

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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## "The Dearly Loved, the Early Lost."

BY JOHN C. McCABE, M. D.

'Tis sad to lay the beautiful, the young within the tomb,  
To shroud the early "loved and lost" amid the grave's dark gloom;  
To know we'll gaze no more upon those features wont to cheer  
Our spirits with their glad smiles e'en in this world of care.  
'Tis meet that we should weep our loss—ay, full and heartfelt tears,  
When Memory brings to fancy's eye the days of other years;  
When she who was the worshipped one, seems some lovely star,  
To beam along our pathway from her own bright heaven afar.  
We miss our pure and gentle one—her footfall on the floor,  
And that bright smile of happiness we'll gaze upon no more;  
And those sweet songs she used to sing, no more shall they be heard,  
And hushed, for aye, the melody of each remembered word.  
Oh! there are tones at midnight, oft upon the trembling breeze,  
Soft spirit-music mingling with the winds among the trees;  
And fancy oft will trace amid this music strangely given,  
The sad sweet voices of the dead come back to tell of Heaven!  
Sweet one! we may not hear thy voice upon the evening wind,  
Nor canst thou meet again on earth, with those thou'st left behind;  
But though the film is on thy eye, the cloud upon thy breast;  
Thou'rt there where the wicked cannot harm, and the "weary are at rest!"  
Yes! thou art gone, sweet one, to rest, e'en with thy God on high!  
And the cold and dimming dews of death hath quenched that brilliant eye,  
Yet a diadem is on thy brow, a palm within thy hand,  
And thou art safe and happy now in that far better land.

## Poor Jack.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

I'm going away to the seas—poor Jack!  
I'm going away to sea.  
But, alas! to whom can I thence look back?  
Or who will look after me?  
My father and mother are both no more;  
My brother is in the deep;  
My sister, the rose of our native shore,  
Is under the clouds asleep.  
The snug little home that we call our own,  
Till thistles and weeds surround;  
Forsaken and drear is our threshold-stone—  
It seems like a stranger's ground.  
The crickets about the old well-curb trill  
A dirge to the star-lit sky;  
While mournful the voice of the whip-poor-will  
Comes in from the copse hard by.  
The willows bend, shadowy, o'er the stream  
So bright in my joyous day;  
And, sighing, forbid in the moon-light gleam  
To silver its darkling way.  
My home—it is sad as a church-yard scene!  
For ever its spells are o'er!  
The billowy ocean must roll between  
Poor Jack and his native shore.  
I'll reef the wild sail, and I'll mount the shroud,  
When, stormy, the winds awake;  
While my lonely spirit is wrapped in cloud,  
And faint would my heart-strings break.  
I'll drown in the roar of the deep my moan,  
My tears in the briny sea;  
For now there's no eye o'er our cold hearth-stone  
To beam, or to weep for me.

## George Washington.

[Anecdotes related by John Adams, senior.]—The following account of the appointment of General Washington to the supreme command of the continental army, June 18th, 1775, has been placed in our hands by a gentleman in whose veracity we have full confidence. We cannot doubt the authenticity of the anecdotes he gives. This subject has of late years been brought before the public under various versions, and has in every shape attracted attention. The private journal, narrating a conversation with John Adams, senior, before that great and good man was called to his final rest. The relation is more in detail than that which has hitherto been made public; but it substantially corroborates the former versions of the causes which led in the appointment of Washington. Let us should in any way effect the anecdote, we give it in the words of the narrator.

The army was assembled at Cambridge, Mass., under Gen. Ward, and Congress was sitting at Philadelphia. Every day, new applications in behalf of the army arrived. The country was urgent that Congress should legalize the raising of the army; as they had, what must be considered, and was in law considered, only a mob, a band of armed rebels. The country was placed in circumstances of peculiar difficulty and danger. The struggle had begun, and every thing was without order. The great trial now seemed to be in this question. Who shall be the commander-in-chief? It was exceedingly important, and was felt to be the hinge on which the contest might turn for or against us.

