

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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MISCELLANEOUS.

Lines for declamation, for a small boy in the Bloomsburg Academy.

Sirs, how can I, a little lad,
In speaking, make a figure?
You're only joking, I'm afraid,
Do wait till I am bigger.
But since you wish to hear my part,
And urge me to begin it,
I'll strive for praise with all my art,
Though small my hopes to win it.
I'll tell a tale how farmer John,
A little roan colt had, sirs,
Which every night, and every morn,
He water'd and he fed, sir.
Says nighbor Joe to farmer John,
Ain't you a silly dolt, sir,
To spend such time and cost upon
A little useless colt, sir?
Says farmer John to nighbor Joe,
I bring my little roan up,
Not for the good he can do now,
But will do when he's grown up.
The moral you may all desery;
To keep the tale from spoiling,
The little colt you think is I,
I know it by your smiling;
And now, dear friends, at my request,
Forgive my lips and stammers;
I, for this once, have done my best,
And so I'll make my manners.

Bloomsburg, May 24, 1839.

Youth is the time to learn our book.
And treasure up what good we can,
That when on years that's past we look,
We shan't with sorrow moments scan.

This house was built, at great expense,
By friends of ours, for use of schools;
Our master hired, with wishes tense,
That we might not continue fools.

How well their object will be gain'd
Depends on our own feeble powers;
Then let our minds and nerves be strain'd,
And trifle not away our hours.

And let us all, with one accord,
Return our hearty thanks to them,
For this, the time, they thus afford,
For us to gain the precious gem.
May 24, 1839.

PATTY'S RETORT.

"Ah know you not," said Martha's beau,
Who she that morn had sent a packing—
"The doom that in the realms below,
Awaits lone ladies, husbands lacking?
Dismal for aye, the hapless maids
Lead apes through Pluto's gloomy shades!"
"I know," quoth Pat, with scornful air,
"Nor does the doom awake my fear;
I'd rather, far, lead monkeys there,
Than let a monkey lead me here."

"Your head is lively I perceive,"
Says Ned to a pretty girl,
"For on your brow a taking leave,
Are thousands in a whirl."

"O yes," returned the gaily lass,
"That is the fact, I know,
For since so near me you will pass,
You leave your friends behind you."

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

THE RESCUED.

A Tale of the Florida War.

It was on a pleasant evening in October when the stout hearts of a certain section of Florida were assembled according to appointment at the dwelling of Captain Stewart. He had served in the revolution and his locks were grayed with seventy toilsome years. In his early life while enlisted against the Indians, he had been noted for activity and courage; and now, when tales of war were related to him—when he heard of a mother and child at once butchered, while the husband was preserved to undergo a more painful fate; he was again endued with the strength and ardor of youth.

The Indians were at this time in a state of hostility; and their present warfare was still characterized with cunning and cruelty.

They frequently had plighted their faith; and suddenly attacking the whites, either at once cut them down or subjected them to unparalleled tortures. The people on the frontiers had now become thoroughly convinced that the best and only course to pursue would be retaliation, and the keeping of a strict and constant guard, should the Indians be discovered entering the territory of the settlers.

Rude and temporary forts had been erected, and measures concerted for speedily forming the inhabitants into a defensive or offensive state, whenever necessity should require. There had already been several rencounters in the neighborhood between the whites and the Indians, and much danger was apprehended. No one would venture any distance from home without a gun or some other weapon, and it was with hesitation and hazard the people came to the meeting before mentioned. Its design was partly to talk of some common means of defence, and partly to spend a social evening with Captain Stewart. The particular business of the meeting being concluded, Captain Stewart was requested to recount some of the adventures of his younger days. The proposal was readily acquiesced in, for he delighted as much as he excelled in telling his former exploits and escapes. Their attention was quickly engaged in the narration of the Indian wars at the time of the revolution and the part he had taken in them. They eagerly listened while hour after hour rolled on, and none seemed willing to depart. Their minds were fired with revenge as they heard of the bloody deeds of the savage; and they longed for an opportunity of meeting the foes and avenging the death of their race. All was as still as the grave, except the plaintive voice of the old man as it rehearsed in solemn accents the dark actions unknown to any surviving besides himself. Occasionally, also, a sigh and a gritting of the teeth would discover their inward motions. A distant shriek vibrated indistinctly in their ears—it grew louder and louder, till the yell of the savages startled them as though a train of lightning had shot through the room. They for a moment eyed one another in suspense and then indistinctly rushed to their fire arms. Each carefully examined his piece to see if it were well loaded—and again they stood horror stricken; but it was for a moment. Captain Stewart at this was roused; his eyes, though dimmed by age, now gleamed like a tiger's, and springing through the door he cried "Follow me." He was promptly obeyed by all but a few whom he had ordered to remain at the house to defend it in case of attack. He exhorted his men to be of good cheer, and to confide in him as a leader and in themselves as full match for the Indians; same time bounding fleetly and silently along; he posted his men behind trees and logs, and awaited the approach of the enemy.

