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From the Home Journal.

THE SUSPICIOUS MAN. A TALE WITH A MORAL.

[In a recent number of an English magazine we find the following excellent sketch, written by Andrew Crowquell. Our limits will not permit us to give the long and less interesting introduction; but will simply say, that a moderately wealthy but very happy and contented country gentleman has gathered his family and friends around a bright and ruddy fire on Christmas eve, and, in accordance with his long-established custom, relates the following story:—]

"You all know the sheep-sheds in our lower croft, by Windy Gap," said he. "Before I built these sheds, when it first came into my possession, I had often endeavored to reclaim it, but after many vain attempts I gave the obstinate bit up in despair, and put it to its present use. It is a desolate looking nook, and its appearance carries out to a miracle the scenes of happiness enacted upon its site."

"William Mawby was born there of parents well to do in the world, with everything about their farm in a thriving state. As a mere child, he was of a peevish, solitary nature. This I have heard from good authority! for I only became acquainted with him as I entered my first school, and he was just on the point of leaving it."

"Consequently, when I entered home for good to my parents' roof he was a grown man, and I a mere stripling. As so short a distance divided his father's farm from ours, I soon fell over him, and renewed our acquaintance. His occupation was a freshadowing of his miserable character: he was diligently inspecting a hedge that divided a close from the main road. He thought he had discovered evident traces of some one having passed into the field through the said hedge."

"I laughed at his wise and serious face, drawn into a look of profound wisdom for so trifling an occasion."

"My young friend," said he, "men are ruined by trifles. It is not the broken hedge I value; but I suspect the trespassers passed through that gap upon some unlawful purpose; but I'll be even with them, now my suspicions are aroused."

"With that he tapped the side of his nose, and went on his way most suspiciously uncomfortable. The next day, to the amusement of the village, a large board appeared staring over the hedge, with the announcement of all sorts of penalties and spring-guns to the unwary trespassers. His old father was a merry-hearted, plain old man, who never put himself under the infliction of doubts; for he believed that men were all pretty considerably honest, as the world went, and he had not the slightest idea that he was better than any body else: consequently he smoked his pipe in calm contentment, and let the world wag."

"His suspicious son soon disturbed his blissful equanimity; for much to his annoyance, he found padlocks placed on things that had hitherto been open to all. His neighbor had to wait for his glass of ale while he found his son, and his son found the key for he, the contriver, was not always sure where he had hidden it."

"Poor William's principal torment was his suspicion of his own father. His lynx-eye soon fastened the soft, easy temper of his parent, and saw a thousand ways where his disposition might be turned to account by the cunning dealers on market days, when the ale was uppermost at their dinners, in which the old man delighted, and which would have been difficult to wean him from—although yielding and good natured, he was too tough and independent to be dictated to by anybody. Another painful thorn in his side was an aged aunt, to whom the old man took a well-earned weekly basket. She lived on a small stipend in the market-town. She had two daughters. The old man often took his sobering cup of ale with them on his return. He might leave them something comfortable. The thought was tormenting."

"His suspicion carried him every market-day to dog his father, with the show of the most sincere affection: which the unsuspecting old man, with his heart glad, reported to his plain, simple dame, who rejoiced with him over their imagined treasure."

"He was at that time about eight-and-twenty, and, dodge as he would, he could not escape a pair of bright eyes and rosy cheeks that met him in the before-mentioned market-town on one of his suspicious visits."

"He soon scraped an acquaintance, after having by great assiduity found out that her father was a retired miller, of good fortune, and that she was an only child. He thought this a safe investment. His position and appearance soon gained him permission to continue his visits; which were, in fact continual, for he was always under the apprehension that when the cat is away the mice will play, and that some other might snap up his valuable mouse. He did not feel quite assured as to the old man's positive possessions, so made it his business in a thousand tortuous ways to make inquiries."

