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

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## FATHER AND SON.

One evening in the month of March, 1798—that dark time in Ireland's annals whose memory (overlooking all minor subsequent emetics) is still preserved among us, as "the year of the rebellion"—a lady and gentleman were seated near a blazing fire in the old-fashioned dining-room of a large lonely mansion. They had just dined; wine and fruit on the table, both untouched, while Mr. Hewson and his wife sat silently gazing at the fire, watching its flickering light becoming gradually more vivid as the short spring twilight faded into darkness.

At length the husband poured out a glass of wine, drank it off, and then broke silence by saying—

"Well, well, Charlotte, these are awful times; there were ten men taken up to-day for burning Cotter's house at Knockake, and Tom Dwyer says that every magistrate in the country is a marked man."

Mrs. Hewson cast a frightened glance towards the windows, which opened nearly to the ground, and gave a view of the wide tree-bespinkled lawn, through whose centre a long straight avenue led to the high-road. There was also a foot-path at either side of the house, branching off through close thickets of trees, reaching the road by a circuitous route.

"Listen, James!" she said, after a pause; "what noise is that?"

"Nothing but the sighing of the wind among the trees. Come, wife, you must not give way to imaginary fears."

"But really I heard something like footsteps on the gravel, round the gable end—I wish—"

A sudden knock at the parlor door interrupted her.

"Come in."

The door opened, and Tim Gahan, Mr. Hewson's confidential steward and right hand man, entered, followed by a fair haired, delicate-looking boy of six years old, dressed in deep mourning.

"Well, Gahan, what do you want?"

"I ask your honor's pardon for disturbing you and the mistress; but I thought it right to come and tell you the bad news I heard."

"Something about the rebels, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, I got a whisper just now that there's going to be great rising intirely, to-morrow; thousands are to gather before daybreak at Kilkrean bog, where I'm told they've a power of pikes hiding; and then they're to march on and sack every house in the country. I'll engage, when I heard it, I didn't let grass grow under my feet, but came off straight to your honor, thinking maybe you'd like to walk over this fine evening to Mr. Warren's, and settle with him what's best to be done."

"Oh, James! I beseech you, don't think of going."

"Make your mind easy, Charlotte; I don't intend it; not that I supposed there would be much risk; but, all things considered, I think I'm just as comfortable at home."

The steward's brow darkened, as he glanced nervously towards the end window, which jutted out in the gable, formed a deep angle in the outer wall.

"Of course, 'tis just as your honor pleases, but I'll warrant you there would be no harm in going. Come, Billy," he added, addressing the child, who by this time was standing close to Mrs. Hewson, "make your bow, and bid good night to master and mistress."

The boy did not stir, and Mrs. Hewson taking his little hand in hers, said—

"You need not go home for half an hour, Gahan; stay and have a chat with the servants in the kitchen, and leave little Billy with me—and with the apples and nuts"—she added, smiling as she filled the child's hands with fruit.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the steward, hastily. "I can't stay—I'm in a hurry home, where I wanted to leave this brat to-night. But he would follow me. Come, Billy, come this minute, you young rogue."

Still the child looked reluctant, and Mr. Hewson said peremptorily—

"Don't go yet, Gahan; I want to speak to you by and by; and you know mistress always likes to pet little Billy."

Without replying, the steward left the room, and the next moment his hasty footsteps resounded through the long flagged passage that led to the offices.

"There's something strange about Gahan, since his wife died," remarked Mrs. Hewson. "I suppose 'tis grief for her that makes him look so darkly, and seem almost jealous when any one speaks

to his child. Poor little Billy! your mother was a sore loss to you."

The child's blue eyes filled with tears, and pressing closer to the lady's side, he said—

"Old Peggy doesn't wash and dress me as nicely as mammy used to."

"But your father is good to you!"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, but he's out all day busy, and I've no one to talk to me as mammy used; for Peggy is quite deaf, and besides she's always busy with the pigs and chickens."

"I wish I had you, Billy, to take care of and to teach, for your mother's sake."

"And so you may, Charlotte," said her husband.

"I'm sure Gahan, with all his odd ways, is too sensible a fellow not to know how much it would be for his child's benefit to be brought up and educated by us, and the boy would be an amusement to us in this lonely house. I'll speak to him about it before he goes home. Billy, my fine fellow, come here," he continued, "jump up on my knee, and tell me if you'd like to live here always, and learn to read and write."

