

SELECTED POETRY.

From the Rockingham Gazette.

I love the memory of that hour
When first in youth I found thee;
For infant beauty gently threw,
A morning freshness round thee;
A single star was rising there,
With mild and lovely motion;
And scarce the zephyr's gentle breathe,
Went o'er the sleeping ocean.

I love the memory of that hour—
It wakes a pensive feeling,
As when within a winding shell,
The playful winds are stealing.
It tells my heart of those bright years
Ere hope went down in sorrow,
When all the joys of yesterday
Were painted on tomorrow.

Where art thou now? thy once loved flowers
Their yellow leaves are twining;
And bright and beautiful again
That single star is shining.
But where art thou? the bending grass
A dewy stone discloses,
And love's light footsteps print the ground
Where all my peace reposes.

Farewell! my tears were not for thee,
T'were weakness to deplore thee;
Or vainly mourn thine absence here,
While angels half adore thee.
Thy days were few, and quickly told;
Thy short and mournful story
Hath ended like the morning star
That melts in deeper glory.

From the Ohio State Journal.

NOTES ON OHIO.—No. 2.

The settlement at Marietta commenced the 7th April, 1788. This was the first that was made in the county, and indeed in that tract of country which now constitutes the state of Ohio. This settlement was begun under the direction of the Ohio Company. The emigrants were New Englanders, from the states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, forty seven in number, and under the guidance and superintendence of Gen. Rufus Putnam. That season they planted 50 acres of corn, and built a stockaded fort, or garrison, on the elevated plain near the Muskingum river, of sufficient strength to bid defiance to any attack of the Indians, should they prove hostile. In the summer and autumn they were joined by about twenty families; the first settlers were principally revolutionary officers and soldiers, inured to fatigue, and habituated to danger. It was, I presume owing to these military habits, that they suffered so little from the attacks of the Indians, in the war which broke out the third year after their settlement commenced; being always on their guard, and going into their corn-fields with their guns near them, and one or two of their number elevated on a high stump like a sentinel on his watch tower, they were always prepared for an attack, or surprise; circumstances which no way suited the Indian mode of warfare; they invariably preferring to attack the unwary and the unguarded, calculating on success more from the sudden and unexpected manner of attack, than on their own physical power.

On the eleventh of April, 1790, settlements were begun at Belpre and Newbury. The first is fifteen miles below Marietta, on the Ohio river; the latter is 20 miles.—Strong garrison houses were built at both these places, to which the settlers fled in any alarm; but the greater number lived within the garrison so long as any danger from the Indians was apprehended. There were three of these garrisons in Belpre; the strongest one was called 'Farmer's Castle.'

After the Indian war commenced in 1791, four or six rangers, or "spies," as they were then called, were kept in constant employ by the Ohio company, whose business it was to scour the woods daily, and make report immediately on discovering signs that Indians were in the neighborhood; as any thing serious or alarming was discovered, the "spies," gave notice, the alarm gun was fired, and every man hastened from the field, from the wood, or wherever he might be, directly to his post; the gates were shut, and in a few minutes all were ready for the expected attack. But the often threatened attack never took place. The "yanches" were always in preparation to receive company; and of course the Indians did not choose to call; but would occasionally knock at the door, to see who was at home.

The settlement at Belpre, however, lost a few of its number from individuals venturing too far from the garrison and not expecting any danger, as savages had not been seen lately in their vicinity.

In 1792, Major Goodall a native of Massachusetts, was taken by the Indians while baning timber, with an ox team from the adjacent forest; his team was destroyed, but of Major Goodall no vestige could be discovered. It was general-

ly supposed that he was taken a prisoner, removed a considerable way into the wilderness, and murdered; as no tidings could ever be gained of his being a prisoner among them, when the different Indian tribes were in at Greenville, to form a treaty in 1792. His loss was a severe one to the settlement, as he was one of the most active and enterprising men they had among them. He left a wife and several children. Captain King was shot while chopping, a short distance from the garrison; he left a wife and two children, and was a native of Rhode Island. Jonas Davis was shot and scalped, near the mouth of Congress creek, about a mile from the garrison. Benoni Hulbert, one of the spies, was shot, at the mouth of the Little Hockhocking as he was returning from a scout, in the spring of 1791.

These were the principal losses the settlement at Belpre experienced from the Indians which may be called almost miraculous, when we consider their exposed situation, being the frontier settlement, and entirely open for several years to the numerous tribes of Indians who inhabited the waters of the Scioto and Muskingum rivers. The settlement at Newbury was harrassed considerably by the depredations of the Indians. One woman and two children were killed, and a child she had in her arms was tomahawked, but afterwards recovered of its wounds, as they were going to a party of men who were at work in a field, a short distance from the garrison. The Indians escaped without loss, although pursuit was instantly made.

