

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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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Family Companion.

HOMESPUN YARNS.

POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING.

"My stars! that parson is powerful slow a'com'g. I reckon he wan't so tedious gittin' to his own wedding as he is coming here," said one of the bridesmaids of Miss Polly Peablossom, as she bit her lips to make them tosy, and peeped into a small looking glass for the twentieth time.

"He preaches enough about the shortness of a lifetime," exclaimed another pouting Miss, "and how we ought to improve our opportunities, not to be creeping along like a snail, when a whole wedding party is waiting for him; and the waffles are getting cold, and the chickens burning to a crisp."

"Have patience, girls; may be the man's lost his spurs and can't get along any faster," was the consolatory appeal of an arch-looking damsel, as she finished the last of a bunch of grapes.

"Or perhaps his old fox-eared horse has jumped out of the pasture, and the old gentleman has to take it afoot," surmised the fourth bridesmaid.

The bride used industrious efforts to appear patient, and rather indifferent amid the general restiveness of her aids; and would occasionally affect extreme merriment; but her shrewd attendants charged her with being fidgety, and rather more uneasy than she wanted folks to believe.

"Hello, Floyd?" shouted old Captain Peablossom out of doors to his copper-trowered son, who was entertaining the young beaux of the neighborhood with feats of agility in jumping with weights—Floyd throw down them rocks and put the bridle on Snip, and ride down the road and see if you can't see Parson Gypsy; and tell him to hurry along—we are all waiting for him. He must think weddings are all like his meetings, that can be put off to the 'Sunday after the fourth Saturday in next month,' after the crowd's all gathered and ready to hear the preaching. If you don't meet him go clean to his home. I s'pect he's heard that Brushy Creek Ned is here with his fiddle, and has taken a scare."

As the night was wearing on, and no parson had come yet to unite the destinies of George Washington Hodgkins and the amiable and accomplished Miss Polly Peablossom, the former individual intimated to his intended, the propriety of passing off the time by having a dance.

Polly asked her ma', and her ma', after arguing that it was not the fashion in her time, in North Carolina, to dance before the ceremony, at last consented.

The artist from Brushy creek was called in, and, after much turning and spitting on the screws, he stamped his foot, and struck up 'Money Musk,' and away went the country dance. Polly Peablossom at the head, with Thomas Jefferson Hodgkins as her partner, and George Washington Hodgkins next, with Polly's sister, Luvisa, for his partner. Polly danced to every gentleman, and Thomas Jefferson danced to every lady; then up and down in the middle, and hands all round. Next came George Washington and his partner, who underwent the same process, 'and so on through the whole,' as Daboll's arithmetic says.

The yard was lit up by three or four large light-wood fires, which gave a picturesque appearance to the groups outside.—On one side of the house was Daniel Newman Peablossom and a bevy of youngsters, who either could not or did not desire to get into the dance—probably the former—and who amused themselves by jumping & wrestling. On the other side, a group of matrons sat under the trees, in chairs, and discoursed of the mysteries of making butter, curing chickens of the pip and children of the croup, besides lamenting the misfortune of some neighbor, or the indiscretion of some neighbor's daughter, who had run away and married a circus rider. A few pensive couples, eaching the 'giddy dance,' promenaded the yard, and admired the moon, or 'wondered if all them little

stars were worlds like this.' Perhaps they may have sighed sentimentally at the folly of the mosquitoes and bugs, which were attracted around the fires to get their pretty little wings scorched, and lose their precious lives; or they may have talked of 'true love,' and plighted their vows, for aught we know.

Old Captain Peablossom and his pipe, during the while, were the centre of a circle in front of the house, who had gathered around the worthy man's arm chair to listen to his 'twice told tales' of 'their breadth 'scapes,' of 'the battles and sieges he had passed,—for you must know the Captain was not a 'summer soldier, and sun-shine patriot; he had burned gunpowder in defence of his beloved country.

At the especial request of Squire Tompkins, the Captain narrated the perilous adventures of Newman's little boy among the Seminoles. How 'Bold Newman' and his men lived on alligator flesh and parched corn, and marched bare-footed through saw-palmeto; how they met bowlegs and his warriors near Pain's prairie, and what fighting was there. The amusing incident of Bill Cone and the terrapin raised shouts of laughter among the young brood, who had flocked around to hear of the wars.—Bill, (the 'Camden Bard,' peace to his ashes,) as the Captain familiarly called him was sitting one day against the logs of the breast-work, drinking soup out of a terrapin shell, when a random shot from the enemy broke the shell and spilt his soup, whereupon he raised his head over the breast work and sang out—'Oh, you bugger, you couldn't do that again if you tried forty times.' Then the Captain, after repeated importunities, laid down his pipe, cleared his throat, and sang

"We marched on to our next station,
The Indians on before did hide,
They shot & killed Bold Newman's nigger,
And two other white men by his side."