The Southern and Middle States, warm and rapid in their zeal for the most part, were jealous of New England, because they felt the real physical force was there; what then was to be done? All New England adored Gen. Ward; he had been in the French war, and went out laden with laurels. He was a scholar and a statesman. Every qualification seemed to cluster in him; and it was confidently believed that the army could not receive any appointment over him. What then was to be done? Difficulties thickened at every step. The struggle was to be long and bloody. Without union, all was lost. The country and the whole country must come in. One pulsation must beat through all hearts. The cause was one, and the army must be one. The members had talked, debated, considered and guessed, and yet the decisive step had not been taken. At length Mr. Adams came to his conclusion. The means of resolving it were somewhat singular, and nearly as follows: he was walking one morning before Congress hall, apparently in deep thought, when his cousin, Samuel Adams, came up to him and said:

"What is the topic with you this morning?"  
"Oh the army, the army," he replied. "I'm determined to go into the hall this morning, and enter on a full detail of the state of the colonies, in order to show an absolute need of taking some decisive steps. My whole aim will be to induce Congress to appoint a day for adopting the army as the legal army of these united colonies of North America, and then to hint at my election of a Commander-in-Chief."

"Well," said Samuel Adams, "I like that, cousin John; but on whom have you fixed as that Commander?"

"I will tell you—George Washington, of Virginia, a member of this house."

"Oh," replied Samuel Adams quickly, "that will never do, never."

"It must do, it shall do," said John, "and for these reasons—the Southern and Middle States are both to enter heartily in the cause; and their arguments are potent! they say that New England holds the physical power in her hands, and they fear the result. A New England army, a New England commander, with New England perseverance all united, appeal them. For this cause they hang back. Now the only course to allay their fears, and give them nothing to complain of; and this can be done in no other way but by appointing a Southern Chief over this force, and then all will rush to the standard.—This policy will blend us in one mass, and that mass will be resistless."

At this, Samuel Adams seemed greatly moved. They talked over the preliminary circumstances, and John asked his cousin to second the motion. Mr. Adams went in, took the floor; and put forth all the strength, in the delineation he had prepared, all aiming at the adoption of the army.—He was ready to own the army, appoint a commander, vote supplies, and proceed to business.—After his speech had been finished, some doubted, some objected, and some feared. His warmth increased with the occasion, and to all these doubts and hesitations he replied:

"Gentlemen, if this Congress will not adopt this army before ten moons have set, New England will adopt it, and she will undertake the struggle alone—yes, with a strong arm, and a clean conscience, she will front the foe single handed."

This had the desired effect. They saw New England was neither playing, nor to be played with. They agreed to appoint a day. A day was fixed. It came, Mr. Adams went in, took

the floor, urged the measure, and after some debate, it passed.

The next thing was to get a commander for his army, with supplies, &c. All looked to Mr. Adams on the occasion, and he was ready. He took the floor, and went into a minute delineation of the character of General Ward, bestowing on him the encomiums which then belonged to no one else. At the end of the eulogy he said, "But this is not the man I have chosen." He then went into the delineation of the character of a Commander-in-Chief, such as was required by the peculiar situation of the Colonies at this juncture. And after he had presented the qualifications in his strongest language, and gave the reasons for the nomination he was about to make, he said—

"Gentlemen, I know these qualifications are high, but we all know they are needful, at this crisis in this chief. Does any one say they are to be obtained in this country? In reply I have to say they are; they reside in one of our own body, and he is the person whom I now nominate,  
GEORGE WASHINGTON, OF VIRGINIA.

Washington, who sat on Mr. Adams' right hand, was looking him intently in the face, to watch the name he was about to announce, and not expecting it would be his, sprang from his seat the minute he heard it, and rushed into an adjoining room. Mr. Adams had asked his cousin Samuel to ask for an adjournment as soon as the nomination was made, in order to give the members time to deliberate, and the result is before the world.

I asked Mr. Adams, among other questions, the following:

"Did you ever doubt of the success of the conflict?"

"No, no," said he, "not for a moment. I expected to be hung and quartered, if I was caught; but no matter for that—my country would be free; I knew George III. could not forge chains long enough and strong enough to reach around these United States."

## A Chapter on Whiskers.

In this age of improvement, it appears to be the study of almost every individual to discover something new, and not always with strict reference to its utility. Novelty is a sufficient recommendation to reconcile many to the most absurd practices, and in their estimation entitles the inventor of some folly to rank almost among the benefactors of mankind. This remark applies particularly to those who ever ready to adopt the last new fashion with all its absurdities, and though the female sex is generally charged with being in the front rank in this respect, I, as one of that sex, am not willing that they should be unjustly accused or made to bear an unequal part of the burden.