In the year 1790, settlement were begun at the forks of Duck creek, at Waterford, on the Muskingum river, about 20 miles above Marietta, at the mouth of Meigs's creek, and at Big Bottom 32 miles up the Muskingum; another was commenced at Wolf creek near the forks; these settlements were all on a tract of land called the Donation Lands, containing 100,000 acres, in lots of 100 acres, which lots were given to any person who would make an actual settlement thereon. These lands were first given by the Ohio Company, but were afterwards assumed by Congress and other lands given to the company in exchange. This tract lies a few miles north of the settlement at Marietta, and extends east and west across the waters of Duck creek, Muskingum River, Olive Green creek, Meig's creek, and Wolf creek, affording many eligible situations for settlements. At the close of the year 1790, it was found that these several settlements, could muster four hundred and forty seven men; one hundred and three of which had families. The number of children I have not been able to learn. The settlers were nearly all from the New England states, and many of them young men, without families. The settlement at Big Bottom was destroyed by the Indians, January 2, 1791. Fourteen persons were killed, and five were taken prisoners. Amongst the slain was one woman and 2 children; the remainder were young men. The settlement was composed of young men, who had drawn their donation lots, and had just commenced improvements upon them. They had built a block house and two cabins, a few rods from the house all of which were occupied. They were in no apprehension of danger from Indians as the war had not yet commenced; and they visited the settlements in a friendly manner frequently. The Indians it seems had been watching the settlement nearly all day, from the top of a neighboring hill, and just at dusk in the evening, they commenced their attack: one party approached the block house, at the same time another party approaching one of the cabins, in a friendly manner. It was occupied by four men of the name of Choat; they entered without noise, bidden to the men to be quiet, or they would tomahawk them; confined them with cords and made them prisoners. By this time the other party had reached the block house. The men had just come in from work and were busily occupied in getting their supper; their arms were laid carelessly by in the corners of the room: a large Mohawk Indian led the van, pushed open the door and held it in that position, until the other Indians had discharged their rifles upon its astonished inhabitants.—No resistance was made except by the woman, who seizing an axe, made a blow at the big Mohawk, which cleaved the flesh from his scull to his shoulder; but before she could repeat the blow, the other Indians rushed in with their tomahawks, killed her, and all who survived the first fire. After the slaughter was over, the Indians proceeded to plundering, and under the beds, piled up in the corner of the room, they found a boy 14 or 15 years of age; him they saved alive, and took with their other prisoners to Detroit. The other cabin was occupied by two men by the name of Bullard, who hearing the firing at the block house, rushed out and made their escape just as the Indians were ap-

proaching, which they discovered by the cracking of the brush, as they were coming up in the dark. These two men reached the settlement at Wolf creek that night; by this timely notice, they were enabled to be in readiness for the Indians, who arrived early the next morning, but finding the settlers prepared to meet them, they retired without making any attempt. Had it not been for the fortunate escape of the two Bullards, this settlement would probably have shared the same fate with that at Big Bottom.

The settlement at Waterford was also attacked by the Indians; they were beaten off without any loss of lives; but they suffered a considerable loss in cattle, which the Indians drove away. It was afterwards discovered that one Indian was shot thro' the shoulder. In 1794, Abel Shearman was killed at Waterford; and in 1795 Shearman Waterman was killed on Little Wolf creek.

The settlement at Marietta suffered but little from the depredations of the Indians. Their cows would occasionally come home with arrows sticking in them, and sometimes they drove them off, or destroyed them. It was against the regulation of the settlement for any horse to run at large, they being an object of plunder of the first consequence to the Indians, as they are not only easily removed, but also assist them in their retreat; this regulation, with two or three attempts, which they made on this settlement, proving disastrous, was the reason why they so seldom visited the place. A man by the name of Robert Wirth, who was chopping in a field, within gun shot of the fort on Point Harmer, was killed by an Indian in open day, in the year 1792; the Indian escaped unharmed. Matthew Kerr was shot at the mouth of Duck creek, while crossing in a canoe. About this time one of the "spies," by the name of William Rogers, was killed a few miles from Marietta, as he was returning from a scout, in company with another "spy," by the name of Henderson. The Indians waylaid the path, and fired upon them as they passed by. Henderson had a ball shot through his blanket as it hung at his back, but without injuring him. The Indians chased him several miles, but by his superior activity and bravery, he escaped unharmed.

The beginning of June, 1792, R. J. Meigs, Jr. (since Governor of the State of Ohio, and Post Master General,) [now deceased] had a very narrow escape from the attack of two Indians. Mr. Meigs, in company with a man by the name of Symonds, and his black boy about 14 or 16 years old, was returning just at night from his cornfield where he had been hoeing. The Indians had secreted themselves by the side of the path, between him and the fort, on the west side of the Muskingum river; as he approached the river for the purpose of crossing it, some turn in the path placed him with his back towards the Indians. At this juncture one of the Indians fired and shot Symonds thro' the shoulder. Being an excellent swimmer, he took immediately to the river and, the black boy followed him, but the boy being unable to swim, was pursued by the Indian who had discharged his rifle, dragged to the shore tomahawked and scalped. Symonds floated down the river, to the fort was taken up and recovered of his wound. The other Indian, who it seems was only armed with a tomahawk, now approached Mr. Meigs with motions for him to surrender. Mr. Meigs presented his gun, which from some mischance happened to be unloaded, approaching the Indian at a pretty rapid pace: as he passed by him, he struck the Indian with his gun, and the Indian returned the blow with his tomahawk—it stunned him a little, but did not check his progress. The Indian immediately pursued, but being unable to overtake the object of his pursuit, he stopped threw his tomahawk, which narrowly missed its aim, uttered the Indian war cry, and gave up the chase.

