Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

Lines on Genesis xv. 13.

The watchful eye of God,
  Descries my secret soul,
Marking the paths I've trod,
  E'en to life's uncertain goal.

The eye that never sleeps,
  Heaven, earth, and hell beholds,
The ocean's wave and boundless deep,
  And nights dark gloom unfolds.

That eye with mildness beams
  On every child of grace,
And yields to blissful scenes,
  Where faith and hope shall cease.

Where age and death are not:
  Where trial cannot come;
Where griefs are all forgot,
  And joys are ever young.

That eye with scorching ray,
  On every sinner looks,
And points him to the day
  Of wither'd, blasted hopes.

When justice sent abroad,
  By an almighty hand,
Arrests the rebel on his road,
  Of every clime, and land.

When fear the heart shall fill,
  When God himself shall mock,
While wrath and sorer ill
  The rebel's soul shall shock.

O, may I bend the knee
  Before that sleepless eye,
"Thou God" that "seest me,"
  Be thou forever nigh.

Stroudsburg, 1845. J. R.

We request particular attention to the following pithy address, which we extract from the Boston Liberator. Most readers will find in it something touchingly interesting—at least so thinks the PRINTER.

Come A, B, C, D, E, F, G;
And pay your bills, sirs, honestly,
Both for the old year and the new—
Then, sirs, a happy year to you.

H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O,
We want our money—don't be slow;
Pray, do not let us ask again,
Or spend our time and ink in vain.

P, Q, R, S, T, U, and V,
Our cash we would be glad to see;
If you our just demands will pay,
We'll wish you well on New Year's Day.

W, X, Y, Z, and all the rest,
Come forward now, and do your best;
Come, pay the Printer all you owe—
He'll happy be, and wish you so.

Take Notice—If you do not pay,
May you be troubled every day;
May conscience never give you peace,
Till you to be our debtor cease.

But if in answer to our call;
You promptly pay us one and all—
May you most prosperously thrive,
In eighteen hundred forty-five.

A Cutting Reply.—A beautiful Jewess attended a party lately in New York, where she was excessively annoyed by a vulgar, impertinent fellow. "And you never eat pork, Miss M——!" asked he, tauntingly.

"Never sir," was the reply.

"Nor use lard!" continued the persecutor.

"No sir," she answered, "our religion teaches us to avoid every thing swinish, physically and morally; therefore you will excuse me for declining any more words with you."

Kentucky in '76.

A LEGEND OF THE BLOODY GROUND.

BY DR. ROBERT E. LITTLE.

We do not love these ancient ruins,
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some revered history.

——The flood of time is rolling on;
We stand upon its brink, whilst they are gone
To glide in peace down death's mysterious stream.
——Have ye done well? They moulder flesh and bone,
Who might have made this life's enamoured dream
A sweeter draught than ye will ever taste, I deem.

Shelly.

All who are conversant with western history—the history of that period in Kentucky, or the 'Dark and Bloody Ground,' as it was formerly called, so replete with danger and misfortune to the hardy pioneer from the ambuscade assaults of the wild and revengeful Indian—have heard of the old Boonsborough Fort. Not a trace now remains of this renowned safehold from the inroads of the savage—even the magnificent elm under whose wide-spreading branches the venerable Lythe was accustomed to send up his voice in humble accents to the God of his fathers, a monument of other ages, which for centuries had reared his head and dared the fury of the elements, has yielded to the influence of time, and disappeared from its accient seat; but the waters of the same river which washed its base, and wafted onward the light bark of the Indian warrior, rolls on with calm and peaceful waves as in former days; the waters of the same spring from which the devoted few slaked their thirst, now supply the wants of the neighboring farmer; and the same hills which overlooked the fort in towering sublimity, and afforded a lurking-place for its enemies, now yield rich pasture to the lowing herd.

Within the last fifty years, the aspect of the whole scene has changed: here, where nature's ancient domain was undisturbed—here, where the hunter fatigued himself in pursuit of the deer and buffalo—here, where the forest re-echoed from hill to hill with the howling of the wolf and the panther, and the yell of the savage, are finally cultivated fields teeming with the produce of the farm; pastures displaying their cultivated verdure; herds of cattle breathing life to the surrounding hills, and the hum of busy man coming cheerful upon the ear. For the last time has the warrior launched his frail bark upon the noble waters of the Kentuck-ee; for the last time has he sent forth among its blue hills the war hoop, so terrifying to the defenceless settler; here, for the last time, has he been appalled by the workings of the Tempeatking, and never again will he bow down on its banks in supplication to the Great Spirit. His doom is sealed: he is retiring before the influence of civilization, as the darkness of night before the morning sun. But his name will live in the noble state to which he gave a title, as well in the numerous stories of adventure similar to the one about to be related.

