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

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Jeffersonian Republican.

November.

BY MRS. CATHARINE ALLEN.

The Autumn skies are blue above,
The Autumn hills are brown,
On every kingly forest tree
There shines a golden crown,
And flashing through the valley's haze
The sunlit waters go,
And in the wood the wind is heard,
Like plaintive song of woe!

The ocean shores are bare and bleak,
White sand is in the skies,
Thro' evening's twilight overhead
The rushing wild duck flies,
From out the chestnut woods you hear
The hunters laugh and call:
And sunbeams play in purple round
The hazy waterfall.

The flowers have vanished from the wood
And by the running streams—
We think of them as schoolmates dead
Or friends we knew in dreams.
The dry stalks crackle as we walk—
Keen, fitful gusts are heard—
Oh! with what melancholy strange
The thoughtful heart is stirr'd.

From the United States Gazette.

Attachment.

A Story of Love and Debt.

A curious anecdote was once related to us, with name of person, place and date of the event, which we shall repeat for the benefit of the rising generation, who in their haste to carry out their views, may commit some mistake, whose effect will be permanent.

Mr. Rhodes was the High Sheriff of— county, Massachusetts; and his good name, inherited from the father, and cherished by the son, made him not only popular as an officer, but rather wealthy as a man. Why Mr. Rhodes had never got married, the ladies could not ascertain, though they talked the matter over and over very often; but almost all said there must have been some cause in his youth. (Mr. Rhodes was thirty-five, at least,) which was known only to himself, and perhaps one other.

"Some disappointment," said Miss Anna, a young lady who thought it wrong that gentlemen should be disappointed; some fatal disappointment.

"Not at all," said her maiden aunt, "not at all; nobody ever thought that Mr. R. had courage enough to offer himself to a lady. He is so modest, that I should like to see him make a proposal."

"No doubt of it, aunt, no doubt of it; and to hear him too," said Anna.

"Your father and I," said Anna's mother, "once thought that Mr. Rhodes would certainly marry Miss Susan Morgan, who then lived in the neighborhood."

"Was he accepted by Miss Morgan?" asked Anna.

"I don't believe she ever had an offer," said Aunt Arabella.

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Wilton, "but she certainly deserved one from Mr. Rhodes; and I have frequently thought that, during service in church, he was about to make proposals before all the congregation, as he kept his eye continually on her."

"Do you think," asked Anna, "that Miss Morgan was as fond of him as he appeared to be of her?"

"She certainly did not take the same means of showing her feelings," said Mrs. Wilton, "for she never looked at him in church, and seemed to blush when, by any means she discovered that others had noticed his gazing upon her."

"I should think," said Anna, partly aside, "that a man like Mr. Rhodes would not lack confidence to address a lady, especially if she was conscious of her own feelings, and of his infirmity."

Mrs. W. smiled, and aunt Arabella, was about to say that no lady should ever evince her

feelings under such circumstances, when Mrs. Wilton remarked that once, when she had joked Miss Morgan upon her conquest, she rather pettishly replied, "that she may have subdued him, but he had never acknowledged her power."

"Conquest and possession did not go together then," said Anna.

"Well, is this attachment the cause of Mr. Rhodes' single condition? Was there no one else at whom he could look in church, who would be likely to look at him also?" said Anna, nodding towards her aunt.

"No," said Aunt A. with a hearty smile, "none in the pew to which you allude. I at least was too strongly impressed with the force of the tenth commandment, 'thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox, nor his ass,' ever to be looking over Miss Morgan at Mr. Rhodes."

One morning Mr. Rhodes was sitting in his office, when one of the deputies read off a list of executions and attachments, which he had in his hand to serve, and among them was one against a lady at a short distance. The amount was not great, but enough to bring distress upon a family.

"Let me take that," said the Sheriff, with some feeling; "it is out of your walk, and I will drive to the residence of the person to-morrow morning."

The modest vehicle of the officer stopped at the door of a neat dwelling house in a retired, delightful situation, where all things told of taste and economy. The Sheriff opened the gate, ascended the steps of the house and asked if Miss Morgan was at home.

The servant answered in the affirmative.

As Mr. Rhodes passed along the hall, he thought over the part he had to perform—how he should introduce the subject—how, if the debt should prove to be erroneous, he should contrive to lighten the burden by his own abilities; and when he reached the door, he had coned his salutation to the lady, and his opening speech on the subject of his official call.

The servant opened the door—Mr. Rhodes entered with a bow. He blushed, hesitated and at length took a seat, to which Miss Morgan directed him by a graceful turn of her hand.

After a few moments' hesitancy, Mr. Rhodes felt that it was his business to open a conversation that would explain the object of his visit; so he offered by way of preface, a few remarks upon the coldness of the spring.

