

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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The Sabbath Bell.

Low sweetly through the lengthened dell,
When wintry airs are mild and clear,
Boats chiming up the Sabbath bell,
In softened echoes to the ear!
"Come, gentle neighbours, come away,—"
So doth the welcome summons say;
"Come, friends and kindred, 'tis the time,—"
So seems to peal the Sabbath chime.
One are the week's debasing cares,
And worldly ways, and worldly will;
And earth itself an aspect wears
Like heaven, so bright, so calm and still!
Hark, how, by turns, each mellow note;
Now low, now louder, seems to float,
And falling, with the wind's decay,
Like softest music, dies away!
"And now," it says, "where Heaven resorts,
Come, with a meek and quiet mind;
O, worship in these earthly courts,
But leave your earth—born thoughts behind."
Come, neighbours, while the sabbath bell
Peals slowly up the winding dell,—
Come, friends and kindred, let us share
The pure and holy rapture there!

The celebrated German dancer, *Fanny Elser*, arrived at Charleston on the 14th ultimo; her engagement there, is to perform four nights each week for four weeks, at \$1000 per night. This is something better than 'going it' for eels.

Pleasant.—VERY!—The Michigan Whigs, hling from Lenawee Co. in that State, says: "Te snow is already above the tops of the houses! Mercy on us, what a time!—landlords getting rin, and printers starving to death! Oh! dear, were just gone!"

High Life.—A fashionable lady ob color, dvn East, who gave a party the other evening, received the following reply from one of the gentlemen, to a note of invitation:—

"Dinah—owing to the woolfrous oder, which d circumstance is likely to create, you will deuse any extendance ob dis nigger!"

Pretty Fair.—An Ohio editor, in recording to career of a mad dog, says—"We are geved to say that the rabid animal, before it could be killed, seriously bit Dr. Haag and several other dogs."

Marriage Lottery.

A bachelor in Norfolk, Virginia, who has ot the courage to propose himself to the ladies, publishes in the Beacon the following scheme. It is an old French method of raising the wind:

Brilliant Scheme.—I propose myself as a prize in a lottery to be called the "Old Dominion Marriage Lottery," to be drawn in the usual way. The tickets to be of various prices, in the following order:—Young ladies of 18 to pay the smallest price, those of 20 higher, widow ladies much higher than young ladies of 25, and "old maids"—I must here make a digression—by old maids I mean those young ladies who have felt the glow of fifty summers—they will have to pay much higher than the widows.

When \$50,000 are raised, the lottery will be drawn, and the lucky holder of the lucky ticket is to marry my own lucky self, the prize! If, after seeing me, she should be unwilling to enter the hymeneal state, she can annul the contract, by dividing the sum between us.

Is not this a glorious scheme! what can be more rational ladies? Can any objection be raised against it? None whatever. I trust ken you will all, ladies enter into this "Brilliant Scheme" without delay.

All communications will be thankfully attended to, left at the Post Office, and directed to

Your sincere friend and humble servant,
SINCERITAS.
Norfolk, Dec. 17th, 1840.

Historical Notes.

(Continued from our last.)

In the course of the difficulties which prevailed between the red and white men, about the occupation of the lands in the "Forks," it appears by a petition presented to the Assembly from a man named Henry Webb, that "without any provocation by him given, he had lately been very much abused and wounded by the Indians, whereby he has suffered greatly, and by the expense of his illness and loss of time, is reduced to extreme poverty." Ten pounds were granted for his relief.—At this treaty, in reply to a demand made by Governor Thomas for satisfaction Canassatego said, "that the Six Nations had made diligent inquiry into the affair, and had found out the Indian, who broke Webb's jawbone. He lived near Esopus, and had been examined, and severely reproved and they hoped, as Webb had recovered, the Governor would not press for any further punishment." The provincial authorities having been so successful in obtaining their ends, in regard to the disputed lands did not persist in their demands, but let the matter drop.

It is now nearly a century, since the Delawares abandoned their rights to the country, from which they were compelled to remove by the arbitrary commands of power, though many families still remained on portions of tracts unsettled or unsurveyed—others would occasionally come from their new homes, to revisit the scenes of their youth, and observe with melancholy interest the changes which were occurring in the land of their fathers—this practice was continued until the revolutionary war and within the recollection of several persons still living in this vicinity—there exist but few remains of the aborigines at this day—the most distinct is probably a burial ground on the high lands directly opposite the lower part of "Shawnee Island"—it is now covered with trees of a vigorous growth, though the mounds and cavities may still be traced. The site of the present town of Easton was occupied for several years by Indians after the treaty of 1742, probably owing to the circumstance, that the land in its vicinity was not immediately offered for sale by the Penns, who were well aware of its eligible situation for a town, and thought, it more advantageous to their interests, to have the country around settled, before bringing it into the market. It was here, that the celebrated missionary David Brainerd took up his abode, for the purpose of preaching the gospel among the heathen.—A beautiful account of his self-devotion, his religious zeal, his untiring patience under difficulties arising from his wretched health, and the slight success, which attended his first efforts, in converting the Indians to Christianity, may be gathered from his published "journal of the rise and progress of a remarkable work of grace among a number of Indians in Pennsylvania."

