

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 10.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1850.

No. 37.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

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 proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cents, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

JOB PRINTING.
Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of
FANCY PRINTING,
Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.
Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms
AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

Remembrances.

Of at the hour when evening throws
Its gathering shades o'er vale and hill,
While half the scene in twilight glows,
And half in sunlight glories still,
The thought of all that we have been,
And hoped and feared on life's long way,
Remembrances of joy and pain,
Come mingling with the close of day.
The distant scene of Youth's bright dream,
The smiling green, the lustrous tree;
The murmur of the grass-fringed stream,
The bounding of the frosted free;
The friend, whose tender voice no more
Shall sweetly thrill the listening ear,
The glow that Love's first vision wore,
And Disappointment's pangs are here.
But soft o'er each reviving scene
The chastening hues of Memory spread;
And smiling each dark thought between,
Hope softens every tear we shed.
O thus, when Death's long night comes on,
And its dark shades around me lie,
Many parting beams from Memory's sun
Blend softly in my evening sky.

Echo and the Lover.

The following elegant bagatelle is the production of Dr. John M. Harney, who died at Bardonia, Ky., in 1825. He has published several light pieces of uncommon merit.

Lover. Echo, mysterious nymph, declare
Of what you're made and what you are.
Echo. Mid air, cliff and places high,
Sweet Echo! listen, love you lie—
Lover. Thou dost resuscitate dead sounds—
Hark! how my voice revives, resounds!
Echo. I'll question thee before I go—
Come, answer me more appropos!
Lover. Tell me, fair nymph, if e'er you saw
So sweet a girl as Phoebe Shaw!
Echo. Say, what will turn that frisking coney
Into the toils of matrimony?
Lover. Has Phoebe not a heavenly brow?
Is it not as white as pearl—as snow?
Echo. Her eyes! Was ever such a pair!
Are the stars brighter than they are!
Lover. But come, thou saucy, pert romancer,
Who is as fair as Phoebe! Answer!

Signs.

Sir Isaac Newton was once told by a Shepherd-boy that it was going to rain, though the sky was cloudless. As the prediction proved true Sir Isaac told the boy he would give him a guinea if he would point out how he could foretell the weather so truly. The shepherd puckered the 'twin' and said:
'Now, sir, whenever you see that black ram raise his tail towards the wind, it's a sure sign of rain within the hour.'
The Philosopher stopped.

To know the worth of women, just imagine the world without them once—Where would you spend your Sunday nights? Who would hold your head when you had the tooth-ache? What would you do for buttons to your shirts or partners for your cut-throats? Without girls a sleighride squeeze would be worth less than a squeezed orange—cold weather would have an extra chill added to it, while suicide and broken breeches would be multiplied by an hundred. To take the women from the world, would be to take the rose from the garden—the nightingale from the songsters—summer from the year.

Cut worms.

Charles Cist, Esq., of the Cincinnati, Advertiser, says:—'I have a hint to give my farmer friends, how to protect young tomatoes, cabbage, and other tender plants from cut worms. Pull a few tops of clover, which put along side each plant you wish to save, cover the clover tops with a chip. The cut worm prefers the clover to any thing else, and every day or two you can examine below the chips, and hand the cut worms over to the hen and her chickens.
'This is less labor than to replant.'

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

From the Home Journal.
BY MRS. BELL SMITH.

One Saturday afternoon, some years since, about the bar-room of the only public house in the little village of S——, on Lake Erie, were gathered a number of gossiping idlers—sea-faring men and farmers. Although early in the afternoon, the heavy clouds of an approaching storm so darkened the shore, that candles were lit, and in their dim light the gathered crowd listened to the beating of the waves upon the beach, and the distant roll of thunder that announced the coming strife. It was one of those scenes that occur when a mighty tempest comes down on Erie's inland sea, and the dulled seemed struck with its impressive grandeur. Sailors drank from their poisoned cups with less noise, and the village politicians were less absorbed in the Presidential election. One of the number seemed more uneasy than the rest. A young man, of mild prepossessing appearance, with a rifle in his hand, and a powder horn slung over his shoulder, for he had but a few minutes before come in from gunning, paced to and from the door, looked at the troubled bay and clouded sky, and frequently asked an old captain of a schooner when he would be able to sail—to-night?

