

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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MISCELLANEOUS.

GENERAL MARION.

There is no life of any of the heroes of the Revolution, which presents so much of valour and romance as that of Marion. It reminds us of the days of Wallace and Bruce, in the liberation of Scotland, and of Richard the first, among other adventurers, who went to the wars of Palestine to deck their brows with the garlands of victory. Indeed we have but one parallel instance, and that is the heroic life of Paul Jones, the Champion of the Ocean. We here give a beautiful extract from the life of Marion, of a meeting between him and a British officer, who came to the American camp, on some business respecting the exchange of prisoners.

About this time we received a flag from the enemy in Georgetown, South Carolina, the object of which was to make some arrangements, about the exchange of prisoners. The flag, after the usual ceremony of landing, was conducted into Marion's encampment. Having heard great talk about General Marion, his fancy had naturally enough sketched out for him some stout figure of a warrior, such as O'Hara, or Cornwallis himself of martial aspect and flaming regimentals. But what was his surprise, when led into Marion's presence, and the bandage taken from his eyes, he beheld in our hero a swarthy, smoke, dried little man, with scarcely enough of threadbare homogeneity to cover his nakedness! and instead of all ranks of gay dressed soldiers, a handful of sunburnt yellow legged militia men; some roasting potatoes and some asleep, with their black firelocks and powder horns lying by them on the logs. Having recovered a little from his surprise, he presented a letter to Gen. Marion, who perused it, and soon settled all to his satisfaction.

The officer took up his hat to retire. "Oh no!" said Marion, "It is now about our time of dining; and I hope, sir you will give us the pleasure of your company to dinner."

At the mention of the word dinner, the British officer looking around him, but to his great mortification, could see no sign of a pot, pan, Dutch oven, or any other cooking utensils that could raise the spirits of a hungry man.

"Well Tom," said the General to one of the men, "come give us your dinner."

The dinner to which he alluded, was no other than a heap of sweat potatoes, that were every snugly roasting under the embers, which Tom, with his pine stick poker, soon extracted from their ashy confinement; pinching them every now and then with his fingers, especially the big ones, to see whether they were done or not. Then having cleansed them of the ashes, by blowing them with his breath; and partly by brushing them with the sleeve of his old cotton shirt, he selected some of the best on a large piece of bark, and placed them between the British officer and Marion, on the trunk of the fallen pine on which they sat.

"I fear sir," said the General, "our dinner will not prove so palatable to you as I could wish; but it is the best we have."

The officer who was a well bred man took up one of the potatoes, and affected to eat, as if he had found a great dainty; but

it was very plain that he ate more from good manners than good appetite.

Presently he broke out into a hearty laugh. Marion looked surprised. "I beg your pardon, General, but one cannot you know, always command one's conceits. I was thinking how drollly some of my brother-officer would look, if our government were to give them such a bill of fare as this."

"I suppose," replied Marion, "it is not equal to their style of dining."

"No indeed, quoth the officer, "and this, I imagine is one of your accidental Lent dinners; a sort of bur-yun. In general, no doubt you live a great deal better."

"Rather worse," answered the General, "for often we don't get enough of this."

"Heavens!" rejoined the officer, "but probably what you loose in meal you make up in malt, though stinted in provisions, you draw noble pay."

"Not a cent sir," said Marion, not a cent. "Heavens and earth! then you must be in a bad box. I don't see, General, how you can stand it."

"Why, sir," replied Marion, with a smile of self approbation, "these things depend on feeling."

The Englishman said he did not believe it would be an easy matter to reconcile his feelings to a soldier's life on General Marion's terms; all fighting no pay, and no provisions but potatoes.

"Why, sir," answered the General, "the heart is all; and when that is much interested, a man can do any thing. Many a youth would think it hard to indent himself a slave for fourteen years, but let him be over head and ears in love, and with such a beautiful sweet-heart as Rachel, and he will think no more of 14 years, servitude than young Jacob did. Well now this is exactly my case. I am in love; and my sweet-heart is liberty. Be that heavenly nymph my champion, and these woods shall have charms beyond London and Paris in slavery. To have no monarch driving over me with his gilt coaches; nor his host of excisemen and tax gatherers insulting and robbing; but to be my own master, my own prince and sovereign; gloriously preserving my national dignity, and pursuing my true happiness planting my vineyards, and eating their luscious fruit; sowing grain, and seeing millions of brothers all around me, equally free and happy as myself; this, sir, is what I long for."

The officer replied that, both as a man and a Briton, he must certainly subscribe to this happy state of things.

"Happy," quoth Marion, "yes happy indeed; and I would rather fight for such a blessing for my country, and feed on roots, than keep aloof, though wallowing in all the luxuries of Solomon. For now, sir, I walk on the soil that gave me birth, and exult in the thought that I am not unworthy of it. I look upon these venerable trees around me, and feel that I do not dishonor them. I think of my own sacred rights and rejoice that I have not basely deserted them. And when I look forward to the long ages of prosperity, I glory in the thought that I am fighting their battles.—The children of distant generations may never hear of my name; but still it gladdens my heart to think that I am now contending for their freedom with all its countless blessings."

