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

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POETRY.

To the One I Love.

Oh, lady! when clouds shroud the sky,
And tempests sweep the mountain crest,
The lordly eagle stoops on high,
And seeks the shelter of his nest;
And I, when storms distract my rest,
And cherished hopes are shivering low,
Will seek the shelter of thy breast,
And in thy smile forget my woe.
When summer scenes are round me spread,
And the glad sky is blue above,
I may, by high ambition led,
Forget my fealty and thy love,
But when my dreams are wan and sear,
And winter howls around my heart,
Thy voice alone my soul can cheer,
And bid despair's vile pack depart.
As springtide's sun breaks winter's gloom,
And decks the earth in leaf and flower,
So doth my mind with promise bloom
Beneath the sunshine of thy power.
Thy hand can smooth those ills which wring
Sweat from my brow and claim its pain,
And round wild passion's wayward wing
Thy love can weave a silken chain.
'Tis midnight—but mysterious sleep
Has flung no shadow on my eyes,
And I alone heed the loud sweep
Of winds which rush in madness by.
I've cast my much loved books away,
That I may dream of love and thee—
And as fond visions round me play,
I feel how dear thou art to me.
I lately thought that Fame alone
Should wing from me the pledge of love,
And that her soft and syren tone
Should only o'er my heart strings move.
But now I love thee more than Fame,—
And the fond glance of thy dark eye
I deem far dearer than a name,
Emblazoned on ambition's sky.

[Louisville Journal.]

ADDRESS

On the Present Condition and Prospects of the
Aboriginal Inhabitants of North America, with
particular reference to the Seneca nation. By
M. B. Pierce, a Chief of the Seneca nation,
and a member of Dartmouth College.

The condition and circumstances of the race of people of whom I am by blood one, and in the well being of whom I am, by the ties of kindred and the common feelings of humanity, deeply interested, sufficiently apologise, and tell the reason for my seeking this occasion of appearing before this audience, in this city. Not only the eyes and attention of you, our neighbours—but also of the councils of this great nation are turned upon us. We are expected to do, or to refuse to do, what the councils of this nation, and many private men are now asking of us—what many favor and advocate—yet also what many discountenance and condemn.

My relation to my kindred people being as you are aware it is, I have thought it not improper—rather that it was highly proper—that I should appear before you in my own person and character, in behalf of my people and myself, to present some facts, and views, and reasons, which must necessarily have a material bearing upon our decisions and doings at the present juncture of our affairs.

Hitherto our cause has been advocated almost exclusively, though ably and humanely, by the friends of human right and human weal, belonging by nature to a different, and by circumstances and education to a superior, race of men. The ability and humanity of its advocates, however, does not do away the expediency, nor even the necessity, of those of us who can stand forth with our own pen and voices, in behalf of that same right and that same weal as connected with ourselves, which have been and now are, by a powerful and perhaps fatal agency, almost fatally jeopardized.

It has been said and reiterated so frequently as to have obtained the familiarity of household words, that it is the doom of the Indian to disappear—to vanish like the morning dew—before the advance of civilization; and melancholy is it to us—those doomed ones—that the history of this country, in respect to us and its civilization, has furnished so much ground for the saying, and for giving credence to it.

But whence and why are we thus doomed? Why must we be crushed by the arm of civilization, or the requiem of our race be chanted

by the waves of the Pacific, which is destined to engulf us?

It has been so long and so often said as to have gained general credence, that our natural constitution is such as to render us incapable of apprehending, and incompetent to practise, upon those principles from which result the characteristic qualities of Christian civilization; and so, by a necessary consequence, under the sanction of acknowledged principles of moral law, we must yield ourselves sacrifices, doomed by the constitution which the Almighty has made for us, to that other race of human beings, whom the same Almighty has endowed with a more noble and more worthy constitution.

These are the premises: these the arguments: these the conclusions; and if they are true and just and legitimate, in the language of the poet, we must say

"God of the just—thou gavest the bitter cup,
We bow to thy behest, and drink it up."

But are they true, and just and legitimate? Do we, as a people, lack the capacity of apprehending and appreciating any of the principles which form the basis of Christian civilization? Do we lack the competency of practising upon those principles in any or all their varieties of application?

A general reference to facts as they are recorded in the history of the former days of our existence, and as they now are transpiring before the eyes of the whole enlightened world, give an answer which should ever stifle the question, and redeem us from the stigma.

Before citing particular exemplifications of the truth of this, I will allude to one question which is triumphantly asked by those who adopt the doctrine of the untameable nature of the Indian, viz: Why have not the Indians become civilized and Christianized as a consequence of their intercourse with the whites—and of the exertions of the whites to bring about so desirable a result? Who that believes the susceptibilities and passions of human nature to be in the main uniform throughout the rational species, needs an answer to this question from me?