"I would, sir, if I could be with father too."

"So you shall. And what about old Peggy?"

The child paused—

"I'd like to give her a pen'orth of snuff and a pipe of tobacco every week, for she said the other day that that would make her quite happy."

Mr. Hewson laughed, and Billy prattled on, still seated on his knee; when a noise of footsteps on the ground, mingled with low suppressed talking was heard outside.

"James, listen! there's the noise again."

It was now nearly dark, but Mr. Hewson, still holding the boy in his arms, walked towards the window and looked out.

"I can see nothing," he said—"stay—there are figures moving off among the trees, and a man running round to the back of the house—very like Gahan he is too!"

Seizing the bell-ropes, he rang it loudly, and said to the servant who answered his summons:—

"Fasten the shutters and put up the bars, Connelly; and tell Gahan I want to see him."

The man obeyed; candles were brought, and Gahan entered the room.

Mr. Hewson remarked that, though his cheeks were flushed, his lips were very white, and his bold dark eyes were cast on the ground.

"What took you round the house just now, Tim?" asked his master, in a careless manner.

"What took me round the house, is it? Why, then, nothing in life sir, but just as I went outside the kitchen door to take a smoke, I saw the pigs, that Shaneen forgot to put up in their sty, making right for the mistress's flower garden; so I just put my *dudheen*, lighted as it was, into my pocket, and ran after them. I caught them on the grand walk under the end window, and indeed, ma'am, I had my own share of work turning them back to their proper spear."

Gahan spoke with unusual volubility, but without raising his eyes from the ground.

"Who were the people," asked his master, "that I saw a few moments ago moving through the western grove?"

"People! your honor—not a sign of any people has been moving there, I'll be bound, barring the pigs."

"Then," said Mr. Hewson, smiling to his wife, "the miracle of Cicec must have been reversed, and swine turned men; for most undoubtedly, the dark figures which I saw were surely human beings."

"Come, Billy," said Gahan, anxious to turn the conversation, "will you come with me now? I am sure 'twas very good of the mistress to give you all them fine apples."

Mrs. Hewson was going to propose Billy's remaining, but her husband whispered:—

"Wait till to-morrow."

So Gahan and his child were now allowed to depart.

Next morning the magistrates of the district were on the alert, and several suspicious looking men found lurking about, were taken up. A hat which fitted one of them was picked up in Mr. Hewson's grove; the gravel under the end window bore many signs of trampling feet; and there were marks on the wall as if guns had rested against it. Gahan's information touching the intended meeting at Kilkrean bog proved to be totally without foundation; and after a careful search not a single pike or weapon of any description could be found there. All these circumstances combined certainly looked suspicious; but after a prolonged investigation, as no guilt could be actually brought home to Gahan, he was dismissed. One of his examiners, however said privately—

"I advise you to take care of that fellow, Hewson. If I were in your place, I would just trust him as far as I could throw him, and not an inch beyond."

An indolent hospitable Irish country gentleman, such as Mr. Hewson, is never without an always shrewd and often roguish prime minister, who saves his master the trouble of looking after his own affairs, and manages everything that is to be done in both the home and foreign departments—from putting a new door on the pig sty, to letting a farm of an hundred acres on lease. Now in this, or rather these capacities, Gahan had long served Mr. Hewson, and some seven years previous to the evening on which our story commences, he had strengthened the tie and increased his influence considerably by marrying Mr. Hewson's favorite and faithful maid. One child was the result of this union, and Mrs. Hewson, who had no family of her own, took much interest in little Billy—more especially after the death of his mother, who, poor thing! the neighbors said, was not very

happy, and would gladly, if she dared, have exchanged her lonely cottage for the easy service of her former mistress.

Thus, though for a time Mr. and Mrs. Hewson regarded Gahan with some doubt, the feeling gradually wore away, and the steward regained his former influence.

After the lapse of a few stormy months the rebellion was quelled; all the prisoners taken up were severally disposed of by hanging, transportation, or acquittal, according to the nature and amount of the evidence brought against them; and the country became as peaceful as it is in the volcanic nature of our Irish soil ever to be.

The Hewson's kindness towards Gahan's child was steady and unchanged. They took him into their house, and gave him a plain but solid education; so that William, while yet a boy, was enabled to be of some use to his patron, and daily enjoyed more and more of his confidence.