I looked at Marion as he uttered these sentiments and I fancied, I felt as when I heard the last words of the brave De Kaib. The Englishman hung his honest head, and looked, I thought, as if he had seen the upbraiding ghost of his illustrious countrymen Sydney and Hamden.

On his return to Georgetown, he was asked by Col. Watson why he looked so serious?

"I have cause sir," said he "to look serious."

"What! has Gen. Marion refused to treat?"

"No Sir."

"Well then, has old Washington defeated Sir Henry Clinton, and broke up our army?"

"No sir, not that neither; but worse."

"Ah! what can be worse?"

"Why, sir, I have seen an American General and his officers, without pay, and almost without clothes, living on roots and drinking water; and all for liberty!! What chance have we against such men!"

It is said Col. Watson was not much obliged to him for his speech. But the young officer was so struck with Marion's sentiments that he never rested until he threw up his commission, and retired from the service.

Gen. Marion, whose stature was diminutive, and his person uncommonly light, rode, when in service, one of the fleetest and most powerful chargers the South could produce. When in fair pursuit nothing could escape him, and when retreating nothing could overtake him.

Being once nearly surrounded by a party of British dragoons, he was compelled for safety, to pass into a cornfield by leaping the fence. This field, marked with a considerable descent of surface, had been in part a marsh. Marion entered it at the upper side. The dragoons in chase leapt the fence also, and were but a short distance behind him. So completely was he in their power, that his only mode of escape was to pass over the fence on the lower side. But there lay a difficulty which to all but himself appeared insurmountable.

To drain the ground of the superfluous waters, a trench had been cut around this part of the field, four feet wide and of the same depth. Of the mud and clay removed in cutting it, a bank had been formed on the inner side; and on the top of this was erected the fence. The elevation of the whole amounted to more than seven feet perpendicular height; a ditch four feet in width, running parallel with it on the outside, and a foot or more of space intervening between the fence and the ditch.

The dragoons, acquainted with the nature and extent of this obstacle, and considering it impossible for their enemy to pass it, pressed towards him with loud shouts of exultation and insult, and summoned him to surrender or perish by the sword. Regardless of their rudeness and empty clamor, and inflexibly determined not to become their prisoner, Marion spurred his horse to the charge. The noble animal, as if conscious that his master's life was in danger, and that on his exertion depend his safety, approached the barrier in his finest style, and with a bound that was almost supernatural, cleared the fence and the ditch, and recovered himself without injury on the other side.

Marion now facing his pursuers, who had halted at the fence unable to pass it, discharged his pistols at them without effect, and then wheeling his horse and bidding them "good morning," with an air of triumph, dashed into the thicket, and disappeared in an instant.

PICAYUNE WELLERISM—ORIGINAL.

"Looks are nothing, behaviour is all," as the monkey said when he was dead drunk.

"Beauty is skin deep"—as the fish woman said ven she striped the eel.

"Oh fly not yet"—as the mullet said to the fish hawk.

"Hope I hav'nt hurt your feelings"—as the thistle said to the sick man.

"I can't hear him"—as the snail said ven the horse stepped on her.

"I'm not fond o' races"—as the terrapin said to a cripple at Ascot.

"Vat a troublesome world"—as the spider said when she mended her web after the lofer volked through it.

"They did in spite of my teeth"—as the jackass said ven they physicked him.

"I never heard the like"—as the cat said ven three of her kittens crowed.

"It's a family dinner"—as the hen said ven she swallowed a neat of ants.

"I'm chief mourner"—as the snake said ven they pulled his teeth and cut off his rattles.

"He can't run far"—as the tavern-keeper said ven he shot a bed-bug with a double-barrelled gun.

PUTNAM AND THE BRITISH OFFICER.

It is well known that in the time of the old French war much jealousy existed between the British and provincial officers. A British Major, deeming himself insulted by General (then captain) Putnam, sent him a challenge, Putnam instead of giving a direct answer requested the pleasure of a personal interview with the Major. He came to Putnam's tent and found him on a small keg, quietly smoking his pipe. He demanded what communication if any he had to make. "Why you know" said Putnam, "I'm but a poor miserable Yankee, that never fired a pistol in my life, and you must have an undue advantage over me.—Here are two powder kegs, I have bored a hole and inserted a slow match in each so, if you will just be so good as to seat yourself there, I will light the matches and he who dare set the longest without squirming shall be called the bravest fellow." The tent was full of officers and men, who were hugely tickled at the strange device of the 'old wolf,' compelled the officer by their laughter to squat. The signal was given and the matches lighted. Putnam continued smoking quite indifferently, without watching at all their progressive diminution; but the British officer, though a brave fellow, could not help casting longing, lingering looks downwards, and the terrors increased as the length of his match diminished. The spectators withdrew one by one to get out of the reach of the expected explosion. At length, when the fire was within an inch of the keg, the major unable to endure longer, jumped up; and drawing out his match, cried, Putnam, this is wilful murder! draw out your match—I yield." "the devil!" such a hurry; they're nothing but kegs of onions!" The major was suddenly missing, having sneaked off.

