

# 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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## TERMS:

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## POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker for May.  
VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

A THIRD PSALM OF LIFE.

When the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the Voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight—

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms, grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
Dance upon the parlor's wall:

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife;  
By the road-side fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly—  
Spoke with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being beauteous  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in Heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine;

And she sits and gazes at me,  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars so still and saint-like  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died.

—From the Democratic Review, for May, 1839.

## SONNET—ANDREW JACKSON.

Come stand the nearest to my country's sire,  
Thou fearless man, of uncorrupted heart!  
Well worthy universal praise thou art,  
And 't will be thine when slumbers party ire.

Raised by the voice of freemen to a height  
Sublimar far than Kings by birth may claim,

Thy stern, unselfish spirit dared the right,  
And battled 'gainst the wrong; thy holiest aim

Was freedom in the largest sense, despite  
Misconstrued motives and unmeasured blame,

Above disguise; in purpose firm and pure;  
Just to opposers and to friends sincere;  
Thy worth shall with thy country's name endure,

And greater grow thy fame through every coming year.

"Great many ups and down in this world," as the pump handle said ven they had been usin' him.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### ANECDOTE OF TWO ARAB CHIEFS.

There dwelt upon the great river Euphrates, near the city of Basotra, two Arab tribes deadly hostile to each other. Their enmity was so proverbial and well known, that when one man spoke of the enmity of another towards a foe, he would say, he hates him as an Anizee hates a Menifee. It fell out that the Pacha of Bagdad, being apprehensive of the invasion of the Kurds from Kurdistan, sent out an order to the chief the Anizees to send him forthwith twenty thousand men and the order was obeyed. The Pacha, not placing the same reliance upon the promptness of the Menifee chief, resolved to lay a plan to take him by a stratagem, and then demand from him the aid of his tribe. He succeeded in obtaining the attendance of the chief, and he was brought into the presence of the Turk. "I have taken you prisoner," said the Pacha, "fearing that I might not otherwise have obtained the assistance of your tribe against the Kurds. If now you command that ten thousand of your men shall come to my assistance, your chains shall be struck off and you may return safe and uninjured to your tribe, but if you do not comply, your head shall roll at my feet." The chief looked the pacha sternly in the face, and replied: "Your slight knowledge of Arab character has led you into this error. Had you sent to me for ten thousand of my tribe, when I was free, I know not what answer I should have returned; but as it is, my reply cannot but be negative. If you order my head to roll at your feet, be it so; there are many more in my tribe equal to mine. Shed one drop of my blood and every drop will become its avenger. The Arab may be treated with when free, but when a prisoner, never."

The haughty Pacha looked upon him for a moment with surprise; then turning to his soldiers, he ordered them to sever his head from his body. The chief stood calm and collected, while the drawn sabre gleamed aloft in the air. At this moment the noise of a horse galloping in the paved court yard of the palace attracted the attention of the Pacha. At every bound he struck the fire from the stones, and seemed to be striving to outstrip the wind. In a moment the rider vaulted from his horse, and almost in the same breath stood in the presence of the pacha. It was the chief of the Anizees. "I am come," said he, "to strike off the chains from mine enemy. Had he been taken in open conflict, I should not have interposed; but as he has been taken by treachery, though mine enemy, yet will I be first to strike off his chains. There are twenty thousand lances under my command glancing yonder in your defence; but if you release not immediately mine enemy every one of them shall be directed against you as a foe." The pacha was forced to yield, and the two chiefs retired together. The chief of the Anizees conducted his brother chief, tho' his deadliest enemy, to his own tribe, and then said, "We are now again enemies; we have only acted as Arabs should act to each other: but you are now safe and with your own tribe, and our ancient hostility is renewed." With this they parted, and the chief of the Anizees returned to the defence of the Pacha. —From Mr. Buckingham's Lectures.

### CALM THOUGHT.

There is nothing which makes so great a difference between one man and another as the practice of calm and serious thinking. To those who have been unaccustomed to it there is required at first an effort, but it is entirely in their own power to repeat this effort if they will, and when they will. It becomes every day easier by perseverance and habit—and the habit so acquired exerts a material influence upon their condition as responsible and immortal beings. In that great process, therefore, in which consists the healthy condition of a man as a mortal being, there is a most important step of

