

# THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

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## TERMS:

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ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

## POETRY.

### THE SYCAMORE BOUGH:

Upon an ancient sycamore  
A noble bough there grew,  
And fostered myriads of leaves  
That hid itself from view.  
When winter came with angry breath,  
The bough was brown and bare;  
Gone where the summer-hearted leaves  
That since were nurtured there.

Thus with vain man. In summer days  
The world around him clings;  
It guiles his heart, and o'er his faults  
A leafy mantle flings;  
It blinds him, till the bitter day  
Of pain and death comes on—  
And leaves him then to bear his woes,  
Unaided and alone.

Not so the lowly man who walks  
The path that Jesus trod,—  
Who daily learns to die; whose "life  
Is hid with Christ in God."  
The world can ne'er between his soul  
And God's love intervene;  
In joy or sorrow, life or death,  
His hope is ever green:

### FRUIT TREES.

The new method of raising fruit trees by planting the scions or grafts, is a great desideratum in the art of obtaining good fruit. It has many advantages over grafting; because it is more expeditious, and requires no stock of trees. They may be planted where they are required to stand, and the labor for one day will be sufficient to plant out enough for a large orchard after the scions are obtained. The method of preparing the plant is as follows:—Take the scions as for grafting, and at any time after the 1st of February; and until the buds begin to grow considerably, and dip each end of the shoot in melted pitch, wax, or tallow, and bury it in the ground, the buds uppermost, whilst the body lies in a horizontal position, and at the depth of two or three inches. We are informed that trees obtained in this way will bear in three or four years from the time of planting. We have no doubt of the practicability of this method of raising fruit. A gentleman in this vicinity the last season, planted about twenty scions of different kinds of pears, which appear to flourish. The composition he used was melted shoemaker's wax.—Cultivator.

To make an excellent durable water proof grease for boots; heat a pound of tallow in a two quart iron kettle or skillet, put in the pieces of finely shaved India rubber and continue to heat it until it is thoroughly dissolved. A little beeswax added is an improvement. Old over shoes may be used for the India rubber. Boots thoroughly greased with this composition, will completely protect the feet from moisture though exposed a whole day to melting snow.

A gentleman of this city went into a merchant tailor's shop, and ordered a coat from a piece of cloth which he selected. The tailor told him that Wm. C. Rives had a coat from the same piece. "Then," observed the gentleman, you ought to make my coat like his. Finish it on both sides. Globe.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### NAHTOURAH: OR, THE HAWK CHIEF'S BRIDE.

BY J. T. IRVING, JR.

NIGHT had thrown her veil of darkness over the Pawnee town. Far in the east the red moon was just emerging from the horizon, to commence her calm journey through the starry heavens. Here and there a giant wolf dog was stalking through the village; and occasionally a savage would glide from one lodge to another with a stealthy step.

The still life which usually prevailed in the town was gone. The war song of the warrior, with its wild and not unmusical cadence, was hushed. All was stillness—dead stillness, except when a sobbing wail broke mournfully from the interior of some lodge whose inmates had suffered in the late bereavement.

It was at a late hour of the night that the spell was broken. Warriors muffled in their chaggy robes, were seen sitting in the gloom towards their chief's lodge. In silence and with smothered tread they glided onward and entered.

The meeting was one of deep import to the nation. There was a sadness and sternness in it, far unlike the triumphal gathering that had been held but the day previous in the same building. Since then what a change! The victims doomed to destruction had escaped, had worsted them in conflict; and many of those who had pronounced their sentence were now stiffening in the embrace of death.

The marks of the fray were stamped upon all. Some were gashed with wounds as yet unbound. Others crouched in the flickering light of the fire, with their features red with gore. Others with their brows knit in their sullen furrows, and their useless arms at their sides, sat brooding in silent fury over the disastrous results of their enterprise.

At the upper end of the lodge sat the old chief, and beside him an Indian, with his hair hanging in long and dishevelled flakes on his shoulders. The lower part of his body was clothed in a white robe, marked with different symbols. His forehead was low, deeply furrowed, and beneath his brow his malignant eyes gleamed like sparks of fire. His face had fallen in, his frame was withered, and his arms were sunken. Every thing denoted decrepitude, excepting those brilliant snake-like orbs, which showed that though his physical powers were wrecked, the fire of his intellect was yet unextinguished.

This was the chief Medecin of the village. One of those whose superior craft or intelligence, enables them to bend the wild rabble to their will, by their jugglery and pretended communication with the Deity.

In the centre of the lodge sat a single Indian female, surrounded by warriors. Upon her the angry looks of all were riveted. It was Nahtourah; she was bound with leather thongs. The haughtiness which at times lighted up her otherwise soft and feminine features, had disappeared, and she now seemed in the lowest and most heart-breaking despondency. Her hair was dishevelled, her features were wet with tears; and not a trace of her bold carriage was left. Once—and but once she raised her head and ran a wistful glance round the assemblage. She encountered not a face but scowled upon her, and with a despairing gesture she dropped her eyes to the ground.

