

JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 12.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1851.

No 12.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 27 1/2 cents per year, extra.
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AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

Changes.

We love in youth, and plight our vows
To love till life departs;
Forgetful of the flight of time,
The change of loving hearts.
To-day departs, to-morrow comes,
Nor finds a week away;
But no to-morrow finds a man
The man he was to-day.
Then weep no more when love decays
For even hate is vain;
Since every heart that hates to-day,
To-morrow loves again.

A Leaf from our Scrap Book.

The height of politeness is passing around on the opposite side of a lady, when walking with her, in order not to step upon her shadow.

HUMAN BEINGS.—Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can do. Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, influences to exert which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one is. And why shouldn't it? It will have seven days more experience.

Virtue is both a title and an estate; a title the most exalted, because it is God who confers it—an estate the most rich, because it endureth forever. Envy may not derogate the title, because it is written in the book of Heaven; and fraud cannot diminish the estate, because no sin can reach it.

LOVE.—Love is like a running river—it goes downward and downward—but doesn't come back to the spring. The poor old granny in the chimney corner is a withered tree up the stream and the younger born is a pretty flower on the bank below. Love leaves the old tree, and goes to the flower.

In a German advertisement for the sale of the machinery of a theatre, is an N. B. "To be sold at the same time, thirty-two good substantial old ghosts, with a very fine new devil, a striking likeness of Bonaparte."

On the heels of folly treadeth shame; at the back of anger standeth remorse.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.—Perhaps there is scarcely an ordinary oath administered in any of the transactions of life so little remembered by all classes, as that taken in the most solemn manner, and in the presence of the Almighty, by the husband and wife—"Love, honor and obey." How many wives "love, honor and obey their lords?" How many even think of doing so? and yet there is an oath recorded against them, every simple violation of which is distinct perjury. No woman should marry without first knowing her husband's character so well that she may obey him with discretion and safety. She yields herself to his disposition for which even an attempt to fly is a crime. A wife who contradicts her husband is forsworn. No matter what kind of a man he be, she must "obey" him, if she keeps her oath. She has made no reserve on condition at the marriage ceremony. She has not said—"I will honor and obey if he shall deserve it." Her contract is unconditional. It would be better for young ladies before they yield the fatal "yes," to take this view of the subject. They have a duty to perform to their husband, whether he be kind or unreasonable, and they must remember the poet's words—

War is no strife
To the dark home and the detested wife."

HOME.—The mere sentiment of home, with its thousand associations has, like a strong anchor, saved many a man from shipwreck in the storms of life. How much the moral influence of that sentiment may be increased, by making the home all it should be, and how much an attachment is strengthened by every external sign of beauty that awakens love in the young, are so well understood that they need no demonstration here. All to which the heart can attach itself in youth, and the memory linger fondly over in ripen years, contributes largely

to our stock of happiness, and to the elevation of the moral character. For this reason the condition of the family home, in this country where every man may have a home, should be raised, till it shall symbolize the best character and pursuits, and the dearest affections and enjoyments of social life.—A. J. Downing.

Algernon Sidney, in a letter to his son, says "that in the whole of his life he never knew one man, of what condition soever, arrive at any degree of reputation in the world, who made choice of, or delighted in the company or conversation of those who in their qualities were inferior, or in their parts not much superior to himself."

MATRIMONIAL FORBEARANCE.—Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation: Every little thing can blast an infant blossom; the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine when they first begin to curl like the locks of a new weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces and the kisses of heaven, brought forward their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken. So are the early unions of an unfixed marriage watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word; for infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society, and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first; but it is want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded; and that which appears ill at first usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness.

Those who are incapable of shining but by dress, would do well to consider that the contrast between them and their clothes turns out much to their disadvantage.

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it, and with it, and it is a jolly kind companion.

THE CHILD'S HEART.—A child's heart responds to the tones of the mother's voice like a harp to the wind, and its only hope for peace and courage is in hearing nothing but peace and gentleness from her, and experiencing nothing but unremitting love, whatever may be its troubles elsewhere. Supposing this to be all right, the mother will feel herself from the first the depository of its confidence,—a confidence as sacred as any other, though tacit, and about matters which may appear to all but itself and her infinitely small.

Let masters of families promote religion in their households. This is the way to have obedient servants and dutiful children. Piety is the firmest basis of morality; secure God's claims, and you will not miss your own.

It is the union of parts and acquisitions, of spirit and modesty, which produces the indefinable charm of conversation.