Recur to the page which records the dealings, both in manner and substance, of the early white settlers and of their successors, down even to the present day, with the unlettered and unwary red man, and then recur to the susceptibilities of your own bosom, and the question is answered.

Say, ye on whom the sun-light of civilization and Christianity has constantly shone—into whose lap fortune has poured her brimful horn, so that you are enjoying the highest and best spiritual and temporal blessings of this world. Say, if some beings from fairy land, or some distant planet should come to you in such a manner as to cause you to deem them children of greater light and superior wisdom to yourselves, and you should open to them the hospitality of your dwellings, and the fruits of your labour, and they should, by dint of their superior wisdom, dazzle and amaze you, so as, for what to them were toys and rattles, they should gain freer admission and fuller welcome, till finally they should claim the right to your possessions, and of hunting you, like wild beasts, from your long and hitherto undisputed domain, how readily would you be to be taught of them? How cordially would you open your minds to the conviction that they meant not to deceive you further, and still more fatally in their proffers of pretended kindness.

How much of the kindness of friendship for them, and of esteem for their manners and customs would you feel? Would not "the milk of human kindness" in your breasts be turned to the gall of hatred towards them?

And have not we, the original and undisputed possessors of this country, been treated worse than you would be, should my supposed case be transformed to reality?

But I will leave the consideration of this point for the present, by saying, what I believe every person who hears me will assent to, that the manner in which the whites have habitually dealt with the Indians, make them wonder that their hatred has not burned with tenfold fury against them, rather than that they have not laid aside their own peculiar notions and habits, and adopted those of the civilized neighbours.

Having said thus much as to the question, "Why have not the Indians been civilized and Christianized by the intercourse and efforts of the whites?"—

I would now call your attention to a brief exemplification of the point I was remarking upon before alluding to the above mentioned question, viz: "That the Indian is capable of apprehending and appreciating, and is competent to practise upon those principles which form the basis of Christian civilization."

I do not know that it has ever been questioned, and especially by those who have had the best opportunities to learn by experience and observation, that the Indian possesses as perfect a physical constitution as the whites, or any other race of men—especially in the matter of hardy body, swift foot, sharp and true eye, accompanied by a hand that scarcely ever drew the bow-string amiss, or raised the tomahawk in vain.

I believe also, that it is not denied that he is susceptible of hatred, and equally of friendship

—that he even can love and pity, and feel gratitude—that he is prone to adoration of the Great Spirit—that he possesses an imagination by which he pictures fields of the blessed in a purer and more glorious world than this; that he possesses the faculty of memory and judgment, and such a combination of faculties as enabled him to invent and imitate; that he is susceptible of ambition, emulation, pride, vanity; that he is sensitive to honour and disgrace; and necessarily has the elements of a moral sense or conscience. All these are granted as entering into his native spiritual constitution.

For instances of those natural endowments, which, by cultivation, gave to the children of civilization their great names and far-reaching fame, call to mind Philip of Mount Hope, whose consummate talents and skill made him the white man's terror, by his display of those talents and skill for the white man's destruction.

Call to mind Tecumseh, by an undescribed association with whose name one of the great men of your nation has obtained more of greatness than he ever merited, either for his deeds or his character. Call to mind Red Jacket, formerly your neighbour, with some of you a friend and a familiar, of the same tribe with whom I have the honour to be a humble member: to have been a friend and familiar with whom none of you feel it a disgrace. Call to mind Osceola, the victim of the white man's treachery and cruelty, whom neither his enemy's cunning nor arm could conquer on the battle field, and who at last was consumed "in durance vile," by the corroding of his own spirit.

"In durance vile," I say, (blot the fact from the records of that damning baseness, of that violation of all law, of all humanity, which that page of your nation's history, which contains an account of it, must ever be—blot out the fact, I say, before you rise up to call an Indian treacherous or cruel.) Call to mind these and a thousand others, whom I have not time to mention, and my point is gained.

Here then the fundamental elements of the best estate of human nature are admitted as existing in the natural constitution of the Indian. The question now comes, are these elements susceptible of cultivation and improvement, so as to entitle their possessors to the rank which civilization and Christianity bestow?

For an instance of active pity—of deep rational, active pity, and the attendant intellectual qualities, I ask you to call to mind the story, surpassing romance, of Pocahontas; she who threw herself between a supposed inimical stranger, and the deadly club which had been raised, by the stern edict of her stern father—she begged for the victim's life—she obtained his deliverance from the jaws of death, by appealing to the affections which existed in the bosom of her father, savage as he was, and which affections overcame the fell intent which had caused him to pronounce the white man's doom. From this time she received the instruction, imbibed the principles and sentiments; adopted the manners and customs of the whites; in her bosom burned purely and rationally the flame of love, in accordance with the promptings of which, she offered herself at the hymeneal altar, to take the nuptial ties with a son of Christian England. The offspring of this marriage have been, with pride, claimed as sons and citizens of the noble and venerable state of Virginia.