The silence which for nearly an hour had filled the building, was now broken by the Medecin, who slowly rose. The hush grew intense; the stillness was so wrapped, that it seemed that not a breath was drawn, though every furrowed face was kindled into excitement. The Medecin cast a keen and half triumphant look upon the girl; then directed his attention to the assembly.

"The Pawnees," said he, "are setting in council. But the places of many are empty. Where are the warriors? Ask the

wolves and the ravens, that are tearing their limbs, and the white man who laughs as he looks at their white bones."

The speaker paused to watch the effect of his words. A low fierce murmur sounded the building. The Medecin saw that the feelings of the warriors were with him, and seized the moment to confront his victim.

"Woman!" said he sternly to Nahtourah, "there has been a serpent in the Pawnee village, and its bite has been full of poison."

Nahtourah raised her eyes, and murmured scarce audible. "Mahtourah hears, but she does not understand."

"Then let her listen. The pale faces ceaped, who loosed the chords that bound them? They had horses, where did they find them?"

Nahtourah was silent.

"Who has brought decoloration upon the Pawnee village? Who has swept away the warriors of the tribe? Who has brought the curse of Wabconda upon us?"

With an appearance of effect, the Indian maid calmed the emotion that agitated her.

"Will the great Medecin listen to Nahtourah?" said she, in a subdued tone.

"The ears of the Medecin are shut," said the other coldly.

Just then the long and distant howl of wolves was heard.

"Do you hear that cry?" said the Medecin sternly. "Tis a wolf hastening to the spot where the Pawnee is lying; his hand is still; his voice is hushed; he cannot drive away the wolf that tears his limbs; he is dead."

The girl saw that her fate was sealed.—She knew that she had been the cause of disaster to the tribe. She had no defence to offer, save her love for Sharatack; and he by some strange fatality, was absent.—But the utter prostration which at first had paralysed her energies passed away, and her eye kindled as she tauntingly replied.

"Why is the Pawnee dead? The white man hunted him. The Pawnee fled. He turned not on his pursuer, for his arm was like a woman's; his heart was water; he was a coward."

"He was killed," replied the Medecin sternly. "A warrior dies; a coward escapes."

"A deer that runs is killed by a shaft as well as the fierce bear that fights," was the response of the now undaunted girl. "There were deer among the Pawnees, they were shot in the back."

The Medecin for a moment was silenced. But a low and fierce hiss was distinctly audible from the assembly. In the lodge were the Oteos who had mediated between them and the whites, and the open taunt thus given in the presence of these members of a rival tribe, increased the bitterness of their envenomed feelings.

In the midst of the pause, an aged warrior rose. "The maiden has betrayed her tribe," said he, "she has brought death among the Pawnees; let her die!"

A savage murmur of assent ran through the lodge, and was succeeded by a dead stillness. At that moment there was an agitation among the crowd nearest the door. It opened, and a warrior entered, and stalked to the centre. A slight exclamation of joy escaped the prisoner, for at a glance she recognized the proud lineaments, and noble form of the Hawk Chief.

Slowly and calmly his eye moved from face to face until it rested upon that of the Medecin. Their look met for an instant, but that of the Medecin drooped and shrank from his peering gaze. From him it wandered to Nahtourah, and its expression softened as it rested upon her.

"Why is the Indian maiden a prisoner among her own people?" said he, to the Medecin. "She is a Pawnee; wherefore is she bound like an enemy? A wild beast preys not on its kind."

The Medecin was aware that the assemblage was on his side, and his hardihood returned. He replied boldly:

"There is white blood in the veins of

Nahtourah; she has turned from her nation, and became a pale face."

The lip of the Hawk Chief curled, as he answered, "The great Medecin sings in the ear of Sharatack; his words fall to the ground."

Speech could not have conveyed the feeling of hate and cowardice more clearly than the black scowl that swept over the face of the Medecin, as he heard these words, which in the Indian language conveys a direct accusation of falsehood. He however, answered in those tones of moderation, which are often assumed as a veil for fear.

"My brother is young," said he; "he speaks fast; his words come only from his mouth."

The Hawk Chief answered calmly, "The words of Sharatack are not songs. Listen! the great Medecin would have Nahtourah die. It is well. When Nahtourah dies, the knife of Sharatack shall be red with the blood of the Medecin. I have spoken."

As he finished, he drew himself up and stepped back as if to make room for the Indian to pass forward to his victim. The Medecin was irresolute; he cast a quick but keen glance round the building, to learn from the swartly faces; whether he was likely to be supported in his sacrifice. He saw with instinctive quickness, that though many of the older portion of the audience, influenced perhaps by his sacred character, were disposed to favor him, yet that the bold bearing of Hawk Chief had produced a revolution in the younger and more fiery members of the council.

After pausing for a moment, he addressed the Hawk Chief.

"My brother speaks words of fire. He knows not what he says; he speaks for one who has betrayed her tribe—for one who has brought death into the lodge of the Pawnee."

