

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 6.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1845.

No. 2

## PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SCHUCH & SPERING.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietors, will be charged 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar: twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion: larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers. All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

### To all Concerned.

We would call the attention of some of our subscribers, and especially certain Post Masters, to the following reasonable, and well settled rules of Law in relation to publishers, to the patrons of newspapers.

#### THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the officers to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

From the New York Tribune.

### Childhood.

BY C. D. STUART.

It seems but yesterday I stood  
A child among the golden flowers,  
And heard the music from the wood—  
The song-birds greet the Summer hours.  
A gentle, and unerring child,  
Whose heart was free from grief and care,  
On whom the sunshine softly smiled,  
Nor left a stain of ruin there.  
But yesterday—and now I tread  
A pilgrim o'er the sandy waste,  
The flowers in blight the music fled—  
Nor left an echo of the past!  
Such is the fleeting pace of time,  
Which only mars the fairest page;  
Since innocence is Childhood's clime,  
And sin and sorrow come with age.  
O could we live those years again,  
For ever live in Childhood's light,  
Unknowing what is grief or pain,  
Like summer blossoms young and bright.  
Ah, beautiful those vanished days,  
When life was linked to golden hours,  
And all our thoughts and all our ways  
Were mirror'd in the summer flowers!

### A Christian Colony—Power of Kindness.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

The highest gifts my soul has received, during its world-pilgrimage, have often been bestowed by those who were poor, both in money and intellectual cultivation. Among these donors, I particularly remember a hard-working, uneducated mechanic, from Indiana or Illinois. He told me that he was one of thirty or forty New Englanders, who, twelve years before, had gone out to settle in the western wilderness. They were neighbors; and had been drawn to unite together in emigration from a general unity of opinion on various subjects.—For some years previous, they had been in the habit of meeting occasionally at each other's houses, to talk over their duties to God and men, in all simplicity of heart. Their library was the gospel—their priesthood the inward light. There were then no anti-slavery societies; but thus taught and reverentially willing to learn, they had no need of such agency, to discover that it was wicked to enslave. The efforts of peace societies had reached this secluded band only in broken echoes, and non-resistance societies, had no existence. But with the volume of the Prince of Peace, and hearts open to His influence, what need had they of preambles and resolutions? Rich in spiritual culture this little band started for the Far West. Their inward homes were blooming gardens; they made their outward in a wilderness. They were industrious and frugal, and all things prospered under their hands. But soon wolves came near the fold, in the shape of reckless, unprincipled adventurers, believers in force and cunning, who acted

according to their creed. The colony of practical Christians spoke of their depredations in terms of gentle remonstrance, and repaid them with unvarying kindness.

They went farther—they openly announced: 'You may do us what evil you choose, we will return nothing but good.' Lawyers came into the neighborhood and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered:

'We have no need of you. As neighbors, we receive you in the most friendly spirit.'

'What will you do, if rascals burn your barns, and steal your harvests?'

'We will return good for evil. We believe this to be the highest truth, and therefore the best expediency.'

When the rascals heard this, they considered it a marvellous good joke, and did many provoking things which to them seemed witty. Bars were taken down in the night and cows let into the cornfields. The Christians repaired the damages as well as they could, put the cows into the barn, and at twilight drove them gently home, saying, Neighbor, your cows have been in my field, I have fed them well during the day, but I should not keep them all night lest the children should suffer for their milk.'

If this was fun, they who planned the joke found to heart to laugh at it. By degrees a visible change came over these troublesome neighbors. They ceased to cut off horses' tails, and break the legs of poultry. Rude boys would say to a younger brother: 'Don't throw that stone, Bill! when I killed the chicken last week, didn't they send it to mother, because they thought chicken broth would be good for poor Mary? I should think you would be ashamed to throw stones at their chickens.'—Thus was evil overcome with good, till not one was found to do them wilful injury.

