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

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POETRY.

To a Lovely Girl.

Thou art not beautiful, yet thy young face
Makes up in sweetness what it needs in grace;
Thou art not beautiful, yet thy blue eyes
Steal o'er the heart like sunshine o'er the skies—
Theirs is the mild and intellectual ray,
That to the inmost spirit wins its way:
Theirs are the beams that fall upon you roll,
Surprising all the senses and the soul;
For oh! when pure as Heaven's sereneest skies,
Thy timid soul sits pleading in thine eyes,
The humid beams that 'neath thine eyelids steal,
Can softly teach the coldest heart to feel—
For Heaven, that gives to thee each mental grace,
Hath stamped the angel on thy sweet young face.
Oh! while the pearl of peace securely dwells
Deep in thy tender heart's ambrosial cells,
While Virtue sheds around thy virgin name
A light more lovely than the light of fame,
Thy sweet simplicity, thy graceful ease
Shall please even more than Beauty e'er can please;
Thy heart of softness and thy soul refined
Shall charm and win the most fastidious mind;
And, as for me, where'er my footsteps wend;
My heart, brim full of thee, my happy friend!
Shall pine, when musing on thy sweet young face,
Thine airy footstep, and thy breezy grace,
To lay a soft hand mid thy trembling curls,
And bless thee as the loveliest of girls.
Louisville Journal. AMELIA.

A Bee Story.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

There is perhaps in the countless variety of "Humorous Tales" which our weekly Journals furnish, none whose circumstances, and scene of action, can give to the American reader that satisfaction and acceptance as those which transpired during the Revolutionary war. Let them be upon what subject they may, they ever carry with them that idea of heroic perseverance—bold and intrepid daring of the old patriots, which will ever awaken the most agreeable reflections and honest pride in the breast of every American. Made up as the American army was, in great part of inexperienced soldier—men who had, perhaps, but a few months before, left their homes at Liberty's call; it was a natural consequence, that though all were fired with patriotic motives, among them were to be found men of all character, all temperaments, and dispositions. In the army whose long standing and organization has made its every member a soldier by profession than of necessity, both officers and privates became habituated to the camp restraint, which is ever essential to the preservation of that good order and quiet demeanor, only to be found in the well disciplined soldier. And though in the republican army every offence of impudence received its just punishment; yet when Gen. Washington considered the inexperienced state of the militia, he wisely judged that it would be bad policy to confine them down to all points of the iron discipline, and almost useless restrictions, which at that period characterized the British army. The humorous incident following, is one of the many practical jokes related by an old relic, whose honorable scars bore testimony of the active part he took in those trying times: In a portion of the New Hampshire militia was a character whose reputation may perhaps as well be covered with the name of Bob Teal as any other. He was extremely young, being in the minor hands of eighteen years—a mere stripling, yet with a strong robust frame, and withal as good a soldier as the Granite detachment could command. He had a round good-natured face, a sharp intelligent eye, a well balanced mind, and last of all that indispensable qualification for a good soldier—an invincible courage. And though an humble private, he was universally respected for his daring, and admired and beloved for his wit and good nature. With his corps and more intimate companions he was a general favorite; could sing the best song; tell the best story, and crack the driest joke of any in the camp. Every harmless adventure of roguery which was invented by his fun-loving companions was sure to find him either directly or indirectly connected with it. It was at the time of the march of the American army from Haerlem to the White Plains, that it was found impossible for all the camp equipage to be transported by the baggage wagons; a portion of the lighter articles were therefore from necessity carried by hand carts. In this portion of moving, it fell to the lot of Teal

among others to assist. The business part of decamping being over, the army took up its line of march. Robert with a waggish cart companion, had proceeded but a few miles, when a shrewd, suspicious looking fellow laboring with a hive of bees under each arm, appeared by the side of the soldiers. He was evidently much fatigued with his heavy burden, and after supporting it some way with great labor, presented it with the appearance of much generosity, to the thankful hand cartmen, who solacing themselves with the anticipation of a rich treat loaded the donor with many compliments and thanks.

