

# JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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## AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

### "Merry Christmas."

BY JAMES H. DANA.

Merry it was in the good old days,  
Merry in hut and in hall;  
When Christmas came with its ruddy blaze,  
And the feast was spread for all.  
When the baron bo'd, he took of his gold,  
And freely gave to the poor;  
And the rustic hale, he quaffed the ale,  
That flowed at the castle door.

A jolly blade, in that good old time,  
Was Christmas, well a day!  
His beard was white with the frosty rime,  
And his ancient locks were grey.  
But his eyes were bright, his step was light,  
And his brow was free from care;  
He pledged you a cup, that was brimming up  
With the good old ale and rare!

Merry it was in that fond day,  
As ancient legends go,  
When lads and lasses in mirthful play  
Kissed under the mistletoe.  
When children's glee, it was fun to see  
As the Christmas pudding appeared;  
And the sire laughed, as his health was quaffed,  
Till the tears ran down his beard.

Merry it was, but is no more,  
For the warm old times are fled!  
And the beggar knocks at the rich man's door,  
In vain for a crust of bread.  
The wealthy lord, at his Christmas board,  
He sips of his costly wine,  
And thinks no more of the starving poor,  
Than he thinks of his well-fed swine.

We are wiser now, so the poets sing  
And better as I've been told;  
But the love of cheer is a venial thing,  
I trow, to the love of gold!  
The good old times, with their thousand crimes,  
Confessed our common clay;  
For the churl and lord, at the Christmas board  
Where brothers, at least for a day!

### Gems of Thought.

He who makes an idol of his interest will make a martyr of his integrity.  
Cultivate your own heart right; remember that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing, than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another, than to knock him down.  
Wit loses its respect with the good, when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.

The following and truthful passage occurs in one of the Friderika Bremer books:—"There is much goodness in the world, although at a superficial glance one is disposed to doubt it. What is bad is noised abroad, is echoed back from side to side, and newspapers and the social circles find much to say about it; whilst what is good goes at best like sunshine quietly through the world."

The man who had as lief hear thunder as Jenny Lind's singing, was lately seen regarding himself on fried brimstone and onion juice.

### Burial Place of John Fitch.

A correspondent of the Scientific American, writing from Bardstown, Ky., says: "A Mr. John Carothers, who has recently died in this place, has left on hand many new and curious articles as yet unfinished, among which is an immense machine by which he intended to make brick at the rate of 46,000 per hour, and the amount of work already has amounted to over 81,000, to have finished it would have cost \$5000; in its success he had the fullest confidence; there are also unfinished machines for making sausages, cutting lard, meat, &c. Here is the native place, and not two hundred feet from where we stand, is the grave of the unfortunate John Fitch, the first real inventor of steamboat navigation. Before Robert Fulton was ever heard of, John Fitch exhibited to wondering crowds a miniature steamboat which glided swiftly across a large pond in the vicinity of this place. Poverty and the incredulity of his fellow citizens, have made him lose that position among the great men of the country which he so greatly deserved."

Knitting Machine.—There is a knitting machine in operation in Philadelphia, which knits three hundred and eighty stitches at each turn of a small crank, which crank may be easily turned by hand from one hundred and fifty revolutions per minute, making from forty to sixty thousand stitches per minute, or at the rate of about three millions per hour.

## The White Fawn.

A FEARFUL TALE OF WESTERN WAREFARE.

BY E. R. ROWE, EDITOR OF THE MORGAN JOURNAL.

(CONCLUDED.)

"Let the faggots be made ready for the sacrifice," he said; and his sanguinary followers, already drunk with the blood of innocent victims, yelled with demoniac joy as they gathered the fuel and made ready the stake.

"Let there be another pile and stake," said he, "the serpent which I have nourished and loved must die with him for whom she betrayed her adopted people. Let them go together to the white man's Spirit land."

