

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 11

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1851.

No. 19.

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 27 1/2 cents, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (eleven 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. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

**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.**

**The Ending and Beginning Year.**

BY ALFRED TENNISON.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying clouds, the frosty light:  
The Year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.  
Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The Year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.  
Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that hear we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all Mankind.  
Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.  
Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.  
Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.  
Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrow lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.  
Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

**A Fix in Quicksand.**

FROM ALBERT SMITH'S "MISCELLANY: A BOOK FOR THE FIELD OR FIRE-SIDE."

We entered the country of the *Artemisia*: and with the exception of snakes, and an occasional sage-cock—as rancid as the berry upon which he feeds—not an animal was to be seen.

We had encountered the East buffalo, an old bull, three days before. Him we had killed; but the meat was tough and stringy, and, taking out the tongue and hump ribs, we had left the remainder of his huge carcass to the wolves. We began to repent of our generosity as we rode farther into the desert. We were already on half rations of the "jerked," and, as the hunters remarked, "dried chawins" it was. We might ere long, be glad of a steak from the same old bull. *Nous venons.*

As we rode along, threading our way through the wormwood bushes, an antelope sprang up in our path. Half a dozen rifles were raised, but before a "bead" could be drawn, the sly animal was far beyond range, dashing the white leaves from his shining flanks. The rifles came back to their rest across the pommel of the saddle, while their owners, with looks of disappointment, might be heard apostrophising the "goat" in not very respectable terms.

About a mile further on, and at some distance to the right, I thought I observed a pronged head disappearing behind a swell of the prairie. My companions were sceptical; and wheeling out of the train, I started alone. My horse was fresh and willing, and whether successful or not, I knew that I could easily overtake them by camping time.

I struck directly towards the spot where I had seen the object. It appeared to be only half a mile from where I had left the trail. I found it nearer a mile—a common illusion in the crystal and cloudless atmosphere of those elevated regions.

A curiously formed ridge—a *coteau des prairies* on a small scale—traversed the plain from east to west. A thicket of cacti covered part of its summit; this thicket was the point of my destination. Dismounting, I led my horse slowly up the slope, and, on reaching the cacti, fastened the lariat to a branch. I then crawled cautiously through the spiky ovals toward the point where I expected to find the game. To my joy, not one antelope, but a brace of these beautiful animals, were quietly grazing beyond—but, alas! too far beyond for the carry of my rifle. They were full three hundred yards distant, upon a smooth, grassy slope, without even a sage bush to serve me as a cover. What was to be done?

I lay for several minutes thinking over the different tricks known in hunter craft for taking the antelope. Should I imitate their call? Should I hoist the handkerchief? No, they were too shy. I knew this from the fact that, at short intervals, they threw up their graceful necks, and struck the

sward with their hoofs, looking wildly around.—I have no alternative. I shall steal back to my horse, take the red "mackinaw" from my saddle, and display it over the "nopals."

I had come to this resolution, when all at once my eye rested upon a clay colored line in the prairie, about a hundred yards beyond the point where the animals were feeding. It was evidently a break in the surface of the plain—a buffalo road, perhaps the bed of an arroyo. In either case, the very shelter I wanted, and the game was approaching it step by step as they fed. The question now was, could I reach this hollow in time; and giving up the plan of spreading my blanket, I resolved to make the attempt. Creeping back out of the thicket, and leaving my horse where I had tied him, I ran alongside of the ridge towards the point where I noticed it was depressed to the prairie level. On reaching this point, to my surprise I found myself on the bank of a broad arroyo, whose waters ran slowly over a bed of sand and gypsum. The banks were low, not over three feet above the surface, except where the ridge impinged upon the stream. Here there was a high bluff, and hurrying down to its base, I entered the channel and commenced wading upward. As I had anticipated, I soon reached a bend, where the stream after running parallel to the ridge, struck upon a huge rock, and sweeping round to the right, had canoned the hill. Here I stopped, and looked cautiously over the bank. The antelopes had approached within fifty yards of the arroyo, but still quietly cropping the grass; and once more bending back I proceeded up the stream. The bed of the arroyo was soft and yielding, and I was compelled to lift my feet with caution, lest their splashing might disturb the game. After a weary drag of several hundred yards I came to an *artemesia* bush, which grew solitary upon the top of the bank. "I must be high enough," thought I. I clutched my rifle firmly, bringing it to the level.—I then slowly raised myself and looked through the leaves of the *artemesia*. I was in the right spot, and sighting the heart of the buck, I fired. He leaped three feet from the ground, and fell back again a lifeless lump.

