

# 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 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 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages 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 liberal 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 arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices 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 Spirit's Land.

I have never liv'd alone;  
When'er the world would not give me love,  
I've sprung on the spirit's wings above,  
To a brighter world of my own.  
I have found sweet solace there,  
And peopled it with the forms that press  
Through its paths of life, full of loveliness,  
As the roses which they wear.  
I've a tear and a parting strain  
For the gentle souls—there be many such—  
That shrink like leaves from the wintry touch  
Of a world they lov'd in vain.  
A tear for the bitter woes  
That, lightning like, o'er the spirit glide,  
And blanch'd the cheek, when affection's tide  
On the young heart backward flows.  
With the staff of Faith in hand,  
I borrow wings of thy viewless wind,  
Leave earth and its sorrows far behind,  
And I go to the Spirit's Land.  
They are there, and they welcome me;  
The gentle souls, in whose love sincere  
I had found repose while they linger'd here,  
Full of joyous sympathy.  
Like the soft, sweet breath of even,  
They glide, but without a sound or stir,  
O'er paths of the delicate gossamer,  
And they whisper me tales of heaven.  
My only brother, too,  
He is dwelling there, and he welcomes me  
To the land where our spirits, light and free  
In affection live anew.  
Daily we commune there,  
And we taste, but far from a world of pain,  
All the innocent joys of life again,  
And our voices blend in prayer.  
And humbly we worship Thee,  
The merciful, the undying One!  
Father of heaven! Thy will be done  
To all eternity!

In Georgia, a fellow disguised him self as the devil, robbed the house of a rich widow, and was making off, when Jake Braddock, returning from the muster field, also disguised by liquor, shot dead the gentleman in black, in spite of his brimstone breath and his club foot. When they came to disrobe and examine the fallen angel, he was found to be a citizen of the neighborhood.

Here is a good parody on the well known song of the "Troubadour."

Gaily the Editor  
Smoked his cigar,  
While he was scissoring  
News near and far,  
Looking for murders dire,  
Items—or puffs,  
Devil easy—devil say—  
Ain't that enough!

## The Adventures of a Night.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

It was during the dreary month of November, and for several days there had been almost constant rain, and the roads were consequently deep with mud. I had taken a severe cold; and having bathed my feet and taken a strong dose of medicine, I went to bed, determined, if possible, to dispel the malady under which I was laboring by a profuse perspiration. The draught which I had taken, being somewhat of a sedative character, I soon fell asleep; and was dreaming that I was in the great Sahara Desert, and saw an approaching tornado, lifting immense quantities of sand in the air till the sun was darkened; and there was no hope of escaping from its overwhelming fury. To add to the horrors of the scene, I heard fearful peals of thunder, echoing along "the troubled sky." I was awakened from this appalling vision by a loud rapping at the door. As soon as I awoke, the raging of the wind, and the fierce rain that was beating against the windows, convinced me that it was a night, in which no one would venture out without being compelled to do so by the most urgent necessity. Under these circumstances, I lost no time in opening the door; and to my surprise, my midnight visitant was no other than Cecelia Forbes, an interesting girl of about 18 years of age.

This young lady was the youngest daughter of a highly respectable widow, who resided about three miles distant, in a back settlement, and who was living in a condition not much removed from the ills of indigence. Mrs. Forbes had seen better days; but a train of untoward circumstances had darkened the sky of her declining years. About seventeen years prior to the time to which I refer, her husband, who was a military officer on half pay, fell from his horse and the next moment was a corpse. The stroke fell heavily upon his surviving widow, for he left her with three children, and small pecuniary means for their education and support. The oldest was a boy, about fourteen years old; the others were girls—one of them ten years of age, and little Cecelia, an unweaned infant.