This order was too much, even for Indian barbarity, and a few young men ventured to intercede for the life of the White Fawn.—Black Bird turned upon them a look of contempt, and then, without answering, himself assisted in preparing a stake, for the terrible execution by fire; and in a short time the victims were bound to the fatal trees. It was apparent however that the execution of the White Fawn was not at all acceptable to the savages. A band of young warriors approached her with the intention of rescuing her, but she saw their design, and waved them away with her hand.

"No," said she, "I die justly, for I voluntarily pledged my life for his; but my pale face brother must live; my father is a great chief, and cannot require the lives of two for the faults of one."

Shouts went up from the Indian multitude—"one death only!" but the White Fawn live!" said they; and the cry was repeated, "Let her live!"

At the same time her bonds were suddenly cut by the knives of the young braves, and she was compelled by force away. She then begged of them the favor of speaking once more with the pale face before he died. Her father, the Black Bird, seeing the turn which things had taken, sat down in dogged silence, and paid no attention to what was going on before him. But the fell design of sacrificing Sanders still absorbed his whole feeling.—And when the White Fawn approached for the last parting, he listened in breathless silence to every word which passed between them.

"When the girl approached him, Sanders was silently endeavoring to prepare his thoughts for a final leave of the world and its tribulations. The White Fawn paused a moment, and then addressed him as follows: "When you were brought to my father's wigwam, a prisoner, wet, tired and hungry, I pitied you and gave you food. You wept tears of gratitude to her who appeared in your eyes only an Indian girl, and then I remembered that I was one of your own pale faced kindred and loved you with a sister's love.—But now that you are about to pass away to the Spirit Land, my heart tells me that I shall love you, when brother and sister are forgotten. Farewell! When you have entered the pleasant groves in the dominions of the Great Spirit, will you not shed a tear for her who is compelled to remain a little longer behind?"

Sanders raised his head in sudden astonishment. Could it be possible this good angel who had thus come to bid a last farewell, was indeed one of his own race? It was even so. But there was no time for expiation then. He spoke a few words to her in an under tone; and then taking from around his neck a small medal, he told her it was all he had, and asked her to keep it in remembrance of him whose last prayer should be for her happiness.

But this scene had already lasted too long for blood-thirsty Black Bird and his followers, and the White Fawn was hurried away, while the Squaws and children began to pile the faggots around the prisoner. And fire had already been put to the pile when the White Fawn rushed into the presence of her father, holding the keepsake which Sanders had just given her before his eyes. Astonished at the eagerness of the girl, Black Bird took the medal from her hand and quickly examined it by the fire-light. A moment was sufficient. He threw down the blanket which had been around his shoulders, and presenting his bare breast to the prisoner, exclaimed:

"Brother!"

Sanders saw at a glance that a large Masonic Square and Compass had been tattooed upon his breast, and confidently extending his hand, replied:

"My brother!"

In another instant the hatchet of Black Bird had severed the withes which bound the prisoner to the tree, and the savage embraced as brother the man whom a little before he had condemned to a terrible death.

During their first momentary embrace they whispered into each other's ears, as if to make assurance more sure, and then both retired to the Indian's wigwam, amid the astonishment of the savages who had witnessed this mystery, however, was easily explained. Black Bird who had been a Freemason at Montreal, many years before, and who had tattooed the emblematic square and compass upon his breast, had in answer to the White

Fawn's curious enquiries as to its meaning, told her that all who wore that mark were brothers! And when Sanders gave her as the only keep-sake which he possessed, his Masonic mark—she saw the emblem upon one of its sides, and flew to her father with the glad discovery she had made. The result has already been told.

Black Bird led Sanders to his temporary wigwam on the banks of the Chicago, where he was supplied with all that Indian luxury could furnish in the way of food and refreshments. The pipe of peace and brotherhood was smoked; and a bed of buffalo skins was offered by Black Bird to him who had so suddenly been changed from his prisoner to his guest. But his heart was too full for sleep. It was throbbing with gratitude and affection to the generous girl who had now twice thrust herself between him and a horrible death.—And he inwardly resolved to reclaim her from the savage race with whom she was adopted, and, if possible, learn her history and restore her to her friends.