I was about to rush forward and secure my prize, when I observed the doe (instead of bounding away, as I expected) run up to her fallen partner, and press her tapering nose to his body.—She was not more than twenty yards from me, and I could plainly see that her look was one of inquiry and bewilderment. All at once she seemed to comprehend the fatal truth, and throwing back her head, commenced uttering the most piteous cries, at the same time running in circles around the dead body of her mate.

I stood wavering between two minds. My first intention was to load and kill the deer, but her strange and plaintive cries, entered my heart, and completely disarming me of all hostile feeling—nay, more, I began to feel remorse for what I had already done. Had I dreamt of witnessing a spectacle so painful as the one before me, I should never have left the trail. "Jerked bull" for a month, and half rations at that, would have been happiness to what I endured as I listened and looked upon this strange scene. But the mischief was now done. "I have worse than killed her," thought I; "it will be best to despatch her at once, and in this way relieve her of all pain."

Actuated by the principles of a common, but to her fatal, humanity, I rested the butt of my rifle and reloaded. With a guilty look and a faltering hand I raised the piece and fired. My hand was steady enough to do the work. When the smoke floated aside, I could see the little creature bleeding upon the grass, her head resting upon the body of her murdered mate.

I shouldered my rifle and was about to move forward, when to my astonishment I found myself held by the feet, and firmly as if my boots had been screwed in a vice! I made an effort to raise my legs, but could neither raise one nor the other—another effort more violent was equally unsuccessful—a third more desperate, and losing my balance, I fell back with a splash into the water. Half suffocated, I endeavored to recover my upright position. This I easily accomplished, as my knees were already below the surface of sand, and, in fact, now bent with difficulty. On my feet again, what could I do! I was still fast as before. I could neither move forward nor backwards—to the right or left—and I became sensible that I was gradually going down deeper and deeper! Then the fearful truth flashed upon me—I was sinking in a quicksand!

A feeling of horror ran through me. I renewed my efforts with the energy of desperation. I bent to one side, then to the other, almost pulling my legs from their sockets, but my feet—I could not move them an inch. The soft, clingy sand, already overtopped my horseskin boots, wedging them around my leg, so that I vainly endeavored to draw them forth; and I could feel that I was still sinking, slowly but surely, as though some horrid monster was leisurely dragging me downward. The very thought was horror, and I cried aloud for help. To whom? There was no one within miles—no living thing. Yes; the neigh of my horse answered me from the hill, mocking my despair.

I bent forward as well as my constrained position would allow, and with phrenzied fingers, commenced tearing up the sand. I could barely touch my feet; the little hollow I was able to scrape out, filled up quickly as it had been formed.

A thought occurred to me. "I will place my rifle between my thighs, horizontally; it may support me for a time." I looked around for the object. I had dropped it in my first efforts to get free. It was beyond my reach—it had disappeared.

The next thought—"Can I throw my body flat, and thus, by constant exertion, prevent myself from sinking deeper?" No; the surface of the water was two feet above that of the sand. In this position I should have been drowned at once! I proved that by bending forward and wresting my hands upon the bottom. The running stream swept my face and shoulders, and I rose again half choked with the water. The last hope had left me; I could think of no other—I made no effort to think. A strange stupor seized upon me—my very thoughts were paralysed. I knew that I was going mad—for a moment I was mad.

After an interval my senses returned. I made an effort to rouse my mind from this paralysis, in order that I might meet my death, which I now felt was certain, like a man. I stood erect; my eyes had sunk to the prairie level, and resting upon the still bleeding victims of my cruelty; my heart smote me at the sight, and I could not help feeling that my fate was a retribution from God. With humbled and penitent thoughts I turned my face to Heaven, almost dreading that some sign of Omnipotent anger would scowl upon me from above. But no; the sun was shining as brightly as ever, and the blue canopy of the world was without a cloud. I gazed upon it, and prayed with an earnestness known to the heart only in similar situations.