He was in the 26th year of his age, when he set out on horseback from his native place Haddam, Connecticut, to the then savage wilds of the "Forks." The first Sabbath of his journey was spent among some German and Irish people, about 12 miles from his place of destination. He was for some time almost discouraged at the prospect, of conversion, and says, that "midnight itself was not so dark." I give an extract from his journal, from which we may see, the temper of the people, to whom he hoped to be a messenger of salvation, and the mode of reasoning employed by them, to reject his labours.

May 10th, 1744—"I met with a number of Indians at Minisinks—I spent some time with them, and first addressed their chief in a friendly manner, expressing my desire to instruct them in Christianity—at which he laughed, turned his back upon me, and went away—after some time I followed him into a house and renewed my discourse—but he declined talking and left the affair to another, who appeared to be a rational man. He began and talked very warmly for a quarter of an hour, and enquired, why I desired the Indians to be christians seeing, the Christians were so much worse than the Indians in their present state—the Christians would both lie, and steal and drink worse than the Indians. It was they, first taught the Indians to drink and they stole from one another to that degree, that their rulers were obliged to hang them for it: that was not sufficient to deter them from the practice—but the Indians he added were none of them ever hanged for stealing, and yet they did not steal half so much, and he supposed if the Indians should become Christians, they would then be about as bad as these—and thereupon he said, they would live as their fathers lived, and go where their fathers were, when they died. I then joined with them, in condemning the ill conduct of some who are called Christians, told him, they were not Christians in heart, that I hated such wicked practices, and did not desire the Indians to become such as these—and when he appeared calmer, I asked him if he was willing I should come and see them again—he replied, he should be willing to see me again as a friend, if I would not desire them to become Christians—I then bade them

farewell and prosecuted my journey to "Sauhauwong (within the Forks of Delaware)."

He mentions frequently, that most of the Indians who formerly lived here are dispersed and have removed to places further back in the country—at Kawksesauking 30 miles west of the "Forks," he was suspected by some, of intending mischief to them as they asserted the whites had abused and defrauded them of their lands. Among the greatest difficulties in his way, was the slavish fear in which the Indians, held their *Powows*, who kept them in subjection, by means of their wild and barbarous superstitions. Brainerd openly defied these men, telling them to do their worst to injure him—then he showed the Indians, that though he had challenged and provoked these great Sorcerers, they had not power to harm a hair of his head—but their credulity was not to be overcome. Heckewelder tells us, he saw a public experiment made upon a friend, who in like manner defied their enchanters, after trying all kinds of incantations to work upon his fears, but without success, the *Powows* declared, that their charms had not the usual effect upon him because he eat so much salt with his meat—and the implicit faith of the tribe was not shaken.

Brainerd made several journeys to the Susquehanna, encamping at night in the woods and suffering the greatest hardships. Notwithstanding his zeal and perseverance, nearly a year elapsed, before any indication appeared, that success would attend his efforts. I give some extracts from his "journal."

July 14th 1745. Lords Day—Discoursed to the Indians here—several of whom appeared concerned, so that they were much of the whole time of dinner service—afterwards discoursed to a number of the white people then present.

July 21st.—Preached to the Indians first, then to a number of white people present, and in the afternoon to the Indians again. Divine truth seemed to make very considerable impression upon several of them, and caused their tears to flow freely—afterwards I baptized my interpreter and his wife, who were the first I baptized among the Indians—when I first employed him in the beginning of the summer of '44, he was well fitted for his work in regard to his acquaintance with the Delaware and English language, as well as with the manners of both nations, but seemed to have little or no impression of religion upon his mind, and in that respect, was very unfit. He indeed behaved soberly after I employed him (although before, he had been a hard drinker.) His name is Moses †Tatamy, is about 50 years of age, and I trust will, yet be a blessing to the other Indians.

February 19th 1746. I preached to an assembly of †Irish people, near 15 miles distant from my residence. February 20th—Preached to a small assembly of High Dutch, who had seldom heard the Gospel preached, and were (some of them at least) very ignorant. They requested me to tarry with them or to come again to preach to them. Feb. 29th—Preached to a number of people, many of them, Low Dutch—several of the before-mentioned Germans attended the service though 8 or 10 miles distant from their houses.

