

# 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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## TERMS:

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## POETRY.



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### HURRAH FOR THE TEETOTAL MILL.

Two jolly toppers once sat in an Inn,  
Discussing the merits of Brandy and Gin;  
Said one to the other, 'I'll tell you what Bill,  
I've been hearing to day, of the Teetotal Mill  
You must know that this comical mill has  
been built  
Of old broken casks, when the liquor's been  
spilt;  
You go up some steps, and when at the  
door-sill,  
You've a paper to sign at the Teetotal Mill.  
You promise, by signing this paper (I think,  
That ale, wine, and spirits you never will  
drink;  
You give up (as they call it) such 'raascally  
swill.'  
And then you go into the Teetotal Mill.  
There's a wheel in this mill that they call  
'self-denial.'  
They turn it a bit just to give you a trial.  
Old clothes are made new ones, and if  
you've been ill,  
You are very soon at the Teetotal Mill.  
Bill listened and wondered, at length he  
cried out,  
'Why, Tom, if it's true, what you're tell-  
ing about  
What fools we must be, to be here sitting  
still,  
Let us go in and look at the Teetotal Mill.  
They gazed with astonishment:—there  
came a man,  
With excess & disease his visage was wan;  
He mounted the steps, signed the pledge  
with good will,  
And went for a turn in the Teetotal Mill.  
He quickly came out the picture of health,  
And walked briskly on to the highway to  
wealth;  
And as onward he pressed, he shouted out  
still,  
'Success to the wheel of the Teetotal Mill!  
The next that went in were a man and his  
wife,  
For many long years they'd been living in  
strife;  
He had beat and abused her, and swore he  
would kill,  
But his heart took a turn in the Teetotal  
Mill,  
And when he came out how altered was he,  
Steady honest, and sober—how happy was  
she;  
They no more contend, 'no you sha'nt,  
'yes, I will.'  
They were blessing together the Teetotal  
Mill,  
Next came a fellow, as grim as a Turk,  
To curse and to swear seemed his prin-  
cipal work,  
He swore that morning his skin he would  
fill,  
And drunk as he was, he reeled into the mill,  
And what he saw there I never could tell,  
But his conduct was changed, and his lan-  
guage as well;  
I saw, when he turned round the brow of  
the hill,  
That he knelt and thanked God for the  
Teetotal Mill.

The poor were made rich, the weak were  
made strong.  
The shot was made short, and the purs-  
was made long.  
These miracles puzzled both Thomas and  
Bill,  
As length they went in for a turn in the  
Mill.  
A little time after, I heard a great shout,  
I turned round to see what the noise was  
about;  
A flag was conveyed to the top of a hill,  
And a crowd, amongst which were both  
Thomas and Bill,  
Were shouting, 'Hurrah for the Teetotal  
Mill.'

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Mirror.  
A TALE OF TRUTH.

On the plains of Stillwater lived a  
revolutionary veteran and his little  
family—his wife & an only son, a sprightly  
lad of sixteen. A small plot of ground  
amply served their limited wants, and a  
"little all" it was—for, sheltered by a  
young little cot, from wintry storms and  
all summer's heat, fed by healthy indus-  
try, they passed along the vale of life in  
simple, solid, "sweet content." Here,  
with an honest, grateful pride, did the  
old man behold his country rapidly ris-  
ing in national piety and physical splen-  
dor to a peerless rank among the king-  
doms of the earth, and here he could  
have spent the few remaining days left  
for him, had not the death of his wife  
and the future welfare of his son opened  
a new and wide field for exertion. He  
knew that his much loved son was soon  
to be left in this mercenary world with-  
out an earthly guardian or support and  
he felt the imperious call of duty to  
see him settled in life if possible, ere he  
should be gathered to his fathers.

One plan alone seemed probable to  
succeed which was to avail himself of  
hitherto neglected military land title.  
This title covered a large tract some-  
where in the eastern part of Kentucky,  
out from the alteration of names, he  
was unable to tell its precise situation.  
He, however, resolved to search for it,  
at all hazards, and accordingly sold his  
real estate, paid his debts and set for-  
ward on foot with all the firmness of an  
inveterate toiler and hardships from in-  
fancy.

