

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, FEBRUARY 29, 1840.

Number 44.

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 discount or abatement permitted, unless the subscribers 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.

"THE PEACE OF GOD."

Oh, what can compare to the peace of God,
When it cometh upon the heart,
Where once contending passions trod,
When it bids them all depart:
Oh! not the peace of the battle plains,
When the day's hot fight is o'er;
There war may madly rage again—
In that heart it can rage no more.

'Tis not like the peats to the ocean given,
When above the soft skies smile;
True, it may lounge the face of Heaven,
And be gentle and calm awhile;
But shall not the clouds again be hung,
Above it, in gorgeous gloom,
And shall not many a life be flung
Away on that stormy tomb?

'Tis not like the peace of the fruitful land,
When the valleys are thick with corn;
That peace all hearts may understand,
For of earthly things 'tis born,
But thou wouldst not call it peace has knelt
Before God's holy shrine,
And that blest calm in thy spirit felt,
That none can e'er define.

Turn not to earth, for its brightest joys
Beside his light are dim,
But there is a pleasure nought destroys,
And it flows alone from him,
Oh, be that peace within thy breast!
Then shalt thou surely know,
That save his pure and holy rest,
There is no peace below.

From Alexander's Weekly Messenger:
THE MAGIC OF A SMILE.

BY CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.

Who hath not felt the heart strings thrill,
The pulses sweetly play,
Like some unfetter'd flashing rill,
Beneath a sunlit ray.

When o'er a brightly beaming face,
Waked by glad thoughts the while,
Our eyes have fondly loved to trace
The magic of a smile.

It comes like starlight to night,
Making, where'er thou art,
Mid gloom, or care, a pathway bright,
A sabbath in the heart.

Tells of sunny hopes, and day
That know no thought of guile,
Or sweetly o'er the heart's harp plays
The magic of a smile.

PIGRAM.—SENT TO A LADY IN CONFINEMENT.

Wish that two vowels were joined
In wedlock so holy and true;
Could not think it in my mind
Those vowels should be I and U.
I turned in each point of view,
And turned myself around with a sigh;
This was the state of the two—
Or inverted they came U and I.

A DOWN EAST BEAUTY.

Her hair is of a rich dark brown,
Cerulean in her eye,
Her cheek as soft as cygnet's down,
Her lips like—pumpkin pie.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Harbinger Intelligence.

A NIGHT IN THE ALLEGHENIES.

A TRAGIC COMEDY.

"Pray relate the story then Captain," said the inquisitive youth, with light hair and blue eyes.

"That I will, and swear to every word if necessary," replied the dogmatic captain. "That I will, and fit as true a story as ever came from the lips of man. You see the light on your left there?"

"Some distance down the valley?"
"The very same. It shines from the old tavern window. The old house stands on the old road, which was used before we had any turnpike in the Alleghenies. Well, you see, the tavern was kept by a man who was once in the French Army, and was generally believed to have deserted from Napoleon, as he always spoke hard of him. Its many years since, and the country was wilder then than it is now though—thunder, driver, what a jolt!—was wild enough yet—I wonder if baggage is safe on this unchristian road—I'm very careful of baggage, having for many years before the war and since, been a travelling merchant, commonly called pedlar."

"A fine business captain for getting a knowledge of the country," interrupted his companion.

"First rate, sir, first rate—and much more honorable formerly than now, when every body is his own merchant, or has a store at his elbow. Faith I mind the time when the pedlars were welcome visitors; ay, sir when I was in my prime—but what's the use of going over it! The glory of the business has departed."

"True, and the stage coach and the driver themselves must soon follow, to make way for pulling, sweating, rampant steam. But to the story, captain."

"Well, the light we saw but now, was from the old tavern window. It's no tavern now, however, but a farm house, occupied by the cultivator of the cleared spot around. It was a dreary November evening many years ago that I had stopped there. My horse had been caged for in the rough shed that served for a stable, and I ate a hearty supper of potatoes and venison, washed down with a goodly portion of whiskey toddy. Temperance and teetotal societies were not in vogue in those days, nor were the lumbermen of this region very abstemious. After supper I sat by the roaring fire of the bar-room hearth, smoked a cigar from my best box, and chatted with the half-French landlord. I don't know why it was, but I felt uneasy and had to force myself to endure his company. Several times I fancied I caught him looking at me as if his purposes were evil, and once I fancied he winked to his wife, who was a most uninviting looking. A traveller, tolerably well dressed, who had arrived before me, had fallen asleep, and was snoring on a bench against the wall. My pack, or stock in trade, was stowed in one corner, and a great dog, my traveling companion, in the opposite. In this way the evening was spent till nine o'clock, the hour for retiring, when my host lighted me up the ladder with a huge pine torch, and I threw myself on the coarse bed, when exhausted nature soon yielded to the influence of sleep. My dog had followed me up the ladder, by the landlord's help, and lay at the foot of the bed.

