

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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From the Richmond Enquirer.

I have felt so forcibly the moral sublimity of the scene of the presentation of the Sword of Washington and the Cane of Franklin, that I have made an attempt to exhibit that scene in verse. I submit it to your judgment.

THE PRESENTATION.

Say, why, in lengthen'd line,
Hath rush'd this thronging crowd,
Up to our Hill Capitoline,
Where flags are waving proud?
Is it in this high hall
Some pageant to survey?
Or, is some glorious festival
Of Freedom held to-day?

Lo! every seat is fill'd—
Doorway and stairs are block'd—
And, now, that sea of heads are still'd
Which late with motion rock'd.
Why gather thus the free
With one consentient will?
In breathless awe, they seem to be
Hush'd as in death, and still.

I see an old man rise,
And with a sword in hand;
And, glancing are a thousand eyes
Upon that gleaming brand.
"This is the sword," he cries,
"Which makes our people free;
No spot, nor stain, upon it lies—
'Twas yielded but to ye.

"This sword, Historians tell,
One hundred years ago,
Saw Braddock's army, when he fell
Before a savage foe.
This is the sword, whose shrine
Our fathers led, like star;
It is the sword of Brandywine,
Of frozen Delaware.

"In Monmouth's sultry air
It did its gallant work,
And saw, amidst the cannon's glare,
Old England yield at York.
'Twas thine, great Washington!
And, in thy valiant hand,
Like sword of God and Gideon,
Sweep'd Midian from our land."

A shout burst from the throng
Which shakes this white-capp'd Hill—
But hush!—we hear again that tongue—
Be still!—warn hearts!—be still—
"This staff—to you I bring
The staff of that lov'd sage,
Who snatch'd the sceptre from a King,
And calm'd the lightning's rage.

"On it, our Franklin lean'd,
Whose counsellors thousands bless—
The great philosopher—the Friend
Of Plowshare and of Press.
Franklin and Washington!!!
What mighty names are here!
Will ye accept?"—"Tis done, 'tis done,
With one tremendous cheer.

Where should we place this sword?
This staff of one so wise!
A flaming sword, by God's high word,
Was placed in Paradise.
It flamed there, night and day,
To guard, of Life, the Tree,
So, let these Relics guard alway
Our Tree of Liberty.

The following is the concluding portion of a short temperance sermon: A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's agent; the benefactor's benefactor; his wife's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbor's scoff; a walking swill mill; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man.

When a pretty lady is looking out for you, then—look out.

The Chief's Death. OR, THE MASSACRE AT SAN ANTONIO. BY CHARLES H. SAUNDERS.

The early history of the "lone star republic" is rife with fearful interest; and many an "ower true tale" which its early pioneers relate, are well calculated to freeze the blood and blanch the cheek even of manhood. The incident I shall attempt to rehearse, as told to me by a participator in the fearful scene, and as it fell from his lips, I give, my readers the plain, "unvarnished tale."

In the year 1840, the Texian Council sent a Comanche prisoner back to his nation, charged with a mission to the effect, that if all the prisoners then in the Comanche encampment would be immediately given up, liberal ransoms should be paid in exchange. Soon after the messenger had delivered this mission to the nation, a party of the Indians left the beautiful valley of the Peralta, which place had been their winter quarters, and took the road which leads to the main post of the Texian army.

The cavalcade of the red men consisted of some of the oldest and most sage chiefs—many of the young warriors with their squaws—some with their children at their breasts, and a few old women, whose duty it seemed to be to take care of the baggage; in the centre of the party rode a beautiful American girl, who had been taken prisoner in one of the predatory excursions of the Indians, and had remained six months or more in the power of the savages. Her father was one of the pioneers of the country, who had removed from the United States with his wife and daughter, to find a "new home" in that then uncultivated region. One day in his absence, the Indians made a descent upon his cabin, tomahawked the mother in the presence of her child, and bore the daughter into captivity.

