

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.

From the New York Messenger. THE FROZEN CREW.

Miserable they
Who here entangled in the gathering ice
Take their last look at the descending sun.
While fall of death and fierce with ten-fold frosts,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Too horrible? Thompson.

There are fearful wonders upon the ocean—wonders in the tempest and in the calm, in the tropical heat and in the cold and frozen seas. Thousands and tens of thousands go down in the deep, and are no more seen forever. A more fearful fate has befallen a thousand sons of the ocean. Long before the idea of the existence of a new world was contemplated by Europeans, the northern seas had been traversed in every direction by the daring freebooters of the north, who often bore the title of "The King of the Sea." They had discovered Iceland, and the settlement there formed, became an asylum for the hosts of northmen, who were driven from Scandinavia, by the gradual approach of southern civilization. In time Iceland, also sent forth her colonies, and early in the century effected a settlement on the coast of Greenland. It long languished for want of sufficient population; in 1788, Ericke Raude, an Icelandic chieftain, fitted out an expedition of twenty galleys at Saugfell, and having manned them with sufficient crews of colonists, set forth from Iceland, bound to what appeared to them to be a more congenial climate.—They sailed upon the ocean fifteen days, and they saw no land. The next day brought with it a storm, and many a gallant vessel sunk in the deep. Mountains of ice covered the waters as far as the eye could reach, and but few galleys of the fleet escaped destruction. The morning of the 17th day was clear and cloudless. The sea was calm, and far away to the north could be seen the glare of the ice fields reflecting on the sky. The remains of the shattered fleet gathered together to pursue their voyage. But the galley of Ericke was not with them. The crew of a galley which was driven farther north than the rest, reported that, as the morning broke, the huge fields of ice that had covered the ocean, were driven by the current past them, and that they beheld the galley of Ericke Raude, borne by a resistless force and speed of the wind, before a tremendous flake of ice.—Her crew had lost all control over her—they were tossing their arms in wild agony.—Scarcely a moment elapsed ere it was walled in by a hundred icy hills, and the whole mass moved forward and was soon beyond the horizon. That the galleys of the narrators of this story escaped was wonderful. It remained, however, uncontradicted, and the vessel of Ericke Raude was never more seen.

Half a century after this event, a Danish colony was established upon the western coast of Greenland. The crew of the vessel that carried the colonists thither, in their excursion into the interior, that crossed a range of hills that stretched to the northward; they had approached, perhaps, nearer to the pole than any succeeding adventurers. Upon looking down from the sum-

mit of the hills, they beheld a vast and almost interminable field of ice undulating in various places and formed into a thousand grotesque shapes. They saw, not far from the shore, the figure of an icy vessel with a glittering icicle in place of a mast arising from it. Curiosity prompted them to approach, when they beheld a dismal sight. Figures of men in every attitude of woe were upon the deck, but they were icy things. One figure alone stood erect, and with folded arms leaning against the mast. A hatchet was procured and the ice split away, and the features of a chieftain were disclosed, pallid and deathly, but free from decay. This was, doubtless, the vessel, and that figure the form of Ericke Raude. Benumbed with cold, and in the agony of despair, his crew had fallen around him.—He alone had stood erect while the chill of death passed over him. The spray of the ocean and the falling sleet had frozen as it lighted upon them, and covered each figure with an icy robe which the short-lived glance of a Greenland sun had not power to remove. The Danes gazed upon the spectacle with trembling. They knew not but the same might be their fate. They knelt down upon the deck and muttered a prayer in their native tongues for the frozen crew, then hastily left the place, for the night was fast approaching.

From the Lancaster Intelligencer. THE EXECUTION OF KOBLER.

On Friday last, between 2 and 3 o'clock, Henry Kobler Musselman was executed in the yard of the county gaol for the murder of Lazarus Zellerbach; according to the stern requirements of the law he had offended. We attended, not because we desired to witness a spectacle like this, but simply to be enabled to give a plain and accurate statement of the affair to the public.

The Execution, though private—taking place in a yard surrounded by a wall nearly thirty feet high—created a large amount of excitement in the popular mind. In the neighborhood of the gaol, the crowd was dense; and one or two of the houses in the precincts, masses of spectators clustered to the roofs, straining their eyes to get a glimpse of the fatal ceremonies, which, however, unfortunately for this morbid curiosity, but luckily for the feelings of the prisoner, had been so arranged as to be seen by none other than those admitted as witnesses, or by the large body of physicians, of whom, counting students and all, there were some thirty or more present. We regret to say, that so far did this desire extend, that about a dozen of the more adventurous spirits managed to scale the wall clinging to it, and peering over into the yard, forgetting their danger in the over-weening anxiety to see a man hung! During the awful scene that took place before the execution, and as Kobler was swung off, the air resounded with the yells, shouts and blasphemy of the crowd on the roofs and wall, though implored by the Sheriff to desist.

