

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 2.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1842.

No. 47.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THEODORE SCHOCH.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly,—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 57 1/2 cts. per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a Writ of Venditioni Exponas to me directed, will be exposed to public sale at the public house of JOHN MERWINE, in the township of Chesnut Hill, in Monroe county, on Monday the 31st of January inst., at one o'clock p. m., the following described property, to wit:
A certain message or tenement and tract of land, situate in the township of Chesnut Hill and said county of Monroe, adjoining lands of Joseph S. Teel and lands of Hope and Company, containing

400 Acres,

be the same more or less. The improvements are two log

Dwelling Houses

one story high, one LOG BARN and a LOG STABLE, and an excellent SAW MILL in good running order with the appurtenances, &c. Seized and taken in execution as the property of John Shitz, and to be sold by SAMUEL GUNSAULES, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office Stroudsburg, January 5, 1842.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a Writ of venditioni exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Monroe county, to me directed, will be exposed to public sale at the house of JOSEPH TRACH, in Hamilton township, in said County, on Wednesday the 2d of February next, at one o'clock p. m., the following described property, to wit:
A certain tract or piece of Land, situate in Hamilton township, in said County, adjoining lands of Joseph Trach, Rudolph Trach, Peter Kester and others, containing

14 ACRES,

be the same more or less, all cleared and is an excellent piece of Meadow. Seized and taken in execution at the suit of John Gower, against Joseph Jones, and will be sold by SAMUEL GUNSAULES, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office Stroudsburg, Jan. 5, 1842.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Joseph Altemus, vs. Charles Frantz and Margaret his wife, Charles Altemus, Thos. Altemus, Henry Altemus, Jacob Brong guardian of Nicholas Altemus and Isadore Altemus, and George Flight guardian of Russia Altemus and Tena Altemose.
In the Court of Common Pleas of Monroe county.
Proceedings in Partition.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Monroe county, made the 8th day of December A. D. 1841, there will be sold on the premises in Hamilton township, in said County on the first day of February next, at 12 o'clock noon, the following described property, viz:
A certain tract of Land situate partly in the township of Hamilton and partly in the township of Pocono, in said County, about two and a half miles west of Snyder'sville. Beginning at a stone in a public road, thence by lands of Conrad Woodling, south 51 1/2, west 12 perches to a stone, south 4 1/2, east 82 perches to a stone—thence by land of Joseph Rinker, south 82 1/2, west 101 perches to a stone, north 69, west 20 perches to a stone, thence by the same and lands of Peter Woodling, north 38 1/2, 145 1/2 perches to a stone in the middle of a public road, thence along said road north 51 1/2, east 62, 2 perches—north 88 perches, east 76 perches, south 52, 100 perches and thence south 85 1/2, east 12 perches to the place of beginning, containing

152 Acres and 43 Perches,

be the same more or less. The improvements are a good Frame House, large Barn nearly new, Hog-house, Shop and other out-buildings, a good proportion of said property is well improved land. It being the same property which the late Nicholas Altemus, dec. and the above named Charles Frantz, lately held as tenants in common.
The terms and conditions of sale will be made known at the time and place of sale.
SAML. GUNSAULES, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Stroudsburg, Jan. 5, 1842.

BUFFALO ROBES.

C. W. DEWITT & BROTHER, have just received a bale of superior BUFFALO ROBES, and will sell them as cheap as they can be purchased in the City. All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods.
Milford, January 12, 1842.

Recollections of an Actress.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Poor C——! To all who knew him, there was something inexpressibly amusing in the sudden starts, and stealthy frightened glances, which so frequently drove the smile from his face even in moments of the most excitable hilarity. If you but laid a finger on his shoulder, he would shiver like a criminal, when the death dealing sentence proceeds from the wearer of the official ermine, and cast at you a look of ashy horror; the shutting to, or opening of a door, seemed to run along his nervous system with electric power to jar it, and a bluish-looking personage, especially if sporting a stout cane, could never catch his eye.