As Mrs. Forbes was possessed of much energy of character, and cherishing all a mother's affection for her son and two daughters, she managed to educate them respectably. Her son was apprenticed to a respectable merchant in Halifax; and when he was twenty-one years of age; he commenced business for himself, in connexion with George Halsey, who was only one year his senior. By some fortunate speculations, these young men, who entered into commerce with rather a slender amount of capital, rapidly increased in wealth.

Perhaps there never was a happier man, than was Charles Forbes, when he became the occupant of a decent mansion, which afforded a comfortable home to his mother and sisters.—About this period, Agnes was just on the "verge of womanhood;" and her blushing loveliness made a deep impression upon the feelings of George Halsey. After an acquaintance of a few months, they were affianced to each other; and a day appointed for the solemnization of the nuptial bonds.

But before the anticipated day arrived, George took cold while returning from a ball on a winter's night, and was seized with a violent attack of the pleurisy. For two or three days, his life seemed in eminent jeopardy; but owing to a good constitution and superior medical skill, he survived the crisis of the disease. It, however, left him weak in health, and a continued cough betokened an affection of the lungs. Medicines were administered without removing the malady, and his physician recommended a temporary sojourn in a tropical climate, as the only probable means of restoring him to health.

In accordance with this advice, a brig belonging to Forbes & Halsey, was loaded for the West Indies, and Mrs. Forbes insisted that Charles should accompany his partner in the voyage, and extend to him that care, which the enfeebled state of his health seemed to require. The cargo was an exceedingly valuable one; and hopes were entertained by the young merchants that the voyage would tend to augment their capital. Of course the parting between Halsey and Agnes was an affecting scene; but they said their friends deemed that the separa-

tion for a season was for the best.

The brig sailed; and while Agnes was watching her snowy sails, as she moved, 'like a thing of life,' down the harbor, a presentiment of future ill was strongly impressed upon her feelings, and in the struggle of the moment she fainted away. When she was restored to a state of recollection, her mother offered her such consolations, as those who have suffered, know how to administer. Agnes, however, had lost her wonted vivacity and sunk into a gloomy state of mind; nor could the solacing and endearing efforts of her mother, coupled with the romping girlishness of Cecelia, restore her to hope and cheerfulness.

Months passed away, but Mrs. Forbes received no tidings of the brig, except that it had not reached its destined port. Although, as a mother, her own bosom must have been severely wrung with the most fearful apprehensions; yet her habitual fortitude did not forsake her, and she had to use every effort in endeavoring to support the drooping spirit of Agnes.

At length news came that the brig had been found derelict, in a sinking condition, on the coast of Cuba. The gloomiest forebodings of course assumed the character of reality, and Mrs. Forbes and her family were compelled to drink the bitter waters of tribulation. Huge as was this billow of affliction, the bereaved widow rose above it, and found all her energies were necessary in order to prevent Agnes from sinking.

Meanwhile the creditors of the firm of "Forbes & Halsey," took possession of the effects which these young merchants had left behind them; and Mrs. Forbes was reduced from a state of comparative affluence to a condition bordering upon poverty. In these circumstances, she formed the resolution of leaving Halifax immediately, and retiring to some rural neighborhood, where by the exercise of industry and frugality she might procure for herself and daughters the necessities of life. It was a beautiful day in June, when she had returned to the humble mansion, which she left only two years before, with the sunshine of family prosperity resting upon her; but she had come back, bereaved of her first born, and the clouds of misfortune were darkening the future.

She could have borne the evils of poverty, and could have been consoled for the loss of her son; but to see Agnes giving way habitually to the spirit of despondency, was one of the severest trials which she had ever been called upon to endure. Had it not been for the girlish buoyancy of Cecelia, who notwithstanding the gloomy circumstances in which she was placed, was of a playful disposition, and shed a radiance of irresistible loveliness around her. As months and years glided away, Agnes became more resigned; and though nothing could betray her into the indulgence of mirth, a placid resignation had succeeded the poignancy of bitter grief. The wound had been deep; but it was gradually healing. This gradual change in Agnes's feelings, though slow and gradual, was hailed by Mrs. Forbes as an omen of happier days.

