

MARYLAND GAZETTE AND POLITICAL INTELLIGENCER.

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No. 27.]

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Price—Three Dollars per Annum.
PROXY OF MR. & MRS. DUSTAN.
[From President Dwight's Travels.]
Haverhill was settled in the year 1637, and incorporated in 1645. During the first seventy-five years of its settlement it suffered often and greatly, by savage depredations. The story of these depredations is, however, imperfectly known at the present time. Even the facts which are still known, are so dispersed in the possession of different persons, to render it very difficult to obtain them correctly. This kind of knowledge is daily becoming less, and will soon be lost. It is much to be wished that inquisitive men, throughout this country, would learn and preserve the little which remains. It is a serious and unfortunate error of men in general, to suppose that events, familiarized to themselves by freque repetition, will be uninteresting to others; and in efforts to preserve them will be considered as either trifling or elegant. In no country, probably, are the inhabitants more inquisitive than in New-England. But their inquiries terminate, or have until recently terminated, chiefly in things remote in time or place; and have been very little occupied by subjects pertaining to their own country. It is, perhaps, natural to man to feel that his own concerns or any concerns which are familiar to him, will be little regarded by those who are remote from him. Few parents are diligent to have their own portraits taken; yet, after their own decease, scarcely any legacy is sought more valuable by their children.

In the year 1697, on the 5th day of March, a body of Indians attacked this town; burned a small number of houses; and killed and captured about forty of the inhabitants. A party of them, arrayed in all the trappings of the Indian war dress, and trying with them the multiplied errors of a savage invasion, approached near to the house of a Mr. Dustan. This man was abroad, at a usual labour. Upon the first alarm, he flew to the house, with a view of hurrying to a place of safety, his family, consisting of his wife, who had been confined a week only of child bed, her nurse, a Mrs. Maryoff, a widow from the neighbourhood, and eight children. Seven of the children he ordered to flee with the utmost expedition, in the course of the night, and in which the danger was approaching, and went himself to assist his wife. Before she could be removed the savages were upon them. Her husband, despairing of rendering her any service, flew to the door, mounted his horse, and determined to snatch up the child, which he was most unable to do, when he should overtake the pack. When he came up to them, about two hundred yards from his house, he was unable to make a sound, or to leave any one of the number. He, therefore, determined to take his lot with them, and to defend them from their murderers, or die by their side. A body of Indians pursued and came up with them; and from near distances fired upon him and his little company. He turned the fire, and retreated, alternately. For more than a mile he kept so resolute a face to his enemy, retiring in the rear of his charge—returned the fire of the savages so often, and with so good success—and sheltered so effectually his terrified companions—that he finally lodged them all, safe from the pursuing butchers, in a distant place. When it is remembered how numerous his assailants were; how bold, when an overmatch for their enemies; how active; and what excellent marksmen; a devout mind will consider the hand of Providence as unusually visible in the preservation of this family.

Another party of the Indians entered the house immediately after Mr. Dustan had quitted it, and found Mrs. Dustan, and her nurse, who was attempting to fly with the child in her arms. Mrs. Dustan was ordered to rise instantly; and before she could dress herself, oblig-

ed her and her companion to quit the house, after they had plundered it and set it on fire. In company with several other captives, they began their march into the wilderness; she, feeble, sick, terrified beyond measure, partially clad, one of her feet bare, and the season unfit for comfortable travelling. The air was chilly and keen, and the earth covered, alternately, with snow and deep mud. Her conductors were unfeeling, insolent and revengeful. Murder was their glory, and torture their sport. Her infant was in the arms of her nurse; & infants were the customary victims of savage barbarity.

The party had proceeded but a short distance, when an Indian, thinking it an inopportune time for the child out of the nurses arms, and dashed its brains out against a tree.—What were then the feelings of the mother!

