

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, MARCH 28, 1840.

Number 48.

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 discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages 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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Express.

MR. JONATHAN SLICK'S NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

Jonathan's ideas of the real difference between a real lady's House and Furniture, and the House of a struck up Parvenue—His ideas of Love and Ladies.

I made a little inquiry about how people did a New Year's day and found out that it was the fashion to set out things, and treat every body that come to see you. So early in the morning I put on clean linen, to make my calls in.

I hadn't but just got to the door, when my pusey cousin driv up; so I got into the carriage, and off we went, down Broadway, at a smashing rate, till at last we stopped afore one of the neatest-looking houses that I've seen in York; it warnt crinkled and fined off with wood-ward and iron fences, but the hull was solid stun. The steps were made of the same, with great sun sides a rolling down from the door to the side walk. The door was sunk clear into the front there warnt no chunk of silver in the middle, to write the owner's name on; so I s'pose he thought that every body ought know where a rale fashionable chap lives, without his hanging out a sign to tell folks. Jason was just a going to give the knob a twitch, but he seemed to remember and, sez he, to the tall chap that had got down—

'Why dont you ring?' With that the chap made a drive up the steps, and it warnt a second afore the door swung open, and a nice old fellow dressed up as neat as a new pin, but without regimentals, stood inside.

Arter making a bow, he opened a mahogany door, and made a little motion with his hand, as much as to say—'walk in. Jason he kinder seemed loth to go in first; and arter all his money, I couldn't help but think the old feller in the hall looked as well, and acted a good deal more like a real gentleman then he did. There's nothing like being rich to get up a man's pluck. Arter fidgetting with his watch-seals a minute, Jase stuck up his head like a mud-turtle in the sun, and in he went. I followed arter as close as a bur to a chesnut for in my hull life I never felt so scared. The house didn't seem like Miss Miles' nor Cousin Bebe's nor yet like my pusey cousin's. Coming from his house into that seemed like going out of a blustering wind into a calm snow storm. Every thing was so sleek and still that it didn't seem like any thing else that I ever see. Cousin Slick went in fussing along, and a tall, handsome lady got up from a chair, where she sat by the fire, and cum towards us. Arter Jason had given her a little information about the weather—told her it was dreadful cold, so on, he stepped back, and spreading out his hands sort of like his wife, sez he—

'Mrs. —, this is Mr. Jonathan Slick, a young relation of mine.'

I declare it made my heart beat to see how purtly she smiled—her curch was as soft and easy as a bird—she didn't wriggle up her shoulders and stick out her feet as some of the rest on 'em did, jist seemed to droop down a little easy and then she asked us to sit down, and in less than no

time we felt as much to home as if we'd known her ever since she was a baby. Instead of begining to give me a lot of soft soddor, as some of the other woinin did, she jist set in, and began to talk about old Connecticut, and sich things as she must a seen was likely to tickle me like all natur, and her voice was so soft, and she kept a smiling so, that I never felt so contented in my life as I did a talking with her.

At last she begun to ask Jason some questions about the Western country—so I had a chance to look about me a little. Instead of being dressed out like a thing set up for a show, she hadn't nothing on but a handsome silk frock and a leetle narrow velvet ribbon tied round her handsome black hair, that was brushed till it looked as bright as crow's back. I never did see any thing braided up so nice as it was behind. She hadn't on the least bit of gold, nor fur belows of any kind only jist a leetle pin that glistened like a spark of fire, which pinned the velvet ribbon jist over her white forehead. It rally beats me to make out why I can't tell you what was in the room, jist as I do about all the other places; but somehow it aint easy to tell the difference, for there was settees, and chairs, and tables, and curtains and so on—but yit it warnt a bit like any room I ever see afore.—