The face of the Hawk Chief grew troubled. He folded his arms and bent his eyes to the ground. "Let the Medecin speak," said he, "Sharatack will hear."

With a look of malignant joy, the Indian priest hastened to recount the release of the whites, by Nahtourah. He related how Nahtourah had guided them in their escape, and furnished them with horses. Every thing that could tend to criminate and excite feelings against her, was dwelt on by the crafty priest.

The countenance of the young chief was unmoved throughout the whole recital.—When it was finished, Sharatack made two steps towards the girl.

"Nahtourah!" said he in a tone, whose softness, at that moment, so strongly contrasted with the stern words lately addressed to her, that it sounded like music to her ears. The girl raised her head, and fixed her eyes fondly on his face.

"Did Nahtourah cut the bonds of the white man?" asked he. "Did she set the pale face free?"

Nahtourah's head sunk heavily upon her breast, and she made no reply.

"Speak, Nahtourah," said Sharatack, somewhat sternly, "are the words of Medecin true?"

Nahtourah sank at the feet of her interrogator, as she murmured, "They are true."

The Hawk Chief drew back, apparently unmoved; but one might have observed a momentary tremulousness of features, that instantly disappeared. He stood in silence with his gaze bent steadily on the prostrate girl. He was aroused by the voice of the Medecin.

"Sharatack has heard the maiden; shall she die?"

"Sharatack was a prisoner," replied the Indian gloomily. "The stake was waiting for him—Nahtourah risked her life to set him free."

"Who placed the snare that caught Sharatack?" demanded Medecin. "It was Nahtourah. Who has robbed us of warriors strong in fight, and voices wise in council? Nahtourah. What says the Hawk of his tribe? shall she not die?"

The frame of the young chief was for a moment convulsed, but in an instant his expression changed to fixed calmness, as he replied, "The Medecin is right; let her go!"

Nahtourah had raised her eyes to the face of the speaker, but when she heard these words of condemnation she sank down, as if smitten by some sudden and overpowering blow. "She will die, Nahtourah will die!" murmured she; "Sharatack has spoken, she will die."

The Medecin approached her. "Has Nahtourah heard the words of the council?" demanded he.

"She has heard enough!" replied the girl. "She has heard the words of Sharatack; and she will die!"

"Tis well," replied the Medecin coldly; "the dead are waiting for her."

The Hawk Chief had drawn back as Medecin approached his victim. The form and features of the young warrior were muffled, except the upper part of his face; but from above his robe, his eyes were bent upon the Medecin like coals of fire.

The priest gathered the long hair of the girl in one hand, then thrusting the other beneath his robe, he drew forth a knife.—With a sudden jerk he threw back the head of the girl so as to leave bare her bosom; and raised the glittering blade. But at that instant a yell, wild and unearthly, rang through the lodge. The Medecin lay grovelling on the ground, and Nahtourah was raised high up on the breast of Sharatack. He stood in the midst of the council chamber, and glared upon the awed crowd. In his hand he held his tomahawk his form swelled, and every feature was alive with passion.

"Nahtourah shall not die," said he in tones of smothered fury.

"Let the Medecin beware! Nahtourah is the wife of Sharatack. The Hawk has talons!"

The priest rose from the ground; drew back from the neighborhood of the warrior who had levelled him, forced his way through the crowd, and fled the lodge.

A short silence followed the departure of the priest, who was rather feared than loved by the savages; and they were therefore more disposed to admire one, who disregarded a power that overawed themselves; At length an old Indian rose.

"Nahtourah released the pale faced prisoners. She merits death. 'Tis clear.—But Sharatack has claimed her for his wife: 'Tis well! He is a great warrior. Her children will be warriors of the tribe. Are my words good!"

A murmur of assent ran from mouth to mouth. Then one after another of the warriors rose as if all business were concluded, and quitted the council chamber, leaving Nahtourah and Sharatack.

The young chief cut the bonds that bound the girl, and holding her before him at arms length, gazed steadily in her face.

"The old warrior spoke well," said he; "Sharatack has taken an enemy to the Pawnees for his wife; will she love him?"

With a glad cry the girl sprang forward; threw her arms around his neck, and pressed her cheek to his breast.

## POLITICAL WELLERISMS.

"The whole to conclude with ground and lofty tumbling," as Charles B. Penrose said when he cleared the back window of the Senate.

"Out of sight out of mind," as Thaddeus Stevens said in Wilson's cellar.

"One constitution—one country—one destiny," as Riker said when he thought of the amendments, of Cumberland county, and Salt River.

"First come, first served," as Burrows said when he received the illegal returns.

"Wha' would be a traitor knave!" as Burden said when John Strohm voted for the Hopkins' House.

"Fare thee well, and if forever," as Riker said to the Executive chair.

"Werry extraordinary coincidence," as Stevens said when he compared the elections of Ohio and Pennsylvania.

"All our luck," as Porter said when he heard of his election: