

THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

"UBI LIBERTAS, IBI PATRIA."—Cicero.—"Where liberty dwells, there is my country."

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THE INDIAN SCOUT.

The devotion of our forefathers to the interests of their country, their severe privations, their enduring constancy to the immortal cause, their patience under trials; sometimes long and arduous, is well known to a posterity grateful for all they suffered, all the pangs and hardships they endured. The cool intrepidity, the daring tact in military warfare, the calm indifference, (the result of conscious superiority,) with which they undertook any enterprise, no matter how hazardous it might be, must command the admiration of all future ages. It would seem as if the genius of calm resolution presided over all their actions.

The incidents we are about to relate, are matters connected with the early history of our country, and will serve to evince how much we are indebted to that "brave band," in however subordinate a situation they might be, for the liberty we now enjoy.

Lord Chatham, in one of his indignant moods in the House of Lords, pronounced perhaps the most tremendous and well deserved philippic, against Mr. Walpole, that was ever heard in any public body upon any occasion. Mr. Walpole, it seems, had risen in his place and justified the employment of Indians in the war against the colonists: "For it is justifiable," said Mr. Walpole, "to use all the means to subdue them that God and Nature had placed in our hands." As though a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, Lord Chatham sat for a moment, and but for a moment, at the astounding announcement.

"I am astonished, shocked," said he, "to hear such sentiments and such principles avowed in this house! What to send forth the merciless Indian to ravage, kill, murder and plunder at his will? Against whom have you sent them?—against your Protestant brethren in America, men of your own flesh and blood, and the descendants of our common forefathers! Spain can no longer boast a pre-eminence in barbarity! She let loose her bloodhounds against New Spain; but we more ruthless than they, let loose the wild untutored savages, thirsting for blood, upon your Protestant brethren in America. Sir," said he, addressing the President, "I could not have slept this night upon my pillow, without giving my protest against such abhorred, enormous and preposterous principles." The indignation of the noble lord was well justified, as the sequel will show.

It is well known that the Indians were employed to fight against the colonists, and that they pursued a most desolating and indiscriminate warfare. The cunning of the savages was united with the hatred they bore to those whom they considered as intruders on their soil. The events which we are about to record are matters of history, although not generally known by the public mind; yet they nevertheless seem to evince the stern devotion, the cool determination, and the admirable skill with which some of the acts of that time were achieved. It will be evident, however, that nothing but the most exalted patriotism, the calm determination to sacrifice himself to his country's cause, could have induced a man to peril his life in the manner that the one whom we are about to mention ventured his.

In penetrating through the country towards the north end of N. York, it became very necessary for the colonists to have a constant vigilance upon the Indians, who were every night prowling about, and, as will be seen, with but too fatal an effect. The army stationed upon what was then called the northern line, were ever held in constant requisition in consequence of the activity of their savage foe, and the restless, nightly vindictiveness with which they pursued their predatory warfare.

Arrived at a certain point where they thought they could encamp with security, they pitched their tents and partook of their frugal meal; the tattoo beat, and all except the sentinels, the guard and the officers, retired to rest.

All the camp except those on duty, were in silent repose, and nought was heard but the occasional challenge of the sentinel to the relief officer of the night, "Who comes there?"

The army seemed hushed in repose, when suddenly the crack of a rifle alarmed the whole camp. The alarm spread to the tents of the officers, and the guard was ordered out to ascertain from whence the shot seemed to have been fired, and there—fatal certainty!—they found the dead body of the deceased sentinel.

It seems that his post was situated along the edge of a piece of wood, and there was an opening about half the distance of his beat. Passing this opening he had been shot by the rifle of (as it will hereafter appear) an Indian chief. Another sentinel was placed upon the spot, and nothing further transpired that night, although the soldier on duty had strange misgivings as to the mysterious shot that had laid his comrade low.

The next night the same post was manned by a brave soldier, and just before the relief (which came every two hours) appeared, another crack of a rifle was heard in the same direction, and, upon repairing to the spot, yet another sentinel had fallen.

The soldiers raised the dead body of the second victim of Indian artifice; and one of them was heard to mutter in a low tone, "I'll revenge the death of my two comrades on that savage, if there's cunning in a Yankee!"

