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

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An Adventure of the last War.

One day during the last war, opposite to Portsmouth Harbor and about three miles from the shore, lay a black frigate at anchor, and the continual motion on its decks as seen with the aid of a glass from land, betokened that some event of unusual interest was soon to occur. Although it showed no colors, it required an eye of but little experience in naval matters to decide that it was English. What could be its object was a mystery. Its wooden walls effectually concealed from many who watched it anxiously from the shore, and when, during the day it was joined by another vessel of the same class, and a heavy man-of-war, not a little excitement was created among those who lived near the water.

Towards Portsmouth the enemy had often cast longing glances. It was the key to New Hampshire and the western part of Maine, and possessing one of the finest harbors in the world, where a navy, without losing a spar, might ride out a tempest, it held in their eyes a place of no mean importance.

But the iron teeth that grinned on the forts at the mouth of the Piscataqua had hitherto been an effectual check upon their courage. Besides several thousand well trained soldiers had been collected there, in anticipation of an attack, and whole companies of volunteers were daily arriving from the northern parts of the State, and even from the Green Mountains, panting with a desire for the conflict. Portsmouth was under martial law. Its rope walks, school houses, and churches, were crowded with the bone and muscle of New England, all determined to defend the place to the last extremity. The shore was walked for miles, night and day, by a corps of sentinels, and every precaution taken to guard against surprise.

A notice of the approach of the war ships soon reached the town. The tall flag staff that had been placed near the mouth of the river, and was watched from the steeple, was seen to have been inclined towards the sea, which was the signal of danger agreed upon. And when the sun went down not knowing how eminent it might be, the excitement that filled the place was tremendous. There was mounting in hot haste, and couriers dashed through the streets like the winds. Every cart and carriage was busy in removing the women and valuables to a station of security, and the soldiers hurried their arms and renewed the charges in their pieces, and were ready at the tap of the drum or the blast of the bugle, to spring to their defence.

The night gathered dark and chilly. The heavens looked watery and filled with cloud of mist. A double watch was set upon the outposts, and the soldiers lay down to dream of their home or of battling for its safety.

No sooner had the darkness settled the sea, than boats just observable through the twilight, were seen passing between the enemy's vessels, and evidently bearing orders from one to the other maturing their plans. Through the opened port-holes lights could be seen flying in all directions, and there was none who saw these movements who did not feel the fate of Portsmouth would be decided before morning. All along the coast and on every eminence commanding a view of the vessels, were collected little companies of speculative watchers. On a little hillock, a few rods from the shore, on the east side of the river, were gathered ten

or twelve men, noting every motion that was visible, and listening to every sound that came from the waters.

'Is it not possible to know what is the object of those water coffins?' said an old gentleman while he strained his eyes as the darkness grew deeper.

'It might be done,' said a young man whose face had been bronzed by a familiarity with all weathers; 'it is nearly dark enough. Come, Bill, what say you? there won't be so much light as comes from a cat's eye in an hour; shall we take a boat there and slip along side? Bill, as a stout fellow of thirty was called, could not permit that a man younger than himself, should propose a deed he would shrink from executing, and immediately signified his willingness to join in the almost reckless enterprise.

The night was cloudy, the darkness had settled thick and heavy, the waves looked like a black, undulated pall, and as though to increase the awfulness of their condition the British had extinguished their lights, soon after the adventurers had launched their boat, and not an object could be traced in the almost palpable blackness, the boat's length distant. They rowed in silence for some time, and had gone two thirds of the distance before either spoke; 'are you sure this is the right course, Ned?' at length said Bill, as they rested on their oars.

'Hush, speak lower. No I am not certain, but we cannot be far from them. If but one star would look out it would be better than this eternal gloom. I cannot even see the lights on shore, through this fog. What a murky night we are out in! Gloomy as a graveyard.' 'Hang the British, I had rather meet a legion of them by daylight,' whispered Bill, moodily. 'But hark! there they lay, dead ahead, and getting ready to make a port too,' he continued, as he heard the low grating of a cable, as it was slowly and cautiously drawn up.

