

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL. 11.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1850.

No. 12.

## Published by Theodore Schock.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars 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 proprietor, will be charged 75 cents per year, extra.  
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.  
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

## JOB PRINTING.

Having 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  
BLANKS,  
PAMPHLETS, &c.  
Printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms  
AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
Jeffersonian Republican.

## I Think of Thee.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

I think of the when eve's last blush  
Falls mournfully on the heart and eye;  
Of these when morn's first glories gush  
In gold and crimson o'er the sky;  
My thoughts are thine 'mid toil and strife,  
Thine when all life's perils free—  
Ay, thine—forever thine—my life  
Is but a living thought of thee.  
I think of thee 'mid spring's sweet flowers,  
And in the summer's brighter glow,  
Of thee in autumn's purple bowers,  
And gloomy winter's waste of snow;  
My thoughts are thine when joys depart,  
And thine when all life's sorrows flee—  
Ay, thine—forever thine—my heart  
Is but a throbbing thought of thee.

## To Who! To Who!

The following from a South-western newspaper, is the most ingenious newspaper dun that has ever fallen under our notice:

'Twas a cold autumnal night  
A dismal one to view;  
Dark clouds obscured fair Venus's light  
And not a star appeared in sight,  
As the thick forest through,  
Muggins—as usual—"blue,"  
Best homeward, "tacking" left and right;  
When all at once "he brought up" right  
Against an old dead yew;  
At which he "rounded to,"  
And, "squaring off," as if to fight,  
Said, with an oath, "I shan't indite,  
"—"infernal scoundrel you!  
Light, and I'll lick you, black or white!"  
Just then above him flew  
An owl, which on a branch did light,  
A few feet o'er the booby wight,  
And then commenced, "Tu whoo—  
Tu whoo—tu whoo—tu whoo!"  
Quoth Muggins, "Don't you think to fright  
A fellow of my weight and height  
With your ter-who—ter-who,  
You cursed bugaboo!"  
And if you're Belzebub, it's quite  
On necessary you should light—  
For Muggins ain't your "doe,"  
For money matters are all right!  
The Printer's paid up—honor bright!  
Thereat the owl withdrew;  
And Muggins mizzled too.  
But there are other chaps who might  
Be caught out late some dismal night,  
Who hain't paid what's due!  
They know—to who—to who!

## Colonel Archibald Yell.

The morning of the first Monday in November, 1835, broke on the mild meridian of Arkansas with a sun of almost oriental brilliancy. A sky clear as crystal bent its blue arch over an atmosphere soft and warm as the balmy breath of May. It was a godsend of golden weather to the gathering crowds of human beings that from an early hour came pouring into the streets and public square of Van Buren, a new but flourishing village, situated on the great river from which the State derives its name, and in the immediate vicinity of the Cherokee line. Men, women and children, white masters, black slaves, and wild painted Indians, with tall plumes nodding from their swarthy brows, continually swelling that living sea, all burning with impatience to witness their favorite show—to enjoy one might say, their only popular amusement, the common pleasure alike of every class—for on that day the district court opened its regular session for the large county of Crawford.

Persons ignorant of the economy of social life that the backwoods, cannot even imagine what a strange passion those far western people manifest for the excitement of the forum, and more especially for the combats, and consequents which always attend or follow in its train. But we should remember that, in the paucity of other means of gregarious amusements, it is to their theatres, church, gymnasium, bourse, newspaper and telegraph—the sole focal point of re-union, where all orders, and not infrequently both sexes, go to see and be seen. The court-yard is also the frontier preparatory school of party politics, in which the young athletes of ambitious genius learn to exercise their tongues to dart dagger-words of bitter denunciation, and their hands to wield real daggers, pistols and shot-guns.  
—This, too, is but the battle ground where the old heroes, whose laurels have been culled on many a bloody field, meet to measure arms. This is the

constituted place for the final decision of all matters in dispute of every name and description.—The paper pleas of record form but a small item of the multifarious issues to be tried here. Has the fair fame of a woman been soiled by the poisonings of slander. It is here, near the door of the forum, and within hearing of the judge and jury, that the father, brother, or husband, will wash out the dark stain with the red life-blood of the calumniator, or lose the last drop of its own. Has a private quarrel occurred betwixt bullies, attorneys, doctors or divines—before the gazing, agitated multitude, that the parties will fight the quarrel out. Such is the common law of custom and the prescription of immemorial and sanguinary usage.