"But it is necessary, in order to give an idea of my situation, that I should describe the tavern. It was a low building of logs, twenty-five feet long by half the number broad, one division of the lower story, used as a parlor hall and bar-room, and the other as a kitchen, eating room and a chamber for the landlord and his wife. The second story was kind of a garret, the clap-board roof being raised on each side about two feet from the floor, and joining in a cone in the middle. In this apartment I slept, occupying one of the two straw beds which were spread on the floor. At each end of the room was a hole in the gable, (which was built up of logs, shortened gradually, till

the upper piece was a mere block,) kept open during the day to admit light, and at night closed by a drop made of undressed deer skin, fastened down by wooden pins. The floor laid of loose boards, were separated an inch or more, and would have afforded the occupants of this chamber an opportunity to hear any certain lecture that the landlord's spouse might have been disposed to read him. A trap door shut down over the hole through which myself and dog, (I would beg his pardon if alive for mentioning myself first) had ascended.

I had fallen asleep, as I said before, and lay, I don't know how long, when I dreamed I heard the landlord ask his wife in the room below if it was time? to which she replied 'it is—but be careful—make no noise or you'll disturb the pedlar. (The landlord's wife was an American.) Then I heard Boniface arise, slip on his clothes, and go to the bar-room. I thought then that he made an immense fire, cut the throat of the traveller who lay on the bench, and threw him on to burn his body—that I myself attempted to escape through the gable window, but could not, (it being too small,) and that my dog lay dead, having been poisoned by the landlord. The imaginary agony that I suffered awoke me, when on looking up, sure enough there lay my dog as I believed, dead, and a large fire below threw a flickering light into my chamber through the crevices in the floor, and the rays danced in all sorts of grotesque figures on the clap-boards overhead.

In a state of terror which I cannot describe, I raised myself on my elbows and listened. I heard what I thought was the distant roar of the head waters of the Senecaquanna, which flows down the ravine we have just crossed, and wondered how I happened to hear it as I had not done so before. But, imagine my horror, on observing that the trap-door was partially raised, as if some one intended to ascend to where I lay; and soon I heard footsteps stealing from the room beneath to the bar-room. Then a confused noise, a door opened and shut, the man on the bench gasped audibly, and I distinctly heard a dropping as if he were being bled to death. This belief now took possession of my mind, and involuntarily grasped a dirk-knife and pistol that I always carried with me. What course to take I knew not. I had no doubt that if I attempted to descend the landlord had some trap to secure me, and that if I would attack him, the fray might cost me my life, or if I slew him it would not bring back the dead man, (for I took it for granted that the man on the bench was murdered,) but the landlord's wife might charge me with the murder of both.

In this dilemma my impulse was to escape from one of the gable windows and alarm the neighborhood, but when I reflected that the nearest house was two miles off, the idea was abandoned; nor could I have been executed, as my dream prove true that the windows were both too small to receive my body.

Meanwhile the dropping continued.—Plup, plup, plup, it went at regular intervals, into a tub of water, as I thought from the sound. Again the poor fellow groaned and the dog by this time awakened, pricked his ears and growled angrily. This rendered me yet more certain that evil was going on below. A second growl of the dog louder and more angry than the first seemed to have alarmed the murderers, for I heard them whisper together and then a footstep approached the ladder, and I saw by the shadow on the roof that some one was listening. I also heard a heavy tread towards the outer door, after which a horse neighed—another certain sign that mischief was going on; and the growling had ceased entirely.

My situation was now indeed horrible, but I had determined to resist any attempt to take my life to the uttermost, and carefully cocked my pistol.

Still the poor fellow's blood continued to drop at regular intervals, a little slower than at first, and owing to the roaring of the fire, I no longer heard the roaring of the

distant stream. After a few minutes, however, the dropping seemed almost to cease, when I heard the voice of the landlord's wife directed him to take away the tub.

"My feelings now overcome me, and I determined to know the worst—to surprise the murderer, and if need be, to revenge the poor stranger's death. Full of this resolve I slowly raised myself up, and crept towards the trap-door—"

"Without your clothes, captain?" inquired his modest young companion.

"Bliss you be—I slept with them on.—We did things differently these days from our manner of doing them now. Well, I crept to the door; the cocked pistol in my right hand—the knife in my left, full of horror and indignation. They seemed to hear me below, for the wife ran into the kitchen and closed the door, and the landlord passed out at the front. Hastily I leaped down the ladder—the dog at my heels. A fire blazed on the hearth—the traveller was gone—the floor was wet in two or three places, but no mark of blood appeared. I resolved they should not escape me, but posted myself at the door to await the return of the landlord, who soon approached and pushed it open, but started back when he saw the knife and pistol in my hands.