Without entering into a minute examination of the various follies practiced by the stronger minded portion of creation, I intend adverting to but one, which at the present time prevails to a great extent, viz: the fashion of wearing Whiskers. I do not wish to be understood as condemning entirely those hirsute appendages, which gentlemen so much value;—when properly cultivated they are rather ornamental than otherwise; but I cannot think that the "human face divine" was ever intended to be so concealed from public view with a superfluity of hair, as to render it almost impossible for a man to recognise the dearest friend. And really 'twould be no matter of surprise if some were to find a difficulty in knowing their own reflected images.

Some may urge the plea of their utility in shielding the wearer from the keenness of the northern blast; and this may be a great advantage, as probably those gentlemen whose faces are more than half covered are never troubled with the toothache; and if this be the case, let all fault-finding cease. But I suspect, if the truth was known, it is to be attributed more to laziness, as few of the species like to give themselves any trouble which can be avoided.

'Tis well for this "soap lock" and whiskered generation that they did not live in the days of our forefathers, when associations were formed to prevent the wearing of long hair, and it was regarded as a heinous crime for any one to indulge in the practice. What a satisfaction it must have been to have lived in those days, when people were not ashamed of their faces! Probably then there were more honest ones than are to be seen now, and therefore the necessity for having them covered did not exist.

In closing this article, I would just beg those gentlemen who are lifting their voices against the follies of the female sex, extending their censures even to the wearing of a muff, to remember that they are as much under the despotic sway of the tyrant fashion, as the veriest slave who executes his master's bidding.

LEZA.

## Improved Method of making Coffee.

Boil your ground coffee in a flannel bag, allowing sufficient room, in the bag to boil freely. After boiling it will be quite clear, without egg, &c. perfectly retaining its original flavor and strength.

A wise man forgets old grudges.

## Interesting Relic.

At a meeting in New York a few evenings since, Gen. Tallmadge exhibited a silver ball, consisting of two hollow hemispheres, joined together by a slight screw at the edges, which had once contained an interesting and important document, addressed by Sir Henry Clinton, to Gen. Burgoyne, which, if it had not been providentially intercepted, might have saved Burgoyne's army and produced a change in the fortunes of the war most disastrous to our countrymen.

After General Burgoyne had reached Lake George, at the head of the forces that had been concentrated at Quebec and Montreal, with a view to the capture of Albany and the occupation of the surrounding country, his progress was extremely dilatory, to an extent, indeed, that seems to those who are not fully acquainted with the exact state of the country at that time, and the whole circumstances of the case, entirely irreconcilable with the exalted military reputation of that officer, and his fidelity to the Royal cause. Between Montreal and a point nearly twenty miles this side of Saratoga, the country was an almost pathless wilderness.—The settlements along the Mohawk and Hudson cherished a deadly hostility to the invading army. The support of the British fleet, by advancing up the Hudson, was absolutely essential for the furnishing of Burgoyne's army with the necessary supplies, as well as desirable for military co-operation. And it was in expectation of its advance, that the General resolved on a delay which admitted the assembling of such reinforcements in support of the American General Gates, as were fatal to the enemy's plans. This delay on the part of Burgoyne was, however, unnecessarily protracted. For Sir Henry Clinton, by the capture of Fort Montgomery, through the instrumentality of a thousand men who had been detached from his force, at Haverstraw Bay, and the successful demolition of the several obstacles interposed by the Americans to the ascent of the river,—(a heavy ship, armed with huge timbers at the bow, advancing with all her canvass spread before a strong south wind, severed, on a second trial, the chain extended across the Hudson at West Point)—had effected the passage of the fleet up the river, and had transmitted, by a sure and safe conveyance, as he believed, information of this fact to Gen. Burgoyne. This was contained in the document described above as enclosed in a silver bullet.

