

Jeffersonian Republican.

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, SEPTEMBER 25, 1840.

No 35.

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 Ira 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 Eason 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, department 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 in delicate 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 re-opened at Stoddartsville, 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 Stoddartsville 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 Stoddartsville. It is expected that the work will be commenced as soon as practicable and be completed with despatch.

Wyoming Sketches.

(CONTINUED.)

"If misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have conversed with—
Have in her school been taught—as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
Even wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune."

Considering the extent of the slaughter in the battle and massacre of Wyoming, the number of the survivors of that fatal day yet lingering this side of the grave is much greater than we had expected to find. And the still larger number of the immediate descendants of those who fell, yet inhabiting the valley, was also a source of surprise. Both circumstances speak well for the place and the people—proving the salubrity of the climate, and the good taste and domestic habits of those who enjoy it.

Having refreshed our minds with the general history of the valley, our next desire was to traverse it, and visit the battle field, and the sites of the old forts, and also to pay our respects to some of the survivors of the dreadful scenes we have been describing. Our arrangements for this purpose were facilitated by the worthy gentleman heretofore named, Mr. Charles Miner, who, with his excellent lady, joined our little party in the excursion. "And who is Mr. Miner?" perhaps some querulous reader may be disposed to inquire. He is an able man, and withal one of the most amiable and hospitable. Charles Miner is a native of Norwich, Connecticut, and emigrated to the valley of Wyoming in the year 1779—being then nineteen years of age. He first engaged in school teaching. Having a brother, a year or two older than himself, who was a practical printer, he invited him to join him in his sylvan retreat, and establish a newspaper. The brother did so; and the twain conjointly established one. This one was subsequently superseded by "The Gleaner," but under the same editorial conduct—that of Charles Miner. It was through the columns of the Gleaner that Mr. Miner, for a long series of months, instructed and amused the American people by those celebrated essays of morals and wit, of fact and fancy and delicate humor purporting to come "From the Desk of Poor Robert, the Scribe," and which were very generally republished in the newspapers. The Gleaner and its editor became so popular, that the latter was invited to Philadelphia, as associate editor of the "Political and Commercial Register," so long and favorably known under the conduct of the late Major Jackson.

Not liking the metropolis, however, Mr. Miner soon retired to the pleasant town of Westchester, 18 miles from Philadelphia, where, in connexion with his brother Asher, who had also removed from Wilkesbarre, he established the Village Record—a paper which became as popular for its good taste, and the delicacy of its humor, as the Gleaner had been aforesaid. Poor Robert here wrote again under the signature of "John Harwood." While a resident of Westchester, Mr. Miner was twice successively elected to Congress, in a double district, as a colleague of the present Senator Buchanan—then a high-toned federalist—now the very pink of democracy. And such democracy!

While in Congress Mr. Miner showed himself not only as a useful, but as an able member. On the subject of slavery he took a deep interest, laboring diligently in behalf of those rational measures for its melioration, which were doing great good before the abolition wild-fire broke out, and paralysed the rational efforts of rational men. There is another act for which Mr. Miner deserves all praise. It was he who awakened the attention of the country to the silkworming business. He drew and introduced the first resolution upon the subject, and wrote the able report which was introduced by General Van Rensselaer, as chairman of the committee on agriculture, to whom that resolution had been referred.

It is now about six years since Mr. Miner relinquished business in Westchester, and, with his brother, returned to Wyoming, where both have every promise of spending the evening of their days most happily. They have extensive farms, and eight hundred acres of coal-mines, which must ere long become immensely valuable. But more upon this subject at another time.

Crossing the Susquehanna from Wilkesbarre, into Kingston, our first visit was to the Reverend Benjamin Bidlac, a clergyman of the Methodist denomination, who, and his lady, are survivors of the memorable scenes of 1778, already described. We found the venerable man sitting in his arm-chair, and although between eighty and ninety years of age, of clear and sound mind. He is of a tall and athletic form, of intellectual and strongly marked features, and in the full pride of manhood his presence must have been commanding. The object of our visit having been made known by Mr. Miner, both Mr. and Mrs. Bidlac were free and intelligent in their rehearsals of by-gone scenes. Mr. Bidlac was not himself in the battle of Wyoming, not being at home at the time of its occurrence. But he had a brother, Capt. James Bidlac, jr., in that bloody affair, who bravely fell at the head of his company, only eight of whom escaped the horrors of that day. He entered the field with but thirty-two rank and file, twenty-four of whom were slain. His station

was near the left wing, but he refused to move from his post, although the greater portion of his comrades had broken and were in full flight. Their father, James Bidlac, senior, was one of the fathers of the settlement; and when the middle-aged portion of their population was drawn away by enlistment in the continental army, the old gentleman commanded a corps of aged men, exempts, and kept garrison in one of their little forts, called Plymouth. Benjamin, the aged patriot whom we were now visiting, went early into the regular service. He was with Washington in the vicinity of Boston, in the summer of 1775.