which he must be conscious as an exercise of his own mind. You feel that you have here power however little you may attend the exercise of it. You can direct your thoughts to any subject you please, you can confine them to objects which are before you at the time, or occurrences which have passed during the day—or you can send them back to events which took place many years ago. You can direct them to persons whom you are in the habit of meeting from day to day, or to those who are separated from you by thousands of miles. You can place before you persons who lived and events which have occurred long before you came into existence, and you can anticipate and realize events which are not likely to occur until you have ceased to exist. Study this wonderful processes of your mind; observe what power you have over them, and what consequences of eternal importance must arise from exercising them aright. If you can think of any subject you please, why can you not think of God—of his power, his wisdom, his holiness, his justice—of his law which he has written in your heart, and in his revealed word? Why can you not think of, and realize the period when you shall lie down in the grave; and that tremendous moment when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live, and shall arise to judgement? Such truths as these, duly considered or thought of could not fail under divine influence, to exercise a powerful effect upon all our habits of thinking and acting in this life.

From the Metropolis.

### THE PIRATE OF THE ORONOKO.

It was at the close of a sultry day in July 1805, when a British packet, commanded by James Lowe, driven out of her course by southerly winds, made land near the mouth of the river Oronoko, a well known rendezvous for Spanish Buccaneers.

As the packet was beating along the coast, a sail was descried, which upon examination proved to be a brig running down for the mouth of the river.

Suspicion was immediately awakened that all was not right with her, and the determination was instantly formed by the gallant captain of the packet, who, by the way, was a native of Scotland, to ascertain her character and condition; he accordingly ran up the ensign of Old England, and the brig in answer, shows the stars and stripes of the Young Republic of the West.

It was a beautiful afternoon—the sea was unruddled, excepting by the gentle whisper of the breeze—and the shore, clothed in the rich mantle of a tropical summer, seemed fair and verdant as Eden; the scent of the orange and the wild flower came off upon the breeze, and the hoary mountain peaks of the interior, flashed back the last smiles of departing day—the man-of-war bird sailed heavily along the horizon, and the flamingoes, like an army of red coats, were seen marching in perfect order along the shell-strewn beach. As the packet drew near the brig, she squared away evidently with the design of running on shore. At this moment a gun was fired across her bow, and the chase hove to. Capt. Lowe now sprang to the gang way, and hailed the brig, and was informed by the captain who was on deck, that he was in the hands of a band of Spaniards, that his crew was below in irons; and then added he, in a low tone—"in God's name save us or we are lost!"

At this moment the captain was seized by the freebooters, and borne below. Captain Lowe glanced his eye along the deck of the chase, and discovered that the pirates were at least double his own crew, and well armed. He thought of the mail he was carrying, a trust of great responsibility, and was hesitating what course to adopt, when the packet glided by the stern of the brig. At this moment he perceived the heads and arms of two beautiful females, stretched out the cabin windows, and he heard the cry of "save us or we perish!" The bloody haunt of the pirates was nigh at hand—a

few miles beyond the wild vines and tall forest trees, that hung like bending giants over the silver stream of the Oronoko, towered the fort of the scourges of the ocean; and crime and death held dire communion there. Capt. Lowe ordered the drum to beat to quarters, the matches were lighted, the great guns pointed towards the brig, and the small arm men stood ready to obey his orders.

"Man the cutter," thundered the resolute commander. The cutter was manned by all his crew, excepting one man, and under the command of the Lieutenant, swung at the side of the packet.

"Board the chase," shouted the Captain, and away flew the cutter to execute the prompt commands of the leader. Captain Lowe and one assistant stood by the long guns—they having been brought to bear upon the brig's deck; with a stern voice he now ordered the brig to surrender. Panic struck by this bold and determined conduct, the brig was surrendered without a struggle, and the banner of England floated at her ensign peak. Upon reaching the deck of the prize, Capt. Lowe was met by the liberated crew and passengers, and almost overwhelmed with the thanks and tears of gratitude of those whom he had preserved from death; he turned away to conceal his emotion, and as he cast his eye towards the cabin hatchway, he perceived a beautiful girl of 18, dressed in a neat dress of spotless white, with her long raving tresses floating gracefully over her shoulders, bending down in the act of prayer, with her eyes turned up to the God of the innocent: awe struck, and charmed by her beauty, he waited until she came forward to thank her deliverer, and then, with a heart beating with emotions of pity and love, he accompanied the grateful passengers to the cabin.

The vessel proved to be the Brig Despatch of Portland, Maine, Captain Cleveland commanded, from Demarara, homeward bound, and the passengers were American, and bound to the leeward Islands with the exception of the young lady of 18, before mentioned, who proved to be a niece of the Captain, voyaging for her health. Captain Lowe, after spending a delightful evening, took the regular passengers on board of his vessel agreeable to their request, and refusing all pecuniary compensation from Capt. Cleveland, bade adieu to the rescued American and his lovely niece. After the American had sunk her topmasts behind the waves of the ocean, pirates were set adrift in the long boat, and were probably driven out to sea and lost.

