

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, JUNE 2, 1838.

Number 6.

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 Universalist Union.

HOPE—The Anchor of the Soul.

Heb. vi. 19.

Hope springeth up in sorrow's hour,
And lightens all its woes,
It mitigates misfortune's power,
And better prospects shows.

Hope is the "anchor of the soul"
Safe, steadfast, and secure;
It, beacon like, to us unfolds
The lurking ills that lurk.

Hope is a helmet to the brave,
The Christian's polar star,
It beams alike in hall or cave,
In mirth, in peace, or war.

Hope bears the storm-tost seaman up,
And paints his distant home;
'Tis the bright pearl in sorrow's cup,
And tells of joy to come.

Hope cheers the wretched son of need,
With whisp'rings of comforts nigh,
When broken hearts no more shall bleed,
Nor labors for succor cry!

Hope dries the weeping mourner's tear,
The orphan's wail it quells;
The imprison'd captive, lone and drear,
Hope comforts by its spells.

Hope, like a ray from realms above,
Nerves and sustains the mind;
It spreads abroad its wings of love,
And shelters all mankind.

The following sweet ballad of "The Blind Boy," is

By Miss F. H. Gould.

O tell me the form of the summer's soft air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair,
It breathes on my lips, and fans my soft cheek,
But gives me no answer, though often I speak;
I feel it play o'er me refreshing and light,
And yet cannot touch it, because I've no sight.

And Music—what is it? and where does it dwell?
I sink and I mount with its cadence and swell,
Whilst thrill'd to my heart with the deep going strain
Till pleasure excessive seems turning to pain,
Now what the bright color of music may be,
Will any one tell me! for I cannot see.

The odors of flowers that are hovering nigh,
What are they? on what kind of wings do they fly?
Are these shining angels who come to delight
A poor little child who knows nothing of sight?
The face of the sun never comes to my mind:
Oh! tell me what light is because I am blind!

The annexed beautiful lines from the Knickerbocker for April, possess all the grace and delicacy which are the characteristics of Bulwer's mind.

COMPLAINT OF THE VIOLET.

By the silent foot of the shadowy hill,

We slept in our green retreats,
And the April showers were wont to fill
Our hearts with sweets:

And though we lay in a lowly bower,

Yet all things loved as well,
And the waking bee left its fairest flower,
With us to dwell.

But the warm May came in his pride to woo

The wealth of our virgin store,
And our hearts just felt his breath, and knew
Their sweets no more.

And the summer reigns on the quiet spot

Where we dwell; and its suns and showers
Bring balm to our sister's hearts, but not,
Oh! not to ours!

What's fashionable, I'll maintain,

Is always right, cries sprightly Jane.

Ah, would to heaven, cries graver Sue,

What's right were fashionable too!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Massillon, (Ohio) Gazette.

RETURN OF THE CAPTIVE.

War has long been reconed a glorious trade.—There is a "pride, and pomp, and circumstance" about it, extremely captivating to the young and ardent, who have only had an opportunity of seeing it in its holiday dress. Could it always exhibit itself in pageantry and parade, it would be indeed a glorious if not a useful art; but there is an under current of misery in its actions and results, never seen by the romantic, that strips from its adventitious tinsel, and presents it naked, the fruitful parent of pain and degradation. The victorious general, surrounded by his gaily decorated staff, with a highly disciplined and tasteful uniformed line of soldiers in his front, presents a very different aspect from that which must have met the eye when surveying the carnage on the eve of the battle of Waterloo.

Our citizens yesterday morning were introduced to the acquaintance of John Wood, a man whose tale of sorrow could not fail of interesting the heart, however callous, or however prone to incredulity. A meagre sketch can only be given now. The ample history of his misfortunes may hereafter be presented to the world—and, if given by a master hand, will command the interest, and enlist the sympathy of the public, when the mawkish productions of fiction, which now cumber our bookstores and insult our taste, shall have become despised and forgotten.

In the war of 1812, John Wood, now fifty years old, was a young and industrious farmer in Bracken county, Kentucky. He was the husband of a young and interesting woman, and the father of two infant children. He was living in happiness on a farm, which he had earned by his industry, when the gallant Captain Butler, (who afterwards fell at the capture of the British batteries at Fort Meigs) raised his flag, and solicited the hardy Kentuckians of Bracken county, to enroll themselves among the defenders of their country. John Wood was one of the number. He suffered all the privations to which the chivalric army of the north west was exposed, during the disastrous campaign which resulted in the defeat of Winchester at the River Raisin.

By good fortune he escaped the tomakawk of the savage allies of Great Britain, and was sent a prisoner of war to Quebec. He was next, with other American prisoners, despatched in a transport to Plymouth, in England. From Plymouth, accompanied by a crowd of fellow prisoners, he was about to be transferred to Dartmoor—that well remembered scene of British cruelty and British cowardice—when he found an opportunity to elude his guards and make his escape. He wandered through the country, stealing through byways, until he found himself at Bristol. Hunger compelled him to enter a grocery, the head quarters of a British press gang. Here he was pressed, and despite his protestations that he was a citizen of the United States, and a fugitive prisoner of war, facts which might have been easily proven by reference to the military authorities at Plymouth, he was hurried on board His Majesty's frigate Sea Horse, then the flag ship of the celebrated Sir Peter Parker, and compelled to bear arms against his own countrymen.