'To-night? No sir!' he responded to one of these inquiries; 'not to-morrow—nor next day, I expect. This 'ere storm looks as if it was going to lead off a dance for a good many flirrin' ones, and I don't believe in puttin' out in such company—it corrupts good manners, as the sayin' is. You seem to be in a great hurry, comrade!'
'I am. The Sea-Gull brought me ill news from home this morning, and I will double your passage money if you run me down to C——to-night.'
'Not I. I wouldn't undertake it for four times the money.'

Silenced by this reply, the young man returned sadly into the house; and, sitting down, thrust his hands into his pockets, with the dogged air of one who makes up his mind to be content with a positive evil.

M——W——had been in S——but a few weeks, and although a stranger, had impressed its inhabitants favorably—so quiet, retiring, and, as all thought, kind was he in manner and disposition. The business that brought him to the place was by no means settled, and the intelligence he had received must have been of a very pressing nature, to make one naturally so timid, anxious to brave a storm that caused the hardest sailor to shrink from duty. He had been sitting with a look of gloomy discontent but a short time, when the clatter of horses' feet were heard in the street, and a man, pale and trembling, stood within the door-way. His first discordant utterance was the word 'Murder!'

No expression of pain or terror can send the same deadly chill to the heart as that one word of terrible import; and, paralyzed with stupid surprise, the gathered crowd inquiringly gazed at the breathless messenger of evil. Before he could relate what seemed to choke his utterance, the sheriff of the county hastily entered and arrested M——W——.

'For what?' faltered the young man.
'The murder of Millie Woods,' was the stern reply.

It wanted only this to swell the horrible sensation that had fallen upon the crowd. Millie Woods, a little girl ten or twelve years of age, was the only child of respectable parents living within a mile of S——, and in her sprightly loveliness had won the affection of all the villagers. The circumstances attending her death, were as follows: The parents, as was frequently their custom, left the house under the charge of Millie, and had been the greater part of the day, making purchases and visiting in the village.—Hurrying home before the coming storm, the agitated parents found their house robbed, and their only child brutally murdered! The news spread rapidly, and soon the curious and cooler neighbors were looking carefully on all marks the violence had left in the premises. The house, a large frame one, stood some distance from the road. The front door was found open, all the inner doors unlocked or broken, every drawer, chest, press or cupboard forced, and their contents scattered over the floor. In the garret, to which the poor little creature had probably fled, Millie was found, covered with blood that flowed from a stab in her side, her little hand grasping an old bed post, while around her neck a white handkerchief was slightly knotted.

Upon the floor of the hall, one of the neighbors picked up a squirrel with one fore-paw gone, and its head scalped by a rifle ball. A young man who had been chopping wood in a neighboring grove immediately recognized it as one W——had shot that afternoon; he was by, and, picking it up, remarked to W——the excellent shot. W——left him in the direction of Wood's house, with the squirrel in his hand. The handkerchief unwound from Millie's neck had the letters M. W. in one corner. True these were the initials of Millie's own name, but her mother, positively avowed she owned no such article. Satisfied with these circumstances the officer at once arrested W——. From the time the murder was discovered to that of W——'s arrest was just two hours.

The prisoner was hurried to the nearest magistrate, and the evidence I have detailed, given before. In addition to this, spots of fresh blood were found on his coat sleeve, and as Wood's had been robbed of some gold and silver coin, of a peculiar character, two or three of the pieces were found upon the unfortunate man's person. This

riveted the final link, and the crowd grew furious. Little Millie, so good, so loved, and loving, all remembered as a child of their own, and she to be butchered for gold!—the law seemed too slow and mild for vengeance, and the great crowd now swelled to hundreds swayed too and fro, shouting angrily for blood.

A convict but lately from prison, hastened forward with a rope, threw it over a post, while some of the citizens in answer to this mute suggestion, hurried the unfortunate prisoner towards the impromptu gallows.

'Oh, gentlemen!' screamed the young man, frightened at what appeared his inevitable fate.—'Have mercy upon me—I am innocent—indeed I am—have mercy!'

His voice was drowned in a roar from the crowd: 'Who had mercy on little Millie! Kill him, kill him!' and again they pushed him towards the fatal post.

'Oh, God!' cried the unhappy man in bitter anguish, and trembling like a child; 'will no one pity. I have a widowed mother—mercy—wait a little while—only a little while.'