"This could not go on so quietly but it at last reached the old miller's ears, who good naturedly put it down to the young man's prudent foresight; but, on inquiry, he discovered that it proceeded from a doubt of his respectability and veracity. The miller was a shrewd old man, determined, before it was too late, to find out whether the young suitor might not be wanting in some of the qualities he thought necessary for the girl's happiness."

"The old banker was a chum of the miller's, through whose instrumentality he had invested large sums in excellent mortgages. He allowed himself to be pumped by Mawby, with the connivance of the miller; and, consequently, by winking replies to his eager inquiries, made out the miller to be little less than insolvent."

"William's affection sunk down to zero, although it had for months been burning according to his own account like two or three Atnas combined. His suspicions, then were true. What an escape! thought he. So it was for the fortunate girl. He proceeded to his intended one's house. It being dark, he crept over the garden palings, and sneaked up towards the shutter. Here he vainly attempted to peep through the crevices. And, while endeavoring to make out a murmured conversation, in which he thought he heard his own name mentioned, he was pinned by the miller's dog, who, poor brute! was cursed with the youth's fault of suspicion, and suspecting that he was a thief, had seized him accordingly. Here was rather an awkward denouement, and he had no right there; the path to the door lay another way. In his anxiety, he had trampled down the flower bed.—He stammered out an excuse upon his release, and departed home, crest-fallen, hoping that they did not suspect his suspicions."

"The next morning he received a polite note from the miller, begging him 'not to repeat his visits, as the dog appeared to have taken a sudden dislike to him, in which he was joined by himself and daughter. At the same time, to ease his mind as to the state of their affairs, he begged to say that any respectable young man, who pleased his daughter's taste, might have ten thousand down on the wedding-day, and as much more at his death.' For once William suspected right, viz.: that he had made a sad fool of himself."

"Not many months after this he lost his simple-minded mother. Her death gave him plenty of exercise for his miserable fault, for he was continually laying traps for the servants, as if they had been so many mice, to catch them in their little speculations, until his espionage made all around him so uncomfortable, that many of the old domestics left the farm in disgust."

"Whenever he met me, he was full of some deeply-laid plan to find out some miserable suspected one, and often, in the midst of his self-sufficient tale, he would start off on a sudden, without any apology, because a suspicion had flashed across his mind that he had not locked the corn-bin or preserve cupboard before he left home."

"His whole occupation seemed to be to find out things that would make him uncomfortable. The food preserved for his own table he constantly dotted or nicked, that he might see, upon their being brought to the table again, whether any one had ventured to pilfer the smallest particle."

"He once got in his own trap. One night, late, he had an engagement to go to some neighboring dance; so he sent all the servants to bed and locked the back and front doors, and to make all secure, hid the ponderous key. On his return, he could not think of the hiding place; he therefore had some hours to walk up and down in the night air before day-dawn, when the imprisoned servants discovered him feeling about in hen-coops and under thatches for the missing key.—At last his hiding-place struck upon his memory, and he had the mortification of withdrawing it before the titling servants, who thus discovered his suspicions, and the retribution on himself in

his long night watch.

"His father, who had now grown too aged to attend to the farm, left it entirely under his control. Here his suspicions had nearly finished him off—for he suspected during his harvests that his shocks were pulled and robbed in the night. He therefore hired a clown to sit up as a watchman, armed with an old double-barreled gun, loaded with slugs. The first night his suspicions would not let him sleep. The watchman might be bribed to connivance, and he got laughed at. He was soon dressed, and creeping along the hedge, where his suspicions were verified by hearing low murmuring voices. He crawled close in their vicinity, and there discovered that it was the poor fellow's wife, who had brought him something comfortable for his supper. He crept back cautiously, but stumbling over the root of a tree, roused the attention of the watchman, who challenged him immediately. He lay still for a moment, hoping he should escape observation in the darkness of the night, but upon his first attempt to raise himself, he received about a dozen slugs in his arm and back, for his watchman was a better shot than he suspected. The picking out of these by the village surgeon was a positive satisfaction to the many to whom his character had become pretty well known."

