

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance. Two dollars for 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 proprietors, will be charged 25 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editors. 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 special discount will be made to yearly advertisers. All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

To all Concerned.

We would call the attention of some of our subscribers, and especially certain Post Masters, to the following reasonable, and well settled rules of Law in relation to publishers, to the patrons of newspapers.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the officers to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

The Haunted.

Hence, horrible Shadow!

There is a thing that follows me
Through sunshine and through shade;—
A thing of gloom and mystery,
That bids contentment fade;
Through years of darkness, it hath cast
Upon my heart a chill;
Unsat'd poisoner of the past,
My fell companion still!

I've gazed at beauty's beaming eye—
And met its fiendish glare!
I've mix'd in revel, wild and high—
Its taunting laugh was there!
I've lock'd myself in solitude—
'Mid varied crowds I've sped—
In vain—that thrilling sound pursued,
The echo of its tread!

In flights of dark, unholy thought,
I've wildly question'd fate;
And when despair the answer brought,
In madness dard its hate!
With deaden'd pulse I feel depart
Each hope I fondly nursed;
Men view me as the proud of heart,
I wander the accursed!

Cold drops are ever on my brow,
Unseen—I dread its clasp;
Quick! let me fly! 'tis with me now—
In vain—I'm in its grasp!
"An! how d'ye do—John Doe—a writ?"
"Yes, sir—that's just the fact."
"Enough—I'll take the benefit
Of the Insolvent Act!" "Straws."

Knock Down Argument.

Gentlemen of the jury, said a Western attorney, I am satisfied of your integrity and sense of justice, and so ar my client; and I respect your honesty so much, that if I were rich as Jacob Astoria, I scorn to influence you in any manner possible, without no attention of wounding your feelings, which are no doubt as tender as barked shins—that if your verdict is in favor of my client, it ar my settled intention to take you to the doggerly for a drink twice round, the judge and constable included, but if you are deaf to the voice o' law and honor, just as soon as the court is adjourn'd, we mean to lick you like h—ll.

Bees.

Dr. Waterman gives the "Cleveland Herald," his mode of catching the bee-miller, or moth. He says, "I took two white dishes, (I think white attracts their attention in the night) or deep plates, and placed them on the top of the boxes, and filled them about half full of sweetened vinegar. The next morning I had about fifty millers caught; the second night I caught fifty more, the third being cold I did not catch any; the fourth night being very warm, I caught about four hundred; the fifth night I got two hundred. Most of these were most likely bee-millers."

From the Portland Tribune
The Old Bureau.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.
CHAPTER I.

Where'er a single human breast
Is crushed by pain and grief,
There would I ever be a guest,
And sweetly bring relief.

As we were passing down Exchange street several years ago, we stopped in front of an auction room to examine the various articles that were exposed to be sold under the hammer. We had been there but a few moments, when we heard a female voice inquiring, "is this old bureau to be sold to-day?" On looking up, we perceived the question had been addressed to us, by a young lady, whose sad but pleasant countenance struck us at once. We replied that all the articles spread on the side walk would be disposed of to the highest bidder.

"I should like this bureau, if it goes low enough," she said, pointing to an old fashioned article that was standing among the other furniture; "but I never bought any thing at auction in my life, and I see no woman here, I don't know as it would be proper for me to bid."

"It would be perfectly proper," we remarked; "but if you wish it, I will bid off the bureau."

"If you will, sir, I shall be greatly obliged to you."
"How high are you willing I should go?"
"I don't know exactly how much it is worth; but if it sells for three or four dollars, you may buy it."

"Shall I speak to a hand-cartman to leave it at your house?"
"No sir, I will call at noon and settle for it, and take it away. I am very much obliged to you for your kindness."

So saying the young lady went away, leaving us to wonder who she was, and of what use the old piece of furniture could be to her. We examined it—took out the drawers—but saw nothing remarkable about it. At eleven o'clock, when the auction commenced, we were present, and after waiting nearly an hour, the auctioneer remarked, "We will now sell the bureau. What will you give, gentlemen?" One man offered two dollars, another three, and we bid a half dollar more. Four dollars were bid—four and a half, and five dollars. We were astonished that the old thing should bring so high a price. What could we do? See it sold and disappoint the lady? The thought struck us, that it might have belonged to some friend, and she wished to purchase it on that account, and rather than disappoint her, we resolved to bid again. Six dollars were offered by another, to our utter astonishment; but when our hand is in, we seldom let another out-bid us, and so we offered, until the bureau was run up to ten dollars—and we purchased it for half a dollar more. Certainly we would not have given four dollars for it, to use ourself. However, we bought it, and had it sent to our room, telling the auctioneer, if a lady should call for it to inform her where it might be found. We examined it again and again and began to regret our purchase, feeling almost certain that the young woman would not thank us for what we had done; but we never mourn over a bad bargain. Our philosophy will not permit us to do so.

