

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 6.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1845.

No. 6.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
SCHOCH & SPERING.

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 proprietors, will be charged 75 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.

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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 arrearages 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 World at Auction.

The world for sale—hang out the sign,
Call every traveller here to me;
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set my weary spirit free,
'Tis going! yes; I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away;
I'll sell it, whoso'er it bring:
The world at auction here to-day!
It is a glorious thing to see—
Ah! it has cheated me so sore!
It is not what it seems to be!
For sale!—It shall be mine no more.
Come turn it o'er and view it well;
I would not have you purchase dear—
'Tis going!—going!—I must sell!
Who bids?—who'll buy the splendid tear?
Here's wealth, in glittering heaps of gold;
Who bids?—but let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold—
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?
And here, spread out in broad domain,
A godly landscape all may trace;
Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill, and plain—
Who'll buy himself a burying place?
Here's love, the dreamy potent spell
That beauty flings around the heart;
I know its power, alas! too well;
'Tis going!—Love and I must part!
Most part—what can I more with Love?
All over the enchanter's reign;
Who'll buy the plumeless, dying love,
A breath of bliss—a storm of pain?
And friendship—rarest gem of earth—
Who'er hath found the jewel his?
Fragile, fickle, false, and little worth—
Who bids for friendship as it is?
'Tis going!—going!—Hear the call;
Once, twice and thrice!—'tis very low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all—
But now the broken staff must go!
Fame! hold the brilliant meteor high
How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions now's the time to buy:
How much for fame—how much for fame!
Hear how it thunders! would you stand
On high Olympus, far renowned?
Now purchase, and a world command!
And be with a world's curses crowned?
Sweet star of hope! with ray to shine
In every sad foreboding breast,
Save this desponding one of mine—
Who bid's for man's last friend and best?
Ah! were not mine a bankrupt life!
This treasure should my soul sustain,
But hope and I are now at strife,
Nor never may unite again.
Ambition, fashion, show, and pride,
I part from all for ever now;
Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
Has taught my haughty pride to bow.
By Death! stern sheriff—all bereft,
I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod;
The best of all I still have left—
My Faith, my Bible, and my God.

Reverses of Fortune.

A SKETCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

PART I.

It was a mild autumnal evening in 1813.—The sun had just gone down, and his lingering beams, like dallying lovers, still kissed the blushing foliage of a forest, in what was then called the "Far West" Jack Frost, that imitable painter, had already decked each tree and shrub with a thousand hues from the rich, deep, golden tint, to the modest Quaker drab. All nature, indeed, seemed to have put on the "coat of many colours," as if determined to have at least one grand display, before old winter should throw over its face the white veil of unwilling seclusion.

The venerable forest of a thousand years, seemed to forget its age, as its tree tops smiled in the departing light of the sun, while the nestling birds from its embowered recesses carolled forth their simple vespers. The blue smoke, too, curling from the rude chimney of a solitary log cabin, which stood in the centre of a small "clearing," in the midst of the wood, seemed to rise joyfully into the clear atmosphere, as if it were the evening sacrifice of the tenement's humble inmates.

These were, a hardy New England's Pioneer, his wife, two sons, and an infant daughter. The sons, William and James, were old enough to assist their father at "clearing, breaking, and cropping." The members of this humble family were amongst the first settlers in that part of the West, and of course endured many hardships, while they were deprived of the luxuries of an Eastern residence; yet they were cheerful and contented; and had it not been for the difficulty of paying for the lands they had purchased, their happiness would have been complete.

The difficulties which frowned upon them from the future, and the spirit with which they met them, will appear from what follows.

Upon the evening in question, they were partaking of their frugal supper, when a knock from without, interrupted their meal and conversation. Lee, the head of the family answering the summons at the door, was saluted by a well dressed stranger, on horseback,—who requested "accommodation" for himself and his tired animal until morning. He was immediately welcomed by the sturdy pioneer, and giving his horse in charge of one of the boys, soon found himself comfortably seated by the fireside of his host. A plain but substantial supper was quickly prepared, after partaking of which, the stranger, won by the unaffected cordiality of his entertainer, forgot all reserve,—and in the course of the conversation which ensued, communicated to him his name and history.