As I continued looking up, an object attracted my attention. It was but a speck when my eye first rested upon it, but every moment it grew larger, until against the sky, I distinguished the dark outlines of a huge dark bird—I knew it to be the obscene bird of the plains—the buzzard vulture. Whence had it come!—who knows!—Far beyond the reach of human eye it had seen or scented the slaughtered antelope, and with a broad silent wing, was now descending in spiral gyrations to the feast of death. Presently another, and another, and another, and many others, mottled the deep azure, curving and wheeling silently earthward; and then the foremost swooped down upon the bank, and after gazing around flapped off towards the prey. In a few seconds the surface of the prairie was black with filthy birds, who clambered over the dead animals, and beat their broad wings against each other, and tore out the tongues and eyes with their ferid beaks. And now came gaunt and hungry wolves—the white and coyote—stealing from cactus thickets, and loping, cowardlike, over the green swells of the prairie; these drove away the vultures, and dragged forth the entrails with the quickness of thought, and growled, and snarled, and snapped voraciously at each other, and licked the blood-clotted jaws with looks of guilty enjoyment.

"Thank heaven! I shall at least be saved from this." I was soon relieved from the sight of it; my eyes had sunk below the level of the bank, and I had looked my last upon the fair, green earth; I could see only the white gypsum walls that contained the river, and the water that ran heedlessly between them. Again I fixed my gaze upon the sky, and with prayerful heart endeavored to resign myself to my fate. In spite of my endeavors, the memory of earthly pleasures, and friends and home, would come stealing upon me, causing me at intervals to break out into wild paroxysms of grief, and shouting for help, make fresh and fruitless struggles.

During one of these moments my horse again neighed, answering my shouts. A thought struck me; I shall see him before I die. Journeys shared hardships, had made us known to each other; he would come at my call; the lariat was loosely tied, or the soft cactus would break at a single jerk. I lost not a moment to attempt its execution. I raised my voice to its highest pitch, and cried—"Moro! Moro!" A loud neigh was my answer—a neigh of recognition, that came back as quick as an echo. I again shouted—"Proh! Moro! Proh!" I listened with a bounding heart. For a moment there was a silence, only a moment, and then came the hollow sounds of the prancing hoof; at first rapid and irregular, as of a steed struggling and rearing to get free, then another neigh, and after that the stroke of the iron heel in a measured and regular gallop.—Nearer appeared the sounds, nearer and nearer, until the gallant brute bounded out upon the bank, here he halted, and flinging back his tossed mane, uttered another shrill neigh. He was bewildered, and looked on every side, snorting loudly. I knew, that having once seen me, he would not stop until he had pressed his nose against my cheek—his usual custom; and holding up my hand, I once more called out the magic words—"Proh! Moro! Proh!"

Now, for the first time, looking downwards, he perceived my head and shoulders above the waters; and stretching himself, he sprang out into the channel and came towards me.

The next moment I held him by the bridle. There was no time to be lost. I was still going down; and my armpits were fast nearing the surface of the quicksand. Reaching up, I caught the lariat, and passing it under the saddle girths, fastened it in a tight firm knot. I then looped the trailing end, making it secure around my body, and across my ribs. I had left enough of the rope, between the bit-ring and the girths, to enable me to check and guide the animal, in case the drag upon my body should become too painful.

All this while, the dumb brute seemed to comprehend what I was about, as well as the nature of the ground upon which he stood; for, during the operation, he kept lifting his feet and replacing them alternately, without either plunging or rearing.

My arrangements were at length completed; and, with a strange feeling of awe, I gave my horse the signal. Here again the faithful creature bore evidence of the duty he was to perform. Instead of moving off with a start, I felt the rope tighten upon me, slowly and gradually, as if it had been drawn by human hands! I experienced the wild delight to feel that, slowly and gradually, I was moving. The lariat cut painfully, and I checked the

horse for a moment to re-adjust the thong. This was done; and giving the signal a second time, I was drawn from the tenacious element, and felt myself—a feeling I cannot describe—sailing along the water. I sprang to my feet, with a shout of joy. I rushed up to my brave steed, and throwing my arms around his neck, kissed him with as much delight as I would have kissed a beautiful girl. He answered my embrace with a low and singular neighing, that told me I was understood.