In the Spring of 1775, a year memorable alike for that struggle by which we were enabled to throw off the yoke of British tyranny, and for the difficulties experienced by the emigrant in his efforts to subdue the hitherto impenetrable and inhospitable region of Kentucky. The Boonsborough Fort was erected on the south bank of the river, as a defence against the incursions of the northern Indians, who were jealous of the whites, justly fearing that the hunting grounds purchased by the blood of their fathers would be torn from them, that farms would be erected upon their graves, and they themselves hunted down like the beasts of the forest, and compelled to seek other homes.

For several years after its erection the outrages perpetrated indicated that it was their determination to destroy the different stations, and thus endeavor to prevent the further settlement of the country. Among other settlements, Boonsborough suffered severely, having withstood a siege of nine days, carried on by a superior force of French and Indians. Our story commences immediately after the siege, when the garrison was much weakened in point of numbers, and when it was dangerous to appear outside the picketing, as the savages were concealed in the neighboring thickets, always ready to fire on those who were so unfortunate as to be thrown in their way.

The early settlers of Kentucky were composed of emigrants principally from Virginia and North Carolina—men who with their families had left their native firesides and sought a house in a wild and unsettled country, with its attendant toils, privations, and dangers, which were of no ordinary character—a race of men who are fast passing away. They were brave and energetic, fearless of danger—their best friend was their rifle, as it was their constant companion for years, both in the field and the chase, while not unfrequently the forest was their couch, with no covering save the vaulted heavens above. Calculating selfishness (the usual consequence of merging from a forest to a refined state of life,) is not one of the traits of character transmitted to their posterity. Brave and magnanimous on the field of battle—courteous and hospitable at home, the Kentuckian of the present day fully maintains the reputation of his ancestors for all that is great, noble and good.

Although sixty-eight years have passed away since its erection, there still may be seen a small log building on the right of the road leading from the village of Richmond to the ferry at Boonsborough—half a mile from the latter place. Its dilapidated appearance, crumbling stone chimney and moss covered roof, indicate it to have been the residence of one of the pioneers of the country—and such it was. But every thing immediately about it—the fallen trees—the luxuriant undergrowth—and the numberless briar bushes, tell of its desertion and neglect—while the bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the cattle as they feed upon the rich fields of clover in the distance—the running to and fro of men in the corn and harvest field, bespeak the activity of the hand of improvement. Years ago, and this was the habitation of John Cameron, a native of South Carolina, but of Scotch descent. Among the first emigrants who had settled in Kentucky, he assisted in building the fort, but shortly after its completion, being weary of the restraint attendant upon the number of families living within the enclosure, determined to make a 'clearing' and erect a cabin at a short distance from the fort, so that in case of disturbance he might retire to it for protection. During its investment by the French and Indians, he sought refuge in it, and from some cause or other, his improvements escaped the incendiary torch of the besiegers, so that upon the retirement of the main body he again ventured out, notwithstanding the advice of those who were well acquainted with their treachery.

The Cameron family consisted of the father, mother, son and daughter. A succession of misfortunes had induced them to leave their native State and brave the dangers of a pioneer life, with the hope of being able, in the course of time, to retrieve the past. Though in moderate circumstances, the hospitality drew around their fireside the best society of the neighborhood, while not a few were attracted by the charms of the daughter Edith, as lovely a girl as sported in all the buoyancy of youth on the banks of the glassy Pedee.

