

# 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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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.

When Gaily on Life's Tranquil Sea.

When gaily on life's tranquil sea,  
Hope casts its beams, that seem all truth,  
And swept along by breezes free,  
Securely glides the bark of youth,  
No storms hang in the cloudless sky,  
The sun-bathed shores are lin'd with flowers,  
On pleasure's wings the moments fly,  
Years seem but days, and days but hours.

The changling who, the shallop steers,  
Surveys the scene with wond'ring eye,  
Nor dreams that with advancing years,  
Hope's rays will fade—the flow'rets die;  
E'en as he gazes, round him swell  
The wind-tost waves, in rude commotion:  
Time breaks at last the magic spell,  
That ting'd with joy life's stormy ocean.

On every side the scene is drear—  
Gone all that made life seem so fair—  
No "green spots" on the waste appear,  
To steal its triumph from despair;  
But one dim star that is not seen,  
Till every other has departed,  
When on the waves it beams serene,  
And others anew the broken hearted.

That star is love! It brighter grows,  
As boyhood's shores recede from view,  
Unchang'd by Time, undimm'd by woes,  
Than life more dear—than hope more true  
Then grieve not for the morning sky,  
The sun-bath'd shores and fragile flowers,  
Suns disappear and flow'rets die—  
Love brighter grows as speed the hours.

The secret of Dante's struggle through life was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the Prince of Verona, who asked how he could account for the fact, that in the household of princes, the court fool was in greater favor than the philosopher.—"Similarity of minds," said the fierce genius, "is all over the world a test of friendship."

"Let me alone you ugly wretch!" cried a pretty young girl, the other evening, to a fop who was close to her side.  
"Who touched you?" said he.  
"Well, if you hav'nt done it yst, you're going to," said she.

Dr. Johnson most beautifully remarks, that "when a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments which before glided off our minds without impression, thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish for his return; not so much that we may receive, as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood."

The printer of an eastern paper says that many of his patrons would make good wheel horses, they hold back so well.

Suspicion.—When a man misses any thing, his first idea is, that somebody has stolen it; and though he ascertains, ninety-nine times in a hundred, that the loss is from his own carelessness, still, when the hundredth time comes he will lay it to a thief.

## AN INCIDENT.

On a cold winter's day, as I was passing over a bridge that leads from the city to one of the adjacent towns, I stopped a moment to observe the motion of the ice which was moving in large masses, rapidly down the stream. I was delighted with the prospect before me, but as I turned to go, my attention was attracted by the cry of distress, which seemed to proceed from some one on the river. I looked anxiously, and saw a small boat hemmed in between the cakes of ice, and passing with rapidity down the current! A person in the boat, was standing up, and calling aloud for assistance. A crowd was soon collected around me, attracted by the cries of the stranger, who was evidently in the most imminent danger.—The spectators of the scene expressed great sympathy for the sufferer, but not one of them made the smallest effort to relieve him.

"It is a pity," said one, "that the man should be lost!"

"Yes," said another, "it is too bad, but I do not see that any thing can be done to save him!"

"Do you think he will fetch up on one of the islands in the harbor?" asked a third.

"Somebody ought to save him," said a cautious old gentleman, "but really, this is a very delicate affair, and we must not do any thing rashly."

"I wonder if the man has a family; what a loss it will be to them if he gets drowned," said a miserly looking man; "I really can't help pitying him."

"I hope he will land somewhere in safety," said a person, whom I recognised as a candidate for the Legislature; "I wonder which way the wind blows."

"What time does the tide turn?" asked a young man who was looking at a gold watch he held in his hand.

"We must be careful," said a person with a statesman like air, "in endeavoring to save the man, not to hasten his destruction. If in trying to save him, we should hasten his death we shall be held accountable, according to the Constitution and the laws of the land."

"I was just going to observe," said a young gentleman with green glasses, "that many serious mistakes are made through ignorance of the law."

Some contended that even if the man were brought to land, he had been so long on the water, it would be impossible to restore him. Others insisted strongly, that it was an "ordination of Providence" that he should be lost, consequently, all efforts to save him must be useless.

"Why don't some one go & save him," said half a dozen voices at once. A middle aged, respectable looking person, who was crossing the bridge at this time, stopped his carriage and alighted to inquire into the occasion of the crowd. On being told that a man was in great danger of being drowned, he remarked "that it was a very serious affair; that the man ought to be rescued, but there were difficulties in the way which could not be easily overcome."

He also observed, "that we were probably liable to be indicted at common law, for presuming to discuss the subject." On hearing this, several prudent persons took to their heels and were soon out of sight. At this juncture we were interrupted by a couple of sailors, who rushed quickly past us, sprang aboard of a sloop which was lying near; and began to lower the boat from her stern. "Come here," cried the sailors, "what are you all standing there for! Take hold, and help us to get the boat into water." Several sprang on board, now that some means were found to take the lead, and assisted in lowering the boat. As soon as the boat touched the water, the sailors were in it, and taking the oars, they rowed with all their might towards the sufferer, who had floated to a considerable distance from the bridge. At length, after great exertion, they succeeded in reaching the ice, and the man, half dead with cold and fright, was taken into the boat. The sailors then

pulled for the nearest landing place, which they reached in safety, although nearly exhausted. By kind care and attention, the suffering man was restored to his usual health, and he still lives to bless the generous sailors, who were more anxious to perform a good deed, than to find excuses for not doing it, and to whose timely exertions he owed his life.

I have often thought of this interesting circumstance. In my daily intercourse with the world, I frequently hear a great deal of sympathy expressed for the suffering and the wretched, but where sympathy and pity do not move to action, I conclude they are not very powerfully felt. It costs no sacrifice to talk pity, and express by words, great sympathy for the suffering, nor are they of any avail. Those benevolent principles and feelings, which lead us to act for the good of our fellow creatures, are genuine and those only. A single good act is of more value than an ocean of tears, added to all the lamentations of the universe.

From the Pennsylvania Reporter.

## HUNTINGDON BREACH—STUPENDOUS FRAUDS.

We noticed last week that the auditor general was authorized by a resolution of the last legislature, to institute an investigation into the expenditures made last summer, by the Ritner administration, in repairing the breach which an unusual flood created on the Juniata canal, between Hollidaysburg and Huntingdon. He is still engaged in the performance of that duty. Some of the iniquitous conduct practiced on that work is disclosed in several depositions which we append. They were taken and sworn to before the auditor general, in the progress of his investigations. The witnesses were employed by the anti-masonic administration, were its supporters, had full opportunities to become familiar with the facts to which they testify, and if they have any partiality, it is in favor of our opponents.—Let the public canvass them and determine for itself, whether frauds of so flagrant a character are not alarming, and call for general indignation—and whether its authors do not merit punishment and the party who trusted them, and still cherishes them as its leaders, and entire loss of confidence.

The whole process of the anti-masonic administration, in repairing that breach, was either without authority of law, or shameless waste and fraud in the application of the public funds. Three hundred and eighty thousand dollars were borrowed by the Executive without any warrant of law, and was kept out of the Treasury that it might be lavished upon chosen instruments to carry on the election—and to heap foul calumnies on Governor Porter during the canvass—in violation or evasion of the constitution.

Our object now is, however, to introduce the first of these depositions which have reached us, and invite public consideration to them. Hereafter we shall give them our attention more fully.

James Johnson, (being duly sworn) says:—I had a team of four horses on the Juniata breach in the months of July, August and September, last year—at the dam below Water Street, at the job where John H. Stonebreaker was foreman. My team worked 10½ days in July 25½ days in August and 4½ days in September. I received 4½ days in September—I am confident I did not receive fourteen and a half days, as stated upon the check-roll. I cannot tell whether the marks were carried out upon the check-roll when I signed the receipt or not. When I got the money of Stonebreaker it was late in the evening, about as late as it was possible to do work without a candle. I can't say how it happened that my name is carried out upon Stonebreaker's check-roll to the amount of \$84. Stonebreaker paid me out \$27 for that month.

## JAMES JOHNSON.

Sworn and subscribed, at Water Street, Huntingdon county, July 25, 1839, before,  
Geo. R. Espy, Aud. Gen'l.  
William Sneath, (being duly sworn)

says:—I did not work in December 1838 under John H. Stonebreaker. I worked some in August and received the August check-roll. I did not work under John H. Stonebreaker in September. I was not here at all in that month. I made my mark on one check roll; but received only \$4.50 upon it. I am confident that the \$25.50 charged on John H. Stonebreaker's check-roll for September was not received by me nor any for me, nor any part of it, as I was not here in that month. I was chopping wood for Schmucker and Royer at the Co Forge this side of Williamsburg during that month. I did not know it until I saw it to-day, Stonebreaker had put me down in his September check-roll for 13 days. I never thought the like that my name was in his check-roll at all.

## WILLIAM SNEATH.

Sworn and subscribed; at Water Street, Huntingdon county, July 25, 1839, before,  
Geo. R. Espy, Aud. Gen'l.