On board the Sea Horse were several other Americans, who, like Wood, had fallen victims to the British system of impressment. They determined on desertion; and when laying in the Port of St. Johns, they succeeded in securing a boat, during an extremely dark night, and attempted to reach the eastern shore of the state of Maine. They were instantly pursued, and were obliged to desert their boat, on the shore of New Brunswick, and seek safety in the woods. After wandering about for two days, exhausted with cold and hunger, and fatigue, they were apprehended by a party

of British soldiers, and again transferred to the Sea Horse. The punishment that followed this act of desertion was inflicted with all that ingenious refinement of cruelty for which the British navy is so celebrated.

The Sea Horse, attached to the squadron under admiral Cockburn, was shortly afterwards ordered to the Chesapeake, and took an active part in the robbing, burning and murdering of the defenceless inhabitants of the coast. Mr. Wood and the impressed Americans were never permitted to leave their vessel. He was on board on the night when Sir Peter Parker met his fate on shore. A few days subsequent to this event, he, in company with seven other impressed Americans, attempted an escape in broad daylight, by boldly jumping into a boat long side, and pulling away for shore. One of the number was shot by the sentinel on duty. The others reached the beach, but were apprehended immediately on landing by a party of marauders belonging to the Sea Horse.

By order of Admiral Cockburn, they were sent in irons to Nova Scotia, where undergoing the formality of a mock trial, they were sentenced to be shot.—The sentence however was commuted to service for life, in his Britannic Majesty's army in the East Indies. They were accordingly shipped to England, and thence with a regiment of newly levied recruits, despatched to Calcutta. For 21 years, Mr. Wood served as a private soldier in the East India service; and, eighteen months since, when broken down in spirit and in constitution, he was permitted to sail for England. Destitute and heart-broken, he reached London, stated his case to the United States Consul, and by him was furnished with means of reaching New York. He left New York in January, and wended his weary pilgrimage towards the home of his childhood.

It is now twenty-six years since he left his wife and children in Kentucky; and not one syllable has he heard, relative to their situation, since the moment of their separation. The citizens here forced a few dollars upon him, for poor and decrepid as he is, he still possesses all the pride of a Kentuckian, and sent him on his way in the stage to Wellsville, from which town he intends to embark on a steamboat for Augusta, in Kentucky.

Fancy cannot help asking—what now is that home to which the war broken wanderer is returning? Will the wife of his youth be ready, in the fidelity of her early love, to hail the restoration of her long lost husband? Or, will her duty and affection have been given to another. Or, will she be reposing beneath the clouds of the valley? And his children!—If living, they must long since have entered upon the busy scenes of life. Will they take the weary pilgrim to their bosoms? A thousand overpowering emotions must rush upon the old man's heart, as his weary footsteps approach the spot that was once his home. Fancy cannot fill the picture. May He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," support the aged wanderer, in that eventful moment which is soon to witness, either the extacy of his happiness, or the utter desolation of his hopes.

THE QUEER PACK.

A gentleman in an English village lately went on a journey, after leaving express injunctions to his house-keeper not to admit any body whatsoever, to remain all night at the house.

The third night after his departure, a man, apparently a pedlar, came with a strange looking pack, and begged, as it was nightfall, the privilege of staying all night. This the housekeeper refused, but was at length persuaded to let the pack remain, saying, "there is no harm in it I s'pose."

Shortly after the man's departure, Tom, a harum-scarum boy of 16, and the only person about the place except the woman and the old man, came in from hunting with his gun.

Having learned how the pack came there

he eyed it attentively, and at length says he "that's a queer pack dad, it's a living pack, and I'll shoot it." So saying, he levelled his gun towards it.

"Nonsense!" said the housekeeper, 'you are surely not going to hurt that man's pack, Tom!' "

The moment after Tom fired, a stifled groan was heard, and the blood gushed from the pack on the floor.

The neighbors were now sent for, and on opening the pack, it was found to contain the body of a man, with a butcherknife in his hand, a brace of pistols, and a whistle tied to his neck.

Not doubting that he was one of a gang of robbers, the neighbors armed themselves and about 11 o'clock blew the whistle; and shortly afterwards hearing persons in the yard, shot and killed four, who proved to be citizens of the next village, that had intended to rob the house, and no doubt murder the inmates. On his return, the proprietor rewarded him handsomely, sent him to school, and dying five years afterwards, left him the bulk of his property.

