

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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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.

Love's Victim.

Oh list to me, Lizzy,
You sweet lump of candy!
Love makes me feel dizzy,
Like sugar and brandy;
My vision is reeling—
My brains are all burning—
And the sweet cream of feeling
Is curdled by churning;
For my heart 'neath my jacket
Is up and down jumping,
And keeps up a racket
While its thumping and thumping:
O, show me one smile—'tis my last supplication!
I crave nothing further—'twill be my salvation!

Oh, Lizzy, I'm worsted—
I feel its all over:
I'm done up and bursted—
A broken down lover!
The joys of my bosom
Have cut stick and vanish'd;
I know'd I should lose 'em
When my true love banish'd,
The world has grown dreary,
In its sackcloth of sorrow,
Of life I am weary
And I wish that to-morrow
Would dawn on my grave, in that peace giving valley,
Where I'd care not for you, nor for Susan, nor Sally!

I know 'tis a sin too—
But I'm bent on the notion,—
I'll throw myself into
The deep, briny ocean,
Where mud-eels and cat-fish
On my body shall riot,
And flounders and flat fish
Select me for diet;
There soundly I'll slumber
'Beneath the rough billow,
And crabs without number
Shall crawl o'er my pillow.
But my spirit shall wander through gay coral bowers
And frisk with the mermaids—it shall by the powers.

The editor of the U. S. Gazette, in alluding to the advantages which Boston has derived from the numerous Railroads of which that city is now the terminus, remarks as follows:
"Boston is full—full of houses, full of people, full of business, full of noise, full of activity. New York is nothing to her. Will Boston increase? If a man now says, 'go to, let us build a dwelling,' it is not the cellar digger, the mason, and the carpenter that he must appeal to—he must make his ground before he can build his house. Do not smile—I tell you that since I first knew Boston, it has increased its geographical (literally its earthly) limits more than thirty per cent."

Toast drunk at Erie, Pennsylvania, last 4th of July: "Our noble selves—As smiling as nature around us, but not so green."

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

Messrs. Editors:—I send you the following letter for publication in the Jeffersonian Republican. Should any of your readers know the name of the Bee-hunter therein mentioned, they will gratify your correspondent by making it known through your columns. A person living near the Pond recently informed me that he saw the sepulchre (or pile of stones) a few years since, and that it is about 100 yards from the shore of what is called the Cat-fish Pond. This Pond is some distance above the Lake usually visited by our citizens, which latter is known by the name of the Sun-fish Pond.

EASTON, 15th November, 1811.

Mr. JOHN HECKEWELDER,

My Dear Sir:—In many things, but particularly in that respecting Indian customs, and antiquities, you are my oracle, to which your goodness has given me permission to approach, and hear the sublime responses.

I have again a question to propose for your solution or conjecture. To obtain this, I deem it necessary to give you a kind of historical introduction to the questions I am about to propose.

A few weeks ago a man went to the top of the Blue Mountain, about 4 or 5 miles north east of the Delaware Water Gap, to hunt bees. In his excursions, he came to a known Lake or Pond of water, nearly on the very summit of the Mountain, near the edge of which he beheld, on a precipice, a parcel of stones apparently collected and piled up by the hands of man. The Bee-hunter's curiosity was excited, and he began to separate the loose stones, when he beheld the skeleton of a man, (or woman,) which frightened him so much that he fled from the place, and gave a relation of his adventures to his neighbours, many of whom agreed to bear him company. Thus re-inforced, the discoverer, on the Sunday following, ascended the Mountain, and reached his formerly discovered sepulchre, (for such it turned out to be.) The men then went to work and removed all the smaller loose stones. They then observed a layer of long flat stones, part of which they also removed. They then began to make their observations on the object before them. The stones they had removed, they found to have been placed on a large rock, which had been rent apart for a considerable length, and wide enough conveniently to place the body of a man. In this opening between the perpendicular sides, they found the bones or skeleton of a human body. At the head and feet were placed flat stones perpendicularly, just wide enough to close the space between the two sides of the rock. On the top were also placed flat stones, reaching from side to side of the space where the skeleton lay, thereby leaving a vacant space between the covering stones and the bones. On the top, over these covering flat stones, and at the ends of the head and feet stones, were placed the piles of the smaller ones.

With the bones were found a small brass kettle, some beads, some circular bones or ivory of the size of a dollar in thickness and diameter, through which are pierced two holes through the diameter. Also a parcel of the same kind of bones or ivory shaped like pipe stems, about 4 1/2 inches long, with a tabular opening lengthways through them, but do not appear to have been used for smoking, from the color of the bone.

The brass kettle was claimed by the Bee-hunter, and discoverer of the grave; the other trinkets fell into the hands of a friend, who has since forwarded them to me, and have them ready to shew you whenever I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here.

Nearly right down the Mountain from the grave, on the flats or low lands, there was a large Indian burying ground.

