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From the Ladies National Gazette.

A Legend of Pennsylvania. THE HAUNTED STREAM.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

In one of the interior counties of Pennsylvania, there lies embosomed in wooded uplands, a sinuous and lovely river, which, from time immemorial, has been known as the Haunted Stream. The Indians accounted for the name, by a tradition that ages before, a maiden of their race who had been crossed in love, had cast herself into its waters, and that ever since, her spirit might occasionally be seen, haunting its sylvan shores.

Such, at least, was the legend that a bold handsome young borderer heard, one bright morning about a century ago, as he stood on the banks of this picturesque with an Indian companion. The old French war had then just broken out, and as the frontier settlements were disturbed with rumors that the hitherto friendly savages were about to assume arms, Lieutenant Rochester, for our hero bore a commission in the provincial army, had been despatched on a scouting expedition with a friendly Delaware.

'It's a pretty story, War-Eagle, whether it be true or not,' said the borderer.—'I never saw a lovelier landscape. But hush what is that?'

As he spoke, the faint dip of a paddle was heard, and hardly had the two companions concealed themselves, when a light canoe shot into sight around a bend of the river. In a few minutes this fairy craft was near enough for Rochester to discern that it was tenanted by a young and beautiful female, richly attired in a picturesque Indian costume. When the canoe was nearly opposite where the young man lay concealed, a dexterous stroke of the paddle turned its prow shoreward, and immediately after, with a light and graceful step, its fair occupant leaped ashore.

Rochester was for a moment, struck dumb with amazement and admiration. He had never, in his whole life, seen anything so beautiful as the vision that was now dawning upon him; and, for awhile, he almost believed that he saw, not a living creature, but the airy spirit that haunted the spot. This idea was sustained by the extreme fairness of her complexion, which scarcely betokened Indian blood. But the illusion, for such it was, soon faded. Scarcely had the mysterious visitor advanced half a dozen steps, when she started and slightly screamed; and Rochester, following the direction of her eyes, saw that his companion had emerged from his covert, and was creeping stealthily toward her with evidently hostile intentions. At hearing her shriek, the savage leaped to his feet, and drawing his tomahawk, rushed upon her. Rochester dashed forward, but would have been too late, if the Indian beauty had not fled from her assailant, and by a fortunate chance, taken the direction toward our hero. Thus the savage dare not hurl his weapon, lest should injure his friend. The fugitive, he in her terror, did not see Rochester at first, but when she did, the instinct of safety caused her to rush unreflecting into his arms, where she lay like a frightened dove, helpless and panting.

'Put up your hatchet, Delaware,' cried Rochester. 'This is my prisoner, and I make no war on woman; much less,' he added internally, as he gazed on the lovely face silently pleading for protection, 'much less on any thing so lovely.'

'My brother speaks well,' replied the savage chief reluctantly. 'But the squaw is an enemy, and her people are perhaps, even now on our trail.'

What you say is true enough, no doubt, answered Rochester, 'but I would rather run a dozen risks of being scalped, than do harm to such a pretty timid bird as this. By my faith, War-Eagle, she is lovelier than any girl of the settlements. I didn't think your race could show anything so handsome. Who can she be?'

'The War-Eagle had heard of her, she is the child of his ancient foe. She is called the White Fawn, and is a chieftain's daughter. But the wigwams of her tribe are far from this, and her presence here betokens no good, for where she goes, a hundred warriors follow. There will be, or has been, bloody work further

down the Susquehanna. The White Fawn is in the rear, not in the front of the war-path.'

'You reason rightly, Delaware,' said the frank borderer, 'but nevertheless, we Christians hold it an article of faith not to harm a woman. So, come life or death I shall free this pretty bird. But first speak to her, if you think she can understand your lingo. Tell her she can go where she lists and that all that Jack Rochester asks is that she shall promise not to betray us to her people.'