Here, also, is the chosen rendezvous of rogues, drunkards, whiskered gamblers, horse jockeys and all office-hunters and demagogues. It is for seasons such as these that the docket of a frontier court is never cleared of its cases; for every old one adjudicated, at least two new ones are added to the list, and thus the accumulation goes on increasing from year to year. This makes the elysium of the lawyers. There is a sad drawback, however, on their felicity. The litigants, witnesses, and spectators, are mostly loaded down with deadly weapons, and are equally ready to use them on the slightest show of insult. Hence none but fearless fighters need hope for success at the bar. Under such a state of circumstances it is easy to conceive the scenes of wild strife, confusion, and outrage exhibited in a frontier forum, where the judge is forced by necessity to be either a tyrant or a slave, and the counsel are always bullies.

It was the anticipation of violent excitements, in the shape of actual tragedies, that drew such eager and hurrying throngs to the court house in the village of Van Buren on the occasion to which we first alluded. The human panorama presented a view animated and busy in the highest degree. Out of a hundred houses, forty-three were liquor groceries with every window and door wide open, and so densely crowded that it required half a dozen clerks in each establishment to supply the thirsty customers. Beside the counter might be seen groups of well-dressed gamblers, ringing together their full wine glasses before the sparkling champagne disappeared beneath their beards. In the centre of the room stood a mountain hunter, with his rifle in one hand and a huge quail measure in the other, just raised to his parted lips. One instant more and the nectar of fluid shall melt on that great red tongue. But no, it is stopped in transitu, by the strong arm of a mongrel Indian, who snatches the overflowing vessel and flies away through the throng. Click! Bang! What sound was that! The sharp crack of the hunter's rifle, followed by a death yell of fearful agony as the Indian falls a corpse!

Yonder, under those beautiful shade trees of gorgeous evergreen, where the sunlight trembles through like the flash of ten thousand golden pencils, berries of bright-eyed women are seated on a carpet of grass, the daughters smiling at the accomplishments of the beaux, and the smiling to hear the prattle of their children.

At nine o'clock, a group of lawyers, doctors and politicians—colonels all—were engaged in earnest conversation around the bar, undisturbed by the drunken shouts and din of tumult reverberating without, far and near over the village.

"It's the hour for calling court," remarked Reub Reynolds, Esq. "and yet our new Judge has not arrived."

"If he's smart he won't arrive at all," said Gen. Smoot, cutting figures in the air with the showy sword cane which he had applied *in et arms* to the shoulders of a certain judge lately resigned.—Gen. Smoot was "my Lord Coke" of Arkansas. He had amassed a handsome fortune in the brief space of five years, and by general consent ranked at the head of the profession. It is true, he had not worked his way to this proud elevation by learned and laborious research, nor had he soared up there on the pinions of impassioned eloquence, nor had intellect, or imagination or purity of feeling aided his ascent; he had simply hewed his through all obstacles with the sharp edge of a bowie knife, which few save himself had sufficient strength to wield. "We to the opposing council that did not cower before his thunder!" And a deeper wo to the presumptuous judge who dared to check his browbeating insolence or who assumed the right to determine a point against him.

When, therefore, the bystanders heard the dueling General utter his oracular laconism in reference to the new Judge, everybody comprehended the threat, and burst into a hearty laugh.—"What's the name of his expected honor?" inquired Col. Reub Reynolds, Esq. as he gave his perfumed moustache an extra twirl.  
"A. Yell, from Tennessee," replied Col. McBall; "and he has come to Arkansas with the commission of territorial judge in his pocket, for the purpose of making capital to be the first governor of the new state when organized."  
"Col. McBall was himself an aspirant for the high office of which he then spoke. He did not obtain it, but he did secure the post of cashier of the Fayetteville Bank, and five years afterwards robbed it, and ran away with one hundred thousand dollars.

