

# 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

## H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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#### TERMS:

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### THE BORDERER'S CHILD:

OR,

#### WASHINGTON AT EIGHTEEN.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a calm, sunny day, in the year 1750; the scene, a piece of forest land on the Northern Neck of Virginia, contiguous to a noble stream of water. Implements of surveying were lying about and several men idly reclining under the trees, beset by their dress and appearance that they composed a party engaged in laying out the wild lands of the then frontier of the old Dominion. These persons had apparently just finished their noontide meal, for the relics of the banquet were scattered around.

Apart from the group walked a young man evidently superior to his companions, though there was nothing obtrusive in his air, which, on the contrary, was distinguished by affability. A certain dignity of aspect, however, accompanied him. Added to this he was a tall and compact frame, & moved with the elastic tread of one accustomed to constant exercise in the open air. His countenance could not have been said to be handsome, but it wore a look of decision and manliness not usually found in one so young—for apparently he was little over eighteen years of age. His hair had been cast off, as if for comfort, and he had passed, with one foot advanced, in a natural and graceful attitude, at the moment that we have introduced him to our reader.

Suddenly there was a shriek, then another, and then several in rapid succession. The voice was that of a woman, and seemed to proceed from the other side of a dense thicket. At the first scream the youth turned his head in the direction whence the sound proceeded, but when it was repeated, he pushed aside the undergrowth which separated him from it, and quickening his footsteps as the cries succeeded each other with alarming rapidity, he soon dashed into an open space or clearing, as the borderers even then called it, on the banks of the stream, in the center of which a rude log cabin stood, whose well-pole poised over one end, & smoking curling from the chimney, gave signs of habitation. As the young man, with face flushed by haste, broke from the undergrowth, he saw his companions crowded together on the bank of the river, while in their midst a woman, from whom proceeded the shrieks, was visible, held back by two of the most athletic of the men, but still struggling violently for freedom.

It was the work of an instant to make his way thro' the crowd and confront the female. The moment her eyes fell on him she exclaimed:

"O! sir—you will do something for me! Make them release me—for the love of God! My boy—my poor boy is drowning, and they will not let me go."

"It would be madness—she will jump into the river," said one of those who held her, as the frantic mother strove again to break from his grasp. "The rapids would dash her to pieces in a minute."

The youth had scarcely waited for these words. His eye took in at a single glance the meaning of the sad group. He recollected the child of the woman, a bold little fellow of four years old, whose handsome blue eyes and flaxen ringlets made him a favorite with strangers, and filled the mother's heart with pride whenever she gazed on him. He

had been accustomed to play, at will, in the little enclosure before the cabin, but his morning the gate having been accidentally left open, he had stolen out when his mother's back was turned, reached the edge of the bank, and was in the act of looking over when his parent's eye caught sight of him. The shriek which she uttered precipitated the catastrophe she feared, for the child, frightened at the cry, lost his balance and fell head long into the stream, which here went foaming and roaring along innumerable rocks, constituting the most dangerous rapids known in this section of the country. Scream now followed scream in rapid succession, as the agonized parent rushed to the bank. She arrived there simultaneously with the party whom we left reclining in the shade, and who were scattered about him within a few steps of the scene of accident. Fortunately it was that they were so near, else the mother would have plunged in after her child, and both been lost. Several of the men immediately approached the brink and were on the point of springing in after the child, when the sight of the sharp rocks crowding the channel, the rush and whirl of the waters, and the want of any knowledge where to look for the boy deterred them, and they gave up the enterprise.

Not so with the youth we have introduced. His first work was to throw off his coat, his next to sprinck to the edge of the bank. Here he stood, for a second runcing his eye rapidly over the scene below, and taking in with a glance the different currents and the most dangerous of the rocks, in order to shape his course by them when in the stream. He had scarcely formed his conclusion, when his gaze rested on a white object in the water that he knew at once to be the boy's dress; and while his companions, aghast at his temerity, were prevented as much by contumacious as by awe with which he had already inspired them from interfering, he plunged headlong into the wild and roaring rapids.

"Thank God! he will save my child," grasped the woman; "see—there he is!—oh my boy, my darling boy, how could I leave you!"

Every one rushed to the brink of the precipice, and was now following with eager eyes the perilous progress of the youth, as the current bore him onward like a feather in the embrace of a hurricane. Now it seemed as if he would be dashed against a jutting rock over which the water flow in foam—and now a whirlpool would drag him in, from whose grasp escape seemed impossible. At times the current bore him under, and he would be lost to sight, then just as the spectators gave him up he would reappear though far enough from where he vanished still buffeting amid the vortex. Oh! how that mother's straining eyes followed him in his perilous career—how her heart sank when he went under—and with what a gush of joy she saw him emerge again from the waters, and fling the waves aside with his athletic arms struggle on in pursuit of the boy. But it seemed as if his generous efforts were to be of no avail, for though the current was bearing off the boy before his eyes scarcely ten feet distant, he could not, despite his gigantic efforts, overtake the drowning child.

