

# THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

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## TERMS:

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the North American.

### VALLY OF WYOMING—THE LOST SISTER.

After the battle and massacre, of Wyoming most of the settlers fled. But here and there a straggler returned from the mountains or wilderness, and in the course of three or four months, other cabins were going up over the ashes of their former homes, and quite a little neighborhood was collected. But the Indians kept prowling around on the mountains, now descending here and now there, killing this family scalping that, or making it captive. At a little distance from the present Court House at Wilkesbarre, lived a family by the name of Slocum, upon whom the visitations of the Indian's cruelties were awfully severe. The men were one day in the fields, and in an instant, the house was surrounded by Indians. There were in it, the mother, a daughter about nine years of age, a son aged thirteen, another daughter aged five, and a little boy aged two and a half. A young man and a boy by the name of Kingsley, were present grinding a knife. The first thing the Indians did was to shoot down the young man and scalp him with the knife which he had in his hand. The nine year old sister took the little boy two years and a half old, and ran out of the back door to get to the fort. The Indians chased her just enough to see her fright, and to have a hearty laugh as she ran and clung to and lifted her chubby little brother. They then took the Kingsley boy and young Slocum, aged thirteen; and little Frances aged five, and prepared to depart. But finding young Slocum lame, at the earnest entreaties of the mother, they set him down and left him. Their captives were then young Kingsley and the little girl. The mother's heart swelled unutterably, and for years she could not describe the scene without tears. She saw an Indian throw her child over his shoulder, and as her hair fell over her face, with one hand she brushed it aside, while the tears fell from her distended eye, and stretching out her other hand towards her mother, she called for her aid. The Indian turned into the bushes and this was the last seen of little Frances. This image, probably was carried by the mother to her grave. About a month after this they came again, and with the most awful cruelties, murdered the grandfather, and shot a ball in the leg of the lame boy. This he carried with him in his leg nearly sixty years, to the grave.—The last child was born a few months after these tragedies! What were the conversations, what were the conjectures, what were the hopes and fears respecting little Frances. I will not attempt to describe. Probably the children saw that in all after life, the heart of the stricken mother was yearning for the little one whose fate was so uncertain, and whose face she could never see again.

As the boys grew up and became men, they were very anxious to know the fate of their little fair haired sister. They wrote letters, they sent inquiries, they made journeys through all the West and into the Canadas, if peradventure they might learn any thing respecting her fate. Four of these

long journeys were made in vain. A silence deep as that of the deepest forest through which she wandered, hung over her fate, and that sixty years.

My reader will now pass over 58 years from the time of this captivity, and suppose himself far in the wilderness in the furthest part of Indiana. A very respectable agent of the United States is travelling there, and weary and belated, with a tired horse, he stops at an Indian wigwam for the night.—He can speak the Indian language the family are rich for Indians, have horses and skins in abundance. In the course of the evening, he notices that the hair of the women is light, and her skin, under her dress is also white. This led to a conversation. She told him she was a white child, but had been carried away when a very small girl. She could only remember that her name was Slocum that she lived in a little house on the banks of the Susquehanna, and how many they were in her father's family, and the order of their ages! But the name of the town she could not remember. On reaching his home, the agent mentioned this story to his mother. She urged and pressed him to write an account. Accordingly he wrote it and sent to Lancaster of this state, requesting that it might be published. By some, to me, unaccountably blunder, it lay in the office two years before it was printed. But last summer it was published. In a few days it fell in the hands of Mr. Slocum, of Wilkesbarre, who was the little two and a half year old boy, when Frances was taken. In a few days he was off to seek his sister, taking with him his older sister, (the one who aided him to escape) and writing to a brother who now lives in Ohio, and who I believe was born after the captivity, to meet him and go with him.

The two brothers and sister now (1838) on their way to seek little Frances, just sixty years after her captivity. After travelling more than 300 miles through the wilderness, they reach the Indiana country, the home of the Miami Indian. Nine miles from the nearest white, they find the little wigwam. "I shall know my sister," said the civilized sister, "because she lost the nail of the first finger. Your brother, hammered it off in the blacksmith shop when she was four years old." They go into the cabin and find an Indian woman having the appearance of seventy-five. She is painted and jewelled off, and dressed like the Indians in all respects. Nothing but her hair and covered skin would indicate her origin. They get an interpreter and begin to converse she tells them where she was born her name &c., with the order of her father's family. "How came your nail gone?" said the oldest sister. "My oldest brother pounded it off when I was a little child in the shop!" In a word, they were satisfied that this was Frances, their long lost sister! They asked her what her christian name was? She could not remember. Was it Frances? She smiled and said "yes."—It was the first time she had heard it pronounced for 60 years! Here, then, they were met—two brothers and two sisters! They were all satisfied they were brothers and sisters. But what a contrast! The brothers were walking in the cabin unable to speak; the oldest sister was weeping, but the poor Indian sister sat motionless and passionless, as indifferent as a spectator. There was no throbbing, no fine cords in her bosom to be touched.

