

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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POETRY



THE LAST INDIAN.

BY MISS M. A. LEE.

Upon that distant rocky shore,
Where the broad Pacific's waters roar,
Gazing on that rushing tide,
There stood a form of might and pride—
An Indian Chief, last of his race,
He stood in that wild place;
Prouder than his, I ween,
On this fair earth is seldom seen.
And proudly glanced his eagle eye
Beneath a forehead broad and high;
A blanket, striped with many a hue
Of crimson, green, and deepest blue,
Was loosely o'er his shoulder flung,
And from his belt his hatchet hung.
The war paint stained his swarthy cheek,
Roughened by wind and tempest bleak.
Beside him lay his bow unspent,
And sheath of arrows all unspent,
Ah! useless now that Chief's bow;
Alone he stands in grief and woe,
And gazing on the golden sun,
Whose journey now was nearly done.
His anguish into utterance broke,
And with raised hand the Indian spoke,
"Yes, glorious orb, sink to thy rest,
And hide thee in the Ocean's breast,
Then rise to-morrow fair and bright,
And shine again o'er tower and dome
That rise, where rose the red man's home.
But never more thy beam shall fall
On Indian hunter's cabin wall.
As bright thou shiniest as on the day
When came the Spaniard's proud array:
As bright to day thy beaming smile
As when they came from England's Isle,
And freely with the Pilgrim band
We shared our happy hunting-land,
Until their numbers, weak and few,
Into a mighty nation grew.
Then, when the foe man stood confest
In him we had received as guest,
We dug the hatchet from the ground,
And in their ears our war-whoop sound,
Thou saw'st, O Sun! full many a plain
Where white men lay by Indian slain,
And oft the quiet stars looked down
On burning house and ruined town.
His nation perished sure but slow—
Partly by force, but more by fraud.
No more in forest, far or near,
Shall Indian hunter chase the deer:
No more around the council fire
Shall gather youth and gray-haired sire,
No more upon the battle eve
Shall painted bands the war-dance weave.
None follow now the battle trail,
And none are left their fate to wail.
The red man's race from earth has gone,
And I am left alone, to mourn!
Yes, set bright sun, beyond my sight,
For me no more shall beam thy light.
He ceased;—the sun had gone to rest,
Fat in the ocean's western breast,
Brightly its parting rays were cast
On him of Indian race the last,
His bow within his hand he took,
And cast on earth a farewell look,
Then plunged into the foaming wave,
And died, like Indian warrior, brave,

The Lion of Waterloo.

The most excellent bit of Hibernian drollery, and one that we are afraid will lose sadly in telling, came recently to our notice.

A big-whiskered and broad-chested son of Emerald Isle, sat with a party of friends and admirers in a restaurant, amusing them with stories of his travels founded on fact, but elaborately embellished by a very prolific fancy.

Alone, at a table near, sat another roaming descendant of Brian Boru, engaged upon *ragout de mouton*, and listening in great edification at his countryman's extraordinary talent for extemporaneous romance.

"May the Pope's bull be a f'r me!" said the story-teller, "if I wasn't shrouded three times through the body at Waterloo; and by the holy pokers! the three balls that went through me rolled out of me on the other side, in a state of fusion, from the heat I was in."

"Holy mother, hear him," ejaculated the solitary Irishman, "lifting his knife and fork in the air, and looking at the ceiling."

"What's that you say sir?" enquired the hero of Waterloo, with a most ferocious and annihilating stare at his neighbor.

"Divil a word have I uttered, sir," said the disbelieving Irishman, mingling a very grave air of respect with so droll a manner as fairly give the lie to his words.

"That's enough, sir," returned the gentleman whose blood was so hot as to melt bullets; for with he proceeded, with his fancy work, seemingly determined, after the interruption, to astonish his neighbors still more.

"But, gentlemen, this not half so curious as what followed; for true as this—a French port is genuine and undiluted logwood and vinegar, the two d in my hand got so hot that the temper went out of it as well as myself, and when I hit my twenty-ninth man in the head, the blade had become so hot that it turned into a cork screw, and I pulled the Frenchman's head off just like a cork from a clear bottle."

"Mother of Moses, hear that!" exclaimed the other Irishman, over his mutter.

"I beg your pardon, but I think you made an observation," said the herculean son of the sod, again turning round and darting a withering frown at his neighbor.

"Divil a word came from my lips," swore Pat in the same droll and contradictory manner he had used before.

"That's enough, sir," said the Irishman of Waterloo and on he went relating his achievements.