Years passed on and saw them thriving in worldly substance, beyond their neighbors, yet beloved by all. From them the lawyer and the constable obtained no fees. The sheriff stammered and apologized when he took their hard earned goods in payment of the war tax. They mildly replied: 'Tis a bad trade, friend. Examine it in the light of conscience and see if it be not.' But while they refused to pay such fees and taxes, they were liberal to a proverb in their contributions for all useful and benevolent purposes.

At the end of ten years, the public lands, which they had chosen for their farms, were advertised for sale by auction. According to the custom, those who had settled and cultivated the soil, were considered to have the right to bid it in at the Government price, which at that time was ten shillings per acre. But the fever of land speculation then chanced to run unusually high. Adventurers from all parts of the country were flocking to the auction; capitalists in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, were sending agents to buy up western lands. No one supposed that custom or equity would be regarded. The first day's sale showed that speculation ran to the verge of insanity. Land was eagerly bought in at seventeen, twenty-five and thirty dollars per acre. The Christian colony had small hopes of retaining their farms. As first settlers they had chosen the best land; and persevering industry had brought it into the highest cultivation. Its market value was much greater than the acres already sold at exorbitant prices. In view of these facts they had prepared their minds for another remove into the wilderness, perhaps to be again ejected by a similar process. But the morning their lot was offered for sale, they observed, with grateful surprise, that their neighbors were every where busy among the crowd, begging and expostulating: 'Don't bid on these lands! These men have been working hard on them for ten years. During all that time, they never did harm to man or brute. They are always ready to give good for evil. They are a blessing to any neighborhood. It would be a sin and a shame to bid on their lands. Let them go at the Government price.'

The sale came on; the cultivators of the soil offered ten shillings, intending to bid higher if necessary. But among all that crowd of selfish, reckless speculators, not one bid over them! Without an opposing voice, the fair acres returned to them! I do not know a more remarkable instance of evil overcome by good.

The wisest political economy lies folded up in the maxims of Christ.

With delighted reverence, I listened to this unlettered backwoodsman, as he explained his philosophy of universal love. 'What would you do,' said I, 'if an idle, thieving vagabond came among you, resolved to stay, but determined not to work?' 'We would give him food when hungry, shelter him when cold, and always treat him as a brother.' 'Would not this process attract such characters? How would you avoid being overrun with them?'—'Such characters would either reform or not remain with us. We should not speak an angry word, or refuse to minister to their necessities; but we should invariably regard them with the deepest sadness, as we would a guilty but beloved son. This is harder for the human soul to bear than whips or prisons. They could not stand it; I am sure they could not. It would either melt them, or drive them away. In nine cases out of ten I believe it would melt them.'

I felt rebuked for my want of faith, and consequent shallowness of insight. That hard-handed laborer brought greater riches to my soul than an Eastern merchant laden with pearls. I repeat, money is not wealth.

From the Hartford Times.

### A Lost Boy Found.

The following communication gives the particulars of the capture of a child of Mr. Ammi Filley, in Michigan, in the year 1837, and his recovery in Tolland, Massachusetts, about the first of January last. Mr. Filley was a native of Windsor, Connecticut—a son of Mr. Elijah Filley, of Bloomfield, quite recently deceased. Mr. Filley has called upon us, to vouch for the truth of the communication, which was written by a friend of his, intimately conversant with all the facts connected with the lost child.

In consulting the tales of romance, and perusing the many and various works of fiction that issue from the public press at the present day, none will be found more full of interest, or tending more to display the wonderful workings of a superintending Providence, than the remarkable incident in the history of a lost child, recently reclaimed from the western savages by its bereaved parent.

In 1835, Mr. Ammi Filley, of Windsor, Connecticut, (having in 1834 married a daughter of Capt. Wm. Marvin, of Granville, Mass.) removed with his family to the town of Jackson, in the state of Michigan. In this town, then a wilderness, he located himself, and by his industry and economy, he soon found himself in possession of a productive and profitable farm, and by the accession of settlers the town became populous and flourishing. Although in the vicinity of numerous tribes of savages, and often visited by wandering families of the natives, yet all was peace and quietness, and every thing conspired to render their abode pleasant and happy.