The remainder of the epic we have forgotten. After calling out for a chunk of fire, and relighting his pipe, he dashed at once over into Alabama, to General Floyd's army, and fought the battles of Calabee and Ouissee over again in detail. The artillery from Baldwin county blazed away and made the little boys aforesaid think they could hear thunder almost, and the rifles from Putnam made their patriotic young spirits long to revenge that gallant corps. And the Squire was astonished at the narrow escape his friend had of falling into the hands of Weatherford and his savages, when he was miraculously rescued by Timpochee Barnard, the Uchee chief.

At this stage of affairs, Floyd (not the General, but the ambassador) rode up, with a mysterious look on his countenance. The dancers left off in the middle of a set, and assembled around the messenger, to hear the news of the parson. The old ladies crowded up too, and the Captain and the Squire were eager to hear. But Floyd left the importance of his situation, and was in no hurry to divest himself of the momentary dignity.

"Well as I rode down to Boggy Gut, I saw—"
"Who cares what the devil you saw," exclaimed the impatient Captain; "tell us if the Parson is coming first, and you may take all night to tell the balance, if you like afterwards."

"I saw," continued Floyd pertinaciously, "Well, my dear, what did you see," said Mrs. Peablossom.

"I saw that somebody had taken away some of the rails on the crossway, or they had washed away or somehow—"
"Did anybody ever hear the like," said the Captain.

"And so I got down," said Floyd, "and hunted some more, and fixed over the boggy place."

Here Polly laid her hand on his arm, and requested, with a beseeching look, to know if the Parson was on the way.

"I'll tell you all about it presently, Polly; and then, when I got to the run of the creek then—"

"Oh, the Devil!" ejaculated Captain Peablossom, 'stalled' again.

"Be still, honey, let the child tell it his own way; he always would have his way, you know, since we had to humor him so when he had the measles," interposed the old lady.

Daniel Newman Peablossom, at this juncture, facetiously lay down on the ground, with the root of an old oak for his pillow, and called out yawningly to his pa to wake him when brother Floyd had crossed over the run of the creek, and arrived safely at the parson's. This caused loud laughter.

Floyd simply noticed it by observing to his brother—'Yes, you think you're mighty smart before all these folks!' and resumed his tedious route to Parson Gypsy's, with as little prospect of reaching the end of his story as ever.

Mrs. Peablossom tried to coax him to 'git' say if the Parson was coming or not. Polly begged him, and all the bridesmaids implored. But Floyd went on his way rejoicing.

"When I come to the Piney-flat," he continued, "old Ship seed something white over in the bay gull, and sh'd clean out o' the road, and—where he would have stopped would be hard to say, if the impatient Captain had not interfered."

That gentleman, with a peculiar glint of the eye, remarked: "Well, there's one way I can bring him to a showing," as he took a large horn from between the logs, and rung a wood note with that set a pack of hounds to yelping. A few more notes, as loud as those that issued from 'Boland's horn at Roucesvalles,' was sufficient invitation to every hound, foist, and tear of low degree, that followed the guesis, in fact, in the woods.

The Captain was a man of good lungs, and 'the way he did blow was the way,' as Squire Tompkins afterwards very happily described it; and as they were in the canine choir some thirty voices of every key, the music may be imagined better than described. Miss Tabitha Tidwell the first bridesmaid, put her hands to her ears, and cried out, "My stars! we shall all be blow'd away."

The desired effect of abbreviating the messenger's story was produced, as that prolix personage in copperas was seen to take Polly aside, and whisper something in her ear.

"O, Lloyd, you are joking; you oughtn't to serve me so. An' you joking, bub?" asked Polly, with a look that seemed to beg he would say yes.

"It's true as preaching," he replied; "the cake's all dough."

Polly whispered something to her mother who threw up her hands and exclaimed, "O, my!" and then whispered the secret to some other lady, and away it went. Such whispering and throwing up of hands and eyes, is rarely seen at a Quaker meeting. Consternation was in every face. Poor Polly was a very personification of 'Patient on a monument, smiling green and yellow melancholy!'

The Captain, discovering that something was the matter, drove off the dogs, and inquired what had happened to cause such confusion. "What the Devil's the matter now?" he said, "you all look as down in the mouth as we did on the Santaffer (Santa Fe) when the quartermaster told us the provisions had all give out! What's the matter?—won't somebody tell me! Old 'oman, has the dogs got into the kitchen and eat up all the supper, or what else has come to pass? Out with it!"

"Ah, old man, bad news!" said the wife, with a sigh.

"Well, what is it? You are all gettin' as bad as Floyd, 'starrying' a fellow to death."

"Parson Gypsy was digging a new horse trough, and cut his leg to the bone with a foot-axe and can't come—O, dear! I wish he had taken a fancy to a' done it a week ago, so we 'mout' a gut another parson, or, as no other time would suit but to day, I wish he had cut his dern'd eternal head off."

"O, my! husband," exclaimed Mrs. Pea-

blossom, Brushy Creek Ned, standing in the piazza with his fiddle, struck up the old tune of

"We'll dance all night 'till broad day light,
And go home with the gal, in the morning."