The honors of war were dispensed to the dead soldiers, but the feeling of revenge had not left the breast of the soldier who had just made the above determined menace. Still his modesty detained him from making application to the commanding officer to obtain leave to put his threat into execution, and another sentinel was put upon the post at the fatal opening of the wood. All was still at 12 o'clock—the sentinel passed to and fro cheerfully, and in confidence of the ultimate success of their country's cause, when—crack! went another rifle from out of the fatal opening in the wood. Rifle after rifle now spread the report, and a double guard, upon repairing to the spot, found another of their comrades dead upon the field! He was buried in silence, for the whole camp was full of sorrow, and it would seem of indignation too, that no soldier was to be found who could escape the unerring Indian. Early however, the next morning, a soldier presented himself to the sergeant at the quarters of the commanding officer, who desired to speak with him. The sergeant reported this extraordinary visitant, and he was admitted into the marquee. Having saluted his commanding officer, which of course was returned, he was required to state his business there so early in the morning.

"You will excuse me, sir," said the modest soldier

"but I have understood that you cannot get a man who will venture to stand, or walk, as a sentinel, on the piece of ground at the opening of the wood."

"It is true, my friend; I cannot get a man in the corps who will go there, after so many of their comrades have fallen by the rifle of that infernal Indian."

"Will you let me have my own way, if I will go?"

"How do you mean, to have your own way?"

"I want a suit of grey, sir."

"Grey!—let me see—I have one, you shall have it. What next?"

"I want my rifle browned, so that the moon won't shine upon it, for them are serpents are the devil in the night."

"Granted—you shall have both these requests granted. What next?"

"Why I must be allowed to whistle or sing upon post, as I please."

"The devil!—that's contrary to all rules of military discipline!"

"Very true, but what rules of military discipline will you apply to such a smart as that who is night after night picking off some of your best and bravest soldiers, and some of my best beloved companions in arms. I'll tell you what it is, captain, I have come here to offer myself a sacrifice upon the altar of my country—if you like the sacrifice take it."

"I accept your generous offer, and now do as you please, and command anything you want, that is in the camp, to complete your disguise—but how long do you mean to stand?"

"Till I kill him."

"Well, he generally prowls about and has shot our men between ten and two."

"At ten, then, I will take my post; but let no relief offer to come to my post until day dawns, or it will break up all my plan."

"Very well. Act your pleasure; only if you are shot don't blame me. 'Not a bit of fear of that, sir, if you only let me whistle and sing on my post."

"Do anything you like. I'll trust you; and if you kill him I'll make a lieutenant of you."

The sentinel made his salute and departed to make arrangements for the coming encounter, which he was convinced, without the exercise of much cunning, would be a fearful one, and awaited the hour of tattoo with an air of conscious superiority even over Indian cunning: During the hour of tattoo and ten, he was busily engaged in browning his rifle and assuming the grey uniform, that his position might not so readily be discovered by the Indian.

At ten o'clock he took his post; he walked on quietly backward and forward past the fatal opening in the wood, (for his beat lay directly past it) until near half-past eleven. He then began to hum a tune, and then to whistle, as if careless of danger, or unconscious of it around him. He continued on in this manner until within about five minutes of twelve, when lo!—as he passed the opening in the wood, whistling as he walked, he thought he discovered in the moonlight, the ornament of an Indian chief. He had shown his own sagacity in divesting himself of anything that would shine as a mark. Passing on as if he had not seen any thing remarkable, he marched rapidly, whistling all the while, past the opening, when suddenly turning, he dodged behind a tree. His grey dress and browned rifle prevented the savage from discovering where he was; but hearing no more of his singing or whistling he naturally concluded he must be lurking in the bushes.

Presently he saw the tall form of a savage peer above the branches in the opening, gazing round for what he imagined to be another victim to his arms.

The wary sentinel, resting upon one knee cocked his rifle. The click of the rifle lock caused the savage, for he heard it, to turn his head in the direction whence it proceeded. The sentinel fired and the crack of his rifle was answered by all the camp, but he quietly resumed his post.

The guard turned out, the drums beat to arms, and presently along came a detachment of soldiers to the post of the supposed devoted sentinel. There he stood and saw them coming—he had now reloaded his rifle.

"Who comes there?"

"Officer of the day and file of men."

"Advance your sergeant and give the countersign."

The sergeant advanced, and having given the requisite signal, the officer of the day began to question the sentinel.

"Who fired the first shot on any of these posts, sir?"

"I fired, sir."

"What for, sir?—at an enemy?"

"Yes, sir—and at a good one, too."

"What—the Indian chief?"

"Just so, sir."

"Have you killed him?"

"Let your men go and see, if you please; I cannot leave my post, sir. But I don't think I put on my grey dress and browned my rifle for nothing!"

"Good soldier," said the officer as he and his men passed on through the opening in the wood, and coming to a thick mass of bushes, in the midst of them they discovered the tall form of the prostrate chieftain, who had been the means of the death of so many of the gallant sentinel's comrades. He lay upon his face, and the rifle ball of the marksman had penetrated between the eyes.

