

# Jeffersonian Republican.

Richard Nugent, Editor

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

(and Publisher)

VOL. I.

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No 31.

## JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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 25 cts. 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; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be 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.

## DELAWARE ACADEMY.

The Trustees of this Institution, have the pleasure of announcing to the public, and particularly to the friends of education, that they have engaged IRA B. NEWMAN, as Superintendent and Principal of their Academy.

The Trustees invite the attention of parents and guardians, who have children to send from home, to this Institution. They are fitting up the building in the first style, and its location from its retired nature is peculiarly favorable for a boarding school. It commands a beautiful view of the Delaware river, near which it is situated, and the surrounding scenery such as the lover of nature will admire—it is easily accessible the Easton and Milford Stages pass it daily, and only 8 miles distant from the latter place, and a more salubrious section of country can nowhere be found! No fears need be entertained that pupils will contract pernicious habits, or be seduced into vicious company—it is removed from all places of resort and those inducements to neglect their studies that are furnished in large towns and villages.

Board can be obtained very low and near the Academy. Mr. Daniel W. Dingman, jr. will take several boarders, his house is very convenient, and students will there be under the immediate care of the Principal, whose reputation, department and guardianship over his pupils, afford the best security for their proper conduct, that the Trustees can give. At parents and guardians demand.

The course of instruction will be thorough adapted to the age of the pupil and the time he designs to spend in literary pursuits. Young men may qualify themselves for entering upon the study of the learned professions or for an advanced stand at College for mercantile pursuits, for teaching or the business of common life, useful will be preferred to ornamental studies, nevertheless so much of the latter attended to as the advanced stages of the pupil's education will admit. The male and female department will be under the immediate superintendence of the Principal, aided by a competent male or female Assistant. Lessons in music will be given to young ladies on the Piano Forte at the boarding house of the principal, by an experienced and accomplished Instructress. Summer Session commences May 4th.

## EXPENSES.

Board for Young Gentleman or Ladies with the Principal, per week, \$1 50  
Pupils from 10 to 15 years of age from \$1 to \$1 25  
Tuition for the Classics, Belles-Lettres, French &c., per quarter, 2 00  
Extra for music, per quarter, 5 00

N. B. A particular course of study will be marked out for those who wish to qualify themselves for Common School Teachers with reference to that object; application made for teachers to the trustees or principal will meet immediate attention.

Lectures on the various subjects of study will be delivered by able speakers, through the course of year.

By order of the Board,  
DANIEL W. DINGMAN, Pres't  
Dingman's Ferry, Pike co., Pa., May 2 1840

## NOTICE.

The Book of Subscription to the Stock of the Upper Lehigh Navigation Company, will be reopened at Stoddardsville, on Wednesday, the 15th day of July ensuing, when subscriptions will be received for the balance of stock which remains yet open. At the same time and place the Stockholders will elect a board of Directors.

Charles Trump,  
John S. Comfort,  
Henry W. Drinker,  
William P. Clark,  
Commissioners

June 16, 1840.

N. B. Proposals will be received at Stoddardsville, on Thursday the 16th day of July ensuing, for doing the work either wholly or in jobs, required by building a lock and inclined plane with the necessary grading, fixtures and machinery for passing rafts descending the Lehigh over the Falls at Stoddardsville. It is expected that the work will be commenced as soon as practicable and be completed with despatch.

## POETRY.

### An August Noon Scene.

BY W. C. BRYANT, N. Y.

The quiet August noon is come;  
A slumberous silence fills the sky,  
The fields are still, the woods are dumb  
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft white clouds, that rest  
Above our vale, a moveless throng;  
The cattle on the mountain's breast  
Enjoy the grateful shadow long,

O, how unlike those merry hours  
In sunny June, when earth laughs out;  
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,  
And woodlands sing and waters shout!

When in the grass, sweet waters talk  
And strains of tiny music swell  
From every moss-cup of the rock,  
From every nameless blossom's bell!

But now a joy too deep for sound,  
A peace no other season knows,  
Hushes the heavens, and wraps the ground—  
The blessing of supreme repose.

Away! I will not be, to day  
The only slave of toil and care;  
Away from desk and desk, away!  
I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,  
Among the plants and breathing things,  
The sinless, peaceful works of God,  
I'll share the calm the season brings.

Come thou in whose soft eyes I see  
The gentle meaning of the heart,  
One day amid the woods with thee,  
From men and all their cares apart.

And where, upon the meadows breast,  
The shadow of the thicket lies,  
The blue wild flowers thou gatherest  
Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.

Come—and when, amid the calm profound;  
I turn, those gentle eyes to seek,  
They, like the lovely landscape round,  
Of innocence and peace shall speak.

