

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1849.

No. 2

DL 10.

**Published by Theodore Schoch.**  
Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the quarter, two dollars and a half. Those who receive their paper by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietors will be charged 37 1/2 cents per year, extra. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and two insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly subscribers.  
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

**JOB PRINTING.**  
A general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of  
**FANCY PRINTING.**  
Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES LEGAL AND OTHER PAMPHLETS, &c.  
Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

**The Soul's Passing.**  
It is ended!—all is over!  
Lo, the weeping mourners come—  
Mother, father, friend and lover,  
To the death encumbered room;  
Lips are pressed to the blessed  
Lips that ever more are dumb.  
Take her faded hand in thine—  
Hand that no more answereth kindly;  
See the eyes were wont to shine,  
Uttering love, now staring blindly;  
Tender-hearted, speech departed—  
Speech that echoed so divinely.  
Runs no more the circling river,  
Warming, brightening every part;  
There it slumbereth cold for ever—  
No more merry leap and start,  
No more flushing cheeks to blushing—  
In its silent home the heart!

Hope not answer to thy praying!  
Cold, responsiveness lies there.  
Death, that ever will be slaying  
Something gentle, something fair,  
Come with numbers soft as slumbers—  
She is with Him elsewhere!  
Mother! yes you scarce would chide her  
Had you seen the form he bore,  
Heard the words he spoke beside her,  
Tender as the look he wore,  
While he proved her how he loved her  
More than mother—ten times more!

Earthly father, weep not o'er her!  
To another Father's breast,  
On the wings of love he bore her—  
To the kingdom of the blest.  
Where no weeping eyelids keep,  
Dwells she now in perfect rest.  
Friend! He was a friend that found her  
Amid blessings poor and scant;  
With a wicked world around her  
And within a heavenly want;  
And supplied her, Home to guide her,  
Wings for which the weary pant.  
Lover! yes, she loved thee dearly!  
When she left thee loved thee best!  
Love she knew alone burns clearly  
In the bosoms of the blest:  
Love she bore thee watches o'er thee—  
Is the angel in thy breast!

Mourners all! have done with weeping;  
I will tell you what He said,  
When he came and found her sleeping,  
On her heart His hand He laid:  
"Sleep is, Maiden, sorrow-laden;  
Peace dwells only with the dead."  
"Wend with me across the river,  
Scams so bitter—is so sweet!  
On whose other shore forever  
Happy, holy spirits greet:  
Grief all over, friend and lover  
In a sweet communion meet!  
"It is bitter, father, mother,  
Lover, friend to leave behind!  
All their blessed loves, and other,  
Come with me and thou shalt find—  
Where thy spirit shall inherit  
Perfect love and perfect mind.  
"Love that is to mortals given  
Struggles with imperfect will;  
Love alone that homes in heaven  
Can its perfect self fulfill—  
Where, possessing every blessing,  
"Grows and greater still!"  
"See, I bring thee wings to bear thee  
To the blest angel home;  
Dear ones dead forever near thee,  
From thy side no more to roam,  
Love increased, wait thou blessed  
Till the living loved ones come!

"O'er the river!"—Lo! she faltered  
While he took her by the hand;  
And her blessed face grew altered  
As she learned the sweet command.  
Father! lover! all was over!  
So she passed to Spirit Land!  
From the London Athenaeum.

## The Garden and the Grove.

BY E. G. WHEELER, D. D.  
"Flowers are the alphabet of angels, whereby  
They write on hills and fields mysterious truths."  
Some persons seem to possess minds so constituted that the gentle beauties of nature are incapable of awakening within them scarcely any sense of enjoyment. The roaring torrent, the vivid lightning's flash, the commotion of the elements, the frowning mountain, the mighty cataract, and the heaving ocean, may fill them with wonder and admiration; while the music of the bird, the mellow tints of a sunset sky, the delicate hues and sweet fragrance of flowers, the silvery moon-beam falling "trembling and soft," upon the quiet lake, strike no answering chord in their hearts. But there are others, wherever they may be, whether reclining beneath the orange bough, or traversing a forest, wild and unknown, are ever tracing out objects bright and fair. Possessing exquisite sensibilities and hearts lightly moved, their senses are delighted with some half-bidden, half-expanded rose bud, some life-refreshing fragrance wafted on the breeze, some fleecy cloud, sailing along the blue expanse of heaven, or some wild note of melody coming forth from a neighboring grove. To minds thus formed, a field, a forest, or a garden, presents a fruitful source of enjoyment; and near the heart, enkindled into pure and elevated sentiments by objects like these, the tender virtues cluster, and there the sister Graces dwell.

