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.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. WEBB.

Volume II. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1838. Number 1.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,
NEXT DOOR TO ROBISON'S STAGE OFFICE

TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. ☞ *A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.*

LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

POETRY.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

Song of the American Girl.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warrior's wreath is in our hand,
Our lips breathe out her story.
Her lofty hills and valleys green
Are smiling bright before us;
And like a rainbow sign is seen
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips
For those who meet their foemen,
For glory's star knows no eclipse
When smiled upon by woman.
For those who brave the mighty deep,
And scorn and threat of danger,
We've smiles to cheer—and tears to weep
For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her freedom;
Our prayers are for the gallant band
Who [illegible] where honor 'll lead 'em.
We love the taintless air we breathe,
The freedom's endless power,
We'll twine for him a fadeless wreath
Who spurns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties rare,
Of "Italy's" proud daughters;
Of Scotland's lasses—England's fair,
And nymphs of Shannon's waters;
We heed not all their boasted charms,
Though lords above them hover;
Our glory lies in Freedom's arms,—
A freeman for a lover.

From the Boston Transcript.

THE LAST POTATOE.

'Tis my lat, last potatoe,
Yet boldly I stand
With the calmness of Cato,
My fork in my hand.
Not one in the basket!
Must you also go!
(With sorrow I ask it,)
Shall I peel ye or no!

I could relish a cold one;
I'm hungry I find—* * *
You may go to the Old One!
I've made up my mind.
By Heavens! to dash ye
At once to the ground,
Seems cruel; I'll mash ye!
Perhaps—ye're unsound!

Let's make an incision,
(There's no need to peel ye,)
'Twill let in the vision,
To judge if ye're mealy.
How wholesome! how turfy
It smells through the mist!
Good bye, my sweet Murphy!
Oh, who could resist!

If in that blest Eden,
a'tatoe had been
Of fruits the forbidden,
Will should have sin.—
For who in his senses,
Would long be in doubt,
'Twixt Earth and potatoes,
Or Eden without.

Youth and self-sufficiency generally proceed from inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind.

A battle was lately fought at Baltimore between two belligerents. Weapon, fists and finger nails—cause, some trifling dispute in debate by one of them respecting the other man—consequence, each of them was so badly mauled that the folks "did not know which was which."

MISCELLANEOUS.

FEMININE HEROISM.

Baron Reitzer was accustomed to spend the summer at a charming villa, situated in a most romantic part of Germany, a considerable distance from the main road. His castle, standing at the top of an eminence, corresponding with his large fortune; it was spacious and elegant, and situated some hundred yards distant from the village which belonged to it.

Business obliged the Baron to quit the castle for a few days, and to leave his lady, a young and charming women, under the protection of his most faithful servants. He had not been absent above two days, when, as the baroness was just going to bed, a sudden noise was heard in an adjoining apartment. She called for her servants but no answer was returned, while the noise grew louder every minute. Not being able to conceive what could be the cause of this unusual uproar she slipped on a night gown, and went to the door to see what could occasion this increasing noise.

Any women less intrepid than herself, would have fainted at the dreadful sight which she beheld on opening the door. Two of her men servants lay half naked on the floor, with their brains dashed out; the whole apartment was filled with strange men of a most horrid aspect; her woman was kneeling before one of them, and in that very moment was pierced through the heart by one of the midnight ruffins. When the door was opened, two of these barbarians rushed towards it with drawn swords. What man, however great his courage, would not have been appalled by terror, and either attempted to save himself by flight, or throwing himself prostrate at the feet of the robbers, have conjured them to save his life! But the baroness acted differently.

'Are you here at last!' exclaimed she, with apparent rapture, flying towards her aggressors with an eagerness that surprised them, and made them pause, just as they were ready to strike the fatal blow. 'Are you here at last!' exclaimed she once more; 'I have wished for a long time to see visitors like you'

'Wished!' roared out one of the murderers 'what do you mean by that! I'll teach you——.

He brandished his cutless; but his comrade arrested his arm.

'Stop a moment brother, let us hear what she wants of us.'

'Nothing else, my brave lads, but what is agreeable to yourselves. I see you have made quick work here. You are men of my own mind, and you will not repent it, if you will listen quietly to me for a few moments.'

'Speak!' exclaimed the whole crew.

