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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Love Song.

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

She who sleeps upon my heart
Was the first to win it:
She who dreams upon my breast
Ever reigns within it;
She who kisses off my lips
Wakes my warmest blessing;
She who rests within mine arms
Feels their closest pressing.

Other hours than these shall come,
Hours that may be weary;
Other days shall greet us yet,
Days that may be dreary;
Still that heart shall be thy home,
Still that breast thy pillow;
Still those lips meet thee, as oft
Billow meeteth billow.

Sleep, then, on my happy heart,
Since thy love hath won it;
Dream, then, on my loyal breast—
None but thou hast done it;
And when age our bloom shall change,
With its wintry weather,
May we, in the self-same grave,
Sleep and dream together!

The Departed.

Ah, where are those who love us?
Methings they should be here;
Alas! they are above us,
Within thy sky so clear.

The hearts I once so cherished,
Are withered—faded—gone;
Alas! how soon they perished,
And left us here—alone.

Land Warrants are in fair demand at New York and selling at \$1.05 per acre of 120 acres, and at \$1.11 of 80 and 160 acres.

Good advice to farmers is given by a writer who says—
'Plough deep, plant wide, and keep hoe handles polished.'

He that would live long must sometimes change his course of life.

Command your servant, and do it yourself, and you will have less trouble.

Why is a chicken's neck like the Emperor of France? Ans. Because it is a bouypart.

If you bite me, I'll bite you, said the pepper-pod to the boy.

Shocking Story.

The following account of the murder of a slave by her mistress, which we copy from the New York Times, seems too monstrous for belief:

FRANKLIN, Tenn., Thursday, Sept. 20, 1855.—A most sickening tragedy occurred three miles from this place on Monday and Tuesday last, which throws the fictions of the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' entirely in the shade. A notorious woman named Ellen Borden, had her jealousy aroused on Sunday last by the conduct of her husband towards a negro woman employed in the house, began on Monday to whip and torture the woman, and persevered in her cruelty until some time the next day, when the negro died. When the fact of her death became known a coroner's inquest was held, and a warrant issued for the arrest of the murderer. The preliminary trial is now going on, and from testimony elicited upon it, there seems to be no doubt but the negro was made to endure the most awful torments for nearly two days before she was killed outright.

She was first tied and whipped, then boiling water was poured over the abdomen and legs, until the skin was all scalded off and the fatty tissue cooked, leaving the muscles bare; she was then taken into a smoke house and locked up, and probably on the next day the remaining injuries were inflicted which put an end to her misery. These last injuries were the hanging of the negro by a rope attached to a joint in the smoke house, and a severe blow on the temple with some pointed instrument, which pierced and fractured the skull. On a post mortem examination the neck was found to be broken, the back part of the head badly bruised and two other gashes with the same sharp instrument on the head. The back was also found to be considerably scalded, though not so badly as the front part of the body.

The woman, Borden, made no attempt to escape, and exhibits perfect indifference about the affair. The excitement in town is very great.

KATE BEVERLY.

A Story of Wyoming Valley.

BY PERCY H. SMITH.

"Do you see that landscape?" said the old man to me, as we paused on the edge of the mountain road, and looked down into the valley of Wyoming beneath us. "Well, that spot, calm and beautiful as it is, was once the scene of massacre.—God help me! the agonies of that day almost wring my heart to think of them, even after the lapse of fifty years."

"I have heard it was a fearful time, and you have often promised to tell me the tale of your own connection with it. Yet if the subject be so painful to you, I dare scarcely make the request."

"No, boy," said the old man sadly, "I will tell it, for the promise is of long standing, and I feel to-day as if I could relate that tragedy with less emotion than usual. Sit down on this rock and give me a moment to rest. I will then commence my story."

While the old man wiped the perspiration from his brow, and sat fanning himself with his broad-rimmed hat, I took the place pointed out by him near his side, and spent the moments that elapsed before he began his narration, in gazing at the landscape before me.

