

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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POETRY.

THE NEEDLE.

BY WOODWORTH.

The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling
In waltz or cotillion—at whist or quadrille
And seek admiration by vauntingly telling
Of drawing and painting and musical skill,
But give me the fair one, in country or city,
Whose home and its duties are dear to the heart;

Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,
While plying the needle with exquisite art—
The bright little—the swift little needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.

Love has a potent, a magical token,
A talisman ever resistless and true—
Charm that is never evaded or broken,
A witchery certain the heart to subdue—
Is this, and his armory never has furnished
So keen and unerring, or polished a dew,
Let beauty direct it, so pointed & burnish'd,
And Oh! it is certain of touching the heart.

Be wise, then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration,
By dressing for conquest and flirting with all;
You never, what'er be your fortune or station,
Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,
As gaily convened at the work covered table,
Each cheerfully active and playing her part,
Regulating her time with a song or a fable,
And plying the needle with exquisite art.

Temper.—"I don't know where that boy got his temper, he did not take it from me."—"Why no, my dear, I don't perceive that you have lost any," was the affectionate reply of the *sposa*.

"I wonder this child don't go asleep," an anxious mother to a female friend. "Oh, I don't, its face is so dirty that it is eyes."

There is a gentleman in Vermont who feeds steel pens from the filings, and gathers them.

"Your dress, madam, is the green," said a gentleman thoughtfully to a lady. "And your face is moribund, sir," was the reply.

"I can tell you how to save that ere hoss," said a darkey to a man in West-street, who was looking very earnestly at the skeleton of a horse attached to a vehicle heavily loaded with oysters. "Will you, say on." "Why, just slip him away when the crows are at roost."

Money Wanted.—"Hallo, friend, are you asleep?" "Why, what do you want?" "I want to borrow some money." "Yes, I am fast asleep."

"How the duce do dunkies live here?" said a man to a friend in South America. "I see no grass." "We put green spectacles on them, and feed them on fine shavings."

The rich and the poor are about equally ill off. The one can seldom find a dinner for an appetite, and the other still more seldom find an appetite for a dinner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the London Court Gazette.

AN ADVENTURE OF CHARLES II.

There is not in the British Isles a fairer valley than the Vale of Dolgelly, nor one that combines sweetness and magnificence in such perfect and varied beauty. Its green banks slope verdantly to the river side, fringed with trees and watered by sparkling streamlets; higher up, Cader Idris and a chain of lesser mountains point their grey summits, bold and bare, to the sky. Snowden peeps through many a vista—and half-way down in the valley there is a beautiful meeting of the waters of two clear rivers, that uniting into a lake-like stream, glide smoothly onward to the Irish Sea. Thick woods, noble country seats, and smiling cottages, sheltered and shadowed by many a sunny hill, blend their beauty with the dark rock, and scathed pine, and the healthy mountain side, while the ever changing light and shadow, the varied colors, and the light haze resting on the park, or floating dreamily in the very centre of the valley, present a picture which few who have gazed upon will forget, or scruple to affirm with us, that among the hundred valleys of our happy Isles there is not a nobler or a fairer one than the Vale of Dolgelly. And when the royal eye of her who rules them glances over our pages, she will not fail to remember the sweet summer's evenings when, straying by the romantic shores of Beaumaris, she has seen the dusky cloud-like peak of Snowdon, as it rose far in the distance, over the quiet waters of the bay. And long on those shores will she be remembered—the village maiden that dropped a curtsy, and gray-haired man that made his humble reverence to the lovely girl, the future Queen of England; and whose simple hearts were gladdened by her smile, often point out the spots she visited, the mossy stone she sat upon and the scenery with which she was pleased and familiar, when far from the splendor of courts, she dwelt among the quiet glades of their mountain land.

Such indeed is the Vale of Dolgelly, when the clouds gather on its waters, and brightening the verdure of its banks, but when the storm sweeps from the hills, and to the darkness of night is added the gloomy shadow of the mountain—when every stream becomes a torrent, and mingles its roar with the howls of the blast; when the vapory clouds hang in blackness, and shroud not only the stars, but the twinkling cottage light, there are few places which create such feelings of dreariness and desolation.