The party arrived at a spot within a mile of San Antonio de Bexar, formerly a Mexican town, then the main post of the Texian army. A halt was here made, and the old women having been left in charge of the baggage horses, mules, &c. the old chiefs and young warriors, with their squaws, marched into the town, accompanied by their captive. Each warrior was armed with his knife and bow; but a young chief who preceded them bearing a white flag, denoted that their object was peaceful. In the little council chamber of the infant country, the Texian officers awaited their approach. Judge Howard, a much esteemed citizen and public functionary, presided at the meeting; and soldiers having been stationed around the building and at every door within it, the grim procession was marched into the hall. The young warriors with their squaws and children, were conducted into an inner room, and the door closed upon them, while the stern chiefs were seated side by side on a long bench confronting the Judge. The business of the assembly then commenced. Judge Howard arose and demanded of them the number of prisoners they had. The head chief then presented the girl, and through an interpreter replied, "but one," demanding a large ransom as the price of her freedom. The girl was then taken aside, and questioned as to how many captives she had left behind in the Comanche camp. She told them that many of her countrymen and Mexicans yet lingered in bondage, expecting momentarily a horrible death. The assembly being satisfied that more prisoners remained behind, and that the Comanches had endeavored to deceive them, replied, through Judge Howard, that all must be brought in, and that they should be detained as hostages until every man was given up. The precept a Comanche teaches to his children, is "to die rather than become a prisoner to a white man," and ere the decision of the assembly had passed the Judge's lips, a Comanche knife was at his heart. Without a groan the ill-fated Judge fell dead, and then commenced the scene of blood and slaughter.

The wild whoop of the savages echoed through the building and was chorused back from the young warriors in the inner room: the door was thrown open, and the Comanches were discovered in a serried mass—each with an arrow fixed in his bow, others clasped with his hand around the stock, and others held between his teeth. With dreadful yells they rushed into the hall, and the well aimed messengers of death each hit its living mark. The officers who possessed swords or knives were using them in close melee with the savages who were similarly armed; the soldiers, whose muskets were without bayonets, grasped their weapons in a state of fearful inactivity, not daring to fire into the sanguinary crowd, lest they should wound their own officers; and not until their commanding Colonel was stabbed three several times, was the order given to fire at any risk. A blaze of flame blenched at the word, from the muzzles of a dozen muskets, and the grim savage who stood with uplifted knife over the prostrate form of the Colonel—fell across his body a lifeless corpse; with their muskets clubbed, the soldiers infuriated by the sight of their prostrate commander and dying comrades, rushed upon the savages, and although more than one arm fell disabled as the

soldier raised his musket to strike, the savages were soon stretched upon the floor, either cold in death, or writhing in its last agonies. Of the warlike band who entered that hall, but two now breathed—an old chief and his wife, a squaw, with an infant at her breast.

The woman, who had fought with desperation with the babe in her arms, now lay upon the floor, bleeding profusely from a bullet wound in the breast. The old chief bent over her a moment: he saw his child draw from his mother's breast the nourishment intended for its support, and at the same time the purple steam gushing from the frightful wound, carrying with it the life of her beloved.

The sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and as the savage gazed upon his wife, a ball intended for him, passed first through the head of the child, and lodged in the body of the woman. Both fell over on the floor motionless! All was over, and the old chief was alone; with a horrid yell he started up and gazed around him. The fair flower of his wigwam, and she who gave it life, and caressed and nourished it, were both withered and gone forever; his brave warriors, who, faithful to the religion of the Indian, which taught him to die rather than yield, lay a heap of dead around him, and he, like the sturdy oak which has survived the fury of the whirlwind, stood the only living thing amid the general chaos. One glance sufficed—with his bow in one hand, and in his other the broad knife yet dripping gore, he sprang over the dead body of his wife, and rushed towards the entrance: three bullets sped after him; but they lodged in the heart of the sentinel, and he fell dead. The savage cleared the passage at a bound, and leaped into the street. Finding himself surrounded, and all hope of escape cut off, he sprang into an adjoining building—a sort of out-house without windows, and with but one door, and before untenant. There like a tiger at bay, he awaited the sure death that fate had marked for him. He stood in one corner of the room, his eye flashing fire. His bow, never yet bent in vain, firmly grasped, and with its cord stretched to its utmost tension, the deadly arrow was poised in its place; others hung in the quiver at his back, and thus he remained, as motionless as death, guarding the only entrance to the room. A sentinel approached the door, and on the instant an arrow quivered in his breast; a citizen who thoughtlessly exposed himself, shared the same fate. An awful pause now ensued; another sentinel, reckless of the consequences, with his musket leveled from his shoulder, approached the doorway, but ere his finger could pull the trigger, the winged shaft of the savage laid him with the other two on the stoop of the building.