During this colloquy, the large dark eyes of the Indian girl, lustrous as those of an antelope, had been turned from Rochester to the War-Eagle, and from the latter back to the former. Once or twice, when the chief was speaking, she clung closer to our hero, as if she comprehended that the Indian was her foe, and the borderer her friend. When Rochester finally announced his intention to set her free, her eyes beamed with indescribable thankfulness, and anticipating War-Eagle's speech, she pledged herself, in broken English, to conceal the vicinity of the scouts from her people, and, at the same time, expressed, in what Rochester thought, the most liquid tones he had ever heard, to him as he to him as her preserver.

'White man will go away—will forget the Indian girl—but she will never—never forget him,' she said, with tears in her eyes, and, as she spoke, she seized his hand, by a sudden impulse, and kissed it. Then blushing at herself, she continued with dignity, moving toward her canoe.

'The young Yenghese, brave has saved the White Fawn's life, and night and morning she will pray to the Great Spirit for him.'

With these words she turned away, and with a quick, light step, gained her canoe, which, in a moment, shot into the centre of the stream, propelled by her skillful hand. Rochester watched her, with a sigh, till he heard the click of a rifle beside him. Turning quickly, he beheld War-Eagle about to raise the deadly weapon and take aim at the fugitive. It was but the work of a moment to strike down the barrel; but the savage, who mistook the Indian girl, expostulated; and when the half angry discussion was over, and Rochester looked again at the canoe, the fair fugitive was disappearing behind the bend of the river. She passed from sight, and then the landscape seemed to lose half its charms.

'The War-Eagle yields his opinion to that of his brother, because he loves the young man as a son,' said the chief.—'But, since the squaw was allowed to escape, not a moment is to be lost. Before the sun is an hour older, a hundred warriors will be on our trail. Let us go.'

'There you speak wisely,' said Rochester. 'Not that I believe, Delaware, yonder girl will betray us, but, since she is here, it is clear that plenty of red skins are nigh also, and be sure, they'll scent us out like wolves do dead deer in winter. Come, bear no malice, and be frankly extended his hand. 'You Indians kill women as well as men; but we Christians don't; and, as you are serving the commonwealth now, and not the commonwealth you, yo, why, chief, you must e'en fight in its fashion.'

If not convinced by the borderer's logic, the Indian was mollified by his friendly manner; and accordingly he accepted the proffered hand. Immediately after, with a last look at that lovely landscape, Rochester followed his companion, who had struck out, on a swinging trot, toward the settlement.

All that day, the two scouts traveled, without resting, taking a south-easterly direction. When darkness set in, they arranged their camp for the night; but they did not dare to strike a fire, fearing the propinquity of hostile Indians. A little jerked venison, which they carried for such emergencies, was their frugal supper; and then they lay down to sleep, intending, when the moon rose, to prosecute their journey again.

It seemed to Rochester as if he had just sunk into slumber, when he was suddenly aroused by finding his arms pinioned in a hostile grasp. He was awake in an instant, and would have sprung to his feet, if the person, or persons who held him had not kept him down. He struggled desperately, for a moment, but in vain, and was finally forced to sink back, when his captors, (for there were two,) proceeded to tie his hands behind him with green withes.

He now, for the first time, looked around him. A little space off, he saw War-Eagle in the same plight with himself. But instead of the angry, flushed look of Rochester, the face of the Delaware wore an expression of imperturbable calm.

'They have stolen on us unheard, we slept so soundly,' reflected Rochester.—'Not very flattering to us, who thought ourselves such good backwoodsmen. I suppose the bloody devils intend to burn us at the stake, else they would have taken our scalps while asleep. The redskins, too, are of the same tribe as that lovely girl—cursed with I should rather call her, for she betrayed us—but no! I will never believe it—she is too innocent and true for that—it's fate, I suppose, or pre-ordination, as my old father, God bless him, used to say. At any rate

if the worst comes to the worst, these red devils shall find that a white man can die as bravely as one of themselves.'

While these not very comfortable reflections were being made, the Indians who appeared to be about twenty in number, had pinioned their two captives, and now, by words and signs, intimated to their prisoners that they were to retrace their steps. Accordingly, in a few moments, Rochester and War-Eagle were threading the mazes of the forest, in the centre of their captors, some going before in single file, and others following in the same manner.

