

JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 12.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1852.

No 25.

Published by Theodore Schoch.
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 proprietor, will be charged 25 cents per year, extra.
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AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

From the *Dublin University Magazine.*

MEMORY.
Soft as rays of sunlight stealing
On the dying day;
Sweet, as fumes of low bells pealing
When ere fades away;
Sad as winds at night that moan,
Through the heath o'er mountain lone,
Come the thoughts of days now gone
On manhood's memory.

As the sunbeams from the heaven
Hide at eve their light;
As the bells when fades the even
Peal not on the night,
As the night winds cease to sigh
When the rain falls from the sky,
Pass the thoughts of days gone by
From age's memory.

Yet the sunlight in the morning
Forth again shall break,
And the bells give sweet voiced warning
To the world to wake.
Soon the winds shall freshly breathe
O'er the mountain's purple heath;
But the path is lost in Death—
He hath no memory.

From the *New York Observer.*

The Massacre of Wyoming.

When I stood on the hills that overlook this whole valley, with Mr. Ruthven, who was kind enough to escort me to the summit, and looked down on the fields and villages, and scattered hamlets, so peaceful and so beautiful, the river flowing gently by, and giving life to the scene, it seemed that this vale might have been the abode of primeval innocence, and it was hard to believe that it had been the scene of the reddest bloodshed, and the most savage warfare that had ever disgraced the name of man. Yet in the annals of our Revolutionary War, marked as they are by frequent records of Indian, British and Tory barbarity, there is no tale that has been more justly regarded with indignant horror, than the Massacre of Wyoming. It is true that most exaggerated and erroneous statements went abroad respecting it, and these were widely published in this country and in Europe. And it is another of many illustrations, that show how hard, nay, impossible it is, to put down a false record, after it has been incorporated into sober history.—But our ancient enemies, now our friends, have enough to answer for, without being loaded with charges which they are in a measure innocent. The overwrought stories of the Wyoming Massacre, were first related in good faith, growing, as such stories will, the farther they travel from mouth to mouth, and when published they excited such indignation against the enemy, it was not to be expected that the Americans would take any great pains to correct them, even if they had the means. But the truth is bad enough; and it is one of the darkest chapters in the history of war.

The valley of Wyoming, was inhabited chiefly by people from New England, in the time of the Revolution. The first European who is known to have visited this region, was Count Zinzendorf, who had been visiting his Moravian brethren at Bethlehem and Nazareth, where there are to this day, interesting settlements of this people. He extended his travels to this valley, with the holy purpose of striving to do something for the spiritual good of the Indians. A remarkable escape of him from their tomahawks is recorded.—He was regarded by the savages as an English spy, and they determined to put him to death. For this purpose they entered his rude tent, where he was sleeping before a fire; at this moment a rattlesnake was crawling across his legs, and the Indians were at once impressed with the idea that he must be under the special protection of the Great Spirit, and their feelings were very like those of the barbarians, who saw the viper that fastened on Paul's hand. They regarded him with veneration; received his mission with joy, and a successful stand was made among them. Afterwards, in the old French War, the mission was broken up.

In 1768, an association was formed in Connecticut to make a settlement in this valley, but no successful attempt at colonizing was

made till 1769. Into the details of their early struggles, their civil and military contests of years in duration, involving long and expensive legislation, I shall not enter, but the reader will find in the History of the Valley, by Mr. Miner, much that will deeply interest him, in the events that preceded the period at which we begin. The same historian paints the scene of peace, plenty, and enjoyment, that dwelt in the Valley at the opening of the Revolutionary War, as all but Elysian, and even after it broke out, those quiet people were so far from its scenes, that they might have hoped to escape the personal experience of its horrors. But the fear of the savages all around them, and the Tories who had settled in the northern part of the valley, and there built Wintermoot's Fort, kept the Colony in a state of alarm. They had a fortification some few miles below, called Forty Fort, from the number of Connecticut pioneers who settled the valley, and this they strengthened; it afterwards became famous in history. Almost the whole number of able bodied men, were drawn off to recruit the army under Gen. Washington, and the Valley was left in a defenceless state. All the aged men, and the young who were able to carry a weapon, were formed into companies to defend the women and children. It was rumored that the Tories and Indians were preparing an expedition to ravage the Valley. Congress, in session at Philadelphia, was apprised of the intention, but with a blindness to consequences scarcely credible, to say nothing of the inhumanity of their indifference, took no steps to provide against the approaching storm. The inhabitants were left to shift for themselves, while the men who were capable of protecting their wives and children were detained in the regular army.