I had often noticed these peculiarities, and as often laughed—yet, somehow C—— was not the man to be made the subject of a jest. True, he was a miserable actor, but there was mind about him, and in any other calling he might have been happy and respected; but he seemed to have lost all confidence in himself,—to have allowed the iron of some peculiar, and not-to-be-forgotten sorrow to crush his soul. He was not intemperate, had an even temper, and could even be gay; but his demon, whatever it was, was more than his mind's master, so that he passed away at the age of three-and-thirty, literally broken-hearted, to his grave.

I had always entertained a degree of warm respect for him, and during the latter stages of his illness, paid him those attentions which were demanded by his case, and were in my power to afford. He was touchingly grateful, and a few hours before his final departure, handed me a roll of papers, which he termed his dying confession, bidding me do with it, as suited me. To the dramatic acquaintances of the deceased, these posthumous remains will explain the singularities of one, who whatever may have been his eccentricities, had no glaring faults. I feel that I could not better serve the author, than by transcribing accurately, and without mutilation, the papers confided to my charge. They run thus:—

The Players Beat.

I die the victim of a BAIL-PIECE! I ferretly trust that none of my readers have ever experienced, practically, the terrors of this most iniquitous cog-wheel of the law. Would that I never had, or could forget what I suffered, for it has embittered my life, and brought the head of a score and thirteen years to a welcome grave. What you will ask is a bail-piece? Get in debt—be sued—execution served—procure bail to stay off the execution—prove so unfortunate as not to be able, at the end of the time, to meet the debt, and seek safety in flight: let your bail find where you are, and he will get a slip of paper from the infernal—I beg their pardon—the legal powers, put it in his pocket, and armed by virtue of this same paper with the power of an Oriental Caliph, he will drag you into the district whence you fled and immure your body in a common jail. Try it once, all who doubt, and my dying word for it, no one who lives through the sufferings consequent upon such a state of things, will try it a second time.

It matters not where he may find you,—fishing in the Kennebec, or hunting buffalo on the prairies.—Sundays, all days,—in church, or in bed, your doors triple-locked, the result is the same. You have no city of refuge—no day in which you can face with impunity the holder of a Bail-Piece. Like a stag at bay, your attempts at avoidance are unavailing. You but give notoriety to the matter by personal concealment: you are a rabid animal, as it were; all joint with your persecutor, for they are men, and when did human nature rise superior to the pleasure derived from the sight of a fellow's sufferings. The hunt is a game where the terrors of the hunted are fresh incentives to the hunter.

Such is, in brief, for I love not to dwell on the materials out of which is composed the Bail-Piece. Such the infamy of the Law, retaining, as it does even yet, a means of oppression worthy of the Court of the Spanish Ferdinand, or the days of Titus Oates, but all unworthy of the people and the age presumed to govern by the spirit of equal rights. It has unmanned me. I never see a man with a stick, that my blood does not freeze in the arteries; I never bear a rougher step than ordinary, without gathering my feet for flight; a tap on the shoulder makes my heart sink away like a snow-ball. I am woman-hearted. I am a murdered man, I repeat it. The law has destroyed me, through the instrumentality of a bail-piece.

Well, to my confession. I was in Philadelphia, during the fall and winter of 1835. I went there to solicit an engagement at the Theatre. The manager proved inexorable. He told me, what I knew, that I was a very indifferent actor, and that he had more "small people" already than he knew what to do with—not knowing what else to do, I resolved to wait, as hundreds of others have done before me, and as hundreds more will, even unto the end of time—in the vain hope, that fate would cease persecuting me, and a gleam of sunshine,—no matter how insignificant, relieve the gloom of my fortunes. So I waited—but there came nothing. Funds I had none, and I was soon

to endure in reality, what I had all along dreaded in perspective,—the freezing looks of mine host of the Black Bear, together with the consequent decay of my intimacy with his boards.