Captain Lowe then pursued his course to Barbadoes, where he arrived in a few days. The rescued passengers and the noble commander then parted and in a few years, the whole story was forgotten in Barbadoes.

In 1808, the Earl Spencer, for such was the name of the Packet, was wrecked during a tornado, and Captain Lowe was left without a command. He then returned to England, and for some years was lost sight of.

In the year 1810, a vessel arrived at Norfolk, in Virginia, from London, with a number of passengers, and anchored near the town.

Among the passengers was a man of about 40 years of age, of commanding form yet with a cast of countenance which showed that melancholy had fixed her throne upon his brow as the passengers left the vessel he paced the deck in great anxiety, and when the last of the joyful throng had left the vessel's side he went up to the captain, and putting the amount of his passage money in his hand, directed him to set him ashore. This was immediately complied with and soon the melancholy man and his scanty baggage stood upon the deserted quay of Norfolk.

"Here I am at last!" said he to himself—"in a new and glorious country, a stranger in a strange land!"

"Halloo! shipmate," said a hoarse voice beside him, "you seem to have lost your reckoning; let me pilot you to a harbor."

The stranger returned and beheld the Captain of the Despatch stood before him. "Captain Lowe," said the grateful shipmaster.

"Capt. Cleveland," said the astonished Capt. Lowe, and they were locked in each others arms.

After a thousand eager questions and answers, Capt. Lowe accompanied Capt. Cleveland to his home.

A light gleamed from the casement as the two friends entered the flower yard that stretched out in front of the prettiest cottage in Norfolk, and as they ascended the door stoop, a beautiful woman, the perfect timage of the praying maiden of the Despatch, but apparently many years older, sprang upon Captain Cleveland's neck and kissed him but seeing the stranger, she blushed and retiring a step or two, "why George you should have told me you had a stranger with you?" "Told you," said the laughing Captain, smoothing his ruffled bosom, "why zounds you didn't give me a chance to breathe; but come Meg, here is one that you will rejoice to see; here is the saviour of myself and my dear Anne, Captain Lowe of the Earl Spencer. Mrs. Cleveland." At the mention of that ever cherished name, Mrs. Cleveland's countenance lit up with a smile of joyful gratitude and advancing to him, she seized his open hand, and with burning words, poured out the full torrent of her soul. "And now," said she "come in, for our homely tea is ready, and Anne will be so delighted to see you."

Soon the little trio were seated in the parlor, and while they were conversing about the deeds of other days, Anne bounded into the parlor, and exclaimed, with a burst of joy—"Uncle! dear uncle! Captain Lowe, of the Earl Spencer, has come, for I heard a passenger say so at the landing as I passed by. Do go and bring him home with you."

"He is here, Anne," said the delighted Captain Cleveland.

Anne turned with a countenance suffused with blushes, and exclaiming, "my generous preserver!" threw herself upon a couch completely senseless. When she recovered, she found her head resting upon the breast of the gallant sailor, and glancing her eyes around her, she whispered, "The Pirate's deck! oh, how plainly it passed before me, but now I know it was a dream; let us attend to the wants of our preserver," and raising to her feet with a majestic mien and a smile of argelic sweetness, she seated herself by the tea urn and performed the honors of her uncle's table to the satisfaction of all concerned. When the evening meal was finished, and the little company had seated themselves in the honey suckle arbor, Captain Lowe informed his patient listeners that he had met with great misfortunes, and had now come with the wreck of his wealth, to buy him a small plantation in Virginia, and settle in that noble State.

This resolution was highly approved of, and until such an arrangement could be made, Capt. Lowe became an inmate of the Cleveland family. Three weeks passed away, and at the commencement of the fourth, to the surprise of every one in Norfolk, the beautiful Anne Cleveland became the bride of the stranger Captain. How he plead, how she sighed, how he won, and how she blushed, I will not trust my pen to tell; but that the whole business was performed according to the usages of the sea service, I have no reason to doubt.

And now in the County of Northumberland, surrounded by a numerous family Capt. Lowe tills the soil of a poor farm, while in his neighborhood Capt. Cleveland, now a jolly fox hunter, resides in his hospitable hall, and arouses the country at the first blush of morning with his cheerful Tally ho, and the shrill bay of his spotted hounds.

Captain Lowe and his wife are now considered to be oracles of the village, and both have abundant cause to rejoice that they met on the deck of the prize of the Pirates of the Oronoko. J. E. D.