Six years had elapsed since she returned to the country, and she felt that her little household had survived the storm which had driven them thence from the capital. Only the day previous to the night, on which I was so unexpectedly awakened from my slumbers by a visit from Cecelia, I had called at the widow's cottage and was pleased at the calm spirit of rational content that seemed to pervade this severely tried mother and her daughters.

Of course, then, a call from Cecelia at such an hour, and in such a pelting storm, could not fail to impart feelings of mingled fear and surprise. A shawl thrown over her head, was the only garment, more than her usual dress, to protect her from the wind and rain. She appeared out of breath, and apparently had only strength left to articulate: "Charles and Mr. Halsey have returned—Agnes has fainted and appears to be dying." This was to me an extraordinary piece of intelligence; and I could scarcely credit the authenticity of Cecelia's statement. I, however, perceived there was no time to be lost, and ill as I was, immediately decided upon accompanying her back to the cottage, although I was aware that Mrs. Forbes was better fitted to deal with Agnes's case than any medical practitioner in Christendom. Having called up

my housekeeper, and directed her to furnish Cecelia with dry clothing, I harnessed my horse in the chaise, and was just ready to start for the cottage with Cecelia.

But another call threw me into an awkward dilemma. This was from farmer Stokes, who said his wife was being confined; and that Granny Godfrey was apprehensive that she was dying. After a moment's reflection, I said to Stokes that if he would drive Cecelia back to the cottage, I would repair to the sick bed of his wife, and afford her all the aid in my power. It was however with great reluctance that he consented to this proposal.

I found Mrs. Stokes suffering intensely; and after remaining with her about half an hour, she died in giving birth to a living infant. Finding I could no longer be of any service to those who stood around the bed of death, I set off for Mrs. Forbes's Cottage. On my way, I met Stokes returning, unconscious of what had transpired in his own dwelling during his absence. Without conveying to him the mournful intelligence of his own bereavement, I made inquiry of the state of affairs at the Cottage. He said on their way thither, Cecelia had called on Parson Blake, and requested him to visit her mother, who would need his friendly aid at so trying a crisis. All he learned at the cottage door, (for he did not go in,) was, that Agnes was much better. With as much tenderness of manner as I could assume, I informed Stokes that he was the father of another child, and, at the same time a widower.

Before I reached the cottage, the rain had ceased—the clouds had been dispersed—the gale had wholly subsided—and the starry constellations were shining brightly above me; but the mud was deeper than the horses' knees, and I could not but wonder how Cecelia could have faced such a storm, and travelled three miles in a dimly dark night on such a road. As I approached the widow's mansion, a variety of conjectures flitted across my mind with regard to the return of young Forbes and his partner, as well as to the probable effect upon the feelings and health of Agnes.

But when I entered the cottage, I found not only a cheerful, but an ineffably happy party. Soon after Cecelia had started to request my attendance upon her sister, Agnes had revived, and gradually recovered from the effect produced by the sudden appearance of her brother and lover. Parson Blake was there; and not long after I arrived, the widow informed me that within half an hour, Agnes was to become a bride.

I witnessed the performance of the marriage ceremony; and left the party in the enjoyment of no small amount of earthly felicity. Before leaving, however, I learned from Mrs. Forbes that the brig, in which her son and Halsey had sailed from Halifax, had nearly reached her destined port, when she encountered one of these hurricanes which sometimes sweep, with tremendous fury, across parts of the tropical regions—that she was thereby dismayed, and reduced to a sinking condition. From this perilous situation they were rescued by the Captain of a British Merchantman, who took them on board his own ship, leaving the disabled brig and cargo to the mercy of the waves. The ship was bound for London; but before she reached the coast of Europe, was captured by a French Privateer, and all on board became prisoners. From the time Halsey sailed from Nova Scotia his health had been rapidly improving, and ere he became the involuntary inmate of a prison, he was perfectly convalescent. For long and anxious years they remained in confinement. At the period however, when Napoleon abdicated the throne of France, and the Bourbons were restored, the prisoners were released. They immediately repaired to London, and succeeded in obtaining the amount of the insurance on the brig and cargo, which they had effected through the means of their agent, before sailing from Halifax. With this money they returned to Nova Scotia; and Mrs. Forbes had no intimation of their arrival until they had unceremoniously entered the humble dwelling.

