

# 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, FEBRUARY 6, 1841.

Number 41.

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 Lady's Book for January 1841.

### INCIDENT DURING A SEIGE.

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

A woman of Ancona, heart-broken by the exhaustion of her two sons, and helpless of other relief, opened a vein in her left arm; and having prepared and disguised the blood which flowed from it with spices, and condiments (for these luxuries still abundant, as if to mock the cravings of that hunger which had slight need of any further stimulant than its own sad necessity,) presented them with the beverage; thus prolonging the existence of her children, like the bird of which similar tenderness is fabled, even at the price of that tide of life by which her own was supported.

Sketches from Venetian History.

Night closed around the besieged city—night silence. No sound of laughter, or of mirth, was heard within its walls; men looked ghastly from long and soar famine, and in each other's faces they read despair. The moon shone out in her glory, the heavens were tranquil, and Oh! how beautiful but man, poor suffering man had neither tranquility nor hope! They looked up grimly into the faces of their fellows, and they murmured in broken voices, we starve! There were no words of cheer, or of consolation; physical suffering had exhausted sympathy. The human face was shorn of its beauty, and the strong frame of manhood wasted unto feebleness; ever they passed, & re-passed silently, save when the low wailing voice of childhood went out upon the still air, moaning for bread!

Let us enter one of the stately mansions of Ancona—a room wherein were gathered the many luxuries that minister to the wants of the great, upon a seat of cushion at the open window, sat a noble lady; she looked forth upon the noiseless multitude, and her pale brow was knit, with suffering, her large eyes of shining black were moistened with tears, and her lips, though carved as of old, softly and delicately, were quivering with anguish of heart. Agnes Visconti was a mother; her two brave boys had been among the defenders of the city since early morning, without food, save that which was loathsome to the sight and taste, and of that not enough to sustain them. The hour drew near when she might expect them home, food had not passed her own lips that day, but what was that to a mother who looked upon her children and saw them perishing for bread, when she had none to give!—She heard their approaching footsteps, painful and slow; they who had bounded to meet her, as the young deer upon the hill side, when he scents the air of early morning!—She rose not, but her eyes were bent strainingly upon the door, and her hands were folded tightly over her bosom, as though she might conceal the tumultuous throbbings of her heart. The youngest entered first—a youth of nineteen summers, with an eye loving and gentle, and a face of boy-like beauty, that famine had not been able to destroy; brave he was, and full of enthusiasm; and nobly, for one of his tender years, had he battled for his country; but his strength was spent; he tottered up feebly to his mother, and sinking down by her side, he mur-

mured despairingly—"Mother, mother! I am weary and would die."

"Enrico, my son! God help thee, for other help is there none!" In sore and terrible anguish, that mother clasped the boy to her heart, hot tears fell upon his wasted face, as her long thin fingers smoothed back his shining hair, while her voice, hollow and broken, uttered "Bread! for my children, give me bread!" Her eyes wandered heavily to her eldest born; he stood with arms folded, gazing forth gloomily upon the changed and famished fellow-men beneath him.

"Pietro, son, how is it with thee?" said the mother with faltering voice, for she shrank from the answer.

"Mother, mother, what am I! Our city, our fair city will fall! The wily Venetian, and the relentless Christian will triumph over her; and Oh, God! the brave men who have borne so uncomplainingly, will be cut down as foul things that cumber the path of the victor! Oh, Ancona, Ancona, how freely would I pour forth the last drop of my blood could I save thee!" and the proud soldier bent his head to conceal the burning tears that gushed from his eyes. The heart of Agnes thrilled within her bosom; something of a mother's pride, even in that hour of agony, mingled in her yearning love as she looked upon her first-born. In all Ancona there was none more beloved and esteemed, than Pietro Visconti; lofty, and enthusiastic by nature; clear judging, and energetic of purpose—he was admired for his indomitable courage, trusted for his skill, and loved for his courteous bearing; already he held high command in the army, and, but that his own was involved in that of his native city, the future had been before him full of hope and promise. He mourned Ancona. Alas! the light had gone out from his own eye, the color from his lips, the strength from his frame; hunger was gnawing at his heart strings, and the mother, as he sank, exhausted upon the cushions, almost feared him to see him lie before her.

