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SUNBURY AMERICAN

SUNBURY, PA. FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 29, 1875.

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Historical. A History of the Susquehanna, BY F. MAGNIN.

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CAPTAIN HARTLEY LEAVES THE VALLEY - Death of Captain Brady - Neglected State of his Grave - Samuel Brady's Voyage - Battle near Muncy - A Tradition - Warrior Spring - Natural Hot - Fort Muncy - Executed again - Terrible Scenes of Murders.

On the 7th of October, 1775, two regiments belonging to Colonel Hartley's regiment, stationed at Muncy, were surprised by the Indians a short distance from the fort, and one of them was killed and scalped.

The other was supposed to have been taken prisoner and carried off, as he could not be found.

As Colonel Hartley had left a portion of his regiment at Wyoming, the War Branches again desist of the requisite number of troops to guard the settlement, and it was necessary that a fresh supply should be sent.

The volunteer company raised in six months' service, and commanded by Murreaux, had refused to do their duty till the sum of eight dollars per man promised them by the government was paid.

The view of this state of affairs, and the urgent necessity for fresh troops to be sent to protect the valley from the daily incursions of the savages, a number of prominent citizens were induced to request Colonel Chambers and Mr. Mallis as commissioners to the executive council.

They presented a memorial, in which they set forth their grievances before that body, and solicited its timely assistance.

During the month of November the savages were very bad. They burned and destroyed much of the North Branch, and on the 9th a body consisting of seventy warriors came to the forks of Chalkyque and took several prisoners.

About the close of the year 1778 Colonel Hartley left the West Branch for another field of duty.

His departure from the command of the troops was very much regretted by Colonel Hunter and others, as he had done more for the country during his stay than any other person.

Colonel Hunter complained that his lot as commander of the militia was a hard one, and that the militia of this country were harder to govern than any other, and never could be brought under the same degree of discipline as regulars.

He also informed President Benezet at the same time that he was desirous of the resolution of Congress, and the instructions of council to raise a company of volunteers for six months.

He had appointed the following officers: Robert Arthur, First Lieutenant, Samuel Fulton, Second Lieutenant, William Reed, Third Lieutenant, and Andrew Donaldson, ensign.

Their term of service was about to expire, and Captain Murreaux had gone to the board of war with the muster roll to receive their pay.

Some of the men had paid as high as thirty pounds for a good rifle, hence the government should be prompt in paying them.

Captain John Brady, it will be remembered, commenced the fort which bore his name near Muncy Creek.

It was merely a log cabin and garrisoned by the inhabitants of the valley.

In April, 1775, it became necessary to go up the river some distance to procure supplies for the fort, and Captain Brady, taking with him a wagon, team and guard, went and procured what could be had.

As he was returning in the afternoon, riding a fine mare and near where the road forked, being some distance behind the team in conversation with Peter Smith, he suggested the propriety of taking a different route from the one the wagon had gone, as it was shorter.

They traveled together till they came to a small stream of water where the other road came in.

ashes repose be marked in this way with a tablet on which to inscribe the many virtues of the noble dead.

The death of Captain Brady took place on the 11th of April, 1779. His son Samuel was at Pittsburg when the intelligence reached him.

He also mourned the death of his brother James, but this news served to fill his cup of sorrow, and in the first frenzy of grief he is said to have raised his hand on high and swore: "Aided by Him who formed ponder sun and heavens, I will avenge the murder of my father; nor while I live will I ever be at peace with the Indians of any tribe."

This fearful vow was uttered in the first moments of anguished feeling, but it was never effaced from his memory.

He became a devoted manniker, reckless of all sympathy and destitute of all humanity toward the Indian race.

The vow was fearfully fulfilled and many dusky warriors bit the dust.

His daring adventures on the Alleghenies would fill a volume. In the latter end of April, 1779, a battle was fought near the summit of the Muncy Hills on the war path leading from Muncy to Shamokin, between a party of Indians and whites that accidentally met there.

It is said that the whites behaved gallantly and gained a complete victory. They were ordered by the command of William Patterson, grand father of the late J. Potter Patterson of Muncy.

The numbers engaged on each side and the losses sustained, it is to be regretted, have not been preserved.

Tomahawks and other relics of the contest have often been found on the spot.

A tradition is handed down to this day that a very early party of Indians massacred a white man on this spot by burning at the stake.

They stuck his body full of pitch splinters and danced around him in fiendish glee, awakening the echoes of his dismal mountain solitude with their demoniac yells.

A little superstition is also blended with the tradition, to the effect that no herbage has ever been known to grow in the circle where the terrible deed was consummated.

The Indians that met the whites on this lonely path had lain the previous night at the Warrior Spring near Fort Brady.

