

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## POETRY.

From 'The Gift' for 1842.

### Snow.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

How quietly the snow comes down,  
When all are fast asleep,  
And plays a thousand fairy pranks  
O'er vale and mountain steep.  
How cunningly it finds its way  
To every cranny small,  
And creeps through even the slightest chink  
In window, or in wall.  
To every noteless hill it brings  
A fairer, purer robe  
Than the rich ermine robe that decks  
The haughtiest monarch's breast.  
To every reaching spray it gives  
Whate'er its hand can hold—  
A beautiful thing the snow is,  
To all, both young and old.  
The waking day, through curtaining haze,  
Looks forth, with sore surprise,  
To view what changes have been wrought  
Since last she shut her eyes;  
And a pleasant thing it is to see  
The cottage children peep  
From out the drift, that to their eaves  
Prolongs its rampart deep.  
The patient farmer searches  
His buried lambs to find,  
And dig his silly poultry out,  
Who clamor in the wind;  
How sturdily he cuts his way,  
Though wild blasts beat him back,  
And caters for his waiting herd  
Who shiver round the stack.  
Right welcome are those feathery flakes  
To the ruddy urthins' eye,  
As down the long, smooth hill they coast,  
With shout and revelry,  
Or when the moonlight, clear and cold,  
Calls out their throng to play—  
Oh! a merry gift the snow is  
For a Christmas holiday.  
The city miss, who, wrapp'd in fur,  
Is lusted to the sleigh,  
And borne so daintily to school  
Along the crowded way,  
Feels not within her pallid cheek  
The rich blood mantling warm,  
Like her who, laughing, shakes the snow  
From powdered tress and form.  
A tasteful hand the snow hath—  
For on the storied pane  
I saw its Alpine landscapes traced  
With arch and sculptured line,  
Where high o'er hoary-headed cliffs  
The dizzy Simplon wound,  
And old cathedrals reached their towers  
With Gothic tracery bound.  
I think it hath a tender heart,  
For I marked it while it crept  
To spread a sheltering mantle where  
The infant blossom slept.  
It doth to Earth a deed of love—  
Though in a wintry way;  
And her turf-gown will be greener  
For the snow that's fallen to-day.  
Hartford, Conn.

### To my Sweetheart.

Your lips! how temptingly they pout!  
They're luscious as wild cherries—  
Red as a Turkey Gobbler's snout,  
And sweet as Huckleberries!

### The Road to Ruin.

The following report of a case recently tried before the Criminal Court of St. Louis, is full of interest. To young men particularly the relation addresses itself with peculiar force and directness, and it is for their benefit that we repeat through our columns the voice of warning which it utters:

#### ST. LOUIS CRIMINAL COURT.

From the St. Louis Journal.

State vs. Indictment for passing counterfeit money.  
Augustus V. Jones.

The defendant in this case was, probably, twenty-eight years of age, but wore the appearance of at least thirty-five. He had evidently once been a fine looking man, in stature he was something over six feet, and his strongly marked features and prominent forehead gave evidence

of more than ordinary intellect. But you could clearly discover that he had become a prey to the monster intemperance—the mark of the beast was stamped upon his countenance, which gave it a vivid and unnatural glare. He was placed in the box, with others who were to be arraigned upon the indictments preferred against them. All the others had plead not guilty, (as is usual) and a day was set for their trial. The defendant was told to stand up, and the clerk read to him the indictment, which charged him with having, on the 10th day of August, passed to one Patrick Gneal, a counterfeit bill purporting to be issued by the 2d Municipality of the city of New Orleans, for the sum of three dollars; and upon being asked the question, guilty or not guilty? he replied, 'guilty—guilty!'—Then, turning to the court, he remarked that, as this was the last time he ever expected to appear in court, he would be glad if he could be allowed to make a few remarks. The Judge told him to proceed. After a pause, in which he was evidently endeavoring to calm his feelings, he proceeded as follows:

May it please the Court—In the remarks I shall make I will not attempt to extenuate my crime or ask at your hands any sympathy in passing sentence upon me. I know that I have violated the laws of my country, and justly deserve punishment nor would I recall the past, or dwell upon the bitter present, for my own sake. A wish to do good for others is my only motive.

I shall, with the indulgence of the court, give a brief narrative of my life, with a hope that those young men around me may take warning by it, and avoid the rock upon which I have split. I was born of respectable parents, in the State of New Jersey, and during my childhood, received every attention that fond parents could bestow upon an only son. It was early discovered that I had a fondness for books and my father, although in limited circumstances, determined to give me a liberal education. I was sent to a high school in the neighborhood, and such was my progress, that at twelve years of age, my preceptor declared me qualified for college, and I accordingly entered one of the oldest universities of the country. Here I distinguished myself that, at sixteen, I graduated with the second honors of the institution, and returned home with the brilliant prospect of success that lay before me. I soon after commenced the study of the law, and when only in my twentieth year, I obtained license to practice.