The next day saw the humble private a lieutenant.

DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF GROUND COFFEE.
The practice of keeping coffee roasted and ground, ready for occasional use, seems to be injurious to its aroma; but it is not that which is to be feared, but its spontaneous combustion. There is a remarkable experiment of Mr. Georgia, which shows clearly that ground coffee is liable to internal decomposition. He roasted a quantity of coffee till brown, and without grinding it, tied it up in linen; nothing followed. He then ground two pounds of roasted coffee to powder, and tied it up similarly, in three quarters of an hour, it took fire, and continued burning until it was reduced to ashes, which only weighed half an ounce. Here was not only internal decomposition, but a highly dangerous one. He made similar trials with roasted barley and rice, and with the same results. These experiments were executed in order to elucidate the cause of the mysterious burning of the frigate in the port of Constadt; when no fire had been in her for several days.—*Cabinet*

THE BIBLE'S INFIDELITY.—Notwithstanding the prevalence and rapid increase of infidelity, the Bible is also multiplied in an unprecedented ratio, probably to bear its last testimony against an ungodly world. One fact of recent occurrence for illustration. During the last winter, the shelves of the book stores in Boston were unusually drained of bibles, long before the usual spring sales. We were told by a book-eller, on his return from the trade sales at New York and Philadelphia, that ten thousand copies of the Bible were purchased for the supply of Boston alone, in addition to the quantities manufactured.—*Millennarian*.

NATURE A PROOF OF GOD'S EXISTENCE.—It is sweet to be alone, with nature's works around; where God has traced in clearer lines than ever priest or prophet's page contained, the proofs of attributes divine; where earth and heaven outstretch their ample page for man to read. The humblest flow'et of the vale if viewed aright, will prove to sceptic man what never pagan rite, or papal bull, or mystic creed has proved, that God exists in wisdom, power and love—in all supreme. For what, but wisdom infinite could form the simple leaf with varied hue, and filled with countless tubes, that draw from earth's dark clods a shapeless mass, dissolved and purified, till matter brute and dead revives, and springs to life, and crowns the vale with flowers and sweet perfume. Can man such simple work perform? The skillful hand may form a mimic rose, with stem and leaf o'erspread, with colors false, and borrowed odors sweet. But let him bid the organs play its leaves unfold, and yield him incense, fresh and sweet at morn and eve, as nature offers up to God. The rash, presumptuous man would stand abashed, and his own nothingness confess, compared with Him, whose voice from nothing called to life, and clothed with beauty and all that lives.—*Manchester Democrat*.

A MONKEY'S MEMORY.—Authors generally seem to think that the monkey race are not capable of retaining lasting impressions but their memory is remarkably tenacious when striking events call it into action. A monkey which was permitted to run free, had frequently seen the men servants in the great country kitchen, with its huge fireplaces, take down the powder horn that stood on the chimney piece, and throw a few grains into the fire, to make Jemima and the rest of the maids jump and scream, which they always did on such occasions very prettily. Pug watched his opportunity, and when all was still, and he had got the kitchen entirely to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well filled powder horn, perched himself gingerly on one side of the horizontal wheels placed to support the saucers, right over the waning ashes of an almost extinct wood fire, screwed off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate. The explosion sent him half way up the chimney! Before he was blown up, he was a snug trim, well conditioned monkey, as you would wish to see in a summer's day; he came down a black, carbonated nigger, in miniature in an avalanche of burning soot. The thumb, with which he pitched upon the hot ashes in the midst of the general fire-up aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house close singed and looking scared and devilish. He recovered with care, but like some other personages, he never got over his sudden elevation and fall, but became a sadder, if not a wiser monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself and was troublesome, you had only to take down the powder horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and clattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.

SEVEN YEARS AT CHURCH.—There is a man in Western county, State of New York, an aged man, a member of the respectable society of Friends, who has ridden from Sleepy Hollow up to Chippewa meeting, a distance of seven miles—or fourteen miles going and coming—twice a week, for the space of fifty years. In doing this, he has ridden a distance of seven miles—or fourteen miles going and coming—twice a week for the space of seventy-two thousand and four hundred miles—or almost three times the circumference of the earth. Allowing him five years each meeting day, and ten working hours to the day, he has spent, in his go-to-meeting expeditious, seven seven years and forty-five days.—*Cin. Post*.

Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, at a recent temperance meeting in Washington, thus beautifully describes his feelings at being released from the dreadful slavery of intemperance.

