

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

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.



LESSON OF THE SEA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Go down unto the sea
Where the white winged navies ride,
Whose mighty pulses heave so free
In strong, mysterious tide—
Within whose coral cells,
Where sunless forests creep,
So many a wandering child of earth
Hath laid him down to sleep.

Go forth unto the sea,
And at the break of morn,
Teach its young waves the words of prayer
Before the day is born—
And when the night grows dim
Beguile the billows wild
With the holy hush of thine evening hymn,
As the mother lull her child.

Go—bow thee to sea—
When the booming breakers roar,
And a meek hearted listener be
To all their fearful lore—
And learn, where tempests lower,
Their lesson from the wave—
"One voice alone can curb our power,
One arm alone can save."

Go—homeward, from the sea—
When its trial hour is past,
With deeper trust in Him who rules
The billow and the blast—
And when the charms of earth
Around the bosom creep,
Forget not, in thy time of mirth,
The wisdom of the deep.

Don't You think Me Right?

BY W. LAW GANE.

True love, for us poor maidens,
Is a rough and crooked path,
And the oak on which we hang our hopes
Proves often but a lath.
My preface done, now hear my case,
'Twill grieve those hearts not cold—
A young man I my lover made,
But my father chose an old;
I could not wed an old man—
Oh no! despite his gold.

My father cox'd and wheedled,
But I heard him slyly swear
That he'd teach a saucy mix like me
His sov'reign will to dare.
His day was named—my dress came home;
Grief made me quite a fright;
To-morrow would have seen me wed—
So I eloped at night.
I could not wed an old man—
And don't you think me right?

SHARP ENOUGH ALREADY.

A solicitor, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady, that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her! "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to file your bill, for it is sharp enough already."

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.

Professor Von Grusselbach, of Stockholm, has very lately brought to a state of perfection, the art of producing a torpor of the whole system, by the application of cold of different degrees of intensity proceeding from a lesser to a greater, so as to cause the human body to become perfectly torpid without permanent injury to any organ or tissue of the frame. In this state they may remain for a great number of years, and again, after a sleep of ages, be awakened to existence; as fresh and blooming as they were when they first sunk into their torpid slumber.

The attention of the learned professor was first directed to the subject by finding a load enclosed in a solid fragment of calcareous rock ten feet in diameter which when taken out, showed unequivocal signs of life but it was supposed that concussion by blasting the rock occasioned its death. In a few hours after. The opinion of Baron Gruthen, who is Geologist to the King of Sweden, was that it must have been in this situation for at least seven thousand years and his calculations were drawn from the different layers of strata by which it was surrounded. From this hint, the professor proceeded to make experiments, and after a painful and laborious course of experiments for the last twenty nine years of his life he has at last succeeded in perfecting his great discovery. No less than sixty thousand reptiles, shell fish, &c., were experimented on before he tried the human subject. The process is not entirely laid before the public as yet, but I had the honor, in company with a friend of visiting the professor.

I shall give a slight description of one of the outer rooms containing some of his preparations. Previous to entering, we were furnished with an India rubber bag, to which was attached a mask with glass eyes. This was put on to prevent the temperature of the room from being varied the slightest degree by our breathing. It was a circular room lighted by the sun rays from which the heat was entirely disengaged by its passage through its glass, &c., colored by the oxide of copper, (a late discovery and very valuable to the professor.) The room is shelved all round and contains nearly one thousand specimens of animals, &c. One was a Swedish girl aged, from appearance, about nineteen years; she was assigned to the professor by order of the Government to experiment upon having been found guilty to murder her child.

With the exception of slight paleness, she appeared as if asleep, although she has been in a state of complete torpor for two years. He intends he says to resuscitate her in five more years and convince the world of his wonderful discovery. The professor to gratify us took a small snake out of his cabinet into another room although it appeared to us to be perfectly dead and rigid as marble, by application of a mixture of cayenne pepper and brandy, it showed immediate signs of life and was apparently as active as ever it was in a few minutes although the professor assured us it had been in a state of torpor for six years.—*European Correspondence.*

Captain Marryatt relates that there were two lawyers in partnership in New York, with the peculiarly happy names of Catchem and Chetum. People hearing laughed to see these two names in juxtaposition over the door, the two lawyers thought it advisable to separate them by the insertion of their Christian names, Isaac and Uriah. The painter, however, finding the board too short to admit the Christian name at full length, put only the initials before the surnames, which made the matter still worse for there now appeared, 'I. Catchem, and U. Chetum.'

