

The Great Spirit what to do with the prisoners, whether to kill us on the spot or spare our lives: he came to the conclusion that there had been blood enough shed, and as to the men they had lost, it was the fate of war, and we must be taken and adopted into the families of those whom we had killed; we were then divided amongst them according to the number of fires; packs were prepared for us, and they returned across the river at the Big Island in bark canoes; they then made their way across the hills, and came to Pine Creek, above the first forks, which they followed up to third fork, and took the most northerly branch to the head of it, and thence to the waters of the Genesee river. After two days travel down the Genesee river, we came to a place called the Pigeon Woods, where a great number of Indian families, old and young, had come to catch young pigeons; there we met a party of about forty warriors, on their way to the frontier settlements; they encamped some little distance apart, the warriors of the two parties holding a council at our camp. I soon perceived that I was the subject of their conversation; I was seized and dragged to the other camp, where the warriors were sitting on an opposite of a large fire; I was seated alone on the opposite side. Every eye was fixed upon me; I perceived they were gathering around in great numbers, in a short time I perceived a man pressing through the crowd; he came to me and sat down; I saw he was a white man painted in Indian dress. He examined me on the situation of the frontiers, the strength of our forts, the range of our scouts, &c. After he got through he observed that there was only one besides himself there that knew me. "Do you know me, sir?" said I. "I do; you are the man that killed the Indians." I thought of the fire and the stake; he observed that he was a prisoner and a friend; that his name was Jones, and he had been taken prisoner in the spring '81, with Capt. John Boyd, in Bradford county; that he would not expose me, and if I could pass through undiscovered and be delivered up to the British, I would be safer; if not, I would have to die at the stake. The next morning they moved down the river; two days after they came to the Canada village, the first on the Genesee river, where we were prepared to run the Indian gauntlet; the warriors do not whip—it is the young Indians and squaws. They met you in sight of their councilhouse, where they select the prisoners from the franks of the warriors, bring them in front, and when ready the word *joggo* is given, the prisoners start, the whippers follow after, and if they outrun, you will be severely whipped. I was placed in front of my men the word being given, we started. Being then young and full of nerve, I led the way; two young squaws came running up to join the whipping party, and when they saw us start they halted and stood shoulder to shoulder with their whips; when I came near them I bounded and kicked them over; we all came down together; there was considerable kicking amongst us, so much so that they showed their under dress, which appeared to be of a beautiful yellow color; I had no time to help them up. It was truly diverting to the warriors; they yelled and shouted till they made the air ring. They halted at that village for one day, and thence went to Fort Niagara, where I was delivered up to the British. I was adopted, according to the Indian custom, into Col. Butler's family, then the commanding officer of the British and Indians at that place. I was to supply the loss of his son, Capt. Butler, who was killed late in the fall of 1781, by the Americans. In honor to me as his adopted son, I was confined in a private room, and not put under a British guard.

My troubles soon began; the Indians were informed by the Tories that knew me that I had been a prisoner before; and had killed my captives; they were outrageous, and sent to Butler and demanded me, and as I was told, offered to bring in fourteen prisoners in my place. Butler sent an officer to examine me on the subject; he came and informed me their Indians laid heavy accusations against me; they were informed that I had been a prisoner before, and killed the party, and that they had demanded me to be given up to them, and that his Colonel wished to know the fact. I observed, "Sir, it is a serious question to answer; I will never deny the truth; I have been a prisoner before and killed the party, and returned to the service of my country; but sir, I consider myself to be a prisoner of war to the British, and I presume you will have more honor than to deliver me up to the savages. I know what my fate will be; and please to inform your colonel that we have it in our power to retaliate." He left me in a short time, and returned and stated that he was authorized to say to me that there was no alternative for me to save my life but to abandon the rebel cause and join the British standard; that I should take the same rank in the British service as I did in the rebel service. I replied, "No, sir, nor give me the stake, the tomahawk, or the knife, before the British commission; liberty or death is our motto!" he then left me. Some time after a lady came to my room, with whom I had been well acquainted before the revolution; we had been school-mates; she was then married to a British officer, he came with her. She had been to Col. Butler, and she was authorized to make me the same offer the officer had done; I thanked her for the trouble she had taken for my safety, but could not accept of the offer; she observed how much more honorable would it be to be an officer in

the British service. I observed that I could not thus dispose of myself in that way; I belonged to the Congress of the United States, and that I would abide the consequences; she left me, and it was the last I heard of it. A guard was set at the door of my apartment.