Had Mr. Meigs tried any other expedient than that of facing his enemy and rushing immediately upon him, he must inevitably have lost his life. On his left was the river, on his right a very steep and high hill; beyond him the pathless wood, and between him and the fort, his Indian foes. To his sudden and unexpected attack, to his dauntless and intrepid manner and to his dexterity in the race Mr. Meigs undoubtedly owed his life. The Indians were immediately pursued from the fort and a number of shots were fired at them by the "spies" on the east side of the river, but they gained the hill which overlooks the towns, and bidding defiance to their pursuers, escaped unjured.

During the whole of the war, only two Indians were certainly known to have been killed. One of these was killed on the Little Muskingum, by Mr. Henderson one of the "spies"—there were three Indians in company, when they were discovered lying in their camp.—Henderson, with a

party of men approached unnoticed—one Indian was killed, the other two escaped.

One was also killed on Duck creek, about three miles from Marietta, at a spot where a settlement had been begun, but abandoned on the breaking out of the Indian war.

Two Indians had been discovered the day before, on Mill creek, a mile or two from Marietta, by one of the inhabitants, as he was returning with the cows. They were so intent on examining the path for the footsteps of passengers, that they did not see him, although only a few rods from him, he made a circuit round amongst the hills, and reached the garrison in safety. Early the ensuing morning, a party of men turned out in pursuit of the Indians. It was judged by the spies, that they would pass the night at the abandoned settlement on Duck creek. Approaching therefore with caution, the Indians were discovered without giving any alarm; one of them was amusing himself with turning a large grindstone to him probably a novel sight. The other had clambered up on the outside of a cabin, and was looking down the wooden chimney, to see what discoveries he could make within. Hamilton Kerr, one of the spies, (and son of Mr. K. killed at Duck creek,) singled out the Indian on the cabin for his mark: the rest of the company fired on the Indian at the grindstone. The one on the cabin fell dead; the other escaped, uninjured; and taking to flight, baffled the exertions of his pursuers. Although the Indians were often discovered in the neighborhood of the settlements, and were frequently pursued, they generally escaped with impunity.

So far as I have been able to learn, the Indians had no fixed residence, within the present boundaries of Washington county. But the tract of country embraced within it was used as the common hunting ground of several different tribes, more particularly the Shawnees, the Delawares, and the Wyandots. That tract of country embraced by the Ohio Company's purchase, is reputed to have been the best hunting ground, north west of the Ohio river: and is remembered with regret to this day by many of the old Indians. I have been told by some of the first settlers of this place, that the hills were literally covered with buffalo, deer and, wild turkeys; that the hunters made a business of killing the deer, for their skins, and tallow only, and that one expert hunter could kill several hundred in the course of a few weeks. At this time they have become scarce; the best hunters cannot kill, in a favorable time, more than three or four in a day, and perhaps not one in a day. The buffalo have been driven from the country many years since, and the race of turkeys is almost extinct.

SHEEP.

It is in vain for people to expect that they can have fine wool, without Mens Bucks. Twenty years since our wool was all of the coarse kind; and our manufacturers were ignorant of dressing cloth; & yet at that time sheep were considered a profitable stock; and the farmers who have worn homespun, are now most of them rich and independent. Many are the mortifications which they and their children have suffered in consequence of the coarseness of their dress; but the time has now come when every farmer can vie with the prince on his throne in the texture of his coat, by a proper attention to his flocks.

On this subject a writer in Pennsylvania says—

"The farmers ought to grow more wool; let them bear in mind that all the wool we grow, we manufacture—that we import, and manufacture millions of pounds of raw wool every year, besides the millions of dollars worth of woolen cloths, blankets &c. &c. which we annually import and consume. The farmer will bear in mind, that Wool is in demand; that the demand is increasing, that it fetches a good price. That the growth is not only a duty they owe their family, but their country; and that, therefore, interest, duty, and patriotism cry aloud to our farmers, 'Grow more Wool.' I beg again to recommend the improvement of the breed of sheep."—[Vermont Gaz.

Terre Haute, August 4.—Mr. Knight and his corps arrived in this town last evening. Our citizens were much gratified to see them. The independent course Mr. Knight pursues; and his indefatigable exertions in the discharge of his duty, can but secure the respect of his fellow citizens, and the confidence of his employers.

We have reason to facilitate ourselves upon the certainty of this grand thoroughfare passing in the vicinity of our town, and from every information our hopes that fortune has so fixed our natural position as to render the location of this great road through our town a matter of more certainty than of doubt.