They had not however, enjoyed their newly acquired property but a few hours, when an old character, of a sordid, though wealthy reputation, and withal a rank tory, came riding furiously after the army, as he said for the detection of thieves, and seeing the hives, claimed them as his property, being stolen the preceding night—charging also Robert and his companion with the theft. It was promptly and stoutly denied by the harmless couple; and though the soldiers corroborated the fact that they were presented by a stranger, the exasperated horseman would hear no vindicating statements, but declared that they were all a set of "infernal rag-a-muffins," who would tell one falsehood to substantiate another—and was about to leave the field with a volley of oaths and imprecations upon the wronged and indignant soldiers, who if the restrictions of discipline had not confined them to their ranks, would have resented the insult in the manner it deserved. Robert coolly listened to the old fellow's abuse and thought he might spare him a few of his bees, without robbing himself, and as he had acquired the difficult art of handling them, he prepared to use the little scorpions to a good purpose. Being employed at the cart, he took advantage of the liberty thus allowed, and while the soldiers engaged the attention of the enraged bee-owner, by cutting sarcasms upon his person, thus adding fuel to his wrath, Bob filled his capacious fists with the tenants of the hives, and stepping from the main body of the army accosted the wrathful tory.

"Do you charge us with stealing your bees?"
"Yes! you infernal thievish heap of impudence!"

"But, sir," said Teal, with a fearless and roguish accent, which made the old threater foam with rage "I assure you, you are mistaken—and even if your conjecture were correct, it would have been better had you not let out the vials of your wrath until you were more certain of the thief."

"You consummate scoundrel! you base born lump of impudence! how dare you use such language to one of his Majesty's Collectors?"

"We care not," said Bob, advancing nearer the horse, "whether you are one of his Majesty's Collectors, or his boot-black; royal favor has little to do with us."

"But you will find what my influence is," muttered the Collector through his teeth—"for tomorrow morning, scoundrel, prepare to be court martialled; and he stuck his spurs into the side of his long-tailed Andalusian, to gallop with his complaint to head-quarters."

"Stop a moment!" cried Bob.

"What! you dog," said the tory, reining in his Rosinante, gleaming with rage.

"Let us have the bee trouble settled," said Bob, "on the spot—you will say we stole your hive of bees" and he drew nearer to the steed of the maddened royalist collector.

"Yes! I persist in my charge, I still say you stole m-m-m-y o-bees."

"Well sir, then take them back again," said Bob, and he adroitly lodged the contents of his palms under the fly-switch of the sensitive animal, who feeling the outrage, curled that netter ornament down after the fashion of a frightened dog, which pressing the honey insects, they instinctively plied their darts with such alacrity that the tortured animal reared, and plunged with such madness as nearly to de-throne the old tory.

"Woe! woe!" he ejaculated tremulously, in the utmost horror at his situation—"ho! ho! catch this horse's head whoo! whoo! sir, whoo!"

A burst of laughter from the delighted soldier was the only answer.

"Ho! ho!" shouted he, as his mad steed cut his antics about the plain, while he, bounding in his saddle cut such a ludicrous figure, that peal after peal of laughter from the merry soldiers, answered his repeated calls for help.

The desperate animal, goaded to madness by the merciless stingers in his rear, snapped the curb by which he had hitherto been restrained, started like lightning over the plain; while he, bounding and jolting in his saddle, shouted at the top of his lungs, "Help! help! catch this horse!" amid the deafening applause of the soldiery, until he and his steed, in their headlong course, appeared but a speck on the horizon.

The old collector was never heard of afterwards. Bob not only gained great credit for this exploit, but saved the rest of his bees, and his honey, which last if the soldiers were competent judges, proved that evening at the camp table to be super-excellent.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Potter's Field.

