

# Jeffersonian Republican.

Richard Nugent, Editor]

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

[and Publisher

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## JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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 75 cts. per year, extra.  
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.  
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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

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Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.  
Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms.

## JURY LIST.

Persons drawn to serve as Grand Jurors for December Term, 1840.

- 1 Jacob Dreher, Hamilton.
- 2 Henry Eyleyberger, Smithfield.
- 3 John Staples, Stroud.
- 4 George Bittenbender, Hamilton.
- 5 James Trach, do.
- 6 David Smith, Ross.
- 7 George Trible, Middle Smithfield.
- 8 Jacob Mixsell, Ross.
- 9 Joseph Keller, Hamilton.
- 10 Levi Frantz, Ross.
- 11 John L. Wells, Middle Smithfield.
- 12 John J. Price, Price.
- 13 Joseph Shock, Stroud.
- 14 Joseph Fenner, Hamilton.
- 15 John Jones, jr. do.
- 16 Depew Labar, Middle Smithfield.
- 17 William Brodhead, Smithfield.
- 18 Michael Shoemaker, Hamilton.
- 19 Abraham Transue, Price.
- 20 William Small, Ross.
- 21 Frederick Brotzman, Tobyhanna.
- 22 John D. Frailey, Pocono.
- 23 John Bender, Hamilton.
- 24 Washington Overfield, M. Smithfield.

Persons drawn to serve as Petit Jurors.

- 1 John Shoemaker, Hamilton.
- 2 Adam Gaz, Ross.
- 3 George Artman, Hamilton.
- 4 John Labar, Pocono.
- 5 Henry Dietrich, Hamilton.
- 6 William Casebeer, Smithfield.
- 7 Emanuel Gunsauls, M. Smithfield.
- 8 Christian Mixsell, Hamilton.
- 9 Adam Custer, do.
- 10 Henry Miller, Stroud.
- 11 Samuel Cramer, do.
- 12 Charles Frantz, Hamilton.
- 13 Charles Featherman, do.
- 14 Abraham Gish, Stroud.
- 15 Anthony Heller, do.
- 16 Jonathan Coffinan, Price.
- 17 Benjamin Cortright, Middle Smithfield.
- 18 Daniel Depew, Smithfield.
- 19 Abraham Arnold, Hamilton.
- 20 Abraham Fenner, sen. Smithfield.
- 21 William Long, Price.
- 22 David Eckert, Stroud.
- 23 David Nigh, Smithfield.
- 24 Thomas J. Albright, Stroud.
- 25 Adam Andrew, do.
- 26 Jacob Crupe, Middle Smithfield.
- 27 Jacob Shafer, Chesnut Hill.
- 28 Barnett Walter, Middle Smithfield.
- 29 Christopher Barlip, Ross.
- 30 John Kresge, Chesnut Hill.
- 31 George Brewer, Stroud.
- 32 John Merwine, Chesnut Hill.
- 33 Peter Keller, Stroud.
- 34 Simon Gruber, Esq. Pocono.
- 35 Jacob Bush, Middle Smithfield.
- 36 John D. Eck, Coolbach.

## WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

The Subscriber not willing to be behind the times, has just received at his Store in the Borough of Stroudsburg, a large and very superior assortment of

## BROAD CLOTHS,

Black, Blue, Brown, Olive, and other choice colours, being an assortment in which every one may find his choice, both as regards price and quality. Single and double milled Cassimers, Merino Cassimers, summer Cloths, Silk Satin and Marcellines, Vestings, Linen Drillings of various styles, &c. &c.

## Fresh Fall and Winter Goods,

consisting among other things of Chally, Mouslin, &c. of various patterns, some of which are as low as 30 cts. per yard. A very elegant assortment of Chintzes, Lawns, Dress Handkerchiefs, Silk and Cotton Gloves, Parasols, &c. &c.

The above goods are fresh from Philadelphia, and were selected to suit the taste and please the fancy of those who may wish to buy at cheap prices, goods of a superior quality.

The subscriber invites his customers and the public generally, to call and examine for themselves, when he will be happy to accommodate them at low prices for cash, or for country produce.

WILLIAM EASTBURN,

Stroudsburg, Nov. 20, 1840.

