

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.

THE COW BOYS.

"I'll read you a matter deep and dangerous
Full of peril and adventurous spirit."

The intervening period from the commencement of the year 1776 to the close of '78, was an eventful time for the infant Republic. They had declared their independence, had thrown off the yoke of Britain, and the time had now arrived when, in the words of a patriot, "it was to be seen whether America had virtue enough to be free or not." The year '78 was particularly distinguished for the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, for several brilliant engagements in the "tented field" which she and undying lustre upon the American arms, and for the multifarious bands of predatory ruffians who infested the forests in the vicinity of New York, Philadelphia, and the "neutral ground." They were composed of renegade Tories, and villains of all descriptions, principally native Americans. They were fierce savages, alike in their manner of living and mode of warfare, and, indeed, verifying the assertion of the poet, that

"He that loves not his country, loves nothing."

It was a balmy morning in June: the sun shone with intense brilliancy, and his burning rays reflected upon some parts of the armor of a solitary equestrian, who was wending his way from West Chester to Philadelphia. His horse might have seen better days as well as himself—both appeared jaded and worn with toil. The former was a black and noble-looking animal, mangle the appearance of his ribs, which stood out in bold relief, and "bore testimony ample" of his meagre and stinted fare. His rider was a man whose demeanor stamped him at once as one of the "brave sons of liberty." A certain expression about the mouth, the bold and fearless glance of a black eye, and the noble contour of his form, spoke of one of the "bravest of the brave" when deed of danger was nigh.—His hostlers contained a pair of pistols, which were the only arms visible. A military coat, rather worn, and a rough foraging cap, completed his warlike accoutrements. An air of determined bravery was blended with a humorish expression which lingered about his visage, and upon all this,

"middle age

Had slightly pressed her signet sage."

"Jove!" exclaimed he, "here is old Baker's they told me of at Chester," and, spurring his Rosinante, he soon dismounted at the door of a miserable inn, and giving his noble beast into the care of an attendant, he made his way to the interior of the dwelling.

The landlord was alone. Our adventurer knew him for a staunch Whig—and greeted him accordingly. "Well, Baker," said he, "is there any news stirring?"

"None of consequence, sir. Are you going to the city?"

"Yes. What is the distance?"

"About five miles by the district road, but—"

"But what, pray?"

"Why, the Cow-Boys are as thick as blackberries. A band of twenty robbed two

men yesterday, and only last Monday there was a man murdered outright."

The man stepped to the window and mused anxiously. "Baker," observed he, at last, "I have been told that you are honest, and I am pay-master in the army, and with me I have several thousand dollars.—To go through the forest you speak of, as I am now, were an act of consummate folly. Can you rig me with a poor horse, and a countryman's dress, with a wig and Quaker hat?"

"Yes, Major, I have the very things. If you'll come this way, I'll show you."

In a few minutes Maj. Burton returned, having undergone a complete metamorphosis. A pair of homespun breeches, drab coat, and broad brimmed beaver, had superseded his military equipage, every trace of which had disappeared, and his soldier-like bearing had given place to the demure and quiet deportment of the honest Quaker.—Albeit, his bold eye flashed occasionally from under the broad brim of his upper integument, and sadly belied the sad suffering disposition which it became him to assume. The money was carefully deposited in a pair of saddle bags, which were thrown across the saddle, and Maj. Burton mounted.

"Good morning, Baker," said Burton, "take good care of my beast."

"I will," shouted the worthy landlord, "and luck be with you."

The Major rode on in silence, and thus commuicated with himself: "This is indeed a virtue of necessity, to be compelled to ride this sorry jade. It was a transformation with a vengeance, and no one would then have recognized any but the honest Quaker."

He had proceeded into the forest about a mile, and was turning a short angle in the road, when he was commanded, in a stentorian voice, to "stand!" But two men were near him, and these two were as villainous looking beings as one would wish to look upon. Squallid wretchedness was depicted upon every feature, and in a voice, rendered hollow by misery, they demanded his money.

"Alas! my friends," said our worthy Quaker, "I have but little, which I will bestow upon thee if thou demand it. But, friend," (to the one who had his hand upon the bridle) "release my beast, and fear not that I shall attempt to escape thee. Why dost thou pursue this course, running both body and that immortal part which dieth not? I would that ye cleave upon some honest calling—and if ye will imbue thy hands in the blood of thy fellow man, join the forces of your country, and—"

"Look here!" shouted one of them, you infernal hypocrite! stop your lingo—give us your money, and curse your preaching."

The Quaker fumbled first in one pocket, and then the other, and producing some change, he handed it out to them in silence. They eyed the paltry sum with looks in which shame and wrath struggled for mastery.

"Three tips and four coppers! begone!" and bestowing two or three kicks upon the old horse which merely started him into a gallop, they dashed through the "tangled waste of underwood," and were soon beyond the ken of the honest Quaker, alias Maj. Burton, of the Continental army.—He sobered his animal into a patient trot, more becoming his garb, and "whistling as he went for want of thought," he soon entered the city in safety, and with his comrades in arms had many a hearty laugh on his adventure with the Cow-Boys.