"How did you call his name?" interrupted Gen. Smoot, elevating his sword cane.  
"A. Yell," replied Col. Ball.

"I'll change the name to A. Howl," rejoined Gen. Smoot, perpetrating a metaphorical pun, while the sword-cane descended with a most belligerent flourish.  
A boisterous shout from the group testified their general approval of the menace.  
"Is any one acquainted with this Yell?" asked Col. Wallace, who was a candidate for the future gubernatorial chair.  
"I is, answered a deep toned voice, that startled the listeners like the rattle of a thunder-bolt. All turned to gaze, on the speaker, who had

joined the company unperceived. He was a stranger that no one recognized, and none could ever have seen him before, for the eye that beheld him once might never forget his image. Habited all over in a fresh suit of leather ornamented with fantastic figures, with a panther skin cap surmounting masses of raven hair rolled in wild tangles, his immense waist cinched by a broad belt literally bristling with pistols, of almost gigantic stature, with a face of bronze and hands of iron, the latter grasping an enormous gun, double-barreled and both hammers at half-cock, the unknown seemed the ideal of muscular force and diabolical bravery.

Every eye was riveted on this strange tower of human strength, but for several minutes every lip was dumb. In the meanwhile the giant did not appear the least disconcerted by the common scrutiny and wonder, elicited by his advent. He only opened the cavern of his throat and gave way to an irrepressible convulsion of laughter.

Encouraged by this ambiguous sign of idiocy or good humor, Gen. Smoot ventured to address the phenomenon.

"You say you are acquainted with Mr. Yell?"  
"I reckon I ain't nuthin' else," replied the unknown, proudly.

"What sort of a man is he?"  
"He's a man,"  
"Will he fight?"  
"Yes, he'll fight anything, from the devil on his burnin' throne, up to a sassy lawyer with his skull empty of brains and his pocket full of pistols."

"Have you ever seen him fight?"  
"Lord! I haint I seen him give it to old he bars! He didn't mind their teeth much as your or me would the scratch of a blind kitten." The comparison was accompanied by another roar of merriment.

"I do not doubt Mr. Yell is perfect hero in a bear fight," said Smoot, angrily, "but can he fight men?"

"Why, bless my soul-case, replied the unknown, indignantly, "that's his reg'lar trade, whilst bear fightin's is only fun to keep his hand in. I wish you could have seen him lick old Hoss Allen.—You know as how they are both bully lawyers, but Archy Yell was always the cutest, and so that made old Hoss tamed mad, but he might as well have tried to scare a steam engine. Archy dodged two bullets, and bein' without weapons hisself, coched old Hoss by the throat and begun to squeeze away like a cotton press. The old Hoss jerked out a big knife and begun tickling Archy's ribs; but he couldn't make him laugh nor let go his hold on the windpipe neither. He cut his intrels, but Archy held em up with his left hand and choked 'em harder than ever with his right. At last old Hoss lost his breath, his eyes turned red as a nigger's, and he fainted till his knife dropped out of his fingers. Archy picked it up; but he didn't strike it to his enemy's heart! No, he wur too brave for such a coward's trick as that. He hollered, 'Here, boys throw some water in old Hoss's face to bring him to, and I'll go to a doctor's shop to get my intrels sewed up.'"

"You are a capital story-teller," said General Smoot with a sneer. "Will you be so good as to favor us with your name?"

"They call me good-natured Bill Buffum," replied the giant with an obstreperous roar, such as a young lion might emit could he be provoked to the amusement of laughter.

The bystanders, however, felt no disposition to unite in Bill's explosive merriment, for Col. Leeper, a Tennesseean, and well acquainted with Judge Yell, came up in time to hear the narration of that singular combat confirmed the tale, bating only the figurative flourishes of rhetoric.

"The new Judge is a real hero, then," inquired Reub Reynolds, Esq.

"He is the bravest of the brave. I must own that, although we are sworn and eternal enemies," answered Col. Leeper.