For one moment we will paint to our  
selves the lovely landscape, with its  
skirted forest—its gringing rill, its lowing  
cow and bleating sheep on yonder hill,  
and at the foot the circumscribed cot-  
tage, the home of the old patriot, and  
near it the grave of his wife; then be-  
hold the father, son, and faithful dog  
bidding the whole a silent, and lasting  
farewell.

The father was leaving the field of his  
glory, and the remains of his partner  
in these two there associated the recol-  
lections of his dearest sublimary joys—  
his virtues and affections of his departed  
wife, and the first radiation from the  
sun of American liberty.

What, ver excitement shook him in-  
ternally, his features wore the aspect of  
firm high resolve.  
Not so the son; in that grove and by  
that babbling rill he and his dog had  
gambled away many a vernal holiday.  
In that dear native hut, oft had he be-  
guiled a long winter's evening by listen-  
ing to his father's legends of the old war  
or conned over his prayers from the  
mouth of his sainted mother; he was  
now to leave them forever. His ingen-  
ous soul withered at the thought.  
From this circle all his joys & sorrow,  
sprung—beyond it, all was vacuity.  
The fountain of youthful hope and buoyance  
was closed; and tears flowed in their na-  
tive exuberance as he turned and left  
the cottage of Stillwater plains.

They bent their way to the nearest  
branch of the Alleghany, on which they  
embarked in an open boat, pennyless,  
& with a small store of staples. One  
stormy evening, in the month of Novem-  
ber, they tied their canoe to a tree,  
and made their way to the nearest dwell-  
ing which proved to be the habitation  
of an unfeeling planter. He turned a  
deaf ear to the claims of patriotic age,  
and shut his door upon our shelterless  
wanderers! Ingratitude overcame the  
veteran who had scorned the frosts of  
'75, and but for his son, he would have

unk under the weight of his misfor-  
tunes.  
They passed the night in one of the  
planter's barns, hungry, wet and cold,  
in a bed of straw! At the dawn of day  
our travellers set forward to the next  
village, and obtained breakfast. They  
found themselves in Kentucky, on one  
of those extensive alluvial bottoms,  
peculiar to the great Western rivers of  
North America.

On taking his title to a lawyer, the  
old gentleman found to his astonishment  
that it was a wealthy plantation, and  
what must have been his feeling on find-  
ing it to be occupied by the same brush  
and nabob who, the night preceding  
drove him and his suffering child from  
his door.

The wretch in his turn was forced to  
beg, for he had not enough to pay his  
rent which had been amassing for the  
last twenty years; yet with more effect,  
for he was allowed to spend the remain-  
der of his days on the plantation.

## Russia and Britain.

An overruling Providence provides  
great means for great exigencies. I  
raised up the Romans to conquer and  
civilize Europe. It brought down upon  
Rome the North-ro barbarians, to sweep  
away its rottenness, and build on its  
foundations a higher civilization. It  
has raised up England to create United  
States, and thus establish a reservoir  
from which streams of freedom can flow  
to all parts of the world; and it has  
raised up Russia to stop the aggressions  
and punish the crimes of England, and  
prepare Asia for the reception of those  
free principles which the Americans  
are preparing for the whole world. We  
have already said that Russia and Eng-  
land are antagonists. We now say that  
Russia & the United States are co-opera-  
tors.

Russia seeks dominion and power.  
It grasps the Turkish Empire, Northern  
and Middle Asia, and India. Happy  
or mankind will be the day when these  
conquests are achieved; for their achieve-  
ment will rescue one portion of man-  
kind from the stupefying barbarism of  
the Turks, and another from the corrup-  
ting degrading civilization of the Eng-  
land. The Turks paralyze and blight  
whatever they touch. The English  
establish their own civilization upon the  
ruin and extinction of all whom they  
conquer. The English have conquered  
India, and if they can retain it, will  
eventually fill it with English civiliza-  
tion. But through what wrong, what  
oppression, what crime, what misery  
will this be accomplished? Generations  
of Hindoos must be degraded by vice or  
exterminated by famine, before the Hin-  
doo can be imbued with the higher  
elements of English character, or the  
Hindoo race can be substituted by the  
Anglo-Saxon. But Russia civilizes  
whatever it conquers. It does not, like  
England, destroy for the purpose of rais-  
ing civilization upon its ruins. It civil-  
izes as its processes, and sheds its im-  
proving influence upon whatever it  
touches. And despotism is Heaven's  
great instrument for this purpose, for  
while it has revealed federal democracy  
and condemned monarchy for civiliza-  
tion, it has always used despotism as the  
means of civilizing barbarism.

