

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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POETRY.



THE DRUNKARD'S LAMENT.

TENO—Home, Sweet Home.

BY COL. WALLACE.

Mid sorrows and sadness I'm destined to roam,
Forlorn & forsaken; deprived of my home,
Intemperance hath robb'd me of all that was dear,
Of my home in the skies and my happiness here,
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
An exile from God, I shall ne'er find a home.

I vainly presumed when I first took the cup,
I could drink if I choose, or I could give it up;
But I tampered too long; too long tempted heaven,
'Till an outcast from God and his presence I'm driven.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
On earth or in heaven, I shall ne'er find a home.

My heart broken wife in her grave hath found rest,
And my children have gone to the land of the blest;
While I a poor wretch, a vile wanderer like Cain,
With the "mark" of the beast on the ear still remain,
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
How happy was I with my loved ones at home.

Farewell to the social endearments of home,
Justly lusted by my fellows I wander alone,
For presumptuously sinning and tempting the Lord,
Of the fount of my ways, I must keep the reward.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
An exile from God, I shall ne'er find a home.

RALLYING HYMN.

"Invitation."

Come and join our Temperance banner,
Come and join its holy cause—
See its streamers point to glory,
In union with heaven's laws.

Come ye drunkard, weak and weary,
We will be your brothers yet—
We'll protect you while you tarry,
And your sins we will forget.

See the drunkard—how dejected—
Secretly where to lay his head:
Oh, his family how neglected—
From door to door they beg for bread.

See the ill of life beset them,
As they journey through this world—
No kind parents to protect them—
'To destruction they are hurled.

Mothers weep and sisters languish;
Wives their husbands' loss deplore;
Fathers shed a tear of anguish;
Maidens their lovers clasp no more.

Come and join the Temperance banner,
We will see that all is right;
If proud tyrants dare beset us,
We will conquer in the fight.

Nature's God will then adopt thee,
We will see that all is right;
Smiling friends will flock around you,
And all the joys of life bestow.

Bra y, the American borderer.

In an account given by a tourist of his journey, to the falls of Cuyahoga, near Lake Erie, and published in Silliman's Journal of Science, we find the following particulars of Samuel Brady, a noted American Borderer, who flourished about sixty years ago:

Brady was over six feet high, with light blue eyes, fair skin, and dark hair; he was remarkably straight, and an athletic and vigorous woods man, inured to all the toils and hardships of a frontier life, and had become very obnoxious to the Indians, from his numerous successful attacks on their war parties, and from shooting them in his hunting excursions whenever they crossed his path or came within reach of his rifle; he was personally engaged in more hazardous contests with the savages than any other man west of the mountains, except Daniel Boone. He was, in fact, an Indian hater, as many of the early borderers.

This class of men appear to have been more numerous in this region than any other portion of the frontier; and this doubtless arose from the slaughter at Braddock's defeat, and the numerous murders and attacks on defenceless families that for many years followed that disaster.

Brady was also a very successful trapper and hunter, and took more beavers than the Indians themselves. In one of his adventurous trapping excursions to the waters of the Beaver river, on Mahoning, which in early days abounded with the animals of this species, that it took its name from this fact, it so happened that the Indians surprised him and took him prisoner.—To have shot or tomahawked him on the spot would have been but a small gratification to that satiating their revenge by burning him at a slow fire, in presence of all the Indians of their village. He was therefore taken alive to their encampment, on the west bank of the Beaver river, about a mile and a half from its mouth. After the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and causing him to run the gauntlet, a fire was prepared, near which Brady was placed after being stripped naked, and with his arms bound. Previously to tying him to the stake, a large circle was formed around him consisting of Indian men, women and children, dancing and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats and abuse that their small knowledge of the English language could afford.

The prisoner looked on these preparations for death, and on his savage foes with a firm countenance, and a steady eye, meeting all their threats with a truly savage fortitude. In the midst of their dancing and rejoicing, a squaw of one of their chiefs, quick as thought and with intuitive presence he snatched it from her and threw it into the midst of the flames. Horror struck the sudden outrage, the Indians simultaneously rushed to rescue the infant from the fire. In the midst of this confusion Brady darted from the circle, overturning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thickets with the Indians yelling at his heels. He ascended the steep side of a hill amidst a shower of bullets and dashed down the opposite declivity, secreted himself in the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abounded several miles to the west of it. His knowledge of the country and wonderful activity enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements on the south side of the Ohio river, which he crossed by swimming. The hill near whose base this adventure is said to have happened still goes by this name and the incident referred to by the traveler as the couch is slowly dragged up its side.

By way of accompaniment he cracked with intemperate grace a huge whip, which he flourished above his head, and gave a yell that would have met the approval of a committee of the Sioux Braves.