This avowal elongated to a most lugubrious stretch a dozen legal visages, and caused even the duelist, Smoot, to ground his sword cane. Little time, however, remained then to speculate on the consequences of the astounding fact for in a moment good-natured Bill Buffum shouted, with his inseparable chuckle:

"Yonder comes Archy, God bless his lion heart!"

With this exclamation every eye was turned towards the door, through which a man of most striking appearance was seen entering, with a bow of dignified courtesy and a smile of irresistible sweetness. Of a tall, slender, but sinewy frame and a shape elegant and symmetrical as a woman's, his blue eyes beaming with the brilliant yet calm light of a soul full of passion's fire, but self-possessed, his whole person wearing the indescribable air, and his face the countenance of a gentleman to whom popular manners had grown a sort of second nature; dressed in rich but plain clothing, the stranger looked the double personification of one born to power yet educated to please, and therefore sure of command, because he would excite in others the will to obey.

His blue eye went like a flash of mild summer lightning around the circle of spell-bound gazers, his fine head almost imperceptibly nodded, and his winning smile seemed to melt into every separate heart. He held out his hand to every single acquaintance, for he had but one there who was a friend; but the greeting he gave to that one acquaintance made him a hundred new friends.

"My dear Buffum, how happy I am to see you.—Hearty as a buck, too, and looking good-natured and grave as ever!" His voice was clear as the tones of a silver bell, with a ringing echo of soft music that lingered on the ear and penetrated the soul.

The giant Bill Buffum grasped the proffered hand with a gesture of awkward bashfulness.—He blushed, he did not or could not speak; but one great tear of joy, pride and pleasure rolled from his wild black eye, and fell on the Judge's fingers. Ay, that was a grateful triumph of a rude but faithful heart.

That trivial incident caused an immense sensation, and was fruitful of consequences. A loud murmur of backwoods voices swelled up: "He's a gentleman! He ain't ashamed to shake hands with leather-hunting shirts. He bows to common folks! He's the right sort of a judge!" "We'll fight for him!"

Then the face of Gen. Smoot was like the convulsed face of a demon, and all his legal myrmidons turned pale with silent rage.

Judge Yell immediately proceeded to his seat on the bench and ordered the sheriff to open court. The bland smile on his handsome features was replaced by an expression of serene but determined majesty. The light in his blue eyes grew stern and steady—a something to be feared as well as loved. His charge to the jury was a masterpiece for that moridian. After a brief definition of different species of crime, he began a general lecture on the necessity, importance, and duties of courts. His clear tongue, at first low and persuasive, gradually rose, and rang, vibrated and thrilled

the air filling the ample forum and rolling far out over the public square, till crowds came rushing from every grocery thronging the door and darkening the windows, all anxious to see and hear. They stood breathless, fascinated, wonder-struck, yet delighted; while there stood the blue-eyed magician, wearing the spell of words which held them like a voice of steel.

And yet strange to say, his eloquence had no profundity of learning, no polish of rhetoric.—He never used a trope, and he had no power of logic, seeming incapable of copulating premises with a view to keen arguments; but still, eloquence was incomparably insinuating. It wound around the soul, pierced the heart, and riveted every thought like a fine thread of golden wire. It aroused no sudden cheers, no boisterous burst of feeling. Its effects were not admiration; it was conviction. Men did not exclaim, "What an orator!" but they murmured to themselves, "How true!"

The judge concluded by alluding to the dangers incurred by himself in the administration of even justice; and his last sentence, uttered in a terrible voice, thundered forth the fearless avowal—"I will deal out to every one—jurors, witnesses, parties and counsel—the full measure of legal right appertaining to each, and no more; and I will maintain the majesty of the law and the dignity of my own person, or leave the best blood of my heart here on this bench, my own place!"

His face was illuminated by the glowing fire of passion, his eyes literally blazed, and his teeth appeared to shine with savage gleaming radiance through half parted lips rigid as iron with energies of indomitable will. Then the insolent sneer which had produced that final peal faded from the countenance of Gen. Smoot as he whispered to his myrmidons—

"By heaven! I think he'll fight, and I mean to try him before the day is an hour older."

