

Jeffersonian Republican.

James Palmer

Richard Nugent, Editor

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

and Publisher

VOL. I.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1840.

No 29.

JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly,—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental Type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

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

DELAWARE ACADEMY.

The Trustees of this Institution, have the pleasure of announcing to the public, and particularly to the friends of education, that they have engaged I. B. NEWMAN, as Superintendent and Principal of their Academy.

The Trustees invite the attention of parents and guardians, who have children to send from home, to this Institution. They are fitting up the building in the first style, and its location from its retired nature is peculiarly favorable for a boarding school. It commands a beautiful view of the Delaware river, near which it is situated, and the surrounding scenery such as the lover of nature will admire—it is easily accessible the Easton and Milford Stages pass it daily, and only 8 miles distant from the latter place, and a more salubrious section of country can nowhere be found. No fears need be entertained that pupils will contract pernicious habits, or be seduced into vicious company—it is removed from all places of resort and those inducements to neglect their studies that are furnished in large towns and villages.

Board can be obtained very low and near the Academy. Mr. Daniel W. Dingman, jr. will take several boarders, his house is very convenient, and students will there be under the immediate care of the Principal, whose reputation, deportment and guardianship over his pupils, afford the best security for their proper conduct, that the Trustees can give or parents and guardians demand.

The course of instruction will be thorough adapted to the age of the pupil and the time he designs to spend in literary pursuits. Young men may qualify themselves for entering upon the study of the learned professions or for an advanced stand at College for mercantile pursuits, for teaching or the business of common life, useful will be preferred to ornamental studies, nevertheless so much of the latter attended to as the advanced stages of the pupil's education will admit. The male and female department will be under the immediate superintendence of the Principal, aided by a competent male or female Assistant. Lessons in music will be given to young ladies on the Piano Forte at the boarding house of the principal, by an experienced and accomplished Instructress. Summer Session commences May 4th.

EXPENSES.

Board for Young Gentleman or Ladies with the Principal, per week, \$1 50
Pupils from 10 to 15 years of age from \$1 to \$1 25
Tuition for the Classics, Belles-Lettres, French &c., per quarter, 2 00
Extra for music, per quarter, 5 00

N. B. A particular course of study will be marked out for those who wish to qualify themselves for Common School Teachers with reference to that object; application made for teachers to the trustees or principal will meet immediate attention.

Lectures on the various subjects of study will be delivered by able speakers, through the course of year.

By order of the Board,
DANIEL W. DINGMAN, Pres't
Dingman's Ferry, Pike co., Pa., May 2 1840

NOTICE.

The Book of Subscription to the Stock of the Upper Lehigh Navigation Company, will be opened at Stoddardsville, on Wednesday, the 15th day of July ensuing, when subscriptions will be received for the balance of stock which remains yet open. At the same time and place the Stockholders will elect a board of Directors.

Charles Trump,
John S. Comfort,
Henry W. Drinker,
William P. Clark,
Commissioners

June 16, 1840.

N. B. Proposals will be received at Stoddardsville, on Thursday the 16th day of July ensuing, for doing the work either wholly or in jobs, required by building a lock and inclined plane with the necessary grading, fixtures and machinery for passing rafts descending the Lehigh over the Falls at Stoddardsville. It is expected that the work will be commenced as soon as practicable and be completed with despatch.

Invitation to the Log Cabin Boys, to Old Tippecanoe's Raisin, as sung by the Buck Eye Blacksmith, at the Whig meeting at Easton, August 3rd, 1840.

Tune—The good old days of Adam and Eve.
Come, all you Log Cabin Boys, we're going to have a raisin',
We've got a job on hand, that we think will be pleasin',
We'll turn out and build Old Tip a new Cabin,
And finish it off with chinkin' and daubin',
We want all the Log Cabin Boys in the nation,
To be on the ground when we lay the foundation;
And we'll make all the office-holders think its amazin',
To see how we work at Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

On the thirtieth day of next October,
We'll take some Hard Cider, but we'll all keep sober;
We'll shoulder our axes and cut down the timber,
And have our Cabin done by the second of December,
We'll have it well chink'd, and we'll have on the cover,
Of good sound clapboards, with the weight poles over,
And a good wide chimney for the fire to blaze in:
So come on boys, to Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