A little after dusk, as we were sitting in our sanctum, the young lady came in with an apology for intruding, and remarked, "You bought the bureau—so the auctioneer informs me."
"Yes, I bought it at an extravagant price, I assure you."
"What did you give?"
"Ten dollars and a half."
"You astonish me. What can I do? I had no idea that it would bring over three or four dollars, and am not prepared to pay for it to night."

"I suppose it was foolish in me to give so much for it; but I presumed you wanted it very much."
"I did, sir, and would not value paying double the amount for the bureau, if I were able, rather than not have it."
"So I apprehended. Perhaps it may have belonged to some friend of yours?"
"Yes, sir, that bureau was once my mother's;—and I noticed a tear come in her eye, which she endeavored to conceal;—but she is dead now, and I wished to keep it in remembrance of her."

Thinking the lady might be poor, we told her she might take the bureau that night if she wished, and pay us for it when she found it convenient.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness; but would rather that you should keep it until it is paid for."

We urged her to take it, but she refused, saying—"I will see what I can do, and call in a day or two and see you," and bidding us good evening she left us.

There is something very mysterious about this woman, thought we. It may be that she is poor, and perhaps in very destitute circumstances. But she shows an excellent heart, and the warmest attachment to a deceased mother. Her education must have been good, and she has evidently seen better days. And we thought the next time she called upon us, we would ascertain something more of her character and circumstances—perhaps her name— which we felt deeply anxious to learn.

In a day or two the young woman called upon us again, and with tears in her eyes remarked—"I don't know what you will think of me, but all the money I have in the world is five dollars: this I have brought you towards the bureau you were so kind as to purchase for me." So saying she placed the money before us in silver.

"I shall not take the money at present," we remarked. "I can do without it. You may take the bureau if you want it; and when you are able at some future time, you may pay me for it."

She expressed a great deal of gratitude, and said, "I would rather you should take what I have, and nothing that we could say would induce her to take the money again."

"You appear to have seen some affliction?" we remarked as we saw the tears in her eyes.
"Not much, sir, I must confess that I have not always been as poor as I am at present; for I have seen better days. When my parents were living, I never knew what it was to want for any thing; now I cannot say so."

"How long have your parents been dead?"
"About six years since my father died; and it was four years ago last Saturday when my mother was buried."

At mention of her mother's name the tears came fast to her eyes—a tender chord was touched—we saw it and made no more inquiries—when she took her leave.

It was nearly six weeks before we saw the young lady again. She then called upon us with the remainder of the money that we had paid for the bureau.

We protested against receiving it at that time, thinking it might have been inconvenient for her to pay it; but she insisted that we should have it, saying—"I am under great obligations to you for your kindness. Had it not been for you I should not have the bureau—the only relic of my mother; for it was then impossible for me to raise the amount you so generously paid. I shall never forget your kindness."

"Do you wish to take the bureau away?"
"I have spoken to a cartman, who will call here in a short time and have it removed out of the way; for I suppose you will be glad to get rid of it."

"Not at all. I am pleased that I was instrumental of a little service to you, and if ever you need assistance, I shall always be ready to render it."

"I thank you, sir, with all my heart."
At this moment the man came for the bureau, and bidding us good evening, the young lady left our room.

CHAPTER II.

I ask a lowly cot
With sweet content within,
Where Envy shall molest me not,
Nor Pride shall tempt to sin.

"Going, going—will you give but \$2 for this excellent bureau?"—exclaimed Mr. Baily the auctioneer, a year or two since, as we were passing down Exchange street. "Here, Mr. C.," he said, turning to us, "buy this bureau; it is cheap enough; it is worth more for kindling wood than what it is going for—just look at it—going, going—say quick or you lose it."

Two dollars and fifty cents, we bid, as we saw it was the very same bureau that we had bought several years before for ten and a half

dollars, and the bureau was knock off to us.

"This is singular enough, thought we, as we had the article carried to our room. Where is the young woman who formerly owned it?—Who was she?"

We made several inquiries, but could not ascertain who she was or what had become of her. The bureau had been carried to the auction room by an individual whom Mr. Bailey never saw before, and all our inquiries to ascertain what became of the young lady seemed fruitless.

Several months passed by, and still we heard nothing of the young lady, when one day not knowing but we might get some clue to the former owner, we took out all the drawers separately, and examined them. We saw no writing whatever. In the back of the under drawer we noticed that a small piece of pine had been inserted. It looked as if it had been to stop a defect. Prying in with a knife it came out, when to our astonishment we found several gold pieces to the value of about fifty dollars, besides a note for twenty-five hundred dollars, with interest, made payable to Sarah —, when she should become of age; it was a witnessed note, and had been running about ten years, signed by a very wealthy man, whose reputation for honesty was not exceedingly good. Without mentioning to a single individual what we had discovered, we immediately renewed our efforts to ascertain who Sarah — was, and where she could be found. We learned that a girl of this name formerly lived with a Capt. P. —, and did the work of the kitchen. Of him we could obtain but little information. His wife recollected the girl, and spoke of her in the highest terms. She believed she had married a mechanic, and retired from the city, but his name she could not recollect. By repeated inquiries we ascertained that Sarah with her husband lived on a small farm on the road that leads to Saco. Taking an early opportunity, we started for the residence of the young woman.