In about four days after I was sent down Lake Ontario to a place called Carlton Island, & from thence down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, where I was placed in prison, and found forty or fifty of our American officers, and where we had the honor to look through the iron gates. The fourth of July was drawing near; ten of us combined to celebrate the political birth-day of our country; we found ways and means to have some brandy conveyed into us unknown to the British guard, and we had a high day, after making a compromise with the guard. It was highly offensive to the British officers, and we ten were taken out and sent to Quebec, thence down St. Lawrence, and put on the Isle of Orleans, where we remained till the last of September, a British fleet sailed about that time and bound for New York; we were put on board of that fleet; when we came to New York there was no exchange for us. Gen. Carlton then commanded the British army at New York; he paroled us to return home.

In the month of March, 1783, I was exchanged, and had orders to take up my arms again. I joined my company in March at Northumberland; about that time Capt. Robinson received orders to march his company to Wyoming, to keep garrison at Wilkesbarre fort. He sent myself and Ensign Chambers with the company to her station, where we lay till November 1783. Our army was then discharged and our company likewise: poor and penniless we retired to the shades of a private life.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!

On Tuesday, the ninth day of October, A. D. eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, the Steam Ship Anti-masonic Whiggery, was blown up, after a desperate fought battle, with a terrible crash—the noise of which was heard in every part of this Commonwealth. She had been for a long time in a leaky condition, and, indeed, from the moment that she weighed anchor, and started on her voyage in December, 1835, her fate was predicted by a tumber of hardy democratic seamen, who even then pronounced her to be unseaworthy, and fit only to be laid up in dry dock.

During the whole voyage, she had been carrying more steam than ballast, and was especially noted for the derangement of her machinery, the incompetency of her principal and assistant engineers, the ignorance of her commander, and the rusty and ruinous state of her boilers. How she held so long together has been matter of marvel to all experienced hands; but the collapse, though delayed, has come at length.

For the last seven or eight months, she had steered into entirely different channels from those for which she had originally professed to be bound, and had been principally engaged in a system of piracy upon the various lines of canal into which she could make headway.—While engaged in the very act, and with the *Black Flag* hoisted at the mast-head, she was encountered, on Tuesday last, by the magnificent line of battle Ship, DEMOCRATIC PENNSYLVANIA, under the command of COM. DAVID RITTENHOUSE PORTER—which bore down upon her in truly gallant style, poured in a succession of heavy broadsides, and finally blow her to pieces.

The crew, like those of all piratical craft, presented a very motly appearance. Whigs, Antimasons, Abolitionists, broken-down Federalists, and Democrats patented for the occasion, were stowed between decks in lamentable confusion. Apprehensive of the approaching catastrophe, an immense number of enlistments had been recently made, and the bounty liberally paid down in hand, and no questions asked. A number of green hands, called for the occasion, Conservatives, were taken into the vessel on trial, who acted principally as loblolly boys and powdermonkeys. Extra Rations had been liberally supplied to infuse a temporary courage, and under the immediate direction of that celebrated veteran, *Peg Healty*, aided by the boatswain *Stonebraker*, the main-brace had been spliced with remarkable prodigality.