Acting upon the advice of friends, I determined to try my fortune in the west. I accordingly arranged my affairs for departure early in the fall of 1833. I will not detain you with an account of my separation from those I held most dear—suffice it to say, that I received the blessings of my parents, and in return, promised faithfully and honestly to avoid all bad company, as well as their vices. Had I kept my promise I should have been saved this shame, and been free from the load of guilt that hangs around me continually, like a fiendish vulture, threatening to drag me to justice, for crimes as yet unrevealed. But, to return, I left my early home where all had been sunshine and where my pathway had been strewn with flowers, to try my fortune among strangers, and to try my strength in buffeting the storms and tempests of the world. With a light heart I looked forward to the future; and taking the usual route I soon reached Wheeling, where I took passage on a boat for Louisville. On the boat a game of cards was proposed for amusement, and although I had promised faithfully to avoid such things, still I argued to myself, there was no harm in playing a game for amusement.

Accordingly, I joined the party, and we kept up the amusement most of the way down. After we left Cincinnati, it was proposed to bet a bit at a game, merely, as it was said, to make it interesting. My first impression was to leave the table, but I was told that it was only a bit—that I could not lose more than one or two dollars. This argument prevailed, for I lacked moral courage to do what was right. I feared my companions would say I was stingy of a little money. Influenced by these feelings, I played; and, as the fates would have it, I won. Before we reached Louisville, we had twice doubled the stake, and I found my luck enabled me to pay my passage out of my winnings. It was the first time ever I had bet money, and my success ruined me. Again I played, and was again successful; and in short, I continued to play for amusement, until I had acquired a thirst for gambling. I settled in a thriving village in Tennessee, and commenced the practice of my profession under flattering auspices, and my first appearance in a criminal court was highly complimented, and I soon became known throughout the circuit. Things went thus for more than a year, and I believed myself fairly on the road to fame and fortune. I occasionally played cards; but I consoled myself with the idea that I only played with gentlemen for amusement.

One night I accompanied some young men to a gambling shop, and for the first time in my life, saw a Faro Bank. My companions commenced betting, and I was induced to join them, although I did not understand the game. Again

I played with success; and when we left the House, was more than two hundred dollars winner. None of my companions had been fortunate and it was insisted that I was the lucky man, and that I must treat. We accordingly repaired to my room, where I ordered wine, and before we broke up we were all deeply intoxicated. With me it was the first time, and the next day I resolved that I would never play cards again. I adhered to the determination for nearly three months, when I yielded to the entreaties of my dissipated associates.

I now played with varied success, and in all cases found an excuse for resorting to the wine bottle. If I lost, I drank to drown sorrow; if I won I treated my good fortune. Thus I progressed upon my downward course, until drinking and gambling became my chief employments. All my friends who were worth preserving, abandoned me, until my only associates were drunkards and gamblers, when almost reduced to want, (for I had left off business) I received a letter informing me of the death of my father—that father that watched over my early years—who loved me so tenderly. And did I act as an affectionate child! No. Vice had destroyed the human feelings of my heart, and left only the animal passions and appetites; as the letter contained a check for \$500, a part of my poor father's hard earnings, I drowned my grief that night in Bacchanalian revel, and in a few days I was again penniless. I will not dwell upon the every day scenes of my life, which were such as may at all times be witnessed at any of the two hundred dram shops of your city, where wretched men squander the little pittance that justly belongs to their suffering wives and children.

But, to pass on. For nearly three years I have been a drunken, wandering outcast. Six months ago I received a letter from my dear mother, enclosing \$100, and informing me that she was fast sinking with disease, and entreating with all a mother's feeling, to come home and see her before she died. For a time I felt the appeal, and resolved to comply with her request; and accordingly took passage on a steamboat for that purpose. For two days I refrained from liquor; but my thirst became insupportable—at length my appetite overpowered my better feelings, and I approached the bar and demanded the liquid fire. I was soon intoxicated, when I readily sought the gambler's table; and before the boat reached Louisville, I was stripped of every cent. Thus all hopes of seeing my dying mother were cut off, I remained at Louisville, several weeks; in which time I learned that my mother had died, and that her last breath was spent in prayer for her wretched child.

From Louisville I shipped on board the steamer Brazil, as a deck hand, and came to this place, where I was discharged for drunkenness. Let every young man reflect upon this picture. I, who had moved in the first circles of society—had been the guest of distinguished public men, and a favorite among the literati of our country—was now turned off as unfit for a deck hand on a steamboat! yet intemperance had done this much.