It was even in such a night that a single horseman urged his strong back steed along the rough pathway that formed the mountain pass—now clattering upon the smooth worn rock—now snorting and plunging up to the saddle girth in the splashing stream; and again, aided and urged by hand and spur toiling up the rugged bank, and then bounding forward with unabated vigor over the broken heath in the direction of the more level country that stretched to the plains of Shropshire.

"What ho! sir stranger!" cried a deep-toned voice, as the stout steed extricated himself by a violent effort from a swamp, was again moving forward.

"What ho! stranger, whither so fast?" repeated the voice, as three men, well mounted issued from the shadow of some scattered trees, and joined the traveller, who at the second challenge reigned up his steed, and laid his hand upon his holster.

"Who be ye that enquire?" he demanded, "I have small time or pleasure to answer such greetings that bode me hindrance."

The party who addressed him gave a loud laugh. "By Beckett's bones, fair sir ye speak as though it were a matter of thine own choice to answer us or not."

"Ay, marry, and so it is. Nay, friend, drille not my bridle," said the horseman, as a pistol from his saddle.

"and ye hold!" cried the other speaker, kets as these, trifle not with such trinkets as these, but up thy pistol and thou shalt know thy own wits."

"Nay, by heaven, that I knew my count were more fitting my weapons. Trust I have a right good will to use them, were it but to repay thee for thy sauciness."

"By my faith I doubt it not, for thou seemest a cock of game. But thou art in better company than thou couldst have bargained for. Here at my side rides the worthy and worshipful Obadiah Strode, in Faith captain of certain pious Dragoons in the service of the State, and to his left is the devout Zacharias Trust-in-good Works, an officer in the same troop, marvellous and edifying disputants, as thou mayst have an opportunity of hearing. For myself I am known by the carnal name of Richard Scampgrace, and am also an officer in the

army of the Parliament. Now who or what art thou, in the devil's name?"

"A soldier of fortune and an adherent to the king."

"A long haired Cavalier—be it so, and whither art thou bound?"

"To the castle of Sir David Tudor."

"That thou canst not reach to-night; you have many a long mile to ride, and your steed pants and moves but dully. What say ye to passing the night at yonder hostelry where ye see the light?"

The other paused ere he replied; and as he hesitated one of his companions wheeled from the left, a movement that passed not unobserved by the cavalier, and with somewhat sorry grace, he declared his willingness to visit the hostelry.

It was a long low building, strongly formed of rough undressed stones. Its porch had loopholes for musketry—its windows were protected by strong bars of iron—an angry streamlet gushing over loose and broken stones, which it had torn from the mountain above, formed a deep moat round the building, and to add to its martial character, the party had no sooner crossed a rustic bridge than they were challenged by a guard of soldiers. The cavalier at this could not conceal his uneasiness.

"By our lady! comrades of mine," said he, "ye have brought me into a tortoise instead of a hostelry."

"It is in truth somewhat of both, and as occasion requires, serves for either; but that little recketh, thou shalt find good entertainment, and thy steed shall be cared for."

It was now too late to retreat, and the cavalier dismounting, and giving his horse to the groom, entered the building followed by his companions. A large fire was blazing on the hearth, huge waxen tapers stood upon the board, and the drowsy soldiers that occupied the benches glanced listlessly at the cavalier. The light showed him to be a young man of middle age, but strongly and gracefully built; his features were plain, but animated by a keen and bright eye that told of the gallant recklessness of the royal adherent, and his long raven hair, sparkling with night dew as it

brushed over his forehead, gave a grace and beauty to his whole appearance. He had no sooner seated himself than Scampgrace again addressed him, "Sir Cavalier, you must even give up your papers and arms, but when Major Holdenburgh returns and is satisfied with thee and thine errand, in the morning thou mayest depart without further question."

"By St. George of England!" said the cavalier, starting to his feet, "this is but hither and now—"

"Small words will suffice," replied the other. "We have orders to guard the mountain passes, and to arrest all suspicious persons. So give up the papers and weapons at once, and save us the trouble of taking them by rougher means."

The eyes of the cavalier flashed with anger at the cool determined manner of the roundhead, and he seemed determined forcibly to effect his retreat; but a moment's reflection showed him the madness of such an attempt, and unbuckling his belt, he flung his sword on the table, threw down his pistols, and declared he had no papers to submit, gloomily resumed his seat.