"Yes," said Miss Morgan; "but yet cold as the weather has been, and even notwithstanding a few frosts, you see the trees have their richest foliage, and the flowers are luxuriant."

"True," said Mr. Rhodes; "it seems that though there may be a great deal of coldness, that nature will have her own way, and, in time, will assert her prerogative, late, perhaps, Miss Morgan, but still the same."

Mr. Rhodes felt rather startled at his own speech, and looking up, was infinitely astonished to see that Miss Morgan was blushing like one of the roses that was hanging against the window.

"We are pleased," said Miss M., "to see what we admire breaking through the chilling influences by which they have been restrained, and satisfying our hopes of their ultimate disclosure."

Miss Morgan was looking directly towards the bush on which three roses were clustering in a most gorgeous richness.

Mr. Rhodes put his hand into his pocket, and felt of the official papers, to gather a little courage from their contact.

"I have," said Mr. Rhodes, "an attachment."

Miss Morgan this time lent blushes to the rose.

"The attachment, Miss Morgan, is of a distant date, and I felt that too much time had already elapsed; that, indeed, instead of entrusting it, as I might have done, to another, I thought that in a matter of so much delicacy, it would be proper for me to come in person."

"For me, Mr. Rhodes? the attachment for me?"

"As I was saying, Miss Morgan, the attachment I have; and I felt it a matter of delicacy to come in person, thinking that my own means might be considered, if there was any deficiency in the value of this property."

"Mr. Rhodes, you seem to be rather enigmatical."

"I, nevertheless," said Mr. R., "mean to speak very plainly, when I say that with reference to this attachment, Miss Morgan, should you honor me so far as to accept my proposition, my pecuniary means would be devoted to the—to the attachment."

"I was," said Miss Morgan, "wholly unprepared for this."

"I was afraid that was the case," said Mr. Rhodes, "and therefore I thought it more delicate to make the offer in person."

"Let me ask a little more time," said she, "say next week."

"Miss Morgan," said Mr. Rhodes, "the matter requires immediate answer; the attachment is of an old date, and time now is every thing. My feelings are deeply interested; and may I not hope that while you are using so short a time to consider a subject, which you are pleased to view as of such great delicacy with regard to yourself, you will allow my wishes and my feelings to weigh with you in deciding in favor of my proposition, which, I assure you, is made after due deliberation upon my ability to perform my part of the contract?"

Mr. Rhodes then took his leave, astonished at his own unwonted volubility, which, indeed, nothing could have induced but his desire to relieve one so much esteemed as Miss Morgan from present embarrassment.

Mr. Rhodes drove to a neighboring place, deeply occupied with his good purposes towards Miss Morgan, satisfying himself that the pecuniary sacrifice he had proposed was due to his untold and unknown affection for her, and not beyond his means.

Miss Morgan felt a renewal of all those feelings which had rather been dormant than quenched in her bosom, and desired the advice married sister, who was unfortunately absent. That Mr. Rhodes had once felt a strong attachment to her, she could not doubt; that he had continued to cherish, as she had done, the reciprocal feeling, she had not ventured to hope. But as it was evident that the proposition of Mr. Rhodes was not from any sudden impulse, Miss Morgan resolved to signify her assent to a proposition so worthy of consideration on all accounts.

In less than two hours, Mr. Rhodes drove up to the door again, fastened his horse, and was re-admitted to the little back parlor, which he had occupied in an earlier part of the day.

"Miss Morgan," said Mr. Rhodes, "before receiving your answer, which I trust you are prepared to give in favor of accepting my proposals, I wish to state to you that I have reconsidered all the circumstances of my situation and yours, and find myself better able, from some previously unconsidered matters, to keep my part of the arrangement than I thought myself, when I ventured to make the offer; so that the kindness, if you will have that word used in this matter, is all on your side."

"Under present circumstances—I mean those of our long acquaintance, and our family intercourse though of late rather interrupted," said Miss Morgan, "and my right, by years, (she added, casting a glance at a looking glass, showing only matured womanhood,) to speak for myself, I have concluded to consider your proposition favorably."

"Consider! Miss Morgan, consider favorably! may I not hope you mean that you will accept it?"

Miss Morgan gave no answer.

"Nay, then, it is accepted," said Mr. Rhodes, with a vivacity that Miss Morgan thought would have brought him to her lips—her hand at least.

"How happy you have made me," said Mr. Rhodes; "having now disposed of this matter, there are ten days allowed."

"That's very short," said Miss Morgan, "only ten days; you seem to be in a haste unusual to you at least."

"It is the attachment, and not I, that is imperative."