"By the immortal Saint Dominick and if that is not an Irishman's oath! then, by the rusty buckle of Saint Patrick's left sandal (which every one knows is now in pickle in the Tower of London among the jewels of the crown) thirteen widows, made by myself on that field of Waterloo, have since made love to me; and, soldier as I am, I am ashamed to own it, (for a soldier in love as well as war,) ran away from them all, and you see me here before you an uncontaminated bachelor, after breaking the heads of a dozen French regimental officers in the hearts of thirteen officers' wives."

"Now I'm satisfied!" exclaimed the facetiously incredulous party of the second part, jumping up and dashing down his knife and fork.

"What's that, sir?" roared the lion also jumping up, and stooping from his gigantic stature to thrust his nose into the other gentleman's face.

"I say I'm satisfied; as I'm sure every one ought to be after clearing off that plate of mutton."

"Sir, it's my opinion," said the military gentleman from Waterloo, "that you don't believe what I've been saying."

"Troth I do then—every word of it, and I'll wager you a small roll of the Municipal paper that there is not another gentleman present that dare say as much!"

"That's enough, sir!" said the lion.

"I'm satisfied!" said the lamb; and the several gentlemen went to adjusting their accounts with the waiters.—*Pica-yune.*

Subdue your passions, and every day will appear easy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VILLAGE COQUETTE

We met an old friend the other day whom we had not seen for several months. "John," said we in the course of a conversation with him, "why don't you get married and settle down somewhere?"

"Get married and settle down, you said, John repeated with emphasis."

"Yes."

"I came very near settling down without getting married a while ago."

"How's that?"

"No matter—I don't like to tell secrets to an editor."

"But in confidence, you know, John. Come out with it."

"Won't you tell?"

"No."

"Now I know you will, but pledge me that that my name shall not go with it, and you shall have the story, and may sell it as much as you please."

We pledged our sacred honor, and John threw away his cigar and commenced.

"Here some two or three months ago, I happened into one of the prettiest little villages you ever set your eyes upon—"

"What was its name?"

"That's my concern, and I'll manage it without your assistance—it was indeed a beautiful village, with pretty streets, pretty houses, pretty places, pretty every thing—and among other things, pretty women."

The latter, you know I usually take a liking to, and of course I was not displeas'd when a kind of fifteenth cousin, whom I called during a short stay thereon business, strictly invited me to make his house my home for a fortnight or so, while I went over the sporting grounds in the neighborhood, and killed all the beasts, birds and witches that ran wild there.—Hang me if I didn't thank the fellow with a full heart, and I moved my little bundle of clothes and other rubbish to his house in double quick time. Well, I had been gunning every day without so much as killing a woodpecker or tree-toad, when one day in crossing a piece of open ground surrounded entirely with woods, I discovered, not a little to my surprise, the prettiest girl I had ever seen in my whole life. From her appearance, I judged at once she had lost her way and prepared myself immediately to perform a piece of pure gallantry. So walking straight up to her, I communicated my suspicions, very politely and inquired if I could render any assistance.

She replied that she had lost her way in attempting to get through the woods by an obscure path; and would be very much obliged if I led her to the main road, or point out the direction in which it lay. Away we started together. On the way we chatted about every thing we could think of, (except her pretty self, which I was thinking of continually,) for she was sociable as an old school mate, and even told me her name the same of her father, and the names of half a dozen brothers and sisters whom I had never seen, and did not care to see. When we got to the road, she pointed out her father's house, which was in sight, and was going to thank me for my services but I stopped her by saying that it would be very little out of my way to see her home, and I preferred to do so. All the way there we chatted and laughed, and told stories, and even jokes; and by the time we parted at the gate of old Deacon B's farm house, I could have sworn that we were old acquaintances. I left her, hoping to see her again, sometime, and she left me, 'hoping to learn of my safe arrival at home."

"The next Sabbath I met her at church, the next Monday evening at a village party, and escorted her home—the next Friday I called on her 'accidentally'—the next Sunday evening by permission—in two weeks I was in love in three. I had told my love,—and I fear I was the next move to the biggest fool that ever grew out of natural philosophy. Three times I popped the question, but she wouldn't say yes or no or even hint that she would or would not see my happiness. The fourth time she look-

ed grave, hung down her head, sighed, and even I mistrusted shed tears. Shall I ask the consent of your father?" said I, after waiting half an hour for an answer to the question on which hung my hopes.—That would never do," she answered with a sigh, "he would not consent to my marriage with you, I know he would not."

"I mistrusted from this that she herself had broached the subject to the Deacon, and got a flat refusal of his consent to the match. I walked home that evening in much distress, passed a restless night at my cousin's house, and rose the next morning with my head full of pains and dark forebodings. My cousin rallied me on my dull appearance and I determined at once to tell him the secret of my troubles and ask his advice. I accordingly accompanied him to his little grocery, and when there unriddled the whole matter as to another."

"That Ellen B——," said he, "is the greatest coquette in the country or the world, and I advise you to keep your loose matters to yourself when you are in her company. Had I mistrusted you were so tender, I should have told you this before, but as it turns out, I advise you to let her alone." I did not make any reply, but really thought my cousin the biggest fool in Christendom. Had she not kept my company—and said soft things to me—and blushed, and grieved, and sighed when I popped the question for the fourth time?

"The next evening I called on Ellen again—she was alone and seemed twice as beautiful as ever. For the fifth time I offered her my hand.—She came very near fainting away, but would not answer me yes or no.—"What do you matter?" Of course I attributed the whole to the obstancy of the Deacon, her father—and being more than half crazy between love for her, and hate for him, I suggested to her that if we could not be happy with his consent, we had perfect right to proceed without it.—"We would take a ride some evening," said I, "go to the Depot—take the small train of cars and in two hours be man and wife."

"When would—you call for me?" she asked."

"To-morrow night," I replied, almost with delight—"eight o'clock."

"Well," said she, after a pause, "I will be here."

"The next evening, at half past seven, the village stable-keeper drove a carriage to my door.—Just as I was stepping into the carriage, a little boy handed me a note. I turned into the house a moment to read it. The contents ran after this sort:—"

"My dear Mr. S——:—I have consulted with my father about running away with you to-night, and he thinks the air is so damp that I would certainly take cold. He suggests that it would answer all reasonable purposes for you to run away alone. But I hope you will not do this till you have accomplished the intention you expressed on your arrival in our village, which was, I believe, before you left it, to make a conquest of the heart of the prettiest girl within ten miles."

Yours as truly as ever,
ELLEN B——."

"I immediately recollected having foolishly expressed the intention a day or two before my arrival in the village, to an old friend who accompanied me there on business with some other merchants. I recollected, too, that the remark was made while we were on a walk through the village—that a lady was close behind us all the time, and my friend who saw her face thought she must be an angel. She turned out to be one!"

My horse was sent back to the stable, and the next morning I was leaving the beautiful village and the beautiful Ellen, and my fifteenth cousin and his happy family as fast as steam would carry me."

JUST SO.

"A woman who loves, loves for life, unless a well founded jealousy compels her to relinquish the object of her affections. So says somebody.—A man who loves for life, unless he alters his mind, So says somebody else."

Storming Stony Point.

The night had already settled down gloomy and foreboding, on the evening of the 15th of July, 1779 when the advancing column of little army whose uniform betokened it to be American, emerged from a thick wood on the shore of the Hudson and in an instant the dim and shadowy prospect disclosed to them along the bank of the river open to their sight. Far away lay Verplank's Point, now buried in a mass of shadow, while on the hither side of the river, dark, gloomy and frowning, rose up the craggy heights of Stony Point. Washed on three sides by the Hudson, and protected on the other, except along a narrow road, by a morass, the fort was deemed one of the most impregnable on the river, and its capture regarded as almost impossible.

Yet to achieve that gallant purpose, this little army was now upon its march.

A turn in the road soon hid them from the river, and after a silent march of some minutes duration, they arrived within three miles and a half of the enemy's line, and halting at the command of their officer formed into columns for the attack. Beginning again their march, they soon reached the marshy ground at the base of the hill.

"Hut!" said the low voice of the General from the front, "we are high enough—HALT."

The order passed in a whisper down the line, and the column paused on the edge of the morass. It was a moment of suspense and peril.—Every man felt that in a few minutes the fate of their hazardous enterprise would be determined, that they would be cold in death, or the American flag would be flying from the fort.

They were now scarcely discernible through the thick gloom of midnight. Yet not a lip quivered, not a cheek blanched at that crisis, about twenty paces in the front column, had halted, the forlorn hope of one hundred fifty men with unloaded pieces & bayonets fixed, while farther on a smaller group of shawny forms could be seen through the obscurity, accoutred with axes, to cut through the abatis.—Each man had a piece of white paper in his hat to distinguish him from the foe in the approaching melee. The General had already reconnoitered the approaches to the still silent promontory, and waving his sword on high, he gave the order. In another instant, the dark massive column was moving steadily to the attack.