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,  
And on the silent valleys gaze,  
Winding and widening till they fade  
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear  
Still as its spire; and yonder flock,  
At rest in those calm fields, appear  
As chiselled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks.  
Where the hushed winds their sabbath keep,  
While a near hum, from bees and brooks,  
Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.

Well might the gazer deem, that when,  
Worn with the struggle and the strife,  
And heart-sick at the sons of men,  
The good forsake the scenes of life.

Like the deep quiet, that awhile  
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,  
Shall be the peace whose holy smile  
Welcomes them to a happier shore.

The following was written some two centuries and a half since, by Robert Southwell, an English Jesuit. It belongs to what may be called philosophic poetry, and, to us, appears to possess high merit. Smoother versification we have never seen.

### Times go by Turns.

"The lopped tree in time may grow again,  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;  
The sorriest wight may find relief from pain,  
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower.  
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

"The sea of fortune does not ever flow,  
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;  
Her tides have equal times to come and go,  
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.  
No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

"Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,  
No endless night, nor yet eternal day;  
The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
The roughest storm a calm may soon ally;  
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

"A chance may win that by mischance was lost;  
That net that hold's no great, takes little fish:  
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd,  
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.  
Unmingled joys here to man befall,  
Who least hath some, who most hath never all."

One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to woman insinuation and persuasion, in order to be surly; it did not make them weak, in order to be imperious; it did not give them a sweet voice to be employed in scolding.

## Frontier Sketches.

(CONTINUED.)

We left the fort about the last of March, accompanied by my uncle and his son, about twelve years old, and one Peter Pence. We had been on our farms about four or five days, when on the morning of the 30th of March we were surprised by a party of ten Indians. My father was lunged through with a war-spear, his throat was cut and he was scalped, while my brother was tomahawked, scalped, and thrown into the fire before my eyes. While I was struggling with a warrior, the fellow who had killed my father drew his spear from his body and made a violent thrust at me. I shrunk from the spear, and the savage who had hold of me turned it with his hand so that it only penetrated my vest and shirt. They were then satisfied with taking me prisoner, as they had the same morning taken my uncle's little son and Pence, though they killed my uncle. The same party, before they reached us, had touched on the lower settlements of Wyoming, and killed a Mr. Upson, and took a boy prisoner of the name of Rogers. We were now marched off up Fishing Creek, and in the afternoon of the same day we came to Huntington, where the Indians found four white men at a sugar camp, who fortunately discovered the Indians and fled to a house; the Indians only fired on them and wounded a Capt. Ransom, when they continued their course till night. Having encamped and made their fire, we, the prisoners, were tied and well secured, five Indians lying on one side of us and five on the other; in the morning they pursued their course, and leaving the waters of Fishing Creek, touched the head waters of Hemlock Creek, where they found one Abraham Pike, his wife and child. Pike was made prisoner, but his wife and child they painted and told *Joggo, squaw*, go home. They continued their course that day, and encamped the same night in the same manner as the previous. It came into my mind that sometimes individuals performed wonderful actions, and surmounted the greatest dangers. I then decided these fellows must die; and thought of the plan to despatch them. The next day I had an opportunity to communicate my plan to my fellow-prisoners; they treated it as a visionary scheme for three men to attempt to despatch ten Indians. I spread before them the advantages that three men would have over ten when asleep; and that we would be the first prisoners that would be taken into their towns and villages after our army had destroyed their corn, that we should be tied to the stake and suffer a cruel death; we had now an inch of ground to fight on, and if we failed it would only be death, and we might as well die one way as another. That day passed away, and having encamped for the night, we lay as before. In the morning we came to the river, and saw their canoes; they had descended the river and run their canoes up into Little Tunkhannock Creek, so called; they crossed the river and set their canoes adrift. I renewed my suggestions to my companions to despatch them that night, and urged that they must decide the question. They agreed to make the trial; but how shall we do it was the question. Disarm them and each take a tomahawk and come to close work at once. There are three of us: plant our blows with judgment and three times three will make nine, and the tenth one we can kill at our leisure. They agreed to disarm them, and after that one take possession of the guns and fire at the one side of the fur, and the other two take tomahawks on the other side and despatch them. I observed that would be a very uncertain way; the first shot fired would give the alarm; they would discover it to be the prisoners, and might defeat us. I had to yield to their plan. Peter Pence was chosen to fire the guns, Pike and myself to tomahawk; we cut and carried plenty of wood to give them a good fire; the prisoners were tied and laid in their places; after I was laid down, one of them had occasion to use his knife; he dropped it at my feet; I turned my foot over it and concealed it; they lay down and fell asleep. About midnight I got up and found them in sound sleep. I slipped to Pence, who rose; I cut him loose, and handed him the knife; he did the same for me, and I in turn took the knife and cut Pike loose; in a minute's time we disarmed them. Pence took his station at the guns. Pike and myself with our tomahawks took our stations; I was to tomahawk three on the right wing, and Pike two on the left. That moment Pike's two awoke, and were getting up; here Pike proved a coward, and laid down. It was a critical moment. I saw there was no time to be lost; their heads turned up fair; I despatched them in a moment, and turned to my lot as per agreement, and as I was about to despatch the last on my side of the fire, Pence he shot, and did good execution; there was only one at the off wing that his ball did not reach; his name was Mohawke, a stout, bold, daring fellow. In the alarm he jumped off about three rods from the fire; he saw it was the prisoners that made the attack, and giving the warwhoop, he darted to take possession of the guns; I was as quick to prevent him: the contest was then between him and myself. As I raised my tomahawk,