"Thus he went on, until his father's death left him entirely alone, for his suspicious mind never allowed him to form a friendship which can only be true and valuable where there is a mutual confidence and openness of character. He, by his suspicious nature, had locked himself within himself, which is the most fearful of imprisonments. "His father's wealth enabled him to please his fancy, so, to set his mind at ease, he sold the farm, that he might, as he thought, be free from a host of pilferers. He built himself a house in the croft I mentioned at the beginning of the tale, the very prototype of himself. It had a most suspicious look—it had but one door, but windows were placed so that he could see all that was going on every side."

"He had but one domestic, an old cripple, without relations, who was too lame to go out, and of course, had no visitors. It was well known in the neighborhood that he had withdrawn large sums from the different country bankers, where it had been invested by his father, and it was strongly believed that he kept it in the house, as he suspected that these speculative gentlemen might, one fine morning, turn out to be insolvent. His walks were confined to within sight of his solitary mansion, the precincts of which he was never known to leave, as age crept on him, but wandered about like an unquiet spirit around his self-imposed tomb."

"In the course of time, his old domestic was conveyed to the village church-yard; much less solitary than the abode which she had left."

"For a moment, the old man stood and gazed after the bearer, his white hair blown about by the cold wintry wind, and his shivelled hand shading his eyes. He turned slowly from the sight, and closed the door."

"Many were the kind offers from the simple people of the village, but all offers he resolutely declined, as he suspected that his age and wealth were calculated upon to nicety, and a thumping legacy looked forward to as the reward of some trifling attention. Distant relations began to hover around him, and make tender inquiries.—These he would meet on the door-step, which was his only audience chamber for such callers."

"That solitary old man sat as long as day-light lasted, at a window overlooking the high road.—Here he passed his life in reading and watching. The same window showed a light burning during the hours of darkness, for he always appeared on his guard, as upon any person approaching nearer than usual to the premises, his ears were saluted by the deep growl of his dog, which never left the house any more than his master."

"About two years after the decease of his housekeeper, the nightly light was missed from the window, for it had become quite a guide to many coming to the village. This, of course, caused some of the more curious to approach the house, in the day-light and reconnoitre. But there sat the solitary, apparently deeply occupied with his book, and also the dog peering through the glass. This satisfied them and they departed."

"A week had elapsed, and the village was alarmed by the appearance of Mawby's dog creeping in a wild manner through the village.—Upon being noticed, he sped back to the croft.—Many followed him, and upon approaching the house and looking up at the window, they perceived the old man, still sitting unmoved, although the glass frame had been broken by the dog's exit. After repeated calls which met with no attention, they forced their way into the house."

"Everything in the chamber was neat and comfortable. There sat the poor old man in his large arm-chair, dead and alone. Of what value were those riches now which had closed his heart against all the pleasures of this beautiful world, against the possession of wife, children, kindred, friends! There was no will, for he suspected the moment he made it in any one's favor, that would be his last moment of security. It therefore spread itself for more evil, and was split up into forty law-suits, for the benefit of every one but the rightful heirs."

A Yankee Trick on a Hoosier Landlord.

In a quiet little Ohio village, many years ago, there was a tavern where the stages always changed, and the passengers expected to get breakfast. The landlord of said Hotel was noted for his tricks upon travellers, who were allowed to get fairly seated at the table, when the driver would blow his horn (after taking his "horus") and sing out, "Stage ready, gentlemen," whereupon the passengers were obliged to hurry out and take their seats, leaving a scarcely tasted breakfast behind them, for which, however, they had to fork over fifty cents!—One day when the stage was approaching the house of this obliging host, a passenger said that he had often heard of the landlord's trick, and he was afraid they would not be able to get any breakfast.

"What?—how? No breakfast!" exclaimed the rest.

