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The Dacotah's Captive.

A Tale of the Lead Mines of Iowa.

BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.

While the Spanish colonists ravaged the southern portion of North America in quest of gold, and the English planted the germs of self-government on the eastern coast, the French were but the agents of home-merchants, who enjoyed a monopoly of the various traffics, and were sustained in the enjoyment of it by the strong arm of military power. To the trading association in particular, we owe the discovery of the Mississippi, by the son of one of the members, the intrepid La Salle. In his day, lead was first discovered within the present limits of the State of Iowa, but the noted Julien Dubuque was first who taught the Indians to collect the ore, and make an article of trade of it. He was not only a brave but a crafty man, and after his death the savages, in compliance with his dying wish, deposited his remains upon the summit of a bluff overlooking the 'Father of Waters,' securing the mouth of the mausoleum with a massive leaden door of a ton weight. They then burned his dwelling and erased every trace of civilized life around his settlement, except the orchard planted by his own hands. Vandal whites afterwards cut up the door to sell, but the name of Dubuque will ever be remembered in Iowa.

Years passed away. The white flag of France no longer waved over the Mississippi Valley, and the bold frontier man, adrift on the foam of the sea, was no longer a part of the foremost wave of civilization, crossing the river in quest of the lead ore, game and fertile soil. One of the first settlements thus established was formed by a party from Kentucky, led by the grandfathers of the younger generation—old Joe Bates, a noble specimen of a frontier man. Seventy winters had whitened his locks, but he was hale and hearty, and able to wield an axe with any of his sons, or to draw 'head on a rifle with that fatal accuracy of aim which enabled him to render good service at the battle of New Orleans. Selecting a good locality on the very shores of the Mississippi, old Joe and his son built a log cabin, surrounded by a stockade to keep off the Dacotahs. They then surrounded a 'clearing' with a warm fence, decimated the standing trees by the fatal-axe circle, and planted corn. When corn was well above ground and freed from weeds, they began to prospect for lead ore.

Thus far they had seen no Indians and began to flatter themselves that the 'red skins' had left the country to their peaceful possession, but the wily savages had kept a watch upon their movements. Perhaps, had they confined themselves to agricultural labors, the intruders might have gone unmolested, especially as the Dacotahs wished to conciliate the United States Government in a profitable treaty, but when pick axes were wielded in search of the ore, the destruction of the pale-faces was contemplated in the council.

The first act of savage vengeance was upon the oldest son, Frank Bates, who had built him a cabin about five hundred yards from 'head quarters,' despite the warnings of old Joe. Frank, however, had no fear of Indians, and lived with his wife and their babe in great happiness until one summer's night, when he was awakened by the loud barking of dogs. Springing from his bed, he looked through an opening in the logs, and saw to his horror at least fifty Dacotahs, in full war costume, evidently seeking the easier way to force an entrance into the cabin. Arousing his wife, he raised a cellar trap door, and was about to send her down, when the child she had left in bed began to cry.

"I cannot leave my babe," said she. "Nay," he exclaimed, "I will take care of the boy," and almost forcing her down into a small cellar, he closed the unbolted door, over which he threw a large chest. Then, seizing his rifle and hatchet, he took the infant and ascended to the loft of the cabin, pulling up the ladder after him. A moment more and the door was forced from its hinges, and the Dacotahs entered, eager for their prey. But Bates did not return to watch their movements, for lashing his boy to his shoulder, he cautiously opened a shutter in the gable of the loft, and seeing that no Indians were beneath, jumped to the ground, rifle in hand.

Ere he had traversed his little garden, the air resounded with the blood-chilling notes of the war-whoop, and a volley of arrows rained around the fugitive. Happily only one struck him, and that in the fleshy part of his arm, so that he kept on straining every nerve to reach the stockade around his father's cabin. But ere he had gone many paces a gigantic Indian overtook him. Turning like a stag at bay, he faced his antagonist, knocked him down with the butt of his rifle, and then sped on his way. But

now to his horror, he saw a large body of the Dacotahs around his father's dwelling as he approached, firing over on the roofs of the cabins with arrows, to which burning tow was attached.

He paused—but the cries of his boy aroused him to a sense of his own danger and his wife's perilous situation. Directing his steps towards the river, where he found his dug-out safely moored, he was soon paddling across the river to a settlement where there were a large number of whites.