But aside from their beauty, delicacy and fragrance, trees and flowers are doubly endearing and attractive by all the charms of association—While passing through the forest glade, or wandering along the river's flowery bank, the children of Nature will often be affected with peculiar feelings—with sacred remembrances. He will think of the days of his childhood,—ere kindred ties had been severed—when kind parents sympathized with him in all his joys and sorrows—when brothers and sisters mingled in his sports and cheered him onward to the goal of success in all his childish enterprises—when many a green spot was hallowed by the instructive voice of a mother's tenderness and love, and when, amid the spreading branches of some favorite tree, he opened the book of science and sought for classic lore. He will think also of the time when the carelessness and simplicity of childhood gave way to the more elevated thoughts and romantic fancies of youth, when he began to see richer beauties around, above and beneath him, than he had ever before conceived of; when he looked upon the moral world too, with enlightened vision, and first felt the pleasure of confiding friendship. Flowers were among the first tokens of affections presented by congenial spirits in years gone by. O, how exultingly does the soul leap up at such remembrances, and strive to break the cords that bind it down to earth's dull, sad realities, and rise to that "golden atmosphere of dreams" in which it revelled in those sunny days, now fled, alas! forever.

A garden is calculated to awaken recollections, and suggest reflections of the noblest and most instructive character. In the garden of Eden our first Parents enjoyed their "pleasant labor; to reform their flowery arbor, and their alleys green,"—there, "from the steep of echoing hill or thicket" they often heard

"Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole or responsive each to other's note,  
Singing their great Creator."  
In the garden of Gethsemane our Redeemer endured the agonies of the Cross, laid down his human nature, gained a glorious victory over death and the grave, and thence ascended to "His Father and our Father, to His God and our God," thus opening for us a vista to the skies.  
But by what strong ties too, do these natural objects bind us to kindred and friends—to our country and our home! The stately Elm and Sycamore tower above the village spire in many a quiet valley, overshadowing the humble house of God, and the willow and the cypress weep over the tombstones, beneath which  
"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."  
Flowers were among the delights of our infancy; trees and flowers sweetened and animated every endearment of our youthful days, and our bereaved friends plant them around our graves.  
"Beautiful flowers! ye seem to be  
Link'd in the fond ties of memory!  
Companions ye were to our childhood's day—  
Companions ye are to our lifeless clay;  
And barren and drear were this wild world of ours,  
Lacking the smile of the beautiful flowers!"

Discord is horrible, as the musical negro remarked when he was

## STORY OF ELLEN CRAFTS.

FROM THE BOSTON CHRONOTYPE.  
In a city about nine hundred miles south of Mason & Dixon's line, Ellen Crafts was held as a slave. Because we find her in this degrading condition, let it not be understood that she is a negro. Ellen Crafts, though a slave, is white; or, rather to be strictly correct, a brunette. She is now about nineteen years of age, and will readily pass in any circle as a dark-colored white girl. Girls dark as Ellen, are as often met with, as those of fairer skins. We are not describing the chief attraction of the ball-room, but something more, when we say that firmness, intelligence, and perseverance are distinctively and impressively marked upon her countenance. Her hair is long, straight and dark colored, nose prominent, eyes dark, large and impressive. We are thus particular to show her connection with the Anglo-Saxon, and to show how little there is, of any feature by which the enslaved race is so readily recognized.

In the city from which Ellen fled, she acted as body servant or slave to another young woman, possibly her sister—for our knowledge of the "patriarchal institution" leads readily and naturally to that inference.  
While in this situation she married. It is for the profit of the master that early marriages should be a law of custom. The union contracted by Ellen proved to be a happy one.—The husband, William—slaves have no right to other names—has proved himself to be every way worthy of her. By his industry, and by turning night into day, he contrived to procure enough money to purchase a portion of his time from the man who claimed to own it. It cost William all he had, but it procured him privileges which enabled him, by assiduous application, to lay by another store—a larger portion of which, the lion's share, went to swell the master's ill-gotten gains—for new and dear bought privileges.

By dint of saving and starving, William contrived to accumulate for himself and wife, enough to purchase for each, many little comforts and privileges. They were thus enabled to ameliorate their condition, and were for a time happy. Though not permitted to see each other more than once a week, they had many secret meetings.

These stolen interviews were sweet and precious. Were they not, ye who love the wife of your affections? Thoughts of their condition, their hard lot, mingled with unavailing regrets, without doubt, were the principal ones exchanged between them. But this condition they were constrained to endure, almost joyfully, in view of the greater deprivation and sufferings of their fellow slaves.  
Privileges like these, however, were destined to bear their rich harvest. Thoughts of liberty are never long absent from a slave or prisoner. Hope beckons forever, even through sore ills. This was the great subject between Ellen and William. In the long lone hours of the night, that were but ushering in, to them, another day of bondage, the spirit of liberty visited them. Not inappropriate to their condition is the exclamation of David: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so pantieth my soul after thee, O God."  
It is quite certain that they could have escaped from the city in which they were. But whither could they flee? Without a place, without means of support, hunted by every slave catcher, "like the partridge upon the mountains," surrounded by enemies, their capture was certain; and stripes, separation, accumulated woes would be their lot.

