

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.

EASY JOE BRUCE.

BY H. H. WELLS.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Joseph Bruce, or perhaps we should rather say Joe Bruce, as he was a noble, easy fellow, nobody thought of allowing him more than half his name, or of any thing else which belonged to him. "I see by the paper that Hawk & Harpey have assigned. I meant to have secured my debt yesterday." He left his coffee half drunk, stumbled over the threshold, and went almost at a run to the counting room of Hawk & Harpey. One half his speed on the day before would have saved his debt; as it was, he was just in season to put his name at the bottom of a dozen and a half prepared ones, to receive ten per cent. He went back to his unfinished breakfast with what appetite he might.

"Why did you neglect this so long, Mr. Bruce?" said his helpmate and comforter.

"I meant to have attended to it yesterday, my dear."

"You meant! That is always your way, Mr. Bruce. You carelessly neglect your business to the last moment, and then put yourself in a haste and heat for nothing, my dear."

"Really, Mrs. Bruce!"
And it was really Mrs. Bruce, for few of the feminine, and none of the masculine gender, could have kept pace with her. Certainly, Easy Joe could not. The clatter of a cotton mill would not have been a circumstance to the din she realised. Easy Joe pulled a cigar case out of his pocket—clapped his feet on the fender—and it almost seemed that the smoke rendered his ears impervious to the bleatings of that gentle lamb, his spouse, so placid was his countenance, as the vapor escaped in graceful volutes from his mouth. People overshoot the mark sometimes. Mrs. Bruce did. Had she spared her oration, the morning's loss would have induced her husband to have been punctual to his business, for one day at least. As it was he took the same pride in neglecting it under her lectures, that the Grand Nation took so long in refusing to pay the claims of our citizens.

"Breeze away, Mrs. Bruce!"
"Breeze away, Sir! Breeze away! I wish I could impart one tittle of my energy to you, Mr. Bruce; I—"

Bruce sprang to his feet, and crash came an elegant mantel clock down upon the hearth.

"There, Mr. Bruce! That clock has stood there three months without fastening;—a single screw would have saved it; but—"

"Well, I meant to—"

"You meant! Mr. Bruce—You meant won't pay the damage, nor Hawk & Harpey's! You meant, indeed!"
Bruce seized his hat and cloak. In a few minutes he was on 'Change. Nobody could read in his face any traces of the matrimonial breeze, and nobody would suspect from his countenance that Hawk & Harpey had failed in his debt. Easy Joe Bruce!

"Well, Mr. Bruce, they've routed him!"
"Who?"

"Our friend Check. Pingree was chosen President of the — Bank, this morning. One vote would have stopped him."

"How deceedly unlucky. I meant to have been present to vote for Check myself!"

"Never mind, Bruce," said another. "You are a lucky man. The news of the great fire in Speederville has reached town by express, and I congratulate you that you was fully insured."

"Insured! my policy expired last week. I meant to have got it renewed this morning."

Joe posted home in no happy humor. When an easy man is fairly up, he is the most uneasy and unreasonable man in creation.

"Mrs. Bruce, by staying at home to hear you scold, I have lost thousands. I meant to have got insured this morning—I did not; Speederville is burned down, and I am a beggar."

"Why did you not do it yesterday, Mr. Bruce?"

"I was thinking of Hawk & Harpey."

"Thinking! Why did you not secure yourself?"

"I meant to, but—"

"But—give me no buts."

"You are in excellent spirits, Mrs. Bruce."

"Never better."

"Vastly fine, madam. We are beggars, Mrs. Bruce—sat down, and clasped her feet on the fender, after her husband's manner in the morning."

"We are beggars, madam," Bruce repeated.

"Very good—I will take my guitar, and you shall shoulder the three children. We will play under Mr. Hawk's window first, then under Mr. Harpey's—and then go beg our way to Speederville, to play to the ashes of what was once your factory—which you meant to have insured. I should like begging of all things."

"You admirable woman! I shall go mad."

"Do not, I beseech you, Mr. Bruce! They put mad men in Bedlam."

Bruce sprang for the door. His wife interrupted him. "Here, Joseph, is a paper I meant to have shown you this morning."

"A policy, and dated yesterday?"

"Yes. You meant to get it renewed today. I meant it should be done yesterday, as I told your clerk, for you, to do it. Am I not an admirable woman?"

"When I said so, I was in a pet. I meant!"

"No more of that Joseph. Now tell me who is the first on Hawk & Harpey's assignment?"

"Your brother."