The storm grew; blackened, burst in the shape of a captus, in which I was requested forthwith to accompany Timothy Tipstaff, and before Alderman Alwise show cause, if I had any, why I should not pay Benjamin Boniface a certain sum not exceeding one hundred dollars. I was of course hurried into the presence of magistracy. At once admitting the claim—it would have served no purpose to deny it,—I found all appeals for further grace in vain—for I did plead most piteously—and the said Timothy was empowered to hold my person in the name of the Commonwealth, until I handed over, as satisfaction for the suit of Boniface and the costs accruing thereon, the sum of twenty-six dollars and forty-one cents. If the amount had been forty thousand, the hopelessness of my situation would have been the same. I had not the smallest coin of the country, and knew not where to raise one. What to do I knew not, could not conjecture. Dim presages of prisons—old stories of jail-rules and the Bastille were before me, so that when Tipstaff requested me to accompany him, I complied mechanically, although I fully noticed that the direction he took was prison-ward.

A thought,—as I then imagined, a most happy one—at that moment, entered my brain. I would seek a friend to bail me! I imparted my views to the officer. He shook his head incredulously, but the tender of a ring—it was my mother's dying gift—her all!—excited the sympathies of the fellow (he took the bribe though,) and I essayed a task which they who have never tried know nothing about even in conjecture. I appealed to one, then another,—a third and fourth; but when I was about relinquishing the business in despair, the image of Bob Bennett, my ancient, my old school-fellow, and most particular chum, came over my mind's eye like a flash of ethereal charity to the soul in purgatory. I started for his chamber—Tipstaff was too polite to leave me. Bob was fortunately at home. I communicated my errand—the jaw of my most particular friend fell, and a change came over him of most perceptible import. But I succeeded!—Oh! how has the remembrance of the humiliating tone I then assumed clogged my memory even till now—still, I succeeded, and in due time the name of Bennett appeared on the docket of the Justice, as special bail in the case of Boniface vs. C——, and I found three monthly links added to the chain of personal freedom.

I remained two months of this time in the city, but as yet could find no employment,—living, chameleon-like, and enduring the haunting enquiries of Bennett, as to whether I was certain of meeting the claim for which he stood responsible. I answered him for a time as well as I could, but when there remained but thirty days of the period of grace still before me, I could endure it no longer, and—disguises are over now—I resolved to quit Philadelphia, and in some remote village hide my person and sufferings from the fangs and sneers of mankind. I quitted the city, and pursued my way to Bethlehem; but I did not feel myself safe there, nor at Easton; so following the windings of the Delaware, I arrived at last at Stroudsburg, a primitive settlement, half Quaker and half Hessian. So embowered among the bases of the Kittatinny, and remote from all connexion with the great world, that I felt certain of remaining here free from all molestation.

I was so fortunate as to secure a school. The compensation, sixteen dollars a month and "found," was to me the revenue of the Rothschilds, and I could have enjoyed a happiness as unalloyed, in that simple spot as ever filled the bosom of the owner of a city's rental. But it was not to be. I had scarce been five weeks in my new location, when, on rising one morning to make a fire in my school-room—the month was January—and while hastening to the farther end of the village for that purpose, I was accosted by a mechanic, who notwithstanding he bore but an indifferent reputation, was nevertheless a man of a warm heart, warmer a thousand fold than the souls of those that trailed at him.

He nodded to me significantly, and drew me aside, where we could converse unobserved.—I had a presage of what was to follow. It appeared that he had entered the village tavern that morning, to get his bitterns, as he said; and while there, he overheard a dialogue between the landlord who was my "very particular friend" by the bye, and a stranger, from which he gathered enough, although they let him not into the full particulars, to justify the belief that some evil was meditated against my person.

I asked a description of the stranger. It was Bob Bennett! by all that is horrible it was!—and my informant, who, poor fellow, had been tried in the law's furnace in all its gradations of temperature, from the browning operations of summonses, capias, judgments, and what not, up to the roasting invasions of executions, *Sci. Fas.*; and incarceration in half the prisons in the commonwealth; my informant, I say, hinted, that from certain oracular expressions, it must be a Bail-piece—A BAIL-PIECE! I

knew nothing of the nature of such an instrument; but the other went on to show its power, with such horrible fidelity of detail, until like Niobe, I could only gaze at him with a look of unutterable wretchedness. I asked him what I ought to do. He counselled me to go quietly back to my residence pack up a few necessaries, then make for the adjacent country, and remain quiet for a few days, until the stranger left, or the term of virtue in the power he held expired.