he turned quick to jump from me; I followed him and struck at him, but missing his head, my tomahawk struck in his shoulder, or rather the back of his neck; he pitched forward and fell; at the same time my foot slipped, and I fell by his side; we clinched; his arm was naked; he caught me around my neck, at the same time I caught him with my left arm around the body, and gave him a close hug, at the same time feeling for his knife, but could not reach it.

In our scuffle my tomahawk dropped out. My head was under the wounded shoulder, and almost suffocated me with his blood. I made a violent spring, and broke from his hold; we both rose at the same time, and he ran; it took me some time to clear the blood from my eyes; my tomahawk got covered up and I could not find it in time to overtake him; he was the only one of the party that escaped. Pike was powerless. I always have had a reverence for Christian devotion. Pike was trying to pray, and Pence swearing at him, charging him with cowardice, and saying it was no time to pray—he ought to fight; we were masters of the ground, and in possession of all their guns, blankets, match coats, &c. I then turned my attention to scalping them, and recovering the scalps of my father, brother, and others, I strung them all on my belt for safe keeping. We kept our ground till morning, and built a raft, it being near the bank of the river where they had encamped, about fifteen miles below Tioga Point; we got all our plunder on it, and set sail for Wyoming, the nearest settlement. Our raft gave way, when we made for land, but we lost considerable property, though we saved our guns and ammunition, and took to land; we reached Wylusing late in the afternoon. Came to the narrows; discovered a smoke below, and a raft laying at the shore, by which we were certain that a party of Indians had passed us in the course of the day, and had halted for the night. There was no alternative for us but to rout them or go over the mountain; the snow on the north side of the hill was deep; we knew from the appearance of the raft that the party must be small; we had two rifles each; my only fear was of Pike's cowardice. To know the worst of it we agreed that I should ascertain their number and give the signal for the attack; I crept down the side of the hill, so near as to see their fires and packs, but saw no Indians. I concluded they had gone hunting for meat, and that this was a good opportunity for us to make off with their raft to the opposite side of the river. I gave the signal; they came and threw their packs on the raft, which was made of small, dry pine timber; with poles and paddles we drove her briskly across the river, and had got nearly out of reach of shot, when two of them came in; they fired, their shots did not injure; we soon got under cover of an island, and went several miles; we had waded deep creeks through the day, the night was cold; we landed on an island and found a sink hole in which we made our fire; after warming we were alarmed by a cracking in the crust; Pike supposed the Indians had got on to the island, and was for calling for quarters; to keep him quiet we threatened him with his life; the stepping grew plainer, and seemed coming directly to the fire; I kept watch, & soon a noble raccoon came under the light. I shot the raccoon, when Pike jumped up and called out, "Quarters, gentlemen; quarters, gentlemen." I took my game by the leg and threw it down to the fire; "Here, you cowardly rascal," I cried, "skin that and give us a roast for supper. The next night we reached Wyoming, and there was much joy to see us; we rested one day, it being not safe to go to Northumberland by land, we procured a canoe, and with Pence and my little son, we descended the river by night; we came to Fort Jenkins before day, where I found Col. Kelly and about one hundred men encamped out of the fort; he came across from the west branch by the head of Chilesquaka to Fishing Creek, the end of the Knob Mountain, so called at that day, where my father and brother were killed; he had buried my father and uncle; my brother was burnt, a small part of him only was to be found. Col. Kelly informed me that my mother and her children were in the fort, and it was thought that I was killed likewise. Col. Kelly went into the fort to prepare her mind to see me; I took off my belt of scalps and handed them to an officer to keep. Human nature was not sufficient to stand the interview. She had just lost a husband and a son, and one had returned to take her by the hand, and one, too, that she supposed was killed.