Ye who love prayer, hover in your imagination around the cot of Brown, and listen to the strong supplications as they arise from the fervent heart of Catharine, and then tell me whether "the poor Indian whose untutored mind sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind," is not capable, by cultivation, of rationally comprehending the true God, whose pavilion, though it be the clouds, still giveth grace even to the humble.

But perhaps I am indulging too much in minuteness. Let me then refer to one more instance which covers the whole ground, and sets the point under consideration beyond dispute. The ill-starred-Cherokees stand forth in colours of living light, redeeming the Indian character from the foul aspersions that it is not susceptible of civilization and Christianization. In most of the arts which characterize civilized life, this nation, in the aggregate, have made rapid and long advances. The arts of peace in all their varieties, on which depend the comforts and enjoyments of the enlightened, have been practised and the results enjoyed by them. The light of revelation has beamed in upon their souls, and caused them to exchange the blind worship of the Great Spirit, for the rational worship and service of the God of the Bible. Schools have been established. An alphabet of the language invented by one of their own men: instruction sought and imparted; and letters cultivated in their own as well as the English language.

Hence many individuals have advanced even to the refinements of civilized life, both in respect to their physical and intellectual condition. A John Ross stands before American people in a character both of intellect and heart which many of the white men in high places may envy, yet never be able to attain. A scholar, a patriot, an honest and honorable man; standing up before the "powers that be," in the eyes of heaven and men, now demanding, now suppli-

—cating of those powers a regard for the right of humanity, of justice, of law—is still a scholar, a patriot, an honest and honorable man; though an Indian blood coursing in his veins, and an Indian colour giving hue to his complexion, dooms him, and his children and kin, to be hunted at the point of the bayonet by those powers, from their home and possessions and country, to the "Terra incognita" beyond the Mississippi.

I now leave this point, on which, perhaps, I need not have spoken, thus briefly, from the fact that it is granted by all of you as soon as announced, and proceed to make a few remarks confined more exclusively to my own kindred tribe, a part of whom live near this city.

Taking it as clearly true that the Indians are susceptible of cultivation and improvement, even to the degree of physical, intellectual and moral refinement, which confers the title of civilized and Christianized, I now proceed to consider whether their condition and feelings are such as to render feasible the undertaking to bring them up to that degree—whether in fact they do not themselves desire to come up to it. When I say they, I mean those who constitute the body and stamina of the people. As to this point, I take it upon myself to say, that such an undertaking is feasible, and doubly so from the fact, that the object of the undertaking is earnestly desired by themselves.

I know of no way to set this matter in a clearer light than by presenting you with some facts as to the spirit and the advance of improvements amongst them. And this I crave the liberty of doing by a brief detail of items, prefacing the detail by a remark of a highly respectable individual formerly of Holland, Erie county, but for some eighteen years a resident of Illinois. After an absence of about fifteen years, he returned two or three years ago, and spent the summer in this region, and several days of the time on the reservation. He frequently remarked, that the Indians, during his absence, had improved far more rapidly than their neighbors in the country around them.

In business there is much greater diligence and industry; their teams, in respect to oxen, horses, wagons, sleighs, &c. are greater in number, and better in quality than formerly, and in these respects there is a constant improvement. The men labour more, comparatively, and the women less, except in their appropriate sphere, than formerly.

With regard to buildings, they are much more conveniently planned, and of the best materials, both dwelling houses and barns, and new ones constantly going up. Those who have not lands of their own under cultivation, are much more willing to hire out their services to others, either by the year or by shares; this shows that the idea, "to work is thought to be dishonourable" has been done away. There are amongst us good mowers, and cradlers, and reapers. Blacksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers, and other mechanics find work enough for their own brethren. There are several wagons in the nation, which are worth more than one hundred dollars in cash; tools of the best quality, and of various kinds; manure and other things are sometimes applied, but five years ago, almost or quite universally wasted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Judicial Scene in Virginia.

On looking over some old Magazines lately, we came across the following capital description of a curious scene in the Court Room in Virginia, during the last war with Great Britain.

"It was during the last war, when the vessels of Admiral Gordon were making their way up the Potomac to Alexandria, that a negro woman was arraigned for killing one of her own sex and color; she had been committed for murder, but the evidence went clearly to establish the deed to be manslaughter, inasmuch as it was done in sudden heat, and without malice aforethought. The Attorney for the commonwealth waived the prosecution for murder, but quoted British authorities to show that she might be convicted of manslaughter, though committed for murder. The counsel for the accused arose, and in the most solemn manner asked the court if it was a thing ever heard of, that an individual accused of one crime and acquitted should be arraigned immediately for another, under the same prosecution? At intervals, boom—boom—boom went the British cannon—British authorities! exclaimed the counsel; British authorities, gentlemen! Is there any one upon the bench so dead to the feelings of patriotism as at such a moment to listen to British authorities, when the British cannon is shaking the very wall of your court house to their foundation.