## POETRY.

### The Ocean Burial.

BY AMELIA.

The soft azure rim of the blue bending skies  
Engirdles the low sleeping sea,  
As a fond mother bends o'er the sweet folded eyes  
Of the baby asleep on her knee;  
And the ripples lie round with their edges all curl'd  
Into small wreaths of transparent snow,  
For there broods a deep hush on the broad ocean world,  
As deep as the quiet below.  
And a vessel heaves to on the calm crescent seas,  
With her beautiful pennant and spars,  
And her showy white sails that alone with the breeze,  
Lie asleep with the clouds and the stars;  
While from her broad deck a low murmuring flows,  
As of sorrowing spirits in prayer,  
For an angel of Heaven hath touched with repose  
The soul of the manliest there.  
The tear-drops lie thick in the merry dark eye  
Of the sailor boy swinging aloft,  
For the wave where his comrade must lie,  
Till his heart with its musings is soft,  
And, looking away where by distance made dim,  
The sky and the ocean seem blent,  
He sighs for the hearts that are pining for him,  
Whose life like a dewdrop was spent.  
And then, while rich floods of the moon's blessed light  
Roll down the blue pathway of Heaven,  
With the murmur of waters the sad funeral rite  
Is heard on the stillness of even,  
While sadly and slowly the mariners crowd  
Round the form of the lost and the brave,  
And gather him up in his simple white shroud,  
And lower him down to the wave,  
And soft through the shadowy waters alone  
The form of the young sailor goes,  
Where the hush of the Sabbath for ever is thrown  
O'er the brow and the lip of repose,  
While the stars, all disturb'd from their soft mirror'd sleep  
As the lonely one sinks to his grave,  
Now nestle away on the breast of the deep  
Till they slumber along with the wave.  
Roll soft o'er the sleeper, oh, boundless abyss!  
That hath sunk in thy motionless breast,  
And let the pale form rest as tranquil in this  
As the soul on the sea of the bliss;  
For calm as a thought in the bosom unfold,  
Through yon ocean of starlight and blue,  
The spirit will float in its shallow of gold,  
As calm and as beautiful too.  
But softly, blue ocean! we know thou art bright  
With the glittering gems of the sea,  
But what is the pearl or the ruby's pale light  
To the treasure bequeath'd unto thee?  
For the pale human form that now sleepeth alone,  
Was beloved by the fond and the true,  
And long will the hearts of the loving make moan—  
Roll softly thou ocean of blue!

## Revolutionary Memorials.

From an English periodical we take a detailed narrative of the adventures of Champe, who our readers will recollect, was employed by Major Lee to seize the traitor Arnold and thus save the life of Major Andre. It is extracted from the journal of a British officer, now deceased, who saw much service in his day and kept a record of it, and we must acknowledge, that though he served against us, he is tolerably free from prejudice.

During the summer of 1780, when in spite of the failure of Burgoyne's expedition, hopes were still entertained of a successful termination to the struggle, it was customary for certain galleys and other armed vessels to keep guard in the North river, as far from the out-works of New York, as Elizabeth Town point in one direction, and King's Bridge in another. It chanced on a certain day in September, (I think it was the 25th.) that two of these lay at single anchor about four or five miles from the village of Bergen. They had been stationed there ever since the sad news of Andre's capture reached us, whether with the view of facilitating his chances to escape, if such should occur, or as a point of communication for the conveyance of intelligence, I know not, but in either case without having achieved any important service, when, on the morning of the day just specified, an event occurred, which relieved their crews for the moment from the tedium of a profitless watch. It might be about 9 o'clock in the morning when the lookout seamen called the attention of one of the commanders to what was passing on shore. The latter turned his glass in that direction, and beheld, coming from Bergen, a single horseman, who rode as if for life and death, and directed his face towards the river. He was dressed in the well known uniform of Lee's legion—one of the best equipped and most efficient corps in the American service—and his valise being strapped at the crop of the saddle and his sword hung at his side, it was evident that some cause more urgent than caprice drove him on. When first discovered he was in the act of rounding a corner in the wood, so as to enter upon a broad and straight road that had been cut through its centre, which leading directly to the water's edge, or rather to the edge of a reedy swamp which at this part girdles in the Hudson, then branched off to the right and left, and followed, both upwards and downwards the tortuosities of the stream. The horseman rode furiously till he had left the corner of the wood about three hundred yards behind, when he suddenly pulled up; he then unbuckled his valise, and strapped it across his shoulders; unsling his sword, drew out the weapon and cast the scabbard and belt from him;