The messenger intrusted with it, somewhere in the Northern part of Dutchess county, fell in with some countrymen who were good patriots, and who insisted on searching him for secret correspondence. They discovered on his person, three musket balls in all respect alike save that one seemed to weigh much lighter than the rest. On his captors observing this, the spy instantly seized the ball and swallowed it. The circumstance was communicated to George Clinton, by whose command emetics at first, and afterwards cathartics, were administered, the operation of which was supervised by a file of soldiers, and resulted in the recovery of its contents. The spy was hung at Hurley, and for want of the information which he carried, Burgoyne and his army were captured at Saratoga. The following is a copy of the letter enclosed in the bullet:

"FORT MONTGOMERY, Oct. 8, 1777.  
"Now is your time, and nothing between us but Gates, I sincerely hope this little success of his may facilitate your operations. In answer to your letter of 28th September, by C. C. I shall only say that I cannot presume to order, or even advise, for reasons obvious. I heartily wish you success.

Faithfully yours,

"H. CLINTON.

"To General BURGUYNE."

More Exemption from Levy.  
A bill has been introduced into the house of representatives, by Mr. James, Warren county, the provisions of which are in substance as follows—

That there shall be exempted from levy and sale on execution, in addition to what is now exempted by law—

One Yoke of Oxen, or one Span of Horses.  
One Cart or Wagon,  
One Plough,  
One Drag,  
Three Chains,  
One Shovel or Spade.

Or such other necessary articles, in lieu of the above articles, as may be selected by the defendant; Provided however, The amount exempted as above shall not exceed one hundred and fifty dollars; And provided also, that the whole amount exempted by law, shall in no case exceed three hundred dollars. [Pa. Tel.

A Present.

A very nice and exquisite young lady has sent us a mighty big BUSTLE, as a reward for our numerous bustling paragraphs. We are not in need of such an appendage, but are nevertheless obliged to her ladyship, and will some time or other present her with a SMALL CAP.—Huntingdon Journal.

## The Changes of the Times.

Among the consequences of the great losses of property which have been sustained in our country within the last few years, one of the most obvious is the necessity imposed upon great numbers of people to labor for their support, who had previously been able to subsist upon the income of their estates. Many persons thus situated, are unwilling to meet their misfortunes boldly and openly, and to submit with a good grace to the lot which Providence has assigned them. They wish still to keep up the appearance of independence, and to support themselves by some secret mode of subsistence. Hence it is, that those employments which can be carried on by delicate hands, apart from public observation, are greatly overstocked with operatives; while others, which attract public notice, or which even expose the operatives to the notice of a small circle of acquaintances, are shunned.

This is not right. Labor is not disgraceful, but honorable. It is a mistake to suppose that public opinion does not esteem the person more highly, who cheerfully submits to a hard destiny, and works openly for a support, than the one who endeavors, by a variety of paltry expedients, to keep up an appearance of wealth which no longer exists. If we consider the matter impartially, labor is the law of our being. Even the man of leisure, or the fashionable lady, is compelled to resort to some sort of occupation to kill time; and many of them, if brought to the confessional, would acknowledge that

"Labor dire and weary woe it is,"

to kill time after their fashion.

Why should productive labor be considered less honorable than unproductive? Why should a man scorn to plough, who does not think it beneath his dignity to carry a fowling piece on his shoulders twelve hours at a time, without shooting so much as a sparrow, or to watch a whole day by a trout stream, without catching a single fish.

Labor is represented as a part of the enjoyment of Paradise. According to Milton, Eve says—

"Adam, well may we labor still to dress  
This garden—still to tend plant, earth and  
flower,  
Our pleasant task enjoined; but till more hands  
Aid us, the work under our labor grows  
Luxurious by restraint."

We presume that there is no nobility which dates further back than this. It, therefore, the oldest family in the world was a working family, it is but fair to infer that labor is as honorable as it is ancient, and that the man of industry is your true gentleman.—Saturday Courier.

## Loss of the Brig Mary Emily.

The brig Mary Emily, of Lubec, Me. E. H. Dyer, master, from Turks Island, bound to this port, having on board 5000 bushels salt and \$1700 in specie, founded on the edge of the Gulf, about 75 miles S. by E. of Oak Island light, on the night of the 12th, in consequence of starting a butt in a gale previous. The M. E. had on board Capt. Mares, mate and crew of the brig Honduras, of Blue Hill, Me., wrecked on Mayaguana. Capt. Dyer, with all on board, took to the boats, saving nothing but what they had on, and reached Wilmington, N. C., as we learn from the Chronicle, on Monday night. An effort was made to preserve the specie, but without success.

Norfolk Herald.

Counterfeit American half dollars are in circulation in Baltimore.