It was a great place of resort, and rose on the bank of the river near where Fort Pen now stands, and in the largest head of spring water known in the Muncy Valley.

At this spring old Ego-hoven, a Muncy Chief, and his companions exhibited their hospitalities to Nevalaka, of the Great Island, and his other allies and friends.

It was one of nature's hotels at the head of the Muncy Ripples. The elm tree overhanging the shore was both hitching post and manger whilst the voyager was rested at the gravelly bar.

The ravages of the Indians had become so great on both branches of the Susquehanna that it was resolved to march a large army into their country and destroy their villages and cornfields.

It was thought that by so doing their arrangements would be so disconcerted that they could no longer carry on their system of warfare with advantage and would be compelled to abandon their designs.

The command of the expedition was given to General Sullivan, and it proved pretty successful. He marched up the North Branch in June. General Sullivan required all the available troops that could be spared for him in this valley.

In view of this the garrison was withdrawn from Fort Muncy, being the second time it was evacuated during the revolutionary war, and the settlements above Freeland's fort were again left in a defenceless and unprotected condition.

But settlers remained, however, to save themselves to the ravages of the savages. The troops were scarcely withdrawn from this post till the enemy appeared in considerable numbers and commenced to burn, murder and destroy everything before them.

WASHINGTON'S STRENGTH. General Wilson relates an account of a conversation with Mr. Curtis, from which he obtained some interesting personal reminiscences of Washington.

During a visit at Arlington house, Va., in 1854, the writer asked Mr. Curtis if Washington could, like Marshal Saxe, break a horseback, and the reply that he received was, he had no doubt he could have tried for his hands were the largest and strongest he had ever seen.

Mr. Curtis then gave several instances of the general's strength, of which I recall the following: When Washington was a young man, he was present on one occasion, as a looker-on, at wrestling games, then the fashion in Virginia.

Trials of the sport, where he was permitted to the shade of a tree, where he was perusing a pamphlet, till challenged to a bout by the hero of the day and the strongest wrestler in the State.

Washington calmly came forward, and without removing his coat grappled with his antagonist. There was a fierce struggle for a brief space of time when the champion was hurried to the ground with such tremendous force as to jar the very marrow in his bones.

Another instance of his prodigious power was his throwing the stone across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg - a feat that has never been performed since.

Later in life a number of young gentlemen at Mount Vernon were contending in the exercise of rowing the bar.

Washington, after looking on some time, walked forward and saying, "Allow me to try," and grasping the bar, sent the iron flying through the air twenty feet beyond its usual limits.

Still later in his career Washington, whose age was like a rusty water, "froxy," yet kindly, observed three of his workmen at Mount Vernon, vainly endeavoring to raise a large stone, when, tired of putting their unsuccessful attempts, he put them aside, and taking it in his iron like grasp lifted it to its place, renounced his horse and rode on.

FARRAGUT ATTEN. Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country? It was all owing to a resolution I formed when I was ten years of age.

My father was sent down to New Orleans with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as cabin boy.

I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could wear like an old sailor; could drink as stiff glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive.

I was great at cards and fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of the dinner one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me: "David, what do you mean to do?"

"I mean to follow the sea." "Follow the sea? Yes, be a poor miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and buffed about the world and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime?"

"No, I said, 'I'll tread the quarter deck and command as you do.'"

"No, David, no boy never tread the quarter deck with such pretensions as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life, if you ever become a man."

My father left me and went on deck, I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification.

A poor miserable drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and buffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors; I will never gamble; and as God is my witness, I have kept those three vows to this hour.

THE RELINO PASSION. - Several years ago there was a devoted Baptist named Wilson, living in this county, and he was an ardent Democrat.

It was hard to tell which had the warmest place in his affections - his wife, the church, or the political party. On one occasion he had several friends spending the evening at his house, and before they retired he took down the family Bible to read a portion of Scripture and have a word of prayer.

It so happened that he opened the volume at the epistle to Titus, where the apostle says, "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready for every good work."

As it was a habit with him to comment upon the text as he went along, when he came to the passage he took of his spectacles, and with a gravity suited to the time and place he remarked: "There, my friends, is where I differ from brother Paul. Mr. Jefferson tells us that the true doctrine is just the reverse of this; that is, men in office should always be obedient to the people, and I agree with the great author of the Declaration of Independence. The apostle was out of doubt a great preacher and a good Christian, but it is clear enough he was no Democrat."

Widow Stacy's Heifer. Mr. Soper's wife has been very sick for some weeks, but, although extremely reduced in body and mind, there is still enough of the true woman remaining in her, which led her last Monday, in a faint way, to ask her husband who had entered the sick room with a funeral cast of features, what was the news.