A New Method of Catching Rats.—A Yankee editor has just thought of a new plan to catch rats. He says that you must locate your bed in a room much infested by those animals, and on retiring put the light out. Then strew over your pillow some strong smelling cheese, three or four red herrings, some barley meal or new malt, and sprinkling of dried codfish. Keep a wake until you find that the rats are at work, and then make a grab!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Revolutionary Recollections.

In the autumn of 1777, when Lord Howe had possession of Philadelphia, the situation of the Americans who could not follow their beloved commander, was truly distressing, subject to every day insults of their cruel and oppressive foes. Bound to pay obedience to the laws predicated on the momentary power of a proud and vindictive commander it can be better pictured than described. To obtain the common necessities of life, particularly flour, they had to go as far as Bristol, a distance of eighteen or twenty miles, and even this indulgence was not granted them, until a pass was procured from Lord Howe, as guards were placed along Vine street, extending from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, forming a complete barrier.—beyond these through the woods, extending as far as Frankford, were stationed the picket guards—thus rendering it in a manner impossible to reach the Bristol mills unless first obtaining a pass.

The commander-in-chief of the American forces was then encamped at the Valley Forge, suffering from cold, hunger, and the inclemency of the season. The British rolled in plenty, and spent their days in feasting, their nights in balls, riot and dissipation, thus resting in supposed security, while the American chieftain was planning a mode for their final extermination. A poor woman with six small children, whose husband was at Valley Forge, had made frequent applications for a pass. Engagement rendered it impossible for her cruel tormentors to give her one. Rendered desperate from disappointment, and the cries of her children, she started alone without a pass, and by good luck, eluded the guards and reached Bristol.

It will be remembered by many now living, that six brothers by the name of Duale or Dowell, about this time committed many acts of heroic bravery, but more in the character of misadventurers than soldiers. They were men full six feet high, stout and active, a fearless intrepidity characterized their deeds, and they always succeeded in making their escape. A marked partiality to the Americans rendered them obnoxious to the British, and always welcome to the former, to whom they conveyed what information they could glean in their adventures.

Our adventurous female, having procured her flour in a pillow case holding about twenty pounds, was returning with a light heart to her anxious and lonely babes. She had passed the picket guard at Frankford, and was just entering the woods a little this side, when a tall stout man stepped from behind a tree, and putting a letter in her hand, requested her to read it. She grasped with eager joy the letter bearing the character of her husband's hand writing. After a pause, she said, "your husband is well, madam, and requested me to say that in a short time he would be with you.—Money is a scarce article among us—mean among them; but on account of your husband's partiality to the cause of liberty, I am willing to become his banner." So saying, he handed her a purse of money; "my means, madam are adequate or I would not be thus lavish, seeing she was about to refuse it.

"You said, sir, my husband would see me shortly; how do you know that which seems so impossible? and how do you know me, who never—"
"Hush, madam, we are now approaching the British guard; suffice it to say, the American commander has that in his head, which like an earthquake, will shake the whole American continent and expunge these miscreants; but hark—take the road to the left—farewell.—So saying he departed. She gave him one look, but vacancy filled the spot where he stood. With slow and cautious steps she approached Vine street. Already her fire burned beneath her bread, when the awful word halt! struck her to the soul. She started & found her self in the custody of a British sentinel. "Your pass, woman." "I have none, sir, my children are—" "D—n the rebel crew, why do you breed enemies to your King?—this flour is mine—off woman, and die with your babes." A groan was her only answer. The ruffian was about departing when the former messenger appeared—his whole demeanor was changed, his humble simplicity marked his

gait—he approached the guard with seeming fearfulness and asked him in a suppliant voice to give the poor woman her flour. "Fool! idiot!" exclaimed the guard, "who are you? see yonder guard-house—if you interfere here, you shall soon be his inmate."

"May be so, sir, but won't you give the poor woman the means of supporting her little family one week longer? Recollect the distance she has walked, the weight of the bag, and recollect—"
"Hill and fury, sirrah? Why bid me recollect, you plead in vain—begone or I'll seize you as a spy."