This appeal was too cogent to be resisted. Up jumped one of the justices and protested that it was not to be borne—let the prisoner go—away with your British authorities! The counsel for the accused rubbed his hands, and winked at the attorney; the attorney stood aghast—his astonishment was too great for utterance, and the negro was half way home before he recovered from his amazement.

"You are very snappish" as the fox said to the trap when he stopped on the trencher.

We commend the following extract, from Burnap's "Lectures on the Sphere and Duties of Woman," to the attention of those unfortunate ladies who are so constituted that they cannot, with any degree of comfort to themselves, keep a secret:

Some women appear to be incapable of keeping a secret. It seems to burn upon their lips till they have uttered it. Let a woman of this description come in possession of a secret affecting the peace of whole families, and which every tie of humanity would persuade her to bury in utter oblivion, and what does she do? Stay at home and forget it by pursuing her usual avocations? Ah! no, wet or dry, cold, or hot, out she must go at the earliest hour that it is descent to visit. She calls on her most intimate friend, without perhaps any definite intention of unburdening her mind. But when she arrives, she can think of nothing else. One topic after another is started, but all immediately flag. A strange air of mystery and constraint comes over her, which brings the conversation entirely to a stand. "What is the matter? Has any thing happened? Do tell me what has happened." It is all over. Out it must come, if it costs her life. But then she quiets her conscience by exacting a promise of inviolable secrecy. That promise of secrecy, however, means that she will tell it only to those of her immediate acquaintance, whom she can trust: so in about two days it is all over town. It is a profound secret until it is found that every body knows it. Thus it is in the power of some two or three women, who are so disposed, to keep any community in a perpetual ferment. I have myself known a whole town to be thrown into a most violent excitement, and a division created which separated families, alienated friends, and entirely broke up all social harmony for years, by one base insinuation of not more than ten words. It might seem at first sight, that such conduct as this could only proceed from pure malice. But whoever should draw this inference would commit great injustice. In nine cases out of ten it has no worse nor deeper motive than love of excitement, fondness for telling news. It proceeds from inconsideration, and the want of something more important to engage their attention. The thoughts of man are busied in other matters. He has not time for gossip even if he had the inclination. Between regrets and self-gratulation on the past, struggle for the present, and plans for the future, he has little time to look into his neighbor's affairs. But women, who are shut out from the exhaustless topics of business and politics are under a stronger temptation to busy themselves in what is going on immediately around them. It is not malice. For let that very neighbor, whose character in a thoughtless hour they have picked in pieces, be overtaken by sickness and distress, and their hearts are the first to bleed, their hands the first to bring relief.

Anecdote of Henry Clay.

He was travelling in Virginia, and late one evening arrived at a fashionable hotel, in a very plain farmer-like dress, and stepping to the bar, he enquired of the spruce bar-keeper if he could give him a room. He was told that the rooms were all occupied, but that he could have a bed in a room with several others. "Very well," said Mr. Clay, and was shown up three or four pair of stairs, into a room with several common sort of people, already snoring. He "turned in" and was soon sound asleep. In the morning he arose, and sitting on the side of his bed, he kept his companions in a roar of laughter, relating humorous anecdotes and jokes. Some of them enquired of the bar-keeper, when they went down, "what funny old cock" he had put in their room. He could not tell them, but at the breakfast table they were alike surprised, when a gentleman boarding there recognized and saluted him with profound respect as Henry Clay the Senator. The poor bar-keeper was in great confusion, and lost no time in preparing the best room, always reserved for the President and members of Congress, and with many apologies informing him that his room was ready. "Never mind, sir," said Mr. Clay, "your rooms are all occupied—I am perfectly satisfied with my present accommodations."

[Exchange paper.]

SUMMER COMPLAINT.—The leaf of the BENE plant is highly efficacious in this disease, so prevalent among young children. "A single leaf of this plant put into a glass of water, immediately produces a beautiful thick mucus, which is rendered pleasant by the addition of a small quantity of loaf sugar, and is readily taken by children."

PROTECTION OF VINES.—Plaster sprinkled over squashes and cucumbers, when they first come out of the ground, will protect them from that "little destroyer," the striped bug.

TO CURE THE BOTS IN HORSES.—Pour down the horse a quarter of a pound of alum dissolved in a pint of water, (milk warm;) in five or ten minutes after pour down him a pint of Linseed oil or other mild active purgative; in ten minutes the horse will rise and eat.