Now after these historical parts of the facts as related to me, I come to the propositions of those, to me mysterious questions, hoping you will have the goodness to impart your opinion thereon to me.

Could the place have been the special choice of the Indian? Here was a lake with plenty of fish, abundance of good large huckleberries, excellent hunting ground, &c.

Can it be presumed that he was a noted Chief, or Warrior, to whom such a distinguish-

ed respect was paid, to deposit so much nearer to Heaven and the Great Spirit?

Was it common to deposit great men in vaults, as this has been?

Where could the brass kettle have been got, that was with him, unless we presume he was buried in modern times; at least after the settlement of Menahachtanek by the Hollanders?

The other trinkets (which I have got) do not look like European manufacture. What was their use? Why were they put in the grave with the corpse?

If they were Indian manufacture, where did they procure the implements, with which they bored the holes through the bones or ivory?

Any other remarks that may occur to you, that may enlighten my ignorant mind, shall be thankfully received.

I am, my dear sir,

Your very affectionate

(But I fear you will say troublesome) friend
JOHN ARNDT.

Revolutionary Incident.

McCOLLOCH'S LEAP.

The ground where Major Samuel McCulloch took the great leap to avoid being made prisoner by the Indians, is but a few rods from Wheeling, and yet such is the negligence of those who inhabit the scenes of great exploits, that we venture the remark that not one dozen men have thought of Major McCulloch, or been upon the table land from which that leap was taken, during the last year.

It was on the 27th of September, 1777, that Fort Henry was attacked by the Indians, led on by the notorious Simon Girty. The Indians were estimated at about five hundred warriors. The fort contained at first but forty-two fighting men, of these twenty-three were killed in the corn-field below the hill, before the attack on the fort. The siege of the fort was sustained by these nineteen men, until the next morning about daylight, when Major McCulloch brought forty mounted men from Short Creek to their relief.

The gate of the fort was thrown open and McCulloch's men, though closely beset by the Indians, entered the fort in safety. McCulloch, like a brave officer, was the last man, and he was cut off from his men and nearly surrounded by the Indians. He wheeled and galloped towards the hill, beset the whole way by Indians, who might have killed him; but who wished to take him alive, that they might wreak their vengeance more satisfactorily upon one of the bravest and most successful Indian fighters on the frontier. He presumed he could ride along the ridge, and thus make his way again to Short Creek, but on arriving at the top he was headed by a hundred savages; on the west they were gathering thick and fast up the hill, among the trees and bushes, while the main body were following in his path.

He was hemmed in on all sides but the east, where the precipice was almost perpendicular, and the bed of the creek lay like a gulf near 200 feet beneath him. This too, would have been protected by the cautious savages, but the jutting crags of limestone and slate, forbade his climbing or descending it even on foot, and they did not for a moment suppose, that the fearless horseman or high-mettled steed could survive the leap if made. But with the major it was but a chance of deaths, and a narrow chance of life. He chose like a brave man. Setting himself back in his saddle, and his feet firmly in the stirrups, with his rifle in his left hand, and his reins adjusted in the right, he cast a look of defiance at the approaching savages, and pressing his spurs into his horse's flank, urged him over the cliff. In an instant of time, the Indians saw their mortal foe, whose daring act they had looked on with horror and astonishment merging from the valley, of the creek below, still safely seated on his noble steed, and shouting defiance to his pursuers.

There never was, we venture to say, in civilized or savage warfare, a more desperate or daring act than this leap of McCulloch. We have looked at General Putnam's celebrated race-ground, and we would very much prefer his taste in the selection of a route for a morning ride; at least consulting our ease and convenience.—*Wheeling Times.*

Men are the work of God—Gentlemen are the work of tailors, barbers, and bootblacks.

The Wild Horse of Texas.

We rode through beds of sunflowers miles in extent, their dark eedy centres and radiating yellow leaves following the sun through the day from east to west, and drooping when the shadows fell over them. These were sometimes beautifully varied, with a delicate flower, of an azure tint, yielding no perfume, but forming a pleasant contrast to the bright yellow of the sunflower. About half past ten, we discerned a creature in motion at an immense distance, and instantly started in pursuit. Fifteen minutes riding brought us near enough to discover, by its fleetness, that it could not be a buffalo, yet it was too large for an antelope or a deer. On we went and soon distinguished the erect head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us, and sped away with an arrowy fleetness till he gained a distant eminence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, when he bounded away again in another direction with a graceful velocity delightful to behold. We paused, for to pursue him with a view to capture was entirely out of the question. When he discovered we were not following him he also paused, and now seemed to be inspired with curiosity equal to our own; for, after making a slight turn, he came nearer, until we could distinguish the inquiring expression of his clear, bright eye and the quick curl of his inflated nostrils. We had no hopes of catching, and did not wish to kill him; but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly. We had not advanced far before he moved away, and circling round, approached on the other side. It was a beautiful creature, a sorrel, with jet black mane and tail. As he moved, we could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs, and when, half playfully and half in fright, he tossed his flowing mane in the air, and flourished his long silky tail, our admiration knew no bounds, and we longed, hopelessly, vexatiously longed to possess him. We might have shot him where we stood; but had we been starving, we could scarcely have done it. He was free, and we loved him for the very possession of that liberty we longed to take from him, but we would not kill him. We fired a rifle over his head. He heard the shot and the whiz of the ball, and away he went, disappearing in the next hollow, showing himself again as he crossed the distant ridges, still seeming smaller, until he faded away to a speck on the fair horizon's verge.—*Kennedy's Texas.*