Such of the other captives as began to be weary and lag, the Indians tomahawked.—The slaughter was not an act of revenge nor of cruelty. It was mere convenience; an effort so familiar as not even to excite an emotion. Their intense distress for the death of the child, and their companions; anxiety for those whom they had left behind; and unceasing terror for themselves, raised these unhappy women to such a degree of vigour, that, notwithstanding their fatigue, their exposure to the cold, their sufferance of hunger, and their sleeping on damp ground under an inclement sky, they finished an expedition of about one hundred and fifty miles, without losing spirits or incurring their health.

The wigwag to which they were conducted, and which belonged to the savage who had claimed them as his property, was inhabited by twelve persons. In the month of April, this family set out with their captives for a settlement still more remote; and informed them that, when they arrived at the settlement, they must be stripped, scourged, and run the gauntlet, naked, between two files of Indians, containing the whole number found in the settlement; for such they declared was the standing custom of their nation. This information you will believe made a deep impression on the minds of the captive women, and led them, irresistibly, to devise all the possible means of escape.—On the 31st of the same month, very early in the morning, Mrs. Dustan, while the Indians were asleep, having awakened her nurse, and a fellow prisoner, (a youth taken some time before, from Worcester,) dispatched, with the assistance of her companions, ten of the twelve Indians. The other two escaped.—With the scalps of these savages, they returned through the wilderness and having arrived safely at Haverhill, and afterwards, at Boston, received a handsome reward for their intrepid conduct from the Legislature.

Whether all their sufferings, and all the danger of suffering anew, justified the slaughter, may probably be questioned by you, or some other exact moralist. Precedents innumerable and of high authority, may indeed be urged in behalf of these captives; but the moralist will equally question the rectitude of these. Few persons, however, agonizing as Mrs. Dustan did under the evils she had already suffered, and in the full apprehension of those which she was destined to suffer, would have been able to act the part of nice casuists; and fewer still, perhaps, would have exercised her intrepidity. That she herself approved of the conduct, which was applauded by the magistrates and divines of the day, in the cool hours of deliberation, cannot be doubted. The truth is, the season of Indian invasion, burning, butchering, captivity, threatening and torture, is an unfortunate time for nice investigation, and critical moralizing.

A wife, who has just seen her husband burned, her infant dashed against a tree, and her companions coldly murdered one by one—who supposed her husband and her remaining children to have shared the same fate—who was threatened with torture, and infamy more painful than torture—and who did not en-

certain a doubt, that the threatening would be fulfilled—would, probably feel no necessity, when she found it in her power, to dispatch the authors of her sufferings, of asking questions concerning any thing but the success of the enterprise.

But, whatever may be thought of the rectitude of her conduct, that of her husband is in every view honourable. A finer succession of scenes for the pencil was hardly ever presented to the eye, than was furnished by the efforts of this gallant man, with their interesting appendages. The artist must be destitute indeed of talents, who could not engross every heart, as well as every eye by exhibitions of this husband and father, flying to rescue his wife, her infant, and her nurse, from the approaching horde of savages; attempting, on his horse, to select from his flying family the child which he was the least able to spare, and unable to make the selection; facing, in their rear, the horde of hell-hounds; alternately and sternly retreating behind his insupportable charge, and fronting the enemy again; receiving and returning their fire, and presenting himself, equally as a barrier against murderers, and a shelter to the flight of innocence and anguish. In the background of some one or other of these pictures, might be exhibited, with powerful impression, the kindled dwelling, the sickly mother; the terrified nurse, with the new born infant in her arms; and the furious natives, surrounding them, driving them forward, and displaying the trophies of savage victory, and the insolence of savage triumph.