"Sir, I would not exchange the physical sensations; the mere sense of animal being, which belongs to a man who totally refrains, from all that can intoxicate his brain or derange his nervous structure; the elasticity with which he bounds from his couch in the morning, the sweet repose it yields him at night, the feelings with which he drinks in through his nostrils the beauties and the grandeur of surrounding nature; I say sir, I would not exchange my being, as a strictly temperate man, the sense of renovated youth—the glad palp with which my pulses now beat healthful music—the bounding vivacity with which the life blood courses its exulting way through every fibre of my frame; the communion high which my healthful ear and eye now hold with all the gorgeous universe of God; the splendour of the morning, the softness of the evening, the bloom, the beauty, the verdure of the

music and the waters; with all the grand associations of external nature, re-opened to the fine avenues of sense; no, sir, though poverty dogged me; though scorn pointed its slow finger at me as I passed through want and destitution, and every element of earthly misery, save only crime met me from day to day; not for the brightest and noblest wreath that ever encircled a statesman's brow; not if some angel commissioned by heaven, or some demon rather sent fresh from hell, to test the resisting strength of virtuous resolution, should tempt me back, with all the wealth and all the honors which a world can bestow; not for all that time and all that earth can give, would I cast from me this precious pledge of a liberated mind, this talisman against temptation, and plunge again into the dangers and terrors which once beset my path: So help me Heaven, sir, I would spurn beneath my very feet all the gifts the universe could offer, and live and die as I am, poor but sober.

WHEAT CROP OF 1842.—The crops of this year generally, are in an uncommonly good condition and offer the fairest promise of abundance so far as can be known at this period.

The most important crop, by far in its general bearing on the sustenance and the commerce of the country, is that of Wheat. This crop is generally planted in the Autumn, and so far as its growth is concerned, its fate is determined by the middle of May. The harvesting depends upon the steadiness of the weather at midsummer. Unless some improbable state of things is found to take place between this and the 20th July, the wheatcrop will be what it now promises to be.

Some estimate may be made of what that crop will be, from the following facts:

The crop of 1839 was ascertained under the Census Act to be a little over ninety millions of bushels of wheat. Of this amount, Ohio raised about eighteen millions of bushels, about one fifth of the whole. The crop of 1839 was a very good one. That of 1840 fair. That of 1841 decidedly bad. Since in 1841-2 wheat was on the whole scarce; and the price of flour maintained a higher average than any other article. The effect of this on the crop of 1842 is undoubtedly to give it an extra increase by the stimulus to the farmer in the better price he received for wheat than for other articles. The three elements of increase are to be taken into view. 1st. The natural increase; 2d. The accidental increase in consequence of an inferior crop last season, and 3d. The increase arising from a very superior growth. The natural increase is just equivalent to the increase of population, which in three years is 12 percent. From the second cause, the general opinion in Ohio is, that the farmers have planted a much greater number of acres. And for the third cause it is known, as we remarked, that the crops are in an unusually good condition. We estimate the two last causes of increase, as each quite equal to the first; so that the increase of the crop of 1842 over that of 1839 can hardly be less than 39 per cent. This added to the crop of 1839 will give for the State of Ohio about twenty five millions of bushels of wheat. The surplus product on this crop (making the largest allowance for consumption) will be twelve millions of bushels.

It is estimated that a large increase of this crop will take place in the other North Western States. Thus in Michigan, it is stated, that the increase over last year will be twenty four per cent. and the surplus crop about three millions of bushels. We have seen no estimate from Indiana and Illinois, but we suppose the same condition of things exists there.

On the whole, we may estimate the wheat crop of the United States in 1842, at one hundred and twenty millions more than that of 1839.

What effect this may have on prices is much more difficult to estimate. The domestic consumption is nearly a fixed quantity, but the demand for foreign consumption and the quantity of the currency (which if large enables speculators to hold over) can neither of them now be determined. But the present probability is that the currency will not be much enlarged and that the foreign demand will not be greater than it has been. If these elements turn out to be so the price of wheat and flour during the coming year must be quite low.

We find, by referring to a price current, that in the spring of 1840, when the bulk of the crop of 1839 came to market flour sold in Cincinnati at from \$2.70 to \$3 per barrel, and we would judge if no unexpected misfortune occurs to the crop that it will not bring even that in the winter and spring of 1842-3.