When Mr. Slocum was giving me this history, I said to him—"but could not she speak English?" "Not a word." "Did she not know her age?" "No; had no idea of it." "But was she entirely ignorant?" "Sir, she did not know when Sunday came!" This was indeed the consummation of ignorance in a descendant of the Puritans!

But what a picture for a painter would the inside of that cabin have afforded! Here were the children of civilization, respectable, temperate, intelligent and wealthy, able to overcome mountains to recover their sister. There was the child of the forest unable to tell the day of the week, whose

views and feelings were all confined to that cabin. Her whole history might be told in a word. She lived with the Delawares who carried her off, till grown up, and then married a Delaware. He either died or ran away, she then married a Miami Indian, a chief as I believe. She has two daughters, both of whom are married and who live in all the glory of an Indian cabin, deer-skin clothes, and cow-skin head dresses. No one of the family can speak a word of English. They have horses in abundance and when the Indian sister wanted to accompany the new relatives, she whipped out, bridled her horse, and then *ala Turk*, mounted astride and was off. At night she could throw a blanket around her, down upon the floor and at once be asleep.

The brothers and sister tried to persuade their lost sister to return with them, and if she desired it, bring her children. They would transplant her again to the bank of the Susquehanna, and of their wealth make her home happy. But no. She had always lived with the Indians; they had always been kind to her, and she had promised her late husband on his death bed, that she would never leave the Indians.—And there they left her and hers, wild and darkened heathens, though sprung from a pious race. You can hardly imagine how much this brother is interested for her. He says he intends this autumn to go again that long journey to see his tawny sister, to carry her some presents, and perhaps will go and petition Congress that if ever these Missamis are driven off there may be a tract of land reserved for his sister and her descendants! His heart yearns with indelible tenderness for the poor helpless one, who sixty years ago was torn from the arms of her mother. Mysterious Providence!—How wonderful the tie which can thus bind a family together with a chain so strong that nothing can break its links!

I will only add, that nothing has ever been heard of the Kingsley. The probability certainly is, that he is not living.—This account, hastily and imperfectly given, I had from the lips of Mr. Slocum, the brother, and the same who was two and a half years old when little Frances was carried away. I believe I have altered nothing, though I have omitted enough to make the good part of an interesting volume.

*A Fragment*—'Twas night, and such a night as earth ne'er saw before: Murky clouds veiled the fair face of heaven, and gave to pitchy darkness a still deeper dye.—The moon had fled—the stars had closed their eyes for deeds were doing they dare not look upon! The gods of the elements were abroad. Eolus exulting led forth his legions, howling from their dark caverns: Neptune, foaming with rage, roared madly, as he contended with his rock bound prison. The incensed Thunder drawn by his winged steed, in his aerial chariot, flashing lightning from his eyes, bellowed forth his madness—and ever and anon the demoniac shout of Ate, and the fiendish laughter of Hecate and her crew were heard above the tempest. For a time the pure streams turned stagnant and ceased to flow the mountain trembled, and the forest dropped its leaves, the flowers lost their fragrance and withered, and all nature became desolate. In glee serpents hissed, harpies screamed, and satyrs revelled beneath the branches of the Upas. Domestic beasts crept near the abode of men. The lion relinquished his half eaten prey; the tiger, forgetful of his fierceness, ran howling to his lair; and even the hiena deserted his rest of dead men's bones. Man alone of all earth's creatures slept. But still he slept as if the boding of some half unknown calamity brooded over his mind. The aspiring youth muttered of blasted hopes; long cherished—young, fair and gifted maidens would start, and trembling, weep their injured innocence—and mothers, too would half awake and while they pressed their little nurslings to their breasts, would breathe still another prayer for the protection. On such a night—Hell yawned, and gazed to earth—*A Slanderer*.

### THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

BY WM. MOTHERWELL.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth sigh,  
Like some sweet plaintive melody  
Of ages long gone by:  
It speaks a tale of other years—  
Of hopes that bloomed to die—  
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,  
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth moan;  
It stirs some chord of memory  
In each dull, heavy tone:  
The voices of the much-loved dead  
Seem floating thereupon;  
All, all my fond heart cherished  
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth swell,  
With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy,  
Hope's passionate farewell:  
To the dreary joys of other years,  
Ere yet grief's canter fell  
On the hearts bloom—ay! I well may tears  
Start at that parting knell.

From Rayder's Life of Jefferson.

