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Sit Down, Sad Soul.

Sit down sad soul! and count
The moments flying:
Come—tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing!
How many smiles!—a score!
Then laugh and count no more,
For day is dying!
Lie down, sad soul! and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us and dream
Of stary treasure!
We dream: do thou the same!
We love—for ever;
We laugh; yet few we shame—
The gentle never.
Stay, then, till Sorrow dies:
Then—hope and happy skies
Are thine for ever!

An Epitaph.

He died, and left the world behind!
His once wild heart is cold!
His once keen eye is quelled and blind!
What more!—His tale is told.
He came, and, baring his heaven-bright thought,
He earned the base World's ban:
And having vainly lived and taught,
Gave place to a meaner man!

A Wonderful Dream.

From the New York Despatch.

A singular circumstance has this day come to our knowledge, and though we have some doubts as to the usefulness of making it public, we cannot resist the impulse to do so.
Some months since, a young man was hired by a grocer on the corner of — we are not authorized to state the street and avenue. He is the son of a widow who lives in the north suburbs of the city, and owns the little house in which she lives. She has supported herself since the death of her husband, who deceased some years since, by getting up lace and muslins, and a good deal of crimping for one or two undertakers.
The young man had not been long in his situation before he discovered that his employer's only daughter was too pretty for his peace. Her father had acquired a large property in his business, and it was well known to his family, that he would never consent to his daughter's marriage to a poor man.
James S. suited him very well, but as a son-in-law he would not have the slightest patience with him. The young man wished very much to keep his place for the double purpose of being near his charmer and of maintaining himself, and he was therefore very careful and very miserable. He was comforted at length somewhat by finding that the girl was as unhappy as himself. A great many plans were canvassed by the young couple for getting the father's consent, but all were rejected one after another. The poor clerk became very much cast down, and his health suffered so much that his mother feared that he was going into a consumption.
The tenth of the present month the following remarkable circumstance occurred; James S. retired to bed in a very disheartened state, not having slept at all for three nights. He soon fell asleep, and dreamed that he went home to see his mother, who asked him to go into the cellar and get a piece of squash pie. He thought that he went down and opened a little grey safe and a stone in the wall jutted out so that he could not press back the cover, and not being able to push it in he pulled it out and threw it away.—As he did so a saucer panned with the handle broken off quite short, met his sight in the cavity of the wall. He pulled it out, opened it, and found it was full of gold. A steel spectacle case lay on top of the

money, but he did not open it. He was so much agitated that he awoke. He lay awake some time wishing that there were witches or fairies, as in olden times, and then fell asleep and dreamed the dream over precisely as before. He awoke the second time, bathed in perspiration and thought it very strange that he should dream the same thing twice. Strange as it seemed, he soon composed himself to sleep and the third time he dreamed this identical dream. When he awoke the sun was streaming in at the window. He arose, dressed himself in haste, and in agitation went to his employer and told him that he was obliged to go home for the forenoon to attend to some business.
He was in such haste that he took a Yorkville stage and soon bade his mother good morning.
His mother, who is an old fashioned early riser, had breakfast all over.

"James," said she, "you will find a squash pie and some cheese in the cellar." Her son trembled, and his heart beat quickly as he went down the stairs. He raised the lid of the safe and the stone jutted out just as he had dreamed. He tried to push it back and then pulled it out, and there was the saucer pan with the short handle. He opened it almost breathless with hope and fear. It was full of gold—not old fashioned pieces, but good American eagles, halves and quarters.
He shut the saucer pan quickly and then put in the small stone to conceal it, and went up stairs very calmly, with the pie in his hand. A thought had struck him. He did not wish to trust his mother with the secret then.
"Mother," said he, "you want a muslin de laine dress for winter. Here is four dollars to buy one, and I wish you would get it while I am at home for I would like to see it."

The mother was greatly pleased with the present of the dress, and quite delighted that her son cared to see it. It was so very kind in him to be interested in his old mother. She went down into the city at once to get her dress. During his mother's absence, James examined his treasure. The steel spectacle case lay on the top as he had dreamed. He opened it and found in it a paper which stated that the money was the property of his uncle, who died in Cuba four years ago. He requested in the paper that the money should be given to his nephew James S. when he was twenty one, if the uncle did not return. How he expected it was to be discovered, does not appear—though James' mother told him that her brother had promised to write to her, but had not.