SEVENTY SIX.
We copy the following article from the New York Evening Post: [Fed. Rep.]
BUCKTAIL PERSECUTION.
OLD PATRIOTS.—At the third ward, this morning, Dr. E. Davis, an old soldier of the revolution, who LOST HIS LEG in the service of his country, and who now receives a pension, came to the poll and offered his vote. It was known that he would vote the Independent ticket. In that spirit of gratitude to the soldiers of '76, and in that pure spirit of extending the right of suffrage, which distinguishes those bucktails, this aged man was challenged by one ISAAC GRAHAM, a patriotic leader of the North River squad, and after all the facts were explained and the inspectors declared themselves ready to receive the vote, the challenger, like Shylock for his pound of flesh, insisted on the oath, and FORCED the old soldier to take it.

This challenger is one of those heroes who fight at the fireside of Tammany Hall, and who never was in sight of the enemy, during a battle.
A FREEHOLDER.
We like the spirit with which this outrage on the feelings of an old soldier is noticed, and republish it to show that the time has nearly gone by when revolutionary services cease to command respect and gratitude.—Feeling minds can easily imagine the mortification which must have been felt by this old veteran, who lost a limb and endured the most excruciating tortures in fighting for our right to vote, when he was challenged by a man "who never was in sight of the enemy during a battle."

We feel the greatest contempt and scorn for the perpetrators of such outrages. Let the reader picture to himself, an old, worn down veteran, deprived of one leg, limping along slowly to the polls, to exercise and enjoy the right for which he fought and suffered—and then to see him interrupted by one who never "smelled gunpowder,"—and his feelings will be indignant, if he has any of that fire within him which warms the bosoms of every true son of Columbia.

Instead of preventing these venerable old men from voting, rather let them be carried to the polls, if they are deprived of their limbs or enfeebled by age. They, established the glorious right of suffrage, and in our opinion must enjoy its exercise in a greater degree than we who partook not of the same dangers, but who are blessed with all its fruits. There is a peculiar charm about these venerable old men, that makes them dear to us.

Those few who survive are generally weak, old and enfeebled, and the few hairs they have about their heads are white as snow; but in their bosoms we find all that noble courage which animated them in their youth—the spirit of '76 remains within them and their eyes sparkle with the same lustre as they did, when, amid the roaring of cannon and during the bloody struggle for our independence, LIBERTY OR DEATH was their motto.

Shall these men be insulted, after all that they have done and when they are so near the grave? Or shall they, like the venerable WATERS of this city, be deprived of BREAD by the relentless and cruel fangs of ingratitude? No! The people of New York will watch over their old soldiers, and the people of Maryland manifest a feeling for the injuries committed on theirs, which will result in a complete overthrow of those who can behold a hero of '76 without LOVING him.

We feel ourselves insulted by such daring outrages, because we look upon the soldiers of Washington as upon our fathers, & conceive it a sacred duty to manifest to them our gratitude, until their spirits are summoned to join the sainted one of their immortal leader.

From the Federal Republican.
MEN AND MEASURES.

Many people look upon those in office to be immaculate, and incapable of committing errors; hence the reason why a blind confidence is often reposed in men who are unworthy of confidence; and totally incapable of performing the duty of their offices. The cause of this error is easily ascertained.—Most persons do not think, but agree to be dictated to by those whose interest it is to keep their favourites in office.—These persons, thus led by the nose, take it for granted that all must be true which their dictators say, and they are finally induced to forget measures and idolize unworthy men. This species of dictation is carried on to a vast extent in this state: the panders of the present Executive have managed their parts so well, with the unthinking, that men may be found who will publicly defend their measures, and believe them to be sound, because, in their zeal to serve their dictators, they think only of the men, and never stop to examine measures.—Now, the truth is simply this: if we are republicans, we dare not idolize a man and believe him faultless because we have given him an office. The occupancy of an office in this, our happy republic, does not give to the occupant a right to expect all those who have given it to him, to be his humble servants, or his flatterers and tools. We will state an example: The governor of this state is a servant of the people of Maryland, to execute their orders and fulfil their commands, and he is paid for his services; it is his business to please his rulers, the people, by a faithful discharge of the duties which they assign him, he has no more right to dictate more or less than the laws of the people authorize him to do, than a journeyman in our office has to dictate to us.—We are federal republicans, and we abhor all titles, stars and garters, which do not emanate from the people; we disdain the establishment of a plan which shall give to one set of men or one family, all power and all office, because such hereditary arrangements interfere with the pure spirit of republicanism, and smell of foreign depravity. In this glorious country the people are the sovereigns, and their presidents and governors are their servants—and when their servants err and adopt measures inimical to the best interests of the republic, they have the same right to discharge them from, as they had to put them into, office.

