

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.

MEANTONIMO.

A TALE OF WYOMING.

"Come, my boys, sit down by me, and I'll tell you a story," said an old grey-haired pensioner of the Revolution, who numbered something more than four score years. We were his grand-children, and he called us all boys though some of us might have been of the age at which every one calls himself a man. I saw by the kindling of his small piercing eye that he was about to tell us something, the memory of which roused up his whole soul, and with more than usual interest sat down to hear him relate for the first time the following tale.

"Before the war of the Revolution broke out," said he, "the Indians used frequently to visit Wyoming, (where my father had settled) for the purpose of trading; and, as they had never received any thing of injury or insult from the peaceful settlers, a perfect confidence existed between them. I observed one day, among a party of these Indians—a young female of about seventeen summers. She was sitting on the ground after the manner of her race. Her arms were bare and formed a complete taper from the shoulder to the ends of her fingers.—Her wrist were encircled by broad silver bracelets. One breast was uncovered, and her swelling bosom was a complete model of female beauty—her cheek was rather fair and rich, as if English blood was flowing in her veins. Her dark eyes sparkled—her teeth were even, and as white as ivory—and her smile—Ah! I see—and feel it now. But what particularly struck my fancy, was the beautiful symmetry of her form. Her Indian dress displayed this to the best advantage. Her light mantle girted closely about her waist by a belt of wampum—light leggings, and low moccasins—concealed none of the roundness of her form, or the beautiful turn of her ankle. And when she rose from the ground, and stood in listless attitude gazing carelessly around, I was chained to the spot with admiration. Such a form, no painter could copy or sculptor imitate. I was young then, but never shall I forget that Indian girl.

Several times afterward, she came to our settlement with others of her tribe; and so entirely was my fancy taken up with her appearance, that I did all my trading with her. The consequence was, we became quite intimate. We knew enough of each other's language, so as, between the two, to be able to converse with sufficient fluency. We passed hours together, and I found her the true child of nature. Her heart was pure and self; and had not the war broken out she might have been, boys, your grand-mother!" We laughed at this idea—but she proceeded. "I really think if we had been each other much more, we should have been completely in love. One day gave her a small gold breast pin, which she promised to wear for my sake; see, I have it now. When we parted that day, tears stood in her eyes: she told me for the first time, her name, and asked me if I would sometimes remember Meantonimo. I never saw her but once again!

"Well, in July, 1778, the Tories and Indians attacked and took two of our forts at Wyoming—the first surrendered without any resistance—the other soon after the assault was commenced. We had accordingly fortified ourselves as strongly as possible in the only fort that remained, which, however, was capable of being defended with comparative ease. It was called, the Forty Fort. One day a man, named Daniel Lawrence, and myself, were sent out to collect cattle. The Indians were then killing all the cattle they could find. While engaged in this business, we heard that Col. Butler, who commanded our little army, allured by the offers of the treaty by the Tories and Indians, had determined to lead the men out of the Fort. We took a hasty drink from a spring and ran. Just as we reached the Fort the men were going.—Col. Dennison remained to defend the fort. Capt. Ransom requested Zebulon Butler to permit him to take a few men and go on in advance to discover where the Indians were. He chose Mr. Lawrence, myself, and twelve others. Placing us a few rods apart, he told us to keep a sharp look-out, and the moment we saw an Indian to let him know it—so we marched on. Presently I espied one skulking among the bushes; "Capt. Ransom," said I—"I see em'm!"

"Where?"

"By the bush yonder—and see, there's another." We went within a few rods of them, and whenever we saw one, fired.—They never fired a gun but kept retreating slowly, till they had drawn us a long distance from the fort. The number of our men was just three hundred and sixty.—There were fourteen hundred of the enemy. All at once we found they had drawn us into ambush. We were nearly surrounded. Col. Butler ordered our right wing to retreat, and flank them. It was too late. They sprang upon us—and such slaughter! That was fighting! It makes my old blood boil now, to think of it! I feel twenty years younger! and the old man sprang from his chair and paced the room with all the vigor of youth. "The Indians that day took almost scalps enough to make roofs for their wigwams! Some of our men broke through and fled to Mononocknock island. Five of us ran some distance together, suddenly three were shot down, and a man named Franklin and myself, were were left alone. The poor wretches that were shot called loudly for help—it was in vain. I never turned my head—to help them was impossible. Though I hardly think the Indians would have killed me had they caught me. I spoke once to my companion. Franklin—"I'll stop I can run no farther. I'll be a prisoner."