The Rochester Democrat says the crop of wheat in western New York, is two weeks more forward than it was last year, and some days more than for a number of years past, and that the prospect of an abundant crop was never more flattering.

The wheat harvest of Wisconsin is unusually promising.

From the Adventures of Valentine Vox.

A VENTRILOQUIST TREATING HIS FRIENDS TO A SERENADE OF CATS.

There happened to be only four bedrooms in the house; the best of course was occupied by Miss Madonna, the second by Plumplee, the third by Mr. Beagle, and the fourth by the servant, and that in which Mr. Beagle slept was a double bedded room, and Valentine had, therefore, to make his selection between the spare bed and the sofa. Of course the former was preferred, and as preference seemed highly satisfactory to Mr. Beagle himself they passed the remainder of the evening very pleasantly together, and in due time retired.

Valentine, on having the bed pointed out to him, darted between the sheets in the space of a minute, for as Mr. Jonas Beagle facetiously observed, he had but to shake himself, and every thing came off: when as he did not by any means feel drowsy at the time he fancied that he might as well amuse his companion for an hour or so as not.—He therefore, turned the thing seriously over in his mind, while Mr. Beagle was quietly undressing, being anxious for that gentleman to extinguish the light before he commenced operations.

"Now for a beautiful night's rest," observed Mr. Jonas Beagle to himself as he put out the light with a tranquil mind, and turned in with great deal of comfort.

"Mew!—mew!" cried Valentine softly throwing his voice under the bed of Mr. Beagle.

"Hish—curse that cat!" cried Mr. Beagle, "we must have you out at all events, my lady." And Mr. Beagle at once slipped out of bed and having opened the door cried "hish!" again emphatically, and threw his breeches towards the spot as an additional inducement for the cat to "stand not on the order of her going," when Mr. Valentine repeated the cry, and made it appear to proceed from the stairs Mr. Beagle thanked heaven she was gone, closed the door and very carefully groped his way again into bed.

"Mew!—mew!—mew!" cried Valentine, just as Mr. Beagle had again comfortably composed himself.

"What! are you there still madam!" enquired that gentleman in a highly sarcastic tone, "I tho't you had been turned out madam. Do you hear this witch of a cat?" he continued, addressing Valentine with the view of conferring upon him the honorable office of Tyler for the time being; but Valentine replied with a deep heavy snore, and began to mew again with additional emphasis.

"Well, I don't have a treat every day, it is true; but if this isn't one, why I'm out of my reckoning, that's all!" observed Mr. Jonas Beagle, slipping again out of bed: I don't much like to handle you my lady, but if I did, I'd of course give you physic!" and he "hished!" again with consummate violence and continued to "hish!" until Valentine scratched the bed-post sharply, a feat which inspired Mr. Beagle with the conviction of its being the disturber of his peace in the act of decamping, when he threw the pillow very energetically towards the door which he closed, and then returned to his bed in triumph. The moment, however, he had comfortably tucked himself up again he missed the pillow he had converted into an instrument of vengeance, and that was an article without which he could not even hope to go to sleep, he had of course to turn out again to fetch it.

"How many more times, I wonder," he observed to himself, "shall I have to get out of this blessed bed to-night? Exercise is certainly a comfort, and very conducive to health; but such exercise as this; why where have you got?" he added, addressing the pillow, which with all the sweeping action of his feet he was some time unable to find—"Oh, here you are, sir, are you? and he picked up the object of his search and gave it several severe blows in the belly; when having reinstated himself between the sheets, he exclaimed in a subdued tone,

"Well, let's try again!"

Now, Mr. Jonas Beagle was a man who prided himself especially upon the evenness of his temper. His boast was that nothing could put him in a passion, and if he had less than most of his contemporaries to vex him, he had certainly been able, in the absence of all cause for irritation, to preserve his equanimity. As a perfect natural matter, of course, he invariably attributed the absence of such cause to the innate amiability of his disposition; and marvelled that men, men of sense and discernment, should so far forget what was justly expected of them, as reasonable beings, as to suffer themselves to be tortured by excitement, inasmuch albeit as human nature and difficulties are inseparable, human nature is sufficiently potent not only to battle with those difficulties, but overcome them. If Mr. Jonas Beagle had to contend against many of the ills flesh and blood is heir to, he, in all probability, would have acted like the majority of his fellow men; but as he had met with very few, and those few had not been of a very furious complexion, he could afford to be deeply philosophical on the subject, and felt himself competent, of course, to frame laws by which the tempers of men in the aggregate should be governed. He did, however, feel when he violently smote the pillow, that the little ebullition partook somewhat of the nature of passion, and just commenced reproaching himself for having indulged in that little ebullition, when Valentine cried, "mewow!—pit!—mewow!"

"Hullo," exclaimed Mr. Jonas Beagle—"here again!"