When he questioned Black Bird on the subject of her origin, all that the chief was able to tell him was, that ten years before, he had purchased her from a band of Ottawas who had brought her prisoner from beyond the lake; and that from affection to the beautiful child then about five years old, he had adopted her, with all the public ceremonies of such an occasion among his tribe, as his own daughter. She was then unable to speak any English except a few detached words, such as father, mother, and other household terms, and especially the word *JUNE*, which Black Bird had always thought from the manner in which she used it, had been her own name. In accordance with Indian usage her name had been changed to one suggested by her fair and beautiful skin, the *White Fawn*. The girl was a favorite with the tribes wherever known for her gentleness and generosity; and had already been asked in marriage by Rattlesnake, a young warrior of much distinction.

Not until he had learned this last fact did James Sanders know what was passing in his own head. But when the old chief told him that another man than himself had asked her in marriage the fair being who had so deep a hold upon his feelings, he started mechanically to his feet as if beset with some sudden danger. After a moment's reflection he appealed to Black Bird to know if indeed he promised the White Fawn to a coward! adding that Rattlesnake was well known to have murdered a prisoner, after promising him protection; which none but a coward would do.

Black Bird did not reply to his question, but in a calm tone asked:—  
"Will my brother wed the White Fawn? then shall he become my son, and be a great chief among the red men."

This was granting rather more than would have been asked by Sanders. He, however, evaded a direct answer for the present, on the subject of himself remaining among the tribe; but told the chief that he would talk to the White Fawn; and if it met her approbation, he would then formerly ask her in marriage from her father, Black Bird.

During the next, and for several succeeding days, Sanders took occasion to visit the White Fawn, and to explain to her his feelings, and his plans for the future. The girl was able to speak English with considerable fluency, her father, who spoke it well, having taken pains to give her every opportunity to learn that which he knew was her native tongue, and with the quickening influence of a warm and generous love to aid their utterance they found no difficulty in making themselves understood.

It was finally arranged, that, with the consent of her father the White Fawn should be affianced to Sanders with the ordinary forms and ceremonies of Indian custom; and then she was to accompany him to Montreal, enter the convent school under his protection, from which after she had learned the manners and customs of her own race, he was to claim her in marriage. But when this scheme was explained to the old chief, a tear actually stole into his eyes, as he replied:

"Then will Black Bird be alone in the world; and instead of having found a brother, he will have lost a daughter!"

After a little while he added:  
"But go! I give to you my brother—the light of my wigwam—henceforth all will be dark to me!"

The girl threw her arms around the neck of the old chief and sobbed aloud. But when the first burst of feeling was over, she reminded him that the Rattlesnake who had demanded her hand, lived away beyond the Mississippi; and that if she became his wife, he would carry her off to come back no more! But if she went with Sanders, who was of her own blood and kindred, she would remember her father, the great chief, and that her husband would send him annual presents to comfort him in his old age. The chief had already said in his own mind that it should be so and having decided, he wanted it over immediately.

"Let my people be gathered to-morrow, as

the sun goes down," said he that they may witness the betrothal of the White Fawn.—And then turning to Sanders he added, in an under tone, "May the Great Spirit grant that the Rattlesnake may not return, till you have carried your bride beyond the lake!"

But the Rattlesnake had already returned. He soon heard of the approaching ceremonial, and he sent an old Squaw privately to tell the White Fawn "that the grave would be her bridal bed if she married the pale face." The girl immediately told her father of the Rattlesnake's return, and of his threatening message. But the old chief was too wily a warrior to put the life of his daughter in jeopardy. So he called together, privately, a few confidential friends, and in his own wigwam gave away his daughter to her future husband, while it was still night; he then went with them to the lake shore and placed them in his fleetest canoe, and under the guidance of a brave warrior started them for the opposite shore; while he returned, and kept up the preparation for the betrothal.