The guest, Henry Florence, was a native and a merchant in one of our Eastern cities.—He was wealthy and fond of adventure, and having vested a few hundreds in western lands, he resolved to gratify his desire of seeing the vast forests, the rolling prairies, and the noble lakes and rivers of the great West. Upon a visit of adventure as well as profit, therefore, he had accidentally become the guest of the settler.

"You must endure many privations, in this wild, unsettled country," said Florence, in the course of the evening's conversation.

"Yes; but the 'East' aint the place for poor men; now me and mine are as good as any body, and I like to be, where I can live like other folks. The West's a growin' country, and I've a notion I can grow with it; and when I die, leave something handsome for my children.

"How long have you been here?"

"Three years last March."

"How have you prospered during that time?"

"Oh! first rate, so far; but the drought has almost ruined the crops this year and I'm hard pressed to raise the money to make the last payment on my land. The 'shiners' are mighty scarce in these parts, and I've cleared sometimes, I'll have to give up the land, and all I've earned these last two years, and paid towards it. But never mind, we must have troubles or else we wouldn't know what we could do, if we tried."

The last words were spoken with a tone of resolution, though his voice trembled slightly.

as he bent down to kiss the little Ellen in his lap. The child looked up into his face, smiled sweetly in response to his caress, and then nestled closer upon his bosom.

"Do you get discouraged at times?" asked Florence.

"Well I do once in a while, feel something like it; but then, it'll all come out right—that's my motto. We have got to be a little earlier and later at the business. Boys!" he continued, turning towards his sons, "We've all got to work harder! I tell you if we don't, we'll get no fodder!"

"I reckon we can do our share!" resolutely replied the youngest; his words met a response in the determined looks of his brother, and in the approving smile of his father.

Henry Florence remained several days with the settler, whose unremitting exertions to make him comfortable were both effectual and appreciated.

Upon leaving, he urged his worthy host to accept some compensation, for the trouble and expense of his protracted stay, but received, in answer to all his entreaties, the blunt reply.

"Money aint the price of Isaac Lee's hospitality!"

A few days after the departure of the stranger, the wife and children of the settler stood at the door of their humble cabin, awaiting his return from the country town, whither he had gone, half-despairing, to arrange for the payment of the land which had cost him so many months of toil. The countenance of the group were sorrowful, save that of the little Ellen, who, like the rose,—blushing beneath the April cloud, innocently smiled, unconscious of impending misfortune. Twilight gathered slowly, and as if imbued with the spirit of the quiet hour, they were silent and sad, while they watched for the return of Lee.

They did not wait long. He soon emerged from the woods upon the opposite side of the "clearing," and as he saw them, he swiftly urged his horse towards them, shouting at the top of his voice.

"Hurrah, wife! Jimmy! Bill! all of you, hurrah. The land's all paid for! Mr. Florence did it! He got the receipts made out before he left, two days ago, and gave them to 'Squire Benson at the Land-Office, to keep till I came to town! He's gone back to the East, but never mind, I'll have a chance to pay him some day!"

"God bless him!" ejaculated the wife, while tears ran down her cheek.

"God bless him!" shouted the boys, as they threw their ragged hats into the air.

PART II.

Seventeen years have elapsed, and time has brought changes. The forest has gradually fallen before the axes of the settlers; the little cattle-path, winding through the woods, from house to house, has been superseded by the well raised turpiket and county road; the little "clearing" has expanded into a well improved farm; and the flourishing village marks the spot where, but a few years stood the humble "Public" of some settler, more ambitious than his neighbors.