There warnt no glistening and shinning and gold and silver, but I couldn't get the notion out of my head, that every thing cost a good deal more than if there had been ever so much of it. The room seemed made exactly for the things that were in it; and there warnt a thing that didn't fit into its place like waxwork. There was one thing that looked awful handsome and it was rale genuine too; but at first I thought it was some of these York-make-believers. It was a slim green tree, eenamest tall enough to reach my head, all blows out and eivered over with as much as twenty of the biggest and whitest roses I ever did see. It was set jist below the two windows, and when the sun come kinder, softly through the curtains down into the white posies, they seemed to sort o' blush like a peachblow; yit they raly were as white, according to natur, as the cleanest handful of snow you ever see. The tree grew out of a great marble flowerpot, and when I asked its name of the lady, she looked as bright and sweet as one of the flowers, and told me it come from Jappan, away east. There was some pictures hung agin the wall, that struck my eye so that I couldn't keep from looking at 'em. She see how I was took up, sez she—

'That's a beautiful picture Mr. Slick; don't you think so? There is something in Doughtie's picters that I love to look on; his grass and hillocks look so soft and green, he does excel every American artist most certainly in his asmospher.'

'Wal, marn,' sez I, 'I aint no judge of pictures, but sartintly to my notion, that does outshine cousin Jason's lions and roosters and croushongs all to nothing; it don't glisten so much, but some how them great trees do look so nat'ral and cows lying down under them so lazy; jist eenamest makes me hum sick to go back to Weathersfield when I see it.'

Here Jase trod on my toe with his corned hard boot. 'Wal, think, sez I, what have I said now; and I looked right in the lady's face to see if she'd been a laughing; but she looked so sweet and unconcerned as would be and, sez she, a getting up and going across the room—for Jase made a motion as if he was in a hurry—sez she, 'Let me help you to some cake and wine.'

With that she went to a table that had some decanters and wine-glasses on it, besides a lofe of cake as white as the drifted snow. I sniggers, but it did look as neat as a new pin. There was a heap of rale flowers and leaves, jist picked from the bush, fresh and fair, twisted round the edge of the cake, and a leetle white sugar dove lay smuggled down in the middle. Cousin Jase fied the glasses, and he made a little speech—but somehow it didn't seem as if I could go to talking soft soddor to that handsome critter—she looked so sweet yet pound. An I did was jist to drink the

wine, and then bend my head kinder softly to try and match her curch—but if I didn't wish her a happy new year in my heart, I'm a lying coot, that's all. When we went away, she gave us an invite to come again, and she was mortal perlitte to me.— If I don't go it'll be because I'm afeard, for I don't know when I've taking such a shine to any thing that wares petticoats.

Just as soon as I'd got clear of the door, and Jase had bowed and scraped himself out, we got into the carriage again, and sez he—

'Wall, cousin, how do you like Mrs. —?'

'Like her!' sez I, 'if I don't there's no snakes. She's none of your stuck up, finified, humbug critters, but a rale genuine lady, and no mistake.'

'It's pity she hasn't more taste and emulation to fix up her house,' sez he. 'She raly dont know how to cut a dash, and yet her husband is as rich as a Jew.'

'Wal, raly, I dont no what to think of that,' sez I. 'Somehow when I see every thing in a room kinder shaded off, one colour into another that's eenamest like it, till the hull seem to be alike, jist as it is in that lady's room,—it seems to take my notion amazingly. I can't tell why but it made me feel as if the room had been made up into a big picter and as it is in part, and I begun to think that—I was agoing to say something alfried cutting about these stuck flashy houses and people that I'd seen here in York—when the carriage driv up to another door. In we went, eat and drank, and then out agin; and then it was riding from one house to another, and eating and drinking till it got eanjist dark, and I was clear tuckered out, besides begining to feel wamble cropped a leetle, with the heap of sweet things I'd been a eating all day.'

The New Year day here in York is sartintly as good as a show—such lots of gals as a feller see and eat and drink and get a good Thanksgiving Dinner yet a half give me a Thanksgiving Dinner yet a York New Years,—a good turkey with plenty of gravy and tatur. I swany how I wish I'd been a eating them things instead of this heap of tarnal cake and sugar things. I shan't feel right agin in a month, I'm sure oa it.