Lightly as the swallow's wing the oars dipped into the brine, silently as the fin of a shark, the boat cut the water, and directed by the sound, ere the anchor swung at the tow, they glided unseen under the very stern of the large vessel. Here they held fast for several minutes, in breathless anxiety to catch some word which should reveal the desired secret. But the humming of voices out of which nothing distinct could be gathered, was mingled with the winds, sighing through the rigging, and the dashing of the waves against the huge fabric.

With their patience nearly worn out, Ned at length whispered, 'Bill, if you can keep your hold, I will go aboard and get a full report of these villains' business.' The latter was about to reply when they heard hurried motions on the deck, a large boat was let down, and a dozen men, all of whom, by the faint light of a lantern, they discovered to be armed, pushed off towards the shore that lies south of the Piscataqua. Scarcely had they gone, when Ned, with the assistance of a rope that dragged into the water, climbed to the deck. The watch was grouped beside a gun carriage, and Ned, as confidently as though he had been one of the crew, walked by, and reaching the hatchway, descended to the lower deck. Here he found himself among several hundred men, a part of whom were in their hammocks, but others, although it was as dark as a dungeon, appeared to be arranging their clothes and preparing for some desperate enterprise.

Almost lost in confusion, he stood motionless at the bottom of the steps, but he had been there but a moment, when hearing some one approaching, he stepped aside hastily, and not knowing where he might be, held out his hands to grope the way. As chance would have it, he went directly towards the head of a sailor who was trying to catch an hour's sleep before his night's work should commence. Ned quickening his pace as the step came nearer, suddenly plunged his fingers into the locks of the sleeper, and with such force that his head received no inconsiderable wrench. The old tar leaped to his feet in a twinkling, and Ned darted off like a chicken chased by a hawk, leaving the angry sailor during the whole ship's company to try to take his scalp off.

He soon learned that it was the intention to make an attempt to effect an entrance of the harbor that night, and the boat he had seen leave the ship, was gone to examine the chains which had been thrown across the main chan-

nel, and if possible, sever them. This was all he could learn. It was enough, and he felt there was urgent necessity of giving instant warning of the danger. But when he reached the hatchway, he found the passage entirely closed by two old veterans, half intoxicated, who had settled themselves to have a quiet time at lauding Old England and cursing the Yankees. Ned stood by, entirely invisible, but necessarily hearing every word. It was nearly an hour that he stood waiting for them to rise, and listening to their outbreaks of passion concerning the Americans.

'Their men are no bolder than our women, and their guns are no better than tin horns,' said one gruffly. 'No Jack,' said the other, 'and do you know that once on a time, about twenty of our gals on the coast of Cornwall, dressed like sailors, put off in a gun boat, and took a Yankee seventy-four with no other arms than old swords? Ned, boiling with rage could not hear such slander, and regardless of the consequences roared out, 'that's a d—d lie, you old dog.' Both sailors shocked as though the magazine had exploded, plunged toward him, and awakened to a sense of his situation by his own voice, Ned sprang out of their reach, and as soon as the uproar had in some degree subsided, made his way on deck. But here an unexpected event occurred. The boat which had left just before he came on board had just returned, and the crew, when he stepped on deck, were in the act of lifting up a prisoner. Determined if possible, to know who he might be, he elbowed his way with admirable coolness and succeeded in taking the arm of the prisoner. While notice of their success was passed below, Ned found opportunity to whisper a word of encouragement in the poor fellow's ear, and when the order was given that he should be conducted to the cabin, Ned stole aft and dropped into the boat.