The following domestic medicines and receipts may be relied upon. They are handed down from a very ancient period; and, 'no cure, no pay.'

"A stick of brimstone wore in the pocket, is good for them as has cramps."

"A loadstone put on the place where the pain is, is beautiful in the rheumatiz."

"A basin of water-gruel with half a quart of old rum in it, or a quart, if particular bad, with lots of brown sugar going to bed, is good for a cold in the head."

"If you've got the hiccups, pinch one of your wrists and hold your breath while you count sixty, or—get somebody to scare you and make you jump."

"The Ear Ache.—Put an ynun in your ear, after it is well roasted."

Not long since, some of the African race had assembled at a neighbor's house to hold a prayer meeting, when an old brother of the church—and probably a parson—was called on to lead in prayer, which he commenced; but by some awkwardness, he caused some of the audience to laugh. This caused the old man to pray as follows. "Bress Jesus kum down and take sum ob de congregation by de collar, and hold 'um ober hell dat dey may know whar dey stand!"

A fellow applied to an optician for a pair of spectacles, and after having tried several, said he could not read with them. "Could you ever read?" inquired the optician. "No," said the fellow; "if I could, do you think me so great an ass as to wish to wear glasses?"

At the late term of the U. S. District Court, held in Iowa City, Isaac Sloan was convicted of using Post Office stamps a second time, and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$50, and three cents damages. This is, we believe, the first instance that has taken place under the new law.

The White Fawn.

A FEARFUL TALE OF WESTERN WARFARE.

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

In the year 1804, the United States government erected a small fort at the mouth of Chicago river, where the present city of that name stands. They had obtained the right to do so from the Indians, at the treaty of Greenville, 1795, together with the adjacent lands for miles square. The fort however, consisted of merely two block houses on the southern side, and on the northern side a sally port, or subterranean passage leading from the parade ground to the river. It was called Fort Dearborn.

On the afternoon of August 7th, 1812, Capt. Heald, who was then in command of the fort, received by the hands of a friendly Indian, a message of Gen. Hull, the commander-in-chief of the north-west, announcing the declaration of war between England and the United States and ordering him to evacuate the fort if necessary, and to distribute the property at the fort among the Indians.

For some unknown reason, Captain Heald determined, without calling his officers into council, to evacuate the fort, and accordingly the next morning announced his decision on parade. His subalterns remonstrated with him against the measure as fraught with nothing but danger; but Captain Heald was immovable, and preparations were made for the departure of the troops for Fort Wayne.

Some weeks before this time the Indians on the Illinois river had brought a prisoner up to the neighborhood of Chicago, for the purpose of recovering a ransom from his countrymen, the English, in some part of Canada. The prisoner's name was James Saunders. He had been more than a year in the possession of the Indians on the Upper Mississippi, and had worked his way up from tribe to tribe towards Canada by the promise of a rich ransom upon reaching the British port. But on getting into the neighborhood of Fort Dearborn, he foolishly varied his story, and telling the Indians that he was an adopted American, begged them to carry him to Capt. Heald. The Indians became suspicious of him, and declined carrying him to the American fort. At length, on the 6th of August, the Indians heard indirectly one day in advance of the Americans of the declaration of war. They sent runners out among the tribes in every direction, calling a grand council to determine upon their future course, and on the night of the 7th, several hundred assembled round the council fire, ten miles above the fort, on the Chicago river. They were chiefly Pottawatomies; but there were also present some Winnebagoes, Ottawas, Shawnees and perhaps some others.

Precisely as the sun went down on the 7th of August the chiefs and braves of the various tribes who were encamped in the vicinity gathered in silence around the council fire.— One after another, they seated themselves upon the ground; and to the eye of an ordinary observer, their rigid features would have been wholly void of expression. A stolid sternness was the leading trait of all; and until after the pipe, which was the emblem of amity among the tribes which were present, had been circulated, not a word was spoken.

At length the old Pottawotomee chief called Black Bird, who had for months been stirring the tribes up to attack the Americans rose slowly, looked around the council and said—

"Brothers, the bright sun which has just gone down, never looked upon a fairer land than this—would you lose this land forever? the image of that brightening star never danced on the ripple of so bright a lake as you; are your canoes broken that they should ride no more upon the lake? Brothers speak."

He drew his blanket proudly around him and took his seat. The silence remained unbroken for several minutes. But an old chief called Black Partridge, arose. He had long been on terms of friendship with the whites, and had received a medal from the President as a mark of confidence.