I looked for my rifle. Fortunately it had not sunk deeply, and I soon found it. My boots, with my spurs, remained in the quicksand, and doubtless, by this time, have reached the granite formation, to be fossilised and thrown up by some future convulsion. I made no attempt to recover them—being smitten with a wholesome dread of the place where I had left them—but mounting my gallant Moro, I was soon scouring across the prairie in the trail of my *compagnons du voyage*.

I reached camp at sundown, where I was met with wrother looks and such questions as "Did yer kum across the goats?" "Where's yer boots?" "Whether hev ye been huntin or fishin?"

I answered these questions by relating my adventure; and for that night, at least, my horse and self were looked upon as the tallest buffers in that gang. Should the reader ever wander to the Rocky Mountains, he may hear the story—much better told—of that ar feller who wur fetched right out of his boots!

From Howitt's Country "Year Book."

**The Quakers during the American War.**

George Dilwyn was an American, a remarkable preacher among the Quakers. About fifty years ago he came over to this country, on what we have already said is termed a "Religious Visit," and being in Cornwall, when I was there, and at George Fox's in Falmouth—our aged relative still narrates—soon became an object of great attraction, not only from his powerful preaching, but from his extraordinary gift in conversation, which he made singularly interesting from the introduction of curious passages in his own life and experience.

His company was so much sought after, that a general invitation was given, by his hospitable and wealthy entertainer, to all the Friends of the town and neighborhood to come, and hear and see him; and evening by evening, their rooms were crowded by visitors, who sat on seats, side by side, as in a public lecture-room.

Among other things, he related that during the time of the revolutionary war, one of the armies passing through a district in which a great number of Friends resided, food was demanded from the inhabitants, which was given to them. The following day the adverse army came up in pursuit, and stripped them of every kind of provision that remained; and so great was the strait to which they were reduced, that absolute famine was before them. Their sufferings were extreme, as day after day went on, and no prospect of relief was afforded them. Death seemed to stare them in the face, and many a one was ready to despair. The forest around them were in possession of the soldiers, and the game, which otherwise might have yielded them subsistence, was killed or driven away.

After several days of great distress, they retired at night still without hope or prospect of succor. How great, then, was their surprise and cause of thankfulness when, on the following morning, immense herds of wild deer were seen standing around their enclosures, as if driven there for their benefit! From whence they came none could tell, nor the cause of their coming, but they suffered themselves to be taken without any resistance; and thus the whole people were saved, and had great store of provisions laid up for many weeks.

Again, a similar circumstance occurred near the sea shore, when the flying and pursuing armies had stripped the inhabitants, and when, apparently to add to their distress, the wind set in with such unusual violence, and the sea drove the tide so far inland, that the people near the shore were obliged to abandon their houses, and those in the town retreat to their upper rooms. This also being during the night, greatly added to their distress; and, like the others, they were ready to despair. Next morning, however, they found that God had not been unmindful of them; for the tide had brought up with it a most extraordinary shoal of mackerel, so that every place was filled with them, where they remained readily taken, without net or skill or man—a bountiful provision for the wants of the people, till other relief could be obtained.

Another incident he related, which occurred in one of the back settlements, when the Indians had been employed to burn the dwellings of the settlers, and cruelly to murder the people. One of these solitary habitations was in the possession of a Friend's family. They lived in such simplicity, that they had hitherto had no apprehension of danger, and used neither bar nor bolt to their door having no other means of securing their dwelling from intrusion than by drawing in the leather thong by which the wooden latch inside was lifted from without.

The Indians had committed frightful ravages all around burning and murdering without mercy. Every evening brought forth tidings of horror, and every night the unhappy settlers surrounded themselves with such defences as they could muster—even them, for dread, scarcely being able to sleep. The Friend and his family, who had hitherto put no trust in the arm of flesh, but had left all in the keeping of God, believing that man often ran in his own strength to his own injury, had used so little precaution, that they slept without even withdrawing the string, and were as yet uninjured. Alarmed, however at length, by the fears of others and by the dreadful rumors that surrounded them, they yielded to their fears on one particular night, and before retiring to rest, drew in the string, and thus secured themselves as well as they were able. In the dead of the night, the Friend, who

had not been able to sleep, asked his wife if she slept; and she replied that she could not for her mind was uneasy. Upon this, he confessed that the same was his case, and that he believed it would be the safest for him to rise and put out the string of the latch as usual.—On her approving of this, it was done, and the two lay down again; commending themselves to the keeping of God.