REMARKABLE FACTS.

"Christianity commenced its progress at Jerusalem. At the expiration of 40 days after the death of Christ, it numbered 120 followers, immediately after, 3,000, and soon after 5000 more; and in less than two years, great multitudes in Jerusalem and in Judea. Mahomed was three years occupied in making 14 converts, and those too of his own family; and proceeded so slowly at Mecca, where he had no established religion to contend with, that in his seventh year when he was compelled to flee to Medina, only 83 men and 18 women retired to Ethiopia. Within a century from the Ascension, Christianity, without any aid but that of preaching, pervaded not merely Syria and Lybia, Egypt and Arabia, Persia and Mesopotamia; not merely Asia Minor, Armenia and Parthia, but a large portion of Europe. Mahomed, on the contrary, had no considerable success, until he called in the sword to his aid; and when he ceased using to make proselytes, the progress of his religion stopped at once." Let infidels and sceptics consider these facts, what inducement each party held out to its proselyte, and also what means were resorted to by each, and then answer the following: To what cause shall we attribute this remarkable progress of Christianity?

Morning Star.

Arkansas Baggage—"Boy run up stairs to No— and bring down my baggage—hurry, I'm about moving," said a tall, Arkansas-meat-axe-looking person yesterday at one of our crack hotels.

"What is your baggage, massen, and what is he?"

"Why, three pistols, a pack of cards, a bowie-knife, and one shirt. You'll find them all under my pillow."

The best pills at present made and in use in the New England States are manufactured of "ris-and-injun" bread and molasses. They never have been known to injure any constitution.

Capital—The New York Sun says: The very sparkle of a gratified wife's eyes will go farther than a ton of anthracite—it warms the heart.

A SCENE IN COURT.

"I call upon you, said the counsellor, 'to state distinctly upon what authority you are prepared to swear to the mare's age.' Upon what authority?" said the other, interrogatively. "You are to reply, and not to repeat the question put to you." I don't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's time to turn it in his mind. "Nothing can be more simple, sir than the question put. I again, repeat it; Upon what authority do you swear to the animal's age?" "The best authority," responded the witness gruffly. "Then why such evasion? Why not state at once?" "Well then, if you must and will have it," rejoined the hostler, with imperturbable gravity, "why, then, I had it myself from the mare's own mouth." A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the court. The judge on the bench could with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.

"Bill, what's the meaning of Negro suffrage, I see in the papers for so much?" "Vy Jim, it's ven they're licked like blazes I spose, if that ain't suffrage, I dont know what is."

To Early.—How, said a father to a son the other day, 'is it that you are asleep yet, and it is two hours since sunrise?'—Well, answered the boy, 'How can I help it if the sun rises before day?'

THE LOVERS IN THE SEA.

A Thrilling Story.

An extraordinary story is told by Captain Wallace, of a lover and his mistress, who were saved in a singular manner from the jaws of a shark. A transport, with a part of a regiment on board, was sailing with a gentle breeze along the coast of Colony; one of the officers was leaning over the poop railing, conversing with a young lady who had inspired him with a tender passion. The lady was in the cabin in the act of handing a paper to her lover, when, overreaching herself she fell into the sea and supported by her clothes, drifted astern—the officer lost no time in plunging in after her, and upheld her with one arm. The sails were quickly backed, the ship lay to, and preparations were made to lower a boat, when to the dismay of all on board, a large shark appeared under the keel of the vessel, gliding towards his victims; a shout of terror from the agonized spectators called the attention of the officer to the approaching danger—he saw the monster's fearful length nearing him—he made a desperate effort, plunged and splashed the water so as to frighten the shark, who turned and dived out of his sight. The current had now carried the officer and the lady close to the vessel; then the shark appeared a second time alongside, and was in the act of turning on his back to seize one of the hapless pair when a private of the officer's company, who was standing in the hammock nettings jumped fearlessly overboard with a bayonet in his hand, which he plunged into the back of the shark, which instantly disappearing the three were released from their perilous situation.

An Irishman was recently convicted in some delinquency which compelled him to the payment of a fine of eight shillings or six hours residence in the stocks. Choosing the latter, a friend, passing by, asked him how he happened to come there! "Och sure," said Paddy, "and it's earning money I am." "Earning money! and how can that be?" inquired his compassionate countryman. "Why d'ye see, I've run up a score of eight shillings, and I am working it out at sixteen pence an hour."

Wellerisms.—"The day we celebrate," as the fat pig said to the cock turkey last Christmas.

"That's vat I calls a strong inducement to go round, as the man said yesterday ven he came to a mud puddle so deep he couldn't get over without swimming."