

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, AUGUST 18, 1838.

Number 17.

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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VOW: A NORTHERN TALE.

In the ancient heathen times of the Saxons, there was once a great war with the Danes. Adalbero, Duke of Saxony, who had counselled it, now, in the hour of earnest conflict, stood at the head of his people. There flew the arrows and the javelins; there glanced many valiant blades on both sides; and there shone many bright gold shields through the dark fight. But the Saxons, at every attack, were repulsed, and were already so far driven back, that storming of a steep height could only deliver the army and the country, disperse the enemy, and change a ruinous and destructive flight into a decisive victory.

Adalbero conducted the attack. But in vain he forced his fiery charger before the squadron; in vain he shouted through the fields, "Freedom and Fatherland!" in vain streamed his warm blood and the blood of the foe, over his resplendent armor. The ponderous mass gave way; and the enemy, secure on the height rejoiced in their decided victory. Again rushed on with a few gallant warriors; again the faint-hearted fell behind; and again the enemy rejoiced.

"It is yet time," said Adalbero; and again he shouted, "Forward! and if we conquer, I vow to the gods, to set fire to the four corners of my castle, and it shall blaze forth on a bright funeral pile, in honor of our victory and deliverance."

Again was the attack renewed, but again the Saxons fled—and the enemy sent forth shouts of joy.

Then cried Adalbero aloud before the whole army "If we return victorious from this charge ye gods, I devote myself to you as a solemn sacrifice!" Shuddering the warriors hastened after him, but fortune was still against them; the boldest fell—the bravest fled. Then Adalbero, in deep affliction, rallied the scattered band, and all that remained of the great nobles collected round him and spoke thus:—

"Thou art our ruin, for thou hast counselled this war."

Adalbero replied. "My castle and myself have I devoted to the gods for victory, and what can I more?"

The sad multitude only called the more to him: "Thou art our ruin; for thou hast counselled this war."

Then Adalbero tore open his bosom, and implored the Mighty God of Thunder to pierce it with a thunder-bolt, or to give the victory to his army. But there came no bolt from Heaven, and the squadron stood timid and followed not.

In boundless despair, Adalbero at last said, "There remains only that which in most dear to me. Wife and child I offer to thee, thou god of armies; for victory.—My beautiful, blooming wife—my only heart-loved child,—they belong to the Great Ruler in Asgard; with my own hand will I sacrifice them to thee, but implore thee, give me the victory!"

Scarcely were these words uttered, when fearful thunders rolled over the field of battle, and clouds gathered round the combatants; and the Saxons, with fearful cries, shouted as with one voice, "The gods are with us!" With invincible courage forward rushed the hosts;—the height was carried

by storm, and Adalbero, with a sudden shudder, saw the enemy flying through the field.

The conquerer returned home in triumph; and in all parts of delivered Saxony, came wives and children forth, and with outstretched arms greeted their husbands and fathers. But Adalbero knew what awaited him; and every smile of an affectionate wife pierced, as with a poisoned dart, his anguished heart. At last they came before his magnificent castle. He was not able to look up as the beautiful Similde met him at the gate with her daughter in her hand, while the little one leaped and cried "Father, Father! beloved Father."

Adalbero looked round on his people, in order to strengthen himself; even there he met quivering eyelids and bitter tears; for among his warriors many had heard his horrible vow. He dismissed them to their families, feeling what happy men he, the most unhappy, was sending to their homes; then rode into the castle, and sending the domestics away under various pretences, sprang from his horse, closed the gate with thundering sound, securing them carefully, and pressed his beloved wife and child to his heart, shedding over them a torrent of tears.

"What is the matter, husband?" said the astonished Similde.

"Why do you weep, father?" stammered the little one.

"We will first prepare an offering to the Gods," replied Adalbero; "and then I shall relate everything to you. Come to me soon to the hearth."

"I will kindle the fire, and fetch, in the meantime, the implements for sacrifice," said the sweet Similde; and the little one cried out, clapping her hands.

"I also will help; I also will be there," and skipped away with her mother.

These words "I also will help; I also will be there," the hero repeated, as, dissolved in grief, he stood by the flaming pile with his drawn sword in his trembling hand.—He lamented aloud over the joyful innocent child, and the graceful obedient wife, who brought the bowl and pitcher, perfuming pan and taper, used in sacrifices. Then he thought that his vow could not be valid, for such sorrow could not find a place in the heart of man. But the answer was given in dreadful peals of thunder down from the heavens.

"I know," said he, sighing heavily, "your thunder has assisted us, and now your thunder calls on your devoted believer for the performance of his vow."

Similde began to tremble as the frightful truth burst upon her, and with soft tears she said—"Ah! hast thou made a vow?—Husband, I see no victim! Shall human blood—"

Adalbero covered his eyes with his hands, and sobbed so terribly that it echoed through the hall, and the little one, terrified, shrunk towards its mother.