Four days severe traveling brought the band to the vicinity of what Rochester supposed to be their native village, for a halt was ordered, and on consultation, the savages proceeded to paint himself and his companion partially black. This he knew was a sign that they were to die, and he began to prepare himself, mentally, for the approaching torture. This ceremony being concluded the march was resumed, and in a few minutes, our hero's expectation that the village was near, was realized, for suddenly, as if a troop of demons had been let loose, the air was filled with shouts, and instantaneously the woods, all around, appeared alive with women, boys and children, who having been apprised by runners of the return of the war-party, had come out to escort the prisoners in.

We will not tire our readers with a narrative of the scene that ensued. The prisoners endured the buffetings and other indignities with which they were greeted, the one with savage stoicism, the other with Christian heroism. Instead of being led immediately to the stake however, the sentence was deferred until the morning. It seems that another war-party was expected during the night, and the cruel sacrifice was delayed in order that the new comers might participate in it.

Meantime, after the women and children had tired of gazing at, and insulting Rochester and War-Eagle, the two captives, bound hand and foot, were left in a wigwam, in the centre of the village, to find solace, if they could, in slumber. As an additional caution, however, several braves watched about the door.

Till nearly midnight Rochester lay in silence. The retrieve for the night would have been unwelcome, but that it afforded him time to prepare for death; for he was too sensible of his condition to indulge hopes of escape. He had spent several hours in meditation and prayer, when turning to his companion, he said in a whisper,

'Are you awake, War-Eagle?'

'Ugh,' answered the chief, in guttural tones. 'What would my brother have?'

'I would ask your forgiveness, Delaware, for having brought you into this straight. Had I taken your advice, perhaps we should not have been captured. But yet I could not but do so again,' continued Rochester, as if reasoning with himself. 'Murder a woman! Never!'

To this burst, the chief replied by coolly saying,

'The White Fawn is in the village, for I saw her, so there can be no doubt of treachery. But my brother knows best.'

Rochester answered only by a groan. Not having himself seen the Indian girl, he had persuaded himself she was absent, and that accident not treachery, had led to his arrest, and that of his companion. But this evidence was conclusive. For since the White Fawn was really present in the camp, yet had made no intercession for them, it was plain that she had been false to her promise.

'Are you quite sure, Delaware?' said Rochester, at last, clinging, with a strange tenacity, to his desire of exculpating the Indian girl. 'Havn't you confounded some other persons with her?'

'The War Eagle has a keen eye, and the White Fawn's step is not to be mistaken,' replied the chief. 'To-morrow my brother will see her; perhaps she will even light his pile.'

Again our hero groaned, and then burst forth. 'Now may God forgive me, and curse—'

But here a hand was suddenly laid on his mouth, so that he could not proceed, and immediately a low, sweet voice, whispered 'hush—lie still—I will cut your hands, and even as it spoke, the withes parted, and Rochester felt both arms and legs free.

He would have sprung at once to his feet but the same gentle hand held him down while the voice continued, do not move till I have freed your companion, and then creep silently after me—all depends on caution.'

cautiously—for if so much as a dry leaf crackles, we are lost.'

With the words the speaker's shadowy form disappeared through the back of the wigwam, and was immediately followed by that of War-Eagle. Rochester lost not a moment in imitating the example thus set, and found that the egress was through an aperture, which had apparently either been lately made, or had escaped the eye of the guard. Though now outside the cabin, his guide still continued in a creeping posture, but the night was so dark that our hero could not yet distinguish the sex of his preserver. He followed in silence, therefore, noticing that whenever a wigwam was approached in which the slightest sounds were heard, both she and War-Eagle crouched flat on the ground, and there remained, an undistinguishable shadow, until the voice entirely ceased. Moving in this cautious, but tardy manner, quite half an hour elapsed before they cleared the camp, and gained the shelter of the neighboring forest. During this interval, which seemed an age to Rochester, his heart beat with strange agitation. Every instant he expected to hear the shout which should announce that their flight was discovered; and he knew that if this happened before the woods were gained, there was no hope.