On the 3d of August 1837, his little son, then a child five years old, went out to a swamp in the vicinity of their dwelling, with a hired girl, to gather whortleberries. The swamp was in the direction from Mr. Filley's to the dwelling of Mr. Mount, the father of the girl, whither they expected to go and spend the night—and the scene of their toil was about a mile from the house of the former, and some twenty or thirty rods from the house of the latter. Having satisfied himself with picking berries, the child exhibited a desire to return, whereupon the girl conducted him to the road, and placed him in the direction to the house of Mr. Mount—not doubting as the house was in plain sight, and only a few rods distant, but the little fellow would reach it in perfect safety. The girl returned to the swamp, and after completing her supply of berries, went home to the house of her father, and found to her astonishment, as well as that of the family, that William had not arrived. Notice was immediately given thro' the settlement, and the whole population rushed at once to the assistance and relief of the almost distracted parents. Day and night for more than a week, witnessed the praiseworthy exertions of his neighbors, and the whole country in every direction, to the extent of more than twenty miles, was searched with uniring vigilance. Every pond and stream of water was examined and dragged, and every rod of

ground scrutinized for many successive days, but no trace could be discovered of the absent child. As an inducement to continue the search, notice of the event was published in the papers, and Mr. Filley offered a reward of two hundred dollars for the recovery of the child, dead or alive. As suspicions were entertained that foul play had been practiced by the Indians, inquiries were made of the different tribes and families in the vicinity, and pecuniary offers tendered to their chief, and influential men, and Mr. Filley himself traversed for months the wilds of Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, but his efforts proved in vain. No discovery could be made and no tidings had, and he returned to his heart-broken family, with the reflection that their little William was lost.

For seven long years this stricken family endured the agony of affliction which seldom falls to the lot of human nature. "Months of vanity and wearisome nights were appointed to them.

If the shaft of death had smitten down this their first born son, and they had passed thro' funeral solemnities, and had seen him laid in the grave, time would have tempered their grief and mitigated the anguish of their bereavement. But the painful suspense, the awful uncertainty that hung over his fate, was an abiding sorrow, which time could not soften and earth had no balm to heal. As time rolled on, hope became extinguished, but William was not forgotten. The mournful event with its aggravating circumstances was a corroding canker upon every comfort of the family; a fatal disease seized the mother, and she sunk into an untimely grave.

Since the decease of this wife, Mr. Filley has visited Connecticut, the place of this nativity, and while here, by a mysterious course of events beyond the comprehension of human wisdom to fathom, his long lost has appeared, and been restored to his fond embraces.

It seems that the lad, before reaching the house of Mr. Mount, was overtaken and kidnapped by a band of Indians, who in their wanderings happened to pass that way. In this family he lived, and travelled with them in all their migratory movements, from the time he was captured until the autumn of 1843.

About this time this family visited Albany, N. Y., and while there this white child was discovered among them. The municipal authorities of the city becoming acquainted with the circumstance, at once caused their arrest, and took measures to compel them to disclose the means by which they became possessed of the child. They were alternately flattered and threatened, but no disclosures could be obtained, as they seemed resolved to submit to any punishment, rather than make any communication by which the paternity of the child could be ascertained. They were therefore discharged, and the child very humanely put in the orphan asylum.

Subsequently, in the spring of 1844, Mr. L. Cowles, of Tolland, Mass., being in want of a boy in his family, was recommended to this place, and furnished with this lad, whom he brought home with him to his residence in Tolland.