We yesterday visited this last resting place of the friendless—the home of the stranger—this repository of the unknown dead! Ah! there is to be seen a sight which would bring tears into the eyes of the most stoical philosopher—a sight which would summon up thoughts of a hereafter in the mind of the most heartless scoffer of virtue and religion! There are to be seen hundreds of new-made graves, with the earth fresh and negligently thrown over them—looking as if they who slept the sleep that never waketh, underneath, had been but just inured. Then there are to be seen the rows of newly dug graves, ready to receive the first customer—the sexton, like a cunning tradesman, showing himself an adept in the business, by having excavations open to accommodate all sizes.

But we were struck on perceiving that those distinctions which pervade society in this country, notwithstanding our boasted republicanism, is even observed in Potter's Field. The difference or distinction to which we allude is this: the man for whom burial fees are paid by his friends, no matter how vicious may have been his course of life, or how dissolute his habits, is buried in a grave separate and apart from all others. With the unfortunate unknown who died in the hospital, or is sent there by the corporation, it is different; for all such a large dike is dug, capable of containing two coffins abreast, and into that the *American freeman*, because he has fallen the victim of misfortune's poisoned darts, is huddled in common with the most abject negro slave! Well, indeed, may the scoffer at our institutions pronounce that truly American axiom—"all men are born free and equal"—a humbug.

But our purpose is not to write an essay on these artificial distinctions which the greatest sticklers for democracy often uphold, but to speak of Potter's Field as it is. Of all those buried in the dikes, of course, nothing is known, and there they lie, covered with the clay of forgetfulness. With those interred by their friends, and for whom the burial fees have been paid, it is different. At the head of almost every corpse is a small, rudely constructed pine cross. On this is inscribed, with a perfect indifference of the rules of orthography, some memento of a living friend—the epitaph, in most cases, being the name alone of the deceased individual. In some instances, however affection runs riot, and virtues are ascribed to the deceased of which the most rigidly righteous might well be proud. We saw two things while in the Potter's Field yesterday, which made more than a momentary impression on our mind. One told of the uncertain tenure by which we hold life—the other bespoke pure and unalloyed affection.

The first is a white painted board at the head of a grave, on which was inscribed, in black letters, an epitaph in this wise:

"Sacred to the memory of John Dunn, a native of Edenderry, Kings county, Ireland, who departed this life —, aged —. Erected by his affectionate brother, Patrick Dunn."

"Why is that grave so high?" said we, to the polite sexton, who went with us through the grave yard.

"Because," he said, "there are two brothers buried there, one over the other; it was done at the request of him who died last, and by order of the Mayor who so far gratified his dying wish."

The denouement of the story briefly is, the letters were not well dry which told of John's death and grave, before Patrick himself gave him the fraternal embrace in death, and shared the same grave with him!

The second incident to which we have alluded is this. While looking over the coarsely covered graves, there was one which we stood to admire. It was nicely smoothed over, and covered with green turf, which was already beginning to grow on it. While there, a woman, young, but dressed in a coarse mourning suit, which told she was a widow, came up. We saw sorrow in her eye, yet could not but admire the mechanical manner in which she revivified her affection for, and paid reverence to, the dead.

She dropped an evergreen, which she carried by her side, and throwing herself over the grave of her husband, for such the deceased appeared to be, she went in the fullness of her heart, and most bitterly. There was a species of poetry, mixed with poignant sorrow in her language, as she spoke of the merits of her dear deceased partner, and of the forlorn and isolated position which she now occupied in the world.

After a copious shower of tears thus shed over his grave, she pulled her beads from her bosom, and told we know not how many *paters* and *aves* for the repose of his soul. This done, she planted the evergreen at his head, and left Potter's Field as she entered it—the emblem of unsophisticated sorrow and pure conjugal affection.

Descending from mind to matter, we could observe that the Mayor very properly has ordered that the graves be all covered with lime. It is doing, and this prevents any unpleasant effluvia which would otherwise arise from the numerous interments.

October.

The following beautiful description of the month of October, we cut from an exchange paper some time since, and have no recollection to which of them the credit belongs:

OCTOBER has come, the sweetest, saddest month of all the year. Its sunsets and its gorgeous forests, how beautiful—and brief as beautiful their gorgeous dyes.