Ohio will find the houselog timber,
And Old Virginia, as you'll remember,
Will find the timber for the clapboards and chinkin',
'Twill all be the first rate stuff I'm thinkin';
And when we want to daub it, it happens very lucky
That we have got the best CLAY in Old Kentucky;
For there's no other State has such good clays in,
To make the mortar for Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

For the hauling of the logs, we'll call on Pennsylvania,
For their Conestoga teams will pull as well as any,
And the Yankee States and York State, and all of the others,
Will come and help us lift like so many brothers,
The Hoosiers and the Suckers, and the Wolverint farmers,
They all know the right way to carry up the corners,
And every one's a good enough carpenter and mason,
To do a little work at Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

We'll cut out a window and have a wide door in,
We'll lay a good loft and a first rate floor in,
We'll fix it all complete, for Old Tip to see his friends in,
And we know that the latch-string will never have its end in,
On the fourth day of March, Old Tip will move in it,
And then little Martin will have to shin it,
So hurrah Boys, there's no two ways in,
The fun we'll have at Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

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lady of the SLOCUM FAMILY—distinguished for its sufferings in the scenes of the revolutionary war which we have been contemplating in these numbers, and recently brought more conspicuously before the public in connexion with a romantic tale of a long lost but recently discovered sister.

Mr. Slocum, the father of the subject of the present narrative, was a non-combatant—being a member of the society of Friends. Feeling himself therefore safe from the hostility even of the savages, he did not join the survivors of the massacre in their flight, but remained quietly upon his farm—his house standing in close proximity to the village of Wilkesbarre. But the beneficent principles of his faith had little weight with the Indians, notwithstanding the affection with which their race had been treated by the founder of Quakerism in Pennsylvania—the illustrious Penn.—and long had the family cause to mourn their imprudence in not retreating from the doomed valley with their neighbors.

It was in the autumn of the same year of the invasion by Butler and Gi-en-gwah-toh, at mid-day, when the men were laboring in a distant field, that the house of Mr. Slocum was suddenly surrounded by a party of Delawares, prowling about the valley, in more earnest search, as it seemed, of plunder than of scalps or prisoners. At least such is the most natural inference to be drawn from their conduct, since, had their design, or their caprice, prompted a more bloody course, they had every opportunity for its indulgence. The inmates of the house at the moment of the surprise were Mrs. Slocum and four young children, the eldest of whom was a son aged thirteen, the second was a daughter, aged nine, the third, Frances Slocum, aged five, and a little son aged two years and a half. Near by the house, at a grindstone, engaged in grinding a knife, was a young man named Kingsley, assisted in the operation by a lad. The first hostile act of the Indians was to shoot down Kingsley, and take his scalp with the knife he had been sharpening.

The girl nine years old seems to have had the most presence of mind, for while the mother ran into the edge of a cove of wood near by, and little Frances attempted to secrete herself behind a stair-case, the former at the moment seized her little brother, the youngest above mentioned, and ran off in the direction of the fort. True, she could not make rapid progress, for she clung to the child, and not even the pursuit of the savages could induce her to drop her charge. The Indians did not pursue her far, and laughed heartily at the panic of the little girl, while they could not but admire her resolution. Allowing her to make her escape, they returned to the house, and after helping themselves to such articles as they chose, prepared to depart.

The mother seems to have been unobserved by them, although, with a yearning bosom, she had so disposed of herself that while she was screened from observation she could notice all that occurred. But judge of her feelings at the moment they were about to depart, as she saw little Frances taken from her hiding place, and preparations made to carry her away into captivity, along with her brother, already mentioned as being thirteen years old, (and who, by the way, had been restrained from attempted flight by lameness in one of his feet,) and also the lad who had been assisting Kingsley at the grindstone.—The sight was too much for maternal tenderness to endure. Rushing forth from her place of concealment, therefore, she threw herself upon her knees at the feet of her captors, and with the most earnest entreaties pleaded for their restoration. But their bosoms were made of sterner stuff than to yield even to the most eloquent and affectionate of a mother's entreaties, and with characteristic stoicism they began to remove. As a last resort the mother appealed to their selfishness, and pointing to the maimed foot of her crippled son, urged as a reason why at least they should relinquish him, the delays and embarrassments he would occasion them in their journey. Being unable to walk they would of course be compelled to carry him the whole distance, or leave him by the way, or take his life. Although insensible to the feelings of humanity, these considerations had the desired effect. The lad was left behind, while dead alike to the cries of the mother, and the shrieks of the child, little Frances was slung over the shoulder of a stalwart Indian with as much indifference as though she was a slaughtered fawn.