"You won't give the poor woman her flour?"
"No."
"Then by my country's faith and hopes of freedom, you shall!" and with a powerful arm, he seized the guard by the throat and hurled him to the ground. "Run madman—see the guard-house is alive—seize your flour, pass Vine street and you are safe." 'Twas done. The guard made an attempt to rise, when the stranger, drew a pistol and shot him dead. The unfortunate man gazed around him with a fearless intrepidity.—There was but one way of escape, and that through the wood. Seizing the lead man's musket he started like a deer pursued by the hounds. "Shoot him down! down with him!" was echoed from one line to another. The desperado was lost in the wood, and a general search commenced; the object of their pursuit in the mean time flew like lightning, the main guard was left behind, but the whole picket line would soon be alarmed—one course alone presented itself, and that was to mount his horse, which was concealed among the bushes, and gallop down to the Delaware; a boat was already there for him. The thought was no sooner suggested than put in execution. He mounted his horse and eluding the armed guards, had nearly reached the Delaware.

Here he found himself hemmed in by at least fifty exasperated soldiers. "Sprang from behind a tree and demanded immediate surrender." "This useless prevaricate—you are now a prisoner, and your boat which before excited our suspicion, is now in our possession. Son of a slave! slave to a King! how dare you to address a freeman?—Surrender yourself—a Duale never surrender himself to any man, far less a blinded jailer—away or die," and he attempted to pass. The guard levelled his gun but was himself levelled to the dust.—The ball of Duale's pistol had been quicker than his own. His case was now truly desperate; behind him was the whole line of guards—on the north of him the city of Philadelphia filled with British troops.

One way and only one presented itself, and that was to cross the river.—He knew his horse; he plunged in, though succeeded, and ere he reached half the distance, twenty armed boats were in swift pursuit. His noble horse dashed through the Delaware, his master spurred him on with double interest while the balls whistled around him. The tide was running down and when he reached the Jersey shore, he found himself immediately opposite the old slip at Market street. On reaching the shore he turned round took out a pistol, and with a steady arm, fired at the first boat—men fell over the side and sunk to rise no more. He then disappeared in the wood. The angry, harassed and disappointed pursuers gave one look, one course, and returned to the Pennsylvania shore, fully believing, that if he was not the devil he was at least one of his principal agents.

The exploits of these men were so frequently of a like nature, that the expressions made use of by the disappointed pursuers towards this one are by no means censured—dread of personal danger appeared to be unknown to them—plunder, but only from the British, seemed their sole aim, with an ambition, however futile, of creating in the minds of their enemies this belief. At one time they were in Philadelphia, dressed in British costume, at another they were relieving the distresses of their friends at the Valley Forge.

"How long," exclaimed a tradesman as he applied the lash to an incorrigibly bad apprentice, "how long will you continue to serve the devil?"
"Not more than three months, sir—my indenture will be cut then."

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

We last week gave a synopsis of the first days proceedings of the Democratic National Convention, and we this week give the remainder of the proceedings from the Baltimore papers.

BALTIMORE, May 28, 1844.

On Tuesday morning, the debate upon the rule requiring two thirds of all the members present to vote for the nominee of the Convention was resumed. The vote being taken was as follows:

States.	Yeas.	Nays.
Maine,	9	
New Hampshire,	6	
Massachusetts,	5	7
Vermont,	3	3
Rhode Island,	2	2
Connecticut,	3	3
New York,		36
New Jersey,	7	
Pennsylvania,	12	13
Delaware,	3	
Maryland,	6	2
Virginia,	17	
North Carolina,	5	5
Georgia,	10	
Alabama,	9	
Mississippi,	6	
Louisiana,	6	
Tennessee,	13	
Kentucky,	12	
Ohio,		23
Indiana,	12	
Illinois,	9	
Michigan,	5	
Missouri,		7
Arkansas,	3	
	148	116

The Convention then adjourned at half past 1 o'clock, to meet again at half past 8, when it was resolved to proceed with the balloting.

In the afternoon the Convention re-assembled, and proceeded to ballot for a candidate for the Presidency. The result was as follows:

	BALLOTING.					
	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th
Van Buren,	130	127	131	131	103	101
Cass,	83	91	92	105	107	118
Johnson,	24	23	23	22	29	23
Buchanan,	4	9	11	17	26	25
Calhoun,	6	2	1	1	1	1
Woodbury,	2	0	2	0	0	0
Stewart,	1	1	0	0	0	0

There are 268 Delegates in the Convention, without South Carolina, which State is not represented. Two thirds of this number are 178, which vote must be obtained by any candidate who gains the nomination.