The prisoner found the cabin furnished in an elegant and even sumptuous style. Sofas, book cases, and tables of the costliest wood, rested on a carpet that trod like velvet. Mirrors of enormous dimensions, reflected the occupants at full length, on every side. A lamp hung above a rack that looked like a dazzling pyramid, so rich were the polished sword blades and jewelled hilts, the silver scabbards, the varnished pistols, the steel sabres and the guns, touched with the highest finish that skill could give them. Flower vases, filled with beautiful exotics were fastened to a stand, diffusing an agreeable odor through the cabin. An old man with snow white hair and thoughtful brow, sat in an antique chair of carved oak, and fashioned after such a luxurious pattern that one might have loughed his life out in it, and never grow weary. A girl, the daughter of the old man, with such a sweet countenance as can belong only to a pure mind, and with lips as tempting as her own rose-buds, was reading when he entered. The prisoner was brought before the hard-featured veteran, and the officers arranged themselves about, at respectful distances.

'Young man,' said the old commander, with a severe frown and penetrating look, 'remember it is the truth of what you shall say, on which your life depends; any attempt at deception, in my presence, will cause you to be hung immediately at the yard-arm.

'Who are you?' 'A soldier of the American Army.'

'And what duty were you performing on shore?'

'That of sentinel to watch for the approach of the murdering British.'

'Bride your insolence, young man; you did not perform your duty so well that you can boast of your occupation.'

'Ask your servant which was the hardest, his head or my gun-stock. I could not dissolve the night, but I swept away the cobwebs that clouded before the stars before his eyes.'

'Sir,' said the veteran, in a voice hoarse with anger which he strove to conceal. 'What is the force assembled this night in Portsmouth? Recollect that I shall know before morning, and if you deceive me you shall die at day break.'

are so fortunate as to float, after the forts have the sifting of you.'

The old commander clenched his fist, his face grew white as his cravat, and he would have ordered the fearless soldier to instant punishment for his bold reply, had not his daughter, who had stolen to his side, pressed his arm and breaking into tears, whispered mercy. An angel's tears will melt iron, or at all events, an iron soul, and his countenance lost its sternness as he gently put her aside, and directed that the soldier should be secured and guarded on the deck for the night.

As he left the cabin, the girl unseen by her father, threw her arms about the soldier's shoulders, and he, touched by such unlooked-for kindness, murmured a fervent blessing on her young heart.

The night grew darker as the minutes glided by. The mist was so dense that it was impossible to distinguish even the outline of an object six feet distant; and it seemed that the clouds rested on the waves and enveloped the ship.

The hands and feet of the prisoner were then ironed, and he was lashed by a rope to a gun-carriage. The watch that was set over him walked the length of the deck, momentarily passing and repassing, thus rendering escape by his united efforts impossible. Ned having again climbed on board, had observed them fasten the prisoner, and waited a fit time to spring and rescue him; and it was when the sentinel passed him to go to the bow, that he glided to the prisoner—with a thrust with a knife severed the cords that bound him to the gun, and lifting him in his arms as though he were an infant, hastened to the stern and swung into the boat. As for life they plied their oars, but they had scarcely left the ship, when they heard the alarm given upon the decks. Calls for lights and shouts that the prisoner had escaped, followed. Lanterns flew through the ship, and all was confusion. The bold fellows in the boat saw all, and felt in that deep darkness, that it was impossible for the British to overtake them; and although within a pistol shot they were unable to restrain their joy, but with that fearlessness that characterizes American soldiers, rested on their oars and gave three hearty cheers. Scarcely had the last hurrah left their lips, than a stream of fire shot out from the ship, and the deep boom of the cannon awakened them to their folly. Though fired at random, they heard the ball whistle by, very near them. The boatswain's shrill call to quarters rose on the night, and the sailors expecting an attack every moment, rushed to defend the decks.

Our heroes reached the shore safely, and the sentinel released of his shackles, was ready to resume his arms and his duty. The night passed heavily and in suspense, and the sun rose from its bed looking cold as an icicle.—The sea was blue but calm, and every ship was gone, and not a speck dotted it from the shore to the horizon. The British had given over all attempts on Portsmouth, but whether restrained by the crafty story of the Sentinel, or the valiant cheering of the men in the boat, will perhaps ever be a point in dispute.

