

# 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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## POETRY.

### AGRICULTURAL.

BY C. W. EVERETT.

How blest the Farmer's simple life!  
How pure the joy it yields!  
Far from the world's tempestuous strife,  
Free, 'mid the scented fields!

When Morning wows, with roseate hue,  
O'er the far hills away,  
His footsteps brush the silvery dew,  
To greet the coming day.

When Sol's first beam in glory glows,  
And blythe the sky-lark's song,  
Pleased to his toil the Farmer goes,  
His cheerful steps along.

While noon broods o'er the sultry sky,  
And sunbeams fierce are east,  
Where the cool streamlet wanders by,  
He shares his sweet repast.

When twilight's gentle shadows all  
Along the dark'ning plain,  
He lists his faithful watch-dog's call,  
To warn the list'ning train.

Down the green lane young hurrying feet  
Their eager pathway press;  
His loved ones come in joy to greet,  
And claim their sire's caress.

Then when the evening prayer is said,  
And Heaven with praise is blest,  
How sweet reclines his weary head,  
On slumber's couch of rest.

Nor deem that fears his dreams alarm,  
Nor cares with dark'ning din;  
Without, his dogs will guard from harm,  
And all is peace within.

Oh! ye who runs in Folly's race,  
To win a worthless prize!  
Learn from the simple tale we trace,  
Where true contentment lies!

Ho! monarch! flushed with glory's pride!  
Thou painted, gilded thing!  
Ho to the free-born Farmer's side,  
And learn to be a king!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE INDIAN KING.

BY MRS. SECOURNEY.

Among the early settlers of these United States, were some pious people called Huguenots, who fled from the persecution in France under Louis the fourteenth. It has been said, that wherever the elements of their character, mingled with the New World, the infusion was salutary.

Industry, patience, sweet social affections and piety, firm but not austere, were the distinctive features of this interesting race. A considerable number of them, chose their abode in a part of Massachusetts, about the year 1686, and commenced the labors inseparable from the formation of a new colony.

In their vicinity, was a powerful tribe of Indians, whom they strove to conciliate.—They extended to them the simple rates of hospitality, and their kind and gentle manners, wrought happily upon the proud, yet susceptible nature of the aborigines.

But their settlement had not long assumed the marks of regularity and beauty, ere

they observed in their savage neighbors, a reserved deportment. This increased, until the sun of the forest, utterly avoided the dwellings of the new comers, where they had been pleased to accept a shelter for the night, or a covert from the storm.

Occasionally, some lingering one, might be seen, near the cultivated grounds, regarding the more skilful agriculture of the white inhabitants, with a dejected and lowering brow. It was rumored that these symptoms of disaffection arose from the influence of an aged chief, whom they considered a prophet, who denounced the 'pale intruders;' and they grieved that they should not have been more successful in conciliating their red brethren.

Three years had elapsed since the establishment of their little colony. Autumn was now advancing towards its close, and copse and forest exhibited those varied and opposing hues, which clothe in beauty and brilliance, the foliage of New England.—The harvest was gathered in, and every family made preparation for the approach of winter.

Here and there groups of children might be seen, bearing homeward, baskets of nuts which they had gathered in the thicket of forest. It was pleasant to hear their joyous voices, and see their ruddy faces, like bright flowers, amid wilds so lately tenanted by the prowling wolf, the fierce panther, and the sable bear.

In one of these nut gatherings, a little boy and girl, of eight and four years old, the only children of a settler, whose wife had died on a voyage hither, accidentally separated from their companions. They had discovered on their way home, profused clusters of the purple frost grape; and entered a rocky recess to gain the new treasure, did not perceive that the last rays of the setting sun were fading away.

Suddenly, they were seized by two Indians. The boy struggled violently, and his little sister cried to him for protection, in vain. The long strides of their captors, soon bore them far beyond the bounds of the settlement. Night was far advanced, ere they halted. Then they kindled a fire, and offered the children some food.

The heart of the boy, swelled high with grief and anger; and he refused to partake. But the poor little girl took some parched corn from the hand of the Indian, who held her on his knee. He smiled as he saw her eat kernels, and look up in his face, with a wandering yet reproachless eye.—Then they lay down to sleep in the dark forest, each with an arm over his captive.

Great alarm was in the colony, when these children returned not. Every spot was searched, where it was thought possible they might have lost their way. But when at length, their little baskets were found, over-turned in a tangled thicket, one terrible conclusion burst upon every mind, that they must have been captured by Indians.

It was decided, that ere any warlike measures were adopted, the father should go peacefully to the Indian king, and demand his children. At the earliest dawn of morning, he departed with his companions. They met a friendly Indian, pursuing the chase, who had occasionally shared their hospitality, and consented to be their guide.