This had not occurred above ten minutes, when the distant sound of the war-whoop echoed through the forest, filling every heart with dread, and almost immediately afterward, they counted the footsteps of seven men pass the window of their chamber, which was on the ground floor, and the next moment the door-string was pulled, the latch lifted, and the door opened. A debate of a few minutes took place, the purport of which, as it was spoken in the Indian language, was unintelligible to the inhabitants; but that it was favorable to them was proved by the door being again closed, and the Indians retiring without having crossed the threshold.

The next morning they saw the smoke rising from burning habitations all around them; parents weeping for their children who were carried off, and children lamenting over their parents who had been cruelly slain.

Some years afterward, when peace was restored, and the colonists had occasion to hold conference with the Indians, this Friend was appointed as one for that purpose and speaking in favor of the Indians, he related the above incident; in reply to which an Indian observed, that, by the simple circumstance of putting out the latch string, which proved confidence rather than fear, their lives and their property had been saved; for that he himself was one of the marauding party, and that on finding the door open, it was said—"These people shall live! they will do us no harm, for they put their trust in the GREAT SPIRIT."

During the whole American revolution, indeed, the Indians incited by the whites to kill and scalp the enemy, never molested the Friends as the people of Father Onas, or William Penn, and as the avowed opponents of all violence.—Through the whole war, there were but two instances to the contrary, and they were occasioned by the two Friends themselves. The one was a young man, a tanner, who went to his tan-yard and back daily unmolested, while devastation spread on all sides; but at length thoughtlessly carrying a gun to shoot some birds, the Indians in ambush, believed that he had deserted his principles shot him. The other was a woman, who, when the dwellings of her neighbors were nightly fired, and the people themselves murdered, was impetuously by the officers of a neighboring fort to take refuge there till the danger was over. For some time she refused, and remained unharmed amid general destruction; but, at length, getting in fear, she went one night at the fort, but was so uneasy, that the next morning she quitted it to return to her home. The Indians, however, believed that she too had abandoned her principles, and joined the fighting part of the community, and before she reached home she was shot by them.

**Snake Fascination.**

In Upper Canada it is almost universally believed that snakes possess that power of fascination which has been so often denied them by naturalists. It is asserted by some that snakes occasionally exert their power of fascination upon human beings, and there is no reason to doubt the truth of this. An old Dutch woman, who lives at the Twelve Mile Creek in the Niagara district, sometimes gives a minute account of the manner in which she was charmed by a serpent; and a farmer told me that a similar circumstance once occurred to his daughter. It was on a warm summer day that she was sent to spread wet clothes upon some shrubbery near the house. Her mother conceived that she remained longer than was necessary, and seeing her stand unoccupied at some distance, she called to her several times, but no answer was returned. On approaching, she found her daughter pale, motionless, and fixed in an erect posture. The sweat rolled down her brow, and her hands were clenched convulsively. A large rattlesnake lay on a log opposite the girl, waving his head from side to side, and kept his eye steadfastly upon her. The mother instantly struck him with a stick, and the moment he made off, the girl recovered herself and burst into tears, but was for some time so weak and agitated that she could not walk home.

DIDN'T WANT TO BE MEAN.—In one of the back towns of a neighboring State, where it is the custom for the district school teacher to "board round," the following incident occurred, and is vouched for by the highest authority. A year or two ago an allotment being made in the usual manner for the benefit of the school mistress, it happened that the proportion of one man was just two days and a half. The teacher sat down to dinner on the third day, and was beginning to eat, when the man of the house addressed her as follows:

"Madam, I suppose your boarding time is out when you have eat half a dinner, but as I don't want to be mean about it, you may eat, if you choose, about as much as usual!"—*Burlington Sentinel.*

There is an independent citizen up in Vermont, who spells sheep and oxen thus: *Cheep and Okson.* This is the same individual who in a public meeting remarked: "As for having orthography and other such high branches taught in common schools he went again!"

An editor in the western part of Michigan is in a fix. He dunned a subscriber for the subscription, which he refused to pay and threatened to flog the editor if he stopped his paper.