THE EARTH A BOILING KETTLE.—It is proved that water, if found 1000 feet deep in the earth, would be sufficiently heated to serve for supplying warm baths, washing, cooking, and various domestic uses. In Paris they are really endeavoring to bore for it at that depth, for kitchen consumption.

'O Yes.'—The following is an explanation of 'O Yes,' so familiar to the frequenters of courts of justice. It is derived from the French word *Oyez*, meaning *listen*, and was first used in England to warn spectators in court to be silent and hear the proceedings; but since that time it is used for other law purposes.

A FOUNDLING.—Mr. Stuart, of Parma, Monroe county, N. Y., found a basket at his door on the evening of the 15th inst. On opening the basket a fine little baby, about six days old, was found in it, together with a ten dollar bill and a piece of paper, on which was written, 'More will be sent when this is exhausted.' We hope for Mr. Stuart's sake that the note referred to the bill, and not the baby.

Pay the Printer.

Parody on the Declaration of Independence.

The Salisbury (N. C.) Watchman tells the story of a tavern keeper, who, having grown rich, grew very careless, and so offended the lawyers, by whom his house had for years been filled, that, during one crowded session of the court, they with one accord forsook him, leaving behind them the following parody on the Declaration of Independence:—

'When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a half-hungry, half-fed, imposed-on set of men, to dissolve the bands of landlord and boarder, a decent respect for the opinion of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which have impelled them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created with stomachs, and they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are, that no man should be compelled to starve, out of mere compliance to a landlord, and that every man has a right to fill his stomach and wet his whistle with the best that's going.

The history of the present landlord of the White Lion is a history of repeated insults, exactions and injuries, all having in direct object the establishment of absolute tyranny over our stomachs and throats. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused to keep any thing to drink but bald-faced whiskey.

He has refused to set upon his table for dinner any thing but turnip soup, with a little tough beef and sourcrot, which are not wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has refused to let his only servant, blink-eyed Joe, put more than six grains of coffee to one gallon of water.

He has turned loose a multitude of mosquitoes to assail us in peaceful hours of the night and eat out our substance.

He has kept up, in our beds and bedsteads, standing armies of merciless savages, whose rule of warfare is undistinguished destruction.

He has excited domestic insurrection among us by taking biters before breakfast, and making his wife and servant do the same before dinner, whereby there is often the very deuce to pay.

He has waged cruel war against nature herself, by feeding our horses with broom-straw, and carrying them off to drink where swine refused to wallow.

He has protected one-eyed Joe in his villainy, in the robbery of our jugs, by pretending to give him a mock trial, after sharing with him the spoil.

He has cut off our trade with foreign ports and brought in his own bald-faced whiskey, when we had sent him to buy better liquor abroad; and with a perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, he has been known to drink our foreign spirits, and fill up our bottles with his own dire potions.

He has imposed taxes upon us to an enormous amount, against our consent, and without any rule but his own arbitrary will and pleasure.

A landlord whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant and a master, is unfit to keep a boarding house for Cherokee Indians.

Nor have we been wanting in our attention to Mrs. B. and Mrs. Sally. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, we have conjured them to alter a state of things which would inevitably interrupt our connection and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice; we are, therefore, constrained to hold all three of the parties alike inimical to our well being, and regardless of our comfort.

We, therefore, make this solemn declaration of our final separation from our landlord, and cast our defiance in his teeth.

THE OTHER WAY.—A little ragged urchin had been sent by a mechanic to collect a small bill which had become due. He began in the usual way, by becoming more and more importunate, at length the gentleman's patience being exhausted, he said to him, 'You needn't dun me so sharply, I'm not going to run away at present.' 'I don't suppose you are,' said the lad scratching his head, 'but my master is, and he wants the money.'