All went well during the day; and hundreds had gathered to witness, at sundown, the giving away of the White Fawn.

Just as the last golden rays of sunset shot above the horizon, the chief who acted as master of ceremonies proclaimed aloud:  
"Bring forth the bride!"

But the bride was now more than half way over the lake, seeking the land of her fathers. "Bring forth the bride!" repeated the chief. But as no bride came, a suspicion of the truth crossed the mind of Rattlesnake, who was present, and he immediately rose; with eyes flashing with rage, and announced his belief that the bride was already gone! He then in a voice hoarse with passion, told the multitude that the White Fawn should never rest in the white man's wigwam; and that his eye should know no slumber till he had sought her out, and punished the insult which she had offered him in betraying his love and making him a by-word among the people. The Indians dispersed to their quarters and the jealous Rattlesnake prepared to seek the object of his vengeance.

In the meantime the party in the canoe under the skillful pilotage of Wawbansee, succeeded in reaching St. Joseph without accident. At St. Joseph they found Mr. Kinsie, the Indian trader, who, with his family and assistants, had escaped the massacre of the fort, and been brought by friendly Indians to this place. From St. Joseph, Sanders and his affianced bride accompanied Mr. Kinsie and his family to Detroit, under the escort of a well known friendly chief, named Ceandonnai.

At Detroit, Sanders found acquaintances, who knew him to be a British subject; and he soon found means to reach his home, near Montreal, with his fair companion. Mr. Kinsie, at Detroit, was given up as a prisoner of war, from whence he and his family were exchanged, in a short time and transferred to the American lines. And a large portion of the American prisoners who remained behind at the mouth of the Chicago, or dispersed among the tribes, finally found their way to Detroit, and were ransomed during the spring.

On reaching Montreal, Sanders immediately placed his charge in the care of the Sisters of Charity. And under their kindness and instruction, she made rapid progress in acquiring an education, and a familiarity with the customs of civilized life.

So far, no clue had yet been obtained to her parentage, or early history. She knew that she had been some time in the possession of the Indians, before she was purchased by the Black Bird; and she was quite confident that her name had been *JUNE*. But this was all she could remember, except that the little gold rings in her ears had not been put there by the Indians, but had been, in her words, "always there."

When she had been about three years under the care of the Sisters of Charity, a lady of Montreal, who had lost a child fifteen years before, heard her story. And more from sympathy with the girl, than from any hope that this might prove her lost darling she begged the Sisters to let her be present at a birthday party which she was about to give to another daughter, who had been a twin-sister of the one stolen by the Indians.

The White Fawn had never seen so brilliant an assemblage as she met at the house of Mrs. Torrence. But she was enabled to adapt herself to the society which she met, with perfect ease; and the native modesty with which she met her new acquaintances only heightened the expression of a countenance which was always beautiful. She was presented to the young lady, in whose honor the little festival was given, and who was introduced to her as Miss May Torrence. As the two young persons approached each other, the mother of Miss May, who was standing near, was observed to turn pale and tremble. She had observed the marked resemblance between the two girls, which had already been noticed by others, and the thought rushed like lightning through her mother's heart, "this

is my long lost daughter!" Restraining her feelings as much as possible, she approached her fair guest, and looked closely for a moment at the little gold rings in her ears. Then with a scream of joy she clasped to her arms her long lost child!

Upon these little rings was engraved the single word "*June*;" another similar pair of rings was inscribed with the name of the wearer, "*May*." They were indeed twin-sisters, born within a few hours of each other; but one in May, at midnight, the other in June. And while they were yet infants, these rings and their inscriptions were adopted to distinguish the little twins.

Happy, indeed, was that birthday fete to the enraptured mother! She wept tears of joy. And when the hour came for the guests to retire, the good Sister of Charity who had accompanied her charge to the house of Mrs. Torrence, gladly returned without her.