Sicken'd at the sight, the citizens devised a plan that should drive the desperate chief from his strong hold. Just at this moment, one of the old women who had been left with the baggage was brought in a prisoner. She was directed to go to the chief and tell him if he would throw away the arrows, he might go in safety and peace. As she approached the door she spoke, and the chieftain recognized her voice, permitted her to enter. She delivered her message, and received for reply—

"No—the white men have cut off all the branches—now let them come if they dare, and he will down the withered trunk." She returned with the reply, and was directed to repeat the message. She re-entered the building—the same answer was returned, with the assurance, that if she dared to tell again the white man's story, she should die. All hopes of enticing him from his position were now lost, and implements being procured, several men ascended on the outside of the building to the roof, and commenced forcing a hole through the cemented top, for the purpose of shooting him from above. It had grown quite dark—the quick ear of the savage caught the first-sound of the crow-bar; and, directed by the light of the torch which stole through the opening chinks, he changed his situation in order to command both positions. As he passed under the aperture, a flaming ball of liquid fire dropped from the torch of pitch, and fell upon his head. His long hair was immediately wrapped in a blaze, and he ran screaming from the building. Hardly had he reached the threshold, when five bullets were in his heart! with a terrific scream he sprang into the air, and fell heavily upon the ground.

When they arrived at the spot, the undaunted soul of the Indian, like the morning vapor of his prairies, had arisen from the dull earth, and the scarred corpse was all it left to suffer the indignities of his pale faced enemy.

Millerism and Mormonism.

In the Nauvoo "Times and Seasons," of March 1st, Joe Smith, the Mormon impostor, addresses a communication to the editor, which closes as follows:—"Therefore, hear this, O, Earth! the Lord will not come to reign over the righteous in this world in 1843, nor until every thing for the bridegroom is ready."

A man that would call every thing by its right name, would hardly pass through the streets without being knocked down as a common enemy.—Ellis.

The Wife.

It is not unfrequent that a wife mourns over the alienated affections of her husband, when she has made no effort herself to strengthen and increase his attachment. She thinks, because he once loved her, he ought always to love her, and she neglects those attentions which engaged his heart. Many a wife is thus the cause of her own neglect and sorrow. The woman deserves not a husband's love, who will not greet him with smiles when he returns from the labours of the day; who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one in a thousand so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence and break away from such a home.

The Eldest Daughter.

The department of the older children of the family, is of great importance to the younger. The obedience or insubordination, operates throughout the whole circle. Especially is the station of the eldest daughter one of eminence. She drank the first draught of her mother's love. She usually enjoys much of her counsel and companionship. In her absence she is the natural viceroy. Let the mother take double pains to form her on a correct model, to make her amiable, diligent, domestic, pious; trusting that the image of those virtues may leave impressions on the soft waxen hearts of the younger ones, to whom she may, in the providence of God, be called to fill the place of a maternal guide.

Love and Marriage.

A case was recently tried in Rutland, Vermont, in which Miss Munson recovered \$1,425, of a Mr. Hastings for a breach of marriage contract. The curiosity of the thing is, that the Vt. judge charged the jury that no explicit promise was necessary to bind the parties to a marriage contract, but that long continued attention or intimacy with a female was as good evidence of intended matrimony as a special contract. The principle of the case undoubtedly is, that if Hastings did not promise, he ought to have done it, and so the law holds him responsible for the non-performance of his duty. A most excellent decision—a most righteous judge—compared with whom, Daniel would appear but as a common squire. We have no idea of a young fellow dangle about a woman for a year or two without being able to screw their courage to the sticking point, and then going off, leaving their sweet-hearts half courted; we hate this everlasting nibble and never a bite; this beating the bush never starting the game; this standing to the rack without touching the corn; it is one of the crying sins of the age. There is not one girl in twenty can tell whether she is courted or not. No wonder that when Betty Simper's cousin asked her if Billy Doubtful was courting her, answered: "I don't know 'xactly; he's sorter, and sorter not courtin'." We have no doubt that this Hastings is one of those "sorter not" fellows, and most heartily do we rejoice that the judge has brought him up standing with a \$1,425 verdict. The judge says, "that long continued attentions, or 'intimacy' according to the laws of Vermont; but supposing 'attentions' to consist in visiting a girl twice a week; and estimating the time wasted by Miss Munson at each visit to be worth a dollar which is dog cheap, Mr. Hastings has been making a fool of himself fourteen years and some weeks.

The decision makes a new era in the law of love and we doubt not will tend to the promotion of matrimony and sound morality.—Ex. p.

A Lesson for Young Men.