There was something in the air of the youth that repelled closer communication with his captors, and made them reluctant, they knew not why, to come to extremities; they forebore, therefore, to search or lay hands on him, but in a more respectful tone, invited him to partake of the cheer which had just been laid on the board. The cavalier willingly complied; and while the soldiers were thus engaged, he took the opportunity of glancing carefully around the room, to examine the features of his entertainer. These, however, presented no peculiar marks, beyond the usual dulness and gravity which characterized Cromwell's troops; and he was giving up the scrutiny satisfied with the result, when his eyes were arrested by the piercing glance of a soldier who, wrapped in his cloak, and seated at a distant corner, had, unobserved, been regarding him for sometime with fixed attention. Just at that instant the door opened, and a beautiful girl entered with a fresh supply of wine. The soldier quickly removed his eyes from the cavalier and looked eagerly towards the maiden as she approached the table.

"Ah!" cried Scampgrace, "here comes the daughter of our host, fair Ellen Wynne, and I warrant for no other object but to see the young cavalier; for well, I wot, Ellen, thou comest but rarely amongst us."

She blushed at the words, and the cavalier dashing his heavy locks from his brow, gazed with admiration on the maiden before him. Long tresses of auburn fell in silken luxuriance over her tight bodice—her hazel eyes brightened with her smile, the lurking sweetness of which played a-

round her lips, that parting showed teeth of pearly whiteness—her light and graceful figure—the fawn like timidity of her approach, and the look of interest which she gave the young stranger, might have aroused the attention of a more apothetic gallant than he.

"By mine honor, comrade," cried he, "you spoke well in saying that the daughter of our host was fair. Wilt thou pledge me, pretty maiden!—for on a soldier's word, I have never had such a cup-bearer before."

The maiden touched the goblet with her lips, and the youth, raising it in his hand exclaimed, "I drink, to thee, fair Ellen, and good, leal, and true may he be who kneels at the altar with such a bride." Then, draining the cup, threw it down. "Thou wilt not refuse a knightly boon nor courtesy," added he, rising from his seat and drawing a sparkling ring from his finger, which he placed on that of the blushing girl—and then, with the customary gallantry of the times, drew her towards him and kissed her cheek. But he had whispered something in Ellen's ear that drove the blood from her face, and she stood petrified. Her eyes glanced wildly round the room, until it met the keen look of the dark soldier in the corner; the blood again rushed over her cheek and brow, and she hastily glided from the apartment.

The din of revelry was over in the hostelry—the soldiers slumbered on the benches—and the prisoner sat alone in the narrow chamber in which his humble pallet had been spread. The dull tread of the guard, the howl of the blast, and the roar of the mountain torrent fell cheerless on his ear, the sickly flame of the lamp seemed like the warning hope, and the loneliness of the hour added melancholy to his musings.

"Fool that I was," he exclaimed, "to have left the open heath for this paltry prison house, where I am at the mercy of my deadliest enemies. Would to God I had my good steed once more under me, and the sword in my grasp, these prickered dogs would hardly again wile me into their lure. Fool! fool! that I was," he repeated, as chafing like a prisoned tiger, he hurriedly heard approaching—the cavalier suddenly paused—immediately the door of his apartment was cautiously opened, and Ellen Wynne, pale and agitated, and bearing a small lamp, glided noiselessly to his side. Her long hair hung dishevelled over her heaving bosom, her eyes were glistened with tears and her hand trembled as she placed the lamp upon the hearth.

"My fair Ellen," cried the cavalier, a flash of joy brightening his features, "I knew thou wouldst not betray me."

"Betray thee," cried the maiden, clasping her hands, "never, never! but alas, to aid thee exceeds my power."

"Say not so," replied the cavalier, "the eyes my pretty Ellen, that can break hearts, can also undo iron bars. Is there no soldier of the guard that calls himself the lover of Ellen Wynne?"

The maiden blushed at the question, but answered without hesitation—"There is even such an one, but him I dare not trust; and yet," continued she in a musing tone, "there was a time when right blithely I would have trusted Ralph Lloyd, but he is altered now. He foisted the banners of Sir David Tudor to join the army of Cromwell; and if he knew the rank of his prisoner the reward they have put upon your head would tempt him to betray you."

"And wherefore did he change his party, and why may he not be trusted? Do'st still love the soldier, Ellen?"

"Love him! no, no! I never loved Ralph Lloyd; but there is one who would not betray thee," cried the lady with enthusiasm—"one who would die sooner."