These considerations filled their hearts with sadness. But liberty, ever bright and fair, bid them to hope on. For many weeks they thought over every plan of escape, which promised success, but could find none.  
They had heard vaguely, of the abolitionists of the North; but they had been represented to the mass monsters more to be dreaded, than the slave driver himself, and their hopes let them not that way. Still they would inquire concerning them, and one day sufficient was learned to determine their course. They would flee to the abolitionists.

The star in the East, had indeed arisen, but how could they follow its glorious path? The nearest city to them was Philadelphia a distance of one thousand miles, a weary way for fugitives from slavery. But the determination once formed, every obstacle was to be overcome. Accordingly their sleeping and waking thoughts were given to find out the way to the spot where liberty dwelt.  
The first obstacle to be overcome was to secure the necessary funds for the proposed flight. By double toil, by a more than miserly saving, a sufficient sum was acquired. They were, for slaves, really rich, and now freedom or death, rather than slavery, was their joint language.

The plan adopted displays a degree of ingenuity which could not have been acquired under the ordinary circumstances of life. Solitary confinement, or a life of perpetual bondage are the only incentive which bring out all the latent ingenuity of man. The thoughts of the captive are upon one point. The whole

energy and strength of his mind are directed to one aim. Let such an one but see the slightest glimmer, and that faith which overcomes mountains, lifts the man into the paradise he would gain. That faith secures the boon.

It was decided that Ellen should personate an invalid young man, and that William should represent the servant. The plan promised involved a large expenditure, since young men who travel with their servants are supposed to be rich. But it secured this great, this abounded advantage. By this disguise they could take the public highway, and the most rapid conveyances. Besides the very boldness, the originality of the plan was designed to be their greatest safe-guard, for, who would look for a fugitive from slavery under the hat of a pale faced, sickly youth, pursuing his way north, in quest of health, attended by a serving man?

So for the plan. Its execution was now the great point. Could a disguise, impenetrable to the slave-catchers, whose scent is like the blood-hounds and with the blood-hound be procured? Over this vital question Ellen and William pondered day and night, with palpitating hearts. But that genius which gave the bold scheme birth, was yet fertile in resources. The first idea was a prestige of its full accomplishment.

There was no point, however minute, in the habiliments of a young man, that was not studied with as much care as Newton or Hershell studied the heavens. This was necessary, for a young woman who first attempts the apparel of a boy, is sure to be discovered at the first glance, by an accurate observer. Hence Ellen practised nightly in her new garb until she had become thoroughly trained.

But to the dress itself. A slave cannot purchase a suit unquestioned, as another person may. Therefore extreme caution became necessary, else the cherished scheme of months would have been discovered and overthrown. They must die, for "if hope be dead, why seek to live."

William was the purchaser. At various places and different times, under numerous pretexts he bought the required articles. The hat was a very high bell crowned, or as he stated it, "a double story hat." Next he bought a sack, which on being put on, proved "a world too wide," but Ellen thought that was no objection, as "sacks never fit!" The vest proved to be a very long one, reaching below the hips, but fashionably cut; and as it was "all the go," was adopted without demur, especially as the sack could be buttoned over and hide the disproportion of its size. Then the pantaloons were of the most liberal dimensions, and boots, more easily obtained, completed this part of the wardrobe. A pair of green glasses were procured for the purpose of making Ellen look older, for when fitted out in her new rig, she looked exceedingly young, beside her features might be recognized by any person whom they might meet, that knew them, while upon their journey.

These preparations having been made, a day was appointed for the flight. That day, so fraught with all their wildest hopes, arrived.—Nothing had been omitted. Two trunks were obtained, sufficiently ponderous for the baggage of a young man on his travels. Nothing had been forgotten. As it became necessary to register names at hotels and sign a certificate for the slave, "the servant who accompanied young master," a bandage and a sling for Ellen's right arm was thought of; why? She could not read or write. As impertinent travellers might scan the young man's face too closely, a convenient swelling, which required poulticing, enveloped her cheeks. As voluble and inquisitive persons might be too particular in their inquiries, sickness, fatigue of travelling and the swelling would be a sufficient excuse against rudeness for not answering.

Thus equipped, William, having nerved his courage up, went boldly to the ticket office and purchased a "through ticket" for "young master" and myself to "Philadelphia," no questions were asked and the tickets were obtained.