His term of enlistment expired in 1777, whereupon he returned to his parental home, and for a season engaged in the most hazardous and fatiguing service of the border. Engaging again in the regular service, he continued in the army until the effectual conclusion of the war by the brilliant conquest of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, in the siege of which fortress he participated. Speaking of that affair one day to Mr. Miner—"Our batteries played away night and day," said he with animation—"It was an incessant blaze and thunder—roar and flash.—Midnight was lighted up so that you might pick up a glove, almost anywhere about the works."

In 1779, the year subsequent to the massacre, during a sudden irruption of the Indians, Mr. James Bidlac the father was seized and carried into captivity, nor did he obtain a release until the close of the war. He also lost another son in battle before the contest. The old gentleman died about thirty years ago. It is many years since Benjamin became a minister of the Gospel. From his great age he no longer officiates in that capacity, but it is said of his preaching "that he spoke as he had fought, with impressive earnestness, and ardent sincerity."

The venerable consort of Mr. Bidlac is now eighty one years of age, and of course must have been twenty at the time of the battle. She bears her years exceedingly well, and we found her cheerfully engaged in the domestic duties of the household, and as active as though twenty years younger. Her maiden name was Gore, a member of the brave family so many of whom fell in the massacre, as related in a former number. Five of her brothers and two brothers-in-law went into the battle, and her father, who had been commissioned a magistrate in the preceding spring, by Governor Trumbull, was one of the aged men left for the defence of Fort Forty, while Col. Z. Butler marched forth to meet the enemy. Five of her brothers were left dead on the field, and a sixth was wounded. She was herself taken prisoner in Fort Wyoming, and one of the Indians placed his mark upon her as a protection. She stated that after the capitulation the Indians treated the prisoners kindly, although they plundered them of every thing except the clothes they had on. Some of the females, in order to save what they could, arrayed themselves in three or four dresses. On discovering the artifice, however, the Indians compelled them to disrobe, by threats of having their throats cut.

But although enjoying the protection of her Indian captors, such were their apprehensions for the future, that Mrs. Bidlac fled from the valley nine days afterward, and crossed the fearful forests and fens of the Pocono range of mountains to Stroudsburg, taking an infant, or young sister, with her.—Two of her brothers who fell, Asa and Silas, were ensigns. The one who escaped, George, was the lieutenant in Capt. Durkee's company, the station of which was the right wing. Durkee fell, wounded, just at the commencement of the rout, having been shot from a thicket, filled by Indians, against whom, but a moment before, he was cautioned by Gore. "Save yourself, Mr. Gore, my fate is sealed," said the captain, and the tomahawk completed the work that the bullet began. Lieut. Gore succeeded in retreating to a considerable distance, where he leaped a fence, and concealed himself in a clump of bushes. The Indians were close upon him several times, one of whom passed and paused close by his perilous lodgment. In the gray of twilight, after the fury of the enemy seemed to have spent itself, Gore heard two persons in conversation near the road where he was lying, one of whom, by his voice, he judged to be Colonel John Butler, the enemy's leader. "It has been a hard day for the Yankees," said one of them. "Yes," replied the other, "there has been blood enough shed."

The name of one of Mrs. Bidlac's brothers-in-law who fell, was Murfee. In the evening the distress of his wife was very great—and rendered still more poignant from the apprehension that he might have been captured, and would be put to the torture. It was some relief to the bitterness of her anguish, to learn on the following day that he had been killed outright. Mrs. Murfee too, fled to the mountains, and wandered back to her native place—Norwich, in Connecticut—where a few days after her arrival among her friends, she gave birth to an infant. During a part of Mrs. Bidlac's recitals to us, she was much affected. It seemed like tearing open the ancient wounds afresh, and she sobbed and wept.