"You speak rather abstractedly, Mr. Rhodes."

"But truly, very truly, Miss Morgan."

"But why limit us to ten days?"

"The attachment requires it."

"I thought," said she, smiling, "the attachment would be for life."

Mr. Rhodes looked exceedingly confused. At length he started suddenly towards the lady.

"My dear Miss Morgan, is it possible that for once in my life, I have blundered into the right path! Can I have been so fortunately misconceived?"

"If there is any mistake," said Miss Morgan, "I hope it will be cleared up immediately. I can scarcely think that Mr. Rhodes would intentionally offend an unprotected orphan, the daughter and sister of his former friends."

Mr. Rhodes hastily pulled from his pocket his writ of attachment, and showed it to Miss Morgan.

"This is certainly your name, and this property."

"Is the disputed possessions," said Miss Morgan, "of my sister-in-law of the same name, Mrs. Susan Morgan?"

Mr. Rhodes stood confounded. He was afraid of the course which the matter was likely to take.

"So Mr. Rhodes, you see the attachment was for this property. Now as it is not mine, and as, indeed, I have little of my own, you, of course, have no claim upon my person."

Tattlers.

We see some brother of the corps has been pouring out the vials of his wrath on the heads of the detestable herd who generally are known by the name which heads this piece. With the sentiments expressed by him, we do most cordially agree, and most heartily would we join in any enterprise, which had for its object the extermination of these loathsome vermin from society. Of all the classes of bad men and women, they are the most odious and hateful, nor in fact do we know any animal in the whole range of animated nature, whose entire annihilation would more benefit the world.— They are a race, combining in themselves the base and baneful qualities of all others, as some bodies are said to be compounded of all the poisonous substances in nature. With the meanness of the jackal, the cunning of the serpent, the deceit of the crocodile and the malignity of the wolf: the poison of asps under their tongues, and the spirit of devils in the hearts; their vocation is the spreading of lies and the stirring up of strife, and their sole enjoyment derived from the jars and discord of society. Prying into the nooks and corners of every one's heart, and thrusting their carion-loving beaks into every body's business, under the pretence of friendship, for each, into whose presence they can wind their slimy and disgusting folds, they spew up their black vomit of slander and corrupt, and turn to bitterness all the well-springs of affection, friendship and love, from whose streams, in their purity, grow all the flowers and fruits that adorn and give a zest to life.— They are the sworn enemies of peace, and wage an eternal war on all social ties; they are miserable go-betweens, foul-mouthed reporters of false reports between friends, hypocritical, canting defilers of lies; black-hearted assassins of the affections, who stab friendship under the cover of darkness, and rejoice to see attachments withering beneath their pestiferous touch. We could live with some comfort among the Cannibals of the South Seas; with the marauding, scalping black-feet of the Rocky Mountains, or the blood-thirsty Camanche savages of Texas, we could feel a degree of safety, conscious that life would be opposed to life, in many strife, and if we perished we would fall by the hand of an open and bold adversary; but, even in this land of law and gospel, no one can feel assured that his reputation, which is more than life, can survive an hour, so long as one of these tale-bearers is in existence.

Their despotism is more intolerable than that of the Grand Turk, and every moment, some social virtue falls a victim to the bowstring.— Against the man or the woman, who will worm himself or herself into the confidence of your friend, and under the mask of friendship and pity for you, will strike the ruthless steel into that friend's affections, for you, we know of no defence: he can never be found out till his hellish work is done, and friends are embittered forever. Truly, these fiends are an improvement on their Old Master, the roaring lion, and rather had we encounter the Devil than one of them. They crowd our docket with suits of slander and libel; they disgrace our streets with brawls, assaults and affrays; they make the domestic circle a scene of wrangling and contention; they invade the peaceful sanctuary of the maidens bosom and leave there passion and bitterness; they hurry the young man to the bowl and the gaming table, and many, many do they bring down in the prime of youth and promise, with broken-hearts and blasted hopes to an untimely grave! Their words are secret poisoned daggers, ever busy on the harmony of society; their breath a moral siroc, whose course is marked by a dreary waste of withered hopes and blighted affections. God deliver us from them! If we had our way with them, every one should swing by the neck on a gallows as high as Haman's, and there should they remain, till the birds and vultures picked the flesh from their bones.—*Oxford (N. C.) Mercury.*

What if you have a patch on your knee, it is nothing to be ashamed of. It lays easier on the mind than a writ at the door; or an interview with a creditor, who feels you have wronged him. Better wear an old hat, an unfashionable coat, or a pair of cowhide shoes, than live extravagantly, run in debt, and have every body feel that you are a villain. There's nothing like prudence and economy, especially if you are striving to keep up your credit. Who will trust you, if you are poor and lazy, dress in fine broad-cloth, and display gold chains, rings, and breastpins? No one. But with a homespun coat, a hard brown face, hard hands, and industrious habits, you are sure to be favored. Your appearance indicates that you are frugal and will be a safe customer.