Another evening, the twentieth anniversary of that with which this narrative commenced, came round. Mr. and Mrs. Hewson were still hale and active, dwelling in their hospitable home. About eight o'clock at night, Tim Gahan, now a stooping, grey-haired old man, entered Mr. Hewson's kitchen, and took his seat on the corner of the settle next the fire.

The cook, directing a silent significant glance of compassion towards his fellow-servants, said:—

"Would you like a drink of cider, Tim, or will you wait and take a cup of tay with myself and Kitty?"

The old man's eyes were fixed on the fire, and a wrinkled hand was planted firmly on each knee, as if to check their involuntary trembling.

"I'll not drink anything this night, thank you kindly, Nelly," he said, in a slow musing manner, dwelling long on each word.

"Where's Billy?" he asked, after a pause, in a quick hurried tone, looking up suddenly at the cook, with an expression in his eyes, which, as she afterwards said, "took away her breath."

"Oh, never heed Billy! I suppose he's busy with the master."

"Where's the use, Nelly," said the coachman, "in hiding it from him? Sure, sooner or later he must know it. Tim," he continued, "God knows 'tis sorrow to my heart this blessed night to make yours sore—but the truth is that William has done what he oughtn't to do to the man that was all one as a father to him."

"What has he done! what will you dar say against my boy?"

"Taken money, then," replied the coachman, "that the master had marked and put by in his desk, for he suspected for some time past that gold was missing. This morning 'twas gone; a search was made, and the marked guineas were found with your son William."

The old man covered his face with his hands, and rocked himself to and fro.

"Where is he now?" at length he asked, in a hoarse voice.

"Locked up safe in the inner store-room; the master intends sending him to goal early to-morrow morning."

"He will not," said Gahan slowly. "Kill the boy that saved his life!—no, no."

"Poor fellow! grief is setting his mind astray—and sure no wonder!" said the cook, compassionately.

"I'm not astray!" cried the old man fiercely. "Where's the master!—take me to him."

"Come with me," said the butler, "and I'll ask him if he will see you?"

With faltering steps the father complied; and when they reached the parlor, he trembled exceedingly, and leant against the wall for support, while the butler opened the door and said:—

"Gahan is here, sir, and wants to know will you let him speak to you for a minute?"

"Tell him to come in," said Mr. Hewson, in a solemn tone of sorrow, very different from his ordinary cheerful voice.

"Sir," said the steward, advancing, "they tell me that you are going to send my boy to prison—is it true?"

"Too true, indeed, Gahan. The lad who was reared in my house, whom my wife watched over in health, and nursed in sickness—whom we loved almost as if he were our own, has robbed us, and that not once or twice, but many times. He is silent and sullen, too, and refuses to tell why he stole the money, which was never withheld from him when he wanted it. I can make nothing of him, and therefore must only give him up to justice in the morning."

"No, sir, no. The boy saved your life; you can't take his."

"You're raving, Gahan."

"Listen to me, sir, and you won't say so. You remember this night twenty years? I came here with my motherless child, and yourself and the mistress pitied us, and spoke loving words to him. Well for us all you did so! That night—little you thought it!—I was banded with them that were sworn to take your life. They were watching you outside the window, and I was sent to enveigle you out, that they might shoot you. A faint heart I had for the bloody business, for you were ever and always a good master to me; but I was under an oath to them that I darn't break, supposing they ordered me to shoot my own mother. Well! the hand of God was over you, and you wouldn't come with me. I ran out to them, and I said—

"Boys, if you want to shoot him, you must do it through the window, thinking they'd be afraid of that; but they weren't—they were daring fellows, and one of them, sheltered by the angle of the window, took deadly aim at you. That very moment you took Billy on your knee, and I saw his

fair head in a line with the musket. I don't know exactly then what I said or did, but I remember I caught the man's hand, and threw it up and pointed to the child. Knowing I was a determined man, I believe they didn't wish to provoke me; so they watched you for a while, and when you didn't put him down, they got daunted, hearing the sound of soldiers riding by the road, and they stole away through the grove. Most of that gang swung on the gallows, but the last of them died this morning quietly in his bed. Up to yesterday he used to make me give him money—sums of money to buy his silence—and it was for that I made my boy a thief. It was wearing out his very life. Often he went down on his knees to me, and said: 'Father, I'd die myself sooner than rob my master, but I can't see you disgraced. Oh, let us fly the country!' Now, sir, I have told you all—do what you like with me—send me to goal, I deserve it—but spare my poor deluded, innocent boy!"