People of Maryland,—you are the sovereigns of this state; you have a right to examine into the conduct of your servants and to discharge them for mismanaging your affairs.—You have a right, and it will be your duty to employ others; to employ republicans, real federal republicans—men who dare to be honest for the sake of honesty; men, who will not trifle with the duties you impose upon them, and seek only their own interests; men, who are ready to acknowledge that the people are the sovereigns, and that in-

cumbents in office are the servants, and not the masters of that people; men, who adhere to the principles of George Washington,—whose name and whose principles will be loved and venerated when democracy shall be remembered only by the evils it produced and by the misery it occasioned.

HARD TIMES.

Every one is complaining of hard times; all cry aloud against them, but few, very few endeavour to ascertain the cause and apply a remedy. The times are not only hard, but they are daily becoming harder, and will continue so until the people make them better.—Maryland, in particular, has felt the severity of the times. In addition to the general stagnation of business throughout the country, this state has been under democratic misrule for nearly two years. A set of men are at the head of our administration, who care not for the sufferings of the honest and industrious, and whose object is to retain power at all hazards. Instead of adopting measures to relieve the trader, farmer, planter and mechanic, these men are neglected; the farmer and planter till the earth, and after they bring their crops to market, what do they obtain therefor?—little or nothing. We appeal to every honest man in the state, whether things looked so gloomy in those days when federalism was triumphant? The answer must be No. It is a peculiar trait in the character of federalism to look only to the good of the community, and encourage the worthy and valuable tradesman, farmer and planter. We ask the people to think on these matters; we entreat them to compare federalism and its Administration with democracy and its misrule. They will then find the truth of our assertion, that crooked and wretched times must always follow crooked and democratic measures. Experience has taught us, that the principles of Washington are the only ones which are calculated to make republicans happy, and we hesitate not to say, that so long as those principles were adhered to, his people were happy and prosperous. As soon as other motives than the good of the nation were entertained by those in power; as soon as democracy stood up against republicanism, the nation deteriorated, this glorious and free republic became involved in debt and disasters; her resources were cut off; the enterprise of her citizens dampened—and times became hard. Banks without number were established, and as they fell, many worthy citizens fell with them. Favourites were entrusted with public funds, and twenty millions were lost to the people. Lately, in a time of profound peace, we borrowed five millions, and next year shall have to borrow more.

Is it to be wondered at, people of Maryland, if the times are hard? Can you retrieve your losses by planting and farming, when you hardly obtain as much for your produce as will support your industrious families? Is it not high time that we should effect a change in the administration of our state, and rescue ourselves and families from want? Yes, it is—therefore exert yourselves in this great and excellent cause. Let every federal republican in the state be on the alert, for the enemy is wakeful and busy. If they do so, Maryland will be regenerated, hard times will vanish with their originating cause, democracy, and the people of Maryland will be happy.

10 Dollars Reward.
Strayed away from the subscriber living near the head of Severn, in Anne Arundel county, on the 20th of May last, a bright Bay Mare, about five years of age, fourteen hands and a half high, paces and trots, with one hind foot white, and a knot on one of her fore legs, about the size of an English walnut. Whoever takes up the said Mare, and brings her home to me, shall receive the above reward.
John Hammond.

THE EDITORS of the Maryland Republican, of Annapolis, and the Federal Gazette and American, at Baltimore, are requested to insert the above notice a week for six weeks.