The next point of observation was the site

of Fort Forty, where the little army marched forth to the attack. It stood upon the bank of the river, and the spot is preserved as a common—beautifully carpeted with green, but bearing no distinctive marks denoting the purposes for which the ground in those troublous times was occupied. Still we regarded it as a consecrated place—a spot that had been hallowed in the days of yore by the blood of freemen. From thence we proceeded a couple of miles farther north, to the village called Troy, the house in which Colonel Dennison's family resided, having been pointed out on the way. It is an edifice of ancient aspect, painted red, and embosomed by venerable trees.

Colonel Dennison, it will be recollected, was the second in command on the fatal day of the battle. He was in command of the left wing when it broke and fled. Nearly every historian who has written upon the subject has censured Colonel Dennison, if not for his conduct in the battle, at least for the capitulation. But an accurate knowledge of the events of the day, and the trying circumstances in which he found himself on the day following, when, from the necessary retreat of Colonel Z. Butler, the command had devolved upon him, will convince any reasonable man that these censures were most unjust.

It must be borne in mind that it was militia, and not regulars, he was commanding. And what officer ever yet succeeded in rallying, and bringing again into line, a band of flying militia with a cloud of savages upon their heels? When he capitulated, he was in a defenceless stockade fort, filled with women and children, and surrounded by a savage and victorious foe. But it was not true, as is stated in the books—the life of Brant excepted—that when he demanded upon what terms he might be allowed to surrender, the reply was "THE HATCHET"—and that he thereupon capitulated unconditionally, leaving the women and children to a merciless horde of barbarians. On the contrary, the terms he made were honorable, and it was not his fault that the articles were violated in regard to the plunderings and burnings of the Indians. Colonel Dennison was a gentleman of highly respectable talents, and of liberal, and, we believe, collegiate attainments. He was regarded by all who served with or knew him, as a brave and faithful officer. After the close of the war, he held various important civil appointments under the authority of Pennsylvania, and died at a very advanced age—as eminent for his sweet and unaffected piety as he had ever been for his patriotism—honored, loved, and wept by all. He had two sons, one of whom yet resides in the valley. The other died a few years ago, after having served his country in the state legislature and in Congress, with ability and honor.

We arrived at Troy—a pleasant village situated about midway between the site of Fort Forty and the place where the conflict was begun. This is an interesting place, as the enemy appear to have halted in this neighborhood at the close of the massacre. In a field about sixty rods East of the highway, is the bloody rock upon which the prisoners were executed by the Indians, during the night of the battle, as heretofore described. We paid a visit to the spot, and examined the rock. It has a red, or rather brick-dust appearance on one side, which the superstitious believe to have been caused by blood, which winter storms cannot wash nor time wear away.

Near by the site of Fort Forty is the residence of Mrs. Myers, a widow lady of great age, but of a clear mind and excellent memory, who is a survivor of the Wyoming invasion, and the horrible scenes attending it. We called to pay our respects to her, but were informed that she was visiting her sister in Troy—also a survivor of the massacre, though some ten years younger than herself. We had the pleasure of meeting them both together, and of spending a most interesting hour in their society. Mrs. Myers was the daughter of a Mr. Bennett, whose family was renowned in the domestic annals of Wyoming, both for their patriotism and their courage. She was born in 1762, and was of course sixteen years old at the time of the invasion. She was in Fort Forty when Col. Zebulon Butler marched out at the head of the provincials against the enemy. Her recollections of all that passed beneath her eye on that occasion are remarkably vivid. The column marched forth three or four abreast, in good spirits, though not unconscious of the danger they were to encounter. Still, they were not apprised of the odds against them, since the enemy had most skillfully concealed their strength.

Soon after the departure of the provincials, several horsemen galloped up from below, their steeds in a foam, and the sweat dripping from their sides. They proved to be Capt. Durkee, Lieut. Pearce, and another officer, who, having heard of the invasion, had left the detachment of troops to which they belonged, then distant fifty miles, and ridden all night to aid in the defence of their wives, their children, and their homes. "A morsel of food and we will follow," said these brave men. The table was hastily spread, and they all partook of their last meal. Before the sun went down they were numbered

with the dead. The inmates of the fort could distinctly hear the firing, from the commencement of the battle. At first, from the briskness, they were full of high hopes. But as it began to change into a scattered fire, and the sounds grew nearer and nearer, their hearts sunk with the apprehension that the day was lost, and their defenders on the retreat. The suspense was dreadful, and was sustained until nearly night-fall, when a few of the fugitives rushed into the fort, and fell down, wounded, exhausted and bloody!