At about a quarter past 2, Kobler entered the yard, accompanied by the Sheriff and gaoler. We watched him narrowly when he saw the scaffold; but there was no change in his countenance. He approached it quickly, but with a firm and elastic step; his features, though rather melancholy, did not seem to be much of fear or penitence in them. He gave a quick glance at the spectators; and, altogether, seemed to look like a man who had determined to brave the terrors of his fate. When he had partly ascended the scaffold, he stopped, raised his eyes to Heaven, and cried out repeatedly, in German, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" He then ascended entirely to the platform, where he sang with a remarkably clear and distinct voice, some verses in German composed by himself, a few days preceding. We are told that those outside could hear the voice distinctly. This concluded, he said loud enough to be heard in every part of the yard, "Whatever I may have done to others, of this murder I am clear;" then forgave all who had ever injured him; and then turning

abruptly, said, "And now Sheriff hang me!" Immediately after this he prayed with great fervency; called on God to witness his innocence; and once called out, "My God why hast thou forsaken me!" Even after the rope was adjusted, and cap drawn over his face, he continued his prayers. After bidding a cordial "good-bye" to the humane Sheriff and gaoler, he was hung and in a few moments he stood in the presence of an offended creator, a sacrifice to outraged justice. It was an awful sight. The undaunted bearing of the prisoners seemed to increase its solemnity and add to its unspeakable interests. A moment before, and he stood before us, with unquivering lip and flashing eye, calling upon the living God to witness his innocence. A moment after, and he swung before us in the agonies of death! He did not struggle much: a few convulsive heavings, and all was over. He was left on the scaffold nearly half an hour before he was taken down.

We know that these protestations of Kobler will be looked upon by many who are unacquainted with the facts, as so many proofs of his innocence. But, in order to place the proper countenance on the affair, we think it is best to add—that the clothes of Zellerbach were found on the person of Kobler; and never accounted for in the testimony—that he told William he had entered the name of Dill at the Pioneer office for his own, the morning after the murder, which, on being sworn to by William, rendered a search of the record of the Passengers at that office necessary, when the name of Dill was found under the very date sworn to—that he was recognized as having been in company with Zellerbach before the murder,—that he grasped at every opportunity to implicate others who were respectable citizens—and other evidence scarcely less conclusive. It would be dreadful even to imagine the execution of an innocent man. We have therefore, considered it proper to revive these strong points in the testimony elicited on his trial in order that public opinion may form its conclusion correctly.

Kobler was a singular man; and when we recollect his singular language, we are almost constrained to believe that he was not wholly sane. He seemed to be a perfect fatalist, at least so far as his execution went, which he believed inevitable and not to be averted by human agency. All the solicitations of those around him to extort a confession were unavailing; the efforts of the clergy, the reasonings of Sheriff Roberts and others, proving equally fruitless. He died without so much as an indication, on his own part, that he was a murderer. He said that he would have justice done to him in the end, that in fifteen years the genuine murderer would be found, and so on. He declared frequently that he had been sacrificed by the Jews; and one of his unnatural declarations was, that they conspired against him as against Jesus Christ! It is not one of the least singular points in his character, that in a written agreement, drawn and signed a few days before his death, he actually sold his body, for a stipulated sum, to one of the physicians of this city, the money of which he spent for wine, beer, &c. Of his guilt, we have never doubted, and when we reflect of the fiendish murder he committed, we are reminded that justice has only been done upon the offender against divine and human laws.

We are indebted to our friend Dr. Ness, one of the physicians present, for the following satisfactory description of the effect produced by the Galvanic Battery on the body.

"When the platform fell, Kobler swung both feet backwards and forwards, slowly and regularly, for precisely one minute, then appeared to be dead; but at the end of three minutes there was a conclusive shudder over the whole body, and this was the last effort in the agonies of death.

At the end of about thirty-five minutes, the body was taken down and conveyed to a room, where the physicians from Lancaster; and a few from Philadelphia, made experi-

ments upon it with the Galvanic Battery, Electrical machines, &c. The wind pipe was cut open, and a tub was inserted, to which was attached a bellows, and with this apparatus artificial breathing was established when the Galvanic Battery was applied, Kobler moved his arms and legs, his left hand was raised from the box upon which he lay to his breast, and his fingers were opened and shut, as if to catch something, his features expressed every passion, his eyes were opened and closed rapidly, his jaw moved as if eating, and he breathed with sufficient power to blow out a candle five times in rapid succession. This was a kind of artificial life, which of course was only temporary.

When a dead man opens his eyes and looks about, moves his limbs, throws his arms upon his breast, grinds his teeth, and tries to catch you, it requires strong nerves to witness the spectacle.

If any of these present ran out of the room after seeing him open his eyes, &c., and reported to the people that Kobler was brought to life again, we would tell them they have nothing more to fear of the man whose whole life, if known, would probably unfold a tale of horror, whose lightest words would harrow up your souls; and that the reason the physicians could not restore a permanent instead of a temporary life, was that he was too dead when brought in—he was very dead.

THE LABORING CLASSES.