"Exactly so, gents, and you may as well keep your seats and tin."

"Don't they expect passengers to breakfast?"

"Oh, yes! they expect you to it, but not to eat it. I am under the impression, there is an understanding between the landlord and driver, that, for sundry and various drinks, etc, the latter starts before you can scarcely commence eating."

"Why, wot on airth are yew talking 'bout? Ef you calkulate I'm goin' to pay 'four ninespence' for my breakfast and not get the vallee on't, you air mistakin'!" said a voice from the back seat, the owner of which was one Hezekiah Spaulding—though 'tew hum' they call him 'Hez' for short. "I'm goin' tew git my breakfasts yere, and not pay 'nary red' till I dew."

"Then you'll be left."

"Not as yew knows on, I wot!"

"Well, we'll see," said the other, as the stage drove up to the door, and the landlord, ready to "do the hospitable," says—

"Breakfast just redy, gents! Take a wash, gents! Here's water, basins, towels, and soap!"

After performing their ablutions, they all proceeded to the dining-room, and commenced a fierce onslaught upon the edibles, though 'Hez' took his time. Scarcely had they tasted their coffee, when they heard the unwelcome sound of the horn, and the driver exclaim "Stage ready!"

"Up rise eight grumbling passengers, pay their 50 cis., and taking their seats."

"All aboard, gents?" inquires the host.

"One missin'," said they.

Proceeding to the dining-room, the host finds 'Hez' very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak, the "size of a horse's lip."

"You'll be left, sir! Stage is going to start!"

"Wal, I haint got nothin' tew say agin it!" draws out 'Hez.

"Can't wait, sir, better take your seat. 'I'll be gaul-darned ef I dew, nuther, till I've got my breakfast! I paid for it, and I'm goin' to git the vallee on't! and ef yew calkulate I ain't, yew air mistakin'."

So the stage did start, and left 'Hez', who continued his attack of the edibles. Biscuits, coffee, steaks, &c., &c., disappeared rapidly before the eyes of the astonished landlord.

"Say, Squire, them there cakes is 'bout East; fetch us nuther grist on 'em. You," (to the waiter), "nuther cup yew that air coffee. Pass them eggs. Raise yew're own pork, Squire?—this is mazin' nice ham. Land 'bout years tolerable cheap, Squire? Hain't got much maple timber in these parts, hev ye? Dewin' right smart trade, Squire? I calkate. Don't lay yew're own eggs, dew ye?" and thus 'Hez' kept quizzing the landlord, until he had made a hearty meal.

"Say, Squire, now I'm 'bout tew conclude payin' my dewovers tew this ere table, but ef yew'd jst give us a bowl o' bread and milk tew sorter top off wih, I'd be much obleeged tew ye."

So out goes landlord and waiter for the bowl, milk and bread, and set them before 'Hez.

"Spewn, tew, ef you please!"

But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty silver ones laying on the table when the stage stopped.

"Say yew! dew you think them passengers is going' to pay yew for a breakfast and not git no compensashun!"

"Ah! what! Do you think any of the passengers took them?"

"Dew I think? No I don't think, but I'm sartin. Ef they air all as green as yew 'bout here, I'm goin' tew locate immediately and tew wot."

The landlord rushes out to the stable, and starts a man off after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes the stage, and says something to the driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and on arriving at the Hotel, 'Hez' comes out to take his seat, and says—

"Heow air yew, gents? I'm rotten glad tew see yew!"

"Can you point out the man you think has the spoons?" asked the landlord.

"Pint him out? Sartinly, I ken. Say Squire! I paid you four ninespence for a breakfast, and I calkate I GOT THE VALLEE ON'T! You'll find them spoons in the coffee-pot!"

(Go ahead, ALL ABOARD, driver!—Spirit of the Times.)

Speech of Lot Doolittle, On the Bill for the protection of Hen-Roosts.