A correspondent informs us that he was acquainted, some thirty years ago, with three young men, all then apprentices to Mechanical trades, who boarded together at a boarding-house in Murray street. Each of them was poor, having no means but the scanty allowance of Apprentices, which barely sufficed to pay their board and provide them with working apparel; so that on Sunday, when most young men sported holiday suits in Broadway, these lads remained at home, reading, having not one Sunday suit between them. But all of them were honest, industrious and prudent, and, as time wears on, one of them has since been Mayor of Georgetown, D. C., the second, Mayor of Newark, N. J., and the third is ROBERT SMITH, who we trust will very soon be Mayor of New York! Such, Young Men! are the rewards of patient Industry and solid though humble Worth.—N. Y. Tribune.

A London paper states that compressed horsehair has been introduced between the soles of boots, to exclude dampness.

When we see birds at the approach of rain, anointing their plumes with oil, to shield off the drops, should it not remind us, when the storms of contention threaten us, to apply the oil of forbearance, and thus prevent the chilling drops from entering our hearts.

Matrimony is a medicine very proper for young men to take. It decides their fate—kills or cures.

Pruning Fruit Trees.

It will be found upon experiment, that a wound made on a tree in March or April will look black as soon as the sap begins to flow, and that the sap will ooze out until the leaves have put out so as to receive it; while a wound made in June will remain white and immediately commence healing. And a tree that has been broken by being loaded with fruit, or otherwise, while the tree is green with foliage the wound will look white, and the wood remain sound; while one broken in the winter by snow, or from any other cause, will look black and decline to decay.

It has been my humble lot to spend the most of my time in the spring and fore part of the summer in engraving and pruning fruit trees, and my experience goes to prove that the best time for pruning is when the leaves are full grown and the tree is vigorous and in a growing state. For at this season, when the sap has been spent in the foliage, and the pores of the wood are filled, so that when the limb is taken off, the sun and warm weather will dry the end of the limb, and close the pores of the wood against the weather, and the sap will keep the limb alive to the very end, and the healing will be perceived immediately.—Boston Cultivator.

A well known little Irish lawyer, famous for impassioned eloquence and sarcastic power, got challenged once by an irritable witness, who took offence at some sharp cross questioning in the court. The orator knew precisely as much about fighting as a fancy boxer knows about Milton's "Paradise Lost." His friends told him, however, that there was no way to avoid the scrape, and it was certainly expected of him either to fight or apologise. This settled the point; for the proud little Hibernian, though he would rather eat than fight, still infinitely preferred being shot to making an apology. So the two duellists, with their seconds, &c., were soon upon the battle ground. The challenger was notorious as a great pistol shot, and had fought some half dozen duels before, in one of which he was so badly wounded as to be left a cripple for life.

When other preliminaries were arranged, he requested through his second, one favor from his adversary, which was—permission to stand against a mile stone that was on the chosen ground. He sought no advantage, but wished to lean upon the stone, being too lame to stand erect without support. His request was at once granted, and just as the word was about to be given, the little lawyer issued his mandate to stay proceedings, as he also had a request to make.

In the gravest manner in the world he solicited permission to lean against the next mile stone! and the joke was so good that the challenger took his revenge out in a hearty roar of laughter, withdrawing his deadly defiance, and declaring he could never shoot a man of such excellent humor. The opponents shook hands, and were ever after close friends, while the barrister rejoiced in the quizzical renown of being a good shot—at a distance.—Picayune.

A fellow "down east," recently visited his "girl," and she treated him to brown bread and pickles for supper! What of it—better than that eat nothing.

The Hampshire Washingtonian gives the following valuable "cure for a sore throat," as the best one known, probably it is meant for gentlemen only—"Let him take the sleeve of a young lady's dress, and press it gently round his neck.—N. B. There must be a soft white arm in the sleeve, or the recipe will be useless."

As we supply by new flowers those that fade in our vases, so it is the secret of worldly wisdom to replace by fresh friendship those that fade from our path.

"What," inquired the schoolmaster, "what is the plural of penny?" "Two-pence!" shouted the sharpest lad in the class.

"I shall die happy," said the expiring husband to the wife who was weeping most dutifully by the bedside, "if you will promise not to marry that object of my unceasing jealousy, your cousin John." "Make yourself quite easy, love," said the expectant widow; "I am engaged to his brother."

A boy once complained of his bed-fellow for taking half the bed. "And why not?" said his mother; "he is entitled to half, ain't he?" "Yes, mother," said the boy; "but how should you like to have him to take out all the soft for his half? he will have his half right out of the middle, and I have to sleep both sides of him."

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows came riding along that way, when one of them called to him with an insolent air:

"Well honest fellow," said he, "it is your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your hard labor."

To which the countryman replied, "It is very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp."