

# 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

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. WEBB.

Volume VI.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1842.

Number 4

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,  
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST

## TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year, No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

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.

RISE IN YOUR NATIVE STRENGTH.

BY JOSEPH BUTLER.

Rise in your native strength,  
Mechanics of the land,  
And dash the iron rule  
From rude oppression's hand!  
By all the might of MIND.  
Assume the place of man—  
Heed not the scoff of those  
Who scorn the artisan.  
Ye sinews of a state,  
Your nation's pride and boast,  
Whose glory crowns her hills,  
And guards your native coast—  
You are her wealth in peace.  
Her vital breath ye are:  
And when the bolts of death are hur'd,  
Ye are her shield in war!  
By the eternal sword,  
To stern brow'd Justice given  
By Freedom's holy self,  
'The might of wrong is river!  
Strong monument arise,  
In record of your praise,  
Transmitting down your names;  
'To men of other days—  
Proclaim to all the world  
Your usefulness and worth,  
Speak out with trumpeted tongue,  
Ye mighty men of earth!  
Was not the soil you tread  
Worn by your fathers' blood?  
Then on Oppression's self  
Roll back oppression's flood!  
Seize with determined hand  
The standard sheet of RIGHT,  
And let not even death,  
Turn your resolves to flight,  
By him who gave to man  
The soul's ethereal fire,  
That glorious day to NOW—  
Our motto, onward—HIGHER!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### WON'T TAKE TWENTY DOLLARS.

Some waggish students at Yale College, a few years since, were regaling themselves one evening at the 'Tontine,' when an old farmer from the country entered there (taking it for the bar-room,) and inquired if he could obtain lodging there. The young chaps immediately answered him in the affirmative, inviting him to take a glass of punch. The old fellow who was a shrewd Yankee, saw that he was to be made the butt of their jest, but quietly laying off his hat and telling his worthless little dog that he had to lie under the chair, he took a glass of the proffered beverage. The students anxiously inquired after the health of the old man's wife and children, and, the farmer with affected simplicity, told them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes regarding his farm, stock, &c. &c:

'Do you belong to the church?' asked one of the wags.

'Yes, the Lord be praised, and so did my father before me,

'Well, I suppose you would not tell a lie, replied the student.

'Not for the world, added the farmer:

'Now what will you take for that dog?' pointing to the farmer's cur, who was not worth his weight in Jersey mud.

'I would not take twenty dollars for that dog.'

'Twenty dollars! why he is not worth twenty cents.'

'Well I assure you I would not take twenty dollars for him.'

'Come, my friend, said the student, who with his companions was bent on having some capital fun with the old man, 'now you say you won't tell a lie for the world, let me see if you will not do it for twenty dollars.' I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog.'

'I'll not take it! Here let us see if this won't tempt you to tell a lie, added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars, from which he commenced counting numerous small piles upon the table. The farmer was sitting by the table with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned. 'There,' added the student, 'there are twenty dollars all in silver, I will give you that for your dog.'

The old farmer quickly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and then as quick as thought scraped all the money into it except one half dollar, at the same time exclaiming—'I won't take twenty dollars! Nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth—he is your property.'

A tremendous laugh from his fellow students showed the world he was not to be trifled with, and that he need not look for help from them, so he good naturedly acknowledged himself beat—insisted on the old farmer's taking another glass, and they parted in great glee—the student retaining his dog which he keeps to this day, as a lesson to him never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially to be careful how he tries to wheedle a Yankee, farmer—[Uncle Sam]

## POE'S LEAP.

A REMINISCENCE OF BORDER LIFE.

About the middle of July, 1782, seven Wyandots crossed the Ohio a few miles above Wheeling, and committed great depredation upon the southern shore, killed an old man whom they found alone in his cabin; and spreading terror throughout the neighborhood. Within a few hours after their retreat, eight men assembled from different parts of the small settlement, and pursued the enemy with great expedition. Among the most active and efficient of the party, were two brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe. Adam was particularly popular. In strength, action, and hardihood, he had no equal—being finely formed, and inured to all the perils of the woods. They had not followed the trail far before they became satisfied that the depredators were conducted by Big foot, a renowned chief of the Wyandot tribe, who derived his name from the immense size of his feet. His height considerably exceeded six feet, and his strength was represented as Herculean. He had also five brothers, but little inferior to himself, in company; they were the terror of the whole country. Adam Poe was overjoyed at the idea of measuring his strength with that of so celebrated a chief and urged the pursuit with a keenness which quickly brought him into the vicinity of the enemy: For the last few miles, the trail had led them up the southern bank of Ohio, where the footprints in the sand were deep and obvious, but when within a few hundred yards of the point at which the whites as well as the Indians were in the habit of crossing it suddenly diverged from the stream, and stretched along a rocky ridge, forming an obtuse angle with its former direction. Mere Adam halted for a moment and directed his brother and the other young men to follow the trail with proper caution, while he still adhered to the