"Brothers," said he, "ask your squaws if the Black Partridge ever quailed before the enemy. A hundred scalps have hung beneath my girdle. Shall I speak?"

The impressive silence which followed his appeal, assured him of their attention, and he continued:

"Brothers, the English live beyond the lake. Their posts extended to the great ocean, they have many soldiers, and their watch-fires burn all over Canada—will they go away over the great sea and give up Canada to the red men? No, brothers, no. It is only the power of our friends, the Americans, which has prevented them from following the sun across the lake, and driving off the red man here. Shall we betray our protectors, and make war with our friends? or shall we follow wisdom, and remain true to our allies? I listen to your answer."

He had scarcely taken a seat when a tall athletic Indian entered the council, and proclaiming himself a messenger, with important news, and asked if they would hear him. He then told them that he had come with a mes-

sage from Tecumseh, that war had been declared between the United States and England. He also told them of the capture of Mackinaw, the defeat of Van Horne, and of the retreat of Gen. Hull. He had scarcely concluded, when Black Bird again rose, under great excitement, which he tried in vain to conceal.

"Brothers," said he, "war is again awake in the land. The Americans have dug up the hatchet against our friends the English. But already their forts are fallen before the foe. Mackinaw is fallen; the Americans are defeated, and their great chief of the north-west will soon be prisoner to the English.— Let us be wise—the fort at the river's mouth is weak, and its keepers are cowards. Who will follow Black Bird and take vengeance on his enemies? If there are any cowards here, let them not answer, but hang their heads in silence."

When he took his seat, three hundred Pottawatomies raised the war-whoop. The Winnebagoes, after some hesitation, joined in the yell, which was taken up by the others present; and immediate preparation was made, for turning the council into the war-dance.

A young Winnebago proposed that they should celebrate the occasion by the sacrifice of the white prisoner, who was then in an adjoining camp, saying that he was a traitor who had deceived them by claiming to be an Englishman, when he really was an American. The proposition was received with shouts by the children and squaws, who were gathered around within hearing, and a party set off to bring the prisoner.

Black Partridge arose once more. He appealed to their cupidity, and the hope of a large ransom from the prisoner's friends; he warned them that if it should prove that he was really English, they would have merited the vengeance of the very people whose friendship they sought. But all in vain. Their appetite for blood was raised to a fearful pitch, and the friendly chief was forced to yield to the excited multitude. In the meantime the party who had gone for the prisoner, returned. They immediately bound him to a tree, and made preparation for the terrible sacrifice.— Saunders, who had looked with a confident hope to his final delivery, now abandoned all idea of escape, and began to address himself in a prayer to that Being before whose eye not even a sparrow falls unnoticed. With his tall and graceful form erect, his countenance rigidly composed, and his hands elevated devoutly towards heaven, he committed himself to his Creator. While thus engaged, the squaws, who were frantic with the bloody excitement, were gauding his flesh like incarnate demons, with bands of fire, while an indescribable scene of murderous excitement pervaded the multitude around. Suddenly, the sound of a horse's feet was heard rapidly approaching through the darkness, and in a few moments a horse and rider bounded into the arena and stopped at the feet of the prisoner. The steed was one of those fleet and beautiful Canadian ponies whose graceful forms have been praised so much. He was without bridle or saddle, and the beautiful black of his glossy skin was dappled with the foam which had followed his rapid flight.

When the fire-light fell fairly on the person of the rider, the squaws fell back exclaiming—"it is the White Fawn!" the next moment a tall graceful girl leaped to the ground at the feet of the prisoner. Her head was uncovered, but her long black tresses were gathered from her forehead, woven into a border, flat braided behind, and studded with a profusion of jewelry. Small, graceful rings of gold were in her ears; a large and very rich scarlet shawl was thrown over one of her shoulders, and gathered under the opposite arm, and fastened with a silver brooch. This was all that concealed the graceful neck, shoulders and chest. Around the waist, and extending almost to the feet, was fastened a piece of blue Saxony cloth. It was wholly without seam, being merely wrapped around the body, and sustained at the waist by a scarf of netted silk, ornamented with beads. On her feet were exquisitely wrought moccasins, trimmed with beads and porcupine quills.