Improvement of candles.—It is found by experience if you steep the cotted wick in lime water, in which a considerable quantity of nitrate of potassa has been dissolved, a purer or brighter flame secured, and superior light produced, a more perfect combustion is insured, snuffing is rendered nearly as superfluous as in wax candles, and the candles thus treated do not run. The wicks must be thoroughly dry before the tallow is put to them.

Radishes.—This root being liable to be eaten by the worms, the following method is recommended for raising them: Take equal quantities of buckwheat bran, and fresh horse-dung, and mix them well and plently in the ground by digging. Suddenly after this a great fermentation will be produced, and numbers of toadstool, (kind of mushroom) will start up in forty-eight hours. Dig the ground over again and sow the seed, and the radishes will grow with great rapidity and be free from the attacks of insects. They will grow uncommonly large. Buckwheat bran is an excellent manure itself.—*Farmer's Assistant.*

Beautiful Extracts.—I saw a temple reared by the hands of man, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain. The Streams beat upon it—the God of nature hurled his thunderbolts against it—and yet it stood firm as adamant. Revelry was its halls—the gay, the happy, the young, and the beautiful were there. I returned—and lo! the temple was no more! Its high walls lay in scattered ruins; moss and wild grass grew rankly there; and at the midnight hour the owl's cry added to the deep solitude. The young and the gay who revelled there had passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his mother and the pride of his father. I returned, and that child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of his generation—a stranger amidst the desolation around him.

I saw the old oak, stand in all its pride on the mountain—the birds were carolling on its boughs. I returned, and the oak was leafless and sapless; the winds were playing at their pastime through its branches.

"Who is this destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is Time," said he, "When the morning stars sang together with joy, over the new made world, he commenced his course; and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful of the earth—plucked the sun from his sphere—veiled the moon in blood—yea, when he shall have rolled the heavens and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea, and one on the land, lift up his hand toward heaven, and swear by Heaven's Eternal—time is, time was, but time shall be no longer!"—*Paulding.*

One Moment! what an effect it produces on man.

LOVERS.

Every observer of human nature must have perceived that lovers not only do not exercise the power of ridicule over each other, but they cannot conceive that the idol of their imagination should be the subject of it. As intercourse in marriage becomes familiar, and the little graces of etiquette are laid aside, and the idol, though not less worshipped, becomes less sacred. She is not the deity of the temple, but of the household; she is no longer the great Diana of Ephesus, approached at a distance with mysterious rites, but one of Laras, meeting the familiar glance at every turn. This difference is never felt so keenly by a woman, as when she first discovers that it is possible for her to appear ridiculous to her husband. A man who differs from his wife and reasons with her, self-love; but, the moment he laughs at her, she feels that the golden bowl of married sympathy is broken.

SPRING

"How beautiful is spring! with its buds and blooms, and perfumes; covering the earth with a robe of glory; gay with the voice of birds, the hum of insects, and the laughter of the young spirits revelling in its enjoyments. How profusely doth it send forth its ten thousand messengers to herald the approach of summer. Nature so lately paralyzed by the chill of winter, rouses herself from her lethargy; and the blue sky gleams above a scene of renovated light and beauty. The grasp of man is upon the spade and the scythe; labour and gaiety go hand in hand; the promise of new harvests is bright upon the earth. And yet how cold does the accustomed eye look upon the wonderful transition which is affected by the magical power of this most beautiful of seasons! We behold the tall trees which have been for months dark, sapsless and unlovely, gradually put forth their buds, those buds burst forth with the richness of their own treasures, and expand into leaves and blossoms; we see the seed sown by the husbandman, and we think not in wonder of the miracle, as we trace the tender green of the young plants which have sprung from that slight seed; we only exclaim in astonishment and vexation should an occasion arrive wherein it falls. Beautiful spring; firstborn of nature! On whom she lavished her most lovely gifts; like the heart's earliest dream, decking every thing on earth in a new and brilliant garb; making the eye beam and the spirit swell by the potency of thy gentle spell! Summer may boast its warm skies, and its thousand blossoms; autumn may be rich in fruits and grains; but from thee came the first fair promise of all these; from thee came the first blue heaven, the first bright flowers, and the germ of the golden harvest."

ANECDOTE—CHURCH MUSIC.

In a certain seaport town of Massachusetts, measures were taken by the members of the religious congregation, some thirty years since, to introduce violincello into the choir, for the improvement of the music. This was an innovation that savored too much the theatre, to meet the approbation of the elderly members of the parish; and it was evidently opposed by their most influential deacon. In spite of the opposition, however, the innovation was sanctioned by a vote of the majority; and the violincello was introduced into the choir. The good deacon on the first Sabbath of his appearance, took his seat in his pew as usual, where he sat with becoming gravity, and until the first sound of the instrument was heard, when he rose, advanced to the outside of the pew, and with all the gravity of a French dancing master, danced a regular hornpipe down the broad aisle, and took leave of the astonished congregation by dancing out of the house.—*Essex Gaz.*

An Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers. A modern General has said that the best troops would be as follows:—An Irishman half drunk, a Scotchman half starved, an Englishman with his belly full.