"Mew!" said Valentine, in a somewhat higher key.

"What! another come to contribute to the harmony of the evening!"

"Mewow—mewow!" cried Valentine a key still higher.

"Well, how many more of you?" enquired Mr. Beagle, "you will be able to get up a concert by and-by; and Valentine began to spit and swear with great felicity.

"Swear away you beauties," cried Mr. Jonas Beagle, as he listened to this volley of feline oaths; "I only wish that I was not so much afraid of you for your sakes. At it again!—Well, this is a blessing. Don't you hear these devils of cats?" he cried, anxious not to have all the fun to himself; but Valentine recommenced snoring very loudly. "Well, this is particularly pleasant," he continued, as he sat up in bed.—"Don't you hear? What a comfort it is to be able to sleep soundly;" which remarkable observation was doubtless provoked by the no less remarkable fact that the spitting and swearing became more and more desperate. "What's to be done?" he enquired very pointedly. "What's to be done," my breeches are right in the midst of them all. I can't get out now—they'd tear the flesh off my legs; and that fellow there sleeps like a top. Hullo! do you mean to say you don't hear those cats, how they're going it?" Valentine certainly meant to say no such thing, for the whole of the time that he was not engaged in yawning and spitting, he was delicately occupied in snoring—which had a very good effect, and served to fill up the intervals exceedingly well.

At length the patience of Mr. Jonas Beagle began to evaporate, for the hostile animals continued to battle apparently with great desperation; he therefore threw a pillow with great violence into the bed of his companion, and shouted so loudly that Valentine, finding that it would be perfect nonsense to pretend to sleep any longer, began to yawn very naturally, and then to cry out "who's there?"

"Tis I," shouted Jonas Beagle. "Don't you hear those witches of cats?"

"Hish," cried Valentine, "why there are two of them!"

"Two!" said Mr. Beagle, "more like two-and-twenty! I've turned out a dozen myself. There's a swarm, a whole colony of them here, and I know no more about striking a light than a fool."

"Oh, never mind," said Valentine: "let's go to sleep, they'll be quiet by and-by."

"It's all very fine to say, let's go to sleep but who's to do it?" cried Beagle, emphatically. "Curse the cats! I wish there warn't a cat under heaven, I do with all my soul! They're such spiteful vermin too, when they happen to be put out, and there's one of them in a passion. I know her by her spitting, and confound her! I wish from the bottom of my heart it was the very last spit she had in her."

While Mr. Jonas Beagle was indulging in these highly appropriate observations.—Valentine was laboring with great energy in the production of the various bitter cries which are peculiarly characteristic to the feline race; and for a man who possessed but a slight knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language of that race, it must, in justice be said, that he developed a degree of that fluency, which did him great credit. He purred, and mused, and cried and swore, and spit, until the perspiration oozed from every pore, and made the sheets as wet as if they had been damped for the mangle.

"What on earth are we to do?" inquired Plumplee, "I myself have a horror for cats."

"The same to me, and many of 'em!" observed Mr. Beagle, "let's wake that young fellow, perhaps he don't mind them."

"Hollo!" cried Plumplee.

"Hollo!" shouted Beagle; but as neither could make any impression upon Valentine, and as both were afraid to get off the bed, to shake him, they proceeded to roll up the blankets and sheets into balls and to pelt him with infinite zeal.

"Who's there? What's the matter?" cried Valentine, at length, in the coolest tone imaginable, although his exertions had made him sweat like a tinker.

"For heaven's sake, my dear young friend," said Mr. Plumplee, "do assist us in turning these cats out."

"Cats! Where are they? Hish!" cried Valentine.

"Oh, that's of no use whatever. I have tried the hissing business myself. All the hissing in the world won't do. They must be beaten out; you're not afraid of them are you?"

"Afraid of them; afraid of a few cats!" exclaimed Valentine, with the assumption of some considerable magnanimity, "Where are they?"

"Under my bed," replied Beagle.—"There's a brave fellow. Breathe their blessed necks!" And Valentine leaped out of bed, and after striking at the imaginary animals very furiously with the bolster, he hissed with violence and scratched across the grain of the beards in humble imitation of those domestic creatures scampering out of the room when he rushed to the door, and proceeded to make a very forlorn mewowing die gradually away at the bottom of the stairs.

"Thank heaven! they are all gone at last!" cried Mr. Beagle, "we shall be able to get a little rest now, I suppose;" and after very minutely surveying every corner of the room in which it was possible for one of them to have lingered, he lighted his candle, bade Plumplee good night, and begged him to go immediately to Miss Madonna, who had been calling for an explanation very anxiously below.

Twenty-six years ago, and only one small building was to be seen in Buffalo, which now contains more than twenty thousand inhabitants.

It is said that American bank stock and canal and railway shares are held in Great Britain to the extent of nearly \$300,000,000.

Beware.—Notes are about on the Bank of Maryland, at Baltimore, and the Susquehanna Bridge Banking Company. Neither of them are worth any thing.