One, alone, answered this last appeal. A young lawyer of eminent ability, and personally popular, sprung forward, severed the rope, and then, in a clear, silvery voice that rung out high above the tumult, said:

'My friends, be careful of your acts. You are about to do what in this man you condemn an awful murder. Chain him down, do what you will to secure the criminal, but respect the law—' And give Squire B——a chance to clear him,' interrupted the convict I have mentioned.

'To that man, fresh from the cells, I have nothing to say. But to you, my companions, neighbors and friends, I appeal—earnestly appeal.—Why will you do this cruel thing! What right have you to commit a murder! How will you answer to the great Giver of all good for this!—Where is your authority!'

'He whose sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,' responded a harsh, solemn voice, and the crowd turning saw, where a torch waived over a stern, unfeeling face, the countenance of their preacher! It was a time when the gathered feeling, checked by some great obstacle, pauses in its rash career, and, for a moment, there seemed a doubt which way the tide would flow. The awful passage so solemnly quoted, fell on the crowd at that moment, when the slightest word would have turned them from their purpose, and stimulated, as it seemed to them, by a command from Heaven, they once more seized their trembling captive, when the old captain, whom W. had impetored for a passage, claimed to be heard:

'Comrades,' said he, 'Squire B——thinks we had'n't ought to hang this fellow. Well I'll tell you what we'll do. He wanted to sail with me this day. He shall do so. We'll take him outside the Bay, lie him in an open boat, and set him adrift. Then the Lord have mercy on him. What say you?'

A shout of approbation was the response, and they hurried W——to the shore. In the meanwhile the storm grew loud, and when in the dark night, their torches beaten out by wind and rain, the crowd heard the angry waves dashing over the rude pier, their courage failed, and seven only were found ready for the enterprise. Clambering upon the deck with their victim in their midst, the cables were cut, and the little bark, like a frightened bird, flew out at sea.

Perhaps no scene ever painted itself on the canvass of real life so startling, horrid and strange, as this. While the stout-hearted skipper steered the bark, the convict, assisted by four of his companions, tied W——to the open boat, and the preacher kneeling upon the deck, was heard between the pauses of the thunder, far above waves and wind, calling upon Heaven to bless their unholy act.

The open lake was gained, and the wretched man, regardless of his screams and entreaties, was given to the foaming waters. In a glare of lightning, that was followed by a deafening peal of thunder, they saw their victim rise upon a huge wave, then plunge into darkness and death beyond.

A short time had the executioners to dwell upon their ruthless deed. Their own lives were in jeopardy. A storm so violent has seldom been equalled, and the little craft was worked, save the skipper, by unskilful hands. Desperate efforts were made to regain the Bay, but the entrance was narrow and intricate, while commands, grossly misunderstood, were promptly executed, so that the bark ran upon a ledge of rocks, and quickly went to pieces. Two only of its strange crew were saved—the clergyman and the convict together reached the shore.

Some three years after these strange events, the Rev. Mr. H——was awakened one night by a request to come immediately, and administer religious consolation to a prisoner, who, in attempting an escape from jail, had been mortally wounded by the sentinel on duty. The Rev. gentleman folding his cloak about him, and accompanied by the jailer, threaded his way through snow and sleet to the prison.

They found the prisoner writhing in pain upon the bed in his gloomy cell, lit by a dim candle and alone, for the surgeon had pronounced his case hopeless.

'You've come at last,' he growled, as the clergyman approached his bed, took from beneath his cloak, a book and began the duties pertaining to his sacred mission. 'You've come at last; I thought I'd go down before you got here.'

'May you be spared for repentance; let us lose no time.'

'No you don't! I'm bound to go down—down. Don't be foolin'! I didn't send for that.'

'The sands of life are running fast. In a few moments you will be in the presence of your Judge, and repentance then will be of no avail.'

'It will not avail me now,' said the criminal.

'Think of your past life—think of the punishment that is to follow!'

The answer to this was a frantic roar of laughter, that made even the jailer's blood tingle with alarm.

'I will not remain,' said Mr. H——sternly, 'and hear this awful mockery. I warn you now—beware!'

'Well listen, then—don't you know me?'

The clergyman held the candle to the convict's face, and started with astonishment.

'Oh! you know me, do you? You remember the night we tossed W——overboard—how he prayed? Oh, oh! look to yourself!'