He found it extremely difficult to bring the Indians to any right understanding of the doctrines he endeavored to teach; they had their own religious ideas, believing in the Great Spirit, and a future state of rewards and punishments—beyond their rude conceptions of these things they could hardly be made to go. It was next to impossible to bring them to any rational conviction, that they were sinners by nature, and that their hearts were corrupt and sinful: they could not conceive of being a sinner, without having done wrong. It was extremely difficult to give them any just notion of the undertaking of Christ in behalf of sinners—of his suffering and dying in their room and stead, in order to atone for their sins, and of their being justified by his righteousness imparted to them, they could not conceive, why God might not forgive, nor if all deserved to suffer, what justice there was in one suffering for the whole—many other questions were proposed to him, to which he found it hard to make any satisfactory reply—Such for example as this. How the Indians came to be dark colored, if they descended from the same parents with the white men—and how it happened, that supposing all to have come from one place, the Indians only should have removed to this country, and all the white men remained behind. The manners of the Indians also presented a serious obstacle to a missionary educated in the refinements of civilized life. To go and talk with them, in their houses filled as they were with smoke and cinders, and disgusting with all manner of filth, gave him sick head-aches and other disorders. The children would cry at pleasure when he was speaking, and their mothers would take no pains to quiet them. Some would be playing with their dogs, others attending to some household business, without the least regard to him;

*Now Sateon township.
†Tat's Gap on the Blue Mountain derives its name from Moses Tatamy, who in the hunting season, occupied a cabin on the south side.
‡The trail settlement now Allen township.

and this not out of disrespect, but only because they had never been trained to better manners. These things often oppressed him so much, that he gave over in despair, believing that it would not be possible for him, ever to address the Indians again. Such were a few of the difficulties he had to encounter, and these were increased a thousand fold by the agency of *white-men*—not only by the infamy which their frauds and extortions associated with the name of Christians in the minds of the Indians, but by the direct resistance which they offered to elevating a race, whom they considered as their prey. So it has always been, on the frontiers, with the whites—all that is vile in them, is brought out in bold relief, and they are apt to be strangers to common humanity and shame.

He gives a minute account of his difficulties and discouragements which it is necessary to know, in order to do justice to his strength of heart. The Indians were a spiritless and vacant race, except when under the influence of some strong excitement, at such times, they thought and acted with energy and decision, while at others, they were wholly destitute of animation. In addition to his preaching, which did little more than call their attention to the subject, he was obliged to catechise and converse with them day after day. He was expected to arrange all their difficulties, to provide for their wants and to attend to their affairs of every description. It may easily be conceived, that while he was compelled to bear this burden, and at the same time to ride 4000 miles a year, for the necessary purpose of his mission, his duties were quite as extensive as one man can be expected to do. His declining health compelled him in April 1747, to leave the Forks of Delaware and return to New England, where he died October 9th of the same year. The principal building of La Fayette College at Easton is called "Brainerd Hall," after this devoted servant of God.

A Chapter for Young Husbands.

Walking the other day with a valued friend who had been confined a week or two by sickness to his room, he remarked that a husband might learn a good lesson by being confined occasionally to his house, by having in this way an opportunity of witnessing the cares and never ending toils of his wife, whose burthen, and duties, and patient endurance he might never otherwise have understood. There is a great deal in this thought—perhaps enough for an "editorial." Men, especially young men, are called by their business during the day mostly away from home, returning only at the hours for meals; and as they then see nearly the same routine of duty, they begin to think it is their own lot to perform all the drudgery, and to be exercised with all the weight and care of responsibility. But such a man has got a very wrong view of the case; he needs an opportunity for more extended observation, and it is perhaps for this very reason that a kind Providence arrests him by sickness, that he may learn in pain what he would fail to observe in health. We have seen recently a good many things said in the papers to wives, especially to young wives, exposing their faults, perhaps magnifying them, and expounding to them in one of the kindest terms, their duty and the offices pertaining to a woman's sphere. Now, we believe that wives, as a whole, are really better than they are generally admitted to be. We doubt if there can be found a large number of wives who are disagreeable and negligent, without some palpable coldness or short coming on the part of their husbands. So far as we have had an opportunity for observation, they are far more devoted and faithful than those who style themselves their lords, and who, by the customs of society, have other and generally more pleasant and varied duties to perform. We protest, then against these lectures so often, and so obtrusively addressed to the ladies, and insist upon it that they must—most of them—have been written by some busy bachelors who knew no better, or by some inconsiderate husbands who deserve to have been old bachelors to the end of their lives. But is there nothing to be said on the other side? Are husbands so generally the perfect, amiable, injured beings, they are so often represented? Men sometimes declare that their wives' extravagances have picked their pockets; that their never ceasing tongues have robbed them of their peace, and their general disagreeableness has driven them to the tavern and gaming table; but this is generally the wicked excuse for a most wicked life on their own part. The fact is, men often lose their interest in their homes by their own neglect to make their homes interesting and pleasant. It should never be forgotten that the wife has her rights—as sacred after marriage as before—and a good husband's devotion to the wife after marriage will concede to her quite as much attention as his gallantry did while a lover. If it is otherwise, he most generally is at fault.