"Spring, spring, for your life," said he—"the moment they come upon you they will kill you." We had just come to a steep bank perhaps two rods down; I went down at a jump! I looked around, I was alone. Franklin was gone, where I know not. I stood thinking what was best to be done. The Indians were close on the top of the hill. They beckoned to me. I turned and sprang. I ran as nearly as I can calculate forty rods. Suddenly all was dark—I could see no more. Down I fell gun and all—well loaded too. Luckily I had fallen in a little cluster of bushes. I heard them pass me; soon as they were by I scraped the leaves over me as well as I could, and then lay perfectly still. They had seen me fall, and soon came back to search for me. They came so near I could see their eyes rolling. They hunted till dark, and when they could see no longer they raised a long whoop, and went away—as soon as all of them had disappeared at the place where I had seen the last of Franklin, I got up and went to the fort. But what was the garrison then? Of those three hundred and sixty brave fellows that marched out, only sixty ever returned. I enquired for Capt. Ransom. No one had seen him. I had seen him once—then the Indians caught him, but I had hoped he might have escaped, he was a brave man. I had fought under him before; and if ever a commander was

beloved by his soldiers it was Capt. Ransom.

"The next day one of our men came in. His name was Oliver Hammond. The Tories had taken him prisoner and delivered him to the Indians. He knew what his fate would be, and determined, if he was their prisoner, he would not be their victim, without an effort for his life. He suddenly attacked them with his fists. They could not fire upon him for he was in the very midst of them. He escaped, and I saw him come back with a flesh wound in his arm. He had seen Captain Ransom.—He was a prisoner and would probably soon be sacrificed to their vengeance.

"I have said that Capt. Ransom's men loved him: consequently I had no difficulty in persuading others to assist me in attempting his rescue. That same night eight of us left the fort with Hammond for our guide and by day-light were close upon the encampment of the enemy. We agreed upon a signal at which to make the attempt and then each chose for himself a hiding place where he might be concealed. All the morning the Indians were engaged in council. I had selected a place on a craggy eminence, covered with small underwood—near the little plain where they had encamped, and could distinctly see all that was taking place. Brandt, the notorious half breed, was there—and was loud and long in his declamation—I could trace the efforts of his discourse, upon the stern and savage spirits around him—and as his tones grew deeper and his gestures more violent and the expressions of his countenance like that of a tiger springing on his prey—their eyes kindled, their teeth gnashed, till at last—at his concluding burst of indignation and savage eloquence, each one grasped his knife or tomahawk—and they sprang simultaneously on their feet, as if they were the victims of their victim. Then I knew that all hope of his safety from the mercy of the savages was vain, and that unless we saved him—torments and insults and every thing worse than death must be his portion."

"Near the centre, of the place stood a small tree. He stood there, a mark for the insults of the merciless squaws, whilst the men, all of them as I thought, went to the forest at some distance, some to hunt, others to collect fuel for the fire. I saw that the moment of trial had come—changing my plan I did not fire my gun which was the signal agreed upon but rushed down as silently as possible, hoping I might be able to free the captain and escape with him before the savages could get the alarm. I was mistaken—they were too cunning to leave such a prisoner in charge of few squaws only—and before I could reach the spot—a brawny savage rushed towards me from a tent near by. I levelled my gun; it missed fire; I felt that my hour had come. I stood facing my foe determined to die bravely.—His gun was levelled at my breast—but before he had time to draw the trigger, an Indian girl—just growing into womanhood sprang between us and offered her own breast to the bullet. It was Meantonimo! She had recognised me, and in return for my former kindness had thus periled her life to save mine. Her dark eye flashed with indignation, strong resolution sat upon her brow, and as she stood thus, one hand upon her head, the other pointing in a manner half threatening half entreating, to the blood thirsty savage before me, a queen might have envied her that figure and that grace of attitude which could never be approached in all the imitations of the most gifted artist that ever handled the steel. Brandt's gun for it was himself, dropped from his shoulder for a moment he stood in dumb surprise, then the spirit of unsated vengeance flashed in streams of fire from his eyes, and quivered on his lip. "The white man shall not die!" said Meantonimo, "you dare not fire! 'Tis Meantonimo that speaks." Am I a fool, said he, that I shall spare the life of the pale face, my enemy. And does Meantonimo try to hinder the punishment of the foe of her race? She had better make her tent with the pale fa-

ces for her heart is white, and her soul does not become the daughter of a chief, who should have course to drink the very blood of the enemies of her tribe." This was uttered in a tone of most taunting and bitter irony. The proud form of the prouder girl drew up to still greater height, and her lip curled with scorn as she replied.—"And is it thus that the 'Hawkeye' tries to change the purpose of the daughters of Owanabee? Is this the love of which he has so often told her? No! The pale face was kind to Meantonimo—here—(pointing to the very pin which I had given her) is the token of his friendship—she is now his friend—and he shall not die! The Hawkeye may keep his boasted love—or waste it on some pretty maiden, who will not dare to disobey his commands. Meantonimo needs it not. She scorns it—and would not ask of him even her own life." Never shall I forget her look as she said this, nor the fierce expression with which Brandt regarded us both. Yet unwilling or afraid to slay her, whom he perhaps really loved or feared, he threw down his gun and sprang towards me with his knife. His arm was raised—the blow fell—and before I could make an effort to arrest it, the long blade was sheathed to the handle in the breast of Meantonimo!—"Noble girl, and the old man wiped his eyes." "I can never help dropping a tear, as I remember, how she threw herself between me and death.—Brandt was overcome with astonishment. She was not a victim he had wished; profiting by his momentary stupor, I snatched this same pin from the breast of the unfortunate girl—and sprang towards the stake where my dear Captain was bound, a spectator of this scene—without the power of rendering assistance. Brandt saw my purpose, regained his gun, and fired a volley in the heart of my brave commander—I had then no object for further danger or contest.