I guess you Weather-field teetotalists would a started some to see how the young chaps begun to mal e fence along the stun side-walks towards night; some on'em were purty well over the bay I can tell you. I went to see lots of women and gals, and cousin Mary among the rest, and arter I got back to my office, I couldn't get one wink of sleep. My head was chuck full of gals all night—such a whirring and burring as there was in my upper story you never did know on,—ever time I shut my eyes the office seemed chuck full of gals and feathers, cut glass, till it seemed if I would go crazy a thinking over all I'd done; but the last thing that got my brain jist afore I dropped to sleep, was the real lady, and my pusey cousin's stuck up wife.

But I can't stop to write you on all my dreams that night. I don't think dough nuts or sugar candies set well on the stomach, and I don't think seeing so many gals sets well on my head. There is a terrible all-overish sort of a feeling in a young feller when he's been a cruising among the gals all day, and comes hum and cuddles up in bed at night. When he gets one gal stuck fast in his head and his heart, as I had Judy White, he's as quiet as a kitten, and his head's a sort a settled; but arter he's been a roving over the world as I am doin, his heart is rather rily, and there's nothing that sticks in except the drugs, the pure essence sifting out all through.

Getting in love is somewhat like getting drunk, the more a feller loves the more he wants to—and when the hearts gets a going pitly pat, pitly pat, there is such a swell, that it busts up all the strings, so that it can't hold the rale grit at all. When Judy White fust took hold my arm, I give the coat sleeve a real hearty smack, where her hand took hold, and that coat I really did love better than any other I ever head on; but I never think the better of my yaller

glover for shaking the hands of all the gals in York. I've only got Miss Miles out of my head, to get a thousand new shining faces in. Lord knows what'll become of me, Par, if I go on to be bedivelled arter the women, as I have been this new year's day. When a feller is made any thing on by 'em, he must have been brought up under good preaching in Weathersfield to stand in here in York. I feel as if I shouldn't be good for much afore long, myself, the way I am going on, but to skeet up and down Broadway like that ere Count and to hang round gals' windows with fies and bassoons, and drums and guitars at night. When they heigh ho me so, there's no help to feeling heigh hoish all over.

I cant look full into a purty girl's face all a flashing so, without being kind a dazzled and scorched. It warms me up in this cold weather, and kindles such a pulse in my heart, that the blood runs through it as hot as if it had run through a steamboat pipe. And then the all fired critters have so many sly ways coming over a feller with them ere cinkum crankums of theirs, that I don't think much of a man who can see their purty mouths work, and not feel his work too. If they wide up, I cant help sidling too if I died and when them black eyes fall flash on mine, I wilt right down under 'em as cut grass in Weathersfield on a hot summer day. It is nature all this, and I cant help it no how.

But you know, Par, I was brought up under good preaching, and I now go to Dr. Spring's meeting always as strait as Sunday comes round, and twice a day. If women do snarl up a feller's heart strings, though they keep him out of other scrapes, any body will tell you that. A man that is in love a leetle is not always a running into rum holes, and other such places. He don't get gambling, and isn't a sneaking round at nights.

Love, according to my notion on it, is a good anchor for us on this 'ere voyage of life!—it brings us up so all standing when we put on too much sail. It puts me in mind, now I think on it, our cruise through Hell Gate in Captain Doolittle's sloop; for jist as the tide and wind was a carrying us on the rocks, we dropt anchor and kept off. I look on the uses of women purty much as I look on the freshet that in spring brings down the Connecticut the rale rich soil for the meadows in Weatherfield. They make a great deal of splutter and fuss in their spring time, with their rustles and their ribbons, and their flotillas, I know; but then they light on a feller for good, they are the rale onion patches of his existence. Put us together, and the soil will grow any thing but keep us apart, and we are all thistles and nettles.

From the Staten Islander.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the summer of 1779, during one of the darkest periods of our revolutionary struggle, in the then small village of S— (though it now bears a more dignified title.) in this state, lived Judge V—, one of the firmest and truest patriots within the limits of the "Old Thirteen," and deep in the confidence of Washington. Like most men in his times and substance, he had furnished himself with arms and ammunition, sufficient to arm the males of his household.— These consisted of himself, three sons and about twenty-five negroes. The female part of his family consisted, of his wife, one daughter, Catharine, about 18 years of age, the heroine of our tale, and several slaves. In the second story of his dwelling house, immediately over the front door was a small room called the 'armory,' in which these arms were deposited and always kept ready for immediate use. About the time at which we introduced our story, the neighborhood of the village was much annoyed by the nocturnal prowlings and depredations of numerous Tories.

It was on, a calm, bright Sabbath afternoon of the aforesaid summer, when Judge V.—and his family, with the exception

of his daughter Catharine, and an old indisposed female slave, were attending service in the village church. Not a breath disturbed the serenity of the atmosphere—not a sound profaned the sacred stillness of the day. The times were dangerous, and Catharine had locked herself and the old slave in the house until the return of the family from church. A rap was heard at the front door. 'Surely,' said Catharine to the slave; 'the family have not yet come home—church cannot be dismissed.' The rap was repeated, I will see who it is, said Catharine, as she ran up stairs to the armory. On opening the window and looking down, she saw six men standing at the front door and on the opposite side of the street three of whom she knew were Tories, who formerly resided in the village. There names were Vaz Zandt, Finly and Sheldon. The other three were strangers, but she had reason to believe them to be of the same political stamp, from the company in which she found them.

Van Zandt was a notorious character and the number and enormity of his crimes had rendered his name infamous in that vicinity. Not a murder or robbery was committed within miles of S—, that he did not get the credit either of planning or executing.— The characters of Finly and Sheldon were also deeply stained with crime but Van Zandt was a master spirit in iniquity. The appearance of such characters, under such circumstances, must have been truly alarming to a young lady of Catharine's age if not to any lady, young or old. But Catharine V—possessed her father's spirit—the spirit of the times, Van Zandt was standing on the stoop, rapping at the door while his companions were talking in a whisper on the side walk on the opposite side of the street.

'Is Judge V—at home?' asked Van Zandt, when he saw Catharine at the window.

'He is not,' said she. 'We have business of pressing importance with him, and if you will open the door,' said Van Zandt, 'we will walk in and remain till he returns.'

'No,' said Catharine, 'when he went to church, he left particular directions not to have the doors opened until he and the family returned. You had better call when the church is dismissed.'

'No,' retorted the villain, 'we will enter now or never.'

'Impossible,' replied she, 'you cannot enter until he returns.'

'Open the door,' cried he 'or we'll break it down, and burn you and the house up together. So saying, he threw himself, with all the force he possessed, against the door, and at the same time called upon his companions to assist him. The door however resisted his efforts.

'Do not attempt that again,' said Catharine, 'or you are a dead man,' at the same time presenting from the window a heavy horseman's pistol, already cocked.

At the sight of this formidable weapon, the companions of Van Zandt, who had crossed the street at his call, retreated.

'What?' cried their leader, 'you cowards! are you frightened at the threat of a girl!' and again he threw himself upon the door. The weapon discharged, and Van Zandt fell.

The report was heard at the church, and males and females at once rushed out to ascertain the cause. On looking towards the residence of Judge V—, they perceived five men running at full speed, whom the Judge's negroes and several others gave chase to—and from an upper window of his residence, a white handkerchief was waving, as if beckoning for aid.

All rushed towards the place, and upon their arrival, Van Zandt was in the agonies of death. He still retained strength to acknowledge that they had long contemplated robbing that house, and had frequently been concealed in the neighborhood for that purpose no opportunity had offered until that day, when lying concealed in the woods; they had seen the Judge and his family going to church.