

Indiana Palladium.

EQUALITY OF RIGHTS IS NATURE'S PLAN—AND FOLLOWING NATURE IS THE MARCH OF MAN.—BARLOW.

Volume V.]

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[Number 35.

From the Philadelphia S. E. Post.

"UNCLE SAM."

Or, Reminiscences of the Back Woods.

SAMUEL BRADY, or, as he was more familiarly styled, "Uncle Sam," was a man of powerful frame, hardy, sagacious, daring and exceedingly strong and active. The swiftest Indian could not escape his pursuit, or overtake him when he found it necessary to retreat—so wily, that the utmost sagacity of the common enemy could not take him by surprise, or escape his vigilance when he would take a notion to harass them. Often when the unsuspecting Indian was using all his native cunning to come up with the equally unsuspecting deer, the keen eye and sure aim of Brady would make them both his victims.

Sometimes he would scour the country alone, and watch the movements of the natives, towards whom he entertained a deep-rooted enmity, partly on account of their having previously murdered some of his relatives, and partly because of their depredations upon his neighbors. The very name of Brady was terrible to them; and many were his "hair breadth escapes" from capture, and consequently the most terrible death that savage ingenuity and malignity could inflict.

In one of these solitary rambles he suddenly fell in with a party of warriors, who immediately rushed toward him, sure of their prey. But the extreme agility of the intrepid hunter soon left all his pursuers behind, except one, who, far in advance of his comrades, was pressing closely upon him with drawn tomahawk, ready to strike the fatal blow. Brady heard his footsteps close behind him, and deeming escape by flight out of the question, suddenly turned upon, and grappled with, his pursuer, and hurled him to the ground. The suddenness of the action disconcerted the savage; and Brady wrested the tomahawk from him, and buried it deep in his brains. With the tomahawk in one hand and his rifle in the other he again fled, and was soon beyond the reach of his pursuers.

At other times he would have a small band of volunteers with him, who only looked upon him as their leader; and one trait of character in Brady I have often heard, which was, when in pursuit, he was always in front of his little company, and when retreating, kept uniformly in the rear. When any act of desperate valor, or a *ay* matter that required superior sagacity was found necessary, Brady was always the actor.

On one occasion a party of Indians had encamped somewhere near the Allegheny river, from whence they frequently issued for the purpose of plundering, and committing depredations upon their white neighbors. Brady determined, if possible, to break up the nest, but as their numbers were unknown, he considered it imprudent to risk an attack upon the place until this could be ascertained. To accomplish this he resolved to disguise himself as a warrior belonging to some neighboring tribes, and go to the encampment as a spy. Being well acquainted with the dialect and custom of the Indians, he was well qualified for the daring expedition.

Arriving at the village about sunset, he entered it with all the apparent unconcern of a warrior—went from wigwam to wigwam, pretending to negotiate for the sale of some sugar; at length he entered one of the largest wigwams, where he found several warriors who had just returned from a hunting expedition, eating jerk, and also a cunning looking old chief, who was sitting in a corner smoking. Brady commenced his bargaining about the sugar, and was not suspected by any of the young warriors with whom he was conversing, but he caught the sly and suspicious eye of the old chief,—he became uneasy, and with apparent carelessness moved towards the door. Presently he heard from the lips of the old chief the terrible sentence, uttered in a low, guttural, but powerful tone—*Me thinks one Brady!* In a moment the tremendous war whoop echoed through the village, and Brady, pursued by every Indian in the encampment, was making his way to the utmost extent of his powers towards the hill. By this time it was almost dark, and taking a winding path up the hill he gained a little ground upon his pursuers, but despairing of making his escape by swiftness of foot, he threw himself into the thick leafy branches of a fallen tree that lay below the path, and lay there in silence, while the pursuers, yelling with fury and delight that they had at length

got their terrible enemy in their power, all passed by him. The pursuit was kept up for a considerable time with all the zeal of infuriated and blood-thirsty savages. But at last it was given up in despair; and Brady, from his place of concealment, heard his pursuers return, muttering curses of disappointment and threats of vengeance. When all was again quiet, he crept from his covert, and, with swift and weary steps, retraced his way to his concealed companions.