Day had scarcely dawned on the succeeding morning before twenty miners, good and true, were ready to accompany him across the river. They cared no more for Dacotahs than for prairie dogs, and acted up to the spur of the moment, regardless of the consequences. Crossing above his residence, young Bates led them towards his clearing; but on arriving there, nothing remained of his house but a smouldering pile of ashes. His beloved wife had evidently perished in the flames, for among the ashes and charred beams in the cellar they found some blackened bones. Just then they were joined by old Joe Bates and two of his younger sons, armed to the teeth. They were delighted to see Frank alive, for they feared that the column of smoke that had risen from his cabin was his monument, but now they did their best to console him in their rough way. He said but little, but secretly vowed to avenge his wife's death, and well did he keep his word.

To have supposed that the mild looking, slender built Frank Bates was an incarnate demon in a fight with the Dacotahs, yet within a year after his cabin was burnt, he had twenty scalps hanging to his girdle. Vengeance seemed his only thought—his life's desire.

For some time after the outrage, the Dacotahs kept away from the mines, but at last a party of them came prowling about, and the miners determined to have a brush with them—who was so competent to head the party as the sworn enemy of the 'red-skins,' Frank Bates? The party engaged two Winnebagoes as guides, and then struck into the forest following a recent trail. The third night of their journey the weary leader, yet staid on standing sentry, and about midnight the clear crack of his rifle awakened every sleeper. In an instant, every man was on his feet, rifle in hand, ready to repel the lurking foe, but a low whistle from Frank announced that there was no danger. Morning came, and as the party crowded round the sentinel to learn the cause of the alarm, he merely pointed to what appeared to be a huge bear; a nearer approach to the object discovered, to their astonishment the grim visage of a dead Dacotah, enveloped in the skin of a gigantic bruin, who thus disguised had attempted to reconnoitre the position of the frontier-men.

Frank now felt assured that they were near their enemy, and followed the train in silence, on the alert for their foe. On reaching the summit of a knoll, they saw the village before them—a collection of high conical tents, made of dressed buffalo skins sewed together, and ornamented with rude representations of battle or the chase. On the outskirts were the squaws engaged in the laborious occupations which fall to their lot. Their infants tightly bound to straight strips of bark, were tied to small bent over birches, which gently danced them to sleep, and the boys of the village, with bow and arrow, were firing at the representations of a Kansas hunter. In the centre of the village, before the towering tent of the chief, sat the braves smoking their tomahawk pipes with social gravity.

The white men looked at the priming of their rifles, put their sharp hunting knives between their teeth, and with a deafening yell rushed down through the frightened squaws to the Dacotahs could comprehend what caused the alarm. Dashing into the startled group of warriors with fierce war-whoops, they dealt destruction around them. The chief was the first slain, bravely defending himself and encouraging his warriors, who nobly struggled to avenge his death but all in vain.

Frank Bates fought like a demon, but at one time was nearly a victim to a stalwart warrior. But on glancing at his opponent, Frank recognized, in a gay red handkerchief around his head, the marriage gift of his lost wife. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased activity to his feet, he seized his assailant with his left arm, lifted him from the ground, and at the same time with nervous force, thrust his knife into his heart. This decided the battle, for the surviving Dacotahs, panic struck at the sudden attack, rushed to the spot where the horses were tethered, and escaped into the forest. Upwards of fifty dead warriors remained on the bloody field and others grievously wounded, but not a single white man seriously injured.

The women and the children fled to the woods, and the whites found abundance of

plunder, comprising blankets, rich furs, horses, dried meats and tents; but Frank Bates felt sad at heart, for the sight of this moment of his wife made him fear she had been tortured before perishing in the flames. Night came on, and feeling positive that he could not sleep, he volunteered to keep watch. It was a bright moonlight night as he was pacing his solitary round, planning new schemes of vengeance, he heard a light step approach from the thicket.

Frank, at first raised his rifle to shoot down the intruder, when a secret influence led him to call out: "Who comes?" "Are you a white man?" was the reply in tones that produced indescribable effect upon the stout-hearted pioneer.

"Yes, and you?" "I am Frank Bates' wife, who was taken prisoner over on the Mississippi," and as she spoke she advanced.

The rifle fell to the ground, and Frank stood as if under the influence of a magic spell. His hands were convulsively clenched, his hair stood erect on his head, a shiver ran through his frame, and he tottered back several paces. But not so with the female, who had recognized her husband as she drew near and exclaimed, as she threw herself into his arms: "Frank! my own Frank! do you know your wife?"

Yes, it was his long mourned bride, for her features were stamped with sorrow, but still retained her early beauty. Mutual explanation followed, and when the delightful wife learned the safety of her boy, all her hardships vanished. It now appeared that when the Indians entered Bates' house, they found a keg of whiskey which they drank freely, and then plundering everything, removing the chest in their recesses. Soon two of them quarrelled for the handkerchief Bates had seen on the day previous, and drawing their scalp-knives, one speedily received a mortal stab, and fell directly upon the trap-door, through which the blood ran down upon the hidden wife. She, believing that it came from the veins of her husband, shrieked aloud, thus betraying her place of concealment. Dragging her forth, her captors bound her, then rifled the cabin and applied the torch. The body of the slain Dacotah was consumed, and over his bones Bates mourned as for those of his wife.