"SHOCKING OCCURRENCE."—The Sandusky Clarion gives the following "horrible attempt at murder," which lately occurred there:—

"Late on last Wednesday evening our citizens in the neighborhood of the corner of Water and Jackson streets were started from their slumbers by the most fearful shrieks for help accompanied with appalling cries of Murder! Several persons hastily armed with bludgeons, hurried instantly to an out building in the vicinity, from whence the alarm proceeded. The shrieks fearfully increased, now accompanied by the agonizing entreaty, "OH COME QUICK! HIS EATING ME UP!" A light was at length procured and O horror! forward to the scene of action and O horror! what a spectacle presented itself! The unfortunate victim lay stretched upon the earth, with pallid countenance, teeth chattering, and eyeballs starting from their sockets. One side of his face was covered with—*slaver!* His only com-

panions were found to be a pair of black and white twin calves and of which was engaged in sucking his ear, while the other was very quietly inspecting the operation, probably wondering which of the twins was most badly sucked. Upon inquiry it appeared that the individual in question—a trader who had been hanging about the place for some time—had gone into the building in search of quarters for the night and had composed himself to rest, from which he was awakened by the catflogging at his ear! when he commenced the uproar above noticed."

LETTER FROM THE HON. T. L. HAMER.

To the Editor of the "Ohio Eagle."

Sir, A friend has handed me your paper of the 5th inst., in which you express a desire to hear from the author of the West Union resolutions, whether it is the design of himself and his associates to separate from the democratic party, as organized on the 8th of January last. The liberal manner in which you have treated our proceedings proves equally your good sense and your knowledge of human nature. It has drawn from me an explanation, which never could have been extorted by the ill-advised attacks of the "Ohio Statesman" or the coarse vulgarities of the "Cincinnati Enquirer." What democratic editors promise themselves, by throwing fire-brands into the party and denouncing men who were doing service in the battlefield before they enlisted, and who will, in all probability, be found fighting in the ranks after those editors have left us and "gone to parts unknown"—is more than I can tell. Their denunciations have no terrors for me. I have lived to but little purpose, for the last twenty years, if a few scurrilous newspaper articles can shake public confidence in my integrity as a man, or in my stability and fidelity as a democrat.

Let me say then, frankly, to you, that no "gentleman" at the meeting in West Union ever thought of separating himself from the great body of the democratic party. Every man at that meeting will vote for Wilson Shannon next October, and for democratic candidates for Congress and for the State Legislature. But in selecting the latter, we shall reject all "reckless demagogues," "ultra violent politicians" and "hard money men, preferring sound, consistent, firm democrats, who are practical business men, and favorable to such a banking system as is described in our first resolution, namely,—one that will give a fair prophet to the bankers—be perfectly safe to the people,—and furnish a currency at all times convertible into gold and silver, at the will of the holder. We intend to select men, too, who will not be awed by frowns, seduced by flattery, or terrified by the columns of the Cincinnati Enquirer or the Ohio Statesman, from obeying the wishes of their constituents; men who will not vote for a measure, because the whigs are against it; nor against one, because the whigs are for it; men who will act according to the dictates of their own judgment, in promoting "the greatest good to the greatest number" and securing the general prosperity of the Commonwealth.

You are right in supposing that our resolution describes such a system of banking, as the democratic party has been contending for, since the general suspension in 1837. But, we differ with you in thinking there was nothing done last winter of which we ought to complain. The difference is one, however, that involves no fundamental principle of democracy. It involves questions of policy and expediency alone. Such differences will always exist among men of the same faith in politics, as well as in Religion. Liberal minded men indulge mutual forbearance towards each other, and thus produce harmony in general movements; imprudent zealots, narrow minded bigots and petty despots resort to persecution and denunciation, and by such means create schisms, and subdivisions, which result in a general defeat of the entire party, and a disappointment of its purposes and objects.

We do not complain that Resumption was required by the Legislature. The whole democracy party were for that. So I believe, were a large majority of the whig party. The election last fall was a decision in favor of the axiom, "resumo or wind up." The people demanded this at the hands of the Legislature but, the time and the manner of resumption, were left entirely to their discretion. Did they act wisely as to the time and the manner? About that, there is a difference of opinion I think the resumption should have been gradual; beginning on five dollar notes on the 4th of March, on notes of ten dollars on the 4th of April; on twenty dollar notes on the 4th of May on fifty the 4th of June and so on. This would have prevented a run on the banks; would have retained the specie in Ohio instead of sending it to other States to aid their banks in resuming and would have kept our Ohio bank paper in circulation among the people instead of driving it all in upon the banks to be taken up by Eastern drafts, without, giving us any currency in exchange for it. In this part of Ohio we have currency but Indiana paper, with now and then a straggling Kentucky bank bill. There is neither specie, nor Ohio paper to be seen.—Should the Indiana bank fail to resume and take in her paper we would be literally without a currency of any kind. The people can neither pay nor collect debts and our indebtedness is much greater than it has ever been at any former period since our existence as a State. We think our condition would have been better under a gradual resumption than it is under the law of the last session. In this belief the West Union meet-