The Democratic Pennsylvania was manned by fifty three guns, each of which was named in honor of one of the counties of the Keystone State. Of these, about forty were brought to bear with great precision and wonderful effect on the pirate steamer. An old cannon, called *Berks* placed on the stern fired nearly four thousand shots in the course of the engagement, while another gun, named *Westmoreland*, riddled the enemy to pieces from the bows. An intermediate nine-pounder, bearing the name of the gallant *Perry*, raked the decks of the enemy from fore to aft; and *Centre*, placed appropriatedly, amidsthips, made every ball tell betwixt wind and water. *Old Montgomery's* throat was warmed by her continual explosions, and "*Hail Columbia*" played in fine style. The battle raged from 10 A. M. to 11 P. M. about which time the last broadside of the Pennsylvania was fired. The pirate, then, in a desperate endeavour to escape grounded: when the boilers burst and scattered the vessel into ten thousand fragments hurling the killed and wounded in every direction.

The loss of the enemy in dead and wounded has been immense. The body of the commander was found sticking fast in a mud bank into which it was driven head fore-

most by the explosion. It was recognized by the stubbled growth of hair over the forehead, extending down nearly to the eyes—the anticipated conflict not having allowed time for a shave in that quarter, for several weeks; as, also, by a large supply of abolition wadding found in the pockets.

The money changers, by whom the vessel had been fitted out, are in a state of indescribable agony—no insurance having been effected. The vessel was built in the port of Philadelphia, where her owners principally reside. Their lengthened and woebegone phizzes indicate the despair which has fastened on their hearts. It is supposed that *Nicholas Biddle*, who had calculated largely on the voyage, will lose his wits.

COMMODORE PORTER is at present lying at anchor in *Huntingdon Bay*, from which he will shortly make sail for *Harrisburg Harbour*, there to receive the rich reward with which the Democratic crew of the Pennsylvania intend crowning his gallant exploit of last Tuesday.—*Lancaster Intelligencer*.

From the Planter's Banner.

TERRIBLE AFFRAY IN LOUISIANA.

We have learned the following particulars of a terrible affray which took place near Harrisonburg, in the upper part of this State, from a gentleman from that section of the country.

Our informant states that about 15 years since, a man by the name of Hagerty, near Harrisonburg, was, it is said, by the malevolence of one Humble, charged with larceny. It appeared upon trial that the witness was suborned, and Hagerty was honorably acquitted. From that time forward a continued and burning hostility had existed between the two parties, producing of course many scenes of outrage & disorder, the spirit of which was most naturally and fearfully imbibed by the young men of both parties. Some years after the charge of larceny, Hagerty was murdered by one of his slaves, who at the execution declared that "he was hired to kill his master by a man in the neighborhood." The young Hagerty's believed it was one of the Humble's who had instigated the assassination. The war was thus continued with great spirit, and various success, though the Hagertys were generally oppressed their whole force being but a young man and a little boy but sixteen years old. About the first of this month (September) Humble with his two associates, Bass and Davis, caught this boy, ducked him, stripped him and then whipped him in the most unmerciful manner. The next day there was a police election. The parties met! Humble, Bass and Davis armed with rifles and pistols! Young Hagerty with a stick, and his brother with a double barreled gun. Young Hagerty told Humble that his little brother had been abused by them men, and he wished to know whether either of them had spirit enough to fight him? Humble raised his rifle to shoot him, and Hagerty sprang behind a tree. Humble told Bass to go round the tree with his rifle and shoot him if he did not "come out." The boy undid his brother the double barreled gun, who instantly stepped out with his gun at an "order" and told Humble he should have a fair chance if he wished to kill him! Humble then took deliberate aim and shot him—then turned in the door to get his pistol, advanced with it cocked and raised to an "aim" when he received the whole contents of one barrel, from the hands of the little boy, and "fell dead." The little fellow had just time to turn upon Bass who was advancing upon him from behind with his rifle at a dead aim. But he did turn without flinching, and poured the contents of the second barrel into the bosom of Bass, who fell dead at his feet. The boy was shot in the right breast—reeled and fell, just in time to avoid the fire of Davis, who took a pistol shot at his back! The boy and Bass were both badly powder burnt. Davis was arrested by the bystanders, but a justice of the peace came up and told them he did not think it right to keep a man "tied in that manner," and "he thought it best to turn him loose." It was accordingly done, and he absconded. Of the remaining four engaged in this terrible affray, the little boy alone survives.