Enrico slept; she moved him gently from her arms; it was fearfully like death that profound and heavy slumber, yet Agnes blessed it—it brought forgetfulness. She rose up, but ere she left the room a maiden entered of some twenty summers, it was Eudora, the betrothed of Pietro. The dark eye of the pale girl glanced mournfully upon her lover, and then rested upon Agnes:—"How fares it with you all?" she said sadly and the low tones of her sweet voice were broken, and faint. The mother shook her head despondingly, and as she moved from the room she pointed to Pietro. "Comfort him!" it was all the reply. Pietro's face was buried in his hands; Eudora stole softly toward him, and she laid her own hand trembling upon his: "Cheer up, mine own, there is yet hope! Put your trust in a God who will never suffer our wicked enemies to triumph." Pietro uncovered his face, and looked into the soft, and tender eyes that were beaming upon him, the color came faintly over his wan face, as he took the young girl into his arms and blessed her:—"You never murmur, love; so frail, and tenderly nurtured too! you never complain; from the first you have been unselfish, and cheered me when my heart was sinking in despair; but Eudora I can hope no longer."

"Hope on!" she answered, "we may receive the expected succors ere the night be over; Oh! for your mother's sake, and for the sake of that young sleeping brother—hope on!"

"Eudora, I have looked upon fearful scenes this night—helpless woman and children, and strong men, stretching out their ghastly hands to God, and shrieking for bread! the cry went down into my heart, and it stifled every feeling but despair."

Eudora trembled as she listened to words like these, from one who had borne so bravely, and uncomplainingly the evils of his lot; and he was fearfully changed within the last few hours—so worn, so feeble, so utterly exhausted; the tears ran over her face, although she struggled hard to subdue them. Pietro drew her toward him, and kissed the pale cheek, and quivering lips. "Do not

weep, love," he said tenderly, "though our fortunes are dark, and terrible, they are shared together." The words had scarcely passed his lips, when a faintness came over him, his head sank down among the cushions, and he lay powerless, and almost insensible. Eudora wept no more, the anguish of that hour was too great for tears, a choking and convulsive cry for "bread! bread!" escaped her, and she sank feebly down by his side. Turn we to the chamber of the mother. Agnes Visconti sat alone, the light of a new-created hope sparkled in her eyes; while calm, lofty, and resolute, was the expression of the fine but faded features. She bared the white arm that had in other days been famed for its beauty—with a sharp instrument that lay on the table before her, she opened a vein; drop by drop the blood oozed out into the bowl beneath, it ran slowly, for she had hungered long, the light streamed upon her pale face, upon the dark eye that rested sadly, but resolvedly upon the life-blood as it ebbed away. "It is for my children," she thought, "mine own!—what if it shortens life for a brief season? it may save them both. Oh! Thou, who judgest by the secret thoughts of the heart, reward me by their deliverance!" The face of the high-souled woman grew deadly pale, a faint sickness came over her, but her purpose faltered not.

"Bone of my bone," she murmured, "flesh of my flesh, I am ready to die for them!" and again she was strengthened, till her purpose was accomplished. She bound up her arm, and as her enfeebled frame allowed, she mixed the rich spices she had prepared with the blood, and bare it with tottering steps to her famishing children.

"You are ill," said Eudora, rising as Agnes entered the room, "very ill, I am sure you are changed since you left us."

"Nay, 'tis nothing," replied Agnes abruptly.—"Rouse thee, Pietro, drink and live!" The young man stirred, but the sight of food awakened a momentary strength, he grasped the bowl, and drained it to the dregs. "My mother, the pangs of death were upon me, you have saved me! whence came the food?"