I loitered about the city for several weeks and was sometimes engaged in posting up the books of some dram shop, for which I was paid in the liquid fire, kept for the accommodation of customers. One evening I fell in company with a man who has lately been lodged in jail for passing counterfeit money. We played cards and I won from him the three dollar bill in question. The next day I learned that it was counterfeit, and did not offer to pass it for several days. But at last I got out of all employment. I had no other money—I could meet with no one who would invite me to drink. My appetite was like a raging fire within me. I could not endure it. I sought a dram shop—offered the bill—it was accepted; and when found, a few hours after, by the officers of justice, I was beastly drunk.

The evidence of guilt was conclusive; and before my brain was cleared of the intoxicating fumes, I was lodged in jail to await my trial. I am now done. I have not detained the Court with any hope or wish that clemency would be extended to my case. But with a hope that my example may be a warning to other young men—that those who hear me may, when asked to play a social game of cards or drink a social glass, think of my fate and refrain. They may feel themselves secure—they may believe that they can stop when they please; but let them remember that I argued thus until I was lost. [Here the defendant sunk down and appeared to be very much affected; and for a few moments' silence reigned throughout the Court House.]

At length the Judge, who is as much distinguished for the qualities of his heart as he is for learning as a Judge, proceeded in a brief but appropriate manner to pass sentence on the defendant, putting his punishment in the Penitentiary down to the shortest time allowed by law.

Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose, to spread abroad the opinions of another.

### The Yellow Serpent—Discovery of the Guaco Plant.

(Translated from the Spanish.)

One hundred and fifty years since, a mulatto slave followed the current of the Orinoco, in the vicinity of Guyana, and not far from the place where that river empties into the Atlantic Ocean.

Wandering by chance many days in those hot regions, the slave traveled with the uneasiness and caution of a man who, in the midst of savannahs abounding in poisonous reptiles, believes he might rest his foot, when least expected, on the scaly body of a serpent. He examined with much care every tree; each thicket of brambles appeared to him as many shelters for wild beasts, where enemies, the color of which might be confounded with the foliage, lay in ambush.

Suddenly he paused; he cast himself upon the ground, and pressed the earth even to the joints of his limbs. Without motion, relying on the Indian fig-tree as the only defence, he awaited the result of what he saw. Without the convulsive trembling which agitated his body, any one would have believed that he was dead.

He had just seen the most terrible of all the serpents, whose race is yet found in those regions. It was not certainly a monstrous animal—one of those colossal reptiles which, when sleeping on the banks of a river, or in the dense woods, presents to the traveler the aspect of the trunk of a tree, thrown to the ground by a tempest.

Neither did it possess the gigantic proportions which the European people so much admire when they contemplate the skins stuffed with straw of some of the kings of Ohio.

It was the Yellow Serpent. Whoever has seen its littleness, and examined its thin body, could not believe that so weak a reptile could kill a partridge, although its bite will kill a man in such a manner that, the wound being made, death ensues in less than three minutes.

The slave knew it and trembled. His immobility was complete. For the whole American empire he would not have dared to raise his eyes. He would have given ten years of his life to have found himself far from such a frightful enemy. Neither did the serpent move. Raised up in his coil he overlooked the grass of the savannah, with his head dotted with spots of the color of ochre, of yellow and orange; his eyes, like velvet, and blue as the clouds of that region, sparkled and appeared to emit sparkles of fire like a brilliant stone. He breathed the air with voluptuousness, and offered, little by little, every part of his body to the burning rays of the sun.

For a man ignorant of the danger to stop in the proximity of this reptile, it would be a real pleasure to contemplate its delicateness, the expression of its eyes, and the grace of its movements. The serpent did not delay long in beginning to leap, drawing in the air rapid circles, producing a weak sound like silk coming in contact with a wall. The slave trembled more and more, when he heard a strange noise which he believed came from the grass, which shook with force. His imagination presented an entire family of serpents, ready to cast themselves upon him. Fear obliged him to enlarge his sight. What was his astonishment on seeing that the serpent sustained a terrible contest with a bird! He then knew that his life was not threatened, and blessed Heaven, in the sequel disposing him to flee: when, seeing that the reptile had lost the greater part of its vigor, he wished to be present at the end of that strange combat.

His post was now dangerous, and curiosity detained him. The combat continued with ferocity. The bird kept in constant motion his sharp talons, and wounded the serpent deeply with his pointed beak.

The serpent, being much exasperated, dragged itself through the grass, and divided the air in all directions, appealing to its whole force and cunning, throwing himself toward the river to avoid the blows of his enemy. But the bird followed him in the air without stopping between the grass, to the brink of the river, and attacked him each time with renewed rage.