How cheerfully the smoke curls up from the midst of yon beautiful grove of forest trees, surrounding that fine, comfortable farm-house.—Look, too, at that bursting barn, back of it, with the glistening icicles, hanging from its projecting eaves; for it is winter,—and at the sleek, well-fed cattle, standing upon the warm, south side, leisurely "chewing their quid," undisturbed by the cackling of the poultry, and the uproar of the greedy swine, contending over their evening potatoes of sour milk and corn. But let us look around. How straight the fences are! and how thrifty appears yon little orchard, although winter hangs icicles, where summer would have leaves and fruit! How beautifully the starlight shines upon the frozen surface of the little stream, as it first emerges from the upland wood, and then stretches its bright course across the snow-covered meadow! But come! 't is Christmas time, and we will find good cheer at the farm-house. I will introduce you to its inmates.

Ah! a gathering? We have happened in at the right time! These twenty or thirty young people are guests; this is merry making, and truly they seem determined upon MERRY MAKING! Now supper is ready, and they are

leaving the sitting room for the spacious kitchen where a tempting display of chickens, turkeys, and meat of every kind await them, while porly pies, cakes, 'doughnuts,' sauce, honey, and home made preserves fill up the intervening spaces. And now, while they are enjoying themselves around the long table, let us take a more deliberate look at them.

That hale old man with a few gray hairs, at the head of the table is our old acquaintance, Lee—Squire Lee,—now,—so pay him proper respect. That neat, tidy lady pouring out the coffee, and doing the honors, is his worthy wife, and that beautiful girl, with black eyes, and long tresses freely hanging down, upon her round, white shoulders, while she passes the cups, is her only daughter, the lovely Ellen, who when we last knew her, was only a prattling infant. Those two handsome, manly fellows, are her brothers, William, the eldest; and James,—the little Jimmy of seventeen years ago.

But while we are looking, they have finished their repast and are returning to the sitting-room.

"Now for the good old game of blind man's buff,"—they are all unanimous and are soon involved in the "chapter of accidents," such as making the 'blind man' fall over a chair, by way of prelude, then laughter as a chorus; or, perhaps some blooming lass, having taken refuge in a corner, finds herself caught in the outstretched arms of the stumbling fellow, in attempting to escape. All is borne in good part, though the complimentary swains do venture to object to having her bright eyes concealed beneath the bandage.

At length, lame Jerry, the village fiddler is ushered into the room, and as he hobbles towards his elevated seat by the fire place, he good humoredly gives the order to 'form coilion,' regardless, all the time of the confusion into which his command has thrown some of the more bashful young men; as in obedience they slide up, with hale averted face, thumbing their coats at the expense of their button-holes, each to his appropriate 'flame,' asking her to become his 'partner,' the next dance.

Jerry looks down from his seat with a complacent smile, as the couple arrange themselves; then, with a mysterious flourish of the bow, and a few premonitory scrapes, by way of incantation, he launches forth upon the undulating waves of a regular dancing melody. All is mirth and gaiety, as the dance proceeds; and some of the rustic beaux, forgetting, as they become excited, their former bashfulness, venture occasionally to give an 'extra flourish,' or a more complicated 'wing.'

Thus passed the evening. The guests had done full justice to themselves and their entertainers, and now it was time to depart for their several homes. This ceremony was at length accomplished, after some difficulty in finding the bonnets, shawls, and cloaks of the girls, and after considerable trepidation on the part of the bashful beaux. It was at length over, and the farm house was again quiet. The company however had scarcely left, and the retreating sounds of laughter chiming in with the merry sleigh bells, had but just died away, when the family of Lee were disturbed by cries from without, proceeding from James who had just returned, after gallanting home, the mistress of his heart, who lived a small distance from the farm house. Running to ascertain the cause, they found him leaning against one of the pillars of the rustic stoop, supporting the body of a young man, from whose stiff and frozen limbs the life seemed to have departed. After a few hurried inquiries, to which James could only reply that on his return he had found the senseless form of the stranger laying across the snow-path at the foot of the steps, they carried him into the house, where, by applying the usual restoratives, they at length succeeded in bringing the stranger to momentary consciousness. Being too much exhausted, however, to say more than merely thank the kind people who had rescued him from death, he was removed to a comfortable bed, where he seemed to repose.