Bank Robbery.—The Smithfield Union Bank was entered, on Saturday, between the hours of 8 and 10 in the morning, and robbed of \$3400, all in the bills of the bank, a portion of which can be identified. The cashier left the bank in the morning on some business; the robbers entered a vacant tenement over the bank and cut through the door, by which means they effected a passage into the banking room, and were able to carry off the money without the trouble of forcing the vault. A reward of \$500 is offered for the recovery of the money and the detection of the robbers.

Providence Jour.

Miners.—We are told that there exists at this time a great scarcity of miners in the *Coal Mines*. As high as 5 cents a bushel is paid for raising coal. Any number of hands could find employment here just now. We are told that the works on the *Des Moines Rapids*, Upper Mississippi, have been nearly suspended. The weather has become so cold that the laborers refuse to go into the water. As high as \$3 per day has been paid by the Superintendent to workmen who will go into the water, but most of them refuse even to work for that sum.—*St. Louis Republican*, Oct. 19.

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.



BLOOMSBURG:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1838.

For the Columbia Democrat.
FOR THE UNION CLUB.

ON SEASONING TIMBER.

There is a subject of considerable importance to all workers in wood, which is too little attended to: I mean the cutting and seasoning timber. It is known that all kinds of wood shrink in seasoning, and this fact is easily accounted for. All kinds of wood shrink and swell as they are placed in a dry or moist atmosphere; but the degree differs greatly in different species.—Those kinds that are least open grained, as bass and poplar, are the easiest affected, because though the texture of the wood is pretty uniform and not marked by alternate hard and soft strata, usually called "summer and winter growths," yet the wood is soft and infinitely porous. These pores are more numerous in soft, than in hard wood, and more evenly dispersed through the entire body; and hence moisture pervades the whole mass quicker by reason of capillary attraction: It is not, however, entirely certain that these kinds ultimately expand any more than the harder sorts will, if exposed to the action of water a sufficient length of time. This is worth the trouble of experiments; but my object is to examine another branch of the subject. Timber is always liable to damage from insects and worms. The result of my experience is, that oak of all kinds, together with some other kinds of upland timber, is most liable to be damaged if cut during the new of the moon, and seasons with the least, if cut during the three last days of the last quarter. Oak wood is heaviest and most firm and elastic if felled in February and August, and the more light and brittle if felled when the bark is loose. Ash, maple, hickory, pine and some other sorts are almost sure to be injured unless felled in the new of the moon; being exactly the reverse of oak. Beech is the most difficult of any timber to preserve, and though best cut during the new of the moon, yet it will then be eaten unless stripped of the bark and put in a very dry place. It is further, very liable to rot. I leave the matter stand on the basis of naked assertion, and reserve the proof, if necessary, till another occasion, and in the meanwhile, appeal to the experience of all wood-workmen to attest the truth of the position.

I have been accustomed to hear all assertions of this kind ranked with that species of superstition, familiarly called "pow-wow-ing," and the whole catalogue "laughed to scorn." No man despises these idle whims supposed to be brought about by witchcraft and supernatural means, more than I do. The ridiculous farce of shooting magic balls to wound persons hundreds of miles off, or hiding a stone to prevent a cow from returning to a former owner, I think scarce worth even contempt; but the circumstances attending the seasoning of timber, though at first view they appear of kindred growth, are, I conceive of much higher birth, and susceptible of rational demonstration. If the facts exist as I have premised they do, and admit of being accounted for on rational principles, then I hope I shall be heard without derision, and the subject will assume a rank in rational science.