A love for our native land is common to all—but by none is an absence from it more poignantly felt than by the young and unexperienced.—Home! happy home! away from it we are constantly wandering in imagination to the spot most dear to us on earth—memory paints to us in vivid colors the scenes of youth—the rocks—the blue hills—and the forest around the place of our birth. Days of our youth! days of innocence and delight which pass off as sweetly as the dew from the leaf under the warming influence of a May day sun—when passed they never can be recalled—and then, only then, do we realize the truth of the destiny of the boy in the fable—who wandered from home in search of contentment—when in reality he had exiled himself. An anticipated departure from childhood's abode is scarcely less painful than the reality. The eyes of Edith Cameron filled with tears as she seated herself at the foot of the hillock from which issued the stream of water whence she was accustomed to draw the daily supply. The next day's rising sun would behold her preparing to leave those scenes where she had spent the happiest period of her life—perhaps never to visit them. The rippling brook—its banks bedecked with sweetest flowers—and the moss-covered arbor under which she delighted to seat herself at the hour of twilight, and weave those webs of anticipation so delightful to the imagination of youth—would be left behind. The clear starlight of a southern sky flashing through the dense forest, and the music of the woodlark would be remembered only with the past. With such anticipations as these need we say that the girl wept tears of regret. Edith's companion (for she had one) was a youth some twenty-two years of age, of robust frame—the image of health and manly vigor. From earliest infancy they had been associates—had attended the same school and read from the same book—he had been her defender from the rudeness of the other boys, and in turn for his gallantry he was always permitted to attend her to her father's gate on their return from school. Their friendships, as they grew older, ripened into love—but never until the evening referred to, had William Hervey ventured to speak of the secrets of his heart. The moon was high in the heavens ere they parted that night. What passed between them need scarcely be told—they were affianced—vows were plighted before heaven—and he was to follow the Cameron family to the wilds of Kentucky in the course of the succeeding spring.

An interval of a few months must be passed over. The family arrived safely at their new home, improvements were made, and the arrival of young Hervey was expected. He at length made his appearance, and again there was rejoicing under the humble roof of the settlers, although in the midst of danger, and every moment liable to an attack from their savage enemies. Late in the autumn the marriage of Edith and Hervey was to be celebrated. The appointed day rolled round, the company assembled, and the blazing of the huge maple and hickory wood fire, as it reflected its light upon the rude ceiling imparted an air of comfort to the well-filled building. The bride arrayed in virgin white, leaning upon the arm of the groom, made her appearance—silence prevailed—the aged minister, his hair silvered by the frosts of many winters, approached and began the ceremony which was to unite the young and happy couple in bonds to be severed only by death—when yells fierce and terrific were heard without. A moment more, and a score of disguised demons forced the door; but the astonishment and awe into which those within the house were thrown gave way, and their assaults were met at the threshold with a determination not anticipated by the swarthy band. The females retired to an inner room for protection, while the men defended the doors. As the entrance to the house was narrow, the whites had the advantage, although in point of number they were less than the Indians. Warrior after warrior fell back dead upon those in the rear, until the Indian force was much weakened. For hours the strife continued with unabated fury; hope on the part of the whites had almost fled, when suddenly the Indians retired from the contest, and left them in possession of the house.

The whole party (now weakened by the loss of three of the stoutest hearts that ever beat) again assembled to finish the ceremony which was interrupted before its conclusion, and consulted as to the future. Having determined to abandon the place and retire to the fort they were upon the eve of doing so, when their foes returned to the assault with renewed energy, and with more success.

In the thickest of the fight appeared a tall warrior, towering above the rest, he seemed to be the leader of the band. Brandishing his hatchet, he made his way into the midst of the whites and seizing the almost inanimate form of Edith, bore her in his arms to the door in safety. A scream of misery burst from the lips of the groom and his friends when it was perceived that he had gained the open space, as they knew it would be madness to fire upon the savage, protected as he was by his senseless burden. Followed by the rest of his band, the warrior disappeared in the recesses of the forest.

Pursuit was determined upon. Reinforced by a party from the fort, the younger Cameron and Hervey, within half an hour after the retreat of the savages, were upon their trail. For nearly twenty-four hours the Indians did not venture to delay a moment, knowing that instant pursuit would be made. Upon the evening after the battle, the pursuers caught a glimpse of their foes as they were ascending a hill half a mile distant from them. They wisely determined not to risk an engagement until night, when by stratagem they might be able to succeed with less danger to themselves.

The Indians halted at dark, but as if anticipating an attack, their fires were extinguished in the gloom. The night was dark and stormy—the moon failed to shed its rich and genial influence over the scene; and the wind whistled through the forest fearfully. No bird of omen warbled its mournful notes in token of its loneliness—not even the murmur of the distant waterfall as it fell from rock to rock, from the mountain's top was heard—the wind alone broke the stillness of nature. The darkness prevented them from making an attempt (as it was first agreed on) to rescue the prisoner—it was determined to wait the first dawn of day, and make the onset while they were yet sleeping. The whites were nine in number—while the Indian force amounted to fourteen.