'Speak! but be brief, vociferated the most terrible of them; 'for we shall soon send you after your people.'

'I doubt much whether you will,' said the lady after you hear what I have to say. 'I am married to the wealthiest nobleman in the country, but the wife of the meanest beggard cannot be more miserable than myself, as my tyrant is the meanest and most jealous wretch on earth. I hate him more bitterly than words can express, and have long been anxious of breaking my fetters, and paying my tyrant in his own coins. I should have eloped long ago, had I been able to effect my escape. My servants are all his spies, and that fellow yonder, whose skull you have so bravely handled, was the worst of all. My tormentor even compels me to sleep alone.—I am but twenty two years old and may, at least flatter myself of not being totally destitute of personal charms, should any one of you be willing to take me with him, I should not hesitate to follow him; no matter whether his residence be in a cavern or a village ale-house. Nor will you repent of having saved my life. You are in a castle amply stored with treasures, but it is impossible you can be acquainted with every secret recess in it. I will discover them to you, and you may treat me as you have treated my woman, if this descovery does not make you six thousand dollars richer.

Robbers of this description are indeed villains of the blackest dye, but nevertheless they cease not to be men. The unexpected tenor of their prisoner's address the more than common charms of a young female, only slightly dressed—all this produced most singular effects in the hearts of men whose hands were just stained with blood. They formed a ring, and consulted apart for a few minutes. The baroness stood some distance, but made not the least attempt to escape; she heard several of them say, 'Down with her, and the farce will be at an end;' but it scarcely changed her colour, as she also remarked, on the other hand, that this proposal was objected to by the rest. One of the band, who seemed to be captain of the banditti, now went up to her and asked her if her words might be relied on; whether see was really desirous of eloping from her lord and accompanying them & whether she was willing to surrender her person to any one for enjoyment!—She replied to all these questions in the affirmative; and not only endured, but returnde the kiss of the robber;—for what does not extreme necessity excuse. Having by these means gained the confidence of the robbers, their leader said to her 'Come, then and show us the secret recesses of the castle; I know it is dangerous to rely on the sincerity of woman of your rank—we shall venture it for once, but you may rest assured I will cleave your head to the shoulders, though it were ten times more charming, if you make the least attempt to escape, or impose upon us.' 'Then my head will be perfectly safe,' replied the baroness, smiling, as if she really burned with an eagerness for plunder, and a long wished for escape.

Snatching up a candle, she conducted them to every apartment; opening every door, closet and chest, unasked; assisting in emptying their contents; diverting the robbers with the most jovial sallies of humor; jumping with apparent indifference over the dead bodies of her mangled servants; conversing with every one of these plunderers, as if they were old acquaintances; and manifesting a degree of satisfaction that could not but remove every suspicion.

Plate, money, jewels, and every thing valuable that could be found were now collected, and the captain ordered his band to prepare instantly for quitting the castle when his intended mistress suddenly laid hold of his arm.

'Did I not tell you,' exclaimed she, that you would not repent of having saved my life, and that I should prove myself your real friend, you are dexterous enough in emptying the chests you find open, but your lynx eyes could never discover the secret recesses of this castle.'

'Secret! what! where!' eagerly exclaimed the whole band.

'Do you imagine,' rejoined the baroness, 'that [illegible] castle, contain no secret recesses—look here, and you will soon see how blind you were.' So saying, the baroness pointed to a secret spring in the baron's writing desk. The robbers opened it, and shouted with joy and astonishment on discovering six roulens each containing two hundred ducats.

'Bravo!' exclaimed the captain, 'I see now that thou art an excellent woman, thou shalt lead the life of a duchess.'

'You will be still better pleased with me,' interrupted she, laughing, 'when I show you the last, but principle hoared of my tyrant. I can easily preceive that your spies have informed you of his absence: but tell me have they also told you that he received the day before yesterday, ten thousand dollars!'

'Not a syllable, where are they?'—

'Under lock and key, you would never have found the iron chest in which they are, were I not leagued with you. Follow me comrads, we have made clear work above ground, let us see what we can do under ground. Follow me to the cellar.'

The robbers followed her, but took the precaution to guard against any sudden surprise by posting a sentinel at the entrance of the cellar, which was secured by a strong iron trap door. The baroness pretended to take no notice of this, leading the band onward to the most remote recesses of the spacious cellar. Having unlocked the door a large iron chest was discovered in a corner; 'Here,' said she giving a bunch of keys to the captain, 'try whether you can open it and take its contents in lieu of a dowry, if you obtain the consent of your companions.'