"Content thee, it was mine!" and the emphatic tones of his mother silenced further inquiries in the overworn and exhausted man. He slept again. Enrico was roused with difficulty, and as he drank what his mother had apportioned for him, it was with pain, and much effort. "He is saved for the present," thought the wretched mother. "Oh! that to-morrow may bring deliverance to Ancona, and her famishing children!"—She sank feebly down, and Eudora could only weep, and look hopefully on; aid there was none.

The morrow came, a long day of fearful suffering, but it passed at last: sunset was on the distant hills, twilight began to shadow the earth; lo! on the far summit of Falconessa appeared a long and glittering line of lights; banners waved in the air, and anon the sound of martial music was borne upward and onward, a shout that seemed to part the air, and make the firm land quiver, went up from the delivered city. "The succors! the succors! God help us they are come, there is bread, bread for the starving!" Ancona was free.

"Gently, Oh! gently, she will die," said Enrico, as they raised the head of Agnes. They gave her nourishment, she revived, looked around, and a smile such as angels wear, hovered on her white lips. "God has sent us help my children."

"Mother, mother! there is blood in the bowl from which we drank last night—it was your own!"—and Pietro knelt down by her side as he asked the question.

"It was but exchanging the worn out tree for the strong and vigorous saplings, bless ye my children!"

**Obesity.**—There is a man down in Massachusetts, who is so fat, that they hire him at camp meetings to stand up and throw his shade upon the audience, when the sun is out hot.

**To cure Insanity.**—Turn fool; for no idiot was ever insane.

## THE HAPPY MAN.

In walking down Second street on Friday afternoon, on my way to the Arsenal, I found a crack in my boot, and recollecting the old adage that "a stitch in time saves nine," I popped into the first cobbler's shop I met to get it mended. Unlooked for pleasures are generally most relished, and I had no expectation of meeting with a philosophic cobbler. Pulling off my boot, I looked at the man. What an intelligent countenance! What an expressive eye! "There is truth in physiognomy," exclaimed I to myself; "that fellow's brains are not made of green peas."

As he was fixing the boot I then thought of a man born with capacities for intellectual pleasures and improvement, lofty, lordly, man, wasting his whole existence pent up in a small room, knocking away with his hammer, and bending from morning till night over a lapstone and a piece of leather I took another look at the man, and while the glorious sun was rolling on in his golden course, and all nature smiling in her most gorgeous and superb scenery, wooing the gaze, and filling the gazer with sublime feelings, here, said I to myself, sits a man perpetually straining his eyes to poke a hog's bristle through a little hole. What an employment for a man, capable, if properly instructed, of measuring the distance from this to Mercury! It is impossible he can be happy; he is out of his sphere.

Just as he had got the thread through the third hole, I spoke to him and said, "your room is very small; are you happy here?"

He answered with some energy, "happy, yes, happy as the day is long; and would not exchange places with General Harrison, though I am certain he will be the next President. I don't interfere with politics, but I know all about it."

"But are you happy in your employment confined all day in this small room?"

"Yes, certainly. The fact is half the world don't know the way to be happy. I was for a while, myself, humbugged about happiness; but sitting on my stool, and reflecting seriously one day, I got the secret. I had thought that to be happy one must be rich and great, have an inconveniently large house, more furniture by far than necessary, a table groaning with every thing; but soon found out that was all stuff. I am happier here with myself, my last and hammer, than thousands with their fine houses and splendid equipage; I have a great deal of enjoyment in looking out of my little cabin and laughing at the follies of the world.—"They do not see me, and it does them no harm; and between you and me, the world are busy pursuing mere shadows. One would be rich, another to get into office; they are never satisfied, but here I am, mending old shoes, contented with my lot and situation, and happier, by far, than a King. Indeed I am thankful that Heaven in its wrath never made me a King, for it is a poor business."

By this time my boot was ready, and wishing to prolong the conversation with a man who displayed so much real practical philosophy, I said,

"Have you no distressing cares to vex you, no anxieties, no sleepless nights, no bills to meet, no pangs for yesterday, no fears of to-morrow?"

