

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 IV. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1840. Number 32.

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.

POETRY.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

A Loafer's Melody.

Air—the Pic Nic.

BY A MILITIA OFFICER.

How happy the Loafer—no sorrow he knows;
Too lazy to care for his friends or his foes,
No fear of a change can his pleasures away,
For to-morrow he knows will be pass'd as to-day.

Too lazy to Love—he ne'er thinks of the girls,
Nor is troubled at heart by blue-eyes, or dark curls;
But smoothly undragoon'd keeps loafing along.

How happy the loafer, his unceasing song.
Too lazy to think, he ne'er bothers his pate
With affairs of religion or intrigues of State;

Twixt eating and drinking his days are all spent,
And heaven indulgent has made him content.

When the season's in order roll beautiful away,
And October succeeds to the sunshine of May,

His labor is only his carcass to move
From the door, and stick close as a leech to the stove.

There seated old Boreas may bellow in vain,
And the tempest of winter howl over the plain,

Placed too near the chimney to stiffen or freeze,
He puffs his *Principes* and loafs at his ease.

THE PRINTER'S LOVE.

We love to see the blooming rose
In all its beauty dressed;
We love to hear our friends disclose
The emotions of their breast.

We love to see a ship arrive,
Well laden to our shore;
We love to see our neighbors thrive—
And love to bless the poor.

We love to see domestic life
With uninterrupted joys—
We love to see a youthful wife
Not pleased with trifling toys.

We love all these—yet far above
All that we ever said,
We love—what every Printer loves—
To have SUBSCRIPTIONS PAID.

Anecdote.—After the battle of Salamanca, Lord Hill, the British General, was walking over the blood-stained field, he observed a soldier in a gloomy mood, leaning upon his firelock. Struck with his manner, he advanced and asked what he was thinking about. The soldier answered—"of the number of widows and orphans I have this day made for a shilling."

Any man who would beat his wife, should be sentenced to wallow naked through "December's snow," then to catch the itch and have his hands tied behind him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Casket:

THE ROBBER CHIEF.

A STORY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In the year 1652 the Black Forest was infested with poachers. When game was scarce they levied contributions on travellers, and having eased them of their property, they returned to conceal themselves in the woods. Robbers and poachers are almost synonymous; in fact, a man who steals game at night, armed to the teeth, is seldom backward in murdering any one who opposes him, and, when game is wanting, it is easy to replace it by a purse of gold; and with this advantage, that there is no need of going to market to dispose of the spoil. Besides, it is merely drawing a trigger in either case. The chief of these marauders was a young man of good family, born at Aschaffenburg. Libertinism had hurried him into crime. In love with a young girl who had been refused to his address, he resolved to carry her off; and to avoid the pursuit of the law he joined himself to a knot of dissolute young men, who had already taken the Forest for their abode. Determined and intrepid, they soon became the terror of the gamekeepers and woodsmen, who were speedily quieted by an unseen fowling-piece, whenever an attack on these lawless men was meditated. After a time no one dared to pass through the Forest, nor even to travel alone in its neighborhood after dark.

Hans Rudinet, who had become chief of the band, soon grew tired of the young creature for whom he had first adopted the profession of a robber; the gentleman loved variety, and under different guises traversed the neighboring villages, where, if he saw a handsome woman he would watch her movements, and track her footsteps, until the desired opportunity arrived; when pouncing on her like a bird of prey, he would bear her off to the Forest. Nine young women were in this manner taken away from the vicinity of Frankfort, eight of whom returned, soon or late to their houses, some ill, some mothers, and all more or less desolate. Hans Rudinet left other spoils to his comrades, provided he kept the women to himself. An excellent marksman, the deer, the wild boar, or the goat that passed within two hundred paces of his arquebuss received its contents in his heart. If the foresters assembled to attack the poachers, the latter allowed the former to advance deep into the forest, and then, at a signal given by Hans, all fired at once, and rarely did it happen that a man unhurt escaped to carry the news of their neighbors. The comrades of Hans aimed at the trunk of their adversary; but he invariably lodged his ball in the left eye of the man he singled out: When a poor wretch was found dead, with the left eye pierced, the peasants would say, "This is the work of Hans Rudinet."