It would be difficult to describe Mr. Hewson's feelings, but his wife's first impulse was to hasten to liberate the prisoner. With a few incoherent words of explanation she led him into the presence of his master, who, looking at him sorrowfully but kindly, said:—

"William, you have erred deeply, but not so deeply as I had supposed. Your father has told me everything: all of which I forgive him freely, and you also."

The young man covered his face with his hands, and wept tears more bitter and abundant than he had ever shed since the day when he followed his mother to the grave. He could say little, but he knelt on the ground, and clasping the kind hand of her who had supplied to him that mother's place, he murmured:—

"Will you tell him I would rather die than sin again."

Old Gahan died two years afterwards, truly penitent, invoking blessings on his son and on his benefactors; and the young man's conduct, now no longer under evil influence, was so steady and so upright, that his adopted parents felt that their pious work was rewarded, and that, in William Gahan, he had indeed a son.

"Omnibus Bill and Henry Clay," exclaimed Mrs. Partington, "Well there! I hope Mr. Clay isn't getting in bad Company; for I do love that man, and if he goes with them cruel omnibus drivers, there is no telling how soon he will be as bad as a negro driver himself." And the good old lady took a long pinch of snuff and heaved a deep sigh for the falling state of humanity.

**Progress of Improvement.**

"Mother," asked a six foot gawky, after two hours of brown study, "what did you and dad used to do when he came courtin' you?"

"Good airth and seas! what do you mean, Jedediah?"

"Why, I went a courtin' last Sunday night—I went to Deacon Doolittle's to see Peggy, and she told me I didn't know how to court. I asked her to show me how, and says she, 'Ax your marm.' So now I want to know what you and father did."

"Lis! sez! Why, Jed, we used to sit by the fire and eat roast turkey and mince pies, and drink cider, and watch the crickets running round the hearth."

"Good gracious! times ain't as they used to be, mother, that's sartin; I was all slied up to kill, and looked tarrin' scampshus, and the only thing Peg gin me was a raw pickle."

**Mrs. Partington and the Dr.**

"Do you think people are troubled as much with fleabotomony now, doctor, as they used to be afore they discovered the anti-bug bedstead?" asked Mrs. Partington of the old school who attended upon the family where she was staying.

"Phlebotomy, madam," said the doctor gravely, "is a remedy, not a disease."

"Well, well," replied she, "no wonder one gits 'em mixed up, there's so many on 'em.—We never heard in old times o'onsors in the throat, or embargos in the head, or neurology all over us, or consternation in bowels, as we do now-a-days. But it's an ill will that don't blow nobody no good, an' the doctors flourish on it."

The doctor stepped out with a bow, and the old lady watched him till his cabriolet had turned the corner, her mind revolving the intricate subject of cause and effect.

"Doctor, pray, what is it keeps the meat and drink apart in the stomach?" "I'll tell you," says the Doctor—"in every person's throat there are two pipes and a clapper; now, when we go to eat, the clapper shuts the drink pipe." "Well, doctor," replied the patient, "that clapper must play darned sharp when we eat mush and milk!"

"An extraordinary surgical operation" was lately performed, which was the complete removal of the patient into another world. The physician is doing well.

SURE ENOUGH.—A western paper says:—"Talk about 'mysterious knockings,' what is more mysterious than the knockings of two human hearts, set in operation by the magnetism of youthful love!"

The 'Albany Dutchman' says that a convict in the Ohio State prison made his escape over the walls in rather a singular manner. He crawled into a cannon, and got one of his companions to 'shoot him over the fence.' He landed in the next county, and eight constables and a bed-cord are in pursuit of him.

Smithers says that when the law says that a man can't marry his grandmother or his aunt, or his wife's mother, the law makes an ass of itself—for when a man marries now a day, he marries the whole family.

## Farm in the West.

We glean the following from a letter, written by Hon. M. H. Jenks, ex-member of Congress, to the editor of the "Doylestown Intelligencer."

