

# 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.

### SKETCHES OF THE WEST.

#### THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

Every 'Buckeye,' 'Concracker,' or 'Hoonier' has seen or heard of Simon Kenton, the celebrated Indian fighter and hunter.—Born and raised amid scenes of strife and danger, he was taught, at an early age, to rely upon his own energies for support and protection, and many are the tales we have heard of his indomitable bravery, presence of mind and sagacity—qualities that distinguished the pioneers of civilization in the boundless West, and enabled them to triumph in the darkest hour, and compass difficulties that a less hardy race would have deemed insurmountable.

At one period of Kenton's eventful career he was sitting on a rude bench in front of his cabin smoking a corncob pipe, and entertaining a number of 'responsibilities' with narratives of by-gone days, and stirring events in which he was a prominent actor.

The sun had 'gone down in a blaze of glory,' as the novelists say, tinging the forest with a mellow light, and robing in gorgeous hues the giant oaks that stand like pillars against the herculean firmament.—An Eden-like stillness reigned around the humble dwelling of the war-worn veteran the hum of insects ceased, and twilight was stealing on apace, soothing the turbulent passions of our nature, and lending an indescribable charm to the woodland scene.

At this moment, a noise was heard by Kenton, and in an instant the form of an Indian was seen emerging from a thicket in front of the hut. The red man did not advance with the caution of his tribe, but crushing the reeds that obstructed his passage, marched with a bold step to the cabin, and stood before Kenton, in all his native majesty.

'Good evening,' said the Indian, who spoke good English, 'how is Mr. Kenton, the Eagle Eye, as we call him?'

'Well, very well, you red skinned vagabond! What brought you to Simon Kenton's cabin at such an hour as this?'

'Revenge!'

'Ah! you can't forget that brush, eh?'

'Never, old man. You killed my father, and the Great Spirit says I must have blood for blood.'

'Well, Ingen you know where Simon Kenton's hut stands, and when you call upon him in daylight, like a white man, you'll find him on hand.—'

'Enough! We will meet at the rising of the sun to-morrow, in the 'Fallen Timber.' You know the place. I could have revenged my father, who has gone to a happy hunting ground, by killing you at your door but that would not have been according to my notions of honor among red men.'

'Yes, Ingen, we will meet at sunrise, exactly, and recollect, as soon as we pass the morning compliments, the work begins. You want to kill me for revenge, as you say, as I happened to kill your father.— Very well, Ingen. Simon Kenton knows what's right, and when we meet luck will decide it. I will take my old rifle, and can be found at the crossing—you know where. All you have got to do in the morning is to make a bee line for the spot, and when you see old Simon, blaze away!'

The two parted in apparent friendship, and the old man retired to rest. At dawn, he arose and made preparations for the conflict, which he knew must be deadly. Balls were made—flints picked—powder examined, etc. and without communicating to his family his intention, he sauntered forth, and was soon at the appointed place. He found the Indian had anticipated his arrival, and was leaning upon his rifle, at a short distance from the place he had designated, in a thoughtful mood. Signs were exchanged and then commenced a 'bush fight' never surpassed. The Indian fired, and missed, and then took shelter behind a large hickory. Kenton was cool and collected, and trying again the flint of Black Bet, told his antagonist to stand forth. The Indian had reloaded, and both chose a position, and fired, without effect. Quick as thought the pieces were reloaded, and the 'artful dodging' that followed can be better imagined than described. From tree to tree the assailants glided, and every means of ingenuity could invent was resorted to by them to gain an advantage. This lasted for some moments, when the Indian, finding he could not outwit his white antagonist, in the woods, came forward, and proposed that both should go to a clearing at hand, with uncharged rifles, and at a signal agreed upon load and fire. Kenton readily accepted the offer and repaired to the clearing. The remainder is soon told. As soon as the signal was given; both began loading with the utmost haste, being distant from each other but a few yards. The Indians movements were hurried but certain—Kenton was more methodical, but no less effective, and the ramrods were drawn out at the same time. Kenton however made a fatal mistake. Instead of throwing his rod on the ground, as his antagonist did, he attempted to put it in its place, and while doing so, received a ball that sent his spirit to a better world.

Years have rolled away since the occurrence we have mentioned, but there are many yet in the land of the living who remember the sad fate of the old warrior.—Near the translucent Licking may be found the grave of as noble a spirit as ever filled a tenement of clay.