In the northern part of the State of New York, a body of Tory Rangers under the command of Col. John Butler, with some five or six hundred Indians, making an invading army of more than a thousand men, prepared to come down on this peaceful valley, and lay it waste with fire and sword. In the month of June, 1778, they gathered at Tioga Point, and embarking in canoes and flats, they floated gently down the river at the rate of four or five miles an hour, and before their approach was suspected, they landed above Wyoming and took possession of Wintermoot's Fort, at the head of the Valley.

Col. Zebulon Butler, of the American army, then at home on a visit, was called by acclamation to take command of what forces could be raised in the valley to resist the invasion. He is said by some writers to have been a cousin of the Col. John Butler commanding the enemy's forces, but there is no proof of this relationship, and the worthy descendants of Zebulon repudiate it altogether. Immediately the British commander sent to Col. Z. Butler, in command at Forty Fort, and demanded a surrender of all the forts, and the valley, which demands were promptly refused. A council of war was called, and the only question to be considered was whether they should march out to meet the enemy, or remain in the fort and receive the attack, which would be made so soon as their refusal to surrender was reported. In favor of holding on within the fort, it was urged that in a short time the absent militia companies might be expected to return from the regular army, and with their aid the enemy could be repelled. On the other hand it was obvious that delay was ruin to the valley; the work of devastation and death would be urged on with savage cruelty, and the only hope was in a decisive blow. No reasonable ground existed for supposing that any help would come from abroad. A large majority took this view of the case, and disastrous as the issue was, it appears to us at this day, that the conclusion was the only one to which they could come, under the circumstances, and the result was no worse than it would have been had they remained in the fort. We see no reason whatever for seeking extraneous influences to account for the determination to march against the enemy, with the bold design of driving them back or perishing in the attempt. The whole force that now left the fort was a "forlorn hope," of only three hundred men and boys; and with them were Judges of the Courts and all the civil officers near at hand. Grandfathers took their muskets and marched to the fight. One of these old men had several grandsons on the field. Some heroic women were at hand, of whom it may be said, as of Washington's women, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of their countrymen." Col. Z. Butler made a short address to his followers, exhorting them to withstand the first shock, and the Indians would give way. As soon as they reached the enemy they were to fire, and at each discharge to advance one step. They opened with spirit, and the British lines began to give way. The Indians in ambush kept up a galling fire; and being scattered in various bands, their horrid yells were answered from one to another along the whole line, doubtless magnifying their numbers, and filling many a stout heart with fear. The firing was kept up on both sides for half an

hour, when the vastly superior numbers of the invaders made it evident that they must overpower our heroic citizens. One of our officers gave an order for a change of position; on the instant the savages rushed in with their fiercest yells; the order for a change of position was mistaken for a command to retreat, and the little army was thrown into confusion. Col. Z. Butler, with utter disregard of his own life, rushed between the lines and, blending the father with the soldier, cried—"Don't leave me my children, and victory is ours." But the day was lost. The left wing was in full flight. Instances of heroism not excelled on more famous fields, are related of that day. Every captain that led a company into action was slain. One youth, just married, fell into the arms of his brother, and expired, as he had time to say, "I am killed—take care of Lavinia." But when the battle was over, the massacre was only just begun. A body of the Indians rushed down to cut off the retreat of the inhabitants, and prevent them from regaining the fort. Their anxious wives and mothers were waiting the issue of the bloody conflict. Many of the Americans fled through the fields of grain, and attempted to reach Monocacy island, where they were pursued and slain by scores. Some were tempted by promises of safety, and butchered as soon as they came. A few crossed to the eastern shore of the river, and escaped to the mountains. One of the fugitives hid himself in the bushes on the island, where he was found by his own brother, a Tory, who shot him dead, while he was praying for his life. The Indian marksmen had singled out officers, and shot them in the thigh; so as to disable them, and yet save them alive for future torture. Capt. Bidlack was thrown on a pile of burning logs, and held there with pitchforks, till he expired. Other tragedies of iniquity were enacted too harrowing to be repeated. Would that they were forgotten!