Mr. Jenks, is at present travelling through the Western States, and among other interesting matters, describes an Illinois farm as follows:

"Mr. Editor, have you ever cast your eyes over a wide and extensive prairie? If you have not, you have yet to see one of the most beautiful and magnificent of nature's scenes. I can compare the scene to nothing but the ocean; and it is, indeed, an alluvial sea. Picture to yourself the tall grass waving with the breeze, to your utmost limits of an extended horizon—a tree or bush to intercept the view—now and anon, the little white hut of the pioneer in the distance, closely resembling a sea upon the Atlantic; and here and there a large herd of cattle, clustered together, representing a miniature island. Indeed, it requires but little aid from the imagination to fancy one's self sailing upon the bosom of the dark 'blue sea.' The atmosphere of the prairie at this of season, the year is as fragrant as the breath from a garden of roses. Its entire bosom is covered with innumerable flowers, of the most beautiful appearance. 'Twas indeed a grand and imposing sight to see the 'God of day' rise and set above and beneath the horizon of the wide spread alluvial ocean of the prairie State, an one, like the mighty Niagaras, well calculated to remind man of his littleness, and inspire feelings of a heavenly and lofty character. Nature has done much for Illinois—but man must do more than he has yet done, before it can be a desirable home for such as desire to enjoy life. I was particularly pleased with the land in the vicinity of Jacksonville, in Morgan county: it is of a rolling character, and exceedingly fertile. Some farms there are well managed, and go to show what might be done more generally, if cultivated with skill. The plantation of Mr. Strawn, near that place, was pointed out to me as one of the most extensive, best managed, and most productive in the State. It is said to contain upwards of ten thousand acres, all prairie; his usual stock of cattle is from three to four thousand; he has a standing contract to supply the St. Louis market with one hundred head every two weeks; his stock of hogs is from two to three thousand; wheat crop, from fifteen to eighteen thousand bushels, and corn, from twenty to twenty-five thousand bushels. His residence is located upon a beautifully elevated cone or mound, commanding a view to the utmost extent of vision. And I frankly own, that I never saw a plantation on a large scale, so truly beautiful."

## A Wharf Lecture.

A free lecture, on the subject of Temperance, was delivered in Philadelphia, on Sunday afternoon, by a weather-proof looking man, on the first wharf above Dock street. The speaker had his coat off, as if he meant to go to it in earnest; his voice was powerful, his action vehement, and, as he spoke and gesticulated, the perspiration rolled off his face in streams.—He was an orator; for he spoke home to his audience, which consisted of about two hundred persons, principally "hard cases," who had been drawn by his trumpet-toned eloquence from the neighboring houses of refreshment. The following short specimen will show how he touched his hearers to the quick!

"It's much worth my while to be putting myself all in a muck sweat, preaching temperance reform to you; and in less than ten minutes after I am done, two-thirds of you red-eyed scoundrels will be back again into the rum-holes, making hogs of yourselves, just as bad as ever. Joe Snyder, I see your flashy red face sticking there between the heads of them two nigger gentlemen, like a bolt of scarlet flannel between two pieces of black bombazet. I tell you what Joe, my old bruiser, you'll find yourself cheek-by-jowl, one of these days, with some other black gentleman, hob-nobbing over a bowl of hot brimstone punch, and much good may it do you, you eternal old sot! You needn't to grin, Tom Wagner, for you're tarred with the same stick, and a bigger vagabond aint to be found along South Wharf—that's a fact. And there's another rum-pimpled beauty! Don't dodge your head, Dave Johnson; I see you before you dipped behind that barrel of lasses. It was not you I meant, but the cap fits you you nasty beast, and so you may on with it. Oh, ho! Bill Myers, there you are, you miserable varmint. I'm told you've got your wife to guzzling as hard as yourself. They say you both get tipsy, and make a pair of blue spectacles of yourselves every afternoon. But you never signed the pledge, Bill, and took to drink again, like Sam Wiggins there. You'll pass for a gentleman along side of him, but put you any where else, and no crop-eared rat-terrier that had any respect for his own character would look at you."

In this way the orator went on, particularizing his auditor's with many of whom he appeared to be on terms of intimacy. The discourse seemed to be received with much good humor by his hearers, each wringing a little when it came to his own turn, but joining heartily in the laugh, when the speaker transferred his attention to some other member of the congregation.—Pennsylvania

## Studying Hydraulics.

"What be dat dey calls high drawlies?" said Sambo to Cuffy.

"E-yah, yah yah," shouted Cuffy—"Don't you know dat, nigger, when you hab a lesson mose ebry day?"

"No, I don't know, I gives them up."

"Well, den, when massa lift de cow-hide high—fitch him down savage on de back—and draw him cross de back as soon as he touch it, dat be de high draw lies."

"Get out, you snow ball, you allers contrives to know more den any odder nigger I knows on."