Sitting on a huge boulder, at the edge of the mountain, just where the hill began to slope down in the valley, we commanded a view of one of the most unrivalled landscapes in the world. To our left rose up the mountain, both rugged and barren, like the back of some vast monster reared against the sky; but on the right nothing intervened to destroy the view; whose loveliness so far exceeded even my expectations, that for some minutes I gazed on the scene in mute admiration. Beneath me stretched the valley, diversified with gently sloping elevations, and sprinkled with fields of waving golden grain; while here and there a patch of woodland, with its dark green hue, lay slumbering on the landscape—the surface of the forest ever and anon varying to a lighter tint as the wind swept over the tree tops. Right through the centre of the valley meandered the river, now stealing betwixt bluff banks, and now strolling gently among the rich meadow lands in the distance, until at length it turned to the left, and skirting the foot of the far off hills, was lost behind the profile of the mountain before us. In the centre of the vale was the village, with its white houses and airy church steeple smiling over the scene. Far away on the horizon stretched a line of hills, their dark blue summits half hid by clouds, which wrapped them in a veil of gauze. No sound came up from the valley. Occasionally the twitter of a bird would be heard from the surrounding hills, while the low tinkle of a tiny waterfall on our left kept monotonously sounding in our ears. The morning rays of a summer's sun poured down upon the landscape, and every thing around was bright and gay and beautiful. I was still lost in admiration of the scene, when the old man signified his readiness to commence his story:

"It is now fifty years ago since I came to this valley, a young frontier man, with a hardy constitution, a love of adventure, and the reputation of being the best shot on the border; the place at that time settled principally by families from Connecticut, and even then bore traces of its present luxuriant cultivation. Many of the families were in good circumstances, others had seen better days, and altogether, the society was more refined than was usual on the frontier. Among all the families, however, in the valley, none pleased me so much as that of Mr. Beverly; and of his fire-side circle, his second daughter, Kate, was in my eyes the gem. How shall I describe her beauty:—Lovely without being beautiful, with a sylph-like form, a laugh as joyous as the carol of a bird, a step lighter than that of a young fawn in sportive play, and a disposition so amiable as to win, irresistibly, the love of all who met her, Kate Beverly was scarcely seventeen before she had a host of admirers, and might have won any youth in the valley. Why was it that she preferred me over all the rest, I cannot say. Perhaps it was the consciousness of some mysterious sympathy linking us together; or, perhaps it was that we both came from the same town in Connecticut, and had been schoolmates in childhood. So it was, however; and it soon began to be known throughout the valley that before another season should elapse, Kate Beverly would become my wife.

Oh! how happy we were in those days—too happy, indeed, to last. I will not dwell upon them, for they fill my soul with agony. Suffice it to say, that dreaming of bliss such as mortal never before experienced, the war of the revolution broke out; and after a had struggle between my passion and my duty, the latter conquered, and I joined the army.—Kate did not attempt to dissuade me from the act; she rather loved me the more for it. Though her woman nature caused her to shed tears at my departure, her reason told her that I was right, and she bid me God speed.

"Heaven bless you, Harry," she said, "and bring this unnatural war to a conclusion. I cannot bid you stay, but I pray that the necessity for your absence may soon cease."

Time rolled by—the American cause was still doubtful, and the war bid fair to be protracted into years. I had risen to be captain in the—regiment, when I received information that the Tories and

Indians intended making a descent on the valley of Wyoming. I knew the unprotected situation of my adopted district, and I trembled for the lives of those I held most dear. At first I discredited the rumor. Chance, however, threw in my way an opportunity of ascertaining the reality of the descent, and I became convinced that not a moment was to be lost, if I would save the lives of those I loved at home. My determination was at once taken. I solicited leave of absence; it was refused; and I resigned my commission, and set off for Wyoming.

I shall never forget my emotions when I drew near that ill-fated place. It was on the very day of the massacre; and the first intimation I had of the calamity was the mangled body of one of the inhabitants, whom I had known, floating down the stream. A cold shiver ran through every vein as I gazed on the terrible sight, and a thousand fears agitated my bosom; but my worst surmises fell short of the truth. When hours after I met some of the fugitives, and they rehearsed to me the tale of horror, I stood for a moment thunderstruck, refusing to believe that beings in human forms could so coolly perpetrate such deeds; but it was all too true.