On they flew, the youth and the child, and it was miraculous how each escaped being dashed to pieces against the rocks. Twice the boy went out of sight, and a suppressed shriek escaped the mother's lips—but twice he reappeared, and then with hands wrung wildly together and breathless with anxiety, she followed his progress as his unremitting form was hurried onward with the current.

The youth now appeared to redouble his exertions, for they were approaching the most dangerous part of the river, where the rapids, contracting between narrowed shores shot almost perpendicularly down a declivity of fifteen feet. This rush of the waters at this spot was tremendous and no one ventured to approach its vicinity, even in a canoe, lest they should be sucked in. What then would be the youth's fate unless he speedily overtook the child! He seemed fully sensible of the increasing peril, and urged his way through the foaming current with desperate strength. Three several times he was on the point of grasping the child when the waters whirled the prize from him. The third effort was made just as they were about entering within the influence of the current above the fall, and when it failed, the mother's heart sank with

in her, and she groaned aloud, fully expecting to see the youth give up the task. But not he only pressed forward the more eagerly; and as they breathlessly watched, they saw, amid the building waters, as if bearing a charmed life, the form of the brave youth following close after that of the boy. And now, pursuer and pursued shot like an arrow from the bow, to the brink of the precipice. An instant they lunged there, distinctly visible amid the glassy waters that seemed to pause on the edge of the descent. Every brain grew dizzy at the sight. But a shout of involuntary exultation burst from the spectators when they saw the boy held aloft by the right arm of the youth—a shout, alas! that was suddenly checked by horror when the rescuer and rescued vanished into the abyss!

A moment—or two, many moments elapsed, before a word was spoken or a breath drawn. Each of the group felt that to look into the mother's face was impossible. She herself had started eagerly forward and now stood on the bank, a few paces nearer the castract, where she could command a view of its foot, gazing thither with fixed eyes, as if her all depended on what the next moment should reveal. Suddenly she gave a glad cry.

"There they are!" she exclaimed, "see they are safe—Great God, I thank thee!" and in a moment wildly turning her face to Heaven, she hurried with trembling steps along the side of the river in the direction of the fall.

Every eye followed hers, and sure enough there was the youth, still unharmed, and still buffeting the waters. He had just emerged from the boiling vortex below the castract. With one hand he held aloft the child, and with the other he was making for the shore.

They ran, they shouted, they scarcely knew what they did, until they reached the shore, just as he had struggled to the bank. They drew him out almost exhausted. The boy was senseless—but his mother declared he still lived, as she pressed him frantically to her bosom. His preserver, powerfully built and athletic as he was could scarcely stand so faint was he from his exertions.

Who shall describe the scenes that followed: the mother's ecstasies while she strove to resuscitate her boy, and her wild gratitude to his preserver when the child was out of danger and peacefully sleeping in her arms? Our pen shrinks at the task. But our words pronounced then—were we may hope in the spirit of prophecy—were remembered afterward by more than one who heard them.

"God will reward you," said she, "as I cannot. He will do great things for you in return for this day's work—and the blessings of thousands, beside mine, will attend you."

And it was so. For to the hero of that day were subsequently confided the duties of a mighty nation. But thro' out his long career, what tended perhaps most to make him honored and respected beyond all men, was the self-sacrificing spirit which in the rescue of that mother's child, as in the more recent events of his life, characterized our WASHINGTON.

#### INTEGRITY.

Integrity is a great and commendable virtue. A man of integrity is a true man, and a steady man, he is to be trusted and relied upon. No bribe can corrupt him, no fear daunt him; his word is slow in coming but sure. He shines brightest in the fire, and his friend fears of him most, when he most needs him. His courage grows with danger, and he conquers opposition by consistency. As he cannot be flattered or frightened into what he dislikes, so he hates flattery and temporizing in others. He runs with truth and not with the times—with right and not might.

#### THE MAN & THE MAYOR.

A juggler, who went about the country displaying sleight of hand tricks, was apprehended and brought before the sapient Mayor of a town, who immediately ordered him to be committed to prison.

For what? said the juggler.

"Why, sirrah, the people say you are a conjuror!"

Will your worship give me leave to tell you what the people say of you?"

"Of me! What dare they say of me, fellow!"

"They say you are no conjuror!"

A printer out west, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says, "A boy from the country would be preferred."