Take a few examples. Before marriage a young man would feel some delicacy about accepting an invitation to spend an evening in company where his lady love had not been invited. After marriage is he always as particular? During his days of courtship his gallantry

would demand that he should make himself agreeable to her; after marriage it often happens that he thinks more of being agreeable to himself. How often it happens that married men, after having been away from home the livelong day, during which the wife has toiled at her duties, go at evening again to some place of amusement, and leave her to toil on alone, uncheered and unhappy. How often it happens that her kindest offices pass unobserved, and unrewarded even by a smile, and her best efforts are condemned by the fault-finding husband. How often it happens, even when the evening is spent at home, that it is employed in silent reading, or some other way that does not recognize the wife's right to share in the enjoyments even of the fireside.

Look ye husbands, a moment, and remember what your wife was when you took her, not from compulsion but from your own choice; a choice based, probably, on what you then consider her superiority to all others. She was young—perhaps the idol of a happy home; she was gay and blithe as a lark, and the brothers and sisters at her father's fireside cherished her as an object of endearment. Yet she left all to join her destiny with yours; to make your home happy, and to do all that woman's love could prompt, and woman's ingenuity could devise to meet your wishes and lighten the burdens which might press upon you in your pilgrimage. She, of course, had her expectations too. She could not entertain feelings which promised so much, without forming some idea of reciprocation on your part, and she did expect you would after marriage perform those kind offices of which you were so lavish in the days of betrothment. She became your wife! left her own home for yours—burst asunder, as it were, the bands of love which had bound her to her father's fireside, and sought no other boon than your affections; left, it may be, the ease and delicacy of a home of indulgence—and now, what must be her feelings if she gradually awakes to the consciousness that you love her less than before; that your evenings are spent abroad, that you only come home at all to satisfy the demands of your hunger, and to find a resting place for your head when weary, or a nurse for your sick chamber when diseased!

Why did she leave the bright hearth of her youthful days? Why did you ask her to give up the enjoyment of a happy home? was it simply to darn your stockings, mend your clothes, take care of your children, and watch over your sick bed? was it simply to conduce to your own comfort? Or was there some understanding that she was to be made happy in her connection with the man she had dared to love.

Nor is it a sufficient answer that you reply that you give her a home; that you feed and clothe her. You do this for your help; you would do it for an indifferent housekeeper. She is your wife, and unless you attend to her wants, and in some way answer the reasonable expectations you raised by your attentions before marriage you need not wonder if she be dejected, and her heart sink into insensibility; but if this be so, think well who is the cause of it. We repeat it, very few women make indifferent wives, whose feelings have not met with some outward shock by the indifference or thoughtlessness of their husbands. It is our candid opinion that in a large majority of the instances of domestic misery the man is the aggressor.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

Singular Remedy.—We find in a French Journal the account of the cure of a case of Hydrophobia by a large quantity of vinegar administered to the patient by mistake. Count Leosian, a physician of Padue, hearing of the case, exhibited the same remedy in a very violent case, and succeeded in effecting a perfect cure.

Rather Severe.—A young buck of the soap-lock order, who wore an unshaven face, because, as he said it looked 'foreign,' lately accosted a Yankee at one of our hotels, as follows:

"I say, fellow, some individuals think I am a Frenchman, and some take me for an Elalyene; now, what do you think that I am?"
"I think you are a darned fool," replied Jonathan.

An English paper says that in the reign of Charles I., the Mayor of Norwich actually sent a man to prison for saying that the Prince of Wales was born without a shirt to his back.

Tight Lacing.—We once saw a lady laced so tight that, while stooping to pick up a pin her stays gave way and she turned three quarters in consequence.

Small Bills.—A man in New Jersey named Bills, has been presented by his wife with three little Bills.

A Distinction.—A friend overtaking Shuter one day in the street, said to him, "Why, Ned, are you not ashamed to walk the streets with twenty holes in your stockings? why dont you get them mended?" "I am above it," replied Ned, "for a hole is the accident of the day, but a darn is premeditated poverty."