James took the saucer pan, wrapped it in a paper and when his mother returned he gave her a half eagle, and with his fortune under his arm, with a queer exterior, took a Yorkville omnibus home. When he was in his room he locked his door and counted his money. He had \$4,369 50.
He went to his employer and asked for a word with him alone.
"My uncle" said James, "has left me 4000 dollars. I want to marry your daughter. Have you any objection?"
"Not the least in the world; and if you would like to be a partner in my business, I think it will be a good investment."
Twelve days ago, James S. was moneyless and miserable. He is now a partner in a good business, with a wife in prospect.
He has given his mother two hundred dollars and bought himself a rig.

Richard Hoodless, the Horse-Swimmer.

Had not the subjoined narrative appeared in a magazine—Chambers's Edinburgh Journal—favorably known for its respectability and character we should consider it fabulous. It is marvellous, to say the least. It reminds us of the old fable of Neptune driving the chariot over the sea.

THE NARRATIVE.

We supposed we had heard of all sorts of heroes, but find ourselves to have been mistaken.—A hero in humble life has been made known to us of quite a new order. This brave man, by name Richard Hoodless, following the occupation of a farmer near Grainthorpe, on the coast of Lincolnshire, has for many years devoted himself to the saving of mariners from drowning, and this without any of the usual apparatus for succoring ships in distress. Unaided by such appliances, and unaccompanied by any living creature but his horse, Hoodless has been the means of saving many unfortunate sailors from perishing amidst the waves.

Cultivating a small piece of ground, which is, as it were, rescued from the sea, and almost cut off from the adjacent country by the badness of the roads, this remarkable man may be said to devote himself to the noble duty of saving human life. On the approach of stormy weather he mounts to an opening in the top of his dwelling, and there pointing his telescope to the tumultuous ocean, watches the approach of vessels towards the low and dangerous shores. By night or by day he is equally ready to perform his self-imposed

duty. A ship is struggling amidst the terrible convulsion of waters: no human aid seems to be at hand; all on board give themselves up for lost, when something is at length seen to leave the shore, and to be making an effort to reach the vessel. Can it be possible? A man on horseback! Yes, it is Richard Hoodless coming to the rescue, seated on his old nag, an animal accustomed to these salt water excursions! Onward the faithful beast swims and plunges, only turning for an instant when a wave threatens to engulf him in its bosom. There is something grand in the struggle of both horse and man—the spirit of unselfishness eagerly trying to do its work. Success usually crowns the exertions of the horse and his rider. The ship is reached—Hoodless mounts two or three mariners en croupe, and taking them to dry land, returns for another instalment.

That a horse could be trained to these unpleasant and hazardous enterprises may seem somewhat surprising. But it appears that in reality no training is necessary; all depends on the skill and firmness of the rider. Hoodless declares he could manage the most unruly horse in the water; for as soon as the animal finds that he has lost his footing, and is obliged to swim, he becomes as obedient to the bridle as a boat to its helm. The same thing is observed in this sagacious animal when being hoisted to the deck of a ship. He struggles vehemently at first against his impending fate; but the moment his feet fairly leave the pier, he is calm and motionless, as if knowing that resistance would compromise safety in the aerial passage. The only plan which our hero adopts is, when meeting a particularly angry surf or swell, to turn his horse's head, bend forward, and allow the wave to roll over them. Were the horse to face the larger billows, and attempt to pierce them, the water would enter his nostrils, and render him breathless, by which he would be soon exhausted.

In the year 1833 Hoodless signalized himself by swimming his horse through a stormy sea to the wreck of the Hermione and saving her crew, for which gallant service he afterwards received a testimonial from the Royal Humane Society. The words of the resolution passed by the society on this occasion may be transcribed, for they narrate a circumstance worthy of being widely known: "It was resolved unanimously that the noble courage and humanity displayed by Richard Hoodless for the preservation of the crew of the 'Hermione' from drowning, when that vessel was wrecked near the Donna Nook, on the coast of Lincolnshire, on the 31st of August, 1833, and the praiseworthy manner in which he risked his life on that occasion, by swimming his horse through a heavy sea to the wreck, when it was found impossible to launch the life-boat, has called forth the lively admiration of the institution, which is hereby unanimously adjudged to be presented to him at the ensuing anniversary festival."

As it may not be generally understood that a horse can be made to perform the office of a life-boat, when vessels of that kind could not with safety be launched, the fact of Hoodless performing so many feats in the manner described cannot be too widely disseminated.

On some occasions, we are informed, he swims by himself to the wreck; but more usually he goes on horseback, and is seldom unsuccessful in his efforts. About two years ago he saved the captain of a vessel and his wife, and ten seamen—some on the back of the horse, and others hanging on by the stirrups. Should a vessel be lying on her beam ends Hoodless requires to exercise great caution in making his approach, in consequence of the ropes and rigging concealed in the water. On one occasion he experienced much inconvenience on this account; he had secured two seamen, and was attempting to leave the vessel for the shore, but the horse could not move from the spot. After various ineffectual plunges, Hoodless discovered that the animal was entangled in a rope under water. What was to be done?—The sea was in a tumult, and to dismount was scarcely possible. Fortunately he at length picked up the rope with his foot, then instantly pulling a knife from his pocket, leaned forward into the water, cut the rope—an easy task in a stormy sea and so got off with safety.