### LAST HOURS & DEATH OF T. JEFFERSON.

When the morning of that day came, he appeared to be thoroughly impressed, and, as if preternaturally, that he could not live through it, and only expressed a desire that he might survive until mid day. He seemed perfectly at ease, being willing to die. When the doctor entered his room, he said, "Well doctor, you see I am here yet." His disorder being checked, a friend expressed a hope of amendment. His reply was, that "the powers of nature were too much exhausted to be rallied." One member of the family observing that he was better, and that the doctor thought so, he listened with evident impatience, and said, "Do not imagine for a moment that I feel the smallest solicitude for the result. He then calmly gave directions for his funeral, expressly forbidding all pomp and parade, when, being answered by a hope that it would be long ere the occasion would require their observance, he asked, with a smile, "Do you think I fear to die?" A few moments after he called his family and friends around his bed side, and uttered distinctly the following sentence: "I have done for my country and for all mankind, all that I could do, and I now resign my soul without fear to my God, my daughter to my country." These were the last solemn declarations to the world.—his dying will and testament, bequeathing his most precious gifts to his God and to his country. "All that was heard, from him afterwards, was a hurried repetition, in indistinct and scarcely audible accents, of his favorite ejaculation, *Nunc Dimittas Dominie*—Nunc, Dimittas, Dominie. He sunk away imperceptibly, and breathed his last, without a struggle or a murmur at ten minutes before 1 o'clock, on the great JUBILEE of American Liberty—the day, and hour, too, on which the Declaration of Independence received its final reading, & the day and hour, on which he prayed to Heaven that he might be permitted to depart.

Astonshing coincidence! wonderful a-thanasia! Was not the hand of God most affectingly displayed in this event, as if to add another, and a crowning one, to the multiplied proofs of his especial superintendence over this happy country! On the anniversary of the day the most distinguished in the annals of mankind; on the fiftieth anniversary of that momentous day, too, which his own great work had rendered thus momentous; at the identical moment, when fifty years before he was engaged in repeating his sublime and eternal truths, for the final adoption of his country—and in merciful fulfilment of his last earthly prayer: he closed his eyes in patriot ecstasy, amidst the thunder of artillery, and the lightning of impassioned declamation of a congregated nation united with one voice in proclaiming the assurance of his immortality! The like felicitous combination has never

happened in the world—no, nor can it ever happen, may be almost said with certainty. Few of the miracles recorded in the sacred writings are more conspicuous or imposing. Mark again—what did not escape the wonder & the record of the anxious spectators of the scene; the extraordinary protraction of physical existence, manifested in the last moments of Mr. Jefferson, as if to render the coincident more strikingly and beautifully complete. At 8 o'clock P. M. on the third of July, his physician of whose eminence it is superfluous to speak, pronounced that he might be expected to cease to live every quarter of an hour from that time. Yet he lived seventeen hours longer without any evident pain or suffering or restlessness, and intelligence, for much more than twelve hours of the time; and at last gradually subsided into inanimation like a lamp which had shone throughout a dark night, spreading for its beneficent rays and had continued to burn enough to usher in broad day light upon mankind: His desire to see the noontide of the national jubilee was thus wonderfully fulfilled, contrary to the expectations of those around him. Surely a life so precious and illustrious, should, if possible, be rendered more estimable, more sacred in the contemplation of the incomprehensible felicity of his death.

*The Gentleman At Church* may be known by the following marks.

1. Comes in good season, so as neither to interrupt the pastor nor congregation by a late arrival.
2. Does not stop upon the steps or in the portico, either to gaze at the ladies, salute friends, or display his colloquial powers.
3. Opens and shuts the door gently, and walks deliberately up the aisle or gallery stairs and gets to his seat as quietly, and by making as few people remove as possible.
4. Takes his seat either in the back part of the seat or steps out into the aisle when any one wishes to pass in, and never thinks of such a thing as making people crowd past him while keeping his place in the seat.
5. Is always attentive to strangers, and gives up his seat to such; seeking another for himself.
6. Never thinks of debbing the house of God with tobacco spittle, or annoying those who sit near him by chewing that nauseous weed in church.
7. Never unless in case of illness, gets up and goes out in time of service: But if necessity compels him to do so, goes so quietly that his very manner is an apology for the act.
8. Does not engage in conversation before commencement of service.
9. Does not whisper, or laugh, or eat fruit in the house of God, or lounge.
10. Does not rush out of church like a tramping horse the moment the benediction is pronounced, but retires slowly in a noise less quiet manner.
11. Does all he can by precept and example to promote decorum in others.

### WELLERISMS.

'Stick no bills here,' as the people in Key West say to the mosquitoes.  
'Take, oh take those lips away,' as the gudgeon said to the shark.  
'I'll be sure to meet you,' as the butcher said ven the man challenged him.  
'Great many ups and downs in this world,' as the pump handle said ven they had been usin 'him.  
'I dont come without knocking,' as the bullet said ven it asked the fox if he could give it lodgings in his upper story.  
'Vot makes you come end foremost,' as the man said ven the humble-bee stung him.  
'I have no change,' as the dandy said vot had all his wardrobe on his back.  
'Give us a shake of your hand old frien,' as the ague said to the wolveroons.  
'Look out for squalls,' as the nurse said ven the child was born.