Almost my first inquiry was for Kate. No one knew, alas! what had become of her. One of those who had escaped the fight, told me, that her father had been killed in the conflict, and that deprived of a protector, she had probably fallen a victim to the infuriated savages, while the other inhabitants were severally engaged in protecting themselves. How I cursed them for their selfishness; and yet, how could I expect aught else of human nature than that each one should protect those dearest to them even to the desertion of others?

But my mind was soon made up. I resolved, come what might, to ascertain clearly the fate of Kate; so that if dead I might avenge her, and if living I might rescue her. Bidding farewell to my flying group, I shouldered my rifle and struck boldly into the forest, trusting in the guidance of that God who never deserts us in our extremities.

I will not tire you with a protracted narrative; I will only say that after numerous enquiries from the fugitives I met, I learned that Kate had been seen last in the hands of a party of savages. This was sufficient for a clue; I once more began to hope. I waited until nightfall, when I sought the spot which had been described to me as the one where Kate had been last seen; and never shall I forget my feelings of almost rapturous pleasure, when I found in the neighboring forest a part of her dress sticking to a bush, by which it had doubtless been torn in passing. I now was satisfied that Kate had been carried off captive. Fortunately, I had met in the group of fugitives a hunter, who had been under some obligations to her family, and he was easily persuaded to join me in my search. Together we now began a search for the savages. He was an adept in forest warfare; could follow a trail as a hound in the chase: knew the course which would be most likely to be chosen by a flying party of Indians; and withal was one of the keenest shots who had carried a gun on the border.

"It's my opinion," said he, "that these varmints did not belong to the regular body of Indians who followed Butler, though even they were bad enough. I think, however, he would not suffer a deed like this. These villains seem to have acted on their own behalf; and if so, they will fly to the back country as soon as possible. You may depend upon it we shall overtake them if we pursue that way."

I felt the truth of these remarks, and assented to them at once. In less than a quarter of an hour after first discovering the trail, we were threading the forest in pursuit of the savages.

Let me hasten to the close. Hour after hour, all through the live long day, we pursued the flying Indians; crossing swamps, clambering over rocks, fording streams, and picking our way through the labyrinthine woods, until toward night we reached the edge of an open space—or, as it were, a meadow, shut in by gently sloping hills.

"Hist," said my companion, "we are upon them. Do you not see that thin thread of smoke curling upward over the top of yonder aged hemlock?"

"Aye it must be there; come let us on."
"Softly, or we lose all. We know not certainly that this is the party we seek; let us reconnoitre."

Slowly and stealthily, trembling lest even a twig should crackle under our feet, we crept up towards the edge of the meadow, and peeping cautiously through the underwood, beheld the object of our search, and six tall swarthy savages, sitting smoking around the remains of a fire. At a little distance, with her hands bound and her eyes upraised to Heaven, knelt my own Kate. Oh! how my heart leaped at the sight. I raised my rifle convulsively, and was about to fire, when my companion caught my hand, and said:

"Softly, or you will spoil all. Let us get the varmints in range, and then we shall fire with some effect. Hist!"

This last exclamation was occasioned by the sudden rising of one of the savages. He gazed a moment cautiously around, and then advanced towards the thicket where we lay concealed. I drew my breath in and trembled at the

ing of my own heart. The savage still approached. My companion laid his hand on my arm, and pointed from my rifle to one of the Indians. I understood him.—At this juncture the advancing savage, warned of our presence by the crackling of an unlucky twig beneath my companion's foot, sprang back with a loud yell, towards the fire.

"Now," said my companion. Quick as lightning I raised my piece and fired. My companion did the same. The retreating savage and one of his companions fell dead on the ground. Each of us then sprang to a tree, loading as we ran. It was well that we did it, for in an instant the enemy was upon us. Shall I describe that dreadful fight? My emotion forbids it. A few minutes decided it. Fighting from tree to tree; dodging loading, and endeavoring to get sight of a foe, we kept up the conflict for nearly five minutes, at the end of which time I found myself wounded, while four out of the six savages lay prostrate on the ground.