Next morning, the fearful and dangerous passage was commenced. At the depot, Ellen was not recognized. So complete was her disguise, a porter there, one of her early suitors, addressed her as "young master." She kindly bestowed upon him a small trifle to encourage him in politeness.

Along the road, at the various stopping places, the "sickly youth" received the blessings of many for his liberality in rewarding any slight service. Their custom was to put up at the first hotels, for they determined to travel as "big bugs."

They passed through many perils and hair breadth escapes, but not once did Ellen's courage fail, or her inimitable and unapproachable endurance and perseverance give way during all their journey through the slave states. After the cars left Baltimore, for Philadelphia, William wearied with anxiety and watching, laid himself down to sleep in the "Jim Crow car," where he invariably rode, for a slave could not presume to ride with his master. It was his invariable practice to run nervously back at every stopping place to see that "young master was safe." For this affectionate attention

he received the approbation of many passengers, and was rewarded with several presents. And from Washington to Baltimore, his devotedness to his master's health was pointed out to several Northern gentlemen as an evidence of the close bonds of affection subsisting between the master and slave.

We left William sleeping in the "Jim Crow car." At Havre de Grace, where the Ferry is crossed, William remained sleeping. Ellen was called upon with other passengers to change cars. But, where was her husband? Her courage began to fail and despair to seize upon her. She dreaded the worst, a woful disappointment, so near the goal of their desires. She could not be comforted until the baggage master relieved her, by rudely waking the "black rascal" who so neglected his master. We will not attempt to describe Ellen's feelings when she was relieved from her fears.

They arrived in Philadelphia on Sabbath morning, God's day of rest—a day of rest to them, from all their toils and sufferings. What an appropriate ending for such a journey. It was commenced on Wednesday, and they consequently travelled one thousand miles in four days and a half, through the enemy's country. An escape as difficult,—and to them far more glorious—than Bonaparte's journey from Egypt through a coast and sea studded with the British fleet.

**Complimentary.**  
A vain young minister, observing a woman weeping while he was preaching, called upon her after the sermon.

"I perceived, my dear friend," said he, "that you seemed to feel very much under my discourse this morning; will you give me some account of the exercise of your mind?"  
Ah! said the woman, "I did indeed, feel very much as you say. You must know, sir, that I am a poor lone widow. I had a good husband, and every week he and I would take the old ass and go to the market with our little raising from the garden, and by our sales could raise enough to keep us comfortable. But three years ago my old man died, and then I go alone and do the best I could, with the help of the good beast. But a year ago my dear old ass died, too, (here she burst into tears,) and here I have been alone ever since, and this morning (she continued sobbing) when I went to the church and heard your voice it sounded so much like the dear old ass, I could not help crying, indeed I could not! Boo-hoo!"

**DEAD ANIMALS.**—All animals which die on a farm should be covered with mould or earth of any kind. Each dead horse or any animal thus treated, would throw out gas enough to impregnate five loads of earth with its fertilizing properties. To promote the speedy decomposition of animal bodies, a few bushels of lime should be thrown on them previous to being covered with earth or mould. After the decomposition of the flesh, the bones should be broken up and placed in the soil, where they prove an efficient and lasting manure.

Counsellor Garrow, upon a certain trial, had upon the stand an 'antique maiden,' through whom he made an unsuccessful attempt to prove a tender. The opposite counsel handed him the following couplet:  
"Garrow, forbear! that tough old jade,  
Will never prove a tender made."

**INDIAN CAKES.**—Take one quart of Indian meal, half scald it over night, and cool, so as not to kill the baker's yeast, one teaspoonful of which is to be stirred in, with one of wheat flour, and one of salt. Add sufficient water, purified, when necessary, by previous boiling, to reduce it to the consistency of thick batter. Leave it to rise till morning, and then add saleratus enough to sweeten the mass. Beat well and stir in two or three eggs, and bake on a hot griddle.

**TOMATO WINE.**—To one gallon of juice, add four pounds of sugar, and clarify as for sweetmeats. The quality of the wine will be greatly improved by the addition of a small quantity of grape juice. This wine is an excellent tonic, and is preferable for medicinal purposes to the wines ordinarily used.

**Good Retort.**  
A humorous young man was driving a horse, which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the road side; passing a country tavern where were collected together some dozen countrymen, the beast as usual, ran opposite the door and then stopped in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on. The crowd on the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some inquired if he would sell that horse? "Yes," said the young man, "but cannot recommend him, as he once belonged to a butcher, and stops whenever he hears calves bleat." The crowd retired to the bar in silence.

A boarding house keeper in Baltimore offers to furnish gentlemen with pleasant and comfortable rooms; also, "one or two gentlemen with wives."