In the month of December last, by a most marvellous concurrence of circumstances, the facts in relation to this boy, so far as concerned the transaction at Albany, came to the knowledge of Rev. Dr. Cooley, of Granville. The Doctor, having frequently heard the circumstances under which the child was lost, immediately communicated the intelligence he had obtained to Mr. Marvin, the grandfather of the child, and he, without loss of time, made known the tidings to Mr. Filley, who was then with his friends in Connecticut. From the knowledge thus obtained, Mr. Filley visited Mr. Cowles, in Tolland, with whom the lad then resided.

Although time and exposure had somewhat obliterated the fair features of the boy his personal appearance was the counterpart of other members of the family. His size, his age, the complexion of his eyes and hair; and all the prominent characteristics indicated those of his child; and upon appealing to a known scar upon his hand, and examining an indubitable mark in the hair of his head, his identity was fully recognized, and in the joy of his heart he pressed to his bosom his long lost son.

From the story of the boy it appears that he

has constantly resided in the same family, which consisted of four Indians—Paul Pye and Phebe Ann Pye, his wife, Martha Ann Pye, their daughter, and Thomas Williams, an inmate of the family. They adopted him as their son, and he was taught and believed that Paul and Phebe Ann were his parents and Martha his sister. He supposed himself an Indian boy, and was not aware of any difference of complexion or distinction of nature until his deliverance at Albany. He has an indistinct recollection of attending school, but when or where he knows not.

This seems to be the only remaining fact in his memory that he can recognize as having transpired prior to his capture, and he does not seem to associate this with any other fact indicative of his home, except that he did not go to school with Indians.

The first place which he remembered to have visited was Green Bay, of the scenery of which he gives a faint, though correct description. In travelling to that place they probably either went or returned by water, and he remembers going in a steamboat. He accompanied them in all their wanderings, and was used as a mendicant to supply himself with clothes and the family with food when their indolence prevented their obtaining it in any other way.

In the summer they made their peregrinations back and forth through Michigan and N. York, and sometimes visited Connecticut, and at one period encamped themselves for several weeks in Stonington. In the winter they generally quartered themselves in wigwags, and lived on small game, such as rabbits, skunks and bullfrogs, the latter of which they considered a rich repast.

Occasionally they made a few baskets, with which they sent William to the nearest grocery to barter for whiskey.

He recollects living near Detroit, Utica, Brothertown, Catskill, and Hudson; and several months at Hinsdale, N. Y. In all their wanderings in winter and summer, he travelled barefoot, suffering in winter from cold, and all times from hunger and fatigue, but the kindness of his Indian sister, as of a second Pocahontas, took unwearied pains to mitigate his sufferings and make his captivity endurable.

Although he cannot recognize his new friends yet he rejoices that he has found a permanent home in a land of civilization, and all the parties feel to render their grateful thanks to the Author of all good for this marvellous dispensation of his providence.

### Jonathan and the Pedlar.

A Pedlar was through town yesterday offering for sale stamps for marking linen, and the like, and indelible ink. He showed his wares to a country wag in front of our office, and particularly praised the virtues of his ink, when Jonathan remarked:

"See 'ere, mister; if you put this 'ere ink on paper, can a feller scratch it out?"  
"You might, sir," answered the pedlar; "but it would be like scratching Tom Noax out of Tophet—you'd have to work for it."  
"Wall," said Jonathan; "darned if I don't buy one, cause some covey hooked one of my shirts off the line last week, and if I can only work it to print this pesky picture on it, nobody wout dare to wear it, and then I rather guess they'll conclude to fetch it hum."  
—Jonathan bought a stamp, and "went his way rejoicing"

POETRY.—The Key West Gazette has a correspondent who calls himself the Key West Bard, and the following is a specimen of his style:

Of all the girls in Key West,  
The most amiable and the very best,  
Is she whom I saw yesterday dress'd  
In muslin de laine.

Her eyes are soft and very blue,  
Her figure is good—and temper too,  
And then she never has the blue  
Devils or any pain.

Abuses are never remedied till actually unbearable. Liberty has been called the daughter of the mountains—she ought rather to be styled the daughter of commerce; for her best and most useful rights have been founded and defended by states embarked in trade.