At last, however, they found themselves within the covert of the forest; and now, for the first time, the unknown guide fronted Rochester. He started back.—

It was the White Fawn that stood before him. Then, falling on one knee, as a knight of ancient romance might have done, he took her unresisting hand, and began to pour forth his thanks. But the Indian girl drew it quickly away, and in some embarrassment; then hurriedly said:

'White brother, farewell. The forest maiden has only done for you what you have already done for her; and in saving your life she pays back the debt she owes for hers. But you have not a moment to lose,' she continued earnestly. 'The young braves of my tribe are quick on foot, and before long, they will be on your trail.'

She had scarcely spoken, when a shout rose on the night air, from the direction of the village.

'We are discovered,' cried the Indian girl, 'all is lost.'

'Then fly, and leave us to our fate,' answered Rochester, starting to their feet, 'you can gain the village undetected.—As for us we must take our chances.'

'No,' cried the Indian maid, with generous self-devotion. 'If I desert you, you are sure to be re-captured, and it shall never be said that the chief's daughter left any one in extremity.' She seemed to reflect for a moment, and then cried follow me, that is, if you will trust me.'

'Lead on,' cried Rochester, 'I believe in you as my own mother's purity. War-Eagle will come also.' And he looked toward the savage, who had remained silent during this rapid conversation, and who now nodding, followed the White Fawn and our hero with rapid strides.

A few steps brought the fugitives to a brook of running water, into which the Indian girl rapidly led the way. The shouts had, meantime, increased, but were leaving the village, showing that the trail had been struck and that the pursuit was begun. After moving down the brook for a considerable distance the chief's daughter suddenly stepped on a shelf of a bare rock, and running rapidly along for about a hundred yards, drew aside some bushes, disclosing the entrance to a narrow cave.

'Enter,' she said quickly. 'No one knows of this refuge but myself, and as our trail is lost, we can lie here safely concealed.' Rochester and his companion entered as she spoke; and then, closing the bushes she hurried after them.

The cave was profoundly dark, but our hero knew from the quick breathing of the Indian girl, that she was greatly agitated. Nor was it without cause, for the cries of the angry pursuers were fast approaching. In a few minutes shouts were heard, apparently directly overhead, answering back the wild whoops from the other side of the stream. It was clear, from this that the trail had been lost at the point where the Indian girl had entered the brook, and that the savages were beating the shores, on either side, to recover the traces of the fugitives. The suspense was long intolerable, for the young braves, instead of hurrying onward, returned again and again, like baffled hounds, to the vicinity of the cave's mouth, until at last Rochester began to fear that the hiding-place was known to some of them, and that they were searching for it. The chief's daughter appeared to dread a similar result, for unconsciously she crept closer to our hero's side, laying her hand timidly on his arm, as if appealing for protection; her woman's nature for the time, triumphing over the heroism to which she had nerved herself during the earlier part of the pursuit. The veins of Rochester thrilled at that gentle touch, and seizing the soft, warm, little hand, he pressed it to his heart. It was done without thought, nor could he have helped it, if his life had paid the forfeit; but the Indian girl, started like a frightened dove, withdrew her hand from his, and noiselessly moved to the other side of the cavern.

At last the sounds of pursuit had died completely away. As yet the cave was undiscovered.

'Had we not better pursue our journey now?' said Rochester, addressing the old chief.

'No, no,' eagerly interrupted the Indian maid. 'My white brother will be sure to fall in with some of my father's warriors. We must wait here till the sun comes and goes; and then but not till then, will it be safe to pursue our journey.'

The White Fawn speaks like a sage warrior, not like a giddy squaw,' answered War-Eagle, interrupting the exclamation that was on Rochester's lips. 'If we go forth now, our trial will be certain to be discovered; but if we wait till to-morrow night, by which time the hunt will be abandoned we may escape.'

'But what if we are discovered in the meantime? They may burn us out like foxes in a hole,' said Rochester, impetuously. 'I don't care for myself, but only for the White Fawn; and I'd rather be roasted to death a dozen times than that a hair of her head should come to harm. If we leave the cave now, she can get back in safety to the village; and that is the great point after all.'