Having accomplished the object of his visit to the village though at such a fearful risk, and believing that he & his party would be able to conquer and drive off the savages, he determined to make a descent upon them. Waiting quietly till the night was far advanced, they proceeded cautiously towards the village. Suddenly as a flash of lightning the unsuspecting savages were attacked, and before they could recover from their panic the half of their warriors lay stretched upon the earth; the remainder fled with precipitation. The flaming wigwams lighted the return of the daring little party. This checked for a while the audacity of the Indians, and the settlers had temporary rest from their depredations.

At another time, Brady and his party were out upon a scout, and encountered a considerable body of Indians. To have attacked them would have been madness, so that their only alternative was to retreat. They were discovered and pursued. Long and hot was the chase; but the whites, aware of the terrible fate that awaited them if taken, exerted all their powers, and gained ground upon their pursuers. Thinking themselves out of reach, they remitted their exertions—a few minutes, however, the footsteps of the enemy broke upon their ears, and they were again compelled to put forth all their energies. Again they left the savages out of hearing, and again they remitted their toils.—But they almost gave themselves up to despair when the sound of their indefatigable pursuers was again heard behind them. They were astonished that they were able to follow so directly in their track; and Brady, thinking there must be something to guide them, superered even to their own sagacity, determined to stay behind, and, if possible, ascertain the cause. Directing his men to pursue a certain course, he laid himself behind a log to await the approach of the savages. He soon discovered the secret.—The first object that struck his eye was a *small black dog*, which followed the trail of the retreating party as he would a fox's. Brady waiting till the dog approached within a short distance, then shooting him dead, he sprung up, had several ineffectual shots fired at him, and soon regained his exhausted companions. The Indians, when they lost their guide, gave up the pursuit, and our little party reached the settlement in safety.

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There are many men who, when surrounded with all the pomp, parade and circumstance of war, urged on by present glory and the hope of posthumous fame, gain, and no doubt justly, the name of hero; but how few are there whose courage would not fail were they placed in

Brady's circumstances. Surrounded by lonely and gloomy forests, without the usual spirit-reviving accompaniments of war; frequently alone, in constant danger of attack from some secret and unseen foe. How few whose spirits would not revolt at such solitary, gloomy and dangerous warfare! Yet our hero braved such scenes, such hardships, such dangers. No historian has recorded his name—no poet has sung his exploits; but they are preserved in the memories of those who shared in the dangers and difficulties of those times; they are the subject of many of the legendary tales of the country, and are remembered with gratitude by many who were protected by his bravery.

At length the thickening settlements of white men pressed too closely upon the heels of the receding savage; and although he marked his retreating footsteps with the blood of many an innocent victim, and the ashes of many a dwelling, still he was compelled to retire further and further into the great western forests, and his place was occupied by his civilized conquerors. Now they are far from us; the arts, pursuits, and comforts of civilization flourish and abound, where lately nothing existed but savage beasts and savage men. "The sound of the church going bell" is heard where lately nought broke the silence, save the shrill war-whoop of the savage, the cries of expiring victims, or the sharp crack of

the rifle that told the death of either man or beast.

Yet cruel and vindictive as were these Indians, they were an injured and persecuted race. Their ideas of revenge, however, were savage and unjust. They visited their wrongs upon the innocent, because they happened to be of the same race with those who wronged them, & consequently it became the duty of the settlers to repel their attacks and drive them off.

When the country was relieved from this destructive plague, and peace and safety were restored, "Uncle Sam" amplyed his declining days by pursuing his favorite occupation of hunting. He resided principally in Indiana county, where he found a number of respectable connections, though he found a home in almost every dwelling he entered. He lived to see temples of religion and justice rise up upon the theatre of his toils and dangers. His aged heart was cheered to see the numerous abodes of peace, plenty, comfort and happiness, and he was at length gathered to his father's at a good old age.

From the New-York Courier and Enquirer.

Samuel Patch, the Jumper.

The following official letter from Sam Patch should be put on record:

Messrs. Editors.—Please to notice in your valuable paper, that I propose celebrating the anniversary of our glorious Independence by leaping over the Little Falls, Essex co. N. J. which not being sufficiently deep, I have erected a stage, so that the clear leap, will be about 80 feet.

