

# 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 III.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1839.

Number 11.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,  
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

## 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 Democratic Review.

### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Flag of my country! in thy folds  
Are wrapped the treasures of the heart;  
Where'er that waving sheet is fann'd,  
By breezes on the sea and land,  
It bids the life-blood start.

It is not that among those stars  
The fiery crest of Mars shine out;  
It is not that on battle plain,  
'Midst heaps of harness'd warriors slain,  
It flaps triumphant o'er the rout.

Short-lived the joys that conquest yields,  
Flushed victory bathed in tears;  
The burthen of that bloody fame  
Which shouting thousands loud proclaim,  
Sounds sad to widowed ears.

Thou hast a deeper stronger hold,  
Flag of my country! on my heart,  
But when o'er mustered hosts unfurled,  
Thou art a signal to the world,  
At which the nations start.

Thou art the symbol of the power  
Whose sheltering wings our homes sur-  
round;

Guarded by thee was childhood's morn,  
And where thy cheering folds are borne,  
Order and Peace are found.

Flag of my favored country hail!  
Blessings abound where thou dost float;  
Best robe for living Freedom's form,  
Fit pall to spread upon her tomb,  
Should Heaven to death devote.

Wave over us in thy gloy still,  
And be our guardian as now;  
Each wind of heaven kiss thy cheeks!  
And withered be the arm that seeks  
To bring that banner low.

*A sensible prayer.*—A backwoodsman about to encounter a bear in the forest, and distrusting his own strength a little, made the following sensible prayer:—

"Oh Lord! here's a going to be one of the greatest bear fights you ever did see! Oh Lord, help me—but if you can't help me, for God's sake don't help the bear!"

*Retort.*—A celebrated barrister one day examining a witness who foiled all his attempts at ridicule, by her ready and shrewd answers, at last exclaimed—"There is brass enough in your head, madam, to make a five-pail kettle." "And sap enough in yours, sir, to fill it," quickly retorted the untimidated witness:

*Elegant Extract.*—"What, sir, have my client did? Nothing, sir—nothing. But there stand the man what have did the mischief. Him it were, sir, that with all the ferocity of a bloodhound, seized a shingle, and pursued his victim."

*Wellerisms.*—"Don't rob yourself," as the farmer said to the lawyer ven he called him hard names.

"Terrible pressure in the money market," as the mouse said ven the keg of specie rolled over him.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Baltimore Literary Monument.

### GRIZEL COCHRANE.

A TALE OF TWEEDMOUTH MOOR.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpation was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor to the present earl of Dundonald. He was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion, and for ages a settled gloom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes in the cause of its chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops—long, deadly, and desperate was his resistance, but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried and condemned to die upon the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and the jailor waited but the arrival of his death warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and his friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing—one who was the pride of his eye, and of his house—even Grizel, the daughter of love. Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of his prison-house, he was mourning for a last look for his favorite child, and his head was pressed against the damp walls of his cell to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like strings of fire, when the door of the apartment turned slowly on its unwieldy hinges, and his keeper entered followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes dark, and fearless; but their very brightness spoke of sorrow too deep to be wept away; and her raven tresses were parted over an open brow, clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head, and they entered—

"My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaimed and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father! my father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short; very short," said the jailor, as he turned and left them for a few minutes together.

"God help and comfort thee, my daughter!" added the unhappy father, as he held her to his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow, I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, & that stung me more than death,—but thou art come, my love—thou art come!—and the last blessing of thy wretched father!"

"Nay! forbear!" she exclaimed, "not thy last blessing! not thy last!—My father shall not die!"

"Be calm! be calm, my child!" returned he, "would to heaven that I could comfort thee—my own! my own! But here is no hope—within three days, and thou and all my little ones will be—Fatherless—he would have said, but the words died on his tongue.

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand; "my father shall live!—Is not my grandfather the friend of father Petre, the confessor, and the master of the king—from him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."

"Nay! nay, my Grizel," returned he, "be not deceived; there is no hope; already my doom is sealed; already the king has signed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is now on the way."

"Yet my father shall not! shall not die!" she repeated, emphatically, and clasping her hands together.

"Heaven speed a daughter's purpose!" she exclaimed; and, turning to her father, said calmly—"we part now, but we shall meet again."

"What would my child?" inquired he eagerly, gazing anxiously on her face.

"Ask not now," she replied, "my father—ask not now; but pray for me, and bless me; but not with thy last blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailor entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a way-faring man, crossed the drawbridge at Berwick, from the north, and proceeding down Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of an hostelry on the south side of the street, nearly fronting where what was called the 'Mainguard' then stood.—He did not enter the inn; for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his headquarters a few years before, and where at some earlier period, James the Sixth had taken up his residence, when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin, fastened round his body by a leathern girdle, and over a small cloak, composed of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man; but his beaver was drawn down, so as almost to conceal his features. In the one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff. Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting for a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were settling in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this!" said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes he was upon the borders of the wide, desolate, and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of whins, fern and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle covered with thick brushwood. He slowly toiled over the deep hill, braving the storm which now raged in the wildest fury. The rain now fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward, until he proceeded two or three miles from Berwick, when, as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amid some crab and bramble bushes by the wayside. Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard hurriedly splashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle, the rider raised his head, and the traveller stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger, sternly.