Russia began with Peter the Great  
And as Moses was inspired, and the  
Saviour sent, and Martin Luther raised  
up, so was Peter, made great, great in  
design, great in will, for the redemption  
of mankind from error and wrong. He  
found Russia a few barbarous provin-  
ces inhabited by a ferocious nobility and a  
enslaved and degraded populace, and  
surrounded by the military adventurers  
of Sweden, the furious turbulent, an-  
archical banditti of Poland, the stupefy-  
ing fanatics of Turkey, and the savage  
and robbers of Middle Asia. He saw  
in his country the elements of a great  
nation, and in civilization the only  
means of their development. He saw  
in commerce the great civilizer, and he  
resolved on having seaports, ships and  
commerce; and as a first step, he founded  
a report for the seat of his government  
Having forced a commercial road from  
the Baltic into the Altic, he told his  
successors to march southward till they  
reached the Mediterranean through  
Constantinople, and eastward till they  
achieved what Alexander, attempted,  
the conquest of India. And he told them  
to civilize as they marched, to sweep  
away every institution that interfered

with human progress, to raise the slave  
to a freeman, and reduce the noble to  
his equal. & most intelligently, persever-  
ingly, has this policy been pursued by  
his successors, till the Russian Govern-  
ment is now doing more for civilization  
and freedom than any other in Europe.  
And it will accomplish these great de-  
signs. It is the instrument raised up  
by Providence to prostrate the blighting  
rule of Mahomedanism, and to sweep  
idolatry from India. Excepting Austria,  
contains the last of feudal slavery, and  
its government has been striving, ever  
since Peter, left the legacy of his wise  
and benevolent policy, to free and edu-  
cate the slaves.

Russia aims at India, and will reach  
it; and when its flag is spread eastward  
of the Indies, the British Empire will  
vanish from that morning sun. And  
before the Russian march will flow  
Mahomedanism, superstition, monopoly,  
and the tyranny of the merchant prince  
over the conquered vassal. And such a  
government fears our democracy! And  
will league with Britain to prostrate it!  
A government coveting the richest por-  
tion of the British empire, preparing its  
own subjects for freedom, and seeing to  
its most powerful auxiliary against  
British monopoly seeks the alliance of  
its enemy to prostrate its friend!

## AN INCIDENT.

We copy the following stirring incident  
from the Middlesex Standard, edited by  
John G. Whittier.

Some five or six years since a gentle-  
man and his wife were passing down the  
Mississippi river, on their way to New Or-  
leans. Their fellow passengers were nearly  
all slaveholders, or citizens of slavehold-  
ing states, and the conversation, in the  
intervals of card playing, was mainly direct-  
ed against the northern abolitionists. While  
they were sitting on deck, gazing at the  
strange and gloomy scenery of the "father  
of waters," they were accosted by one of  
the passengers, "is your name G——?"  
"It is," said the gentleman. "Are you  
from——Ohio?" "I am."—The inter-  
rogator turned away, and soon the new-  
spread over the boat: "An abolitionist on  
board!" They were at once surrounded by  
an angry and furious crowd—many of  
them fearfully excited by liquor. Pistols  
were flourished and bowie knives drawn.—  
Some of the more cool and deliberate pro-  
posed that a Lynch court should be held,  
and with some difficulty a ring was formed  
and a red-faced slave driver proclaimed  
judge. A committee of twelve was select-  
ed to act as jury-men. G—— was then  
questioned. He avowed himself an aboli-  
tionist, and requested permission to explain  
his principles. He was listened to with  
manifest impatience; and the committee  
were ordered to retire before he had con-  
cluded his defence. They soon returned  
and pronounced their verdict—"They found  
him guilty of being an abolitionist, and  
recommended that he should have the ster-  
nities of quietly walking overboard or of  
signing a complete recantation of his anti-  
slavery doctrine. In conformity with this  
merciful decision, a paper was drawn up  
and presented for his signature, with the  
threat of immediate death in case of his  
refusal.