There is a pensive beauty in October days; autumn is now clothed in her loveliest drapery; the forest leaves are not yet dry and crisp; nature has not yet put on her frigid aspect, but the sighing of the breeze and the falling leaf, is nature's knell for her autumn glories; soon all these beautiful things will have lost their beauty; all these bright things their brightness.—These changeful, though lovely scenery, lend a touching interest to autumn days. Go into the deep thick wood; listen to the hushed, deep murmur of the evening breeze, as it gently undulates the glorious and richly colored foliage; look away into yonder vault of heaven, in this sunset hour; how the resplendent hues of topaz, and amethyst and gold, beautifully blend in each other, and stream in living light across the ether sky. It is the very gate of heaven—and that lone star, seems a beacon light, hung out from his golden portals, to guide us, erring wanderers home. We can also hear their blest voices, as they mingle around the throne of the Most High. Whose soul will not kindle within him, and whose spirit will not thrill with ecstasy on contemplating scenes like these? Who does not feel that he is holding converse with pure beings, that he is "Just on the boundary of the spirit land. Close to the realm where angels have their birth!"

How eloquent is nature—who is not purer and better when he listens to her voice? How impressively does God speak to us, at this sweet, sad season. How he lets his goodness and his glory pass before us. He makes all nature beautiful, and gives us faculties to enjoy its beauties. Sweet flowers, ye too, in your ever varying hues and delicious odors, whisper the name of your Creator. Ye wear the richest dyes, and send forth the sweetest fragrance, as ye are about to fade and dye.—Apt emblems of life.

The autumn of our days is coming, but if we are ready, like the glorious forests and beautiful flowers, we may wrap our garments around us, and wait in holy peace, till we are called to bloom in "beauty immortal," in the gardens of God.

"I can't spare Time."

The four words with which we head this article, in the effects which they have produced, have been the cause of a great deal of mischief and have kept many from embarking manfully in the work of storing intellectual measures.—When a young man is urged to commence the work of study, he turns and lets fall the four simple words, "I can't spare time," and thinks he has given a sufficient excuse from further attention on the subject.

There are many mechanics, too, who instead of doing their part towards the cultivation of their own minds, and throwing their influence and talent into the general stock for the improvement of an association, satisfy themselves with the observation, and perhaps really think "they can't spare time." The excuse is a very handy one, and has passed current too long, for in a majority of cases there is neither sense nor truth in it. In the first place it need not occupy a great portion of time for by proper management, a large share of invaluable information may be obtained in a short time; of this any man may be convinced by trying the experiment.

There is time enough lost and wasted in the pursuit of what men call pleasure, which if properly appropriated, would place them in a high state of cultivation. Time can be found to ride and dance, and sing—time can be found to lounge and talk nonsense; but, alas! how many think "they can't spare time" to attend to the noble and best part of their nature; that which alone elevates and causes them to feel the "divinity within."

Sleeping in Church.—It is a matter of record that, about one hundred years ago, an Indian was carried by a discreet burgess to witness the service of the sanctuary on the Lord's day. When these services were ended, the citizen, on their way homewards, in order to impress upon his tawny friend the superiority of Christianity over heathenism, entered into a detail of the money appropriated by the congregation of which he was a member, for the support of public worship, the erection of the house, the salary of the minister, &c. To all this the son of the forest, who had observed the drowsy disposition which pervaded the assembly, replied, "Umph! Indian sleep just as sound under a tree, and not pay anything."—*Mer. Journal.*

CONVALESCENT.—"Your heel must be somewhat better, I think," said a gentleman to a buxom lass who had a hole in the heel of her stocking. "Why so?" she asked. "Because, Miss," replied the gentleman, "I perceive it is getting out."

From the United States Gazette.