I bounded towards the hill where I had lain concealed. By this time some of the other Indians had returned—a pursuit was instantly commenced. Some of the men I had left concealed now fired, others fled.—By the help of Providence I reached my home in safety.—All this took place long since, but it is as fresh in my memory as if it had been but yesterday—and were I to live a thousand years, to my latest day I should love and reverence the memory of the noble hearted Meantonimos.

Note. Such hair breadth escapes may seem incredible they are nevertheless true. The particulars in regard to the massacre at Wyoming are perfectly correct. The whole was noted down from the lips of an actor in the scene who is still living.

*The name by which Brandt was called by the Indians.

A NEW ITEM IN A BILL.

Some 25 years ago while Jerome Buonaparte was travelling through New England with a large suite, he stopped over night at the tavern of an araucanian old hunk in one of the beautiful villages of Western Massachusetts. The landlord was an Englishman born, ultra Tory in his feelings, and when he heard in the morning that he was to have no less a person than a brother of the great Napoleon, with an extensive retinue, for his guests at night his joy knew no bounds. Extra servants were employed the rooms were all cleansed, clean sheets put upon the beds, chickens and turkeys were run down and had their necks rung—in short every preparation was made to give the prince a reception becoming his high rank.

Night finally came, and with it came Jerome Buonaparte with some twenty friends and servants. Here was a windfall for an old tavern keeper—here was business for him. Supper was soon served, the distinguished guests went to bed at an early hour, and at an early hour again next morning breakfast was prepared and swallowed and soon after every thing was arranged for their departure. There was one very im-

portant duty still to be performed by the tavern keeper—the making of the bill. Such customers were scarce—Buonapartes seldom visited that part of the country—and Boniface was determined to make the most of the present visit. He got along remarkably well with the bill until he run it up to \$75. This was not enough. The landlord could not think of letting the brother of the greatest man of the age off short of \$100 He 'figured' it over again, added a little here, and put in an 'extra' there but after all it only amounted to \$89. 'The bill! the bill!' was shouted in his ears, but the bill was not right' as he viewed it. All was bustle and confusion, The French servants were chattering and bustling about, the carriages were all ready to start, and nothing was wanting but the bill.

"Why for you no make de bill?" said the cashier of the party.

"In one minute," retorted the landlord scratching his head.

"By gar you must make him queek, or me no pay," continued the Frenchman.

"Yes, yes: I hear you," said the landlord, his eyes glancing from one carriage to another.

Suddenly a thought struck him. Amid the unwonted clatter, jabber and din about his ears, he reflected that he could turn all the extra confusion and noise the visit had occasioned to some account. The item he had so long tried to conjure up was at length found, and he immediately finished the bill with

"To making a d—d fuss generally, \$20." The paymaster just glanced at the amount, paid the bill and was off instanter. Whether Jerome Buonaparte ever found out that he had paid \$20 for 'making a d—d fuss generally' about a Yankee tavern keeper's bill, Fiddler, or Mrs. Trollope should get hold of this story they may rely upon its authenticity.

How to Acquire High Wealth.—Walker, in his "Original," lays down the following rules for attaining high health. They are worth remembering, particularly his advice to wives and husbands:

"First study to acquire a composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation of one or the other, especially just before and after meals, and whilst the process of digestion is going on. To this end, govern your temper, endeavor to look at the bright side of things, keep down as much as possible the unruly passions, discard envy, hatred & malice, & lay your pillow in charity with all mankind. Let not your wants out run your means. Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but only think what it is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result. When your meals are solitary, let your thoughts be cheerful; when they are social, which is better, avoid disputes or serious argument, or unpleasant topics. "Unquiet meals," says Shakspeare, "make ill digestions;" and the contrary is produced by easy conversation, a pleasant project, welcome news or a lively companion. I advise wives not to entertain their husbands with domestic grievances about children or servants, nor to ask for money, nor produce unpaid bills, nor propound unreasonable or provoking questions; and advise husbands to keep the care and vexations of the world to themselves, but to be communicative of whatever is comfortable and cheerful and amusing.

We call that a contrary wind, which is not favorable to ourselves—forgetting that at the same time it is blowing a favorable gale for somebody else.

The influence of the good man ceases not at death; he, as the visible agent, is removed, but the light and influence of his example still remains, and the moral elements of this world will long show the traces of their vigor and purity; just as the western sky, after the sun is set, still betrays the glowing traces of the departed orb.

You don't know what this line is for.