'My brother's heart is good, but he knows not of what he talks. The White Fawn has been missed before now; and it is more dangerous for her to return than to go on. We must stay here. And when we go she must accompany us. But War-Eagle will make her his daughter,' he added, chivalrously, and she shall never know she had another father.'

Rochester said no more. The words of the old chief, in truth, had given him a strange pleasure. He had not thought before of the necessity of the White Fawn becoming a fugitive also; but he saw now that War-Eagle was right; and vague yet happy visions began to float before him.—He gave himself up unconsciously to these dreams. How long he indulged in them he never knew; they gradually faded into a deep sleep however, from which he was finally aroused by hearing the sounds at his side. The grey light of morning was stealing into the cave, through an aperture in the bushes, and by it he discovered the Indian girl sitting dissolved in tears, while War-Eagle, like a bronze statue, gazed immovably at the mouth of the cave.

Rochester drew toward the weeping girl, and, after gazing a moment in silence said, in a kind, gentle voice: 'What ails my sister? Does she repent of what she has done? If so say the word, and the white brave will deliver himself up at once.'

The face of the White Fawn had been covered with her hands, from the first moment she had attracted Rochester's attention; but now she hastily withdrew them, and clasping him by the arm as he attempted to rise, forcibly held him.

'No, no, no,' she said, rapidly, 'the White Fawn repents not. But her father loved her, and she loved the old chief—she spoke in a broken voice, and it is but natural that she should weep. But her brother shall behold her tears no more.'

Nor did he. All through that day, whose hours seemed protracted into ages and whose unceasing suspense fretted the nerves of even Rochester nearly past endurance, she maintained her composure. A score of times, during that interval, the fugitives thought their hiding place was on the point of being discovered; for scouting parties were continually abroad in search of the lost trail, and frequently approached almost to the mouth of the cavern. But night, at last, delivered the three from their anxiety; the shouts of the savage hunters ceased; and now the eager fugitives were at liberty to go abroad.

All that night the little party hurried forward, War-Eagle leading the van, the White Fawn following and Rochester bringing up the rear. Their safety depended on the number of leagues placed between them and their foes before morning; for their trail would certainly be discovered soon after daylight, when a pursuit would be commenced. The number of miles traversed that night, by three fugitives, would be considered incredible by any one not familiar with the frontier. Their speed, however, saved their lives; they never heard more of their pursuers; but, on the third day reached the border ford, from which they had set out, and where they were now welcomed with joy, having been given up for lost.

The Indian maid did not long remain the adopted daughter of War-Eagle, but, after a few months, took to herself a nearer and dearer tie, by becoming Rochester's bride. The wedding took place at the close of the campaign, during which interval the White Fawn had continued in the fort, where the commandant's lady had taken charge of her education, so that, when our hero came back to claim her, she was able to add the charm of civilized accomplishments to the native graces of the forest. When attired in proper costume, she was scarcely recognizable as a child of the wilderness, so delicate was her complexion. Indeed, a lovelier bride was never given away, before or since, in all that beautiful region.

In later years, when the settlements

had advanced westward, Rochester purchased a large tract of land on the shores of the Haunted Stream, and erected a stately mansion close to the spot where he had first seen the Indian maid. And there, to this day, his and her descendants live, prouder of their heroic ancestress, and deservingly so, than many an English duke of his Norman sires.

Sirge for Henry Clay.

BY O. B. W., U. S. A.

Hist! Daughters of Music, the mourners are nigh!
The Pitcher is broken, the Fountain is dry!
'Tis the wail of a widow. Columbia weeps!
The Last of the Romans in majesty sleeps!
Come! weave me a chaplet of olive and bay,
Our harp's on the willow. Come! weave me a lay:
How Henry a burden the grasshopper singe!
Wo! wo to the land of our overshadowing wings!