Ned's hint caused a movement towards the dancing room among the people, when the Captain, as if walking from a reverie, exclaimed in a loud voice, "O, the Devil! what are we all thinking of? Why, here's Squire Tompkins, he can perform the ceremony if a man can't marry folks, what's the use of being squire at all?"

Mamma did not come in better time to the children of Israel in the wilderness, than this discovery of the worthy Captain. It was as virifying as a shower of rain on corn that is about to shoot and tassel, especially to George W. Hodgkins and his lady-love.

Squire Tompkins was a newly-elected magistrate, and somewhat diffident in his abilities in this untried department. He expressed a hint of the sort, which the Captain only noticed with the exclamation—'Hoot loot!'

Mrs. Peablossom intimated to her husband, that in her day the 'quality' or better sort of people in North Carolina, had a prejudice agin' being married by a magistrate. To which the old gentleman replied—'None of your nonsense, old lady—none of your Duplin county aristocracy about here now. The better sort of people I think you say! Now you know North Carolina an' the best state in the country, no how; and Duplin's the poorest county in the State. Better sort of people, is it? Quality eh?—Who the Devil's better than we are? An' we honest? An' we raised

to read, write and cypher? An' I sou't under Newman and Floyd for the country! Why, damn it! we are the very best sort of people, Stuff! nonsense! The wedding shall go on—Polly shall have a husband.' Mrs. P.'s eye lit up, her cheek flushed, as she heard the old North State spoken of so disparagingly; but she was a woman of good sense, and reserved the castigation for a future curtain lecture.

Things were so arranged for the wedding; and as the old wooden clock on the mantle-piece struck one, the bridal party were duly arranged on the floor, and the crowd gathered round, eager to observe every twinkle of the bridegroom's eye, and every blush of the blooming bride.

The bridesmaids and their male attendants were arranged to couples, as in a cotillion, to form a hollow square and betrothing parties. Each of the attendants bore a candle, Miss Tabitha held hers in a long brass candlestick, which had belonged to Polly's grandmother, in shape and length something resembling 'Cleopatra's needle.' Miss Luvisa bore a flat tin one, the third attendant bore such an article as is usually suspended on a nail against the wall; and a fourth had a curiously devised something, cut out of wood with a pocket-knife. For want of a further supply of candlesticks, the male attendants held naked candles in their hands. Polly was dressed in white, and bore a bayflower with its green leaves in her hair; and the whisper went round, 'Now don't she look pretty?' George W. Hodgkins rejoiced in a white satin stock and a vest was straight-collared, like a Continental officer's in the Revolution, and had eagle buttons on it. They were a fine looking couple.

When everything was ready, a pause ensued, and all eyes were turned on the Squire, who seemed to be undergoing a mental agony, such as fourth of July orators feel when they forget their speeches, or a boy at an exhibition when he has to be prompted from behind the scene. The truth was, Squire Tompkins was a man of form; but had always taken them for form brooks, and never trusted his memory. On this occasion he had no 'Georgia Justice' or any other book from which to read the marriage ceremony, and was at a loss how to proceed. He thought over y thing he had ever learned by heart, or

learned by heart, or

learned by heart, or

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learned by heart, or

learned by heart, or

Poetry.

From the Boston Miscellany.

The Two.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

Soon each the other knew,
But love grew up more slowly;
Firmly and fair it grew,
Watered with Heaven's dew,
That plant so pure and holy.

Thereon burst forth a flower,
To fuller beauty moulded
By sunshine, shade and shower,
In which all seeds of power
And mystery were folded.

They saw the flower rare,
And loved it for its beauty;
They watched it with sweet care
Till, ere they were aware,
It grew to be a duty.

Then started they in fear,
And gazed upon each other;
Then said, "Why loose our cheer?
We only will be dear
As sister and her brother."

No dwelt they late and soon
In love's unclouded weather;
They loved the self-same tune,
And underneath the moon,
'Twas bliss to be together.

From all the world so wide,
Each soul the other singled;
Something within did guide
Their life-streams side by side,
Until at length they mingled.

And now they cannot part,
But must flow on forever,—
But streams that rose apart,
Joined in the mighty heart
Of one calm flowing river.

The Mother's Smile.

BY A. E. CARPENTER.

There are clouds that most o'er shade us—
There are griefs that all must know—
There are sorrows that have made us
Feel the tide of human woe;
But the deepest—darkest sorrow,
Though it aere the heart awhile,
Hope's cheering ray may borrow
From a mother's welcome smile!

There are days in youth that greet us
With a ray too bright to last—
There are the cares of age to greet us
When those sunny days are past;
But the past scenes hover o'er us,
And give back the heart awhile,
All that memory can restore us
In a mother's welcome smile!

There are scenes of sunny places,
On which mem'ry loves to dwell—
There are many happy faces
Who have known and loved us well!
But 'mid joy or mid dejection,
There is nothing can beguile,
That can show the fond affection
Of a mother's welcome smile!

Cure for Corns.—Rub them with salt every day for a week—then have both feet cut off just above the ankles.