The other two finding their companions dead, and despairing of being able to carry off their prisoner, suddenly rushed on her, and before we could interpose, had seized their hapless victim. I had only been prevented hitherto from rescuing Kate, by the knowledge that an attempt of this kind while the savages were still numerically superior to us, would end in the certain ruin of us both; but now I could not have restrained me; and clubbing my rifle, for the piece was unloaded, I dashed out from my covert, shouting to my companion:

"On, on! in God's name on!"
"Take care of the taller varmint," he thundered.

The warning was too late. In the tumult of my feelings I had not observed that the savage furthest from me had his piece loaded, and before I could avail myself of my companion's cooler observation, I received the ball in my right arm, and my rifle fell and my arm dropped powerless by my side. Had I not sprang involuntarily aside, at my companion's cry, I should have been shot through the head.

"On, on!" I groaned in agony, as I seized my tomahawk in my almost useless left hand.

"Stoop," said my companion, "stoop lower," and as I did so, his rifle cracked on the still air, and the Indian fell dead. All this had hardly occupied an instant. I was now within a few feet of the one I loved, who was struggling in the grasp of the other Indian. He had already entwined his hands in her hair; his tomahawk was already gleaming in the setting sun. Never shall I forget the look of demonic fury with which the wretch glared on his victim. A second only was left for hope. My companion was far behind with his rifle unloaded. I made a desperate spring forward, and hurled my tomahawk at the savage's head. God of my fathers! the weapon whizzed harmlessly by the wretch, and buried itself quivering in the trunk of a neighboring tree. I groaned aloud in agony: there was a yell of triumph in the air as sudden flashing in the sun like a glancing knife, and—but I cannot go on.

She who I loved as my own life; she who was the purest and loveliest of her sex; she with whom I had promised myself a long life of happiness; ah! must I say it—she lay a mangled corpse at my feet! But her murderer—aye, he was cloven to the breast by a blow from his own tomahawk which I had wrenched from him, with the strength of a dozen men.

The old man ceased; big tears rolled down his furrowed face, and his frame shook with emotion. I saw the remembrance of the past was too much for him, and I sat down by his side in silence.

I subsequently heard his sad tale from others, and then learned the manner in which Kate had been carried off. The old man's companion was right. She had been made a prisoner by a predatory band of Indians, who had followed Butler, and deserted him immediately after the massacre.

Beautiful as is the valley of Wyoming, I never have seen it from that day to this, without thinking of the sad fate of KATE BEVERLY.

The Dixon (Ill.) Telegraph mentions the formation in that place of a company to manufacture brick by a new process, which dispenses with burning and is in every respect cheaper than the old mode. The bricks are made entirely of lime and sand mixed with water, and pressed with a powerful machine.

Ministers Arrested.—Chicago is a "great" place. Two Ministers of the Gospel were arrested there last week, one for drunkenness, and the other for stealing a horse and buggy.

A distinguished teacher defines 'genius' to be 'the power of making efforts.' If so, the fellow who we see reported as having fallen down drunk and making 'efforts' to raise himself by feeling upwards for the ground, must be 'an awful genius.'

Prosy Coleridge, during one of his interminable table talks, said to Lamb: 'Charley, did you ever hear me preach?' 'I never heard you do anything else,' was the prompt and witty reply of Lamb, which has remained a favorite by-word to the present day.

Another Baby.

The New York Sunday Times says:—They have got a new "baby elephant" up town, the product we believe, of one of the elephants belonging to Barnum's traveling menagerie. Being too unwell to go upon her usual summer tour, she was left at home, we believe, to recuperate for a season. The result is this addition to the elephantine domestic circle. Both Buffon and Goldsmith tell us as a scientific fact, that elephants never gestate in captivity. However prolific in their natural state, they never give birth in the domestic condition, those authorities assure us, to other captives—and such used to be the case. But a few years ago, one of the female elephants in the Zoological Garden, at Regent's Park, London, set the example. An elephant in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, followed in twelve months after. A year after an elephant in this city gave us an imitation, and now, as if our country must still keep ahead of all competition, behold we have another.