They travelled through rude paths, until day drew near a close. Then, approaching a circle of native dwellings, in the midst of which was a tent, they saw a man of lofty form, with a coronet of feathers upon his brow, and surrounded by warriors.—The guide saluted him as his monarch and the bereaved father, bowing down, addressed him.

"King of the red men, thou seest a father in pursuit of his lost babes. He has heard that your people will not harm the stranger in distress. So he trusts himself fearlessly among you. The king of our native land, who should have protected us, became our foe. We fled from our dear homes, from the graves of our fathers.

"The ocean wave brought us to this

New World. We are a peaceful race, pure from the blood of all men. We seek to take the hand of our red brethren. Of my own kindred, none inhabit this wilderness, save two little buds from a broken stem.

"Last night, sorrow entered into my soul because I found them not. Knowest thou, O King, if thy people have taken my babes! Knowest thou where they have concealed them? cause them, I pray thee, to be restored to my arms. So shall the Great Spirit bless thine own tender plants; and lift up thy heart, when it weigheth heavily in thy bosom."

The Indian monarch, bending on him a piercing glance, said, "Knowest thou me! Look in my eyes! Look! Answer me!—Are they those of a stranger?" The Huguenot replied that he had no recollection of having ever before seen his countenance.

"Thus it is with man. He is dim-eyed. He looketh on the garments, more than on the soul. Where your ploughs wound the earth, oft have I stood, watching your toil. There was no coronet in my brow. But I was a king. And you knew it not.

"I looked upon your people. But I saw neither pride nor violence. I went as an enemy, and returned as a friend. I said to my warriors, do these men no harm.—Then our white-haired Prophet of the Great Spirit rebuked me. He bade me make no league with the pale faces, lest angry words should be spoken of me; among the shades of our buried kings.

"Yet again I went where thy brethren have reared their dwellings. Yes, I entered thy house. And thou knowest not this brow? I could tell thee at midnight, if but a single star trembled through the cloud. My ear would know thy voice, though the stream were abroad with all its thunder.

"I have said that I was a king. Yet I came to thee an hungered. And thou gavest me bread. My heart was wet with the tempest. Thou badest me to lie down by thy son for whom thou mournest, and covered me.

"I was sad in spirit. And thy little daughter, whom thou seekest with tears, sat on my knee. She smiled when I told her how the beaver buildeth his houses in the forest. My heart was comforted, for I saw that she did not hate Indians.

"Turn not on me such a terrible eye.—I am no stealer of babes. I have reproved the people who took thy children. I have sheltered them for thee.—Not a hair of their heads are hurt. Thinkest thou that the red man can forget a kindness? They are sleeping in my tent. Had I but a single blanket, it should have been their bed.—Take them, and return unto thy people."

He waved his hand to an attendant, and in a moment, the two children were in the arms of their father. The white men were hospitably sheltered for that night; and the twilight of the next day, bore upward from the rejecting colony, a prayer for the heathen of the forest, and that pure praise which mingles with the music around the Throne.

**Marriage.**—The following very pretty sentiments on one of the most interesting of all subjects, are copied from the 'Little Genius':

"Marriage is to a woman one of the happiest and saddest events of her life. It is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home, her companions, her occupations her amusements, every thing on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided the sister to whom she has avowed to impart every embryo thought and feeling, the brother who has played with her—by turns the counselor and the counselled—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke; and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path before her. Buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and returns with

excited hopes and joyous anticipation of the happiness to come. Then wo to the man who can blight such fair hope, who, can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and the watchful protection at home—who can, coward like break the illusion that have won her and the confidence which love had inspired—wo to such a man!

### THE JOCKIED FRENCHMAN.

A HUMOROUS SKETCH OF PURCHASING A HORSE.

A Frenchman, in this country, who was unacquainted with horse-jockies or horse flesh, was grievously taken in, by a cheat, in the purchase of a steed. He gave one hundred dollars for a miserable jade of an old mare, that had been fattened up to sell; and she turned out to be ring-boned, spavined, blind, and wind-broken. The Frenchman pretty soon discovered that he had been used up in trade, and went to request the jockey to take back the animal, and refund the money.

'Sare,' said he, 'I've fetch back de mare-horse vat you sell me, and I vant de money in my pocket back.'

'Your pocket back!' returned the jockey, feigning surprise, 'I don't understand you.'

'You no stand under me!' exclaimed the Frenchman, beginning to gesticulate furiously; 'you not stand under me!—Sare by gar, you be von grand rascalle—you be like Sam—like Sam—vat you call de little mountain?'

'Sam Hill, I spose you mean?'

'Oui Monsieur—Sam de Hill—yes, sare, you lie like two Sam Hill. You send me one mare-horse for von hundre dollaire—he no vort von hundre cent, by gar!'

'Why, what's the matter with the beast?'