point where he supposed them to lie. Having examined the priming of his gun, he crept cautiously through the bushes, until he had a view of the point of embarkation. Here lay two canoes empty and apparently deserted. Being satisfied, however, that the Indians were close at hand, he relaxed nothing in his vigilance, and quickly gained a jutting cliff, which hung immediately over the canoes. Hearing a low murmur below, he peered cautiously over the bank & beheld the objects of his search. The gigantic Big Foot, lay below him in the shade of a willow, and was talking in a low deep tone to another warrior, who seemed a mere pigmy by his side, Adam cautiously drew back and cocked his gun. The mark was fair—the distance did not exceed twenty feet, and his aim was unerring. Raising his rifle slowly and cautiously, he took a steady aim at Big Foot's breast, and drew the trigger. His gun flashed.—Both Indians sprung to their feet with a deep interjection of surprise and for a single second they all three stared upon each other. This inactivity, however, was soon over. Adam was too much hampered by the bushes to retreat, and setting his life upon a cast of the die, he sprang over the bush which had sheltered him, and summoning all his power leaped boldly down the precipice and alighted upon the breast of Big Foot, with a shock that bore him to the earth. At the moment of contact, Adam had also thrown his right arm around the smaller Indian, so that all three came to the earth together. At that moment a sharp firing was heard among the bushes above, announced that the other parties were engaged, but the trio below were too busy to attend to anything but themselves. Big Foot was for an instance stung by the violence of the shock, and Adam was enabled to keep them both down. But the exertion necessary for that purpose was so great, that he had no leisure to use his knife.

Big Foot quickly recovered and without attempting to raise, wrapped his long arms around Adam's body, and pressed him to his breast with the crushing force of a Boa Constrictor! Adam, as we have already remarked, was a powerful man and had seldom encountered his equal, but never had he felt an embrace like that of Big Foot. He instantly relaxed his hold of the smaller Indian who sprung to his feet, Big Foot then ordered him to run for his tomahawk, which lay within ten steps, and kill the white man while he held him in his arms.—Adam seeing his danger, struggled manfully to extricate himself from the folds of the giant, but in vain. The lesser Indian approached with his uplifted tomahawk, but Adam watched him closely as he was about to strike, gave him a kick so sudden and violent, as to knock the tomahawk from his hand and sent him staggering back into the water. Big foot uttered an exclamation in a tone of deep contempt at the failure of his companion, and raising his voice to the highest pitch, thundered out several words in the Indian tongue, which Adam could not understand, but supposed to be a direction for a second attack. The lesser Indian now again approached, carefully shunning Adam's heels, and making many motions with his tomahawk, in order to deceive him as to point where the blow would fall. This lasted for several seconds, until a thundering exclamation from Big Foot compelled his companion to strike. Such was Adam's dexterity however, that he managed to receive the tomahawk in a glancing direction upon his left wrist, wounding him deeply but not disabling him. He now made a sudden and desperate effort to free himself from the giant and succeeded. Instantly snatching up a rifle, (for the Indian could not venture to shoot for fear of hurting his companion,) he shot the lesser Indian through the body. But scarcely had he done so when Big Foot arose and placing one hand upon his collar, and the other upon his hip, pitched him into the air, as he would have pitched a child. Adam fell upon his back at the edge of the water, but before his antagonist could spring upon him was again on his feet, and stung with rage

at the idea of being handled so easily, he attacked his gigantic antagonist with a fury which for a time compensated for his inferiority of strength. It was now a fair fist fight between them, for in the struggle neither had leisure to draw their knives. Adam's superior activity and experience as a pugilist, gave him great advantage. The Indian struck awkwardly, and finding himself rapidly dropping to the leeward, he closed with his antagonist, and again hurled him to the ground. They quickly rolled into the river, and the struggle continued with unabated fury, each attempting to drown the other.

The Indian being unused to such violent exertion, and having been much injured by the first shock in his stomach, was unable to exert the same powers that had given him such a decided superiority at first—and Adam, seizing him by the scalplock, put his head under water and held it there, until the faint struggles of the Indian induced him to believe that he was drowned when he released his hold and attempted to draw his knife. The Indian, however, to use Adam's own expression 'had only been possuming!' He instantly regained his feet and in his turn put his adversary under. In the struggle both were carried out into the current beyond their depth, and each was compelled to relax his hold and swim for his life. There was still one loaded rifle upon the shore and each swam hard in order to reach it, but the Indian proved the most expert swimmer, and Adam seeing that he should be too late turned and swam out into the stream, intending to dive, and thus frustrate the enemy's intention. At this instant Andrew, hearing that his brother was alone in the struggle with two Indians, and in great danger, ran up nearly to the edge of the bank above, in order to assist him. Another white man followed him closely and seeing Adam in the river covered with blood, and swimming rapidly from shore, mistook him for an Indian and fired upon him wounding him dangerously in the shoulder. Adam turned and seeing his brother, called loudly upon him to 'shoot the big Indian on the shore!' Andrew's gun, however, was empty, having just been discharged. Fortunately Big Foot had also seized the gun with which Adam had shot the Indian so they were both upon an equality.