The day after I went to Sunbury, where I was received with joy; my scalps were exhibited, the cannon were fired, &c. Before my return a commission had been sent me as ensign of a company to be commanded by Capt. Thomas Robinson; this was, as I understood, a part of the quota which Pennsylvania had to raise for the continental line. One Jos. Alexander was commissioned as lieutenant, but did not accept his commission. The summer of 1780 was spent in the recruiting service; our company was organized, and was retained for the defence of the frontier service. In February, 1781, I was promoted to a lieutenancy, and entered upon the active duty of an officer by heading scouts, and as Capt. Robinson was no woodsman nor marksman, he preferred that I should encounter the danger and head the scouts; we kept up a constant chain of scouts around the frontier settlements, from the north to the west branch of the Susquehanna, by the way of the head waters of Little Fishing Creek, Chillisquaka, and Muncy, &c. In the spring of 1781 we built a fort on the widow McClure's plantation, called McClure's fort, where our provisions were stored. In the summer of 1781 a man was taken prisoner in Buffalo Valley, but made his escape; he came in and reported there were about three hundred Indians on Sinnemahoning, hunting and laying in a store of provisions, and would make a descent on the frontiers; that they would divide into small parties, and attack the whole chain of the frontiers at the same time on the same day. Col. Samuel Hunter selected a company of five to reconnoitre, viz. Capt. Campbell, Peter and Michael Groves, Lieut. Cramer, and myself; the party was called the Grove Party. We carried with us three weeks' provisions, and proceeded up the west branch with much caution and care; we reached the Sinnemahoning, but made no discovery except old tracks; we marched up the Sinnemahoning so far that we were satisfied it was a false report. We returned, and a little below the Sinnemahoning, near night, we discovered a smoke; we were confident it was a party of Indians, which we must have passed by or they got there some other way; we discovered there was a large party, how many we could not tell, but prepared for the attack. As soon as it was dark we new primed our rifles, sharpened our flints, examined our tomahawk handles, and all being ready, we waited with great impatience, and till they all lay down; the time came, and with the utmost silence we advanced, trailed our rifles in one hand and the tomahawk in the other. The night was warm; we found some of them rolled in their blankets a rod or two from their fires. Having got amongst them, we first handled our tomahawks; they rose like a dark cloud; we now fired our shots, and raised the war-yell; they took to flight in the utmost confusion, but few taking time to pick up their rifles. We remained masters of the ground and all their plunder, and took several scalps. It was a party of twenty-five or thirty, which had been as low down as Penn's Creek, and had killed and scalped two or three families; we found several scalps of different ages which they had taken, and a large quantity of domestic cloth, which we carried to Northumberland and gave to the distressed who had escaped the tomahawk and knife. In December '81, our company was ordered to Lancaster; we descended the river in boats to Middletown, where our orders were counteracted, and we were ordered to Reading, Berks county, where we were joined by a part of the third and fifth Pennsylvania regiments, and a company of the Congress regiment. We took charge of the Hessians taken prisoners with Gen. Burgoyne.

(Conclusion next week.)

A REAL FREAK OF FORTUNE.—"Two days ago, says the Audience, a country girl, who had spent all her money at a lottery of handkerchiefs, collars, and others articles, on a public promenade at Versailles, offered her umbrella to the keeper of the stall, as security for some more tickets. The man refused to comply with her request, but told her that if she would allow him to cut off her hair, he would give her, in exchange for it, twenty tickets. The poor girl, in the hope of redeeming her fortune, consented, and in a minute the scissors of the despoiler had deprived her of this ornament of her sex. The girl played on until nineteen of her tickets came up blanks. The twentieth was a prize. On opening the paper, the lottery keeper read it aloud to the persons were crowding around him, and who were convulsed with laughter—it was a comb.—Paris Paper.

INSTABILITY OF FORTUNE.—The deputy marshal who is taking the census of Cincinnati, says in his report of the fifth ward:

"In this ward I found two instances of the instability of fortune. In destitute circumstances, dependent for the bread of the day on the labors of the day, were two women, one a grand daughter of a distinguished Governor of Massachusetts and the other a cousin of a late Governor of New Jersey, hardly less honored. Here were women brought up in habits of ease, with servants around them in early life to perform those labors for them which they are now doing for others.—How many scenes are furnished daily to my observation, for many who cannot profit by it, which would teach impressively not only resignation and contentment, but absolute gratitude under the contrast of our condition with that of others."

Lending a newspaper.—"Will you lend father your newspaper? he only wants to read it."

"Yes, my boy; and ask him to lend me his dinner; I only want to eat it."

"This is a sweeping catastrophe," as the man said when his wife knocked him down with a broomstick.