It is admitted that the ebbing and flowing of the tides is caused by the attraction of the moon, sometimes in conjunction with, and sometimes in opposition to, the sun.—This I assume as a fact demonstrated by others, and therefore need not inquire whether the influence is exerted through the agency or medium of light, or in some other way. It is sufficient for my purpose that the influence acts on the aqueous fluid through some medium.

Farmers observe that manure put on grass ground at some times will raise up with the grass as it grows, but at other times the manure sinks into the ground and is scarcely to be found in a week or two. So also if a light board or shingle be thrown on the ground in the spring, it will raise with the grass as it grows, or it will imbed itself into the earth: Books tell me that a piece of beef, when boiled, swells out nearly even with the bones, if the animal was slaughtered

ed in one stage of the moon's phases, but that if killed during another stage, the flesh will contract and the bones will protrude inches at either side.

Now if these effects exist, they must spring from some cause, and as the effects are periodical, and change with the moon, that body must be an agent in producing them. If the moon be an agent, it must operate on some property, or constituent, common to all the substances and things before mentioned, to wit, tides, vegetables, timber, flesh, &c. Upon looking over the subject, I find no property common to them all except water, and hence I conclude that must be the agent through which the influence reaches all these bodies. The moon contracts if the state of the animal at the moment of death was that of contracting, and vice versa. The contraction only takes place after being heated because the rigidity of muscles prevents that result when cold, but when in a state of partial fusion, they assume that position to which they were inclining at the time they were arrested by death.

Timber is injured by insects and worms, but different sorts of wood produce different animals; and hence one sort suffers damage if cut at one time, and another at another. The reason of this is, that the nit or egg of one species of insect is deposited in one stage of the moon's changes, and of another at another. If the tree be felled when the last brood has flown out and prior to a new deposit, it will escape damage except from a larger kind of worm which infects only dead trees and fallen timber. As one kind of insect makes the deposit during the first and the other during the last quarter of the moon, it follows that the cutting must keep pace with the deposit to avoid the effects thereof. The nit being once deposited, is left to the action of the fluids of the tree to mature; and hence it is matured only at that time when the sap is operated on, or in such state as to mature it. Or if the influence is upon the fluids of the insect, and causes the deposit at a particular stage of that effect, the practical operation is the same, because the insect is, in either case, produced and brought to life periodically, and that period coincident with the changes of the moon.

Such, it occurs to me, is the cause of this mysterious matter; and though I do not pretend to know the names, genus, &c. of these insects, nor the time of depositing their nits, yet I conceive the argument sufficiently relevant to remove the subject out of the ridiculous, the superstitious, or witchcraft harbouring grade, and to entitle it to a candid and scientific examination. For the purpose of having it examined by the Union Club I have brought it thus hastily into notice, in a very crude and unscientific manner.

I have only mentioned the flesh as an incidental circumstance, because investigation of that article, though it might be gratifying, will not be substantially beneficial to mankind, the weight of the animal being the same in either state. But investigation so far as timber and manure are concerned is highly necessary and proper, because improvement in knowledge of these topics will be advantageous to the farmer and mechanic, and through them to the community at large.

The farmer should certainly haul out manure at the time most likely to benefit his land most; and the mechanic should cut timber for wagons, bridges, houses, &c. at the time which will insure the greatest durability and strength.

EZRA S. HAYHURST.

Read November 2, 1838, before the Union Club, Cattswhasa, and directed to be published in the "Democrat," by the Club.

The Governors of Maine, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Massachusetts have appointed Thursday, the 29th day of November, inst. to be observed as a day of public Thanksgiving. O what a rumpus there will be among the turkeys.

It is said that during the fifteen days the Giraffes have been exhibited in Philadelphia, about thirty-seven thousand persons have visited them.

Mr. S. S. Phelps has been elected United States Senator, by the Vermont Legislature, for six years from the 4th of March next.

The Cincinnati Post says "It is estimated on apparently correct data, that 500,000 emigrants arrive daily in the valley of the Mississippi."

The Cincinnati News states that the water is so low in the Illinois river, that the fish have to swallow each other in order to make room.