'I did my duty.'

'Ah, ha! you did, did you? You did your duty in drowning a poor fellow for a murder he never committed!'

A tremor like an ague ran through the listener's frame, and there he stood as one dismayed.

'He never did the deed. I murdered Millie Woods—I chased her to the garret and killed her. I was there robbing the house when W——came. I heard him speak cheerily to the child, give her the squirrel, and then leave. A minute after, she was a dead baby, and W——had the blame.'

'Lord, have mercy upon me!' groaned the Divine, in an agony of spirit.

'I slipped the gold pieces in his pocket. How he prayed and begged for mercy! It's our turn now! I don't beg—I won't—I'll die as I have lived—but you can howl! He had a widowed mother. We all went under—but you and I, parson, came up together—now we go down—down—down!'

The voice ceased—a shudder ran through his iron frame, and the wretched criminal was no more.

In time, the village of S——grew to a city. Many of its old citizens had emigrated, or were dead, and, among the remaining, the events I have narrated had faded almost into an uncertain legend, when one sunny afternoon, an elderly gentleman of staid, respectable appearance, accompanied by his wife and children, made his way from the evening steamer to one of the principal hotels. After securing rooms, he walked into the street.—He earnestly scanned the signs as he passed. He stopped before one that read, 'Attorney-at-law'; he paused, and then, with a start, as if the determination had a spice of the desperate in it, he ascended the stairs and entered the office. An elderly man, with a bald head and wrinkled face, was seated at a table surrounded by books and papers. Inviting the new comer to be seated, he peered at him through his spectacles, and inquired his business.

'Mr. B——you do not remember me?'

'I cannot say that I do,' answered the attorney, slowly, as if in doubt.

'Do you not remember pleading in behalf of a poor fellow, about being lynched for a murder, some thirty years since?'

'Mr. M——W——' exclaimed the lawyer, joyfully. 'Can it be possible! I never forgot a face, and yours I saw in a frame work that night that ought to impress it upon my memory for ever. But I thought you dead years ago.—Sit down—sit down, and tell me all.'

'After I was thrown from the vessel that night,' said W——, seating himself, 'I was so frightened that for some time I had no consciousness of what occurred. On becoming more collected, I found my little boat half filled with water, riding the short heavy waves, and every second I expected to go under, or be capsized, and so down. This not occurring, I began to look about me. I found the cord by which I was tied passed over my shoulder. I managed to get it in my mouth, and soon knawed it apart. This loosened my hands, so that in a few moments I freed myself and sat up. With an old cup that I found in the boat, I bailed out the water, and, then breaking up one of the seats, I managed the little affair so as to ship no more of the waves, and in this way rode out the storm and the night.'

'By morning the wind had somewhat subsided, but so exhausted was I by fear and fatigue, that I was forced to lie down, and soon was sound asleep. When I awakened the sun was setting, as far as I could see on every side, was a dreary waste of waters. Strange as it may sound, I was greatly relieved. I feared nothing so much as again falling into the hands of that terrible mob.'

The full moon came out, making the scene light almost as day, and a gentle breeze springing up. I took my coat, fastened it on the broken seat, and with this for a sail, drifted, as near as I could make out by the stars, in a north-easterly direction. I knew, sooner or later, I must strike the Canada shore, but how far I had been carried in the storm, I could not of course determine.—Through that long night I floated on. I saw the moon go down, and the stars fade into the cold gray light of morning, and then the sun came up with the clear, calm day, but no land could be seen—nothing but glittering water. I imagined at one time seeing in the dim distance a sail, but if one, it immediately disappeared.

About noon I noticed something floating near me, and on paddling my boat along side, found it a bale of goods carefully corded together. I fastened it, almost without motive, to my boat, and again lying down was soon fast asleep. I was awakened by a shout, and starting up, found I was running in close to a wooded shore, and a number of men staring in wonder at my appearance. In answer to my request, one of the men waded in and pulled my boat to land. I learned to my great relief that I had reached the Canada side, within a few miles of——. It was supposed that I had been shipwrecked, to which my bale of goods at

once gave coloring, secured for me a kind reception. On opening this bale the next day, I found it filled with costly silks and velvets, and so admirably packed the water had not damaged them.—This had probably been lost from some wreck in the late storm, and, noting the address, with the intention of repayment some day, I sold the contents, and with the proceeds made my way to New York, where I, after my mother's death, joined an expedition fitted out for——, in South America. In this new home I married, and engaged in merchandize. There I lived until I learned, a few months since, my innocence of that cruel deed had been made known by the confession of the real criminal.'