and turning from time to time an anxious glance to the rear, seemed to brace himself as it were, for some desperate hazard. Nor did many minutes elapse ere the cause of this apparent anxiety became manifest: his preparations were as yet incomplete when a party of dragoons, perhaps twelve or fourteen in number, made their appearance, rounding the same angle from which he had emerged. They were too far distant to permit the sound of their voices to be heard; but nothing could be more remarkable than the effect produced on all parties by so sudden a recognition. The fugitive plunged his spurs into the flanks of his charger, and set off again at the top of his speed. The troopers pressed their animals to increased exertions, and the latter, being as it seemed, more fresh than the former, the distance between them was certainly not increased; on the contrary, they gained upon him so fast, that when at length he reached the margin of the swamp, not more than sixty or seventy yards divided them. And now the seamen, who had watched the proceeding with feelings not unlike those which are experienced by the spectators of a coursing match, found themselves called upon to play a part in the strange drama. For the fugitive threw himself from his saddle, rushed into the morass, and shouting aloud for help, made at once for the water's edge; dressed as he was, moreover, he did not hesitate to plunge into the river and to strike out lustily towards the anchorage. In a word, he was a deserter; and, as both policy and justice required, it became necessary, to afford him, every facility of escape. Accordingly, both vessels opened a fire of grape upon the dragoons, a boat was pushed off likewise, which soon picked up the swimmer, and he was conveyed safely on board of the nearest of the galleys. Having given his name, and assigned the common reason for conduct such as his—namely that he had been ill-treated by his officers, and was weary of so bad a service—he expressed a wish to be passed on to New York; and he was immediately sent forward in a row-boat, under a proper escort, with a letter from the captain testifying to the manner of his arrival. There were many circumstances which concurred at this time to give to every individual instance of desertion more than its common interest in the eyes of the commander-in-chief. In the first place; his correspondence with General Arnold had led him, for some time, to believe that much dissatisfaction prevailed in Washington's army. In the next place, the failure of Arnold's plot, and the arrest of poor Andre, rendered him peculiarly sensitive, and induced him to listen with credulous anxiety to every tale or rumor which might so much as seem to confirm hopes that had in reality no foundation. Each fugitive was, in consequence conducted to head-quarters where he was closely interrogated as to the dispositions of the enemy's troops, and above all, concerning the tempers of certain officers of whose fidelity to the republican cause our chiefs had learned to think lightly. Among others the new comer was honored with a private interview, during which he underwent a long and rigid examination, though of the particulars I knew at the moment nothing more than its result was highly favorable to the deserter; for the General spoke of him publicly as an intelligent and prudent person, and made no secret of his wish to enlist talent so valuable in the military service of his sovereign. For a while the stranger resisted this proposition: he professed to be tired of war, and reminded Sir Henry Clinton, not unfairly, that from the moment he assumed the King's uniform, he put a halter about his own neck. But the importunities of those in power at length prevailed; and he consented to accept the same rank in the royal army which he had borne in that of the States. He was accordingly attached to a corps, of which Arnold took the command, composed exclusively of native Americans, most of whom had deserted; and being strongly recommended to Arnold himself, as well by his own personal demeanor as by the commander-in-chief, he became a sort of orderly-sergeant in that officer's family. Time passed, and the melancholy news arrived that neither entreaties nor threats of retaliation, nor offers of exchange, had availed to save the life of the gallant Andre. He died a traitor's death, by a law too severe, even in extreme cases. There was a general lamentation throughout the ranks, mingled with an eager longing for revenge, in which no man appeared more earnestly to participate than General Arnold; and partly with a view of indulging the humour, partly to effect a diversion in favour of Lord Cornwallis, then actively engaged in the Carolinas, it was determined to send his legion, together with one or two battalions of regulars, on an expedition into Virginia. This resolution which was come to, at a late hour in the evening, was announced early next morning in general orders; and the order itself was obeyed with such remarkable promptitude that the men went on board without time having been afforded for them to make any preparations whatever. Yet the transports continued at their moorings many days; nor was it till late in October that the corps made good its landing, and opened its brief and profitless campaign on the shore of the Chesapeake. Fortune so ordered it, that