I perceive, by a notice in Alderman Binus' paper, that some base person proposes that I should leap with a frog for a hundred sovereigns. I will leap with the worthy alderman over as many coffin handbills as he shall be able to collect, and will leap with him into Tararus, if he bets me two to one, and goes first.

I regret to perceive that exploits of a most daring character make but an indifferent impression upon a gallant people. Look at Leander, who swam across the—(I forget the name of the sea) to get a peep at his sweetheart—history has not forgotten him. Look at Hannibal, who crossed the Cattskill mountains in winter, before Mr. Webb had built the mountain house. Look at our late worthy President, Mr. Adams, who swam across the Tiber at Rome, and the same river at Washington city. And look at me, who have jumped over the Passaic Falls several times without being killed! Will history forget these exploits? Will not Noah Webster, in his next Dictionary, notice them? Every skimble-skamble thing in the country is patronized—an Italian singer—a pair of fat babies—a dancing corps—an Egyptian mummy, or the dog Apollo, can make fortunes, and can visit Saratoga Springs in summer—while I, who have done what Jove never did, can scarcely make up a paltry fifty dollars. Some day or other, I shall take such a leap, that you will hear no more of me, and thus leave the country to mourn over its loss.

Pray come to-morrow, and see the jump into the Little Falls. Bring Col. Stone with you, and if you can spare a bottle of nabob, throw it into the hamper—I jump best under the influence of old Madeira.

Affectionately yours,

SAM. PATCH.

July 3, 1829.

WESTERN ADVENTURES.

By the Hon. Judge Hall.

Among the adventures whom Boon described as having reinforced his little colony, was a young gentleman named Smith, who had been a major in the militia of Virginia, and possessed a full share of the gallantry and noble spirit of his native state. In the absence of Boon, he was chosen, on account of his military rank and talents, to command the rude citadel, which contained all the wealth of this patriarchal band—their wives, their children, and their herds. It held an object particularly dear to this young soldier—a lady, the daughter of one of the settlers, to whom he pledged his affections. It came to pass upon a certain day, when the siege was over, tranquility restored, and the employments of husbandry resumed, that this young lady, with a female companion, strolled out, as young ladies in love are apt to do, along the banks of the Kentucky river. Having rambled about for some time, they espied a canoe lying by the shore, and in a frolic stepped into it, with a determination of visiting a neighbor on the

opposite bank. It seems that they were not so well skilled in navigation as the *Lady of the Lake*, who paddled her own canoe very dexterously; for instead of gliding to the point of destination, they were whirled about by the stream, and at length thrown on a sand bar, from which they were obliged to wade ashore.

Full of mirth, excited by their wild adventure, they hastily arranged their dresses, and were proceeding to climb the banks, when three Indians rushing from a neighboring covert, seized the fair wanderers, and forced them away. Their savage captors, evincing no sympathy for their distress, nor allowing them time for rest nor reflection, hurried them along during the whole day by rugged and thorny paths. Their shoes were worn off by the rocks, their clothes torn, their feet and limbs lacerated, and stained with blood. To heighten their misery, one of the savages began to make love to Miss — (the intended of major Smith) and while goading her along with pointed sticks, promised in recompense for their suffering, to make her his *squaw*. This at once roused all powers into action. In the hope that her friends would pursue them, she broke the twigs as she passed along, and delayed the party as much as possible by hasty and blundering steps. But why dwell on the unmanly cruelty of those savages? The day and night passed and another day of agony had nearly rolled over the heads of these afflicted females, when their conductors halted to cook a wild repast of Buffalo meat.

The ladies were soon missed from the garrison. The natural courage and sagacity of Smith, now heightened by love, gave him the wings of the wind, and the fierceness of the tiger. The light traces of female feet led him to the place of embarkation—the canoe was traced to the opposite shore—the deep print of the moccasins in the sand told the rest; and the agonized Smith, accompanied by a few of his best woodsmen, pursued "the iron encumbered foe." The track once discovered, they kept it with that unerring sagacity so peculiar to our hunters.