Similde knew well such vows in ancient times. She looked entreatingly to her lord and said "Remove the child."

"Both, both! I must!" murmured Adalbero; and Similde, with a violent effort, forcing back her tears, said to the little one, "Quick, and bind this handkerchief on thine eyes; thy father has brought a present for thee and will now give it thee."

"My father looks not as if he would give me a present," sighed the child.

"Thou shalt see; thou shalt see presently," said Similde hurriedly;—and as she placed the bandage over the eyes of the child, she could no longer restrain her tears, but they fell so softly that the little one knew it not.

The affectionate mother now tore the drapery from her snow white bosom, and kneeling before her sacrificer, beckoned that she might be the first victim.

"Quick, only quick," whispered she to the lingerer; "else will the poor child be so terrified."

Adalbero raised the dreadful steel—then roared the thunder and flashed the lightning through the building. Speechless sank the three to the earth.

As the evening breeze rushed through the broken windows, the little one raised her head, from which the bandage had fallen, and said—"Mother, what present has my father brought to me?" The sweet voice awakened both the parents. All lived, and nothing was destroyed but Adalbero's sword, which was melted by the avenging flash of Heaven.

"The Gods have spoken," cried the pardoned father; and with a gush so unutterable love the three delivered ones wept in each other's arms.

From the Mother's Magazine.
I HAD A MOTHER.

Why gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
Ye children young and gay,
Your locks beneath the blasts of care,
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kissed from my cheek the brainy dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

Newton.

"I had a mother?" Who can utter such language without awaking the tender emotions. It is pleasant to call to mind the kind and unwearied attention of an affectionate mother; but it is painful in the extreme, to feel that we have not made her any suitable returns of gratitude and affection, for her undying love to us. O! if children have any regard for their own happiness, even in the present world, setting aside all other considerations, let them take heed how they treat this tenderest and best of earthly friends.

I had a mother once. She was not a Christian when I lived with her. Her health was feeble, and she had many cares, and consequently her temper was often irritable, so that at times, "she spake unadvisedly with her lips;" yet she loved her children, I may say, even to fault. I was her youngest child and to me she was particularly indulgent. I was heedless, loved my own gratification and thought but little of returning her kindness. As I grew older I knew my duty, but often neglected to perform it. I can never forget one instance of this kind, after I had arrived at an age to be engaged in domestic employment.

I had a duty assigned me, which called me for several days, some distance from home. I rose at an early hour, a tea hasty meal, and taking some refreshment with me I did not return till evening. Thus I continued to do for some days in succession, leaving home before my parents were up. My mother, quick to feel and prompt to every thing for my comfort and happiness, began to fear that I was faring too hardly. One morning on visiting the breakfast room, I found she had risen very early, in order to procure me a warm breakfast. Every one knows, in such a case what should have been my feelings. I ought to have said, "my dear mother, you are very kind thus to deprive yourself of rest for my sake; I thank you for your kind attention to my wants; but really mother, it is not necessary that you should do this." I felt that it was not and I did not wish her to do it, and had expressed my real feelings, in a pleasant manner, she would have been made most happy. But shall I say it or shall I forbear? Alas! instead of doing so, I felt peevish and fretful, and a manifested to her those wicked feelings both in words and actions. But oh! the bitter regret my repeated unkindness, and especially the conduct of that morning, has occasioned me. I can never express what I have felt and do still feel at the recollection of my ingratitude; I hope that I have sincerely repented of that, and all my other sins, that God has forgiven me. But I can never forgive myself. O! I hope I shall meet my dear, dear mother in heaven, that I may express to her, how truly grieved I am that I treated her so unkindly. Dear children and youth, I have related this painful circumstance as a warning to you. Let me say that if you wish to avoid the pain I have felt for my treatment of my mother, and shall continue to feel to the end of my life, then avoid the sin which caused me so much anguish.—O! be kind to your

parents, not only the good and gentle, but also the forward, and God will reward you, for he has said in his own word, "Honor thy father and mother, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long on the earth."

THE LAST THEFT

The most impudent and perfect achievement in the art of thieving that we have lately heard of was related to us a few days since as follows:

At a laborer's boarding house, where it is customary in the warm weather for the men to leave their coats in the entry while at meals, a thief took it into his head to make an excursion one day while all hands were busy at dinner. Accordingly, he reconnoitered the passage way, saw a good variety of coats and jackets, some new, some half worn, &c. all of which he gathered into his arms, and carelessly commenced making his exit. Just as he was about to cross the threshold, the man of the house who was late to dinner, arrived at the door.

"What are you doing with these coats?" said the landlord.

"I'm taking 'em to my shop, sir."

"And what for?"

"The gentlemen wants to get 'em scoured, sir," replied the thief.

"O! then, if that's all," said the landlord; "I believe my coat wants scouring, and you may take it along too."

So saying, he doffed his garment, handed it over to the thief, and proceeded to his dinner. The surprise of the boarders when they went to don their habiliments; and the confusion of the landlord in giving his statement, may well be imagined.

The Sabbath.—Accustomed as we are to view the Sabbath as a religious institution we forget to reflect on importance in a moral and civil point of view. Sure in this respect is not of that great interest to man which the welfare of immortal spirit requires, but independent of its religious influence there is perhaps no one thing which contributes more to elevate the character of man, to eradicate the ruthlessness of his savage nature, to make him a moral, social and upright being, and to establish the great principles of civil liberty, than the institution of the Sabbath. At one and the same time, all nature as it were, is hushed to repose; man ceases from his accustomed avocation and retires to scenes more congenial to thought and reflection—and the beasts of the field released from their labors enjoy the like repose. After six days labor, "tired nature" seeks for a "restorer;" and after a day of rest, men seek their several employments, with renovated vigor of both body and mind. Suppose there was no Sabbath, no weekly assemblings of the people, man would plod on his course of time in one dull round of forgetfulness; as nature left him at his birth, so at his death she will find him, the child of ignorance; unused to the social pleasures of life and unaccustomed to the duties which civilization impose, his life would but be the Anacorete's dream—his mind but

"One dark waste
Where fiends and tempests howl."
Science would lose her votaries, and the academic groves would be forsaken, and a man in every station in society would feel its baneful effects.—Covington Free Press.

Trifling comparison.—An unfortunate Hibernian, no frequenter of large parties consequently a noodle in gastronomy, ruminating in his bliss upon the banks of Southern Creek, espied a terrapin pluming itself:

"Ochone," he exclaimed solemnly, "that ever I should come to America to see a snuff box walk."

"Whist!" said his wife, "don't make fun of the birds."

The Original Draft of the declaration of American Independence, in the handwriting of Mr. Jefferson, was read at Charlottesville, Va. on the 4th.

POLITICAL.

(LUZERNE COUNTY.) GREAT AND ENTHUSIASTIC DEMOCRATIC MEETING!

Pursuant to the usage of the party, and to previous notice, the Democratic Republicans of Luzerne county assembled at the Court House, in Wilkes-Barre, on Tuesday evening, August 7, 1838—and organized, on motion of Mr. Brodhead, by the appointment of

JOHN MILLER, of Abington, as Pres't. and of Sixteen Vice Presidents and Four Secretaries. When a Committee of one from a township, was appointed to prepare a preamble and resolutions for the consideration of the meeting. During the absence of the committee,

On motion, George W. Woodward and Dr. Andrew Bedford were appointed Congressional Conferences from Luzerne county, to meet similar conferences from Columbia county, at Berwick, and place in nomination a candidate to be supported by the Democracy of the District for Representative in Congress.

When the Committee on the Preamble and Resolutions, through their chairman, G. W. Woodward, submitted the following Report:

In again assembling in accordance with time honored custom, to review the past and resolve for the future, we tender to our democratic brethren of other Counties hearty congratulations in the sure prospect of a successful issue to the struggle in which we, in common with them, are engaged. The nomination of David R. Porter by the unanimous sense of a full Convention of delegates on the 5th of March last, healed forever the breach which events three years prior occasioned in our ranks; and reunited the whole family of democrats in fraternal bonds that cannot be broken. Here we were divided—and we experienced the bitter fruits of our discord; but now, in spite of the factious ambition of a few demagogues who would fain rule or ruin the democracy of Luzerne, we are united firmly and indissolubly. Professing, all, the same principles—pursuing the same objects, and guided by one common interest, we go every man of us, for David R. Porter for Governor and for the new Constitution; which enlarges and secures popular rights. Beneath this banner, PORTER AND THE NEW CONSTITUTION, we battle; and knowing how well we deserve victory, we mean to achieve it. We are not insensible of the magnitude of the hostile force. We have seen the Corporate Power of the country enter the political field, and we know how mighty it is and how unscrupulous in its choice of means. Allied with federalists, antimasons, and abolitionists, wielding the sword and dispensing the purse of the Commonwealth, it would be madness and a sure token of our defeat to disregard or dispise its power; but in the justice of our cause and the firm integrity and unyielding democracy of the people we have our strength and place our hopes. We remember too that the power arrayed against us, though formidable, is not invincible. After all its assaults on the national administration, democracy is unhurt, and Mr. Van Buren remains as firmly seated in the affections of the people, as when they first called him to the highest office in their gift. If the independent treasury bill has been rejected, so also was Mr. Van Buren rejected by a factious Senate, and as he was rescued by a justice loving people from the grave his enemies had dug for him, so will the same people in their own good time save this great measure from overthrow and defeat. In a Country where the people "know their rights, and knowing dare maintain them," such a man as Van Buren, and such a measure as the much abused sub-treasury bill, cannot long remain rejected. That measure is peculiarly worthy of popular support, for its great object is to make the people the masters of their own money. The claim of banks to possess that share of our earnings which we contribute for the support of