The Indians did not take the precaution to bind closely their prisoner, so that upon the first discharge of the rifles of the pursuers she was enabled to disengage herself from the cords with which she was bound, but before she had gained her feet, her captor stood over her, brandishing his war club which he had snatched from the hand of another as he was rising from the ground. Instantly the keen eye of Hervey recognised the savage, and levelling his gun he fired. The ball pierced the Indian's forehead, who leaped from the ground and fell dead. In quick and rapid succession the rest of the party fired again and again until the Indians, perceiving their diminishing number, made a hasty retreat, leaving behind their guns and other instruments of death. Infuriated at the cruelty of the savages, the whites pursued them for miles; two fell from fatigue and were despatched by the hatchet, while the third, desperate from the numerous wounds received, coming to the Licking where the banks were high and abrupt, determined to sacrifice himself rather than to fall under the knife of the white man, and precipitated himself into the bounding stream and perished beneath its wave. Thus died the last of the band of the brave but cruel chieftain Ki-o-da-go.

The party returned from the pursuit without an accident. Hervey and his wife, after the cessation of hostilities and the death of their parents, which occurred shortly afterward, removed some distance into the country from the river, and but a few years have elapsed since they yielded up in peace, their spirits to God. Their descendants are numerous, and to this day they recount to their children the scenes of the 'Bridal Eve.'

This is but one of the incidents with which the "Dark and Bloody Ground" is rife. Scarcely a clearing there but had its legend. At our day it is difficult to believe all the perils to which our fathers were subjected, or the privations which the mothers and daughters of Kentucky endured."

"What o'clock is it?"

When I was a young lad my father called me to him that he might teach me what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part."

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off, scampering to join my companions at a game of marbles: but my father called me back again. "Stop, Humphrey," said he, "I have something else to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock quite as well as my father did.

"Humphrey," said he, "I taught you the time of the day; I must now teach you to find the time of your life."

All this was strange to me; so I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it—for I wanted badly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," says he, "describes the years of man to be three score and ten, or four score years. Now life is uncertain, and you may not live a day longer; but if we divide the four score years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock. Should it please God thus to spare your life, looking at the clock may perhaps remind you of it. My great grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you and I shall die, Humphrey, is known only to Him to whom all things are known."

Never since then have I heard the enquiry, "what o'clock is it?" nor do I think I ever looked at the face of a clock without being reminded of the words of my father.

I know not, reader, what o'clock it is with you, but I know very well what time it is with myself—and that if I mean to do anything in this world which hitherto I have neglected, it is high time to set about it. The words of my father have given a solemnity to the dial plate of a clock, which it never would, perhaps, have possessed in my estimation, if those words had not been spoken.

Blanket Sheets.

We have often heard newspapers compared to blankets, but we never knew that they could be used for them. A correspondent of the London Times says, two sheets of double imperial brown paper, pasted at the edge to form one (and at a cost of less than six cents,) if laid over a bed with one blanket under, will produce more warmth than three ordinary blankets, or over a single coverlit, will be warmer than one blanket only, and will last, with a little care, a whole winter.—Philad. Gazette.

A young clergyman having buried three wives, a lady asked him how he happened to be so lucky. "Madam," he replied, "I knew they could not live without contradiction, so I let them all have their own way."

The Devil is married sure enough! He's caught a Shad! The papers chronicle the marriage of Mr. John *Devil* to Miss Elizabeth *Shad*.

Rot in the Potatoe.

A correspondent of the Cultivator furnishes the following remedy for the rot in the Potatoe—a disease very prevalent in this section for the two last years, and which has destroyed very nearly one half of this valuable crop. 'For some years past,' says the writer, 'I have used slaked lime, which I sprinkle on the potatoes as they are cut for seed, and shovel them over in it and plant them immediately. Since I have adopted this plan, for the last year or more, I have not lost a potatoe, either in the ground or after they are put in the cellar: and such of my neighbors as follow my example, are alike fortunate, but I am very much troubled with the rot.' We recommend to the farmers in this vicinity to try the experiment the ensuing spring.

An old lady once remarked that the most healthy corset for the waist was a husband's arm.