Mr. Chandler—Dear Sir:—I was upwards of twenty years much afflicted with the rheumatism, particularly in the winter season. At nights the pain was so great as to deprive me of the necessary rest. Nearly all my joints were affected. I tried every remedy I could hear of, but found no relief. A few years since, a Jerseyman gave me the annexed receipt. I have used it every winter since, say, two or three times only, and have not lost, since I first used it, an hours rest from rheumatics. I have given it to hundreds, and as far as heard from, it has relieved them all.

Recipe.—One gill of Gypson seed, (new ripening, can be found in great plenty around the city) put in a pint bottle, fill the bottle with the shavings of a rich turpentine yellow pine board or knot, then fill up with strong alcohol.

In three days, the turpentine, and the virtue from the Gypson seed will be extracted by the alcohol, turning the liquid of a greenish color. It is then fit for use. Bathe the part affected with this preparation a few times, and it will take away all pain.

I consider it so effectual a remedy, having received so much benefit from its use, that I consider it a duty to make it public. Respectfully yours,

A SUBSCRIBER.

A Negro Boy in the West Indies.

The negro boys there are the most cunning imps I have ever had to do with. I recollect on my last voyage to Jamaica, while my vessel was lying in St. Anne's Bay, I had to go to Port Maria to look for some cargo; and on my way thither, near Ora Cabeza, I came to one of the numerous small rivers that empty themselves into the little bays along the coast—I think it was the Salt Gut. When at some distance, I had observed a negro boy laboring a mule most heartily; but before I got up he had left off his thumping and dismounted, and now appeared in earnest talk with his beast, which, with fore legs stretched out firm, and ears laid down, seemed proof against all arguments to induce him to enter the water. Quashie was all animation, and his eyes flashed like fire-flies.

"Who—of you no go ober? Berry well—me bet you fipenny me make you go—No? Why for you no bet? Why for you no go ober?" Here the mule shook his ears to drive off the flies, which almost devour the poor animals in that climate. "Oh! you do bet—berry well—den me try."

The young rascal (he was not more than ten years old) disappeared in the bush, and returned in a few seconds with some strips of fan weed, a few small pebbles, and a branch of the cactus plant. To put three or four pebbles, in each of the mule's ears, and tie them up with the fan weed, was but the work of a minute. He then jumped on the animal's back, turned round, put the plant to his tail, and off they went, as a negro himself would say, "like mad, Massa." Into the water they plunged—the little fellow grinning and showing his teeth in a perfect ecstasy. Out they got on the other side—head and ears down—tail and heels up—and the boy's arms flying about as if they did not belong to him; and I lost sight of him as he went over the rocky steep at full gallop, where one false step would have precipitated them into the sea beneath, from whence there would have been but small chance of escape. No, no, a butcher's boy is nothing to a negro boy—the one may ride like the devil, but the other is the very devil himself riding.

"Did you see any more of him, sir?" inquired a young lady opposite.

"Yes, madam; about two hours afterwards I reached Port Maria, and in an open space near the stores there sat, or rather lay, young Quashie eating cakes; and there also stood the mule eating guinea-grass, and looking much more cheerful than when I first saw him at Salt Gut. "Well, Quashie," I said, "you have got here, I see, but which of you won?" "Quashie win, massa—Quashie neber lose." "But will he pay?" I inquired. "Quashie pay himself, massa. You see, Massa Buccra, massa gib Quashie tenpenny-bit for grass for mule. Quashie bet fipenny he make him go ober de Gut—Quashie win—Quashie had fipenny for cake, mule had fipenny for grass."

PAT'S PRAYER.—An Irishman was brought up in the Police Court at New York a short time since, and after being questioned, he was released. On understanding this, says the Sun, Pat gracefully retired back a few paces, and flung his tattered hat on the floor, dropped as suddenly on his knees as if he had been shot; then convulsively clenching his hands together and looking upwards, he poured forth his gratitude in the following extempore supplication; "May the saints in heaven protect you, yer riv'ince! and may every hair in yer head turn to a mowid candle to light ye to glory!"

OIL AND CORN.—Excellent oil suitable for burning in lamps and other purposes is said to have been recently made from Indian Corn. It looks "very like a Whale."