In the meadow on the banks of the Susquehanna, a little way South of the present residence of Capt. Henry, where I dined yesterday, is a flat rock just raised above ground, and known in history as the "Bloody Rock." The pastor's children guided me to it, and as they sported around and over it in the frolics of childhood, I could hardly believe that this sweet spot had taken its name from the fiendish cruelty of a woman. Queen Esther, a woman from Canada, whose name was Catherine Montour, had married an Indian Chief, and by her vigor of mind had gained great ascendancy over the savages. She had several times visited Philadelphia before the war, and by her refinement of manners and attractive person, had won the regards of many ladies in that city. She was one of the leaders in this invasion, and the chief priestess in the scenes of torture that marked the awful night succeeding the battle day.—Around this rock she had gathered sixteen or eighteen prisoners in a circle, and taking the death maul in her own hands, she walked around the circle, and, singing the death song would mark time by dashing out the brains of the victims. From the opposite shore of the river, a few fugitives could look upon the fearful orgies that were enacted there. Naked men in the midst of flames, were driven round a stake, urged on by the piercing spears of the Indians. In the morning the field was strewn with limbs, and mangled bodies, half consumed.

Here, perhaps, is a fitting place to pause; but more remains to be told. IREXUS.

Some constables in Maine, hunting for rum, entered a house and found a woman rocking a cradle, and singing "Hush a-baby-baby." Not finding "the critter," one of them more cunning than the rest, made a dash at the baby-clothes, exclaiming, "Sweet little baby—how much it looks like its father!" And sure enough it did—for lo! and behold, the little offspring turned out to be a keg of rum with a nightcap on.

Satan About.—According to the Providence Post the Devil lately made his appearance—or rather left his tracks behind him—in Coventry, Kent co., R. I. The footprints were seen in the snow on Sunday morning the 7th inst., precisely like such as would be made by a yearling colt, and extended over a tract of country some twenty miles in extent. The trail was a single one, one foot print directly in front of another, and from eight to twelve inches apart, indicating a two legged animal. It frequently led up to holes in the fences and walls, through which a cat could not pass, and appeared again on the other side, as though the animal had passed through. In some cases the trail appeared for a few rods and then disappeared, as though the animal was winged.

A Good One.—At a dancing party not a hundred miles from here, one of the beaux got a little corned. He, of course felt himself as good as any body. Asking a young lady who lives in the vicinity of a grist-mill to dance, she declined; whereupon he instituted a parley, remarking, "that if he was not good enough to dance with her, he would come down to the mill and be ground over." "Come down, said the lady, but you will remember that the first process in grinding will be to run you through the snout machine."

The Plague.

It is very certain, from the accounts received both here and in England, that the true plague has been introduced into Madeira, and the work of death has been appalling. The question has been agitated, will that dreadful disease ever reach this continent? There is reason to believe it will; the wonder is why it has not been here already. Our commercial intercourse is extensive with various parts of Africa and the Asiatic shore of the Mediterranean, where this great scourge is never dead or dying, but simply reposing from one period to another, like a fatigued giant, to gather strength for renewal of slaughter. Should it come, it may be hoped there may be found more science and a stronger barrier of medical skill to meet and disarm him of its terrors, than has been exhibited in tropical climates, or in the filthy scourge-inviting regions of Moslem Turkey. Plague appertains to the Arabs, in this age, and where the same condition exist as characterizes their modes of life, their social condition, and the absence of all common sense efforts to arrest it will have an abiding foothold.—*Boston Medical Journal.*

The English Language.

Few of our readers are perhaps aware of the great changes which have taken place in our language since its first formation. We give below specimens of the Lord's Prayer at different periods:

1300. Fadder our in hevvene, Halweywed be thi name, come thi kingdom. Thi will be don as in hevvene and in erthe, Our uche dayes bred give us to day, An forgive us our dettes, as we foregiven our dettours, And lede us not into temptation, Bote delyvere us of yvel. Amen.

1379. [Wickliff's Bible.] Our fadyr that art in hevvene, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come to, Be thy will done in erthe as in hevvene; Give to us this day our bread over other substances; And forgiv to us our dettes as we foregiven to our detters; and lead us not into temptation, but delyver us from yvel. Amen.

1526. [Tindal's Testament.] O ourre father which art in hevven, hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be fulfilled as this day in erthe as hit ys in hevven. Give vs this waye ourre daily breade.—And forgive vs ourre trespasses, as we forgive them which trespass vs. Leede vs not into temptation, but delyver vs from yvel. Amen.

1589. [Coverdale's Bible.] Our father which art in hevven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in hevven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us dettes as we also forgive our detters. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever. Amen.