#### A WIDOW'S STORY.

##### FROM 'MARSTON' IN BLACKWOOD.

I should probably have closed my eyes to all afflictions and sorrows, but for my good old Beguine. On her first visit at dawn, she lectured prodigiously on the folly of exposing myself to the hazards of the night air of which she evidently thought much more than of the Austrian cannon balls. "They might shower upon the buildings as they pleased," but said the Beguine, "if they kill, their business is done. It is your cold, your damp, your night air, that carries off," without letting any one know how, the perplexity of science on this subject forming the chief evil in poor Juliet's mind.

"See my own condition," said she, striving to briak her recollections in aid of her advice. At fifteen I a husband and at the Swartz Adler; there I ran and outdanced at all the family feasts and was as gay as a bird on a tree. But that life was too good to last. At twenty a corporal of Prussian dragoons, fell in love with me, or I with him—it is all the same. His regiment was ordered to Silesia, and away we all marched. But if ever there was a country of logs, that was the one. There are, now, only a few even in our delighted France; but in Silesia, they have a patent for them, par privilege, if men could have them there would never be a chance of starving in Silesia. So we all got sore throats. Cannon and the musketry were nothing to them. Our dragoons, dropped off like flies at the end of a banner and unless we had been ordered away to keep the Turks from marching to Berlin, or the saints know where the regiment would have had its headquarters in this world within a league of the marshes of Breslau. So I say ever since—take care of damp!"

Having thus relieved her good-natured spirit of its burden she proceeded to give me sketches of her history. The corporal had fallen a victim—though whether to Silesian fog brandy, or to ill luck she felt doubtful—and she had married his successor in rank. Love and matrimony in the army are of a different character from either in civil life, for he loves is perpetual this matrimony precarious. Juliet acknowledged that she never felt above a month's interval between her afflictions as a widow and her consultations as a wife. In the course of time she changed her service. A handsome Austrian servant wooed her heart and hand, and she followed him to Hungary. There, between marsh fever and Turkish skirmishing, various casualties occurred in the matrimonial list, and Juliet, who evidently had been a handsome beauty, and whose French vivacity distanced all the heavy charms of Austrian passivity, was never without a husband. At length like other veteran having served her country to the full extent of her patriotism, she was discharged with her tenth husband, and of course induced the honest Austrian to come to the only country, on which in a French woman's creed the sun shines. There the Austrian died.

"I loved him," said the Beguine, wiping her eyes. "He was an excellent fellow though dull, and I believe next to smoking schnapps, he loved me better than anything else in the world. But on his emperor's birthday which he always kept with a bottle of brandy additional he rambled out into the fog and came back with a cold.—Pest! I knew it was all over with him, but I nursed him like a babe, and he died like a true Austrian, with his neershaum in his mouth leaving me his snuff box, the certificate of his position, and his blessing. I buried him, got pensioned and was broken-hearted.—What then was to be done? I was born for society. I once or twice thought of suicide with his hand, but I was rich I had above a thousand francs, and a pension of a hundred this perplexed me. I was determined to be married for myself alone. Yet how could I know whether the hypocrites who clustered round me were not thinking of my money all the while! So I determined to marry no more—and became a Beguine."

In all my vexation, I could not help turning my eye upon the sentimentalists. She interrupted it in the happy way of her country.—"You wonder at my denial," said she, "I perceive it in your astonishment. I was but fifty then. You said she clasping her hands and looking pathetic, "I acknowledge that I was

cruel. What right had I to break so many hearts? I have much to answer for—and I but fifty! I am even now but fifty-six. Yet, observe, I have taken no vows, remark that Monsieur le Capitaine. At this moment I am only a *Sieur de Charite*. No nothing shall induce me to make or keep the vow. I am free to marry to-morrow, and I only beg, Monsieur le Capitaine, that when you are well enough to go abroad again whether in the town or in whatever part of Europe you may travel you will have the kindness to state positively that Juliet Dounertrouk, *Sixte Venable*, has not spoken and never will take any vow whatever!"

"Not even those of marriage, Juliet?" asked I.

She laughed and patted my burning head, with "Ah, *vous êtes bien bon*! Ah, *monsieur Anglais!*" finishing with all the *Pantomime* of blushing confusion and starting like a flattered pigeon.

#### A 'Bad Fix' in a Bear Fight.

We have a friend residing in the State of Louisiana, who is famously fond of bear hunting. The *penchant* has led him into many imminent perils, in some of which, had it not been for his brave heart, strong arm, and eagle eye, he must long since have fallen a victim.

One of his adventures, in an extensive *cane brake*, is our purpose here to relate, not so much because it was one of danger and hardship, as because it exhibited the spirit, coolness and prompt action, so essential to the hunter of these "varmints." The *cane brakes* are matted together by an undergrowth of vine and briar, and are intersected by running swamp streams, so as to render them almost impenetrable.