"His pockets lie smooth: I don't think he's armed," suggested McBall, by way of encouragement.

"I wonder why he carries that cane, for it would aid him but little in a combat," remarked Reub Reynolds, Esq.

"That cane apparently so light, is a powerful weapon of solid iron," said Colonel Leeper. "With it one might fell an ox."

"So much the better," muttered General Smoot. "It will not then be asserted that I attacked an unarmed man."

"Go ahead we will all back you," whispered McBall.

Can the reader comprehend this scene?—Can he imagine why this clique of lawyers should harbor such deadly hatred against the unoffending stranger? The singular problem is easily explained. Some of them had been unsuccessful aspirants for the office he then filled, and they all felt that he would hereafter be a dangerous competitor for the future place of profit and honor under the State government about to be organized. This painful consciousness was aggravated to madness by the extraordinary impression which their supposed rival had already and so obviously produced in the minds of the people. Hence nothing remained but to test his courage to the very last extremity—an awful ordeal to which every professional man must submit who carries his ambition to the perilous market of the backwoods.

The first case on the docket was called, and the plaintiff stood ready. It was an old case that had been in litigation for five years. Gen. Smoot arose for the defendant, and remarked in an overbearing tone: "Our witnesses are absent and therefore I demand that the cause be continued till the next term, in course."

"Let the proper affidavit be filed, for not till then can I entertain the motion for a continuance," was the mild response of the Judge.

"Do you doubt my word as to the facts?" Gen. Smoot exclaimed, sharply and involuntarily raising his huge sword cane.

"Not at all," replied the Judge, with his blandest smile; "but the law requires that the facts justifying a continuance must appear on record, and the court has no power to annul the law, nor any will to see it annulled."

The Judge's calm and business-like tone and manner only served to irritate to bully, and he retorted, shaking his sword cane in the direction of the bench, "Whatever may be the law, I, for one, will not learn its principles from the lips of an upstart demagogue and coward!"

Judge Yell's blue eyes shot lightning; but he only turned to the clerk and said, quietly:—

"Mr. Clerk, you will enter a fine of fifteen dollars against General Smoot, as I see him named on my docket, for gross contempt of court; and be sure you issue an immediate execution."

He had scarcely enunciated the order when Gen. Smoot was seen rushing towards him, brandishing his sword cane, all his features writhing with murderous wrath, and pallid as those of a corpse.

Every glance was fixed on the countenance of the Judge, for all wished to know how he could brood the coming shock of the duelist's fierce assault. But none, however could detect the slightest change in his appearance. His cheeks grew neither red nor white; nor did a nerve seem to tremble; his calm eyes surveyed the advancing foe with as little sign of perturbation as a chemist might show when scrutinizing the efforescence of some novel mixture.—He sat perfectly still, with that slight stiff of painted iron in his right hand.

Smoot assended the platform and immediately aimed a tremendous blow with his enormous sword-cane, fell at the head of his foe. At that blow fire hundred hearts shuddered, and more than a dozen voices shrieked, for all expected to see the victim's skull shivered to atoms. The general astonishment, then, may be conceived, when they beheld the little iron staff describe a quick curve as the great sword-cane flew from Smoot's fingers and fell with a loud clatter at the distance of twenty feet in the hall; the baffled bully uttered a cry of wrath wild as that of some wounded beast of prey,

and snatched his bowie knife from its sheath; but ere it was well poised for the desperate plunge, the little iron staff cut another curve, and the big knife followed the sword-cane. He then hastily drew a revolving pistol, before he had time to touch the trigger his arm was stricken down powerless by his side.

And then, for the first time, did Judge Yell betray perceptible emotion. He stamped his foot till the platform shook beneath it, and shouted in trumpet tones.

"Mr. Clerk, you will blot this ruffian's name as a foul disgrace from the roll of attorneys.—Mr. Sheriff, take the criminal to jail."