Genuine Poetry.—There is so little genuine poetry now-a-days, that it is quite refreshing to meet occasionally with so beautiful a gem as the following. None but those who have felt the "tender passion," can fully appreciate the intensity of the poet's "phelinks." It of course must be surmised that Miss Elizabeth—endearingly called Betsy—was a charming girl, and well worth the poet's adoration. Notice the beauty and sublimity of the following lines:

"My love, she is my heart's delight,
Her name it is Miss Betsey;
I'll go and see her this very night,
If Heaven and mother'll let me."

But, alas! for the mortifications and disappointments that poets are doomed to suffer. On the head-board of this young man's bed, the chamber-maid found, written in chalk, the next morning:

"I loved Miss Betsey—wel, I did,
And I went there to tell her;
But like to goose-grease quick I slid,
For she had another feller."

A sharp talking lady was reproved by her husband, who requested her to keep her tongue in her mouth. "My dear," responded the wife "it is against the law to carry concealed weapons."

An editor down south says he never dotted an i but once in his life, and that was in a fight with a cotemporary.

Cats Without Tails!

A correspondent of the *London Literary World*, who signs himself "Homon candidus," commences a learned dissertation with the following paragraph: "You will concede, doubtless, Mr. Editor, the general proposition that birds have wings, cats have tails, and men have no tails; but you are not, perhaps, aware, Mr. Editor, that there are birds without wings, cats without tails, and you will perhaps grant that it is not a very illogical inference that there may be men without tails. There is a variety of cats peculiar to the Isle of Man, well-known to naturalists, that have no tails. A friend of mine, a distinguished naturalist, had such a cat, which died, I believe, of a surfeit; and he has now the skeleton in his museum, and it has no more tail than I suppose you have, Mr. Editor."

N. Y. & E. Rail Road Movements. Public Meeting.

Pursuant to a public notice, a large number of the citizens of Pike county convened at the Court House in Milford, on Monday evening, the 15th instant.—On motion, Maj. RICHARD ELDRED was chosen President, BENJAMIN C. VAN AUKEN and DAVID WELLS, Vice Presidents, and Dr. Alanson A. Lines and L. F. Barnes, Secretaries. The object of the meeting was then stated, and a Committee of twelve appointed to report Resolutions. The following gentlemen composed the Committee—John M. Heller, Samuel Dimmick, Gabriel B. Mapes, John H. Wallace, John Day, Elija Rose, Jacob Westfall, Henry Dewitt, John H. Brodhead, John Cornelius, James Watson, and John Leforge. The Resolutions reported by the Committee were as follows:

WHEREAS, This meeting has heard with surprise that the New York & Erie Railroad Company intend to make application to the present Legislature of the State for an extension of time where in to build the Railroad and Carriage Bridge over the Delaware River opposite Port Jervis; and whereas, the interests of the people of the Valley of the Delaware from Station Point to Philadelphia, will be greatly promoted by the construction of said Bridge within the time specified by the Act of Assembly relative thereto, to wit—by the first day of October, 1852. Therefore,

Resolved, That HENRY S. MOTT Esq., our member of Assembly, and EPHRAIM W. HAMLIN, our Senator, be instructed to oppose in the most determined manner, any further Legislation relative to the Bridge to be built by the N. Y. & E. R. R. Company over the Delaware River, opposite Port Jervis.

Resolved, That we consider any attempt made on the part of the N. Y. & E. R. R. Company to postpone the time for building said Bridge, as a direct refusal to comply with their solemn engagement with the State of Pennsylvania, to build the same, inasmuch as they have already had nearly four years in which to construct said Bridge.

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend to the people of Pike, Wayne, Monroe, Northampton, Bucks and Philadelphia, to remonstrate against any attempt to have the time extended for the erection of said Bridge; believing that such extension, if made, would seriously delay and perhaps entirely defeat the contemplated Railroad along the Valley of the Delaware River, from Port Jervis to Philadelphia.

Resolved, That John H. Brodhead, William C. Salmon, John H. Wallace, F. A. Rose and A. S. Stoll be a Committee of Correspondence on this subject, with power to call meetings, &c.

Resolved, That J. M. Heller, Samuel Dimmick, John B. Leforge, Oscar H. Mott and J. E. Eldred be a Committee to prepare remonstrances, collect funds, &c.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in all the papers of the Counties of Pike, Wayne, Monroe, Northampton, Bucks and Philadelphia, and that copies of these proceedings be sent to each Member of our Legislature.

These Resolutions being unanimously adopted, on motion, the meeting then adjourned.

RICHARD ELDRED, President.
A. A. LINES, }
L. F. BARNES, } Secretaries.