These baby elephants are very interesting objects. They are perfectly formed though and differ from their parent only in size—but that difference is so amazing that it becomes ridiculous; and when you see the baby walking to and fro under its mother, you cannot resist the impulse to laugh at the oddity of the comparison.—And then the bulky mother's care of her baby is so human-like and affectionate. Give the baby an apple for instance.—The mother elephant first takes it in her trunk, examines it closely, and then returns it to her infant to eat, having apparently satisfied herself of its innocuousness. And so with every thing else. The watchful care, the jealous fondness, the assiduous and untiring attention of the parent-mother, is eminently worthy of imitation by many beings who make profession of a much greater share of intelligence.

Dan Rice's Gratitude.

An interesting incident is related of Dan Rice, the celebrated circus performer, in a late number of the Reading Gazette. When Dan left Reading with the pig, fourteen years ago, he went towards Kutztown. Here he was completely stuck—the pig didn't draw, and Dan found himself out of cash, with scarcely a coat to his back, and altogether in one of those awkward quandaries from which extrication is hopeless, short of a miracle. But, in the depth of his distress, Dan found a Good Samaritan in our worthy friend, Judge Heidenreich, who lifted him out of the mud, put him in a suit of new broad-cloth, and lent him a horse and wagon to take his pork to another market—in short, as Mr. Micawber would say, to Alletstown. Here Dan's evil genius again beset him—the pig proved too little pork for the Alletowners' shillings, and Dan fell deeper into the mire of debt and destitution than before. To add to his troubles, a crisis in his wife's health was approaching, when to travel any longer with Dan, was periling the travail she must shortly undergo on her own account. In this sad dilemma, Dan had no other resource but to sell the horse and wagon Judge Heidenreich had loaned him, and with the proceeds take his wife home to Pittsburg, buy a cradle, and prepare for the stern realities of married life. He made a notch, however, in the corner of his brain, of his indebtedness to the Judge, which he determined no statute of limitation should ever obliterate. Time passed on—Dan dissolved partnership with the pig, took a step higher, and reached the stage of one of the Philadelphia theaters. Here the Judge saw and recognized him one night—discovered his lodgings next morning, and gave him a friendly call. Dan, although in improved circumstances, was still poor, and wore a thread-bare coat; but the Judge, in the hardness of his heart, arrested him, and took him before—not the Mayor, but—a Clothier, and ordered a suit to be brought. But Dan would not stand that proceeding—he suffered a non-suit, and left the Judge to an empty judgment. From that time to this, they never met, until last Tuesday, when Dan and his Company came to Reading to perform, and the Judge came down to attend Court. Dan's first duty was to hunt up his old friend, and invited him to take a short drive about town, to which he consented, and a horse and vehicle were soon at the door. Dan's equipage, like that of his profession generally, seemed a pretty stylish turn-out. It consisted of a bran new carriage of elegant make, a cream colored Arabian pony, and a spick and span new set of glistening harness—worth, when you come to estimate such things by dollars, some \$400 or \$500. The drive was taken and enjoyed, and time flew swiftly by, as the two friends talked and laughed over the half-forgotten events of old times. Dan drove the Judge back to his lodgings, stepped out upon the pavement, and before the Judge had time to rise from his seat, handed him the reins and whip, with a graceful bow, and said: 'These are yours, Judge—the old horse and wagon restored, with interest—take them, with Dan Rice's warmest gratitude!' The Judge was stricken dumb with amazement for a few moments, but soon recovered his self-possession and began to remonstrate. But Dan was inexorable—he closed his lips firmly, shook his head, waved a polite adieu to his old friend in the carriage, walked off to the hotel, and left the Judge to drive the handsome equipage now really his own, to the stable.

An honest man, and a man of honor, is Dan Rice, the Circus Clown!

The Red Sea.