"Holla come," said a friend near by, who was indulging in a cochiniary fit at the strange phenomenon.

"The wild man of the woods for a V.P." cried a wag on our right, who haughtily a log to have a clear view of the critter.

"Two to one he's the feller that butted the bull off of the bayon bridge!" exclaimed Ben Blower from Snake creek.

Our hero heard not, or heeded not these complimentary remarks, but made his way up to the company in fine style. He was indeed original. His height could not have been less than six feet four, without shoes or stockings, which he considered useless appendages. He wore a shocking bad hat, with a hole in the top, through which a tuft of red hair protruded, and waved to and fro, like the top of a cornstalk on a windy day. His coat was of rus-dyed, home-made manufacture, minus the shirt, which he said he had lost in an encounter with a wild cat he had slain on the road. His shirt collar was thrown open, disclosing a breast tanned by the sun of twenty years, and his inexpressibles, which seemed to be on bad terms with his feet, leaving them about two feet to the leeward, were hitched up on one side with a buckskin brace, giving them a zigzag appearance, decidedly unique. Surveying the assembly for a moment, with the attention he would have given to a menagerie of wild beasts, he broke forth thus:

"Fellers, I'd just like to know if there's a quire in these parts?"

"Do you mean the parish Judge?" asked an estimable citizen.

"Yes, I 'pose—don't care a pine knot who, so's he can do the thing," replied the stranger, giving his whip a peculiar crack.

"What may be your business, friend?" inquired a demure sovereign in the crowd.

"Nuthin' much, no how," replied the modern Nimrod. "I only want the feller that can harness me and the gall on old Rattler, yonder. Sae's just the loudest gill in this settlement—slick as a peeled maple, and as clear grit as a skinned tater rolled in the sand; and I'm called a whole team and a dog under the wagon. I've snaked about these woods for a week, looking for a 'quire to hitch us, and wota out a pair of britches looking for him, and I wish I may be rammed through a gum tree head foremost, if I am going to pack Sae's farther. I came here to yoke her, and here I'm going to stay."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Pine Wood Wedding.

The Red River Republican gives the following sketch of life amid the forests of the Southwest. It is very unlike our ideas in this latitude, but it is very natural nevertheless.

After describing a rural feast, and the beauty of the ladies present thereat, the following is recorded as an unexpected interruption, for a time, to the festal rites.

Mounted on a mule, which had evidently been debarred the rights of his tribe to corn and fodder for a serious length of time, were two beings, certainly of primitive origin—a gay cavalier and a captivating dulcinea. The charger not exactly caparisoned like a pair of the Elizabethan age, walked deliberately and we thought at the time with 'malice aforethought,' up to a pine log and came to a dead stand. Off rolled the knight in a perfectly 'don't care a rap' manner and without casting a glance at the fair one by his side, or giving her the slightest assistance in dismounting he drew a bee line for the encampment, jumping over every thing that afforded any obstruction to his progress, and singing out at the top of his voice:

"Come all ye Virginny galls,
And listen to my noise—
Never do you wed
With the Carolina boys;
For if you do
Your portion it shall be
Corn cobs and hominy,
And juncus tea,
Bum sals, Mary,
Bannocks and so, &c."

By way of accompaniment he cracked with intemperate grace a huge whip, which he flourished above his head, and gave a yell that would have met the approval of a committee of the Sioux Braves.

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The roar of laughter that followed this simple recital was deafening. We lost our buttons in convulsive fits, and it is quite probable we should have suffered largely in that line, had not the Parish Judge arrived at that moment and given a new turn to affairs. The Judge, as all our readers know, is supposed by many, to be of Gallic descent, although we have no authority in saying that he is a "native and to the manor born." Unlike the great poet, Justice,

in fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
he is as lean as a Grahamine, living entirely on bran pudding and fried radishes. With the undying zeal of an Israelite, he thunders forth anathema against four footed animals, and considers ornithology a fit study for cannibals. These are the sentiments of the Judge, albeit in politics he, strangely enough, "goes the whole hog."

At one time, we learn, he was an exponent of the Methodist faith, and traversed the country in company with the devout and exemplary farmer Reuben. This may account for the very serious cast of countenance peculiar to him. On the present occasion, he was dressed in the height of fashion. He wore a "West of England" invisible green coat, the collar of which was perpendicular and corded to the collar, giving the wearer quite a magisterial appearance. His cashmere vest was buttoned close up to the chin, over the top of which protruded an enormous pair of jet whiskers, such as are worn by brigands, whom sensitive young ladies avoid in such high esteem, his pantaloons of fancy stripes, were neatly strapped to a pair of patent leather boots; and French kids encased his small delicate hands, in which he held the license that was to be sold together with "Willow's hearts."