Only now and then the bird granted the serpent a kind of truce. It left the place of combat covered with blood, and flew with rapidity to a shrub near by. He picked some of the leaves, and swallowed with haste some pieces of bark of the same tree, and returned to the attack with the greatest courage.

The slave observed all, and could not conceive how it was that the serpent was almost dead, and the bird full of life in spite of having his body covered with wounds. He asked himself what species of bird was venomous enough to kill the yellow serpent; he was lost in conjecture, and believed himself to be in a dream.

No doubt remained; the serpent lay without motion, being dead. The bird also was cast down—his wings hung down, and his respiration was painful; he made an effort, flew toward the shrub, eat some of the leaves with singular voracity, shook his wings and returned to the field of battle; he rested a short time on the dead body of the serpent, cleaning his bloody

beak on his plumes, and, causing the air to resound with a shout of joy, directed his flight toward—the South.

It was a beautiful morning in autumn; the people hurried with much confusion to the public square. This was arranged in the same manner that we see ours to-day at the bull-baitings; the multitude occupied all the steps and seats, and a military band executed popular music before what might be called the steps of the Governor.

The Governor did not cause them to wait long. A profound silence reigned. A man approached a line, the centre of the square, pushing with his hands a cask, which he rolled to the same place. This man also carried on his left shoulder a portmanteau. He was the mulatto slave of the Orinoco. He saluted the people, opened the sack, and took out a Colubar.

It was an innocent reptile, a friend of the birds, and frequently met with in the walks and yards. The people began to hiss, and it was only after much trouble that order was re-established. The slave threw away the Colubar with disdain, and made a gesture that he would explain the circumstance.

"This is an intrusive reptile, and was here without my knowledge."

He turned to open his portmanteau, and drew out a black serpent, whose bite occasions cruel pains, without causing death. The public expected something more: they were not disappointed.

The slave bared his left arm, and drew to it the head of the serpent, which immediately caused the blood to flow.

The slave placed the manteau which was full of leaves, upon the ground. He ate some of the leaves, and set himself about continuing his exposition.

Very soon the slave raised above his head a viper, the sight of which astounded the multitude. The bite of that reptile causes a slow death, but inevitable. The slave excited its rage by pressing its neck with his finger; he applied it to his right arm, and showed to the spectators two deep wounds.

He yet lacked the principal, the last proof. He made a sign to the people, and they restrained their applause.

In that moment the mulatto had arrived at the height of his exultation. The humble and despised slave had just elevated himself by the force of energy and boldness, to a point to which no man had dared; and by that act gained the ascendancy over that numerous people, who contemplated his looks with religious silence.

But the admiration was complete when that man exposed to the sight of his spectators the terrible yellow serpent of the coast of Orinoco. He held the reptile by the back of its head in such a manner that it could not wound him, until he was convinced that the people had recognized its nature. He exposed his breast, first swallowing some of the leaves in the portmanteau; he irritated the reptile which became furious, and bit him immediately over his heart.

A general shout of horror resounded through the whole square.

The slave smothered the serpent between his hands, and tranquilly went to seat himself upon a stone.

The exhibition was concluded.

One hour passed—two hours—and the slave lived.

They then asked him his secret, and he pointed to the portmanteau: they wished to know in what manner he made the discovery, and then he opened the cask by the same side, and drew out a black serpent, and from the other side a bird whose wings were shortened.

The people witnessed a combat which the poor mulatto learned to explain at the risk of his life, in the savannahs of Guayana. The bird killed the serpent, and finished by consuming the leaves in the portmanteau.

America, from that time, has one scourge less in its vast plains and interminable woods.

The Governor approached the slave, and declared him free, in the name of the people, conceding the title of citizen, and assigning him an annual rent of \$5,000, and gave the shrub, whose miraculous powers he had first witnessed, the name of the bird which had revealed it to the world—calling it Guaco.

The leaf of the Guaco figures to this day on all the tables of that country.

Many naturalists inoculate themselves with this marvelous antidote, the only means of preserving themselves from the bites of the terrible reptiles which infest that part of America.

[Cincinnati Republican.]

THE WAY TO MAKE WOOD GO FARTHEST.—A neighbor of ours informs us that wood goes further when left out of doors than when well housed; some of his having gone upwards of a quarter of a mile in one night.

A book appeared in London some years since, without title-page, designation, or printer's name, consisting entirely of a list of men notorious about town for running in debt and not paying; or as the phrase among them is, not caring who suffers. It contains 4,000 of such names, greatly to the annoyance of many, who were thus, perhaps shamed into honesty.