Our friend G——, on a hunt, once near the close of the day, had penetrated some distance into the *cane brake* bordering the *Washita*, when his dogs—two very valuable ones—"bayed" a magnificent bear magnificent, we presume, because he was monstrous strong and full of fight. G—— guided by the baying of the dogs hastened towards the scene of conflict, as fast as it was practicable to *hasten*, where you are obliged frequently to crawl on hands and knees, and sometimes to cut your way with your hunting knife. After considerable difficulty, however, he obtained a sight of the ferocious animal; the two noble dogs, true to their training, were keeping him in check, though they had been handled very roughly. G—— fired as soon as he had obtained his distance and aim, and although the ball took effect, it was not in a vital part. The enraged animal now sprang upon one of the dogs and gave the brave creature a mortal wound. G——, exasperated at the sight, for he prized his faithful followers almost as dearly as himself, threw down his gun, and crept into the terrible fight, for, reader, you can't rush into a fight in a *cane-brake*! Cautiously he approached the foe, until he was near enough, when upon his knees and with his arm stretched across the animal, he suddenly gave him three deep wounds upon the off or farther side; he knew well that this was his only chance, for the instinct of the animal prompts it always to turn and snap at the quarter from which it is hurt.

"The critter's got more lives than nat'ral belongs to a bear, any how," ejaculated G—— as he saw the monster still strong and vigorous, and rending with his tusks again and again, the body of the dog, which he held firmly in his embrace. G—— gave his wily, yielding enemy another fearful wound upon the farther side, as before when his knife by a sudden movement of the bear, slipped from his grasp, and the brute was upon him? G—— extended his left arm for the clutch but in a moment the bear's tusks were crushing his hand, and, at the same instant, he felt himself in a close hug! This was rather a "bad fix." G—— turned and looked upon his remaining dog, which had previously been of great assistance in attracting the bear's attention; he said but a word—the affectionate creature gave one bound, and had the bear again fast by the throat. This new attack G—— his freedom; in an instant he had recovered his weapon, and in another

its keen point was buried deep in the breast heart.

"Perhaps," says G——, "you never did see a bear roll over like that one!"

Our sporting friend has never recovered the free use of his left hand but he is still a right hand man in a hunt. As he modestly expresses himself, "I ain't what I used to be in a bear fight, but when I'm pursued, I'm some yet, I reckon."—*St. Louis Reveille*.

#### AN INFERIOR ARTICLE.

Squiggins met a school teacher yesterday morning. "I say," said he, "do you know that you are the only person in the city for whom our minister prays every Sunday?"

"No," said the pedagogue; "how is that?" "Why he prays for the heads of all colleges and academies and inferior institutions of learning, and if you don't keep an inferior one, I'll be hanged if I know who does."

A certain lawyer in one of the western states had a dog that was a great favorite, and was in the habit of attending court with him. One day the dog took it into his head to ascend the bench, and annoyed the judge, in a great rage, gave him a violent kick that sent him yelping across the courthouse. The lawyer much incensed at the unceremonious manner in which his favorite was treated, called to him, "Pomp come here. There," said he, "take that," giving him another kick, "did I not always tell you to keep out of bad company?"

Wealth, accumulated by fair competition in honest pursuits is the right of every man, but that which is derived from advantages, which the law gives one over another, is *legalized plunder*.

#### HOPE.

"Cultivate the faculty of hope. It is better than money—for the more you use it, the larger it grows."

Very true—there is nothing but hopefulness—hope on, hope over. To be sure, most of us find that when our hope is realized, is not the thing we expected it to be. The point has been attained—but it is often that distance lends enchantment to the view and we are rather disappointed in the results of our own success. But what of that? Is it not a provision to keep us from indolence and stagnation? Away, then, for another hope—start hopes in succession for the exercise and health of your spirit. Always have something to look forward to—cultivate the hoping faculty as an essential constituent of happiness.—He who has done with hoping in a living death. His vitality is exhausted, and grim despair demands him as her own. Combat such spashy with all your might. Compel yourself to take interest, even if it be only in trifles. Be, in this respect, as much like a child as you can—and if the prospect of a new hat, or of any other pair of shoes, can tickle your fancy, why should you not enjoy the emotion? Misanthropy often effect to despise those who feel great interest in small things—but let it reveal if it can in bitterness, the wiser part is to extract honey from every flower, however humble and insignificant—a multitude of little hopes are pleasant companions, to swarm around our footsteps.

There is a story told of a man who had a very ragged coat, that he went to a Quaker meeting house, because "where least is said is soonest mended."

Tom what's monusny?—"Wy, you see Dick, wen a poor feller steals it's called larceny—but wen it's rich 'un the jury says it's nomyinary," and they can't help it: that's it."

A New York paper says that tall ladies invariably prefer short men. An exchange thinks this an error, and observes that no woman objects of *Hy men*.

There are at the present time, one hundred and twenty towns in Massachusetts destitute of a grog shop.