The long, lingering look which the mother gave to her child, as her captors disappeared in the forest, was the last glimpse of her sweet features that she ever had. But the vision was for many a long year ever present to her fancy. As the Indian threw her child over his shoulder, her hair fell over her face, and the mother could never forget how the tears streamed down her cheeks, when she brushed it away as if to catch a last sad look of the mother, from whom, her little arms outstretched, she implor'd assistance in vain. Nor was this the last visit of the savage to the domicile of Mr. Slocum. About a month thereafter, another horde of the barbarians rushed down from the mountains, and murdered the aged grandfather of the little cap-

tive, and wounded the lad, already lame, by discharging a ball which lodged in his leg, and which he carried with him to his grave more than half a century afterward.

These events cast a shadow over the remaining years of Mrs. Slocum. She lived to see many bright and sunny days in that beautiful valley—bright and sunny, alas, to her no longer. She mourned for the lost one, of whom no tidings, at least during her pilgrimage, could be obtained. After her sons grew up, the youngest of whom, by the way, was born but a few months subsequent to the events already narrated, obedient to the charge of their mother, the most unwearied efforts were made to ascertain what had been the fate of the lost sister. The forests between the Susquehanna and the great lakes, and even the more distant wilds of Canada, were traversed by the brothers in vain, nor could any information respecting her be derived from the Indians. In process of time these efforts were relinquished as hopeless. The lost one might have fallen beneath the tomahawk, or might have proved too tender a flower for transplantation into the wilderness—or—but no matter. Conjecture was baffled, and the mother, with a sad heart, sank into the grave, as also did the father, believing with the Hebrew patriarch that "the child was not."

The years of a generation passed, and the memory of little Frances was forgotten, save by two brothers and a sister, who, though advanced in the vale of life, could not forget the family tradition of the lost one. Indeed it had been the dying charge of their mother that they must never relinquish their exertions to discover Frances. A change now comes over the spirit of our story. It happened that in the course of the year 1835, Colonel Ewing, a gentleman connected with the Indian trade, and also with the public service of the country, while traversing a remote section of Indiana, was overtaken by the night, while at a distance from the abodes of civilized man. Becoming too dark for him to pursue his way, he sought an Indian habitation, and was so fortunate as to find shelter and a welcome in one of the better sort. The proprietor of the lodge was indeed opulent for an Indian—possessing horses and skins, and other comforts in abundance. He was struck in the course of the evening by the appearance of the venerable mistress of the lodge, whose complexion was lighter than that of her family, and as glimpses were occasionally disclosed of her skin beneath her blanket-robe, the Colonel was impressed with the opinion that she was a white woman. Colonel Ewing could converse in the Miami language, to which nation his host belonged, and after partaking of the best of their cheer, he drew the squaw into a conversation, which soon confirmed his suspicions that she was only an Indian by adoption. Her narrative was substantially as follows:—

My father's name was Slocum. He resided on the banks of the Susquehanna, but the name of the village I do not recollect. Sixty winters and summers have gone since I was taken a captive by a party of Delawares, while I was playing before my father's house. I was too young to feel for any length of time the misery and anxiety which my parents must have experienced. The kindness and affection with which I was treated by my Indian captors, soon effaced my childish uneasiness, and in a short time I became one of them. The first night of my captivity was passed in a cave near the summit of a mountain, but a little distance from my father's. That night was the unhappiest of my life, and the impressions which it made, were the means of indelibly stamping on my memory my father's name and residence.—For years we led a roving life, I became accustomed to and fond of their manner of living. They taught me the use of the bow and arrow, and the beasts of the forest supplied me with food. I married a chief of our tribe, whom I had long loved for his bravery and humanity, and kindly did he treat me. I dreaded the sight of a white man, for I was taught to believe him the implacable enemy of the Indian. I thought he was determined to separate me from my husband, and my tribe. After being a number of years with my husband he died. A part of my people then joined the Miamis, and I was among them. I then married a Miami, who was called by the pale faces the deaf man. I lived with him a good many winters, until he died. I had by him two sons and two daughters. I am now old, and have nothing to fear from the white man. My husband, and all my children but these two daughters, my brothers and sisters have all gone to the Great Spirit, and I shall go in a few moons more. Until this moment I have never revealed my name, or told the mystery that hung over the fate of FRANCES SLOCUM.