In a few moments a female, whom they supposed to be a squaw from her appearance, was seen making all haste toward them. It was evident that she had been running long and was excessively tired.—

Her face was swollen, her eyes seemed ready to gush from their sockets, and she gasped like a dying person. She continued on, and was almost past; when a party of Seminoles were seen pursuing at full speed. The moon shone brightly and the settlers were expert shooters and consequently if not discovered would possess a great advantage. Their own party numbered fifteen, and the red men twenty-five. They crouched behind their coverings in an awful silence, knowing that to be discovered might be fatal to many. The savages were now opposite them, and presented an excellent mark. Every man was prepared and waited the signal—Captain Stewart fired; and down tumbled the chief—groaned and died. The sons of the wood halted, looked wildly around and the next moment were themselves laid low with their leader.

The few who remained wheeled with precipitation, and with words threatening a horrid revenge, darted through the trees in the same direction as they had approached. The female when she perceived that friends were so near, had sunk insensible to the ground. She was, of course, the first object that claimed their attention after the battle. They could now easily distinguish her as a white, though it was impossible to tell whether dead or alive. There was a stream running near, however, and her head being bathed with its water, the spark of life could be perceived to be not quite extinct. Still death clenched her with an iron hold.

The contest was long and doubtful. At length she revived, and so rapidly gained strength, that being supported by a person on each side, she was able to walk. In the mean time the Indians who had fallen were examined, and proved to be the same who had long infested that region of country, and had been extremely obnoxious to the inhabitants. Buckeye was their leader—a gigantic and hideous monster, famed for his cruelty and all the qualities which constitute a good Indian warrior. When they were satisfied that each body was really dead, and that it was not a feint made, as is the custom often of the savages to escape destruction, they deposited the corpses in the trunk of a large, hollow tree, a few rods distant, intending to bury them in the morning. They then returned toward the house. They had not proceeded far when the report of a gun seemed to originate at or near the house was heard, and immediately was followed by a rapid succession of discharges together with the shouts of those either urging on an assault or repelling one. Captain Stewart and his party made all haste toward the scene of action, signifying their approach in the hope of frightening the enemy and invigorating their companions. But the former were not so easily intimidated, and it was a considerable time before the united forces were able to drive them off. Finally, however, the Indians gave way and were pursued by a circuitous rout to the wood before mentioned, with the loss of many of their brethren. The whites then stopped and retraced their journey home, deeming it imprudent to continue the chase. Sentinels were set for the remainder of the night, a new council was convened, additional measures were taken and great preparations were resolved upon.

In the meantime the stranger had been taken into another room, washed, clothed in a civilized dress, and rendered comfortable. As she was about to give her history, according to a movement of the whole company—she asked if a person resided near named Captain Stewart. The old man looked her steadily in her face, and the next moment was hugging her within his arms. She was a darling grand daughter upon whom he had doated, and had disappeared several years before. Her father and mother both had been lost in infancy, and she had been accustomed to her grandfather as a father. The event above spoken of almost turned his brain; but time in a great degree wore off its effects, and he firmly believed his daughter dead. Some attributed it to the Indians, but by most it

was thought she had been drowned in a rapid river that ran a short distance from the house. And now by her sudden return he was distracted for a short time with joy almost as much as before he had been with grief. After all were composed she commenced her tale anew. She had rambled two or three miles into the forest to gather berries, unconscious of the danger to which she was exposed. The sun was scarcely an hour high and there was every appearance of a storm when she first thought of returning. The clouds grew black and lowering, and at length she could hardly see to make her way through the thickets that became more & more impenetrable as she proceeded. The rain came on with extraordinary violence; and the vivid lightning as it flitted across the heavens only increased the intervening darkness and augmented her despondency. At last wearied, she sunk down under a wide spreading oak and fell asleep. When she awoke in the morning she renewed her journey, but continually advanced farther from home. She was about noon met by a band of Indians who carried her a great way into the interior. At first she was treated with much barbarity, but afterward the son of a neighboring chief seeing her was enamored with her beauty and carried her to his village, where on account of his influence she met with kindness and respect. She agreed to marry him after a few years had elapsed, to which he assented.