"He stared at me a moment and said—'No, not one. The only cares which I have are comforts. I have a wife, the best in the world, and two children, and that is enough of comfort for any one man to enjoy. As to bills, I have none to meet, and never buy on credit, and never buy what I do not really want. As for the fears of to-morrow I have no fear, but trust in a kind and ever-watchful Providence, believing that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and resignation to Providence to be the truest philosophy."

What a noble fellow, said I, to mend a crack in a boot! himself a piece of noble workmanship! I felt inwardly the truth of the saying, "contentment is a kingdom;" and after I left my philosophical cobbler, I thought much about him, and am satisfied that his philosophy was sound, and that

mankind in general have got to learn the secret to be happy.

[His situation in life is obscure, but—]  
"Honor and fame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

## A WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

Shall we have a war with Great Britain? This is an important inquiry, and we must confess that while we think affairs are fast verging towards such a crisis, and while we for one, would almost rather pray for it, than continue to see our flag insulted, and our territory violated, at the will, of a bold, deceitful and unscrupulous nation, we are not prepared to hazard a prophecy on the subject. Let us look for a moment how we stand, and at the difficulties and disputes, in being and anticipated, in the way of a permanent reconciliation between our government and that of Great Britain. In the first place there is the case of the Caroline and the McLeod case. Here is a fruitful subject for a bitter quarrel, and we are much mistaken if it do not end in a violent rupture. It has already been so fully alluded to we will not waste many more words on it.—The capture of McLeod will hurry matters to a settlement of some kind. McLeod is not yet indicted for his share in the iniquitous murder of the night of the 29th Dec. 1837, at Schlosser, and is held on a magistrate's warrant merely, but the matter will go before a Grand Jury directly, and that he will be indicted, tried, and if guilty, convicted and hung, there can be no question—provided he be not rescued, or forfeit his bail and elope, one of which two things we think will decidedly happen. Either way it will accelerate the settlement of the affair.

The next thing is the North-Eastern Boundary. This appears to grow more difficult of adjustment the longer it stands. Like the outrage of the Caroline, it has been attended to but tamely by our government, until our opponent begins to think, we suspect, that we are very indifferent upon the subject. We are glad to see that Gov. Davis of Massachusetts, Federalist as he is, entertains proper views in relation to it.—In a late message to the Senate of his State covering certain resolutions from the States of Indiana and Maine on this important and exciting topic, his language is quite democratic, noble, spirited and patriotic. He conceives, and we think just, that there is at present, but a dim prospect of a speedy end to the controversy, Great Britain evincing no disposition to bring the question to an issue upon its own merits, but preferring a tone of haughty and cavalier character, that may answer well with some nations, but which, forbearing and slow to anger as we are, will accomplish nothing with our own.

Again there is the dispute about the Oregon territory, which will yet or we are mistaken, assume an aspect still more serious than that of the North East Boundary.—The whole region watered by the Columbia River is known by the name of Oregon, and covers over 400 miles of coast on the Pacific. It unquestionably belongs to us, and yet Great Britain is quietly taking possession of it, and will not be induced to abandon it without a quarrel. The Hudson's Bay Company have occupied it for some years, and now professes ownership, while the British parliament in 1821 actually passed an act declaring the criminal law of England to be in force in Oregon, from the Rocky Mountains to the very confines of Arkansas and Missouri! Mr. Linn of Missouri, has been urging upon Congress the passage of a law for our occupation of the territory, by proposing a bounty of a thousand acres of land to every actual American settler, the laws of the United States to be established there and maintained. Of course when this is attempted, the British will resist with their usual arrogance, so that here is another pretty subject for a quarrel as it stands.

Now turn to Africa, and look at the insults to our flag on that coast by the British cruisers. Will they be tolerated by a quiet but a proud and sovereign people? The "right of search" was the grand point of dispute—the real origin of the war of 1812,