Ye halls that have echoed full many a time
The silvery notes of his sweetest sublime,
Be ye hung in mourning! that music no more
Shall wake from the Charnel—his charming is o'er.
Ye hearts that in rapture have hung on his thrill,
In you its soft murmurs are echoing still.
Let their euphony glide, and their choruses roll,
As waves among rushes die over the shoal.
Let them deepen, and startle, and angrily swell,
Like a rock that is rushing down mountain and dell.
Let them breathe, let them whisper advice in your ear,
When the dark hour cometh and danger is near;
Let them burn, let them roar when destruction is nigh,
Let the woe-cry of Liberty ring in the sky!
White Freedom is calling for word or for blow,
Let his brav'ry nerve and his eloquence glow.
Let them burn in the bosom of fire and sun,
While their Error to vanish and Truth to be won!

Ye fields, green with harvests now gathering in peace,
Take ye up the chorus that never shall cease.
His word o'er the ocean gave peace to the land,
His voice in the Senate linked firm the band.
Ye fields of long ages where glory is wrought,
Behold what a harvest the Reaper has brought!
In the breach he'er was wanted a freeman to stand.
While life gave its cunning to CLAY'S fearless hand!
And never was needed a voice in the storm,
While his tongue with its motion and music was warm.

Shroud the plough and the artil, the compass and loom,
Ye artisans gather and kneel round his tomb:
Deck the staves of Liberty in curtains of crape,
And the temples of Learning in cypress leaves drape,
Hang the porches with garlands that bloom in the shade,
Be the scales of blind Justice in sable arrayed,
Your altars and fountains, your doors and your doors,
Be all hung in mourning on these happy shores!

And hushed be the bugle, and silent the drum,
No hoarse rattled notes from the battle-field come,
But Peace, gentle Mercy, and Liberty weep
O'er the urn where his ashes, still living, but sleep.
Disturb not his rest till the trumpet shall sound
That calls forth the chosen God's throne to surround!

And is there an honor, high office, or name,
One inch that could brighten his statue of fame?
The twelve thrones of Cæsar no Tully could make,
One breath of a Tully their empire could shake.

The twelve thrones of Cæsar forgotten may be,
And Cæsar's fame shall resound in the sky:
The Republic's White Palace shall crumble to earth,
And the leaves of Clay's chapter be green in their birth!
One age and one country his deeds out record,
Posterity claims him herself to reward.

Pass on with his coffin, lead on to the tomb:
A nation of mourners follow after in gloom:
His bright eyes shall kindle a thousand no more,
His sweet lips are silent, their melody's o'er.

Human fat used in a Manufacture.

We clip the following from the last number of the *Scientific American*.

When the cemetery of the Innocents at Paris was removed to the outside of the barriers, the buried corpses, which had accumulated to the depth of 60 feet, were found, to a great extent, apparently converted into fat. The substance of the skin, cellular tissue, and tendons, all the soft parts, and even the bones had completely disappeared, leaving only the fat, which, resisting longest the influence of decay (oxygen), remained in the form of margarine acid. This human fat was employed to the extent of many tons by the soap boilers and tallow chandlers of Paris for the manufacture of soap and candles.—The French are a people of fine sentiment, and they certainly carried the point to a charming point of reflection in receiving light from candles made out of the bodies of their fathers. We loathe the cannibal, but civilization has features which, if not rendered familiar, would be as repulsive as the practices of the savages.

Singular Production

Mr. Rudolph Graves, of Hatfield, exhibited at the late Cattle Show in this town, an unusual production, in the way of a cabbage plant. A cabbage stump was set out two years ago last spring, for the purpose of producing seed. But in addition to the seed-bearing branches, others were thrown out which produced cabbage heads. The stalk was preserved and set out again the succeeding spring. At the time of exhibition, the various branches of the plant were three or four feet long, and some of them were adorned with blossoms, while others bore tolerably fair cabbages.—*Northampton Gazette*.

A census of Cleveland, which has just been completed, shows a population of 25,070, being an increase of 4,530 since the fall of the year 1851, when it was 21,140. Ohio city, one of its suburbs, has 7,464, thus giving a total population in the two cities of 33,134 inhabitants.