

# 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



### An Unpublished Poem of Campbell.

[The following poem, the composition of the late Thomas Campbell, was found by Mr. Wallace among the papers of Buonaparte, accompanied by the latter's own music. The poem now for the first time is published.]—N. Y. Herald.

#### SONS OF CHIEFS RENOWNED IN STORY.

A Lyric written by Thomas Campbell, in honor of the Scottish Legion, which returned blind from Egypt.

#### Sons of chiefs renowned in story!

Ye whose fame is heard afar,  
Ye who rushed to death or glory!  
Welcome from the toils of war!  
When from conquest late assembling,  
Madly armed the frantic Gaul  
Europe for her empire trembling,  
Doubted where the star might fall  
Briton from her seagirt station,  
Guarded by her native oak,  
Heard the shout with indignation,  
Well prepared to meet the stroke,  
But the foe, her thunders fearing,  
Fled her naval arm before,  
And far distant widely steering,  
Seized the famed Egyptian shore,  
There in vain his bustling legions  
Vowed to keep the wide domain;  
Eager for the torrid regions,  
See Britannia ploughs the main!  
Ye whose sons of old opposing,  
Checked the haughty Roman band;  
In the shocks of battles bled,  
Freed the Caledonian land,  
You, our guardian genius naming,  
To the toils of combat bred,  
Chose to had her vengeance flaming  
On the foes devoted head!  
Methinks old OSSIAN, from his station  
On the skirts of yonder cloud,  
Eyes his race with exultation:  
Hark! the hero speaks aloud—  
[Sons of chiefs renowned in story!]  
Ye whose fame is heard afar!  
Ye who rushed to death or glory!  
Welcome from the toils of war!

#### SUCH A DUCK!

Once Venus deeming Love too fat,  
Suppl'd all his rich embossed dishes,  
Dooming the boy to live on chat,  
To sup on songs, and dine on wishes.  
Love, lean and lank, flow off to prowl—  
The starveling now no beauty boasted—  
He could have munch'd Minerva's owl,  
Or Juno's peacock, boild or roasted.

At last, half famish'd, almost dead,  
He shot his Mother's Doves for dinner:  
Young Lillie, passing shook her head—  
Cried Love, 'A shot at you, young sinner!  
Not!

'Oh not at me!'—she urged her flight—  
'I'm neither dove nor lark, nor starling!'  
'No!'—singing Cupid cried—'not quite:  
But then—you're such a—duck—my  
darlin'!

It is said of a young lady she was so modest she blushed through her paints.

## THE LION'S ROAR IN THE DESERT.

Early in the morning, as soon as the sun begins to cast its rays on the sandy billows of the desert, the royal animals rises from his lair to sally forth in quest of prey. His voice may be heard in the distance; it commences with a low murmuring which gradually increases, until at last becomes a fearful and terrific roar, like the rolling of thunder, and is audible at a distance of two miles. The whole animal kingdom tremble, and evince the greatest fear when the king of beasts is heard; the sheep tremble, if attacked with eyes, place their heads together & endeavor to hide themselves—the horses break out into a sweat with fear and the dogs hurry as fast as they can, to find a place of refuge. In this all the beasts are seized with the most unequivocal terror, when the lion makes his approach known. Should a caravan happen to be near the spot, it is impossible to keep the camels together—they leap about in all directions and are scattered abroad under the influence of fear. I once had the opportunity of witnessing a scene of this kind. On arriving in my travels, at the wells of Samaria, I suddenly heard a murmuring noise resembling the rolling balls in an empty barrel—but we were soon acquainted with its true cause, when it gradually increased to the terrible and thunder-like roar. With the first perception of this noise, the camels belonging to our caravan suddenly took flight, and instantly separated in all directions. The men and the cases were thrown off, and if one of the riders happened to keep his seat at the first alarm, he was subsequently necessitated to leap down to avoid being felled by the branches of trees—for we were unfortunately near a forest of mimosis, and every one was in danger of being torn by their long spines. This confusion however, did not last long, for the lion to quite an opposite direction to the route of our caravan—but a while day was lost in collecting the goods that had been thrown for or torn by the trees, and one of the camels strayed to a great distance.—EASTERN TRAVELLER.