—The bended grass, the disentangled briars, and the compressed shrub, afforded the only, but to them the certain indications of the route of the enemy. When they had sufficiently ascertained the general course of the retreat of the Indians, Smith quitted the trace assuring his companions that they would fall in with them at the pass of a certain stream ahead, for which he now struck a direct course, thus gaining on the foe, who had taken the most difficult paths. Arrived at the stream, traced its course until they discovered the water newly thrown upon the rocks. Smith leaving his party, now crept forward upon his hands and feet, until he discovered one of the savages seated by a fire, and with deliberate aim shot him through the heart.

The women rushed towards their deliverer, and recognizing Smith, clung to him in the transports of newly awakened joy and gratitude, while a second Indian sprang towards him with his tomahawk. Smith disengaged himself from the ladies, aimed a blow at his antagonist with his rifle, which the savage avoided by springing aside, but at the same moment the latter received a mortal wound from another hand. The other and only remaining Indian fell, in attempting to escape. Smith, with his interesting charge, returned in triumph to the fort, where his gallantry, no doubt was repaid by the sweetest of all rewards.

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We cheerfully give place to the attached fragment from a respectable subscriber; and shall be pleased to hear from him frequently.

THE BEST ELECTION.

A fragment of an election conversation, between a candidate for office, and his christian friend.

Candidate. My dear Sir, can you inform me how I may secure my election?

Friend. Yes sir,—by diligence;—you must give all diligence to make it sure.

Can. That I have already done, sir; I have spared, I assure you, neither trouble nor expense. I have opened houses for entertainment,—I have canvassed personally,—I have employed agents to collect voters,—I have set the printers to work on broadsides and handbills; and (to let you into a secret) I have got a clever fellow to draw them up; one who is used to write for the newspaper, and can draw up an advertisement with spirit, and a little smart abuse of my antagonists.

Fr. Alas! sir, that a gentleman and a christian, as you no doubt profess to be, should stoop to such arts, to influence and corrupt the minds of the people. I heartily wish you would bestow as much pains to secure your election for a better place!

Can. A better place, sir! how do you mean? Is not this as respectable a place as any in this part of the country?

Fr. True sir; but I refer to a city, and even a heavenly one. The true christian, sir, is "a citizen of no mean city." My advice is, to "make all diligence to make your election sure" in the New Jerusalem.

Can. O ho! I understand you now. But gentlemen of your sentiments, I believe, consider that business as already settled! Do not you, sir, consider your election already fixed and unalterable?

Fr. Not more, sir, than the business in which you are engaged.

Can. How so? I wish my election were as sure as you represent.

Fr. And do you think the event is known to God?

Can. Certainly.

Fr. Then the event is sure to him.

Can. No doubt of it.

Fr. And must infallibly correspond with his fore-knowledge.

Can. That it is certainly fore-known to the Supreme Being I have no doubt; but that does not make it sure to me.

Fr. I admit that, and therefore your anxiety to make it sure to you. But why not employ the same diligence in a case of infinitely more importance.

Can. O sir, if I am to be saved, I shall be saved; and if not, you know I cannot help it.

Fr. And if you are to be elected for this place, you will be elected; why then all this trouble and expense?

Can. Ah sir! if I do not use the means, I know that I shall not be chosen.

Fr. And what reason have you to suppose you shall be saved without means?

Can. That subject we will defer, if you please, to a "more convenient season." I must wait on my electors.

Fr. Alas! Sir,—so said Felix, the Roman governor, when Paul "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come;" but that season never came; and I much fear it may be so with you. The world will always find you an excuse for neglecting religion; and the enemy of souls will represent every thing as more important than the *one thing needful*. The Lord awaken you from the delusion.

A CITIZEN.

By Authority.—The publishers of the U. S. laws received this year \$64! A magnificent bribe, truly! The N. Y. Enquirer (a Jackson print) makes the following remarks on the subject. We are glad to see that the Jackson editors are beginning to think that it is no such mighty matter after all; though it would have looked better if they had found it out themselves. The Enquirer says: "Each publisher of the laws of the United States has received *sixty four dollars* for last year for setting up matter which no doubt cost them *one hundred*. *Here's honor for you!*" By the way the city papers which know how much their weekly expenses amount to, should charge Uncle Sam by the square, the same as all of our Uncles.—There is a great mistake as to the extent of Government patronage, and much trickery has been thrown on the matter."

[Virginian.]

Canada.—1098 emigrants arrived at Quebec during the 2d week in July. With the exception of 30, all were Irish.