

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## POETRY.

### The Loved and Lost.

Time hath not power to bear away  
Thine image from my heart;

No scenes that mark life's onward way  
Can bid it hence depart.

Yet, while our souls with anguish riven,  
Mourn, loved and lost, for thee,

We raise our tearful eyes to heaven;

And joy that thou art free.

We miss thee from the band so dear,  
That gathers round our hearth;  
We listen still thy voice to hear  
Amid our household mirth—

We gaze upon thy vacant chair,

Thy form we seem to see,

We start to find thou art not there,

Yet joy that thou art free.

A thousand old familiar things,  
Within our childhood's home,  
Speak of the cherished, absent one,  
Who never more shall come.

They wake, with mingled bliss and pain,  
Fond memories of thee;

But would we call thee back again?

We joy that thou art free!

Amid earth's conflict, woe, and care,  
When dark our path appears,

"Tis sweet to know thou canst not share

Our anguish and our tears—

That on thy head no more shall fall

The storms we may not flee;

Yes, safely sheltered from them all,

We joy that thou art free!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

### The Haunted Manor House.

BY CHARLES OLIER.

Ser. What's that?

Alg. Where?

Ser. Did you hear nothing?

Alg. Where, where? dost thou see anything?

We are hard by the church yard. Hark! d'ye

hear nothing.—*The Night Walker.*

The old manor house was now a gloomy ruin. It was surrounded by an old fashioned, spacious garden, overgrown with weeds; but in the drowsy and half veiled light of an April dawn, looking almost as beautiful as if it had been kept in trim order. The gravel walks were green with moss and grass, and the fruit trees, trained against the wall, shot out a plenteous overgrowth of wild branches, which hung unprofitably over the borders. A rank crop of thistles, bind-weed, and groundsel choked the beds, over which the slimy tract of slugs and snails shone in the horizontal gleam of the rising sun. The noble elms, which stood about the lawn in groups, were the only objects that did not bear the melancholy evidence of neglect. These 'giants of the wood' thrive best when not interfered with by man.

Scarcely a single window pane was unbroken in the old house; the roof was untiled; the brickwork at the lower part of the building was without mortar, and seemed crumbling with damp; and many of the shutters, which in the dwellings of that date were fixed outside the windows, hung dangling upon the rusty hinges. The entrance door, of which the lintel had either dropped from its socket or been forced away, was fastened to the wide frame by a padlock.

All was silent, deserted, desolate; nor did the aspect of the tenement tend to dissipate by any exhibition of beauty, either in outline, color, or detached parts, the heavy, unimaginative melancholy which the view of it inspired. It was a square, red brick house, large enough indeed to contain many rooms, and were it in good repair, to accommodate even a wealthy family; but it was utterly destitute of external interest. It had no pointed roof, no fantastic gables, no grotesque projections, no pleasant porch, in angles of which the rose and honeysuckle could ascend, or the ivy cling, nor any twisted chimneys, like those which surmounted the truly English and picturesque homes built in the Elizabethan era, and which, together with the rich and glorious poetry of that time, gave way to the smooth neatness cultivated during the reign of William and Mary, to which epoch the Paddington Manor House might be referred.

Two men stood in the silence of an April morning contemplating the deserted scene. One of them appeared to know something of its history, and, yielding to the entreaty of his companion, related the following story.

"Ten years ago," said he, "there dwelt in

this house a man of high repute for virtue and piety.—He had no wife nor children, but lived with much liberality, and kept many servants. He was constant in his attendance at church, and gladdened the hearts of the neighboring poor by the frequency of his almsgiving.

His fame among his neighbors was increased by his hospitality. Scarcely a day passed without entertaining some of them with feast at his house, when his conversation was admired, his judgment appealed to as something more than ordinary wise, his decisions considered final, and his jokes received with hearty laughter, according to the time allowed, and dutiful practice of guests at the table of rich men.

Nothing could exceed the costliness and rarity of this man's wines, the lavish profusion of his plate, nor the splendor of his room—these very rooms! which decorated with the richest furniture, the most costly specimens of the Italian and Flemish schools of painting, and resounded nightly with the harmony of dainty madrigals.