All honor to Farmer Richard Hoodless, who still in his own ostentatious way, performs acts of humanity as singular as they are meritorious! Only by accident have we become acquainted with his name and deeds of heroism, and we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of giving them all the publicity in our power.

"Dad who is this Sam Francisco that's gettin' all the gold out there in California! he must be the richest fellow in all them diggins."
"Why, Johnny, I rather think he's some related to the Sam Jacinto who was killed in the Texan war by Gen. Sam Houston."

NONE take reproof so well as those who most deserve to be commended.

From the New England Offspring. The Wounded Dove.

AN INDIAN TALE.

"Daughters of the red men, whither have ye wandered since the sun rose and smiled upon this wigwam? Behold, his last red glance is upon the water, yet the brow of Sunny-Cloud reflects not its ray. And thou Talking-Bird, what hath hushed thy ever-joyous voice?—Tell me, have ye been upon the track of the wolf to-day?"

Thus spoke the Indian mother to two dark maidens, who came and rested before her as she rested at sunset from her labor.

Talking-Bird, the younger of the maidens, replied:
"Nay, we were but thinking of a newly found friend. We are sad, because he is of a race that our mother loves not. Bending-Oak is a wise squaw. Her words are mild and fearless as the south wind over the prairie. Sunny-Cloud and Talking-Bird will tell their tale, and then listen to the wise words of Bending-Oak."

"The sunbeams had not warmed the stream when we entered the canoe to go and seek medicine herbs in the great prairie far down the river. Everything was calm and glorious as the smile of the Great Spirit. Sunny-Cloud and I were happy, we mocked the birds that sang above us, we repeated the wild legends of our tribe, and talked of all we had ever enjoyed, or hoped to enjoy. So the time passed, till the moonbeams fell upon our heads and the burning waters dazzled our eyes. We rowed into the shelter of a willow grove, and rested. As we sat in the canoe, listening to the low tripples of the stream, and thinking pleasant thoughts, there came a flash like lightning through the trees, then a sound, quicker and sharper than thunder; and a pretty dove fell wounded in the canoe beside me. I took the poor bird and smoothed down its feathers. It panted for one moment and then its breath was gone. Just then a hunter appeared under the shade of a papaw tree. His robes were curiously fashioned, and he bore upon his shoulder a load of the choicest wild game. He was not like our chiefs, for his face was of the hue of the January snow, when the yellow sun shines upon it, and his eye was bright as the depths of the moon-lit sky in summer."

"A white hunter! Why does Talking-Bird use golden words when she speaks of him?" said the aged squaw, peering into the maidens' face. "The brows of our young men are like the wings of night; and methinks that the dark forest girl should admire them more than the bleached visages of her nation's foe."

The maiden turned and averted her eyes, and Sunny-Cloud spoke in her defence.
"The pale hunter was bold and kind. He laid his burden upon the grass, and spoke to us as a brother speaks. He smiled upon Talking-Bird, and told her that it grieved him to have killed a warbler gentle as herself—whose voice was musical and tender as her own."

"And did the silly Talking-Bird return his smile? Those were not the words of a brother, but of a demon. The rattlesnake but knows too well how to lure the mocking-bird. His charm is bewitching, but he hath a deadly sting."

"Yet surely this is no traitor," persisted Sunny-Cloud. "He spoke of his home in a far-off land, as beautiful as the hunting-grounds of our dead warriors. And he called us sisters, saying that we had one Father—then he laid dazzling ornaments into our baskets, and promised, before another moon, to bring richer gifts to the wigwam."

"Have ye put the white foe on the Indian's trail?" said the squaw angrily. "Doth the dove uncover its nest to the glaring eye of the hawk? Bending-Oak is rightly named. She is like youn tree that leans from the crag across the stream. A few more storms will howl around her head, and she will fall broken and withered. But she will fall from a high place. She has looked over the tree-tops, and seen the tempest sweeping up the valley, while others stood quiet nor dreamed of danger. And she can tell her simple daughters, that in the track of the white man the red race have ever been swept away like leaves before the wintry blast. The tongue of the pale face hath two sides; one is as smooth as oil, the other is like coals of fire. If Talking-Bird listens to him, her fate will be like that of the bird that fell by his fire arrows. It was a token from the Great Spirit to warn her."