The horseman, benumbed and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms but in a moment the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag which contained the mail for the north, and flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning, the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction around the moor; but no trace of the robbery could be obtained.

Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail which contained his death warrant had been robbed; and before another order for his execution could be given, the intercession of his father, the earl of Dundonald, with the king's confessor, might be successful. Grizel now became almost his constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of com-

fort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But even that hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful—and a second time the bigoted, and would be despotic monarch, signed the warrant for his death, and within a little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of heaven be done," groaned the captive.

"Amen!" returned Grizel, with wild vehemence; "but my father shall not die!"

Again the rider with the mail had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Cochrane. He spurred his horse to his utmost speed, he looked cautiously before, behind, and around him, and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghastly light across the heath, rendering desolation visible and giving a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into its very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and the horse reared more violently, and he was driven from the saddle. In a moment, the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said—"Give me thine arms, or die!"

The heart of the king's servant failed within him, and without venturing to reply he did as he was commanded.

"Now, go thy way," cried the robber sternly, "but leave with me thy horse, and leave with me the mail—lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The man therefore arose, and proceeded towards Berwick, trembling; and the robber mounting the horse which he left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail with his second death-warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold, and the tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For yet fourteen days the life of the prisoner would be again prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter and wept, and said—"It is good; the heaven is in this!"

"Said I not," replied the maiden, and for the first time she wept aloud—"that my father should not die."

The fourteen days were not yet past, when the prison door flew open, and the Earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had been at length successful; and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the king had sealed his pardon. He had hurried with his father from the prison to the house—his family were clinging around him shedding tears of joy—and they were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted; and the robber entered. He was habited as we have before described, with the coarse jerkin; but his bearing was above his condition. On entering, he touched his beaver, but remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them in the fire."

Sir John glanced on them, started and became pale—they were his death warrants.

"My deliverer," exclaimed he "how shall I thank thee; how repay the saviour of my life! My father, my children, thank him for me!"

The old earl grasped the hand of the stranger; the children embraced his knees; and he burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly inquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud; and raising his

beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell upon the coarse cloak.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father—"my own child! my saviour—my own Grizel!"

*The Latest case of Forgetfulness.*—The greatest piece of forgetfulness we have ever heard of, recently occurred on one of the Western canals. An emigrating Vermonter, with his wife, child, and other household plunder, was making his way out West, on board a canal boat. On arriving at the end of the canal, he moved his bed and bedding, chairs, tables and pans, on board some other conveyance, leaving his wife and child behind. He looked over every thing to see that all was right. Something was missing. He scratched his head, thought the matter over, but still could not make out what he had left. Back to the boat he went, and meeting the captain on the wharf, he inquired—

"I say you, captin, haint I left sumthin' aboard your boat?"

"Not that I know of; do you miss any thing?"

"Yes, I du. I miss sum of my things, but I'm darn'd if I can make out what they are."

"Have you looked over every thing?"

"Every bag and bundle—overhaul my duds twice—know there's sumthin' a missin' jest as easy as nothin', and here the other craft is about startin', and I've got to go off and leave it. It's too darn'd bad, I snam it is."

"Well, there's not a thing on board the boat to my knowledge, except your wife and child."

"Them's um—they are what I missed," said the Vermonter, jumping for joy. "Now who'd a thought it? Here I was, goin' off and leavin' the old woman and little Sally Ann behind! I s'pect I should a missed um afore I got tu my jarny's end, but I'll be condarned if I could make out what I left. 'Twould a been a good joke, wouldn't it, if I'd gone clean out to the far west, and forget them entirely."

So saying, the Vermonter "packed off" with his wife and Sally Ann rejoicing.—There are a good many men who would not mind about leaving such trifles as a wife and child behind, but this forgetful Vermonter was too honest.

A person who had drank too much the night before, was yesterday placed before recorder Baldwin, of the second municipality.

"You were drunk last night," said the recorder.

"You're right for once," said the prisoner.

"I shall send you for thirty days," said the recorder.

"Oh, don't," said the prisoner.

"I will," said the recorder.

"I'm a printer," said the prisoner.

"Are you?" said the recorder.

"I am so," said the prisoner—"we invited you, you know, to our anniversary dinner."

"So you did," said the recorder.

"How did you like that ham?" asked the prisoner.

"It was excellent," said the recorder.

"And the wine?" asked the prisoner.

"That was better yet," said the recorder.

"And the toast so complimentary to you?" asked the prisoner with a smile.

"That was better than all," said the recorder.

"I know who wrote that toast," said the prisoner.

"You may go," said the recorder.—N. Orleans Sus.

A son of Erin, while hunting for rabbits, came across a jackass in the woods, and shot him. "By my shoul and St. Patrick," he exclaimed, "I've killed the father of all the rabbits."

"This is a hard fortune," as the counterfeiter said ven he found himself cutting stone in the state prison.