"The White Fawn!" said the children and squaws; as if spell bound, they awaited the result. Several of the chiefs and braves approached and in a short time almost the entire band were waiting for the words of the White Fawn. Black Bird alone of all the prominent chiefs, remained away. The girl was his favorite daughter; his love for her had been as notorious amongst the Indians, as his hatred for the Americans. He had never been known to refuse her anything that it was in his power to grant. But for the last few days he had observed that she was holding frequent conversations with the white prisoner. And when he saw her dismount at the feet of Saunders, and heard the deferential exclamation of the squaws, a storm of passion arose which was terrible; and with that stoical firmness which is so marked a feature in Indian character, he determined not to trust himself in her presence, and remained away.

When the girl was assured of a hearing,

she addressed the assembled chiefs: "Fathers—the White Fawn has never disturbed the warrior's council with a woman tongue. Hear me then for once. I offer my own life as a hostage for the white stranger. I know he has spoken the truth. Let him be unbound till my words can be tested; bind me, if you will, in his stead; and if he proves false, the treachery, be upon my head. And if he is a true man, and not a liar, you will thank the White Fawn for saving you from the vengeance of the English, whose friendship you are seeking. Do I not speak words of wisdom?"

Her words were scarcely finished, when a powerful chief, seeing that they had a favorable impression upon the listeners, cut the bonds of the prisoner, and hurried him away in the darkness.

Then spoke Black Bird for the first time: "I call you all to witness what I say. I have loved the White Fawn since when, like a pale flower of the prairie, she was brought among us. I adopted her as my daughter, I have watched over her as the child of my affection. If any should lay a finger on her to give her pain, his scalp should ornament my girdle. But she has given herself a hostage for one I have thought a betrayer. It is well; let her be watched; and if the white prisoner prove false, she dies! I have said it."

When the Chiefs and braves separated, it was with the agreement that a council should be proposed with the Americans, when during the "talk" the American officers were to be assassinated, and an immediate attack made on the fort.

While these things were taking place among the Indians, Capt. Heald and his officers were debating the propriety of evacuating the fort and attempting to make their way to Fort Wayne. The subordinate officers finding that their commander called no council, waited on him in a body to know his determination. He was resolved to abandon the fort. And all the remonstrance on the part of his subordinates was of no avail.— They appealed to the fact, that the pottawatomies through whose country they must pass, were already on the point of open war; that the fort was well supplied with provisions and ammunition, and that all things indicated that it was far better to trust themselves, the soldiers, and the women and children in the fort, with the prospect of succor from the other side of the peninsula, than to trust for a single hour to the treacherous savages. But Captain Heald replied that he believed it his duty to retire from the post in obedience to the order from Gen. Hull; and added that he had sufficient confidence in the Indians to believe that they would give him a safe escort to Fort Wayne. Finding the commander immovable, the officers held themselves aloof from further advice on the subject.

Captain Heald then appointed the 12th of August for a council with the Indians. The chiefs were all present, and there is but little doubt that they were only prevented from putting their scheme of treachery into execution by the proper action of the officers, who declined attending the council with their captain; but remained in the fort and pointed the loaded cannon so as to command the whole council.

Captain Heald told the Indians that he was going to abandon the fort, and that he should distribute the ammunition and property which it contained among the Indians. He also asked them for an escort to Fort Wayne promising them valuable presents on their arrival there. The treacherous Pottawatomies agreed to furnish the escort, while they secretly determined to massacre the whole garrison.

After the council was over, a Mr. Kinise, who was and long had been a trader among the Indians, warned Captain Heald of the madness of placing spirits, and especially ammunition, in the hands of the Indians, and accordingly it was resolved to destroy the spirits, and throw the ammunition into the river.

At length, on the 13th, the Indians assembled to receive the goods which were to be distributed among them; but they were ever on the watch, and had already learned of the destruction of the ammunition and spirits; and they openly charged it on Captain Heald. But although it was evident from the conduct and bearing of the savages that they meditated something terrible, they had now learned that the Americans would soon be out of the protection of the fort, and they restrained a little longer their appetite for blood.

On the next morning, Capt. Wells arrived from Fort Wayne. He had heard of General Hull's order to evacuate Fort Dearborn, and with a few friendly Miami's, he had boldly passed, by a rapid march, through the wilderness, to the fort, in the hope of being able to prevent the exposure of the troops, and of his sister, Mrs. Heald, to certain destruction.— But he came too late! The ammunition was already destroyed, and nothing remained but to prepare for the worst.