That day they 'packed' the plunder upon what horses the Dacotah had left, and started for their homes, which they regained in safety. The proceeds of Frank Bates' share of the spoils enabled him to rebuild his house, but this time close to that of his father, and enclosed with a high stockade. The Dacotahs, however, never returned, and in the course of time were driven to the far West. Frank Bates is now one of the wealthiest land holders in Iowa, a member of the State Senate, Judge of the county courts, and Major General of Militia. Time has dealt leniently with him and his wife, but neither forgot her captivity. The son never passes the scene of his father's fight on that memorable night, without feeling a renewed sense of his filial obligations, and a deeper love for his boyhood's home.

To Parents and Young Mechanics. We copy the following article from that useful and popular journal, the "Scientific American," and commend it to the attention of parents whose children have a taste for science, art, or mechanics:—

There are but few families that have not one or more members who possess a taste for science, art, or mechanics; to the parents of such we have a few words to say. Such tastes are noble, because they afford evidence of a thirst for useful knowledge, and as "knowledge is power" they should be fostered and cultivated. The reading and study of works of an elementary character are necessary for this purpose, but these are not sufficient; those who have such tastes must also read and study periodicals devoted to the propagation of information relating to discoveries, inventions and improvements. The public mind is so active at the present day, and art and science move on and progress with such rapid strides, that it is positively necessary to employ means of this character to keep posted up in correct information. Many publications contain much that excite the passions, and oftentimes impart to them a wrong bias; but science appeals only to the intellect and the judgment, and its influence must therefore be elevating to every mind that pursues it. Is not this a powerful reason why every family should welcome a scientific periodical and make it a household companion?

Our country is a young giant; its growth in material greatness is a modern miracle among the nations. It presents more openings for young men to rise to renown and wealth than any other. Every mechanic who acquires a master's skill of his business, coupled with intelligence and scientific knowledge, is sure to rise to distinction. On the other hand, an ignorant man, no matter what

may be the advantages presented to him, never can arise to distinction—he lacks knowledge—and is therefore deficient in power to do so.

Young mechanics! Yours is the time of life to devote to the acquisition of positive knowledge, before the ears of the world absorb all your time in providing the means of a bare subsistence.

A young mechanic should learn to be a good draughtsman; his mind should be imbued with sound scientific information; he should be posted up in the progress of science; and he should be able to write and express his opinions freely and correctly. He should have a manly ambition to be intelligent in all that relates to his profession; for those who have no such ambition can never rise to be good mechanics or good citizens.

POETRY.

THE HEART.

How oft the heart is bowed with grief,
While only smiles appear;
How oft the thorn is planted there,
While falls unseen the tear!

How oft amid the giddy throng,
When all appears so gay,
The heart is breaking o'er some grief,
And hastening to decay!

How oft the sparkling wine is quaffed,
To drown some inward grief,
How oft that life is long and sad,
Which seems to us so brief!

Ah, little do we know the pangs
That rend the human heart;
That drive its victims to despair,
And with life to part!

Ah, little do we know what griefs
Consume the vital part;
When pleasure seems to rule, what fires
Are burning in the heart!

Latest from Europe!

ARRIVAL OF THE BALTIC.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 29.
The steamer Baltic arrived this morning, with Liverpool dates to the 17th inst.

The Markets present little change. Breadstuffs were firm at the highest quotations by the Canada. Wheat had slightly advanced. Money in active demand. Consols 94.

The European news generally is dull. The Chartist associations were being revived in England.

The state of affairs in Naples was causing considerable concern.

It was reported that the numerous questions arising out of the treaty of Paris will lead to another Congress, to be held during the coming winter.

[17] We observe in the recent list of Medical Graduates at the University of Edinburgh, that the Degree of Doctor in Medicine was conferred on Mr. Thomas Archer Gregory, of this City, who, after passing his examination in New York in June, 1855, had obtained a Diploma from the University of that City in March last.—[Head Quarters.]

GRAND CRICKET MATCH AT NEW YORK.

On Thursday the 15th a match was played on the Hoboken Cricket Ground between eleven of Canada and eleven of the United States, which resulted in favour of the latter. Canada made in the first inning 64, in the second inning 82. The United States players made 111 in their first inning, and won easily the second inning with nine wickets to go down. We condense from the "New York Clipper," which contains full details.—[16.]