The latter officer sprung to obey the mandate, and immediately a scene of confusion ensued that no pen might describe. The bravos and myrmidon friends of Gen. Smoot gathered around to obstruct the Sheriff, while many of the citizens lent their opportune aid to sustain the authority of the court. Menaces, screams, and horrid curses, the ring of impinging and crossing steel, alternate cries of rage and pain, all commingled with the awful explosion of fire arms, blended together a vivid idea of pandemonium. But throughout all the tempestuous strife, two individuals might be observed as leaders in whirlwind and riders of the storm.

The new Judge used his little iron cane with terrible efficiency, crippling limbs, yet still springing life; while "Good Natured Bill Buffum," imitating the clemency of honorable friend, and disdaining the employment of knife or pistol, actually trampled and crushed down all opposition, roaring at every furious blow.—

"This is the way to preserve order in court!" a sentiment which he accompanied with peals of wild laughter. In less than two minutes the party of the judge triumphed—the clique of Gen. Smoot suffered disastrous defeat, and the bully himself was borne away to prison.

Such was the debut of Archibald Yell of Arkansas; and from that day his popularity as a man, and as a judge, as a hero, and as a politician went on rapidly and brilliantly increasing, till it eclipsed all the oldest and most powerful names. Within the first year of his emigration he became a candidate for the Governor's chair; and notwithstanding the bitterest opposition, he was elected by nine-tenths of the number of votes polled. At the end of his term he canvassed for Congress, and again swept the State like a hurricane. He continued to serve with success in the supreme councils of the nation until the period of the war with Mexico. He then resigned, hurried home to Arkansas, and raised a regiment of volunteer cavalry, with which he made all possible dispatch for the scene of action.

The writer of the present sketch saw him on his line of march to Colesburg with the grand army of occupation, and never will he forget the evening passed by the light of his hospitable camp fire on Red river, within the limits of Texas. The prophecy of his farewell words rings still in my ears with mournful distinctness.

"I go," said he with a look of fire and in tones of thrilling emphasis, "to make a fame that shall be co-extensive with the Union, or to extinguish life itself in a blaze of glory!"

He kept his word; he did them both. He arrived on the gory arena in time to witness the magnificent storm of the great day of Buena Vista; where is the true child of American birth that cannot name the three transcendent stars of chivalry who fell quenched in blood that day?—aye, who fell, but as they fell, shed a parting sun-burst of everlasting life-light over that field of glory and of graves! Dost remember? Hardin! Clay! Yell!

We have only space remaining to glance *currente calamo* at the striking character of Governor Yell's genius. It seems from his childhood to have been a triple compound of blended courage, prudence and the love of approbation. Although born of poor parents he was distinguished even when a boy alike by his daring, his thirst for practical knowledge, and the refined courtesy of his manners. As a lawyer, judge and statesman, he was far from being profound. He never sought for problems embodying first principles; he had no skill for the analysis of causes; but he had an eye for consequences and remote, piercing and far sighted as the great eagle's.

Prudence was his cardinal virtue. This combined with his singular presence, enabled him to avoid the rocks of which so many other Arkansas politicians saw their popularity shivered to atoms. He took no stock in the new bubble banks, and accordingly, when the crash came that reduced the State to insolvency and aroused from the lips of ruined people such a tempest of curses, he alone, of all the public men, escaped censure. As an orator, when called to give an opinion on doubtful questions, he possessed the invaluable faculty of seeming perfectly clear and positive without committing himself by a sentence to either side. "To borrow a phrase from Shelly, his eloquence on a certain occasion was truly 'a veil of woven wind, transparent, but intangible as ether.'"

That he had no faults we do not deny; but whatever their nature or number, we will not discuss them now. They were all amply expiated by that heroic death—the rich libation of blood poured out on the altar of his beloved country! And on that altar, too, at the same hour, on the same point of the ensanguined field, before the same sweep of the whirlwind of battle, fell another sacrifice, humbler but not less acceptable to the genius of our glorious father-land—we mean him who has figured in this sketch as "Good-Natured Bill Buffum." He was always the inseparable companion of Col. Yell. He carried a standard through that storm of steel and lead. He was cut in two by a cannon shot and the colors of his country dropped over him like a shroud. Poor Bill! He died near his idolized friend, and the banner of thirty years was his winding sheet!