Postponing a Duel.

The New Haven Herald says that a correspondence is now going on between two gentlemen of Boston, which began ten years ago with a challenge. Mr. A, a bachelor, challenged Mr. B, a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal, that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other; and he declined. A year afterwards he received another challenge from Mr. A, who stated that he too now had a wife and a child, and he supposed, therefore, the objection of Mr. B. was no longer valid. Mr. B. replied that he had now two children, consequently the inequality still subsisted. The next year Mr. A renewed his challenge, having now two children also, but his adversary had three. This matter, when last heard from, was still going on, the numbers being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed.

A Good One.

A correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times, relates the following:

"Some years since, a North Carolina Lawyer, yet living, undertook to convince a Methodist preacher of some celebrity, that his manner of preaching, in threatening his auditors with damnation, was injudicious; and that arguments and exhortations of a milder character, would be more successful. After listening patiently, the preacher replied—'My friend, you are mistaken. Sin is like a terrapin—you may exhort, admonish, even kick him, and he will not move; but merely draws his head within his shell, and your labor is lost—but place a coal of fire on his back, and he travels. Hell fire is the article.'

It has been proposed to form a new State west of Arkansas, to embrace the Creek, Choctaw and Cherokee Indian tribes.

Certainly a Predicament.

A few nights since, a tall, eccentric personage was observed, by the tenants of the cabin of one of the Albany boats, to perform sundry strange evolutions, garnished by a variety of hops, skips, and jumps, which broken any thing but a sane mind in the performer. The movements of this personage betrayed trouble and pain, and they were at last so perfectly distressing to the beholders that a consultation was held, and a committee of three appointed to inquire into the case of the stranger's unaccountable movements. With due caution the deputies approached their man, while the others gathered around within ear-shot to witness whatever "tale" might be "unfolded." The committee stated their reasons for troubling him with what might be deemed impertinent interrogatories, and concluded their remarks by requesting to know the reason of his apparent perplexity, and whether or not they could render him any aid.

"Wall," said the stranger, who was a Yankee and who spoke in the most solemn accent, while his face exhibited a deal of pent up sorrow, "Wall, I don't know but you might help a fellow a little. I'm in a heap of pain—bothered like sixty! I'm in a predicament."

The ears of the entire party were distended and mouths perceptibly parted to wonder with.

"In a predicament said one of the trio, 'pray what is it? We feel desirous of alleviating any misfortune, that may have befallen you.'

"That's clever," said the Yankee. "Well, may be none of you was ever kicked by a boss."

All admitted that they had escaped such a calamity.

"Nor bit by a spider?"

No one plead guilty.

"Nor chased by a rattlesnake?"

No—unhappily.

"Nor been caught in a thunder shower with a gal, and felt meaner 'an thunder?"

Not a man in the assembly had experienced that mishap.

"Wall, my predicament is worse, I calculate, than any of them."

"Do tell us what it is," was the earnest request of a very respectable clergyman.

"Wall, gents, I rath'er guess I will. The sole of my right foot itches like sin, and I cant get off my boot to scratch it!"

The cabin was cleared in about the space of a minute.

How many of us are occasionally caught in public with an itching sole, and cannot "get at it to scratch."

Duelling—Answer to a Challenge.

The eccentric H. H. Breckenridge, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, when a young man was challenged to fight a duel by an English officer, whom he answered as follows:

"I have objections to this duel matter—the one is lest I should hurt you, and the other is lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good it would be to put a ball through your body—I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature, of whom I could make no use? A buffalo would make better meat. For though your flesh might be delicate and tender, yet it wants the firmness and constancy which take and retain salt. At any rate it would not do for a long sea voyage.

"You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a racoon or opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing anything that is human. And as to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than a two year old colt. So much for you. As for myself, I do not like to stand in the way of anything that is hurtful. I am under the impression that you might hit me. This being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you meant to try our pistols, take some object, a tree, or a barn door about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that if I had been in the same place you might have hit me."

The following capital toast was given at a late dinner of the Hasty Pudding Club in Boston:

"Our corn-fed boys and corn-fed girls—the right material to form a corn-federation."