"Well," answered Mr. Soper, sitting unobtrusively on the extremely edge of a chair, and balancing his hat on his fingers by the brim, "there ain't nothing to speak of in 'n' p'ntice. 'Spose you heard of Miss Cole's death; she was taken the same time you was."

"I should think, James," said Mr. Soper with a feeble emphasis, "that if you couldn't find something more cheerful to say to your poor, sick wife, you'd hold your tongue."

"Cert'ly," said Mr. Soper, meekly, "only news is so 'acc. Lemme see," he continued looking thoughtfully into the crown of his hat, as if he had a reserved fund of gossip therein, "you heard 'bout Martha Carter's 'brakin' her leg?"

"A snappid nod of the head from the invalid signified to Mr. Soper that he was on dangerous ground, but after a moment's reflection he brightened visibly as he said: "You order be'n to town meetin' 'Mond'y? The town's voted to have a new hearse, an' I never was so glad of anything in all my life."

"James Edward Soper," whispered his wife, with a painful intimation, "be you a 'n'ral born fool, or be you lookin' ferward to gettin' rid of me?"

"As the latter view had never presented itself to Mr. Soper in the light of his wife's inquiry, he looked very much subdued, and scratched his head with an air of painful abstraction as Mrs. Soper said again with a cheerful voice: "Oh you 'n'ral go. If you can't spare a few moments to set with me, 'n' jes' 'g'v me some little interestin' news - I don't want you to stay ag'in your inclination," she continued with the sigh of a martyr.

Mr. Soper hastily expressed his willingness to remain and desist to please, so after a brief interval of thought he continued reflectively: "Well, lemme think. I was over to the Widder Stacy's las' night to see 'n' I could make a trade for a Jersey heifer, an' I tell you, Maria, said Mr. Soper, enthusiastically, "if she ain't a barnum crecter, I never see one."

An ominous light appeared in Mrs. Soper's sunken eyes, and if her husband had been observing closely he would have seen a restless motion of the hands, indicative of an apparent desire to make a personal attack upon some one or something, but he saw nothing, and continued: "She's just about the right size, an' her skin's as white as snow. She's got the postiest legs," continued the unreflecting Mr. Soper, with a descriptive motion of the hand; "an' when you come to talk about sheeps, Maria," said Mr. Soper, rising from his chair in his warmth, "he'll measure 'em foot across her breast."

The scream which came from the afflicted invalid at this juncture was of such piercing shrillness that Mr. Soper placed his fingers in his ears, and Mrs. Soper's mamma, who was in the next room, appeared on the scene in the twinkling of an eye.

"Oh, you awful brute!" she exclaimed as she balled her daughter's brow with hair oil in mistake for camphor, while the wretched man feebly endeavored to explain that he was only telling Mrs. Soper about a Jersey heifer that was going to buy.

"There, ma," said Mr. Soper, with a grasp, "I'm better now."

"You better leave the room," said the invalid with a world of significant wrath in her eye, and the unfortunate Soper departed muttering, as he slammed the outside behind him, that he'd be master in his own house some day; but he hasn't been yet, for Mr. Soper has recovered, and her mother has taken up a permanent residence with them.

To this day they don't speak to the Widow Stacy, and Mr. Soper's reiterated explanation has always been received in dignified and incredulous silence.

NOTWITHSTANDING the dullness of the past year, some of the cotton manufacturers appear to have made money, as shown by the reports of the annual meetings. The Manchester, New Hampshire, mills, for instance, realized a profit of \$268,808 on 27,881,638 yards of printed, dyed and finished goods; of which \$140,000 was paid to stockholders; it two dividends, and \$118,808 added to the working capital.

The principal trouble with the New England mills seem almost wholly by over-production. About ten per cent. of the whole product finds no market, and although this is comparatively a small amount, it has a strong tendency to make the business of manufacturing unprofitable. One reason why this percentage is allowed to encumber the mill owners is that small dealers throughout the country no longer carry such heavy stocks as formerly.

The jurymen in the Beecher trial contented that they are entitled to extra pay for their services, and have not given up hope of getting it. They have recently held several meetings and at last a committee has been appointed to draw up a petition to the Board of Supervisors in Brooklyn. The petition is signed by all the jurymen, except Thacker and Jefferys.

The 40 screw-line from Mill commenced recently so double turn, increased demand for their products compelling them to run day and night. It is the intention of the company to build at once three or four additional furnaces in their mill.

During the fifty years intervening between 1822 and 1872 no less than 500,000 persons were banished to Siberia from Russia.

The Oil Regions will likely be represented at the Centennial Exposition by the derrick of the Old Drake Well. The derrick is still standing at the well, near Titaville.

The Republicans have nearly doubled their majority on joint ballot in the Iowa legislature, and that is very good kind of inflation.