When he had finished recounting his strange escape, the lawyer rising abruptly caught him by the arm and pointed to the open window. They looked and saw a gaunt figure, with sunken eyes, pale cheeks, and long gray hair, in the gloom of the evening, move silently along.

'That,' said the lawyer, 'is Mr. H. Since the night of the criminal's confession, his intellect, never very strong, has been a complete wreck.—Every evening he wanders to the Lake. If stormy no entreaties can induce him to seek a shelter, but, hour after hour, he paces the shore, as if every moment he expected some revelation from its troubled waters.'

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.
'Schools for Clams.'

A long while ago, when the crooked little river which insinuates itself into the fat part of that independent sovereignty called N. Jersey, and which rejoices in the name of the river Raritan—a long while ago, they carried on a considerable traffic in clams through the medium of that river at New Brunswick.

The importers of these bivalves were in the habit of forming their customers into classes, or schools—each class or school, to be supplied with certain quantities on given days during the clam season. Thus the origin of 'schools for clams.'

About the time to which I refer particularly, the question of Public Schools was being agitated, and though the majority of the people were in favor of this mode of enlightenment, yet there was a strong and bitter minority, especially among the uneducated classes, who looked upon the plan as only a new method of taxation.

Among the most violent of the minority, was a big-nosed, uneducated fellow, cycled Peter W——, who constantly verified Pope's lines:

'Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.'
Peter lived in the town-ship of P——, a charming section it was then, and so I doubt not it continues, for my marriage and intermarriage within its limits, they have managed probably to bring down the Puritan notions and lovely simplicity which were its peculiar characteristics in days gone.

Peter had been to town—had gloated his eyes, and kept his brain in a 'whirl-a-gig, by seeking and reading all that he could, and guessing at the rest.

He was finally brought to a stand near the old bridge by a flaming advertisement headed—

SCHOOLS FOR CLAMS!!

He read the heading again and again—then spelled each word, and, separately, yet so it was sure enough, 'School for Clams!'—and at once his comprehensive mind grasped at what followed, and without reading more he struck a line over the bridge and for home, putting, however, the advertisement in his hat.

As he came near the tavern in P——, he observed a group of persons standing together, and without a note of warning to his astonished auditors, he delivered himself to them in these words:

'Gentlemen! I say Gentlemen! I never have made a speech in my life, and I don't mean to now. But you all know that some folks are in favor of taxing us to educate their children, and I have alters said that it was the town-folks that got it up—and now, Gentlemen, I know it! But that ain't my reason for addressing of you now—they ain't satisfied with educating their children, but they've got the d——n foolish notion of educating clams! Yes! of sending them to school! Their very clams what's so happy no doubt as they are, and what contributes so much to the support of so many of our relatives and friends what catches 'em!—Yes, gentlemen, you may laugh if you want to now, but I've got the evidence! Look here! he exultingly exclaimed, drawing the advertisement from his hat—Look here! 'Schools for Clams!'

A roar of laughter—a perfect yell, followed the showing of the advertisement, and probably Peter discovered that he had been 'barking up the wrong tree,' for when stillness came he was among the absent ones. AMITE.

Sweet Girls.

The girls out west are amazingly sweet. A man travelling through that region on horse-back, declares that the wind came to him so laden with fragrance, that he thought he was near a garden of roses. He discovered that it was only a bevy of girls going through the woods.—Exchange.

That's nothing, compared with the beauty and fragrance of our down east girls. When they enter a garden, the roses immediately grow pale and hang their diminished heads, and when they sing the birds expire from very envy at the sweetness of their tones! Fact.—Port. Times.

Talk of the sweetness of your western and down-east girls? Why, gentlemen, we heard a great buzzing by our sanctum window, the other day, and on looking out we discovered a swarm of bees in pursuit of a number of girls whom they mistook, for their sweetness, to be a buckwheat field!—Was Pa. Rep.

The entire sum of money raised by the churches of Great Britain for missionary purposes, is about \$1,750,000, by those of America, \$736,000; and yet this sum scarcely equals the annual gifts at Kulee's temple, Calcutta.