## OLD STYLE HYMNS

The following verses are correct specimens of the hymns sung in congregational churches before the days of Dr. Watts, and which were gradually superseded by hymns now in use. The following verse should be discarded and sung one line at a time:

'Tis like the precious ointment  
Down Aaron's head did go;  
Down Aaron's head it downward went,  
His garment skirts did so.

ANOTHER.—A sort of address to fishes, and other big fish, as well as to fish, flounders eels and other small fry.

'Ye monsters of the bubbling deep  
Your Maker's praises sing;  
Up from the sands ye crawling creep,  
And wag your tails about.'

There is much truth, if not poetry in the following:

'The race is not forever got  
By him who the fastest runs;  
Nur the battle by those people  
Who shoot with the longest guns.'

The following address to the Sun, does very well the preceding, although it more needs to be:

'All hail thou glorious Sun!  
Bright as a new world!  
Thou roundest fires, prettest sources  
Of heat and cheer to us!

## OBSERVATION OF A NATURALIST.

Moisture ascending, forms clouds; and liquor which gets into the head, causes a mist over the eyes a fact that shows the analogy existing between all the operations of nature.

The Sun generally enters Aries (arises) in March. When it is too powerful, it may be as well to put up the kitchen shutters.

It has been remarked, that in September evenings the reduction of temperature begins to be sensibly felt by those who expose themselves to it thinly clad. We cannot concur in the general observation that it is sensibly felt, for the more sensible thing would be to wrap oneself well up, and avoid altogether feeling it.

## MYSSOILLANIBOUS.

### THE BURNING SHIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GRIFFIN IN THE LAST WAR.'

My friend Harry is the happiest of men. He has the sweetest and most romantic cottage in the vicinity of Philadelphia. It is but nine miles from the city, and near a fine old turnpike so that a span of blood-horses will take you there in forty minutes. His wife is a perfect angel—beautiful, sweet-tempered, and loves Harry devotedly. And then a group of such lovely children!

'Did you ever hear how Isabel and I became acquainted?' said he to me, one evening looking on his wife. I shook my head in the negative. 'Well, then, draw your chair closer to the fire, and I will tell you.'

With those words he began:  
'It was a night in the tropics. We had in pursuit of a heavy merchantman, but a fog coming up, she was shut in from our sight, and for more than an hour remained invisible. Suddenly, however, the moon broke forth, and we saw the chase close-hauled, on the very point of escaping us. We instantly made all sail, but the wind was so uncertain that the air kept kept his advantage, the air being comparatively still with us, while he had a respectable breeze. At length it fell a dead calm, the chase being by this time several miles off.

'She could now be seen sailing in a liquid flood of moonlight, rising and falling lazily upon the swell, her white sails scarcely moving from the mast, and flashing in the distance, like a sea-gull's snowy wing. All at once Captain Drew, who had been scrutinizing her through his glass, exclaimed—

'There is something the matter on board here; the men have almost all left her deck—and even those aloft repairing, are coming down—what can it be, Mr. Jones?'

'I can't make out, sir—the crew perhaps are mutinied; they are running wildly either outboard—or, my God, the ship's on fire!' he ejaculated as a cloud of thick black smoke suddenly puffed up her fore-hatchway, followed by a long, vivid stream of fire, that shot up brightly into the midnight sky.

'We saw at once that the flames must have been raging some time in the hold, and that they had assumed an intensity which would defy every effort to subdue them. It was a fearful sight. The larger element shot along the rigging, rapidly up the foremast, and wrapping the hammer in a sheet of fire, streamed almost perpendicularly upward a fathom or two above the truck. There was no breeze; but the undulations of the atmosphere swept the dense smoke to one side, forming, as it were, a gloomy curtain against which the lurid flames shone in terrible relief. Every object on board could now be distinctly seen, and we noticed that all at once, the whole crew rushed aft. A signal of distress the next instant was shown on the quarter. All this had passed in a moment.