It was a thrilling moment, during which that devoted band rushed rapidly over the marsh.—As yet the enemy had not discovered them.—Even the hearts of the oldest veterans trembled with eagerness of that moment of suspense. Already had the pioneers reached the abatis, and the quick rapid blows of their axes rung upon the night, when suddenly the shout of alarm broke from the fort, the gun of a sentry flashed through the gloom and in an instant all was uproar and confusion within the astonished fortification. Not a moment was to be lost.

"Advance! advance!" shouted Wayne, as he pressed rapidly onwards to the abatis followed in death-like silence by his indomitable troops.

"To arms!" came borne on the night breeze from the fort—"to arms—to arms," and then followed the quick roll of the drum. In an instant the enemy were at their posts, and the gallant continentals still maintained their silent but steady march; a fire, such only as desperation could produce, burst from every embrasure of the fort. The incessant rattle of the musketry, the crashing of the grape shot, and lurid lightning over the scene by the explosion of the shells, and streams of fire pouring from the fort, formed a picture which no pen can describe. Yet amidst all, the daring assailants steadily advanced, not a trigger had been pulled in their ranks. Faithful to the command of their General, though trembling in every limb with eagerness they kept up their silent march, and the very tempest as it impelled by some god-like power. On—on—they pressed. The whirlwind of fire from the fort yet still they dashed along charging at the point of the bayonet, over

the abatis and bulwarks, until the enemy borne back by their impetuous onset, quailed before them. The works were forced. Then, not till then was death-like silence broken. A shout from the victorious troops over all the thunder of the battle. It was the watchword of success. It was heard from the column behind it passed down their line, was caught up by the rear, and a wild shout, making the very welkin tremble, rang out as they pushed to the attack.

The contest was short, but terrific. Over bulwark, battery, and prostrate foes the gallant continentals, headed by Wayne, pressed on and driving all before them, met the column of their army, enthusiastic cheer in the very centre of the enemy's works. In another moment the starry flag of America was waving triumphantly over the battlements.

The enthusiasm of victors cannot be described. But though the contest had been so bloody, not a man of the enemy fell after resistance had ceased. The prisoners were disarmed, a guard placed over them and sentries posted on all the commanding positions around the works. The morning gun announced to the British fleet in the river that STONY POINT WAS WON!

REMARKABLE RAZORS.

A pedlar, wishing to recommend his razors to the gaping crowd, thus addressed them—"Gentlemen, the razors I hold in my hand were made in a cave by the light of a diamond in the province of Andalusia, in Spain. They can cut as quick as thought, and bright as the morning star. Lay them under your pillow at night, and you will find yourself clean shaved in the morning."

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

Well my lad, that is small corn [you are] hoing.

Yes sir, said the boy, while he continued his labor, we planted small corn.

But it looks yellow.

Yes sir, we planted the yellow kind, returned the boy scratching away at the hard and stony soil.

But I do not believe you will have more than half a crop continued the traveller.

No sir, we planted on the shares halloped the boy as the stranger rode on.

A man came to a printing office to beg a paper said he, "we like to read the news papers very much, but our neighbors dont take any."

EXACTLY.

Courting, says Ephraim, is done on printing principles—there being a good deal of the HAND PRESS work about it.

"I won't make myself look so little," as the Lilliputia said, when he refused to fight in the street.

DIFFERENT FORMS.

An old lady said her husband was very fond of peaches, and that was his only fault.

"Fault, madam!" said one, "how can you call that a fault?"

"Why, because there are different ways of eating them. My husband takes them in the form of brandy."

ILLINOIS LATIN.

An Illinois tavern keeper advertises a young limb of the law who ran away without paying his board in the language following:

"Absquatlando dambim et Sawrtwoutandibus in transitu, non est inventos adhibim escape goatum, noncomestibus in swampu zoneoffo, or to regimis inferno."

Boniface appears to be mad about it and when his latin becomes scarce patches it out with the vernacular.—*Pica-yune.*

SEEING THE FAME FOX.

Scene—Village Tavern.—Two travellers drive up and order a peck of oats for their horse.

First Traveller—(Drawing towards the stove)—Landlord, I see you have no bar do you keep the Striped Pig?

Landlord—Not exactly, sir; but I keep a Fame Fox.

Second Traveller—Can't we see him? Landlord—Certainly. Walk this way, gentlemen, (taking them to a room in the rear and showing them the table loaded with choice liquors) what will you take gentlemen?

Travellers—O, nothing nothing at all; we only wished to see the critter.