At six o'clock an 8th ballot was called, when Mr. Miller of Ohio, moved the following:

Resolved, That Martin Van Buren, having received the vote of a majority of the delegates in this convention, on the first ballot, is elected as the nominee for the office of President of the United States.

The Chair decided the motion not to be in order.

From this decision Mr. Miller appealed. Pending which question, the Convention adjourned until 9 o'clock on Wednesday.

The Convention assembled again yesterday morning, and was called to order at 9 o'clock, by the President.

The first business in order being the appeal from the decision of the Chair, which was under discussion when the Convention adjourned on Tuesday evening—

Gov. Bartley, of Ohio, rose and addressed the Convention. The resolution offered by his colleague yesterday was not offered after consultation with him; nor had he intended to speak on it; but when he found that the rights of that colleague as a member of the Convention, were about to be abridged, he felt himself bound to speak.—His colleague had offered a resolution having effect to rescind the two thirds rule.—That resolution the Chair had decided to be out of order, and from that decision his colleague had appealed. He found now that, in the reports made of the proceed-

ings, it was stated that the Chair had decided that it required two thirds to rescind the rule. This was a misrepresentation, and placed his colleague who had taken the appeal, and those who sustained him, in a false position.

The President here stated that he knew not what the reports were, but he would state that his decision was that it required two thirds to rescind or suspend the rule.

Mr. Bartley went on to express his opinion that there ought to be harmony in the Convention, and he did not wish to produce any contrary feeling, nor would he have intruded upon the time of the Convention, had not an attempt been made, as he thought to interfere with the rights of a member of the Convention.

Mr. Hopkins, of Va., followed in a few remarks setting forth the necessity of speedy action on the part of the Convention, the session of which had already been too much prolonged, and, as the longer the discussion went on, the longer some degree of irritation would be kept up, he moved that the appeal be laid on the table.

This was subsequently withdrawn, however, at the request of Mr. McNulty, of Ohio, who then asked and obtained leave to withdraw the appeal.

A proposition was then made and carried to proceed to the eighth ballot for a candidate for the Presidency, when

Mr. Tibbits, of Kentucky, rose and said that the whig party had nominated as their candidate, a citizen of his own state. The Kentucky delegation, he said, had been instructed to vote for Col. Johnson, another distinguished citizen of Kentucky. They had done so through several successive ballots, and had, he believed, fulfilled their instructions to the letter. The result had convinced him that it was impossible to get a sufficient vote to nominate the gentleman. He said that Col. Johnson had always been the first man to give way for the purpose of conciliation; and he therefore rose under the unanimous instructions of the delegation, and asked leave to withdraw his name as a candidate.

The convention was hereupon addressed by Messrs Brewster, Hickman, and Judge Bredin of Pennsylvania—explaining of the course of the Pennsylvania delegation during the different ballotings.

The eighth ballot was then announced and resulted as follows:

EIGHTH BALLOT.	
Van Buren,	104
Cass,	114
Polk,	44
Buchanan,	2
Calhoun,	2

A motion was here made that the convention proceed to the ninth ballot, when

Mr. Frazer, of Pennsylvania obtained the floor. He commenced by stating that he was one of the delegation from Pennsylvania who had voted for James K. Polk, and he would vote for him to the last. He considered the instructions the delegation had received as fully carried out in voting three times for Martin Van Buren. If the doctrine of instruction was to be carried to the length which some of his colleagues contended for there never would be a nomination made.

Col. Young, of New York, next obtained the floor to define the position of New York. Much had been said of a disposition to conciliate and the necessity of sacrificing personal preferences, and it had been more than intimated that New York had been too tenacious in her adherence to Martin Van Buren. He would explain her position in reference to that point. After the defeat of 1840, in 1841 and in 1842, the democracy of New York were perfectly silent on the subject of the nomination of the candidate of that party for the next contest. It was not until after sixteen States had spoken out, declaring Martin Van Buren their choice, that New York lifted her voice, and she was censured by the Democratic papers of other States for her apparent spath upon the subject. Col. Young concluded by offering a resolution to rescind the two thirds rule.

The President declared the resolution out of order, as there was a motion already pending to proceed to another ballot.