One summer evening, after a sumptuous dinner had been enjoyed by himself and a numerous party, the weather being very sultry, a proposal was made by the host that the wine and dessert should be taken on the lawn, and that the revelry should be prolonged under the shade of the leafy elms which stood about the garden in the groups, as you see them now.—The company accordingly adjourned thither, and great was the merriment beneath the green boughs which hung over the table in heavy masses, and loud the song in the sweet air of the evening.

Twilight came on, but still the happy revelers were loth to leave the spot which seemed sacred to wine and music, and indolent enjoyment. The leaves which canopied them were motionless; even those which hung on the extreme point of the tenderest sprays quivered not. One shining star, poised in the clear ether seemed to look down with curious gaze on the jocund scene; and the soft west wind had breathed its last drowsy evening hymn—so calm, indeed, that the master of the house ordered lights to be brought there were they sat, that the out door carouse might still be enjoyed.

"Hang care!" exclaimed he. "This is a delicious evening; the wine has a finer relish here than in the house, and the song is more melodious under the tranquil sky, than in the close room where sound is stifled. Come, let us have a bacchanalian chant—let us, with old Sir Toby, make the welkin dance, and rouse the night owl with a catch. I am right merry. Pass the bottle, and tune your voices—a catch, a catch! The lights will be here anon."

Thus he spoke; but his merriment seemed forced and unnatural. A grieved change awaited him.

As one of the servants was proceeding from the house with a flambeau in his hand, to light the tapers already placed on the table, he saw in the wall leading to the outer gate, a woman of lofty bearing, in widow's weeds, whose skin, as the rays of the torch fell upon it, looked as white as a monumental effigy, and made a ghastly contrast with her black robe. Her face was like that of the grisly phantom, Death in Life—it was rigid and sunken; but her eyes glanced about in their hollow sockets with a restless motion, and her brow was knit as if in anger. A corpse-like infant was in her arms; and she paced with proud and stately tread towards the spot where the master of the house, apparently

"Merry in his heart and filled with swelling wine," was sitting amongst his jovial friends.

The servant shuddered as he beheld the strange intruder, but he too had partaken of the good cheer, and he felt bolder than usual.—Mustering up courage, he faced the awful woman and demanded her errand.

"I seek your master," said she.

"He is engaged, and cannot be interrupted," replied the man. "Ugh! turn your face from me—I like not your look. You are enough to freeze one's very blood."

"Fool," returned the woman, "your master must see me." And she pushed the servant aside.

The menial shivered under the touch of her hand, which was heavy and cold like marble. He felt as if rooted to the spot; he could not move to follow her as she walked on to the scene of the banquet.

On arriving at the spot she drew herself up beside the host without uttering a word. He saw her and shook in every joint. The song ceased; the guests were speechless with amazement, and sat like petrifactions, bending their gaze one way towards the strange and solemn figure which confronted them.

"Why comest thou here?" at length demanded the rich man in low gasping accents. Vanish! Who opened the vault and let thee forth? Thou shouldst be a hundred miles away. Sink again into the earth! Hence, horrible thing! Delusion of hell! Dead creature, ghost, hence!

What seekest thou? What can I do to keep thee in thy grave? I will resign my lands to whom shall they be given? Thy child is dead. Who is now thy heir? Speak! and be invisible!"

"No; besides, would a servant dare to trample with such violence, about the next room to that of his dying master."

fort, as if an image of stone were to bend, and whispered something in the ear of her questioner, which made him tremble still more violently. Then beckoning him, she passed through the deepening twilight towards the house, while he, with bristling hair and faltering gait, followed her. The terror stricken man, the gaunt woman, and the white child, looked like three corpses moving in the heavy and uncertain shades of evening, against the order of nature.

After waiting an hour for their friend's return, the guests who had now recovered from their first panic, became impatient to solve the mystery, and determined to seek the owner of the house, and offer such comfort as his evident trepidation required. They accordingly directed their steps towards the room into which, they were informed, the woman and child and their host had entered.

On approaching the door, piteous groans and incoherent exclamations were heard—above which these words were plainly audible in a female voice: "Remember what I have said! Think of my slaughtered husband! A more terrible intruder will on some night come into thy house! Thou shalt perish here and hereafter!"