'Lower away the boats—pipe their crews there, boatswain! quick, sir, or the poor wretches will be lost,' thundered the captain.

'The men hurried to their stations, fired with a sympathy equal to his own.

'Mr. Danforth,' he said, 'I shall give you the command of the leading boat, spare no effort to reach them in time—but, he continued, in a whisper, mind the magazine!'

'Ay, ay, sir,' I answered, touching my hat, and leaping into the stern sheets, I continued, 'push off there forward—and now give way with a will, boys—pull—'

'At those words, men bent to their oars with the thews of giants, curling the waters in foam beneath our bows, and sending the boats along as if they had been pleasure skiffs.

'But swift as was our progress, that of the destroying element was still more so. The fire had spread with such frightful rapidity as to wrap the whole part of the ship in flames, and threaten to consume her before we could arrive. Since it had found

vent, it raged with redoubled fury, until low the shrouds, the foremast, the bow-sprit; the yards, every thing was sheeted ascended spirally to the mast head, shooting its forked tongues out on every hand, and streaming like a meteor away up into the calm blue sky. Meanwhile the flames had broken out from the after hatch, and stretching at once to the ratlines, leaped from rope to rope, ran wildly up the rigging spread almost instantly to the huge lower masts, hissing, flashing & roaring as they went until at length the whole ship seemed a mass of liquid fire, and nothing was left unscathed but the narrow quarter deck, on which the now despairing crew had gathered in crowds, some eagerly endeavoring to lower the only boat that had escaped the flames, some frantically crying out for mercy, some cursing and blaspheming awfully in their agony, and some stretching out their hands imploringly for help.

'Give way, my men, give way—will you see them miserably burned to death before your eyes?' shouted, rising in the boat and waving my hat to the sufferers, forgetting in the excitement of the moment in the imminence of our own danger in case of an explosion. The poor wretches on the quarter of the burning ship answered back with a hysterical shout. Our gallant started, like mettled hounds at the cry, and with a few vigorous strokes we dashed up to the quarter.

'Keep her off there,' I shouted, seeing that we should be swamped by the eagerness of the sufferers to escape; 'keep her off—jump overboard, and we'll pick you up,' I continued, as we fell off from her quarter again; and in less than three minutes the deck was bare, and our boats full of the rescued crew.

'Mr. Danforth,' at this moment shouted Jack, from the other boat ahead; 'there's Isabella and her father, they say, here—still in board—for Heaven's sake let us try to save them!'

'For one moment as I remembered my orders, and the extremity of our danger, I paused; but when I reflected that, by departing, we should abandon two human beings to a horrid death, I hesitated no longer. Hastily leaping from the mate of the vessel that they were their only passengers and having taken refuge in the hold, during the late chase, had since been forgotten, and not feeling warranted in ordering any one so dangerous a service, I gave the boat in charge to Irvine, who had luckily managed himself on board, steadily bid one or two of my crew, who attempted to follow, to keep their stations; mounted her side by a rope that hung over the quarter, rapidly traversed the deck in the midst of tremendous heat, and darted down the companion way, leaving the flames roaring to five feet from its entrance.

'The cabin was a large one, and lined up with tape. The decorations were even luxurious, and such as I had at that time rarely seen in merchantmen. The state room were of mahogany, inlaid with ebony, and finished with the greatest elegance. Curtains, apparently of damask, hung around, and the show of silver and cut glass by the companion way was even brilliant. The cabin was, however, still as death. A lady's glove lay on an Ottoman, and beside it was an open book; but no other traces of human being were discernible around—Where could the owner of that small, delicate French glove be? Was she already a victim to the trifling element?—had the mate deceived himself in supposing she had been removed from the hold?—was there no hope, if she still lived, of reaching her in time to save her from a horrid death!—All these questions flashed rapidly across my mind, and my heart sickened as I owned I could not answer them. The danger, meanwhile, grew more and more imminent. I was standing, as it were, above a mine that had been sprung, for should the flames reach the magazines inevitable destruction must ensue. Nor could that catastrophe be much longer postponed. The devouring element had already gained possession of all around, and even now might be eating its way recklessly toward it. Besides, if I stood a moment longer the fire would reach

the companion way, and all hope of escape had been lost.