The robber tried one key after another, but none fitted the keyhole. 'Let me try,' said she, I hope I shall be more successful. I fear least the dawn of morning—Hah! hah! I now conceive why neither you, nor myself can open it. Excuse my mistake welcome as your visit is to me, the joy of your unexpected arrival has, nevertheless disconcerted me a little. I have taken the wrong bunch of keys. Have patience only two minutes I will be back in a trice.'

With these words she flew up the stairs, and before two minutes were elapsed, the sound of her footsteps was already heard from the court yard. On coming near the cellar door, she exclaimed with pretended joy, though out of breath, 'I have it! I have found it!'—and in the same moment bounded suddenly against the sentinel at the entrance throwing him headlong down the cellar stairs. The trap door was bolted with the quickness of lightning and the whole band were encaged in the cellar. All this was the work of a moment. In the next place she flew over the court-yard, setting fire to a solitary stable full of straw and hay, and the flames blazed instantly aloft. The watchmen in the adjacent village observed the blaze, and rung the alarming bell. In a few moments the castle yard was crowded with peasants. The baroness ordered some of them to extinguish the flames, while she conducted the rest to the baron's armory, and having distributed swords and fire arms amongst them, desired them to surround the cellar and the orders were obeyed, and not one of the band escaped his well merited fate.

UNCLE BENJAMIN'S SERMON.

Not many hours ago, I heard Uncle Benjamin discussing this matter to his son, who was complaining of the pressure,—'Rely upon it, Sammy,' said the old man, as he leaned on his staff with his gray locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning, 'murmuring pays no bills. I have been an observer any time this fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horses. Be as quiet as you can, for nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge, but no ulcer is any the better for fingering. The more you groan the poorer you grow.

'Repining at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides I always took notice, that whenever I felt the rod smartly, it was as much as to say, 'Here is something which I have got to learn.' Sammy, dont forget that your schooling is not over yet, though you have a wife and two children.'

'Aye,' said Sammy, 'you may say that, & a mother-in-law and two apprentices into the bargain; and I should like to know what a poor man can learn here, when the greatest scholars and lawyers are at loggar-heads, and rant for their lives tell what has become of the hard money.

'Softly, Sammy, I am older than you. I have not got these gray hairs and this crooked back without some burdens. I could tell you stories of the days of continental money. When my grandfather went to mill a sack too with him to pay for a yearling or a wheat fan; and when the Jersey women used thorns for pins, and laid their tea pots away in the garret. You may learn these seven things:

First, that you have saved too *little*, and spent too *much*. I never taught you to be a miser, but I have seen you giving your dollar for a 'notion,' when you might have laid one half aside for charity, and one half aside for a rainy day.

'Secondly, that you have gone too much upon credit. I always told you credit was a shadow; it shows that there is a substance behind, which casts the shadow; but a small body may cast a greater shadow; and no wise man will follow the shadow any further than he can see the substance. You may now learn that you have followed the opinion and fashion of others, until you have been decoyed into a bog.

'Thirdly, that you have been in too much haste to become rich. Slow and easy, wins the race.

'Fourthly, that no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous. I am afraid the younger race of working men in America have had a notion that nobody would go to ruin on this side the water.—Providence has greatly blessed us, but we have become presumptuous.

'Fifthly, that you have not been thankful enough to God, for his benefits in past times.

'Sixthly, that you may be thankful that our lot is no worse. We might have famine, or pestilence, or war, or tyranny, or all together.

'And, lastly, to end my sermon, you may learn to offer, with more understanding, the prayer of your infancy, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron and told Dick to blow away at the forge bellows.

CURIOUS FACTS.

A great many facts may be added to show the inefficiency of capital punishment. The criminal returns of Great Britain show, that there has been less horse-stealing within the last seven years, without any execution whatever than in the preceding seven years, with forty-two executions—that there has been less sheep-stealing during the four years elapsed since the abolition of capital punishment than during the four previous years; that there have been fewer acts of burglary and house-breaking in the last three with only two executions, than in three years ending with 1830, when thirty-six persons suffered death for those offences. But not so of other crimes for which capital punishment still continues, for they have nearly all increased.