"His claim covers you both."

"You are an angel, Mrs. Bruce!"

Easy Joe became an altered man, and his wife was released from her watch over his out door business. She died some years before him—but we are half inclined to suspect, that after her death, Joe partially repented into his old habits, and that his habit is a second nature. Both were buried in the grave yard at Speederville, and our suspicions founded on something like the following conversation which took place between the grave digger and his assistant.

"Where are we to dig Mr. Bruce's grave?"

"I do not know exactly. His will says, next his wife."

"Where was she laid?"

"That I don't know. Easy Joe always said he meant to place an obelisk over her, but it never was done."

THE DEMOCRATIC CLOCK.

"Here she goes—there she goes."

The good old fashioned family clock, like radical democracy, pursues her steady onward course. The old federal aristocracy gaze upon her with glazed eyes, and in the bitterness of their souls, pointing to the bright pendulum as it vibrates, cry out—
"Here she goes—there she goes."

It is true the Federalists sometimes succeed in deranging her works, when they anxiously watch her motion; hoping and praying she may cease to move. But the democracy artist is not slow to discover the injury. In the twinkling of an eye he repairs the damages, and the good old democratic regulator pursues the even tenor of her way, and the astonished Federalists, disappointed, cry out—
"Here she goes—there she goes."

Now you see the whole federal clan busily engaged, calling in the aid of foreign influence to stop the democratic clock. The moneyed monster, mounted by "Old Nick," bribery, corruption, art, and deception, all resorted to, to turn the democratic clock from her perennial course; but she stems the power and influence of their black art, and moves steadily and handsomely on, spreading happiness all around, and warding off all the rocks and shoals of federal whiggery, while the poor souls looking at the pendulum in despair, exclaim—
"Here she goes—there she goes."

When the British commenced depredations on our commerce—impressed and brutally treated our seamen, and threatened us on all sides with destruction—when our country bled at every pore; it was then the Federalists made another bold rush at the old democratic family clock. They poured in red hot, round head, chain, grape, canister, and stand shot, into her works. She bore the siege, as she ever will, and pursued her independent course triumphantly, and the traitors gave up in despair, crying—
"Here she goes—there she goes."

The next attack made on the democratic clock, was by the Federalists' spiritual

guard. "O," said they, "she is the poorest, weakest, and most wretched piece of furniture in all creation. We can soon put her down and stop her eternal clicking."—At it they went with their spiritual weapons. Mighty indeed was the onset. Heaven and earth were almost rent asunder in the conflict. But they soon found the machinery of the democratic time keeper as tough as Old Hickory; and, exhausted in their unchristian warfare, they retreated to the tune of—
"Here she goes—there she goes."

Now hear the squeaking voice of that tall man, dark complexion, sunken eye, and fierce look. He has got the Quiney. Hear him blustering, threatening to stop the pendulum of all who prestmed to rejoice at the glorious movement of the old American democratic clock, over John Bull's inferior time pieces. He too was compelled to join the song of triumph—
"Here she goes—there she goes."

Now the Federalists desecrated the cradle of liberty by their ten per cent rebellion act. This was another of their contrivances to stop the old clock; but when the workmen were there, the rebels backed out, weeping and crying—
"Here she goes—there she goes."

Now they gather troops in the Keystone State, to demolish the democratic family clock. But they find her works impregnable, and the rebel Rhinoceros walk off the course with the "rogues march," pointing to the shining pendulum of the democratic clock, mournfully sighing—
"Here she goes—there she goes."

In Virginia, too, "Aye," said the Federalists, chuckling, "now we'll clap a stopper on that old wagging democratic machine. The Enquirer after truth is with us. Now we are a host. A pin too has slipped out of the old clock; Rives has deserted her.—Let us throw the old clicker into Davy Jones' locker." "Hold—hold—ye fell'destroyers," cries the independent Enquirer; "hands off! I am set for the defence, not the destruction of the democratic clock." And the Federalists and the conservatives of the Old Dominion, in despair, looked on the steady movements of the pendulum, and cried—
"Here she goes—there she goes."

Now there's a tremendous breeze raised, blowing from the old democratic whole federal tribe state, the old democratic clock in the rear. "What rejoicing! How sanguine of success!" "Now," said they, "we'll shiver the old time to atoms. Let us send messengers to the fountain of purity, the Boston Atlas, for tools—tools, necessary to accomplish so desirable an object." Now all is ready—the war commences—the battle rages. The Democrats mount their fury couriers, apply the "whip and spur, and drive the whole federal army up Salt River, where they are doomed to remain forever, singing—
"Here she goes—there she goes."

Ah, poor Federalists, there is no reprieve. You have wasted your strength in folly. You may continue to war as long as you will; but you cannot harm the old democratic clock. She speaks truth, and the lovers of truth will defend her. She is the personification of democracy, which is truth; and the truth will prevail against the assaults of the combined forces of traitors, rebels, mobites and deceivers. Look—
"Here she goes—there she goes."

And will keep going till every vestige of federal whiggery is driven from the land of freedom.

HOW TO GET UP A BANK.

The Bank Commissioners appointed by the Legislature of Michigan, in their late report tell a curious story of the manner in which the Bank of Oakland was established. It appears that one W. S. Stevens, the principal owner of the concern, borrowed \$5,000 in specie of a neighboring bank and sent it to Oakland institution to be duly credited by the Cashier as capital stock paid in. He then immediately drew it out on his own account and afterwards sent a hired man with it to be credited a second time as paid capital. This maneuver he again repeated—thus enabling the cashier to swear that fifteen thousand dollars in specie had been paid in, and consequently, to set the bank in operation. This accomplished, the \$5,000 was restored to its original owner.

The above statement which is going the rounds of the newspapers, explains one of the most approved methods of getting up a bank or shaving institution, according to the latest refinement on the great credit system. It explains the process whereby an individual without a cent, or a knot of such individuals clubbing their wits as a joint stock can make it appear that they have thousands at their disposal, and how upon that appearance, they may obtain and appropriate thousands belonging to other people. This statement explains the grand principle which lies at the root of the mat-

ter. There may be variations in the mode of working it, but it is upon the foundation that the patent exploding torpedo humbugs of the time are constructed. The promises of stockholders to pay stand for cash—the capital of the concern is ink and paper—its issues are lamplblack and paper, backed perhaps, by the money beguiled from unwary depositors, and by the very small sums actually paid for stock, the officers, directors, stockholders members of the legislature who granted the charter or are wanted for future use launch out in speculation in purchase of fine houses, and in extravagant living in all its varieties—the nabobs of an hour. The frog swells almost to the dimensions of an ox, until it so happens that depositors want their money again, or some other demand is made which cannot be answered by lamplblack and paper, and then—well, what then! Why, the immense fabric crumbles at a touch—displace a single pin and the whole establishment collapses with a sighing puff which explains its windy nature. The sinners escape, because they are parcel of our dearly beloved great credit and limited liability system—the losers weep—the public fame—the matter is forgotten, and we soon wipe our eyes and submit to be gulled again just as we were gulled before. Would you check enterprise & put stumbling blocks in the royal road to wealth, without labor—would you be so unfashionable as to patronize industry and toil—would you ask people to be content with slow gains and sure in a world where one's wits form capital, and brass is the best circulating medium—Ridiculous!—Why, upon the great system explained above, two boys locked up in an empty room made a shilling a piece by swapping jackets, and as they were leeds of enterprise, it is supposed that even without clothes, they could have made sixpence out of one another by hypotheication and stock notes, each "shaver standing in the attitude of an institution." Their fathers can begin with nothing and surely their boys may work similar miracles upon a scale adapted to their capabilities.—Penn.

Early Commerce of America.—Interesting Facts.—The first decked vessel ever built within the limits of the old United States, was the "Hudson," on the banks of the Hudson, by Adrian Block, in 1614. She was called a yacht, and her first voyage was made through a Hell Gate, into the Sound, and as far East as Cape Cod, by the Vineyard Passage. It was in that Block Island was discovered. Within the first 49 years after the settlement of Massachusetts, there were built in Boston and its vicinity, 730 vessels varying from 6 to 250 tons burthen. One of these the Blessing of the Bay, a bark of 30 tons, was built in 1631. The celebrated English Patriot and divine, Hoge Peters, caused a vessel of 300 tons to be constructed at Salem, in 1641. The first Schooner launched is said to have been built at Cape Ann, in 1714. In 1714, Connecticut had but two brigs, 20 sloops and a few smaller craft, employing but 120 seamen; while Massachusetts, about the same time had 462 vessels, the tonnage of which was 25,406, and employed 2493 seamen. The first ensign ever shown by a regular man of war, was hoisted on board the frigate Alfred, in the Delaware by the hands of Paul Jones, in the latter part of December, 1775. What this ensign was is not precisely known, as the present national colors were not formally adopted until 1777. The first regular American cruiser that went to sea was the Lexington, a little brig of 14 guns commanded by Captain John Barry of Philadelphia. She sailed sometime in the winter of 1775. The first American man-of-war that got to sea after the adoption of our present form of Government was originally an Indianman, but was purchased by the government and converted into a cruiser, having an armament of 24 guns. She sailed in May, 1793 under command of Captain Richard Dale, who was first Lieutenant of the Bon Homme Richard, when the ship captured the Serapis. The Constellation was the first of new built vessels that went to sea, under captain Truxton. She sailed in June 1793, and was followed by the United States, and a little later by the Constitution, both these latter sailing in July the same year. The first prize under our present naval organization was the French privateer La Croyable. She was a schooner of 14 guns, and was captured by the sloop of war, Delaware, Captain Decatur. The above historical facts we have gleaned from Mr. Cooper's excellent Naval History of the United States.—Bos. Post.