"And who, or where is he?" said the Cavalier, smiling.

"Alas! said Ellen, in a tone of despondency, "he is far from here, and it would go hard with him if he fell into the hands of the troops of Cromwell. But I have sent a messenger to him, and were you once beyond these walls, you would find Edgar Vaughan and a true and trusty escort."

"I shall have small need of his services if I escape not ere Major Holdenburgh arrives, to whom I cannot be unknown.—S'death, Ellen, couldst thou but procure me a brand, I would even—"

Here a suppressed scream from the maiden caused the Cavalier to pause, and turning to the door, he perceived the dark look of the soldier, who at supper had so closely watched him, fixed scowling and steadily upon the maiden and himself. At that instant the sound of advancing horsemen were heard.

"They come! they come!" cried Ellen in terror, grasping with both hands the arm of the Cavalier. Then turning to the soldier—"Ralph, Ralph!" she cried in an imploring tone, "Would you betray your King?"

"Ha!" cried the soldier in a voice of exultation, "it is even as I thought." But as he spoke, the royal prisoner sprung suddenly upon him, wrested his dagger from his hand, and held it gleaming before his eyes, exclaiming, "One word, miscreant and thou diest."

"The King! the King!" shouted the struggling soldier, extricating his arm, and drawing a pistol from his belt; but his active antagonist on the instant stuck his dagger in his throat and hurled him down the narrow staircase.

"The King! King!" echoed again and the horseman without, as the flashing of arms was followed by the ring of a peal of musketry; and ere its single left the ear, a loud voice was heard to cry, "Surrender to the soldiers of King Charles!"

"'Tis he!" cried Ellen, starting up with a sudden animation from the drooping into which she had shrunk with terror, "'as Edgar!"

"Surrender, dogs of Cromwell!" shouted the same voice, as the pike butts of the horsemen thundered at the door.

It was soon burst open. Startled, weakened and dispirited, the assailed offered but feeble resistance, and yielded themselves prisoners to the adherents of the king. But they sought not thus to profit by the surrender. Rushing in, Edgar Vaughan caught Ellen in his arms; then recognizing the king, duffing his bonnet and bending his knee, he exclaimed, "Mount, mount, my liege! the passages are beset, and the beacons are burning on the hills of Shropshire and Montgomery."

It was no time for parley. A stout steed was ready at the door, and young Edgar, hurriedly whispering to Ellen, once more embraced her, and then led the way for his royal master.

"Good betide thee, fair Ellen," cried the king, "and God speed the day that brings me power to requite thy kindness." Then springing to the saddle, the horses' hoofs of the little party clattered for an instant on the rocky pathway, and then died away on the distant heath.

Ten summers had smiled on the mountain valley of Merioneth, and where had spital hall. It has long since passed away, and there remains not even a ruin to tell where it stood; but its founder and his fair flame are not forgotten, and many a proud family can boast decent from Sir Edward Vaughan and Ellen Wynne.

A Tough Mosquito Story.—A correspondent of some Western paper writes a tough yarn about a man on Grand River, who, being annoyed all but to death by mosquitoes, crawled under an inverted potash kettle to get out of the way of the tormentors. His first emotions of joy for his happy deliverance, and secure asylum, were hardly over, when the mosquitoes having scented him, commenced drilling away at the top of the kettle, and the first thing he knew, several bills were presented him which he determined to have protested at once. Having a hammer in his pocket, he clinched them down as fast they came through, until at last such a host of them were fastened to the poor man's domicile that they rose and flew away with it, leaving him shelterless. We hate to leave a man in a bad fix, but we came off after he had lost his shelter.

Mourning.—I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried, "My brother!—oh! my brother!" A sage passed that way and said, "For whom dost thou mourn?" "One," replied he whom I did not sufficiently love while living; but whose inestimable worth I now feel." What wouldst thou do if he were restored to thee? The mourner replied that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace. "Then waste not thy time in useless grief," said the sage; "but if thou hast friends go and cherish the living, remembering that they will, one day, be dead also."

"These are the sweets of matrimony," as the man said when his wife threw the sugar bowl at his head.

"And these are the bitters," as the woman said when her husband threw a rum jug at her head.

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court, that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

There are 22 counties, 87 post towns, 1 city, and 1 borough in the United States, bearing the name of Washington.