there was given to me, then a very young man, a company in Arnold's legion, and that the deserter John Champe, was attached to it. I found him to be, as others had represented, a remarkably intelligent person. At first indeed, he proved singularly grave and taciturn—nay, his manner appeared at times to indicate so much of moroseness and ill-humor, that I could not avoid harboring a latent suspicion that he already repented of the step which he had taken. But having been forewarned of the reluctance which accompanied his enlistment, I took no notice of this humour; and as I treated him throughout as kindly as circumstances would allow, I flattered myself that I had at last succeeded in gaining his confidence. It is true that of cheerfulness he never exhibited a symptom. His cast of features and dark and saturnine complexion seemed to mark him as a man naturally thoughtful, perhaps designing. Yet he was a good soldier, on his outward appearance at least; and I put full confidence in the statements of those who assured me that the contents of the volume would be found correspondent with its binding. How far my expectation had or had not been well founded, an opportunity of determining was never afforded, inasmuch as the second night of the disembarkation, Sergeant Champe disappeared. He was sought for far and near: his arms were found, and his knapsack, neither had any one seen him quit the lines; but he himself was gone; and never again, during the remainder of the war, was so much as a trace of him discovered. At last the peace came; and I, who had formed a connection with a respectable republican family in Virginia, received permission to remain in the country after my regiment quitted it for the purpose of settling my affairs. I was journeying for this purpose through Loudon County, attended by a single servant, on horseback, when towards the close of a summer's day, I found myself unexpectedly brought to a stand-still by the occurrence of three roads leading towards three different parts of the compass. As there was no board or sign post erected for the guidance of travellers, I felt as a stranger so circumstanced is apt to do, a good deal puzzled. I looked to the heavens, but did not succeed in ascertaining, by any sign afforded there, in which direction I ought to turn; so after hesitating for some time, I struck into one of the paths which appeared to be somewhat more inviting than the rest, and followed it for a while, if not without misgiving, at all events in good hope that I had done right. But the road began by degrees to twist and turn; it carried me deep into the heart of the forest, as the night was carrying on, with every appearance of a thunderstorm, I began to grow impatient and uneasy, I pressed my jaded beast into a trot, but had made very little progress when darkness closed in—darkness so dense that to discern objects at a yard's distance was impossible. What was to be done? Even if I should endeavor to retrace my steps, I did not know where shelter was to be found, I might again take a wrong turn; and even if I did not, I perfectly recollected that many miles of way must be traversed, ere I should reach a human habitation. If I went on, I might get bewildered; if I stood still, I must make up my mind to a thorough soaking, without my being able to appease my own hunger and that of my overwrought animals. In this emergency I did, what most men probably would have done, I called my servant to council; and after brief deliberation, it was determined that our case was desperate, and that we had better brave evils of which we knew the extent than flounder on at random in to others. Having arrived at this sage conclusion, we alighted, and fastening our beasts by their halters to the bough of a huge tree, we sat down with our backs against its stem. No conversation passed between us, for each was sufficiently occupied with his own thoughts, till a wild moaning—the sure prelude of a storm—struck painfully upon our ears. The ancient pines, too, began to wave and creak, and a few drops of rain fell heavily rattling among the foliage like hailstones; then came a distant growling of thunder, and last of all a flash which illuminated the woods far and wide, succeeded immediately by a burst so sharp and so loud as to resemble rather a platoon of musketry than any other sound in nature. It caused us both to start upon our legs; but though we looked round in the full expectation of perceiving some portion of the forest on fire, we were deceived: the bolt had fallen harmlessly, and darkness again overspread the scene as with a curtain.