In half an hour after the nuptials were solemnized I was on my way home, where I arrived before the day had fairly dawned. Within six hours I had witnessed a birth, a death, and a marriage; and when I again lay down to

take a morning nap, I could not but muse upon the adventures of a single night.

## War Again.

The Providence Gazette, very properly condemns the conduct of some *old musty* Bachelor landlords in that place;—(they must be of that forlorn class, as married men would not be guilty of such an outrage on the rights of women.) But hear the editor—he talks about right on the subject:

"WAR AGAINST BABIES.—Our landlords, it would seem, have commenced a war of extermination against children. If you wish to rent a house, the first question asked you is, whether you have children; and if you have, the idea of a bargain is altogether out of the question. The notion seems to be that children were made to live out of doors, or under the stable with the pigs, and that those who are guilty of being encumbered with them, deserve neither sympathy nor house room. Tenements in our city are not any too plenty, and to have every advertisement of an empty one, touched off with the provoking *finale*, that it will be rented low to a "genteel family without children," as though "genteel families," were never guilty of having children, is decidedly vexing to gentlemen, as well as anxious mothers. And it is not very encouraging to "home manufacturers" either!"

Oh! the horrible monsters! to treat the poor babies so.

## "The Artful Dodger."

Tylerism is full of funny incidents, but the richest story is told of Mr. "Delusion" Smith, of Ohio. It seems that for services done and rendered, the Captiving gave this Smith a mission somewhere in the Pacific Ocean, at a salary of eight dollars a day. In hunting out Tylermen for decapitation, Mr. Polk's people came across Smith's appointment, and letters of recal were at once made out. But the next thing was to catch him! Some shrewd knave advised Smith to keep constantly on the move, and his letters to the State Department are simple announcements that he shall be somewhere else very shortly. Mr. Buchanan puts his finger where he was, but "the little joker" aint there! And thus the matter stands. Mr. Buchanan has chased the Tyler man pretty much over the Pacific, but he can't keep him long enough in one place to serve a writ on him," and Smith bids fair to draw his \$8 per diem through the reign of Polkery!

[Hunterdon Gazette.]

The following ballot was voted in the First Ward, 3d District, New-York City:

- "For the amendment of the Constitution in relation to the removal of Judicial Officers.
- "For the removal of all officers, and the appointment of new ones from the body of the people every six months.
- "For the division of property every Saturday night—oftener if required
- "For making the dealing out of wine behind the counter a legal tender for the Banks, instead of specie—particularly 'for the Dutch.'
- "For the establishment of State Preaching, and the Bible in the Schools, at all places this side of Sandy Hill.
- "If negroes shall be allowed to vote, I am for straightening their hair and whitewashing their d—d black faces.

SNATCHING A KISS.—A negro in Baltimore, lately undertook to kiss a snapping-turtle for a five cent piece, when the owner slipping the noose from the head of the monster it caught the poor fellow's upper lip, and it was impossible to deliver him until its jaws were forced open. He said "he wouldn't buss another for a dollar; tank his stars for de'scape dis time."

A clergyman having preached during Lent, in a small town, in which he had not once been invited to dinner, said, in seriously exhorting his parishioners against being seduced by the prevalent vices of the age, "I have preached against every vice but luxurious living, having had no opportunity of observing to what extent it is carried on in this town."

The Galena (Ill.) Gazette estimates that there will be paid out this year in the mining country about two millions of dollars for the staple product, lead.