The contest was who should lead first. Big Foot poured in his powder first, and drawing his ramrod out of its sheath in too great a hurry threw it into the river, & while he ran to recover it, Andrew gained an advantage. Still the Indian was but a second too late, for his gun was at his shoulder when Andrew's ball entered his breast. The gun dropped from his hands and he fell upon his face upon the very margin of the river, Andrew alarmed for his brother, who was scarcely able to swim, threw down his gun and rushed into the river in order to bring him ashore—but Adam more intent upon receiving the scalp of Big Foot as a trophy, than upon his own safety, called loudly upon his brother to leave him alone and scalp the big Indian who was now endeavouring to roll himself into the water, from a romantic desire peculiar to the Indian warrior, of securing his scalps from the enemy. Andrew, however refused to obey and insisted on saving the living, before attending on the dead. Big Foot in the mean time had succeeded in reaching the deep water before he expired, and his body was borne off by the waves, without being stripped of the pride and ornament of an Indian warrior.

Not a man of the Indians had escaped. Five of Big foot's brothers—the flower of the Wyandot nation, had accompanied him in the expedition, and all perished. It is said that the news threw the whole tribe into mourning. Their remarkable size, their courage and their superior intelligence gave them immense influence, which, greatly to their credit was generally exerted on the side of humanity. Their powerful interposition, had saved many prisoners from the stake, and given a milder char-

acter to the warfare of the Indians in that part of the country. Adam Poe recovered of his wounds, and lived many years after this memorable conflict, but never forgot the tremendous 'hug' which he sustained in the arms of Big Foot.

That Yankee.—The editor of the Norwich News says that the other day an old lady walked into his office, and 'let out, as follows:

'You've got all sorts o' books here han't ye?'

'No; ma'am—some kinds o' books we havn't now on hands.'

'Wall now, what han't ye got? Seems to me you might have every thing.'

We havn't got Foster on Flea Bites, nor Cook on Town Meetings, nor Dwight on Hot Nights, nor Lathrop on Physic. nor

'Wall, I should'n't ha' thought it, but you've great bibles, han't ye?'

'Wall then, let me put on my specs and look at um, them are that have got the apothecary in um, are the sort I want—d'ye take apple-sauce?'

'Yes, ma'am, we take all sort s' sauce.'

Wall, I guess if you're mind to pick me out a good un that's got the fox and geese marked on the lids, and throw in a sarn book, I'll take one and bring the sauce if we have a good apple season, next winter.'

'Could'n't throw in the psalm book no how.'

A Kissing in the dark.—The Cleveland Herald tells the following story, which we copy for the benefit of affectionate young gentlemen. It is a regular Virginia break down:

A young lady and gentleman were one evening playing the 'Graces,' and as those acquainted with this 'sport' know that when the gentleman throws the hoop or ring over the head of the lady, he has a right to a kiss. After playing some time the gentlemen threw the ring over the head of the lady, and he started for the kiss, She ran and put out the light, went out of the room into the kitchen, and told the colored girl to go into the parlour and light the lamp, and to open the door very quietly and make as little noise as possible. The girl did as she was ordered. Mr. — was waiting on tiptoe at the door for a 'good one,' as soon as the servant girl entered the room, he caught her and kissed her, and in a moment heard Miss — clapping her hands and laughing most heartily, because Mr. — kissed the cook.

Gentlemen should be careful about kissing the girls in the dark.

## SEED POTATOES.

As the period is fast approaching when the farmer, will be putting in the crop of early potatoes, we would advise him to plant none but the best. We are aware that different views are held by many, but for ourselves, we firmly believe that many failures in the crop arise from small, or refuse potatoes. Our own observation and experience justifies us in saying, that in an equality of soil; manure and culture, the product of large potatoes will always greatly exceed that of small imperfect ones, though of the same variety. We recollect upon one occasion to have bought a lot of 30 bushels of refuse potatoes for their cheapness, for planting, which we treated with every possible care; so far as manure, preparations of the soil, and after culture were concerned. The product of this lot were like their parents, perfect dwarfs, small alike in vines and tubers, and appearing from the beginning not to possess the requisite vigour to ensure healthful vegetation. We made from a planting of ten bushels of the same potatoe, which we selected in consequence of their great size, planted in similar ground and treated in all respects alike as to manure and culture, the same season, six times as many roots as from the first parcel. And while the first were from their diminutive size, (of