"That was an awful blaze, your honor," said my man; "the devil like of it did I ever see afore—and see, there's another!" And another, and another sure enough there came. While the rain, which had hitherto fallen scantily, began to descend as if from buckets. In five minutes the scene of foliage was pierced; in half that space we were thoroughly saturated, while our poor horses stood trembling and snorting, as flash succeeded flash with a rapidity which set all calculation at defiance. While the storm thus raged, I chanced, in search perhaps of a denser screen, though altogether unconsciously at the moment to turn around. I had scarcely done so, when I beheld, by the light

of the storm, an opening in the forest, at the extremity of which stood a house surrounded as it appeared to me, by a patch of cultivated ground. I immediately made my man aware of the discovery, who turned his eyes also in the same direction; and as we were not long left without light enough to direct our research, hope was soon converted into certainty. We were indeed near to some human dwelling; and the circumstances of our case were a great deal too pressing to permit any momentary hesitation as to the course which it behoved us to follow. Each untied his horse, and with halter in hand we began to move cautiously in the direction, which promised to conduct us to a place of shelter. But we had not proceeded far, ere a new and more startling obstacle presented itself; we found that there was a deep ravine in front, while a roar of water, heard at every pause in the sounding of the thunder, indicated that it was traversed by a river doubtless of no inconsiderable force.

Still, when men are caught, as we then were, by bad weather in a dark night, even real dangers do not easily hold them back from exertion. After advancing, therefore, as far as it appeared prudent to do, amid a tangled underwood and down a steep descent, I gave my horse as well as his own to the servant, and directing him, to remain stationary, I set out alone, in the hope of discovering some means of passing the gulf. Though I had no other light to guide my steps than that which the storm afforded, happily for me, the flashes continued still so frequent, that I experienced very little difficulty in continuing my progress. I reached the margin of the stream in safety, and found that though in dry weather it might be, and doubtless it was, a mere rivulet, the rains had already swollen to a formidable torrent. Its channel, likewise was rocky and precipitous; nevertheless, as if fate had determined to befriend me, I found that, not far from the spot on which I stood, it was traversed by a rude bridge. I made towards it, the lightning being my lamp; and committing myself on hands and knees to the protection of a good Providence, I crawled over the plank in security. All the rest was easy. Making the opposite bank, I found myself in open field, having a log-house with some rude out-buildings clustered about it; and as the inmates were yet moving, my cries soon attracted their notice, and they hastened to render every assistance in their power. In a moment, lights were gleaming from their windows. The door was unclosed, and a man hurrying out with a torch in each hand, requested me to lead in the direction of the spot where I had left my horses. I took one of the flambeaus, and as the storm was by this time considerably abated, we had soon the satisfaction to ascertain that the shouts with which we strove to attract my servant's notice were answered. Immediately my new acquaintance crossed the bridge, and in less than half an hour, he, and the creatures to whose rescue he had hastened, arrived wet and weary, but uninjured, at what I may now be permitted to call, my own side of the stream. If the exertions of the stranger had been worthy of praise in thus delivering two way-worn travellers from the difficulties of their situation, his hospitality, now that danger was past, fully corresponded with them. He would not permit either master or man to think of their horses, but insisting that we should enter the house, where fires and changes of apparel awaited us, he himself led the jaded animals to a shed, rubbed them down, and provided them with forage.

It would have been affectation of the worst kind to dispute his pleasure in this instance, so I readily sought the shelter of his roof to which a comely dame bade me welcome, and busied herself in preventing my wishes. My drenched uniform was exchanged for a suit of my host's apparel; my servant was accommodated in the same manner, and we soon afterwards found ourselves seated beside a blazing fire of wood, by the light of which, our hosts assiduously laid out a well stocked supper table. I need not say, that all this was in the highest degree comfortable. Yet I was not destined to sit down to supper without discovering still greater cause for wonder. In due time our host returned, and the first glance which I cast towards him, satisfied me that he was no stranger. The second set every thing like doubt at rest. Sergeant Champe stood before me, the same in complexion, in feature, though somewhat less thoughtful in the expression of his eye, than when he first joined my company in New York.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TIMELY EPITAPH.—The speed with which the exposure of the stupendous conspiracy of the office-holders, against the character of the Whigs of this city, followed upon the explosion, reminds us of a quaint and ancient epitaph, with a few slight variations.—N. Y. Com.

We digg'd a pit, we digg'd it deep,  
We digg'd it for our brothers;  
But for our sin we did fall in  
The pit we digg'd for others.