During the whole night Isaac Lee and wife watched by his bedside, for his sleep was restless and a violent fever heated his brow. Thus they sat, when the grey light of dawn, stealing through the half opened window curtains, dif-

used a sombre hue over the objects in the room while the sickly flame of the dying candle fitfully flared in its socket. The countenance of the sleeper seemed still more wan and pale in the oblique rays, while his quick nervous breathing broke fearfully upon the stillness, and his eye gleamed with unnatural brightness through the half-opened lids; yet he moved not.

Lee gently laid back the long dark hair from the heated temples of the sick man, and after applying a cooling lotion to his throbbing brow, gazed intently into his face, as if striving to account for the strange resemblance, which he fancied he there saw, to some long absent friend. As he gazed upon that pale face, memory seemed to awake from the slumbers of years to the consciousness of the past. The stranger seemed to form a link in a chain which bound him to other days, yet Lee could not solve this mystery. As he stood thus, the invalid suddenly assumed a sitting posture, throwing his arms into the air, and wildly gazing on the vacancy. The next moment he was calm; but again, as if seeking to embrace some phantom of his phrenzied imagination, he stretched forth his arms beseechingly and shrieked—

"Oh! hope, hope! money and friends, money and friends—money and friends and hope! Despair and death! ha! ha! well you fight, which shall have me! but death shall conquer!"

He fell back exhausted, but soon another paroxysm aroused him from his temporary quiet.

"'Tis bitter, bitter cold! well, ha! ha! ha! this clean white snow-bank makes a fine death-bed!—and then that's good, I have this world's charity for a bed-fellow, for I feel its icy embrace."

He paused a moment, gasping for breath; then, less wildly, in a more melancholy tone he continued:

"Houseless, moneyless, friendless—has Edward Florence come to this?—Has—"

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed the astonished couple, as the strange likeness was explained, "can this be true? the son of our benefactor thus deserted?"

"My father! mother! but I forgot you are dead, so you can't help me! no,—no,—I'll die here by the roadside."

Again he fell back exhausted and speechless. The two sadly gazed upon the son of him who had been their best friend.

"Thank God he has been directed to our roof," at length fervently ejaculated the wife.

"He has found a refuge prepared by the benevolence of his departed father, and friends, whose love shall be constant as their gratitude!"

"May heaven restore him!" said the husband.

"Amen!" sobbed the wife.

The angel of love bore that heartfelt prayer to heaven, and breathed it in the ear of mercy. A calm slumber descended upon the sick man, and his respiration became more regular. For hours he lay thus, and when he awoke, his fever had left him. Intelligence sat once more upon his countenance, and mild gratitude beamed from his eye. The danger was past, yet his excessive debility indicated that weeks would elapse, before his strength would entirely return.

The kind family did all to assuage his suffering, that affectionate solicitude could do. Constantly, day and night, some one watched by his bedside; and when during his convalescence,—the hours seemed to hang wearily upon him, the gentle Ellen, with a smile, would win him from his melancholy, or read from some book to beguile the tedium of the "leaden footed" moments. What wonder then, if love reared an altar in each of their hearts, whereon burned the pure flame, kindled by gratitude in the one, and by compassion in the other.

Edward Florence indeed felt a growing affection for her, who to him appeared more than an angel; for in his loneliness and desolation sympathy and love were doubly valuable. But a year before, death had robbed him of his parents. Reverses in business prior to this, had made his father almost a bankrupt; and the young man, bereaved by the loss of all he loved, and chilled by the prospect before him, had sought in the West, the few acres of land, left him, which offered the only hope of support. He soon exhausted his little stock of money; sickness came upon him, stealing through the despair and death, he was rescued by the son