Mistur Speaker:—I've sot here in my seat and heered the opponents of this great national measure and expectorate again it, till I'm purty nigh busted with indignant commotions of my lacreated sensibilities. Mistur Speaker, are it possible that men can be so infatuated as to vote agin this bill? Mistur Speaker, allow me to picture to your excited and denuded imagination some of the heart-rending evils which arise from the want of protection to hen-roosts, in my vicinity, among my constituents. Mistur Speaker, we will suppose it to be the awful and melancholy hour of midnight—all nature am hushed in deep repose—the solemn wind softly moans through the waving branches of the trees, and nought is heered to break the solemnity stillness, save an occasional grunt from the hog pen! I will now carry you in imagination to that devoted hen house. Behold its peaceful and happy inmates gently declining in balmy slumbers on their elevated and majestic roosts! Look at the aged and venerable and highly respectable rooster, as he keeps his silent vigils with patience and unmitigated watchfulness over those innocent, helpless and virtuous hens and pullets! Just let your eyes glance around and behold that dignified and maternal hen, who watches with tender solicitude and paternal congaulation of those little juvenile chickens, who crowd around their respectfully propitiator, and nestle under her circumambient wings. Now, I ask, Mistur Speaker, am there to be found a wretch so lost and abandoned, as will enter that peaceful and happy abode, and tear those interesting little biddies from their agonized and heart-broken parents? Mistur Speaker, I answer in thunder tones, there am! Are there anything so mean and sneaking as such a robbery! No, there are not. You may search the wide universe from the natives who repose in solitary grandeur and superlative majesty under the shade of the tall cedars that grow upon the tops of the Himmaleh mountains in the valley of Josophat, down to the degraded and barbarous savages who repose in obscurity in their miserable wigwags on the rock of Gibraltar in the Gulf of Mexico, and then you will be so much puzzled to find anything so mean, as you would to see the arth revolve around the sun once in twenty-four hours without the aid of a telescope.

Mistur Speaker, I feel that I have said enough on this subject to convince the most obstinate member of the unapproachable necessity of a law which shall forever and everlastingly put a stop to these rowl proceedings, and I propose that every convicted offender shall suffer the penalty of the law as follows:

For the first offence he shall be obliged to suck twelve rotten eggs, with no salt on 'em.

For the second offence, he shall be obliged to set on twenty rotten eggs, until he hatches 'em.

Mistur Speaker, all I want is for every member to act on this subject according to his conscientiousness. Let him do this, and he will be remembered everlastingly by a grateful posterity. Mistur Speaker, I've done. Where's my hat?

The eloquent gentleman, according to the Boston Post's report, here donned his seat-caps and sat down, apparently much exhausted.

WANTED.—We find the following advertisement in a late Milwaukee paper.—We will send the first one along that calls: A man between the age of 20 and 60—one who can make himself generally useful about a wholesale and retail book and stationary establishment—who can clean lamps—sweep the store—go to market for the dog—fish—cut bait—saw wood—speak the truth—treat customers civilly—stand "blowing up" once a week, without wishing to argue the point—who can talk but little—is strictly honest and religiously inclined.

A person possessing ALL the above qualifications will find employment by calling on the subscriber.

P. S. Neither a graduate from Michigan nor a member of the late Legislature will answer my purpose.

Squirrels Reared by a Cat.—The Indiana Whig gives a curious instance of the transfer of maternal affection and solicitude. A young man in Boone county, Kentucky, found a nest of three young squirrels, and on carrying them into the house, he placed them with a bevy of young kittens, and, strange to tell, the mother cat adopted the little fourings into her family, bestowing as much care and kindness upon them as upon her own offspring. The squirrels are now about a month old, and have become entirely domesticated, living upon the same pap, adopting the habits of their feline brothers and sisters.

NEVER DESPAIR.—The daughter of Enoch was five hundred and eighty years old when she was married. What maid will lose hope after that!

"Papa, what is humbug!" "It is, my dear, when your ma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirts."