

# 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.

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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.

### STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the commencement of the differences between the American Colonies and the parent country, many persons were disposed to advocate the cause of Great Britain. Whilst the most of those who did so were actuated by a sordid interest and the fear of the loss of property, there were some of generous feelings who maintained their allegiance from integrity of principle and purity of motive. Of the latter class a poor man in the western part of Massachusetts, who was in the habit of attending all the meetings that grew out of the oppressions and usurpations of England.

At the same time that he did not attempt to justify the measures of the Parliament, he endeavoured in his plain, rustic way, to palliate them, and deprecated the active measures of the colonies as a subversion of all order, and the introduction of anarchy and confusion. He was a simple hearted man, but eminent for integrity and love of truth, so much so, that in his own neighborhood his word was considered as good as a bond; therefore, while his arguments against the resistance of the Colonies were not permitted to weigh a feather in the scale of public opinion, his undoubted honesty of heart exempted him from the hatred which the "torjors," as they were called at the time, so commonly excited, and from the exhibition of that hatred in the usual forms of forcible ablation and a coat of tar and feathers.

Affairs at length reached a crisis. The battles of Lexington and Concord roused the people to arms, and the Congress which assembled at Watertown, resolved to raise thirty thousand troops: and the business of enlisting and draughting was immediately commenced with great vigor. There was, therefore, no alternative left for the simple rustic, of whom I have been speaking, but to take up arms against England, contrary to his conscience, or join the forces under Gen. Gage. He determined on the latter, and in doing he experienced all that bitterness which is incident to civil war, in leaving his wife and children unprotected for, and to the protection of those who necessarily would become his enemies.

It was a beautiful evening in the early part of May. The labors of the day were over, and the father had returned to enjoy the hours of rest with his family. He occupied his usual seat in the arbour by the door of his white-washed cottage. Before him were two children playing on the green grass plot—a third lay in the cradle, and beside it sat the mother watching its slumbers. How many were the pleasant images of the past conjugal happiness and paternal love that busy memory conjured up in the stillness of that soft evening hour! but the very recollection of them caused melancholy forebodings to cast a gloom over the spirits—for now, they were to be forgoe for a time—perhaps forever.

The hour of prayer arrived, and oh! with what earnestness did the parent wrestle with heaven, and implore its protection for the young and the helpless he was leaving behind. The parents shed copious tears from the overflowing sensibilities of nature, and

the children wept from sympathy and from an indefinable sensation of evil which they could not comprehend. Yet there was relief in those tears, and the sanctifying efficacy of prayer calmed the tumults of the breast, and poured a soothing balm into the wounded feelings, which was not of earth.

The children were put to rest. The father kissed them affectionately as they lay smiling in slumber, unconscious of the bereavement they were about to sustain—embraced his disconsolate wife again, took up his musket, and aided by the shades of night, started for the royal army. As he pursued his way, the moon that had been obscured, broke from the surrounding clouds, and on turning to take a look of his dwelling, the lamp shone through the open door in which his wife stood to catch the last echo of his foot steps. The light of heaven and of faithful love he felt were united to cheer him on his way:

On the evening of the following day, as he approached Boston, he fell in with the scouts of the American army then parading in the vicinity, and his answers not proving satisfactory, he was captured and taken before the proper officers. He did not disguise his intentions; but made known his determination of joining the royal army.—He was accordingly sent up into the country and lodged in jail in one of the western towns to await his trial. The place was thirty miles from his own home, and as whatever of interests transpired was made known through the different committees of correspondence, the true character of the prisoner was soon learned. The piety, the undoubted honesty of the prisoner the affecting circumstances in which he had left his family, and the awe of punishing a man with death who had followed the dictates of his conscience in what he believed to be his duty, all inspired to awaken intense interest in the breast of the Sheriff, and he determined to give him an opportunity to escape.

He accordingly observed to him one evening "these chains I fear, will gall your ankles, I will therefore, substitute smooth pieces of leather for the iron bands but don't you cut them off, and break out; for I will certainly catch you if you do." "You need not fear me," replied the prisoner, as a smile passed over his features, and he bade the keeper good night. The Sheriff retired to bed with a light heart determined to take a nap in the morning of an extra length, but he was disappointed, for the loud voice of the prisoner, chanting his morning psalm as usual, broke his slumbers. The next night, on leaving his prisoner, he informed him that "there was something the matter with the key, and that unable to lock the door, he would tie it with a rope on the outside. At the same time he charged him not to think of escaping, as he had a very fleet horse, and would certainly catch him. As he walked away he muttered to himself "the fellow is a fool if he don't understand that."

Next morning the prison door was open; but on entering he found the prisoner as he had left him, a wind during the night having blown open the door. The honest hearted rustic considering himself in the hands of lawful authority, holding as he did the maxim which his Bible had taught him, that he who breaks the smallest law of order is guilty of violation of principles which tends to subvert the whole. He then thanked the keeper for his kindness which he had showed him, and as he had given opportunities of escape, which he could not conscientiously use, he besought permission to go into the harvest fields by day, and earn bread for his suffering family. The request was granted—the leather straps that bound on his chains was severed, and during the months of harvest, and for some time after, the prisoner went out daily to labor and returned at night to be locked up in his cell.

One evening the keeper waited in vain for his return. The sun set—twilight set in and then darkness—and yet he came not.—He waited until a late hour in the evening,

and then retired to sleep, assured and gratified that his charge had fled. The next morning on awaking, he found the prisoner lying with his head pillowed upon the prison steps where he had sunk down from fatigue. During the day and night the miserable man had been to visit his family, and in going and returning had travelled a distance of sixty miles.

The time of his trial came on, and the Sheriff made preparations to conduct him to Springfield, where he was to be tried for high treason before the council of Massachusetts, at that time the supreme executive of the State. The prisoner assured him that it was unnecessary to incur the trouble and expense of a journey, in order to take him there, as he could go as well himself. His word was taken without hesitation, and he set out upon his melancholy journey, to present himself for trial and certain condemnation.

As he proceeded onward night overtook him in a large wood; and coming to a cross road he was in doubt whether to direct his steps. Fatigued with walking and full of uncertainty, he sunk upon his knees and poured forth his soul in agony of prayer, until he was roused by the tramp of feet, and on looking up beheld a person on horseback beside him. The stranger had heard his pious petitions, and with kind solicitude inquired into the nature of his journey, & all the little particulars of his history. He took him to his home, and having entertained him for the night, sent him to Springfield in care of a friend; The officer (for it was an officer of justice in whose care the stranger placed him) conducted him to Springfield, and the trial began.

The country was then struggling against a sea of troubles, and compelled to restrain the agency of treason, by prompt and condign punishment. The crime of the prisoner was substantiated by ample proof. He even admitted it himself, and was accordingly declared guilty. Before reading the sentence, however, the President put the question whether a pardon should be granted.

Scarcely had he ceased speaking, when a member occupied the floor, and to that spirit which the temper of the times appeared to demand, portrayed in glowing language, the aggressions of England, the unavailing supplications & remonstrances of the colonies, the slaughter of their brethren in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the conflagration of Charlestown by the vandel torch of the invaders. He then spoke of the difficulties they had no encounter—of the power of the foe with whom they were grappling; and concluded by expressing a hope that not a member there would sacrifice the great interests of the country by granting impunity to the subtle and destructive agency of treason. Several speakers expressed similar sentiments, with equal warmth; and the unfortunate man ceased to indulge a hope. For himself he dreaded not death; but in the yearnings of nature, his heart trembled for his wife and children, and concern for them clouded his manly features with melancholy.

He did not weep—he bent not his head, but stood erect and pale as monumental marble, while his thoughts, abstracted from the things around him, were with his family, and with that God, who is the protector of the widow and the orphan.

As the vote was about to be taken, the hasty tread of feet was heard, and Mr. Edwards, a prominent member of the council, made his appearance. He desired, the President to forbear for a moment, and having recovered breath addressed the council in behalf of the prisoner. The condemned immediately recognized the voice of the stranger who overtook him in the woods—he heard him speak of himself, but half unconscious, knew not what it was, nor to what it tended.

The speaker drew a distinction between the treason that results from sordidness of interest or unholy passions, and that unintentional treason which is the result of a misconception of duty and having in some measure justified a dissent from the verdict

he proceeded to give a detail of the private character of the prisoner, his unexampled conduct while in confinement, his coming to trial unguarded; and he concluded by saying that he believed that it would be politic in the council to pardon the offence and that he, for his part must consider the sacrifice of a man of so much integrity and truth, as a stain upon human nature. Many a heart warmed with sympathy & admiration, as the character of the simple hearted countryman was unfolded, and he was pardoned without a dissenting voice. As his word had been sacredly kept, they consented to consider him a prisoner on parole, and permitted him to return to his family.

As the vote was reported, the acquitted, who had hitherto, in the prospect of death, restrained himself, gave vent to his feelings, and wept like a child—then turning to thank his deliverer, his eyes fell upon the pale, bloodless features of his wife, who unnoticed, had glided into court, and was standing behind him with her infant in her arms. As she hastened to meet him, the child fell from her embrace, and overpowered with joy, she sunk insensible at the feet of her husband.

On the 4th of July, in the following year the Colonies declared themselves free and independent, and then the hero of our tale, clearly comprehending his duty to his country, and taking up arms in her favor, rose to the rank of Captain, and assisted in gaining several battles.

The good old man lived to a green old age and has been permitted to see his children's footsteps to honor and prosperity.

## POLITICAL.

### LOOK HERE!!

Another calumny invented by the officeholders of Joseph Ritner against the democratic candidate, triumphantly refuted!

The "Western Argus," an antimasonic paper published at Beaver, contains the following which is now going the rounds of the state, and which bears the manifest impress of the hand of that infamous traitor, John Dickey, now one of the board of canal commissioners.

From the Beaver Argus.

Last week we published extracts from the records of Huntingdon county, showing the time, manner and circumstances of David R. Porter's taking the benefit of the insolvent laws; but the facts now in our possession, connected with that matter, place the Loco candidate in an unenviable position, and exhibit his character in its true light before the people. The Huntingdon county records make out a pretty strong case against him; but those of Beaver county, connected with them, will astonish and startle every man of moral feeling in the Commonwealth. We invite the attention of the people to the facts we are about to present.

The Huntingdon county records show that David R. Porter was discharged from confinement under the insolvent laws, on the 10th day of February, 1819. Mark the date. To obtain that discharge, he was obliged to take the following oath:

"I, A. B. do swear, that I will deliver up and transfer to my trustee or trustees, for the use of my creditors, all my property that I have, or claim any title to, or interest in at this time, and all debts, rights and claims which I have at this time, or that I am in any respect entitled to, in possession, reversion or remainder and that I have not directly or indirectly, at any time, given, sold, conveyed, leased, disposed of, or entrusted any part of my property, rights, or claims to any person whereby to defraud my creditors or any of them, or to secure, receive or expect any profit or advantage thereby."

In defiance of this oath; the records of Beaver county show, that instead of delivering up to his trustees, for the use of his creditors, all his property, debts and claims, David R. Porter collected, in his own name and for his own use, between eight and

nine hundred dollars, from two citizens of this county, to whom he had previously sold land in North Beaver township! On the 5th of December, 1818, a very short time before he filed his petition, Porter sold a tract of donation land, No. 1778, in this county to Messrs. James Kiddo, and Alexander Russell for the sum of two thousand dollars. The deed acknowledges the receipt of the whole purchase money, while it would seem that but about one half was paid down, and notes or bonds given for the balance. These obligations were held by Porter when he "swore out," and afterwards proceeded upon, and collected as they become due.

The first is entered on record in the Prothonotary's office, in docket No. 5, page 147, as follows:

AUGUST TERM, 1819

David R. Porter } Summons, Debt,  
vs. } \$2,000 Served Mr  
Jas. Kiddo and } 24. 20th March,  
Alex. Russell } 1830, rule to choose  
Issd 23d July 1819 } arbitrators at the Prothonotary's office, on the 8th day of April next at 12 o'clock, to hear and determine all matters in variance between the parties in this suit. Experte rule on of PTT Served by Sheriff, M. 22, 5th April, 1820.—James Kiddo, one of the defendants, appears in person, and confesses judgment to plaintiff for five hundred thirty dollars eight cents debt.

Defendant, James Kiddo, files three receipts, to wit: one bearing date 10th April, 1820, for \$1,000, one 23d Sept. 1820, for \$465.00, and one dated 13th Feb. for \$91.00; which payment satisfies this judgement; which is applied to a judgement against same defendants, are No. 51, April, 1820.

The second appears in same volume, p. 220, and is entered a capias case; debt \$666.66; issued 10th April, 1820. On the 20th March following Kiddo appears and confesses judgment for \$176 65 debt. On the 10th December 1834 judgement satisfied.

The third obligation, entered April term, 1822, same volume, p. 767—issued April 1st. Sum liquidated by Prothonotary at \$182 74. In November 1825, Kiddo paid \$173 87; and on the 13th of July, 1829, the debt, interest and costs settled in full.

It appears, then, that on the 5th day of December, 1818, Porter made his deed to Kiddo and Russell, taking their obligations for a portion of the purchase money. At the January term, 1819, one month afterwards, he applied for the benefit of the insolvent laws; and on the 10th of February, at a special court, was discharged from confinement. In July following he entered a suit against Kiddo and Russell for the collection of the first bond due; and in 1820 and 1822, the other bonds were sued and finally all settled. Is it not plain, then, to every mind, that Porter did not deliver up for the use of his creditors, all his property, debts and claims, as required by the law, and the insolvent's oath? Judge ye who are called upon to sustain his election to the highest office in the Commonwealth.

## THE TRUTH.

My attention having been called to the above publication, I have thought it right, and due to the cause of truth and justice, to state, that in the month of July or August 1818, John Stonebraker and I became bail for David R. Porter for a large sum of money. That he placed in our hands as security the title papers for a tract of land in Beaver county. That in December of the same year we gave him up the title papers, and requested him to make sale of the land and raise the money for us, that he did make sale of the land to James Kiddo and Alexander Russell; and took their bonds for the payment of \$1000,—on the first of April following, and the remainder in two or three yearly gales (I cannot now distinctly recollect which.) He left these bonds with James Allison, Esq. attorney at law, of Beaver, for collection, and brought us his receipt for the same; which he assigned to us. That the said bonds were collected by