"But the Indian girls must not forget to be grateful," appealed Talking-Bird, who had been standing a listener. "As I stood in the canoe, to turn its course down the stream, my blanket caught in a dead bough, and I fell. I could have swam to the shore, but the blanket choked me, and I hung like a reed in the deep water. But for the strong hand of the white hunter, Talking-Bird's voice might never again have mingled in the songs of the youths by the wigwam fire. Surely, when he comes, we must give him venison and a shelter."

The Indian mother's heart almost yielded, but the frown lingered on her brow, and she departed, muttering, "Where is the brave that once dwelt in the tent of Bending-Oak?"

He fell long ago in that distant white village and the buzzards have picked his bones. May the same fate come upon every one of the murdering race. The curse of Bending-Oak is upon the white wolf, and all who smile on him."

The next day the aged squaw talked with the chiefs, concerning the expected intrusion into their camp, and besought them, by removing to the borders of a distant river, to evade their visitor. But the girls of the tribe had preceded her with glowing descriptions of the treasures which the white trader would bring to offer in exchange for their furs, that curiosity and avarice overcame all her warnings and maledictions.

At the appointed time the boat of Elliott, the white hunter, was seen approaching the Indian encampment. He brought with him a supply of arms, beads, and such other articles as might please the taste of his red friends. His gifts won for him gruff welcome from the men; but Elliott read a warmer one in the beaming glances of Sunny-Cloud and her sister. But when, during his stay, he crossed the path of Talking-Bird, the keen, suspicious glance of Bending-Oak was bent upon them. His business was concluded, and he spoke of departing. The day was decided, and the evening previous, by some strange coincidence, Elliott and Talking-Bird were standing side by side, in a deep woody glen, not far from the wigwams. The eyes of the maid were humid and sorrowful, as she said,

"You leave us too soon, my brother!"
"But I will not forget my forest sister. Her memory will be like a sweet song from afar. May her life be as peaceful and happy as yonder beautiful stream, that is quietly sparkling in the long, low sunbeams."

"But will the waters be bright when the sun has ceased to shine upon them? Talking-Bird's white brother has become the light of her life. When he is gone she cannot be glad, for it will be dark."

The young man started and trembled at this confession. His heart had yearned towards the gentle forest girl, but he had not realized that the feeling was so deeply reciprocated. He knew the odium that a connection with her would attach to him in the view of his kindred and acquaintance, but, in the excitement of the moment, he felt that he could bear it all for the sake of her guiltless love. He would be happy with her and let the world take its own course.

"Will the Talking-Bird go and make music in the lonely cabin of her white brother?" said he "the holy man shall make us one, and afar from both red and white, we will live for each other alone. Shall it not be so?"

The maiden laid her hand in his and said, "I will go."

At that moment there was a sudden rustling—something flashed swiftly through the air—Elliott fell to the ground with a deep groan.—An arrow had pierced his breast. In frantic agony Talking-Bird tore it away, and stanching the blood with her garments, but the wound was fatal. The hunter could only whisper farewell. Just as the word died upon his lip, Bending-Oak issued from the shade, and muttered in a cold satisfied tone,

"The pale demon that would lure the Indian fawn from her covert is dead—and by a woman's hand. Leave his carcass, poor fool, and learn not to throw thyself again upon the coil of a serpent."

There was a wild stare in return, but Talking-Bird heard her not. An arrow had entered her own soul. Thought forsook its throne, and she became a quiet, melancholy maniac. The Indian girls changed her name, and spoke of her now as the 'Wounded Dove.' Day after day she would wander with her favorite, Sunny-Cloud, to the glen where the fatal event occurred, and together they would chaunt many a low, mournful song. After a few brief moons had waned, they laid her to rest beneath the turf where the white hunter fell, and the secluded spot was ever afterwards called the 'Glen of the Wounded Dove.'

The Age of the World.

Mother Earth, like other ladies of a "certain age," puzzles her sons to discover "the years of her life." The common notion is that she is some five or six thousand years old, speaking of her, that is, as the abode of man. But what will the old woman say to the editor of the Ethnological Journal, who in his August number, contending that Britain was a civilized country at some remote period anterior to the Roman invasion, coolly observes: "That this civilization should have so completely vanished before the days of Cæsar, is no degree surprising; the mightiest empires have been utterly swept away and the most important histories completely forgotten, in a less space than nine thousand years." Yes indeed the world may be excused, without the reproach of carelessness, for dropping a page or two of its history in ninety centuries.—[Scientific American.

POOR IRELAND.—The Galway Vindicator, states as a positive fact that the deaths in the Ballinasole workhouses amounted in one week to the frightful number of 860.