These enormities could not but bring on a catastrophe. The Senators of Frankfort assembled to devise means for destroying or dispersing this horde of brigands. Some troops were placed at their disposal, and all the young men of the district joined in the crusade proclaimed against the robbers; they were resolved to capture Hans Rudinet, and bring him, dead or alive, into the town. The forest was surrounded, and after a desperate resistance, all the poachers were taken, except the chief. They were conducted to Frankfort to be tried and executed, and a great part of the neighboring population hastened to be present at this spectacle. Men and women rejoiced in the downfall of their enemies, but the satisfaction was not entire, because Hans Rudinet had escaped. A young woman, holding a little boy by the hand, stood near the gibbet, watching the executioner preparing to perform his office; when turning to observe a man, who pressed close to her, she observed Hans, and was about to utter a cry, but he whispered, "Silence, or that child shall soon be an orphan." She was silent, but the words

were heard by an officer of the police, and he looked attentively at the man, for he knew that the girl was one of those who had passed some months in the forest with the poachers; and he felt little doubt but this must be Rudinet, for on comparing his features with those of the child, he perceived a strong resemblance. Acting on this opinion, he signed to two of his colleagues, and the three, seizing the man, conducted him before the senators.

"You have secured all the poachers but the chief, and we now bring him before you."

A young woman who entered at the same time cried out. "Pardon, pardon, for the father of my child!"

"Yes, I am Rudinet, and this girl has betrayed me, but I forgive her."

"Tell the executioner that his day's work is not yet done," said a senator.

"This fellow who has just seized me," said Rudinet, "was yesterday within two hundred paces of my arquebuss, and I meant to have hit him in the left eye, but a sudden emotion of pity seized me; had I followed up my first idea he would have been dead, and I should not stand here before you."

"You really can put a ball into a man's eye at two hundred paces?"

"Yes, I would engage to put in ten!"

"It is not possible," said an arquebussier in attendance.

"You think so, because you are not expert yourself; do you think I resemble you? Well, if it will afford you any diversion, I am willing, before I die, to show you what a man can do with an arquebuss!"

"We should like to see it!" cried several persons.

"It shall be so," said a senator, "and if he put a ball into the neck of a bottle, without breaking it, we will pardon him!"

"That would be easy," observed Rudinet, while another senator remarked, that pardon should not be granted on easy terms to one who had been so great an offender.

"No said he, 'nine young girls have been taken from their homes by him, and he shall fire nine balls, designing with them the cypher 9 in the vane over the gate *Ernschleinmer*.'"

"Well said; and if he fails in one ball we will hang him."

"Yes, yes!" roared the crowd, delighted at having two exhibitions instead of one.

"I am quite content," said Hans Rudinet, "if pardon is to attend success!"

"We will beg it for you!" cried the arquebussiers.

"It shall be granted," said the senators.

"Give me then a piece and nine balls."

"Place him under the gibbet," ordered the burgomaster, "put a cord round his neck and if he miss one shot; tighten it till you strangle him."

Hans Rudinet took the arquebuss, and examined it, without seeming disturbed by the preparations of the executioner, who was placing the cord as the burgomaster had indicated. He then put in the powder, ball and wadding, and raising the piece, with careful attention he fired, and the vane turning on its pivot, showed that it was pierced through.

"There's nothing remarkably clever in that."

"Oh no; any body might do the same!"

"I would bet a trifle that the third ball hangs him!"

"The second comes before the third," said Hans coolly, "look, there it is; have I placed it well?"

"Yes."

"Now then, for the third; three, does it begin the curve?"

"Admirable!"

"Four—five—six; see I have made the circle; it remains but to put the tail to the cypher."

Better and better; bravo, Rudinet you are the best marksman in the world!"

And the people who a few minutes before would have deemed the poacher to death, now hoped for his safety. The arquebussiers almost trembled lest the re-

maining shots should be less true, and the girl pressed her child to her heart, which palpitated with the dread that an ill-directed ball should prove the signal for executing a man who obtained possession of her person unlawfully. But the three other balls were fired with as much accuracy as the former ones, and the 9 was as well formed, as though the holes had been forated by the hand.

"Vivat!" screamed the girl.

"Vivat!" shouted the arquebussiers.

"Nivat!" cried the people.

Rudinet was quickly relieved of his hempen cravat, and carried in triumph before the senators.

"How will you deserve the life which we spare you?" they asked.

"By employing it in learning to be an honest man!"

"Why did you not begin sooner?"

"Because my companions would not let me; but they are gone—may the rest in peace! If this young woman will consent I will marry her to-morrow, and the town of Frankfort shall not boast a more honest citizen than myself!"

Hans Rudinet kept his word; he became an honest citizen, a good husband, and a tender father, as we read on the headstone in a cemetery and he was unanimously chosen for a chief of the arquebussiers.

Should you go to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, you will see, over the gate called *Thor Ernschleinmer*, a small tower, surmounted by a weather-cock; and, if you look very particularly, you may still trace the cypher 9 designated by the nine balls of Hans Rudinet, the poacher, and expert marksman.

L. W. F.

October, 1840.

ANECDOTE OF SHERIDAN.

The following anecdote of Sheridan's vinous elegance, we had from the lips of one of the oldest surviving friends and followers of Fox, and himself a highly influential whig of the old school. This gentleman and Sheridan had dined together at Bellamy's; and Sheridan having taken his allowance, gave his accustomed signal for a move. This signal consisted of the words "Now I shall go down and see what's doing in the House;" which in reality meant, and was always so interpreted by whoever dined in his company, "I have drunk enough; my share of the business is done, now do yours; call for the bill and pay it." On this occasion the usual course was pursued; and the bill having been settled by Sheridan's friend, the latter, hearing that Sheridan was "up," felt curious to know what he could possibly be at, knowing the glorious state in which he had just departed. Accordingly, he entered the house, and, to his no small astonishment, found Sheridan in a fit of most fervent oratory, thundering forth the following well-known passage,—"Give them a corrupt House of Lords; give them a venal House of Commons; give them a tyrannical prince; give them a truckling Court; and let me have but an unfettered press, and I will defy them to encroach a hair's breadth upon the liberties of England."

VERY AGREEABLE.

"Cousin William," said a merry, mischievous young girl the other day, in our hearing; "what do you think I heard a pretty young lady say of you?"

William blushed and looked as grave as the circumstances that a "pretty young lady" had said something of him would allow.

"I don't know"—something good I hope. Who was it, Coz?"

"Shan't tell you? but it's the truth; a very pretty girl did say something about you."

"Well, tell me what it was?"

"I shan't unless you will give me that Annual that I wanted."

"Well, agreed—you shall have it—now tell me?"

"Well now—don't blush so—she said you were the ugliest looking man she ever laid her eyes on," and off ran the little wretch with a merry laugh that made the house ring again."

A FISH STORY.

Truth is strange; 'tis true 'tis strange; and strange it is 'tis true!" The following is a fact.

Once upon a time, when the packet ship *Corielanus* was returning from Liverpool to New York, the carpenter, a very worthy man, taken sick, and after a brief illness expired on shipboard. He had an interesting son, who was his assistant as ship carpenter, and he loved his father with the most tender and filial affection. The poor youth's heart was almost broken at the loss of his parent, and no persuasions could induce him to leave the body.

The usual preparations for a funeral at sea were made; the poor carpenter was sewed up in a winding sheet, and with him was put an old grindstone, hatchet and chisel, to carry him down to his long rest in the ocean. The poor boy grew frantic when his father was about to be committed to the waves, and was obliged to be held off by the sailors. At length just as the fatal lurch of the vessel was taken place, the boy, with the strength of a maniac, broke from the sailors, and dashed himself upon the body at the very moment that it was sliding over the ship's side. It was too late to save him, and clinging wildly to the dead body of his father, the hapless boy was seen to make one swift plunge, and disappear forever down, down, into the internal caverns of the mighty ocean. This was in latitude 97, long, 79.

When in lat. 60 long. 48, an enormous Shark was caught, and when hauled upon deck a most extraordinary noise seemed to proceed from the huge monster's stomach. The creature was opened, and there was the father, the son, the grindstone, the hatchet and the chisel!!! The poor carpenter had not died, but was in a trance when they buried him, and there he was sharpening his hatchet, while the son was turning the grindstone! they having just resolved to cut their way out of the shark's stomach!!!

N. O. Picayune.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.

If young women waste their time in trivial amusement, the prime season for improvement which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty they will hereafter regret bitterly the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with; and above all, if they should ever be mothers, when they feel their inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they will then find ignorance a severe mortification and a real evil. Let this animate their industry; and let not a modest opinion of their capacities be a discouragement to their endeavors after knowledge. A moderate understanding, with diligent and well-directed application, will go much further than a mere lively genius, if attended with that impatience and inattention which too often accompany quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are such trifling and insipid companions, so ill qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man, or for the task of instructing or governing a family, it is oftener the neglect of exercising the talents they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a taste for intellectual improvement. By this neglect, they lose the sincerest of pleasures, of which neither misfortune nor age could deprive them, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation in life.

A Blessed Spot.—The following unpublished translation by Percy Bysshe Shelley, of an epigram of Abulfadhil, recorded in D'Herbelot, is from the last number of the *London Sporting Review*:—

Hamadan is my native place,
And, I must say, in praise of it,
It merits for its ugly face,
What every body says of it.

Its children equal its old men
In vice and avidity;
And they reflect the babes again,
In exquisite stupidity.