Mrs. Myers was present at the capitulation on the following day, and saw the victorious entrance of the enemy, six abreast, with drums beating and colors flying. The terms of capitulation were fair and honorable, but the Indians nevertheless immediately began to rob, plunder, burn, and destroy. Col. Dennison, according to the relation of Mrs. Myers, as noted by Mr. Miner, sent for Col. John Butler, the British commander. They sat down together by a table on which the capitulation had been signed, (yet carefully preserved by Mrs. Myers.) She and a younger girl sat on a seat within the fort, close by, and heard every word they uttered. Col. Dennison complained of the injuries and outrages then enacting by the savages. "I will put a stop to it, sir—I will put a stop to it," said Col. Butler. But the plundering continued, and Butler was again sent for by Col. Dennison, who remonstrated sharply with him at the violation of the treaty. "We have surrendered our fort and arms to you," said Col. Dennison, "on the pledge of your faith that both life and property should be protected. Articles of capitulation are considered sacred by all civilized people." "I tell you what, sir," replied Col. Butler, waving his hand emphatically, "I can do nothing with them: I can do nothing with them." And probably he could not, since the Indians, in the end, had the audacity to strip Col. Dennison himself of his hat and rifle-frock, (a dress then often worn by the officers.) Col. D. was not inclined to submit peaceably to this additional outrage, but the brandishing of a tomahawk over his head compelled his acquiescence—not, however, until, during the parley, the colonel had adroitly transferred his purse to one of the young ladies present, unobserved by the Indians. This purse contained only a few dollars—but it was in fact the whole military chest of Wyoming.

Mrs. Myers represents Colonel John Butler as having been a portly good looking man, of perhaps forty-five, dressed in green, the uniform of his corps, with a cap and plumes. He drew his white forces away from the valley shortly after the capitulation. But the Indians remained about the settlements, and finished the work of destruction. In about a week after the battle the torch was simultaneously applied to most of the dwelling houses then remaining, and Mrs. Meyers saw that of her father in flames among the number. Mr. Bennett, the father of Mrs. Myers, with his family thereupon fled from the valley to a place of greater security—Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Tuttle, the sisters with whom we were conversing, being among the fugitives.

Mr. Bennett removed back to Wyoming early in the following spring, and was shortly afterward captured by a party of six Indians, with his son, then a lad, and Mr. Hammond, a neighbor, while at work in the field. The Indians marched them toward the North, but during the night of the second or third day, their expedition was brought to a sudden and most unexpected close. From a few words dropped by one of the Indians, Mr. Bennett drew the inference that it was their design to murder them. He therefore resolved, if possible, to effect an escape, and while the captors had left them a few moments to slake their thirst out of a spring, a plan for that purpose was concerted. We have derived the particulars of the incident from Mr. Miner. Mr. Bennett, being in years, was permitted to travel unbound. Hammond and the boy were pinioned. At night they all lay down to sleep, except one of the Indians and Mr. Bennett. The latter having gathered the wood to keep the fire a-going for the night, and having apparently made every thing as comfortable as he could for a night's repose, sat himself down, and soon afterward carelessly took the Indian's spear in his hand, and began listlessly to play with it upon his lap. The Indian now and then cast a half-suspicious glance upon him, but continued his employment, which was that of picking the scanty flesh from the head of a deer which he had been roasting. The other Indians, wearied, had wrapped themselves in their blankets, and by the sounds proceeding from their nasal organs, gave ample evidence of being in a deep slumber.

The Indian left upon the watch, moreover, began to nod over his supper as though half asleep. Watching his opportunity, therefore, with the quickness of the son of Kish, and with surer aim, by a single thrust the savage was transfixed with his own spear, and fell across the burning logs with a groan. Not an instant was lost in cutting loose the limbs of Hammond and the lad. The other Indians were in the same breath attacked by the three, and the result was that five of the two warriors were slain, and the sixth escaped bounding away wounded, the spear sticking in his back. The victors thereupon returned in triumph to the valley, bearing as trophies the scalps of the slain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TAKING SOMETHING.—"Come Dick, will you take something," said a lad about 17 years old, to one of his eronies, as they were standing in front of a grog shop. "No," was the reply, "mother's dead; and she always told me if I got drunk the day she died, she'd pull my ears."