I acted on the hint, and stole back to the dwelling, but not so secretly but that, just as I was entering, I saw the brute of a tavern-keeper watching me from his door sill, while over his shoulder peered a face that I knew at a glance to belong to my friend Bennett.

I hastened forthwith to my apartment, crammed a change of linen into my hat, some other wearables into my pockets, and was proceeding down stairs, when rap came a full complement of knuckles against the door, causing me very near to tumble down a flight of eighteen or twenty steps. The servant answered the summons, which proved nothing more than a request that I would call at the tavern on my way to the school-house. "Rich idea that," thought I, "I'll see you in Halifax first," and with shivering teeth I strained out, "we met; 'twas in a crowd;—all eyes were upon me."

I next proceeded to take a survey of my position. The cursed tavern flanked both the front and rear entrances of the dwelling, so that escape from either of these avenues was out of the question, unless I pleased to make a run of it, with the certainty of immediate capture.—I at once called a council of war, consisting of the lady of the house and her daughters. They were members of the society of Friends, and had an idea that all forms of law had something to do with Militia fines. They proposed sundry schemes, all of which were rejected as unfeasible, until we hit upon one, which sounded fair and plausible. The dwelling gabled, so to speak, at a facial angle of about fifteen degrees towards the grogery. This gave them a view of three sides of it, while the extreme gable overlooked a valley which was formed immediately under its windows, and reached away towards the hills something like two miles.—Here it terminated at the base of the mountain, on the level of which numerous farm houses were scattered. It was a leap of five feet from the sill to the brim of the valley. So I at once started, leaving my amiable friends at the grog shop (they had now increased to a dozen or more) awaiting with commendable patience, my presence among them. It may be presumed that I tarried not on my way, nor did I pause until safe at the farther termination of the gorge. I felt so far secure as to look around with a view to my further guidance. In so doing, I noticed a small tenement, the owner of which was a transient acquaintance.

It was tolerably cold in the morning air, so I hastened thither with the double intention of warming my limbs and asking his advice.—There were none of the family at home except his daughter, a girl of about eighteen, who evidently regarded my movements, for I stood but upon indifferent ceremony with much suspicion, halting between the belief that I was tipsy or insane, or a "little o' both." I inquired at what time she looked for a return, of her father, and in answer to her reply that it might be in an hour, or more, I expressed my intention of remaining until he did, she evinced no small degree of embarrassment, evidently wishing that I would be off at once. I kept my ground, however, and well was it for me I did so, for scarce ten minutes elapsed before Bennett and a village catch-pole, swept past "bloody with spurring, fiery hot with haste," evidently having got on the right track.

The owner of the dwelling shortly came in, and I explained the facts of my position. He proved what I thought he would, true as steel. The pursuing party returned after an hour's ineffectual search, and stopped with Badger; so was my host named. He pointed to a side room into which I retreated, while he quietly smoked his pipe by the fire, as though so employed for some time. I at first entertained some doubts—misfortune has made me a sad sceptic on the subject of human, or at least man's virtue; but how were these doubts stenghened, when I heard him, after a prosy conversation with Bennett, as to the grounds of his pursuit, ask him what sum he would give to have me in his power. The latter named a price equal to half of my indebtedness, after which there was an ominous pause, and I gave myself up as sold. My fears however, were soon removed, for Badger expressed utter ignorance of my whereabouts; (Heaven will forgive the falsehood,—it was perpetrated in the cause of distressed humanity!) assured the catch-pole that I had not passed by (this was true enough!) and then turning quietly to Bennett, he poured out a string of bitter invective, the rude eloquence and stinging force of which I have rarely heard equalled. He called him every thing but a gentleman, and then pointing sternly to the entrance, ordered him to pass out, lest he should forget, in his detestation of the man hunter, the respect due even