QUAKER COURTSHIP.—Hum! yea and verily. Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wondrously to beseech thee to cleave unto me, and become flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone. Hum! Truly, Obediah, thou hast said wisely and inasmuch as it is written, that it is not good for man to be alone, lo and behold I will agree with thee. Hum.

THE ETERNAL RIVER.

We have never viewed a greater spectacle than that which the mighty stream, rolling its vast floods along our city to to the deep, now presents. The Mississippi, even in its mildest mood, is *terrible*.—When it pours along its dark waters beneath the gentle gleamings of a mid-summer's sunset; or when its gliding ripples are burnished by the silvery effulgence of the midnight moon, its course is still mighty, fearful, resistless; and we think of its far lonely journeying, and the scenes it has witnessed, and we look upon its placid surface shadowed by the forests of its banks, and it seems to us in all its majestic magnificence, only as the giant slumbering from his labor.

But when the beautiful spring time is over, and the balmy moonlit evening of summer is past, and autumn's shadowy glory is no more; when winter broods over desolated nature, then it is that the "terrible Mississippi" assumes all its fearfulness of aspect, and we realize that we are gazing upon the mightiest stream, with but a single exception, that flows upon our globe.—All then is unmingled grandeur, sublimity, magnificence. Turn your eye even now, over its troubled surface, and what a spectacle of grandeur does that mighty mass of volumed waters present! The opposite shore is desolate, and bleak, and cheerless—the naked banks rise steep from the rushing stream, mantled with ice—the trees are leafless and drear, at intervals through their bare, weatherbeaten trunks you catch a glimpse of an ancient mound upon the smooth prairie, while far away in the blue distance, standing out against the dim eastern horizon, are perceived the long line of white cliffs, or the rounded summits of the bluffs, sweeping away from the view. Bloody Island in the midst of the rushing stream stretches out its barren, sandy shores, sad and gloomy as a grave yard! ah! a grave yard! and when the associations connected with its gory history are presented to thring the mind, the appellation is a misnomer. A grave yard—let it bear the title—whatever our view respecting the scenes it has witnessed, the name is appropriate.—St. Louis Bulletin.

LEGAL DEXTERITY.

The anecdote now going the rounds of the press, from a London paper, of General Wiron's advice to the French man, who complained that an Englishman knocked him down whenever he attempted to rise—'My friend, when an Englishman knocks you down, never do you get up until he has gone away,' reminds me of a story of Sergeant Davy. The Sergeant having abused a witness, as sergeants will abuse witnesses, was on the following morning, whilst in bed, informed that a gentleman wished to speak to him; the sergeant concluded that it was a client, desired that he might be shown up: the visiter, stating his name reminded the sergeant of the abuse which he had heaped on him on the preceding day, protesting that he could not put up, with the imputations, and must have immediate satisfaction, or he should resort to personal chastisement On this the sergeant, raising himself up said, 'But you won't attack me surely, while I'm in bed, will you?' 'Ce taidy not,' said the aggrieved party; 'I should never think of attacking a man in bed.' 'Then I'll be shot,' said the sergeant, as he laid himself down, wrapping the clothes around him, 'if I get out of bed while you are in this room.'—London Magazine.

Practicability of working iron from the raw material with anthracite coal, has long been considered a desideratum, especially for Pennsylvania, a country abounding above all others, in the articles of iron ore and anthracite coal. We are gratified to learn that Mr. Isaac C. Briant of the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia, has successfully effected the object at Manayunk. The gentlemen concerned with him, are, we understand, perfectly satisfied with the success of the experiments which have been made. Iron of a superior quality has been produced with a very small consumption of fuel. Mr. Briant is of opinion that it will not require more than one pound of coal to make one pound of pig iron, being less than one half the quantity of coke, from the bituminous coal, which has been usually employed for the same purpose. Mr. Briant formed his plan, and mentioned it, before any account was published of the experiments made by Mr. Crane in Wales.

Amer. Daily Adv.

RED HERRINGS.—A soldier went into a shop at Brighton to purchase some trifling article, and observing some red herrings lying on the counter, asked what they were. To which the shopkeeper replied, 'Soldiers, my friend!' 'Are they so,' rejoined the son of Mars; 'then I'll take them as deserters.' And walked off with his prisoners, to the great amusement of the bystanders and chagrin of the witty dealer.