Sanders, who was living but a short distance from the city, soon learned what had occurred, and hastened to pay his respects to the mother of his affianced bride. He was received with every kindness, as the restorer of her long lost child; and at his earnest solicitation preparations were made to celebrate his marriage with her daughter. It was arranged that the wedding should take place in a little chapel belonging to the Sisters of Charity, which was situated at the edge of a beautiful grove, in the environs of the city.—The seventh of August, the anniversary of Sanders' rescue by the White Fawn, was the wedding day; when he was happy to admit infinitely more than the value thereof—its fair possessor.

But an event occurred a few days afterwards, which filled the heart of the gentle girl with consternation. Sanders and she had been walking with some young friends in a little grove not far from the residence of Mrs. Torrence, for the purpose of enjoying its pleasant shade, when they were met by a man dressed as a wood cutter, but whose complexion betrayed the fact that he was of some foreign nation. As he passed the little party he never for a moment took his scrutinizing glance from Mrs. June Torrence, but gazed as if he were marking her person for some future recognition. Sanders felt his companion tremble as she hung upon his arm. He looked into her face and saw that it was deadly pale.

"Come," said he, "let us hasten away.—That man—I know him but too well in spite of his disguise. That man is the Rattlesnake."

The little party soon reached their homes safely, and the Indian was seen no more.

And when Sanders inquired in relation to him next day, no one had seen him, and he could learn nothing of him. But his heart sunk when he remembered the Indian's terrible threat at the Chicago! And he felt that there was little hope that the wily demon who had hunted them for more than three years, would now give up his prey.

It was determined on, consultation with Mrs. Torrence, that the wedding should take place immediately, and that the whole family should embark for England in a vessel which was then nearly ready to sail. On the very next day therefore, the party proceeded without any display to the little chapel of the Sisters of Charity. It was a proud and happy day for Mrs. Torrence; and as she looked upon the happy faces of the fair twins, May and June, she inwardly returned thanks to that protecting Power which had restored them to each other; and who throughout their long separation, had preserved that wonderful resemblance between them which was now more striking than ever. Like the flowery months from which they were named, they differed only in intensity of beauty; and the calm soft beauty of May was heightened by the more ardent sunshine of June.

When they reached the little chapel, the good Sisters were already there, and father Ludolph was waiting to pronounce the nuptial benediction. The shades of evening were gathering round, and the dark shadows fell upon the open windows of the chapel, from the adjoining forests.

When the rite was over, and the good priest had pronounced his blessing, the little party hastened to return to the residence of Mrs. Torrence. As they passed from the chapel door, Miss May was a few steps in advance of the rest of the party, when suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle was heard in the wood behind the chapel, and the unsuspecting girl fell lifeless upon the portal! The terror and confusion which followed cannot be described.

In an instant after the fall of the murdered girl, Sanders had bounded into the wood and disappeared; and for several hours after the return of the mourning family to their now desolate home, his fair bride trembled with apprehension for his safety. She knew but too well that he had gone in pursuit of the murderer, and that the assassin could be no other than Rattlesnake! And the generous girl was in agony to think that her unoffending sister had reaped the vengeance which had been designed for herself.

About midnight Sanders returned, weary, and covered with blood. He had succeeded in wounding the flying savage with a pistol ball; and, after a severe struggle, threw him to the ground, and detained him until assistance came. It was indeed Rattlesnake and he was now in prison.

The death of May, and the imprisonment of the Indian, upon whose trial they had to appear as witnesses, detained the whole party at home, and the voyage to England was abandoned. Rattlesnake was condemned to

death; but although fully aware of his sentence, he seemed perfectly reckless of his approaching end. Indeed, he seemed rather to welcome death, as if he now had no object for which to live. And the manifestation of this feeling induced a priest who had visited him, to think that the Indian still believed he had taken the life of the White Fawn. He therefore begged Miss June to visit his prison, to assure him that she was living, and—by way of preparing his savage mind for the Christian influences which the good father sought to have over the doomed man—to tender her forgiveness for the cruel murder of her sister. She accordingly visited his prison, and in his native tongue, called him by name through the bar of his cell. When he heard her voice he sprang suddenly to his feet, as if he had seen a spectre from the spirit land. And when he realized the fact that the object of his jealous vengeance was still living, and that all thought of vengeance was now hopeless, he sank slowly to the floor of his cell, with his face buried in the hollow of his hands. His muscles became tight and rigid as iron bands upon his limbs—the vessels upon his neck filling with his boiling blood and throughout with a motion like the twining of serpents—his face became livid, and distorted with disappointed rage—and he fell dead in a fit of apoplexy.

Many years after these tragical events, when her little prattlers gathered around the knee of Mrs. June Sanders, she showed them the painting of a fair Indian girl which hung upon the parlor wall, and told them the story of the White Fawn.

To Remove Ink from Linen—Jerk an editor out of his shirt.

Editorial Trials.—The editor of the American Mechanic, has encountered trials unknown to ordinary men. Harkened to his wailings:—

"Owing to the facts that our paper-maker disappointed, the mails failed and deprived us of our exchanges, a Dutch pedlar stole our scissors, the rats run off with the paste, and the devil went to the circus, while the editor was home tending babies, our paper is unavoidably delayed beyond the proper period of publication."

Standing water is unwholesome, so is a standing debt.

### Employ Your Pen.

This counsel, though less frequently given than others, is nevertheless far from being superfluous. There is a marvellous power in writing down what we know. It fixes the thoughts; reveals our ignorance; methodises our knowledge; aids our memory; and insures command of language. "Men acquire more knowledge," says Bishop Jewell, "by a frequent exercising of their pens, than by reading of many books."

All men of high attainments agree in saying that the more valuable part of every one's education is that which he gives himself. In this there is high encouragement to go on and prosper. The mental accomplishment which is fully within your reach will double the efficacy for action. When Aristides was asked, wherein a learned and unlearned man differed, he replied: "Place them both, naked, on a foreign shore, and you will see." Education will do for you what sculpture does for the marble. Hence the famous saying of Socrates:—"Marvel that people should be willing to give much for turning a stone into a man and so little to prevent a man's turning into a stone."

Good.—John Van Buren, while making a reconciliation speech to the Barnburners, had the "wind taken out of his sails," after the following style:

"Fellow citizens," said John, "we have the best government. No people on the face of this globe enjoy more liberty of speech, and liberty of the press; without onerous despotism. What fellow-citizens, is more desirable than this!" "Do you want anything more than my countrymen?"

"Yes sir-ee," sang out a red-faced Barnburner, "this is dry work. I want a sack out of that flask sticking out of your coat-pocket behind!"

John struck his colors and came down.

One of the most distinguished of the Hungarian Generals who were taken prisoners and executed by the Austrians, had the singular name of ERNEST KISS. He was a wealthy proprietor, owning twenty-three villages, and was a man of excessive personal elegance as well as of chivalric courage. He regularly sent his linen all the way from Hungary to Paris to be washed, and was, in similar respects, a D'Orsay as well as a Bayard. His coolness in danger was remarkable; and it is told of him that one day, within reach an Austrian battery, making an observation, he ordered his servant to bring him a cup of chocolate. A shot took it from his hand and killed his horse. "Clumsy rascals!" said Kiss, "they have upset my breakfast." When taken out with three others to be shot, he was superbly dressed. The order was given to fire, and his companions fell, while he remained untouched. "You have forgotten me," said Kiss in his usual tone of voice. The corporal of the platoon stopped up and fired, and the ball striking him in the forehead, he fell dead without a struggle. We condense this account of the Hungarian Generals, published in a French journal.—N. Y. Home Jour.