Margaret Wittaker, (being duly sworn) says:—I was employed upon the public works together with my husband, Thomas Wittaker. It was on the division of which John H. Stonebreaker was foreman, we were to manage the state shantee. I was to superintend the cooking principally. We commenced about the 7th July, 1838, quit the middle of December. John H. Stonebreaker laid in the provisions. They were all kept in the shantee or in Jeremiah Cunningham's ware house. I know of no person taking provisions away from the shantees except the Stonebreakers. I saw John H. Stonebreaker take a number of things from the shantee and ware house. Old Mr. Stonebreaker (the father of John H.) and the son of John H. took away at one time a barrel of flour, a barrel of fish a quantity of bacon. These articles were taken away in a one horse wagon. John H. Stonebreaker was at the ware room when they were taken. It occurred in July or August.—John H. Stonebreaker got the key of the ware house out of the office kept by his cousin Jeremiah Cunningham, who was writing for him. John H. Stonebreaker, another time, brought a keg to the ware house and filled it out of a barrel of molasses belonging to the state and took it home. He also had taken a number of potatoes in an emptied flour barrel. He sent them away with the team drove by his son. They were good potatoes such as we used. I had never refused cooking them. He placed the barrel with potatoes upon the wagon at the shantee door. In September lots of fresh beef was taken home by John H. Stonebreaker. He had it tied up in a cloth. Beef was taken away by him frequently.—When John H. Stonebreaker did not take away the things himself they were either sent in Old Mr. Stonebreaker's wagon, or in the team of his brother-in-law, John Conrad. I think beef then was worth from 6 to 8 cents per pound. We generally got it from William Love above Water Street.—John H. Stonebreaker also requested me to save the tallow. This he also took home. He took away, to my recollection, one cake weighing 22 pounds—another weighing 20 pounds he sent with John Conrad's wagon. I weighed these cakes myself. John H. Stonebreaker also brought a cask from the ware house and requested me to fill it with skimmed fat, and said he would send it home. Towards fall he also took home several lots of pork—this was either in October or November. He never weighed any of the beef he took away. Mr. Taylor (the boss carpenter) and myself, weighed at one time half a hog. I do not recollect the weight but it was in good order. It was put into a bag and taken away by John H. Stonebreaker. I am confident it was never used by the state hands, John H. Stonebreaker also took away a bag of coffee and a large chest of tea. These he had brought by James Moran in one of the state carts from the borough of Huntingdon. They were placed by him under a table which we used to knead our bread on. He directed me not to use any of it for the state as he wanted to take it home. Some of the coffee

was spilled into the cart. This John H. Stonebreaker gathered up and brought it into the shantee. He asked me to use this dity coffee for the state hands, and take the same quantity of clean coffee out of the bag we were using out of, and put it into his bag, to make up for the dirty coffee. I refused, saying his woman had as much time to clean dirty coffee as I had. The chest of tea was a very large one, but I cannot tell its weight. This tea and coffee remained in the shantee about a week, after that John Conrad's wagon went home and John H. Stonebreaker put it upon that and sent it away. This was at night after Mr. Taylor (the boss carpenter) had gone off. I understood these goods belonged to the state. A load of flour was brought by Mr. Matern from Neff's mill. Eight barrels were unloaded at the shantee and John H. Stonebreaker had the residue hauled to his house. There never was any flour, or any other provisions, brought back again from the house to the shantee. If it had been, I must have known it. At another time, in the fall of 1838, after we got new potatoes, John H. Stonebreaker had an emptied flour barrel filled with them. It was placed on Conrad's waggon and sent away. Stonebreaker assisted in loading. He also filled several bags with small potatoes, which he also sent away on John Conrad's waggon at the same time. He said the large ones he would use and the small ones he would keep as seed for the following year. They had been brought from Clearfield county and paid for by the state. They were very scarce and brought \$1.12½ per bushel. They were never returned from Stonebreakers. John H. Stonebreaker also brought the same keg of which I first spoke to the shantee, filled it a second time with molasses out of another barrel which we then got, and sent it home by John Conrad's team, or in the dearborn of Old Mr. Stonebreaker. John filled it himself, and paid me a quarter of a dollar for cleaning the head of the cask, funnel and other articles he had in use to fill it. The first keg he filled not long after we took the shantee, the last just before we left it. Two hogs which were fattened at the shantee, John H. Stonebreaker had killed towards the latter end of December and taken home. This took place after the men had left the works except two whom Stonebreaker kept there to assist in the killing. The men were Peter Shaffer and Samuel Shaffer. They did not work on the public works at that time, but were kept back by John H. Stonebreaker to assist him in killing the hogs. It was shortly before christmas when they were killed. John H. Stonebreaker told me after the election that this was the last chance he had to get something, the opposite party had elected their governor and he would make good use of it. I know of no one calling himself John Williamson who worked at the job of which Stonebreakers was foreman. There was no sale of lumber at the shantee after the work was done. John H. Stonebreaker had a large load of boards taken home to his house. John H. Stonebreaker sold flour to my husband after the hands had left us. He had to take it for his pay.

## MARGARET T. WITTAKER.

Sworn and subscribed, at Water Street, Huntingdon county, July 27, 1839, before,  
Geo. R. Espy, Aud. Gen'l.

The Yellow Fever is on the increase in Charleston. During the week ending on the 15th, there were 35 deaths—13 by the fever.

The Indian Massacre.—The massacre of the Chippewas by the Sioux, at the Falls of St. Anthony, is confirmed by late accounts. The destruction of lives was 200, of whom from 16 to 20 were Sioux warriors, killed in the struggles by the surprised and slaughtered Chippewas.

In Paris there are a class of men who make it a business to get run over by carriages, for the purpose of recovering damages.