The town clerk in a certain town, where the custom is, having published the bans of matrimony between the two persons, was very aptly followed by the clergyman reading the hymn, commencing, "Mistaken souls, who dream of heaven."

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

MONDAY, June 24.

Mr. HEGINS from the committee to whom was referred the petition of contractors on the North and West branches of the Pennsylvania canal, preferring certain charges against the board of canal commissioners, their superintendents and engineers.

REPORT.

That they, soon after their appointment gave notice to the petitioners, as well as to the canal commissioners, that they were ready to proceed with the investigation, and to hear such testimony as might be offered in proof, or disproof of the charges contained in the petition. The petitioners as well as the canal commissioners, attended several primary meetings of the committee. After the committee had commenced the examination of witnesses, the petitioners addressed a communication to the committee, declining to appear before them or to offer any testimony in support of the charges which they had preferred in their petition.

The committee deeming the charges of so grave and serious a character that, if true, they imperiously called upon the legislature to correct the abuse and relieve oppression complained of, and that justice to the public officers, against whom such serious accusations had been made, as well as to the petitioners, demanded that the truth or falsity should be clearly established, resolved to proceed with the investigation, in order that the house might be properly informed upon the subject, and be enabled to act understandingly upon it. This course was earnestly requested by the canal commissioners that they might be afforded an opportunity of vindicating themselves and their officers from the grave charges which had been made against them, affecting their character as public officers, as well as calling in question their moral integrity, and that the petitioners might also have a full and fair opportunity of substantiating their charges if true.

The committee accordingly proceeded in the investigation, and devoted to it as much time and attention as their other official duties would permit.

Fifteen of the petitioners appeared in obedience to subpoena, and were examined, and their testimony taken, and were also subpoenaed and examined.

The committee also examined the witnesses, who attended and cross examined the witnesses. A full and fair opportunity was afforded the petitioners, and to all interested, to adduce evidence in proof or disproof of the charges. The committee did not bring the investigation to a close until the end of last week, and from the voluminous nature of the evidence taken, and the short time necessarily allowed them for its examination, the session of the legislature being near its close, they are prevented from presenting a minute and detailed report, but will merely offer a few brief remarks upon the charges, and the evidence adduced in support of them.

The first charge contained in the petition is, that "since the present board of canal commissioners have come into office, their engineers have refused for a veracious length of time, to stake out work, and on many sections still refuse."

It appears from the testimony, that the principal engineers upon the North and West branches, repaired to their respective posts as soon as practicable, after they had been informed of their appointment and immediately upon their arrival, formed their corps of assistant engineers and subordinates and proceeded without delay to perform the duties enjoined upon them by a resolution of the board of canal commissioners, of the 16th of March, 1839. This resolution embraces a variety of subjects in relation to the state of the work, completed or in progress, to be enquired into by the superintendents and engineers, and reported to the board, and required their whole time and attention for several weeks after they arrived on their respective divisions. Mr. Foster, the principal engineer upon the North and West branch, did not receive the notification of his appointment until the 21st of March, on account of the failure of the mails, and was at the time in the state of Kentucky. He hastened with all possible despatch to his division, immediately after he received the notice, and arrived at Towanda on the 5th of April, and was industriously and unremittingly engaged, together with his corps, in the discharge of his official duties. No evidence was given to sustain this charge in the petition, but on the contrary, a number of contractors proved that the engineers always expressed a willingness to stake out work, but in some instances were prevented from doing so immediately by the multiplicity of their official engagements, and the great amount of labor which they were required to perform. Some time naturally and necessarily elapsed between the departure of the engineers and