Year succeeded year and yet no opportunity of escape was presented. Although in a very short time she had become initiated into the manners and customs of the Indians, still there was a hankering in her bosom after civilization, and absence but heightened the affection toward her friends. It was a hazy evening in October, when fatigued with the labors of a day spent in picking berries, she strolled out a little way from the village and sat exhausted and feverish upon a log. The moon shed a partial light over the surrounding scene, and here and there a star seemed to struggle for existence. A dead silence prevailed, save when at times a gently rushing wind would stir up the leaves. A dark forest lay boundless at her back and stretching its gloomy arms on either side, edged the distant horizon in front. Her mind impelled by such a scene and such a situation naturally turned with peaceful energy to the recollection of home and its long lost pleasures. "Perhaps my aged father now lies in the grave; having been overcome with grief for his lost child; or is a mangled victim of a red man's cruelty; or may be now writhing at the stake."—Stung to madness with such reflections she had almost resolved to destroy herself and involve as many of her father's and so of her enemies as possible in the same destruction. Every avenue to hope had been closed.

She buried her face within her lap and gave way to a flood of tears. A sound of joy aroused her from the lethargy into which she had sunk. She raised her head and looked around but could perceive no one. The moon had just disappeared behind the mountain trees that reared their lofty crests to the cloud, and old Night was fast spreading his black mantle over the earth. Again a sound broke forth and now faintly descried a band of warriors frantic with ecstasy approaching. A fettered captive of noble mien and noble gait was the result of an assault upon the white settlements.

The party arrived at the village and was soon greeted by the inmates. The war drum was beat; the war song sung, and the war dance danced around the prisoner. The stake was set and the faggots were heaped high around it. The torch was ready and the victim ascended. No feeling of fear or dismay even now crept over his stern features but while the fiendish yells of the savage rent the sky he calmly prayed and trusted to his God. The parched fuel was about to mount into a blaze when a saviour appeared. She plead and she threatened. The chief as he gazed upon her lovely countenance, as he saw the tear drops roll down her ex-

quisite form was melted by her loveliness and alarmed by her meanness. His commanding voice quelled the storming fury of the savages and the captive was rescued from the jaws of death. The time appointed for a union between the chief and the white girl was drawing nigh, and the necessity of flight was urgent. A plan with the captive was arranged, which she was enabled by her address and favor to put into operation. They were just entering the wood that reached almost to Captain Stewart's house, when a band of pursuing Seminoles were seen coming from another wood about a mile distant. They themselves were also observed. The settler pointed to the nearest house and told her to run for her life. He himself bounded off in another direction in the hope of diverting the Indians. But the savages divided, and each exclusively followed one of the whites. The settler with the most consummate skill foiled his enemies. After having lost his track the Indians attacked Captain Stewart's house suspecting he had fled there for refuge; and hence originated the two parties, and the events related in the former part of the tale, and thus the rescued proved again the rescuer. Pervent thanks were returned to Providence, and the night in talk till the eastern heavens were streaked with red. The bodies of the fallen Indians were buried, and then each one musing and full of wonder returned to his home. If any of my gentle readers should happen ever to pass thro' that part of the country the good old veterans, both men & women, will delight to recount to him the history of that night, and no doubt they will also tell how the gallant hero and heroine being joined in matrimony, now live in comfort and plenty the parents of a ruddy little stock—the image of its sire and grand sire, and how the hoary head and tottering steps of the Revolutionary officer are supported by his loving and faithful progeny. R. N.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

"Oh, where can my poor Henry be so late to night? Go to the door, Adelaide, and see if you cannot hear him coming."

"Dear mother, do not fear, he will come soon; I know he will; some business detains him." But Adelaide's heart did not speak thus—no, she knew but too well that every night her brother staid till late, and when he did come, his unsteady step, his poisoned breath, but too plainly told her what business had detained him.

Adelaide's father had long since left them for a better world, and Henry was now their only protector. Their father had left them in good circumstances, and Henry was a merchant of high standing in his native city. His career was similar to many others. He commenced with a glass of wine, in the drawing room, and had now arrived at the dram shop.—His poor mother spoke to him of his ruinous course, but all in vain; he had taken the fatal road and could not stop.

The night on which my sad tale commences, was a dreary, stormy night: the lightning was flashing vividly, and the thunder rolling dreadfully across the heavens; and when Adelaide gazed anxiously out at the door she could perceive nothing but a few glimmering lamps. No human form was visible; all was wrapt in darkness and silence, save when the lightning gleamed or thunder roared. "Had 'st you better go to bed, mother? 'tis very late and I can wait for Henry." "No Adelaide, I fear something has happened to my poor boy; I feel a presentiment that that—"

A loud rap interrupted the mother, and called Adelaide to the door. And there stood four men with a body, all bleeding and wounded, stretched upon a plank!—Yes! there he lay—the support of the widow, and the protector of her daughter—cut down in early youth by drink!

Would to heaven I could describe his mother's feelings, as she gazed on the body of her son! That I could tell you the agony that racked her heart when she thought not that he was lost to her, but how he was lost!