Such was the substance of the revelation to Colonel Ewing. Still the family at Wyoming knew nothing of the discovery, nor did Colonel Ewing know anything of them. And it was only by reason of a peculiarly Providential circumstance, that the tidings ever reached their ears. On Col. Ewing's return to his own home, he related the adventure to his mother who, with the just feelings of a woman, urged him to take some measure to make the discov-

ery known, and at her solicitation he was induced to write a narrative of the case, which he addressed to the Postmaster at Lancaster, with request that it might be published in some Pennsylvania newspaper. But the latter functionary, having no knowledge of the writer, and supposing that very probably it might be a hoax, paid no attention to it, and the letter was suffered to remain among the worthless accumulations of the office for the space of two years. It chanced then that the post-master's wife, in rummaging over some old papers, while putting the office in order one day glanced her eyes upon this communication. The story excited her interest, and with the true feelings of a woman, she resolved upon giving the document publicity. With this view she sent it to the neighboring editor. And here, again, another providential circumstance intervened. It happened that a temperance committee had engaged a portion of the columns of the paper to which the letter of Col. Ewing was sent, for the publication of an important document, and it yet again happened that a number of this paper was addressed to a clergyman who had a brother residing in Wyoming. Having, from that brother, heard the story of the captivity of Frances Slocum, he had no sooner read the letter of Col. Ewing, than he enclosed it to him, and by him it was placed in the hands of JOSEPH SLOCUM, Esq. the surviving brother.

We will not attempt to describe the sensations produced by this most welcome most strange, and most unexpected intelligence. This Mr. Joseph Slocum was the child, two years and a half old, that had been rescued by his intrepid sister, nine years old. That sister also survived, as also did the younger brother living in Ohio. Arrangements were immediately made by the former two, to meet the latter in Ohio, and proceed thence to the Miami country, and reclaim the long lost and now found sister. "I shall know her if she be my sister," said the elder sister now going in pursuit, "although she may be painted and jewelled off, and dressed in her Indian blanket for you, brother, hammered off her finger nail in the blacksmith's shop, when she was four years old." In due season they reached the designated place, and found their sister. But, alas! how changed! Instead of the fair haired and laughing girl, the picture yet living in their imaginations they found her aged and thorough bred squaw, in everything but complexion. But there could be no mistake as to her identity.

The elder sister soon discovered the finger-mark. "How came the nail of that finger gone?" she inquired. "My older brother pounded it off when I was a little girl, in the shop," she replied. This circumstance was evidence enough but other reminiscences were awakened and the recognition was complete. But how different were the emotions of the parties! The brothers paced the lodge in agitation. The civilized sister was in tears. The other obedient to the affected stoicism of her adopted race, was as cold, unmoved, and passionless as marble.

It was in vain that they besought her sister to return with them to her native valley, and to bring her children along with her if she chose. Every offer and impotunity were alike declined. She said she was well enough off and was happy. She had moreover promised her husband, on his death-bed never to leave the Indians. Her two daughter's had both been married, but one of them was a widow. The husband of the other is a half breed named, Brouillette, who is said to be one of the noblest looking men of his race. They all have an abundance of Indian wealth, and her daughters mount their steeds and manage them as well as in the days of chivalry did the rather masculine spouse of Count Robert of Paris. They live at a place called The Deaf Man's Village, nine miles from Peru, in Indiana. But notwithstanding the comparative comfort in which they live, the utter ignorance of their sister, was a subject of painful contemplation. She had entirely forgotten her native language, and was completely a pagan—having no knowledge even of the white man's Sabbath.

When we left Wyoming, Mr. Joseph Slocum was about commencing a second journey to see his sister, to be accompanied by his two daughters. We have since heard that the visit has been performed. Frances is said to have been delighted with the beauty and accomplishments of her white nieces, but resolutely refuses to return to the abodes of civilized man. She resides with her daughters in a comfortable log building, but in all her habits, and manners, her ideas and thoughts, she is as thoroughly Indian as though not a drop of white blood flowed in her veins. She is represented as having manifested for an Indian an unwonted degree of pleasure at the return of a brother; but both mother and daughters spurned every persuasive to win them back from the country and manners of their people. Indeed as all their ideas of happiness are associated with their present mode of life, a change would be productive of little good, so far as temporal affairs are concerned, while, unless they could be won from Paganism to Christianity, their lives would drag along in irksome restraint, if not in pining sorrow.