After several inquiries upon the road, we were directed to the house. It was a pleasant situation, a little from the road, while every thing looked neat about the dwelling. As we drew up to the cottage, who should come to the door but the very woman we had so long been anxious to find. She recognized me at once.

"Why Mr. C. —, how glad I am to see you! Where in the world did you come from? Walk in and take a seat."
Her husband was present—an intelligent looking man—to whom she presented us.

"I have often thought of you," she remarked, "and when in Portland have been tempted to call and see you; but although I have not called, be assured I have not forgotten your kindness, and I shall never forget it."

"But you seem happier than when I last saw you."
"Be assured, sir, I am. My husband has hired this little farm, where we have resided for the last two years, and we make a comfortable living, and are as happy as we could wish. In the course of a few years, if we have our health and prosper, we are in hopes to purchase the farm."

"What does the owner value it at?"
"He values it at about fifteen hundred dollars. We have had to purchase a great many farming things, or we should have made a payment towards it."

"But what has become of our old bureau?"
"I fear I shall never see it again," she replied; and after a pause said—"I believe I have never told you how I have been situated!"

"You never did."
"When my mother died, it was thought she left some property in the hands of an uncle of mine, that would come to me when I became of age; but he said it was not the case. With him I resided a short time."

"Was your uncle's name Mr. —, said we, mentioning the individual, who had signed the note in our possession."
"Yes, sir—that was his name. He was very unkind to me—made me work so hard and was so cross that I was obliged to leave him, and earn my living by doing the work of a kitchen girl. One day I learned that he was about to dispose of what little property mother had left to pay an old debt of hers. As soon as I found it correct, I immediately went to the auction, and found it too true. You know about

the bureau, the only article of my mother's property I could purchase—and had it not been for your kindness it would have gone with the rest. The money I paid was earned in the kitchen. As I found it inconvenient to carry the bureau with me, I asked my aunt's permission to put it in her garret, which permission she granted. On calling for it when I was married, I learned that uncle had disposed of it with some things at auction. I would rather have lost a hundred dollars; not that the piece possessed any real value—but it belonged to my beloved mother—(a tear came on the poor woman's eye)—and on that account I did not wish to part with it. But it was gone, and it was useless to speak to uncle about it—he was entirely indifferent to me and what concerned me."

"Suppose that I shall tell you that I have that bureau in my office?"
"Is it possible! You astonish me, Mr. C. —. Have you indeed the old bureau?"

"I have, and what is better, I have something for you here"—taking out my pocket book and placing the gold and note on the table—"those are yours."

"Why, sir, you more than astonish me."
"They are yours. After I became the owner of your bureau, I found this gold and this note concealed in one of the drawers. There are nearly fifty dollars, and the note is good against your uncle, for nearly three thousand dollars—every cent of which you can recover."

The astonished lady could not speak for some moments; but when she recovered from her surprise, she could only express her gratitude in tears; nay more, she offered us half the amount; but we merely told her, that it pleased us more to have justice done her and be instrumental in adding to the happiness of those we considered so worthy as herself and husband.

When we left we promised to call on her soon again, and in the mean time to make arrangements for her to receive her just dues from her unworthy uncle.

The old man demurred a little at first; but when he found he could wrong a poor orphan girl no longer, he paid the note with interest—begging us not to expose him.

Sarah's husband purchased the farm on which he resided, stocked it well, and is now an independent farmer. Two happier souls it is difficult to find than Sarah and her husband. May prosperity attend them to the close of life.

We often call at the farm house of our friends and spend there many a happy hour. It was but a week or two since that we saw them, and they seem as cheerful and as contented as it is possible for mortals to be.

ANECDOTE.—We heard a story some time since of Joe —, which will bear repeating. Joe was one evening seated in the bar room of a country tavern in Canada, where were assembled several old countrymen discussing matters connected with the 'pomp and circumstance of war.' In the course of some remarks, one of them stated that the English government possessed the largest cannon in the world, and gave the dimensions of one which he had seen. Joe's Yankee pride would not allow him to let such an assertion pass without contradiction.

"Poh! gentlemen," said he, "I won't deny but that is a fair sized cannon; but you are a little mistaken in supposing it to be largest in the world. It's not to be named in the same minute with one of our Yankee guns, which I saw in Charleston last year. Jupiter! that was a cannon. Why, sirs, it's so infernally large, that the soldiers were obliged to employ a yoke of oxen to draw in the ball!"

"The devil they were!" exclaimed one of his hearers, with a smile of triumph; "pray, can you tell me how they got the oxen out again?"

"Why, you fool," returned Joe, "they unyoked 'em and drove 'em through the vent!"

A MESMERIC TOOTH-EXTRACTOR.—A "professor" out West lately extracted a tooth from a subject, while in the mesmeric state, which proved to be the wrong one. The patient, as soon as he became conscious of the error, made some "passes" at the mesmerizer, which came near introducing him to a knowledge of the "middle of next week."

The *Rasp* is the name of a paper published at Alton, Ohio. Its patrons keep files of it.