"Ma! ma! cousin Bill's in the parlor with sister Sal, and he keeps biting her!" "Cousin biting my Sal!" "Yes'em, I seed him do it every so many times; bit her right on the mouth—and the tarmal girl didn't beller a bit, nuther." "Oh!—ah! never mind Ned, I guess he didn't hurt her much."

"Hurt her! by gosh, she loves it, she does, coz she kept lettin him, and didn't say nothing, but just smacked her lips as though 'twas good, she did. I seed it all through the key-hole. I'll fire taters at him, by gosh, I will."

"I presume," said Horn, entering a hardware store, "that you deal in all sorts of nails?" "Certainly," replied the clerk in attendance.

"Then I will trouble you for a pound of Joe nails." "Jam got a pound over his head for his pains."

TOMORROW.—A little horse that is all the time running away with the women.

The Religion of the Cross.

READER, as long as you live, beware of a religion in which there is not much of the cross. You live in times when the warning is sadly needful. Beware, I say again, of a religion without a cross. There are hundreds of places of worship, in this day, in which there is every thing almost, except the cross. There is stained glass and brilliant painting. There are solemn services and a constant round of ordinances. But the real cross of Christ is not there. Jesus crucified is not proclaimed in the pulpit. The Lamb of God is not lifted up, and salvation by faith in Him is freely proclaimed. And hence all is wrong. Reader, beware of such places of worship. They are not apostolic. They would not have satisfied St. Paul. There are thousands of religious books published in our times, in which there is every thing except the cross. They are full of directions about sacraments, and praises of the church. They abound in exhortations about holy living, and rules for the attainment of perfection. They have plenty of fonts and crosses, both inside and outside; but the real cross of Christ is left out. The Saviour and his dying love are either not mentioned, or mentioned in an unscriptural way. And hence they are worse than useless. Reader, beware of such books. They are not apostolic. They would never have satisfied St. Paul. Reader, St. Paul gloried in nothing but the cross. Strive to be like him. Set Jesus crucified fully before the eyes of your soul. Listen not to any teaching which would interpose any thing between you and him. Do not fall into the old Galatian error. Think not that any one in this day is a better guide than the Apostles. Do not be ashamed of the old paths in which men walked who were inspired by the Holy Ghost. Let not the vague talk of men who speak great swelling words about catholicity and the church, and the ministry, disturb your peace and make you loose your hand from the cross. Churches, ministers, and sacraments are all useful in their way, but they are not Christ crucified. Do not give Christ's honor to another. "He that glorifieth, let him glory in the Lord."—[Rev. J. C. Ryle.]

Book Farming.

There are, even at the present day, some farmers, who clinging to the old fables of their fathers and grandfathers, repudiate every thing connected with book farming, and prefer to plod on in the old beaten path rather than diverge from that and take those which the scientific researches of other and abler men have found to be less difficult and more profitable.

This is an age of progress—an age in which every branch of science is becoming more fully developed, and more easily understood, through the researches of the few, for the benefit of the many, to whom explorations in these hidden fields would be impracticable on account of ignorance of the abstruse principles of theoretic science. The results of these inquiries into the nature and properties of the soil, and the basis of what is called book farming; and when upon that basis a theory is built which practical experience endorses as correct, prejudice should not deprive us of the benefits which would accrue from its adoption.

Some of our brethren of the press have taken a broad stand against book farming, and tell us that we must be "cautious about deviations from the old and accustomed usages of our ancestors;" but we cannot bring ourselves to believe that Agriculture should not keep pace with the enlightenment of the times, and the assumption that it is not susceptible of improvement we look upon as simply ridiculous. We contend that every farmer should endeavor to obtain a thorough knowledge of the properties and capacities of his soil, and the manner in which they may be improved, by a careful perusal of the works of our agricultural writers, of which we have many of undisputed ability, and who are practical farmers, speaking advisedly upon matters they have thoroughly tested. We do not advise our farmers to adopt every new-fangled mode of farming which may be proposed by this man or that man, and which have no other parentage than the imagination of some mere speculator. We would have them examine carefully each suggestion, submit it to their own judgment and reasoning faculties, investigate its claims to practicality, and if they do not feel competent to decide upon its merits, and prefer not to hazard an experiment in order to settle the question, let them examine the source from which it emanates. If it springs from a source heretofore blending the theoretical and the practical, and from which so many have issued, until experiment has proved it to be reliable, then it may be safely adopted.

In conclusion, we would say read, and apply the knowledge thus obtained to the management of your farm.—[FARMER'S TEL.]