This large body of water, which separates the shores of Asia from those of Africa, is about fourteen hundred miles in length and nearly two hundred in average breadth. It derives its name from quantities of slimy, red, coloring matter, which at certain seasons of the year colors its waters and is washed up along its beaches, and which has been pronounced by Dr. Ehrenberg to be composed of an infinite number of very delicate vegetables. This discoloration of the waters is by no means peculiar to the Red Sea. The warm waters of the Pacific Ocean swarm with nascent organisms, sometimes animal and sometimes vegetable, which color its surface crimson, brown, black, or white, according to their own hues. These patches of colored water often extend, especially in the Indian Ocean, as far as the eye can reach. Along the coast of China yellowish spots are not uncommon, and the Yellow Sea derives its from the frequency of the yellowish patches in that locality. The average depth of the Red Sea is about five hundred feet. Sudden changes of wind and violent gales render its navigation difficult. Nevertheless in past years, before the discovery of the passage around the Cape of Good Hope, it was the principal route of traffic between Europe and the East, and even now it is important as a part of the direct route between Europe and India.

Lieut. Maury, in an account of the currents of the ocean, says that there is a perpetual current rushing from the Indian Ocean into the Red Sea. This current is peculiar, inasmuch as while the bottom of it is probably a water level, the surface is an inclined plane, running down hill. The causes which render the surface of the sea lower as it becomes more distant from the straits are these:—The sea is in a rainless and riverless district; its shores are burning sands; the evaporation is ceaseless, and none of the vapors which the scorching winds that blow over it carry away are returned to it in other forms. When we consider how dry and hot the winds are which blow upon the sea, we may suppose the daily evaporation to be immense, probably not less than an inch. Calling it, however, half an inch only, if we suppose the velocity of the current to average twenty miles a day, it would take the water fifty days to arrive at a distance of one thousand miles from the mouth, and by that time it would have lost by evaporation fifty half inches, or one inch more than two feet. It would be twenty-five inches lower than the waves which are just entering the straits, and which have lost nothing by evaporation.

The salt of water cannot evaporate, and therefore the water becomes saller in proportion, and heavier, as its freshness is evaporated. One would think, at first glance, that the plentiful result would be either that this heavier and saltier water would deposit its surplus salt in the shape of crystals, and thus gradually make the bottom of the Red Sea a salt bed, or that it would extract all the salt from the ocean to make the Red Sea brine, neither of which processes is in reality going on. The truth is that there is a constant under or over current, as there is from the Mediterranean through the Straits of Gibraltar, and that this heavy water or brine is continually flowing out of the Straits of Babelmandel, beneath the current of fresher and lighter water from the sea that is continually flowing in. If there were no waters constantly rushing out of the Red Sea, if the evaporation was sufficient to carry away all the surplus water, leaving the salt behind, in one hundred years the Red Sea would become a mass of solid rock salt.

A Valuable Paint.

A. B., in the Country Gentleman, says: 'For the information of all wishing to obtain a cheap and valuable paint for buildings, I would say take common clay, (the same that our common bricks are made of,) dry, pulverize, and run it through a sieve, and mix with linseed oil. You then have a first-rate fire-proof paint of a delicate drab color. Put it on as thick as practicable.'

If any one has doubts with regard to the above, just try it a small scale—paint a shingle, for instance, and let it dry.—Recollect that it must be mixed thicker than common paints.

The clay, when first dug, will be wet or damp, but will soon dry, spread in the air under a shelter, or, if wanted immediately, it may be dried in a kettle over a fire. When dry it will be in lumps, &c., and can be pulverized by placing an iron kettle a few inches in the ground, containing the clay, and pounding it with the end of a billet of hard wood, 3 inches in diameter, 3 feet long, the lower end to be a little rounded, &c. Then sift it. Any clay will make paint, but the colors may differ, which can easily be ascertained by trying them on a small scale as above indicated. By burning the clay slightly you will get a light red, and the greater the heat you subject it to the brighter or deeper the red.

To see a young lady walk as though a flea was biting her on each hip—it is so fascinating. She is just the match for a dandy who stops like an open-winged turkey over a bed of hot ashes.