Among the choice blessing conferred by a Republican Government upon its people, are those which secure to all, equal privileges and equal rights: which discountenance all schemes to oppress the poor; and which give to merit its appropriate sphere, unmindful whether it originated in the gorgeously decorated parlor, or in the lowly and humble cottage of the laborer. These advantages should be guarded with diligence and care. If once sacrificed at the shrine of wealth, their purity will be tarnished and they can never be regained. Therefore, to secure their preservation, it is indispensable that the laboring classes should feel, to the fullest extent, their value and importance.

To the laboring classes this country has ever looked with confidence for the perpetuation of its free institution!—their opinions and views have been earnestly sought for, because they are always the result of sound sense and practical judgement. And who is better calculated to administer advice than he who has acquired knowledge during the brief intervals of labor; or who, while in the exercise of his laborious avocation, suffers his mind to wander still further in pursuit of instruction, until, eventually, by close application, all doubtful points are set at rest, and correct conclusions drawn upon his untiring efforts?

Our legislative halls are daily resounding with the eloquence of self-made men; men, whose genius was first discovered in the work shop. The ablest jurists, logicians, and scientific men of our country; are those who, after following the plough or laboring in the capacity of apprentices for years, were placed by the people in the honorable and appropriate sphere which they now occupy. Their leisure hours were spent in the secluded corner, and not lavishly thrown away amidst the excess of rioting and debauchery. While others were passing away a tedious hour in idle and unprofitable amusement, their whole exertions and study were devoted to the grand and laudable object of improving the mind. Industry and unwearied application triumphed over every obstacle, until the eager and inquisitive mind brought within comprehension the ambiguous subtleties of the law, and the abstruse depths of science.

The people saw, approved, and rewarded their exertions, and now that they are in public life, imparting usefulness and benefit to all, the people will not desert them. Opportunities are offered to all for an imitation of these noble examples. Nature dispenses her favors equally upon the rich and poor. Wealth cannot give intellect to its possessor. The poor, hard working ap-

prentice boy who toils from morning till night, is upon an equality with the rich man's son. Although his means are limited and his leisure hours few, still, if those hours are occupied in the pursuit of knowledge, he cannot fail in attaining it, and of rising from the haunts in which poverty had placed him, to command that applause which the world ever confers upon the self-made man. Young men whom fortune has placed in limited circumstances in life, are oftentimes prone to give themselves up to despondency and despair. They imagine themselves slighted, and looked upon as inferior to the foppish and ignorant coxcomb, whose few borrowed phrases not unfrequently pass him off a man of sense among his equally ignorant companions. But this is a foolish and unfounded supposition. Merit alone secures respectability and influence—"mind makes the man." Dress cannot cover the deformities of a weak intellect—nor can its gaudy appearance blind the eye of common sense into a belief that knowledge is always its accompaniment.—Therefore, let not the young mechanic despair—a vast field is open for improvement, and all that is required for its successful cultivation is a strict perseverance and unremitting assiduity.

The Traitor Arnold.—Arnold possessed undoubtedly, animal courage; he could stand before a battery, and call on his men to advance. He was once at a levee in England immediately after the close of the American war, when he was introduced to Lord— as the American General, Arnold. "What, the traitor Arnold?" exclaimed his lordship turning on his heel with disgust. A challenge was given by the general, and accepted by his lordship who received Arnold's fire, and discharged his own pistol in the air. "Why do you not return the fire?" exclaimed the General. "Because I am not an executioner," replied the nobleman, folding his arms, and looking disdainfully over his shoulder at his antagonist, as he quietly walked away from him.

Close Quarters.—A young ensign residing in lodgings the sitting room of which was very small, was visited by one of his fashionable military friends, who on taking leave said, alluding to the smallness of the apartment—"Well, Charles, and how much longer do you mean to continue in this *nut shell*?" To which he wittily replied—"Until I become a kernell."

Contented Poverty.—Do not sigh for this world's goods, nor lament the poverty. Out of the meanest hovel is obtained as fair a sight of heaven, as from the most gorgeous palace.

Short paragraphs—suited to the season!
Shut the door.

Don't believe all that the almanacs and politicians say.

Put tar around your buildings, and keep out Mr. John Frost, vulgarly nicknamed, 'Jack Frost.'

Insure against fire.

Never go to sleep in church—or keep your hat on, coming in or going out.

Wear thick soled shoes.

Indulge in rational amusement—man was made to differ from the brute; let him not thwart the object of his creation.

Go early to the Lectures.

Follow Fashion, if Reason leads her—when she don't kick Fashion out of doors or else—she'll turn you out.

If you can't speak well of your neighbors, give your tongue a resting spell.

Keep your children (those who have them) out of the street at nights, and teach them to love home and books—time will pay you Wall street interest.

If you have differed with a friend or neighbor—go to him—make up—mend the breach.

See that your pumps and wells are in proper order before cold weather comes in good earnest, and don't be dependent upon the courtesy of others for a cup of cold water to make a cup of coffee.