We are all at School.

Every man should seriously reflect that he is in a course of education which he may vary indeed, but from which he can by no means escape; training for something—should he not know for what and how the process is going on?

The child roams about the streets untaught, uncared for; it follows temptation; it obeys the impulse of its nature; is it not at school? Yes, verily; and it drinks in greedily the instruction it receives, and will show its improvement in precocious wickedness. The youth passes his time in idleness; visits the places where other loungers congregate; seeks occupation enough to dispel the discomfort of total inactivity, in drinking, smoking or loose conversation; and to diversify life, and put on the show of manhood, indulges in other vices of maturer life; and is he not at school? Yes, and you will see that he is making advances from day to day. His former notions, if he ever had any, of religious obligation, passing away, he is forming new habits of thinking; he gets new views of men and things, and fancies that he knows the world; he learns a new language; acquires new skill in reasoning upon moral subjects, and graduates a loafer.

So too the full grown man, by attention to his daily business, forms habits of industry; by neglecting them, habits of idleness. The careful discharge of his daily duties, he confirms himself in habits of virtue; by neglecting them his character loses its form and consistency, and he gradually, but surely, passes to that state in which moral obligation has no hold upon him, and he is completely the slave of temptation.

"Hog's Head" vs. "Minister's Face."

In a very quiet town in the Western part of Massachusetts, some twenty years ago, there was a very worthy divine of the Old Presbyterian School, a very devout man, whose synonyme we will call Parson B.—The writer has heard him preach often, and many a time while exhorting his congregation "to flee from the wrath to come," he has seen the tears course down his furrowed cheeks; but yet in social life and his every-day mingling in society, he always enjoyed a good joke, and was always "on occasion" ready to give one.

There was also in the same village a merchant by the name of Bacon, (a member of his congregation) who took in, by way of "dicker," all such produce as farmers have to part with, such as grain, pork, &c. One pleasant day in the fall of the year, while engaged in cutting up a number of hogs, he saw Parson B. coming up the street in the direction of his store, when he immediately said to his butcher:

"Just place one of those hog's heads on the block, for here comes Parson B, and I will put a good joke on him."

It is probably known to most of your New England readers that hog's head is usually baked for a Sunday dinner, and is familiarly called *minister's face*, though the origin of the name I am unable to give.

On the approach of the Parson, he was called into the store, and after the usual morning salutations and congratulations, Mr. Bacon says to him (pointing to the hog's head on the block), "I wish you would tell me why our people always call hog's head minister's face!"

Parson B. (scratching his head), replied, "Well, brother B., I don't know as I can tell you exactly why, but rather think it's for the same reason they call his *other end Bacon*."—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

A Miss in a Dry Good Store.

The Detroit Advertiser has set the following aloft.

One bright cold morning, a few weeks since, while the clerks in a certain fashionable store on "the avenue" were huddled about the stove, at a distance from the door, a well dressed and pretty young woman entered and disappeared again without much notice, the inmates of the concern supposing that she had come in by mistake. Some hours afterwards a rustling noise accompanied by a slight sound of crying, was heard from the directions of the front, which upon investigation, was heard to proceed from a pretty little infant, neatly clothed, and warmly wrapped up in snowy flannels, as snug as a bug in a rug." A note, in a slight female hand, was pinned to the child's robe which when being opened, displayed the following elegant distich:

"Take care of me and use me well,
For in this store my sire doth dwell."

A council of war was called, which was attended by proprietors, clerks, porter and all hands; the result of which failed to discover the father *phitutive*; but one of the clerks remarked that as the poor child seemed friendless, and as his mother was very fond of children he believed he would take it home out of charity. —*So he did.*

The following is now being debated before the Tilletudlem Lyceum: "Which causes a girl the most pleasure—to hear herself praised or another gal run down. We shall issue the decision in an extra.

Female Society.

You know my opinion of female society; without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies, with tenfold force, to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man makes a shift (a poor one I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the pollution that besets it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding-gown, for qualities that will "wear well." One thing at least is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find enjoyment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children around him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.—*John Randolph.*

—*Laughter.*—A faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, and one which there is, therefore, a sort of impetuosity in not exercising as frequently as we can. We may say with Titus, that we have lost a day, if it has passed without laughing.—The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion, that they call upon their prophet to preserve them from sad faces. "Ah!" cried Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping over his death-bed, "if I were to die ten times over I never should make you cry half so much as I made you laugh."