### THE COSSACKS.

The origin of this singular people accounts in a considerable degree, for their peculiar character. Nature and man have stamped an impress upon their minds, which can never be effaced. Placed on the frontiers of Europe and Asia, they have always dwelt on the plains which, from the earliest ages, have been the highway by which Scythian violence passed on to civilized plunder. Amidst tombs, which rising on either hand amidst the boundless waste, marked the bloodstained passage of the multitudinous nations, whose names, as Chateaubriand said, 'are known only to God,' amidst walls raised by unknown hands, and cemeteries whitening of bones of Russians, Hungarians, Lithuanians and Poles, the Tartar still discerned the tracks which led from the far distant steppes to the seat of civilized man. Flocks of rapacious birds announced their approach, and the mournful omen was confirmed by the glowing sky that reddened as their torches consumed the villages: The barbarian hordes, in their sudden attacks, overpowered the inhabitants, and seized the fruits of their toil, before the warlike proprietors could assemble from their castles for their defence. Prompt in aggression, prompt still in flight, they dragged in captivity the youth of both sexes, driving of all the herds, and leaving behind them only the silence of the ashes, and the corpses of the slain. Notwithstanding the ceaseless havoc, the population still sprang up afresh upon that beautiful soil; 'cut up as it was,' says a Slavonian poet, 'by the tramp of horses, fertilized by human blood, and white with bones, where sorrow grew abundantly.'

It was amidst this misery, and from the effects of this constant devastation, which continued for several centuries that the

Cossacks nation took its rise. Two corners of land, overlooked of the great streams of conquest, to the south west, remained as places of refuge for the fugitives; one beyond the Don, towards the sea of Ezooff; and the other beyond the islands of the Dneiper, towards the Black Sea; and these were the cradle of this singular people as the Lagoon of the Po; were from a similar cause, and at the same period, of the Venetian Republic. About sixty miles below Kieff, the Dneiper forms a variety of islands, upwards of seventy in number.—The banks of the river, here fringed with wood, there steep or marshy—the deep caverns in the rocky islands, concealed by spreading trees or tangled thorn bushes—offered a favorable place of refuge when the open country was overrun by barbarians.—At the epoch of the first general invasion of the Tartars, and again during the Lithuanian wars, many persons found shelter here, and their number was subsequently increased by the arrival of adventures, guided by necessity of the love of change; by deserters from the Lithuanian, Polish, Hungarian and Wallachian ranks, by fugitives from Tartar bondage, or by serfs escaping from the oppression of their lords.

The motley crew was at first held together and prevented from overstepping its limits, by a rule enforcing, during the common calamity, celibacy, fishing & hard labor. Gradually as the danger rolled away, these restrictions were forgotten and they ventured upon secret excursions to the neighboring plains, which, by degrees, extending down the Dneiper, and along the shores of the Black sea to the very walls of Constantinople. In more peaceable times they spread over the adjoining plains, fed vast flocks on the steppes, and cultivated the earth; and then in huts built of clay, led a rude life, mindful only of the subsistence of the moment. But they retained the character imprinted on them by their origin, their necessities, and their situation; fishing in the Don and the Dneiper ever remained, and still continues a favorite occupation of the people, and a principal source of their wealth; the necessity of flight to existence was constantly felt; and the nation, true to its origin, still looked for its riches in prosperity, its refuge in adversity, to the swiftness of its steeds. 'Let the flames of invasion,' said they, 'consume our huts, in a week we shall plant new hedges; fill up our ditches with earth, cover our thorns with reeds—soon others shall arise. Sooner shall the foe be wearied with destruction, than we with restoration.—' Independence amidst a world of serfs gave charms to this precarious existence; freedom sweetened the toils and enlightened the dangers of these unfettered rovers. Their own industry, the spoils of others brought them plenty; mounted on swift charges, free as the winds of the steppes, they enjoyed their liberty, and generations grew up amidst the clangings of swords and the song of battle: Singing the airs of his native wilds, the Cossack of former days left his home on a cruise to Azoff, Sinope, or Constantinople; a beautiful captive often became his wife, the richest stuffs his attire, his enemies best weapon, his arms. He returned home with his trophies, distributed his and took no charge of the morrow: but the trophies of his prowess were religiously preserved; his children played with his sword, or arrayed themselves in the panoply of his enemies. These habits, still continue, though the object and the scene of his warfare are changed; and the Cossack youth point to the cuirasses of the French horseman, or the standards of the imperial guard, preserved in their churches, and honor these prizes of recent valor, as their ancestors did the trophies of Trebizonde, or the spoils of Constantinople.

### Alison's Europe.

A True Test.—Nothing says a late writer, sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul as the reverential love of womanhood. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a coarse profligate or a bigot.

## THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE'S PROPHECY.

The history of the Empress Josephine has been very remarkable. She was born in the West Indies, and it had early been prophesied by an old negress that she should lose her first husband and be extremely unfortunate; but she should afterwards be greater than a queen. (The author heard the prophecy long before Napoleon's elevation to the throne, from the late Countess of Anoram, who was educated in the same convent with Josephine, and had repeatedly heard her mention the circumstances in early youth.) This prophecy the authenticity of which is placed beyond a doubt, was fulfilled in the most singular manner. Her first husband, Alexander Beauharnois, a gentleman of the army of Rhine, had been guillotined during the reign of terror; and she herself, who was also imprisoned at the same time, was only saved from impending death by the fall of Robespierre. So strongly was the prophecy impressed upon her mind, that while lying in the dungeon of the Conciergerie, expecting every hour to be summoned to the revolutionary tribunal, she mentioned it to her fellow prisoners: and to amuse them, named some of them as ladies to the bed chamber, a jest which she afterwards lived to realize on one of their number.