On the next morning after the council, Black Partridge came to the fort and gave

up his medal to Captain Heald. "Father," said he, "I have come to deliver up the medal I wear; I have long worn it in token of mutual friendship. But our young men are resolved on blood—I cannot restrain them—and I will not wear it as a token of peace, while I am compelled to act as an enemy."

Sad were the hearts of those who lay down in the fort that night to rest. Not only the women and children looked forward with dread to the next morning, but the stoutest hearts in the fort expected a day of blood.

The morning of the 15th, the day of departure, arrived. The sun came up behind the lake as clear and calm as if there were to be scenes of carnage enacted beneath its beams. At nine o'clock all was ready. Capt. Wells and the Miami's led the way, followed by the baggage wagons, with the sick and the women and children, guarded by the effective troops; while the band of treacherous Pottawatomies who had promised the party a safe escort, followed a little way behind.

Let us for a moment turn to Sanders and the White Fawn. With a depth of cruelty inconceivable, Black Bird told the prisoner that the Indians had determined to massacre the troops, and even including the women and children; and then, for the sake of learning what effect the sight of the dastardly act would have in determining his national character, he had him conveyed in a canoe to a station about a mile below the fort, on the lake shore, where he would be compelled to witness the butchery! He was not kept long in waiting. The train had not gone more than a mile from the fort, upon the lake shore; before the Indians fled off so as to put the sand hills between them and the whites, and prepared for the attack. Capt. Wells, though in advance, observed the movement, and rode rapidly back to the troops, calling upon them to form, and charge the Indians up the sand hills. They received a volley of musketry as they advanced, and the battle became general. The chief of the friendly Miami's, rode up and charged the Pottawatomies with treachery, and threatened them with future vengeance, but his Indians fled, and he was forced to follow.

Never did troops behave more gallantly than did the Americans on this occasion; but they were betrayed and outnumbered, and a terrible massacre followed. After the fighting had continued about a quarter of an hour, Captain Heald succeeded in drawing off such of his men as remained, to an elevation out of the reach of the fire from the sand hills. After some consultation among the Indians, who did not follow; the latter made signs to Captain Heald to approach, and he did so alone. He was met by Black Bird, the Pottawotomee chief, who gave him his hand, and offered that if he would surrender, the prisoner's lives should be spared. The offer was accepted; and after delivering up their arms, they were conducted to the Indian encampment, to be distributed among the tribes.

The Americans had lost 38 in the action, besides two women and twelve children, and the prisoners consisted of Captain Heald and wife, Lieutenant Helm, with twenty-five non-commissioned officers and privates and eleven women and children.

Many thrilling scenes are related by eyewitnesses, as having occurred during that terrible day, and the women, as well as the men, exhibited the most determined bravery. Mrs. Helm, who was attacked by a young warrior, grasped him around the neck, and almost succeeded in getting possession of his knife, but she was suddenly grasped by another Indian and carried rapidly away to the lake, and held forcibly beneath the waters. But she soon found that the object was not to drown her, but apparently to protect her from the fury of the other savages. She looked in the face of her captor, and recognized Black Partridge.

The twelve children who were butchered, all fell beneath the tomahawk of one young demon, after the troops had surrendered.— Captain Wells saw this act of barbarity, and exclaimed, "Then I will kill too," and turning his horse's head towards the Indian camp in which were the squaws and children, he galloped off in that direction. The Indians pursued, and finally succeeded in bringing him down, when they killed and scalped him. During all this bloody butchery, Sanders was compelled to be a spectator. What his feelings were, may be inferred from his actions. When he saw the assault of the Pottawatomies, he leapt from the canoe, and endeavored to join the whites on shore. But he was arrested, and forcibly brought back. All fear for his own safety left him; and he charged the Indians who had him in keeping, with cowardice, and told them that none but squaws would thus detain a man from assisting his people against such overwhelming odds. They did not deign to answer him, however, but held him still, boiling with indignation and rage; and when the fray was over, they paddled the canoe up to the fort at the mouth of the Chicago. The savages had already rifled it of every thing of value, and were setting it on fire. In a little time, a tall and robust savage, covered with paint and gore, approached the canoe. But the prisoner instantly recognized Black Bird.— The cruel chief heard the account of the prisoner's conduct during the fight, and exclaimed, "It is enough bring him to the war dance." He then turned upon his heel and departed.

When Black Bird returned to the encampment, at night, his countenance betrayed the working of terrible passion within, and it was evident that he meditated some dreadful deed.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)