'Matair! Sare Matair do you say?—Vy, he's all matair—he no go at all—he got no leg, no feet, no vind, he blind like von stone vid dis eye—he see nobody at all vid dat eye—he go vheeze-b vheeze-o like one force hammer bellows—he go limp, lump—he no go over at all de ground—he no two mile in tree day! Oui sare, and fund de money back.'

'Refund the money! Oh, no, I couldn't think of such a thing.'

'Vat! You no fund me back the money? You sheaty me vid von hundre dollaire horse dat not can go at all.'

'I never promised you that he would go.'

'By gar! vat is von horse good for when he no go. He is no better as von dead shackass, by gar. Vill you, sare, take the mare-horse back, and give me money vat I pay him for!'

'No, sir, I cannot.—'twas a fair bargain your eyes were your own market, as we gentlemen of the turf say.'

'Gentlemen de turf! You be no gentleman at all—you be no turf. Mon Dieu! you be von grand Turk, von sacre and deception. You sheet your own born modder, you play you rascally trick on your own gotten fadder.—You have no principalle.'

'The interest is what I go in for.'

'Yes, sir, your interest is no principalle. You be von grand rascalle sheet. Mon Dieu, vere you die von you go to, heh! Le diable—he fetch you no time quicker by gar.'

Failing to obtain redress of the jockey, the poor Frenchman sent his 'mare horse' to an auctioneer to be sold. But the auctioneer seems to have been as great a rogue as the jockey, for he took care that the fees for selling should eat up the price he got for the steed.

'By gar,' said the Frenchman, when relating the story, 'I be sheaty all round.—De schocky-horse, he sheaty me in trade; and de hauctioneer, he sheaty me in dispose of de banimalle: he sell me de mare-horse for ten dollaire; and by gar, he sharze me 'leven dollaire for sell him. Mon Dieu! so I be take all round in. I lose 'leven and one hundred dollaire all in my pocket clear, for one sacre dam, limp, lump, vheeze-vind, no see at all, good for nothing shape of a mare-horse, vorse as nine-teen dead shackass, by gar.'

### A GOOD HIT.

The following from the Iowa Sun is deserving the attention of every one of our readers; the concluding item is quite important, and rounds the period well:—

"Internal Improvements."—The system we plead for, though attended with much toil and expense, will not require a state tax of a single cent. nor much, if any 'legislation.' It is pre-eminently a 'democratic' system; it is to be begun by the people, and will be for the exclusive benefit of the people.

It is only for ever farmer to mend up his fences, till his ground well, have it well prepared for planting, have the crops in seasonably, tend them well, keep down the weeds, see that his horses and cattle are fed and treated so as to make them thrive, keep his implements in order and in their place, for every father to rule his family well, govern his children, form their minds and manners by good instruction, train them up in the habits of industry, honesty, and sobriety, provide them with comfortable clothing, send them to school, pay for their tuition and have a care to the company they keep; for every husband to treat his wife as a bosom companion—for every woman to love her husband, and to prove a help meet for him, to keep from gossiping, to spin more stocking than street yarn, to keep the house tidy, and the family clothing clean and well mended; for every damsel to keep all grease spots from her clothes, darn the heels of her stockings, remove beau catchers from her head, and novels from her library, to do much with her needles, and store her head with useful ideas; for every young man to go decent, but to buy no better clothes than he can honestly pay for, work hard, behave courteously to others, especially to old men, to guard against self-importance and insolence, and if much in company with ladies, to black his shoes, trim his hair, throw away his segar and quid, attend preaching regularly, and hold his tongue if he cannot talk sensibly, and to get married when he is twenty-five, if he can find any one to love him; for magistrates to execute the laws; for tavern keepers to keep better food than brandy; for towns to have clean streets and good side walks, to remove nuisances, and every thing injurious to health; favor good morals; for every district to have good schools. In fine, for it is impossible to enumerate all the objects embraced in our scheme, for every body to cease to do evil, learn to do well, attend church on Sabbath, mind his own business, and take a newspaper.

**Matrimony.**—Tobin, in his Heney Moon, says, "All women are angels before marriage, and that is the reason why their husbands so soon wish them in heaven afterwards."

A clergyman in a town a few miles east of Hartford, recently in re-preaching an old sermon, stated to his congregation as a reason for so doing, that "the times were so hard, that he could not get money enough to buy paper to write new ones upon."

Stern's maid-servant asked her master's leave to go to a public execution. Soon after she set off, she returned all in tears. On her master's asking why she cried, she answered, "Because she had lost her labor, for before she reached the gallows, the man was reprieved."

A school boy in the Literary Emporium being asked to define the word 'admission' said it meant 25 cents. 'Twenty five cents,' echoed the master, 'what sort of definition is that?'—"I don't know," sulkily replied the boy, 'but I'm sure it says so on the advertisement down here at the show.' Yes,' said another boy, 'and children half price.'

Christopher North says, it is no wonder that women love cats, for both are graceful and both domestic—not to mention that they both scratch.