It was a trying moment for the aboli-  
tionist. Thoughts of home, and its old  
familiar faces crowded upon his brain  
Life is always sweet, and especially so  
to the young and healthful, happy in  
their unchilled and glad hopes. His young  
wife was at his side, horror-stricken by  
the danger which menaced her husband. Be-  
fore him were fierce and stern faces and  
branded weapons—beneath him rolled  
the black waters of the river. "Sign this  
and you are safe," said the spokesman of  
the mob. His human spirit wavered for  
an instant as he turned his agonized gaze  
upon his wife. But his better nature tri-  
umphed. "Take it back and do your worst  
he answered: "I cannot make slavery right  
even to save my life!"

"Thank God! my husband, exclaimed his  
wife, clasping him in her arms, "let us dis-  
tance together." The words and manner of the  
noble woman overawed the assassins.  
One of the most violent of them sprang  
forward and threatened to blow out the

brain of the first who should venture to lay  
hands on her or her husband. The wives  
and daughters of the slaveholders who had  
hitherto kept silence now interfered—the  
Lynch court was dissolved—and during the  
remainder of the voyage, the two abolition-  
ists were treated with marked respect.  
The story, substantially as we have given  
it, was related to a friend of ours by one  
of the passengers, who had himself partici-  
pated in the Lynch court.

## WIDOWER SMITH AND WIDOW JONES.

Widower Smith's waggon stopped one  
morning before Jones' door, and he gave  
the usual country signal that he wanted  
somebody in the house by dropping the  
reins, and setting double, with his elbows  
on his knees. Outtripped the widow as  
lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black  
ribbon on her snow white cap. "Good  
morning" was soon said on both sides, and  
the widow waited for what was farther to  
be said.

"Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't  
want to sell one of your cows, no how, for  
nothing, any way, to you?"

"Well, there, Mr. Smith, you couldn't  
have spoke my mind better. A poor, lone  
woman, like, does not know what to do  
with so many creatures, and I should be glad  
to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow, farmer  
Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow  
—at the Dawning cow—and at the widow  
again—and so on through the whole forty.  
The same call was made every day for a  
week, but farmer Smith could not decide  
which cow he wanted. At length, on Satur-  
day, when widow Jones was in a hurry to  
get through with her baking, for Sunday,  
and had 'ever so much' to do in the house  
as all farmers's wives and widows have  
on Saturday, she was a little impatient,  
Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That 'ere Dawning cow is a pretty fair  
critter," but she stopped to glance at the  
widow's face, and then walked round her—  
not the widow, but the cow.

"That 'ere short horn Durham is not a  
bad looking beast, but I don't know"—  
another look at the widow.

"The Dawning cow I knew before the  
late Mr. Jones bought her' Here he  
sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones.  
She sighed, and looked at each other. It  
was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old mule, & so is  
Brindle—but I have known better.

Along stare followed this speech, the  
house was getting awkward, at last Mrs.  
Smith broke out—

"Lord! Mr. Smith, if I'm the one you  
want, do say so!"

The intentions of the widower Smith &  
the widow Jones were duly published the  
next day, as is the law and custom in  
Massachusetts; and as soon as they were  
out published, they were married.

## LOST BOY FOUND.

Extraordinary Romance.—A corres-  
pondent of the Hartford Times gives an  
account of the loss and recovery of a  
boy who was stolen by the Indians from  
the town of Jackson, Michigan, in 1837,  
and was recovered by his father, Mr.  
Amos Filley, about the first of the  
present month, in Greenville, Ct., in  
the employ of a citizen, to whom he  
had been by the Overseers apprenticed  
of the Poor of Albany, N. Y. After  
wandering about with the Indian family  
visiting various cities and towns be-  
tween Wisconsin and Connecticut, he  
was taken from them in Albany, N. Y.,  
in 1843, and placed in the Almshouse  
in the ground that he was a white child  
stolen from his parents. But the Indi-  
ans refused to reveal his name or where  
he came from. His father came from  
Michigan to visit his relatives in Con-  
necticut this winter, and while there  
heard of the boy, whom he recognized at  
once as his son. His mother died soon  
after he was carried off by the Indians.