to such a reptile while under his roof. Abashed by the violence of the honest hearted fellow, the subject of it retired with his companion. I resisted the entreaties of this noble minded cottager to remain with him, and proceeded to scale the mountain, which effected, I had my choice of a score of farmer's residences spread along the area before me. Selecting one which, from the neatness that characterized its outward appearance, and the solitariness of its site, bespoke honesty within and little likelihood to attract suspicion, I gained the door, and solicited permission to rest awhile within. A cheerful welcome, was given and taking a chair, I quickly learned this was the abode of a widow lady and four daughters—the latter busily engaged in spinning, yet communicative and lady-like in their general demeanor. I laid my case before them, and found what man ever has when trusting to the sympathy of dear and innocent women. A mother could not have been kinder, a sister's love exercised itself not in ministry more soothing, yet unobtrusive. Had I blessed them! one and all. Heaven bless the sex, for never in all my wanderings, and they have proved wide and various, have I ever had cause to repent in trusting my dearest wishes, or more oppressive cares to influencing tenderness of the sex. Men have locked cold—have defrauded, oppressed and betrayed me, but woman has at all times, under all circumstances, been my nurse, my solace, and my friend.—To return. I sojourned with these interesting friends nine days, happy to be domesticated with a circle so delightful, but the miserable prey of a thousand fears. Every traveller on the high road was magnified by my suspicious fancy into the dreaded holder of the haunting bail-piece. Every sound at night was deemed the footstep of a lurking bailiff. My slumbers were fevered with sickening fears of capture and incarceration; my food was tasteless. In short, I was utterly, hopelessly miserable—on the evening of the ninth day, I stole into Stroudsburg. I had no fear of Bennett, for the period of his power must surely have expired by this time, but I brooked not to encounter the sneering townsman. Intending only to say "God bless you," to my former hostess, and then cast myself on the waves of the repelling world. I gained the steps before the door and knocked. The key turned for admittance, and my hand was upon the knob, when a pressure on my shoulder, a "not so fast" caused me to turn and confront the sneering triumphant gaze, and the mastering grasp of Bennett. The bail piece would have expired at twelve o'clock—it was now nine.

Enough! They who wish to know the result will find it shadowed forth in the Philadelphia Journals of July of the same year. It will be seen therein, that at that time, Ralph C——, Comedian, made application from the prison, to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said County, as an Insolvent Debtor, praying the benefit of the laws in such cases made and provided.

Neither German nor English.

Copy of an advertisement at Charleston, S. C., for a stray horse:
"He is run away again, mine little black horse, I rite him two tays in te middle de nie and ven he not will see shumting he shumps as if the divel was int, and he trown me town. I not have such fall since before I was born. I buy him top on Jacob Shintel Clymer, he hav five white feet before, mit von black snip on his nose, von eye vill look blue like glass. He is branded mit John Keister Stranger, on his behind side of his tale.—Whoever vill take up de said horse, and bring him to top of mine house near Congaree, shall pay me two dollars reward, and if dey will not bring me mine horse agen, I vill put de sure the law in force against all the peoples."

Pan of Gravy.

Ba-a-a!" shrieks a half naked infant of about eighteen months old.
"What's the matter with mamma's thweet yittle ducky?" says its affectionate mother, while she presses it to her bosom, and the young sarpint in return digs its talons into her face.
"La den, Missis, I knows, what little massa Jim wants," exclaims the cherub's negro nurse.
"You black hussey! why don't you tell me then!" and the infuriated mother gives Dinah a douse in the chops with her shoe.
"Why, he wants to put his foot in dat thar pan ob gravy, what's de coolin on de hart!" whimpers the unfortunate blackey.
"Well, and why don't you bring it here, you aggravating nigger you," replies the mother of the bawling young one.
Dinah brings the gravy, and little Jim put his feet in the pan, dashing the milk-warm grease about his sweet plumpy little shanks, to the infinite amusement of his mother, who tenderly exclaimed—
"Did mommo's yettle Dimmy want to put his teeny-weeny footsey's in the gravy. It shall play in the pan as much as it chosey-wooses, and then it shall have its pooty red trock on, and go and see its pappy-yappy!"

"Are you fond of tongue, sir?" "Yes," (the gentleman holding his hands over his ears.)—"I was always fond of tongue, madam, and I like it still."

Excellent Jeu D'esprit.

Said Stiggins to his wife one day,
"We've nothing left to eat;
If things go on in this queer way,
We shan't make both ends meet."
The dame replied, in words discreet,
"We'er not so badly fod,
If we can make but one end meat,
And make the other bread."