The judge now proceeded to business, calling on the gay Lothario, who had imperfectly described, to "bring out" his bride.

"You're the man for my yeller quarters," said our hero in jest, and a way he went on a run for Soze. With one effort of his brawny arm, he took her from the mule and brought her to the centre of an enclosure formed by the company, his eyes dilating and his whole frame exhibiting signs of joy unexpressible. The bride was a bounteous grace beauty, on whom time had smiled in his rapid course. She wore a blue calico dress, full in every part, thus permitting

"Every grace
To run a race."

A string of blue beads ornamented a good substantial neck—none of your "saw-like" things—and her head gear was a cotton handkerchief with scarlet stripes and yellow ground work, and gracefully under the chin and concealing the flaxen curls that struggled for liberty. Her shoes might have given your research fashionable ladies the lycerics, but they united comfort and durability and effectually closed the door to the fell destroyer, consumption. In the hurry of the moment, doubtless, she made an invidious distinction between those necessary appendages classically called "insect destroyers," one of which she tucked the blue sock—but this was an omission, not a fault. Her blue eyes it rested on the chosen one, spoke eloquently of abiding love, and her handsome face was wreathed in smiles.

The Judge glanced at the paper in his hand, and then in solemn, representative tones demanded of the groom—

"Will you take Susan Jenkins as your lawful wedded wife?"

"Well hoss, I reckon I will. I wouldn't have rid since daylight and packed her here, if I didn't mean to be the clean thing," answered our hero.

"And you Susan, will you take Cyrus Snorter, as your lawful wedded husband?"

"Yes Squire, that I will. Dad said I oughter married Bill Swizzle; but I see him hanged first. He danced with old ugly Betts Foler, and give her a bran new shawl. Besides that, he got drunk, fell off his horse and broke his leg. Cy is good enough for me," replied the spirited beauty.

This was too much for Cy. He jumped for joy, and clasped the adorable "Soze" to his bosom, giving her a smack that resembled the noise created by the popping of a cork from a champagne bottle.

"Stop sir," said the judge, "the ceremony is not complete."

"Go it Squire," shouted Cy, "I will be as still as a wild cat ketching a deer."

The silken knot was now tied, and amid the huzzas of the men and white kerchiefs waving of the ladies, Cy carried his blushing maid to the mule, placed her behind him and in a twinkling was on the road to home and happiness!

A Thrilling Incident.

The following graphic and thrilling sketch of an incident which occurred some years since at the Natural Bridge in Virginia, comprises a passage in a lecture on Genesis, delivered by the celebrated Eliza Buritt, the learned Blacksmith of Rhode Island:

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four ledges standing in the channel, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unheaven rocks which the Almighty built over these everlasting abutments, when the morning stars sang together. The little piece of the sky spangling those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is midday. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular networks, of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. They shiver at death is rendered more impressive by the little streams that fall from rock to rock down the channel. The sun darkened and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads as if standing in the presence of the Majesty of the whole earth.

They begin to look around them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutment. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are held in an instant. "What man has done man can do," is the watchword, while they bravely themselves up and carve their names above those of a hundred men who had been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual endowments. This ambitious youth sees a man just above his reach, a name will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Caesar, and Buonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he reached there with Braddock to that field, he had been there and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country.

He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands, he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. It is a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those niches, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, fore and deep, into that flinty abutment. His knife is still in his hand and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grows wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voice of his friends wax weaker, all their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment it would have been his last. He clings with convulsive shoulder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half way to the hilt. He can hear the voices, but not the words of his terror stricken companions below. What a precious chance to escape the destruction. There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that freeze their young blood. He is too high too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, awaiting the fearful catastrophe! The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father's voice, shouting with all the energy of despair, "William! William! Don't look down! Your mother and Henry and Harriet are all here praying for you! Don't look down keep your eye towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like giant towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest place in that vast pier! How he economises his physical powers—resting a moment at each, again he cuts. How every motion is watched from below. There stand his father, mother, brother and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from under this over-hanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; his vital heat is fed by increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with robes in their hand on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty yards more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge—Two minutes more and all will be over.—That blade is worn to the last half inch.—The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hopes are dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next again he cuts. That niche is the last.

At the last faint gasp, he makes his gentle fall from his nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair rises like a death knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment; there!—one foot swings down—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark a shout falls on his ear from above!—The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders—Quick as thought the nosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathless with a faint, conclusive effort, the swooping boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him & with the words, "God! and mother! whisper on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss, but when a sturdy virginian reaches down, draws up the lad, and holds him up on his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such shouting, such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of man being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

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