"Begar! de liable! vat be Monsieur's will?" he exclaimed in broken English. "What's my will, you villain?" said I, as he made me a most polite bow 'what have you done with the murdered man? tell me that before I blow your brains out? at the same time leveling the pistol at his head, and brandishing the knife in the other hand.—The fellow turned deadly pale and trembled so that he could not speak for some moments, when he said 'well, true French politeness; 'pardonnez monster'

"D—your pardon!" said I, "seek pardon of Him who punishes all evils" in human shape, preparing to fire the pistol. But before I could do so, a man rushed round the corner of the house, and seized my arm with so sudden a jerk that the pistol was discharged, and the contents entered the ground a few paces in the rear of the landlord, having somewhat mutilated the skirt of his coat and nearly spoiled the skin. I now found myself in the arms of some one. I doubted not the accomplice of the landlord—who held my hands so close behind that I was powerless. The landlord again made me a most profound bow, and enquired what was my will. I told him I sought to revenge the murdered man.

"Mon dieu! vat does Monsieur mean?"

"The man at my back here interposed and asked me who was murdered? This I thought too much brzen face hardness to bear—but what could I do? I was bound to answer, and I told him I wanted to revenge the death of the traveller who had laid on the bench in the bar-room and who had been bled to death.

"I can hardly believe he fared so badly," said the man behind, at the same time releasing my hands and confronting me full in the face, when I looked upon the very murdered traveller himself!"

"Very strange!" said the young man with blue eyes and light hair.

"Very," said the captain taking a huge pinch of snuff and reaching the box to his young companion. "Very, but the joke was rather against me. The quondam Frenchman laughed heartily, and the traveller seemed to enjoy the joke immoderately; when I enquired what the mischief was the matter? The landlord pointed to the east, and I saw through the broken clouds that day was dawning. I then learned from them that the dripping I had heard was occasioned by rain drops which found their way through the clap-boards—the noise of the stream was the falling of a kind of Scotch drizzle on the cabin roof, the growling was occasioned by a temporary fit of the jumping toothache with which the traveller was affected—the water on the floor had fallen before the tub was placed

there to catch the drops and after it was taken away—the fire was lit because it was time to begin the day; the traveller was absent to look after his horse when I came down and the landlady who had been in the bar-room a moment to wipe up the water with a cloth, escaped into her chamber to add to her dress, having been on dishabille, as the landlord called it, when she heard me coming down stairs."

"Quite an instructive story, captain," said the young man.

"Yes, tolerably. It shows the danger of revenging murders before they are committed, and of cocking pistols before they are certain they ought to be discharged."

"And also the influence that too heavy a portion of hot whiskey toddy has on the imagination."

"The captain smiled and they both slighted, for the coach had reached the Ball's Head hotel in the village of C—where a supper of fried ham and eggs awaited them."

Anecdote.—A reverend clergyman of Philadelphia, while on a visit to a brother divine at Cape May, was invited to accompany his friends and others on a fishing excursion in a whale boat. When some distance from the shore, they discovered a devil fish, and fastened to it a harpoon which they had with them. The fish, probably not liking such very striking proofs of attachment from entire strangers, made off with great velocity, drawing the boat after him, to the terror of the Philadelphian, and great delight of the remainder of the party. The Philadelphian could not resist asking his friend the occasion of their mirth, and received for answer, "I don't know, but I say body laugh with a couple of ministers."

IMMENSITY OF CREATION.

Some astronomers have computed that there are not less than seventy millions of suns, having like our sun, numerous planets revolving around them. The solar system, or that to which we belong, has about thirty planets, primary and secondary, belonging to it. The circular field of space which it occupies is in diameter 38,000 millions of miles. Now if all the fixed stars are as distant from each other as Sirius is from our sun; or if one solar system be the average magnitude of all the 75 millions of suns, what imagination can grasp the immensity of creation! Who can survey a plantation containing 75 millions of circular fields each millions of miles in diameter? Such, however is one of the plantations of Him who has measured the waters in the hollow of his hand; meted out heaven with a span; comprehended the dust in a measure; and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Ho "who sitting on the orb of the earth, stretched out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in." Nations are to him "as a drop in a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance," and yet, overwhelming thought! He says; "Though I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also will I dwell who is of a humble and contrite spirit, and trembles at my word."

Happiness.—An eminent modern writer beautifully says.—"The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness, a confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, on the goodness of God."

A man quarrelling with the notorious John Wilkes, told him he was a scoundrel; and might go to hell. "I am much obliged to you," replied John, bowing, "but I have not the least desire to be in your company again."

Individuality.—"What ugly woman is that?" "That's my sister!" "No I don't mean her, that hideous creature in green!" "That's my wife!"