von sacre dam deceptione. You sheat your own born modder—you play von rascalie trick on your own gotten fadder. You have no principalle."

"The interest is what I go in for." "Yes, sare, your interest is no principalle. You be von grand rascalie sheat. von Dieu! Vere you die ven you go to, he? Le Diable—he fetch you no time quicker."

Failing to obtain redress of the jockey, the poor Frenchman sent his "mare-horse" to an auctioneer to be sold, but he seemed to be as great a rogue as the jockey, for he took care that the fees for selling should eat up the price he got for the brute.

"By—" said the Frenchman, when relating the story, "I be sheatly all around. De shocky horse, he sheaty me in trade; da hauctioneer, he sheaty me in dispose of de haninalle—he sell me de mare-horse for ten dollar—and he sharzge me leven dollaire for sell him. Mon Dieu! so I be take all round in. I lose leven and von hundred dollaire all my pocket clear for one scarce limp-lump, v-heelze-o vind, no see at all, good for nothing shape of a mare-horse, vorse as nineteen dead shackasses!"

CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—Old parson W. of Bristol Co., Mass., related the following anecdote of himself. He wished to address every portion of his flock in a manner to impress them most deeply, and accordingly gave notice that he would preach separate sermons to the old, to young men, to young women, and to sinners. At the first sermon, his house was full—but not one aged person was there; at the second, to young men, every lady of the parish was present, and but few of those for whom it was intended; at the third, few young ladies attended, but the aisles were crowded with young men; and at the fourth, addressed to sinners, not a solitary individual was there except the sexton and the organist—"so," as the old parson said, "every body came to church to hear his neighbors scolded, but no one cared to be spoken to himself."

Native Simplicity.—We were not a little amused a few days since while traveling in Illinois, in company with a young "sucker," who had never visited St. Louis, or perhaps not been out of sight of home, until then. On coming in full view of the city, he rose up in the wagon and exclaimed in apparent astonishment. "Lord, dad, are them are houses!" "Yes," was dad's reply.

"And do folks live in all them houses." "Yes."

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the boy "what a heap of pork it must take to feed em!" all!"

The N. O. PICAYUNE tells the toughest stories we ever heard. Here is one of its very last:

"There is a fellow in this city with one leg so much longer than the other, that when he goes up a ladder he is obliged to take out every other round."