Those who [foolishly] wear the article called bustle, are informed that the latest London fashion is to make them large, and let them come wholly round the body, and tie on the left side.—*Boston Merc. Journal.*

Perpetual motion has been invented for the ninety-ninth time by a Mr. F. A. Stewart, of Chemung. No description is given, but the editor of the Chemung Whig, says it is the real thing, and goes without saying.

AN INGENIOUS CRADLE OF DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE, made by a gentleman in Mississippi, was sent as a present to a friend residing in Charleston, S. C. An extract from his letter is as follows:

"The body or frame of the cradle is manufactured out of the shell of what we call the snapping turtle, that weighed 135 pounds, caught by myself out of my own waters. The railing is constructed of the horns of bucks, killed with my own rifle by my own hands. The rockers are made from a walnut tree that grew on my sister's plantation adjoining me. The spring mattress or lining is stuffed with wool from my own sheep. The horse mattress is also filled with domestic wool, manufactured and lined by my own wife. The pillows are filled with feathers from our own wild geese, that have been also manufactured by my own wife, with her own hands, after having been previously slain by my own steady arm. The pavilion, which you will perceive is to be thrown over the canopy, was likewise fabricated, fitted, and contrived by my own right thirty, ingenious, and very industrious better half. Accompanying the cradle is a whistle, which was made by a friend residing with me out of the tusk of an alligator slain by my own hand, as well as a fan made also by the same friend out of the tail of a wild turkey killed by me. Accompanying the whole is the hide of a panther, dressed after the fashion of the charnois, the animal having been slain by my own hands and with my own trusty rifle. This is for the stranger to fall and roll upon when tired of his cradle."

"It has been said for the famous Colonel Crockett that he was fanchted down upon a raft and rocked in a *bee gum*. The stranger, whatever may become his name hereafter, may boast that he was rocked to sleep in the shell of a swamp snapping turtle, lounged on a panther's hide, was fanned by a wild turkey's tail, and cut his teeth on an alligator's tusk! Beat this who can!"—*Courier.*

We guess as how, that the boy what is fatched up in this concern will be able eventually,

To whip his weight in wild cats,
Eat an Alligator,
And drink the Mississippi, dashed
With oceans of the cratur. *Mercury.*

Counterfeits.

A man has been arrested at Buffalo, for passing a \$10 bill, which is pronounced to be a very good imitation of the genuine notes of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. It is letter B, dated New York, Oct. 5, 1835, and well engraved. Vignette, Mercury and a ship in the distance; the paper, however, is too flimsy for a true representative of the genuine. I. H. Williams, Treasurer; John Warts, President; and all executed with much accuracy.

Counterfeit fives of the Kingston Bank are also afloat.

Burning of Horses.

It has often been remarked that a horse cannot be driven from a building when on fire; but many have considered it an unauthenticated statement. An incident of which a writer in the Forum was an eye witness, may be interesting to some of our readers:—"It was a cold night, in the November of 1840, while we were sojourning in the State of New-York, that the cry of fire alarmed the citizens of the town in which we were then staying. We soon discovered that the stable attached to the hotel was in the flames, and our efforts were directed to the safety of the horses which it contained. We threw wide open all the doors, and unloosed the halters; but no sooner was this done, than some of them rushed to the fire, inhaled the burning element, fell down and died instantly. After considerable exertion, we succeeded in getting six others out; but five immediately turned, and with a single leap, bounded into the midst of the fire. The other ran, with much speed, a distance of about twenty rods from the building, and then wheeled about, made his way back to the fire, in spite of our efforts to stop him, and shared the fate of the rest of his companions. This statement, although it proves nothing new, may be relied upon. It was a melancholy spectacle, to behold on the next morning the half burned bones of eighteen noble steeds, still simmering among the smoking embers."

Horse Chestnut.

If, says a writer in the American Farmer, (vol. xiv.) the value of this nut was more generally understood, it would not be suffered to rot and perish without being turned to any account as at present. The horse chestnut contains a saponaceous juice, very useful not only in bleaching, but in washing linens and other stuffs. The nuts must be peeled and ground, and the meal of twenty of them is sufficient for ten quarts of water; and either linens or woollens may be washed with the infusion, without any soap, as it effectually takes out spots of all kinds. The clothes should, however, afterwards be rinsed in spring water. The same meal steeped in hot water and mixed with an equal quantity of bran, makes a nutritious food for pigs and poultry.