Josephine herself narrated this extraordinary passage in her life, in the following terms, in her memoirs:

'One morning the jailor entered the chamber where I slept, with the Duchess d'Aguiillon and two other ladies, and told me was going to take my mattress to give it to another prisoner. Why, said d'Aguiillon eagerly, will not Madame d'Aguiillon obtain a better one. No no, he replied, with a fiendish smile, she will have no need of one, for she is about to be led to the Conciergerie, and thence to the guillotine. At these words, my companions in misfortune uttered piercing shrieks, I consoled them as well as I could; and, at length, worn out with their eternal lamentations, I told them that their grief was utterly unreasonable; that not only I should not die, but live to be Queen of France. Why, then, do you not name your maids of honor said Madame d'Aguiillon, irritated at such a moment. Very true, said I, I did not think of that; well, my dear, I make you one of them. Upon this the tears of these ladies fell apace, for they never doubted I was mad. But the truth was, I was not gifted with any extraordinary courage, but internally persuaded of the truth of the oracle.

'Madame d'Aguiillon soon after became unwell & I drew her towards the window, which I opened to admit through the bars a little fresh air. I there perceived a poor woman who knew us, and who was making a number of signs which I could not at first understand. She constantly held up her gown, (robe,) and seeing she had some object in view, I called out robes, to which she answered yes. She then lifted up a stone and put it in her lap, which she lifted up a second time—I called out pierre, upon which she evinced the greatest joy, perceiving that her signs were understood. Joining then the stone in her robe, she eagerly imitated the motion of cutting off the neck, and immediately began to dance and evince the most extravagant joy. This singular pantomime awakened in our minds a vague hope that possibly Robespierre might be no more.

'At this moment, when we were floating between hope and fear, we heard a great noise in the corridor, and the terrible voice of our jailor, who said to his dog, giving him at the same time a kick, 'Get out; you cursed Robespierre!' That course phrase at once taught us that we had nothing to fear, and that France was saved.—Alison's History of Europe.

'That's my business,' as the butcher said to the dog that was killing his sheep.

## EXPERIENCE.

Two young men, both of them mechanics, were married about the same time, and entered life with apparently equal prospects except that one was rather given to extravagance and fashion, while the other was more prudent and frugal. The wife of the latter, however, being of a different turn from her husband, became uneasy because the former without any superior advantages, made more show than what he did, and had many more fine things. She told her husband that his income must be as much as the other's, and that she knew they were able to appear as well as her neighbor.

'I want to do as other people do,' was her all conquering argument. Her husband yielded again and again to her entreaties, though always professing that he was not able.

At length his more showy neighbor failed. And seeing their things sold under the hammer of the auctioneer, his wife, who was far from being destitute of good feeling, began to mistrust whether by imitating them, and 'doing as other folks do,' they might not meet with a similar fate. She inquired of her husband how his affairs stood. He told her that his expenses had exceeded his income, but he hoped to get through and pay what he owed.

Before long he was sued for his debts. Then his wife was in panics! She knew that his misfortune was chargeable to her folly, although he never reproached her nor cast any unkind reflections. Disturbed with conflicting emotions she tried to plan some way to get along in this terrible difficulty! But finding all her endeavors fruitless, she said to her husband with unfeigned distress, 'What shall we do! What can we do?' he calmly replied, 'we must do as others folks do—have our fine things sold under the hammer!'

This was enough for her. She had seen the beginning and the ending of common folly, and she was satisfied. From that time he had no trouble to persuade her to be frugal and prudent. They were both agreed in pursuing the same course. And it is almost needless to say that their prosperity was in proportion to their wisdom and prudence.

Mr. Hunt, the celebrated preacher on Temperance, has been lecturing in Millintown, Pa; and the Times of that place is highly delighted with him. We also learn by a letter from Lewistown, that he is in that place, and created quite a sensation by his peculiar style of lecturing. In one of his lectures he attacked the intemperate extent to which the ladies carried their bustling habits. Turning his back, which is humped, around to the audience, he remarked that had nature granted the ladies such a bustle as he had they would think it neither a beauty nor a convenience, and be more anxious to do without them than they now are, to put them on! Good, for 'old Hunt! —Pa. Tel.

Superstitious practices of the Ancients.—The Lacedonians always during war, put up their petitions very early in the morning in order to be beforehand with their enemies, and by being the first solicitors, pre-engage the gods in their favor. We may gather from Seneca that it was usual for the votaries in the temples to make interest with the beadle or sexton that they might have a seat near the image of the Deity, in order to best heard in their prayers and applications to him. The Tyrians, when besieged by Alexander, threw chains on the statue of Hercules, to prevent that deity from deserting to the enemy. Augustus, having twice lost his fleet by storms, forbade Neptune to be carried into procession along with the other gods; and fancied that he had sufficiently revenged himself by that expedient. After the death of Germanicus; the people were so enraged at their gods, that they stoned them in the temples, and openly renounced all allegiance to them.—Hume's Essays.