I really cannot sing, believe me, sir," was  
the reply of a young lady to an empty lap.  
—I am rather inclined to believe, madam,  
that you are fishing for compliments.  
—No sir, I never fish in shallow water."

## LEGAL ELOQUENCE.

Gentlemen of the jury—Can you for an  
instant suppose that my client here, a man  
who has allers sustained a high depre-  
dation in society, a man you all on you sus-  
pect esteem for his many good qualities  
yes, gentlemen, a man what never drinks  
more than a quart of hicker a day, can you,  
I say, for an instant, suppose that this er-  
man would be guilty of hooking a box of  
percushum caps! Rattlesnakes and coon-  
skins forbid! Pieter to yourselves gentle-  
men a teller fast asleep in his Log Cabin  
with his innocent wife and orphan children  
by his side, all nature lushed in deep re-  
pose, and nought to be heard but the mut-  
tering of the silent thunder, and the holler-  
ing of bull frogs then imagine to yourself  
a fellow sneaking up to the door like a despi-  
cable hyens, softly entering the dwelling of  
the peaceful and happy family, and in the  
most mendacious and dastardly manner,  
hooking a whole box of percushum! Gen-  
tlemen, I will not, I cannot dwell upon the  
monstrosity of such a scene! My feelings  
turn from such a picture of moral turpitude,  
like a big woodchuck would turn from my  
dog Rose! I cannot for an instant harbor  
the idea that any man in these diggins, much  
less er man could be guilty of committing  
in act of such rantankerous & unextrampled  
discretion.

And now gentlemen, after this erz brief  
view of the case, let me entreat you to make  
up your minds candidly and impartially &  
give us such a verdict as we might reason-  
ably suspect from such an enlightened and  
intolerable body of our feller citizens, re-  
membering that in the language of Nimrod,  
who fell in the baul of Bunker Hill, it is  
better that ten men escape, rather than one  
guilty one should suffer.—Judge give us a  
chew of tobacco.

## INDIAN COURTSHIP.

The chief of the Indian tribe now at the  
theatre, last night explained, to the congrega-  
tion assembled, the Indian mode of court-  
ship and proposition of marriage. We re-  
cord that the young brave, after looking  
among the wigwags and deciding in which  
one his heart, or his interest, is deponed,  
takes his flute and placing himself before  
the door, plays a tune. His serenade brings  
forth the maiden squaws, who stand and  
look at the lover until he picks up sticks  
and cast them towards the females. If they  
[the girls, not the sticks] smile and do  
nothing more the proposition is accepted.  
If not—the sticks are cast back—the brave  
goes off with a flat refusal and plays his  
flute for the edification of some squaw who  
will not throw his sticks back. This, the  
interpreter who told the story, thinks, is a  
much better mode of courtship than ours.

The white people, says he, court a year  
or more and then separate—which custom  
involves a loss of time and, to one of the  
parties, of heart also. Why cannot our  
gallant beaux and belles adopt the Indian  
mode with a little refinement to make it  
civilized. Let the swain play his guitar  
beneath the lattice of his lady. If she  
throws a wash basin upon his head he may  
consider himself discarded. If not accept-  
ed.

The Portland Bulletin tells a good story  
of a certain good Deacon, whose hat blew  
off and led him a long race after it through  
the street. At length the Deacon became  
exhausted in the race, and pulled up against  
a post by the sidewalk. A gentleman came  
along, to whom the Deacon addressed him-  
self thus: "My friend, I am a Deacon, and  
it is very wrong for me to swear, you will  
therefore greatly oblige me if you just d—n  
that for me.

## MAKING IT LIGHT.

An attorney, about to furnish a bill of  
costs, was requested by his client, a baker:  
"to make it as light as possible."

"Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what  
you may say to your foreman; but it's not  
the way I make my bread."

"William," said a carpenter to his appren-  
tice, "I'm going away to day and want you  
to grind all tus tools." "Yes, sir." The  
carpenter came home at night. "William  
have you ground all the tools right sharp."  
All but the hand saw," said Bill: "I couldn't  
get quite all the gaps out of that!"