Hearing these groans and these menaces, the party instantly burst into the room, followed by the servant with a light. The man, whose face was buried in his hands, was standing alone. But as his friends gazed around in amazement, a shadow of the woman with her infant in her arms was seen to flicker on the wall, as if moved about uncouthly by a faint wind. By degrees it faded away entirely. No one knew how the stately widow herself had disappeared, nor by what means she had obtained admittance through the outer gate.

To the honest enquiry of his friends the host would give no answer; and the party left the place perplexed with fearful thoughts. From that time no feasts were given in the Manor House. The apartment where the secret interview took place, and which is, to this day, called 'The Room of the Shadow,' was closed, and, it is said, has never since been opened. It is the chamber immediately above this, and is now the haunts of bats and other night birds.

After having lived here several years in comparative solitude, a mortal sickness came over the owner of the house. But, if his bodily sufferings were grievous to behold, the agony of his mind seemed ten-fold greater, so that his friends who called to cheer him in his malady, were amazed to see one of so pure a life (as they thought) given to the torture of remorse. He felt that he must shortly appear before the Supreme Judge; and the anticipated terrors of the judgment were already upon his spirit.—

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The pale woman stooped with unseemly ef-

The gentleman snatched up a lamp, and went forth into the next chamber. It was empty! but still the footsteps sounded loudly as those of a person waiting in angry impatience.

Bewildered and agast, the friend returned to the bed side of the wratch, and could not find utterance to tell the nurse what had been the result of his examination of the adjoining room.

"For the love of Heaven," exclaimed the woman, speak! tell me what you have seen in the next chamber. Who is there? Why do you look so pale? What has made you dumb?—Hark!—the noise of the footsteps grows louder and louder."

"O! how I wish I had never entered this accursed house, this house which is abhorred by God and man!"

Meanwhile, the sound of the horrid footsteps grew not only louder but quicker and more impatient.

The scene of their tramping was, after a time, changed. They approached the sick man's room, and were heard, plainly heard—close by the bed side of the dying wretch, whose nurse and friend stared with speechless terror upon the floor, which sounded and shook as the invisible foot-falls passed over it.

"Something is here—something terrible—in this very room, and close to us, though we cannot see it!" whispered the gentleman in panting accents to his companion. "Go up stairs—and call the servants—and let all in the house assemble here."

"I dare not move," exclaimed the trembling woman. "My brain—my brain!—I am faint—I shall go mad!—Let us fly from this place—the fiend is here. Help! help! in the name of the Almighty."

"Be composed, I beseech you," said the gentleman in a voice, scarcely audible. "Recall your scattered senses. I too should be scared to death did I not with a strong effort keep down the mad thrubbings that torment me. Recollect our duty. We are christians and must not abandon the expiring man.—God will protect us. Merciful Heaven!" he continued, with a frenzied glance into the shadowy recesses of the chamber. "Listen! the noise is stronger than ever—those iron footsteps!—and still we cannot discern the cause! Go and bring some companions—some human faces—our own are transformed!"

The nurse thus adjured, left the demon haunted apartment with a visage white as snow; and the benevolent friend, whose spirits had been subdued by long watching in the chamber of death, and by witnessing the sick man's agony and remorse, became, now that he was left alone, wild and frantic. Assuming a courage from the very intensity of fear, he shrieked out in a voice which scarcely sounded like his own, "What art thou, execrable thing! that comest at this dead hour?—Speak if thou canst, show thyself, if thou dares!"

These cries roused the dying man from the miserable slumber into which he had fallen.... He opened his glassy eyes—gasped for utterance, and seemed as though he would have prayed in mortal anguish, but the words died in his throat. His lips quivered and seemed parched, as if by fire; they stood apart and his clenched teeth grinded horribly. It was evident that he heard the footsteps; for an agony fearful to behold came over him. He rose in his bed—held out his arms, as if to keep off the approach of some hateful thing; and, having sat thus for a few moments, fell back and with a dismal groan expired!

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### A True Patriot.

A man in Waldo county, Maine, who for twenty years, by the advice of his physician, had used ardent spirits for some "bodily infirmity," was at a temperance meeting, and concluded to sign the pledge. When he was about to do so, the doctor started up and said, "Uncle Ward if you sign that pledge you will die." He calmly replied that he had been a soldier of the revolution and thought he was willing to die for his country. He signed the pledge, and in one fortnight after his bodily infirmity left him.

From the *Woodbury Constitution*.