JUST PUBLISHED,
AND FOR SALE,
AT THIS OFFICE,
The Votes & Proceedings
of the last session of the Legislature.
Price—\$1 50.
June 14

PRINTING
Of every description, neatly executed at this Office.

Partnership...
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a variety of Vestings,
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f.
E'S SALE.
e decree of the Honour-
of Maryland, the
er at public sale, on
th of June next, at
upon the premises,
AND LOT,
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as it possesses eve-
or a dwelling-house
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on the day of sale,
nt of the purchase
nce will be executed
and Lot.
Pinkney, Trustee.
5

On application to the Honorable
Chief Justice of the third judicial
district of the State of Maryland,
in writing of Jehosaphat M. Cauley,
of Anne Arundel county, stating
that he is in actual confinement,
and praying the benefit of the
assembly of Maryland, and
act for the relief of sundry
debtors, passed at November
1815, and the several supplements
thereto on the 28th therein prescribed,
a schedule of his property, and a
list of his creditors, on oath, as far as
he can ascertain them, being annexed
to his petition, and the said Jehosaphat
M. Cauley having satisfied me by com-
petent testimony, that he has resided
two years in the state of Maryland im-
mediately preceding the time of his
application, I do therefore hereby order
and adjudge, that the said Jehosaphat
M. Cauley be discharged from his con-
finement, and that he give notice to his
creditors, by causing a copy of this
order to be inserted in one of the public
news-papers, printed in the city of
Annapolis, once a week for three
months, before the 3d Monday of Octo-
ber next, to appear before the said
county court, at the court house of said
county, for the purpose of recommend-
ing a trustee for their benefit, and to
show cause, if any they have, why the
said Jehosaphat M. Cauley should not
have the benefit of the said act, as
prayed. Given under my hand this
11th day of June 1821:
Jeremiah T. Chase,
Clerk.

NEW SPRING GOODS.
GEORGE SILW
Has just received a supply of Goods
of the latest importation, including a
great variety of new articles of the
denomination of Dry Goods.
ALSO
A general assortment of
Groceries, Ironmongery, and Station-
ery.
April 12.

State of Maryland, So-
Calvert County Orphans Court.
February 13th, 1821.
On application of Benjamin Ha-
ncock, administrator of Kinsey Hance, his
of Calvert county, deceased, it is or-
dered that he give the notice re-
quired by law for creditors to exhibit
their claims against the said deceased
and that the same be published once
each week for the space of six con-
secutive weeks, in the Maryland Re-
publican, and Maryland Gazette, of An-
napolis.
W. Smith, Reg. of Wills
for Calvert County.

Notice is hereby Given,
That the subscriber of Calvert
county, hath obtained from the orphans
court of Calvert county, in Maryland,
letters of administration on the personal
estate of Kinsey Hance, late of
Calvert county, deceased. All persons
having claims against the said deceased,
are hereby warned to exhibit the same
with the vouchers thereof, to the sub-
scriber, on or before the 12th day of
September next, they may otherwise
be lawfully excluded from all benefits
of the said estate.—Given under my
hand this 24th day of February 1821.
Benjamin Hance, Adm'r.
of Kinsey Hance.

Just Published
THE LAWS OF MARYLAND,
December Session, 1820.
And for Sale at this office
Price—\$1 50.
April 12.

Farmers' Bank of Maryland,
June, 20, 1821.
In compliance with the charter of
the Farmers Bank of Maryland, and
with a supplement thereto establishing
a branch thereof at Frederick town,
notice is hereby given to the Stock-
holders on the Western Shore that an
election will be held at the Balling
House in the city of Annapolis on the
first Monday in August next, between
the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and
3 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of
choosing from amongst the Stock-
holders sixteen directors for the Bank
at Annapolis, and nine directors for
the Branch Bank at Fredericktown.
By order,
Jonathan Pinkney, Cash.

The editors of the Maryland Repub-
lican, of Annapolis, and the Federal
Gazette and American, at Baltimore,
are requested to insert the above
notice a week for six weeks.