'Had it been only my own life that was endangered, I would not have hesitated in perilling it to the utmost, but when I remembered that a dozen gallant fellows from my crew, as well as a score of others from the rescued sufferers, would be involved in my own fate, I could not doubt as to my duty.—These reflections, however, had not occupied more than the instant in which I had been throwing open successively the doors of the different state-rooms. Alas! all were empty. With a heavy heart I was about to mount the companion way, when I noticed that mazy curtain at the farther end seemed to divide off a smaller cabin aft of one I was in—Without a moment's delay I rushed toward it, hastily lifted it aside, and there beheld a sight I never shall forget.

'This after cabin was much smaller, but far more luxurious than the other. It was adorned with everything that taste could suggest, or wealth afford. Ottomans ran completely around it, forming a kind of divan. At one side was a harp, and beside it some music was scattered on the floor. But after the first hasty survey, I saw nothing but a group of two beings before me. One of them was a gray haired man apparently about sixty five, dressed in the gentlemanly costume of the day. He was bending wildly over the almost insinuate form of a fair girl, reclining on the cushions. Never had I seen a being who looked more beautiful than that pale, half fainting creature seemed at that moment. One arm supported her on the divan, and the other was thrown around her father's neck, the blue veins discernible as they stole along beneath the ivory skin. Her head rested in the bosom of her parent, and the hair loose and unbound, streamed in dark glossy tangles over her snowy shoulders. At this scene made by my entrance she started, raised her head, and I could see through her tears that glistened on her lashes, one of the sweetest hazel eyes I had ever looked upon. Quick flash shot over her face, glancing in like a rose leaf as she beheld a stranger, and half starting to her feet, she essayed a moment, to speak, and then stood with a half opened lips, gazing almost wildly upon me.

'For God's sake fly!' I cried, 'the ship is on fire in every part—we can barely escape by the companion way—no moment's delay will blow up—why hesitate? For heaven's sake, come!'

'Oh! sir, God bless you for this kindness—there is then hope,' exclaimed the old man—'but Isabel has fainted,' he continued, 'go, fly, I will die with her,' he added, in a voice of agony, vainly essaying to raise his feeble arms the seemingly lifeless form of his daughter.

'I looked into her face. The transition from calm despair to hope had been too great, and she had indeed fainted. Hastily raising the beautiful stranger in my arms, I called upon the old man to follow, dashed into the from cabin, up the companion way, and to my utter horror, found the flames had just crossed the entrance. For but a second I paused. Death was behind, death, perhaps, before. Laying my hand upon the old man's shoulder, I urged him ahead, hurriedly threw the shawl of the fair girl around her face and form; made a bold desperate push for life and in another instant, amid the cheers of my men, had gained the quarter-deck. The boat shot to the side, a dozen arms were extended to receive my burden. I carefully gave it in charge to the nearest, almost slung the old man a fier, and springing with a bound into the stern sheets, waived my arm, and shouted—

'Shave off—board—give way—and if ever you pulled before; pull now, four lives, my men!'

'I was obeyed. With one soul they bent their brawny arms to the task; and while the ash almost snapped beneath them, made the boat whirl from the quarter, and then sent her with a velocity of a sea-gull over the deep. Not a word was spoken. The old man sat beside me in the bewilderment of gratitude, astonishment, and only

half dispersed fright—while the form of his still insinuate child was extended unaltered for the moment, by his side. It was indeed no time for life or death. The other was nearly a mile ahead, skimming swiftly along from the devoted ship. Far off on moonlit horizon lay our schooner, with all her exquisite tracery reflected in the wave beneath. Escorting with her thin, taper, raking masts; like some aerial vessel floating half way between sea and sky. Down to the right was the burning ship; presenting a vast body of lurid fire; that roared along her sides; streamed out her ports, eddies spirally up the masts, and leaped in huge masses straight out into the sky. Now and then, as her guns became heated, they went off with a roar like thunder. Meantime, the dense smoke, gathering in a thick cloud above, hung like a pall over the consuming ship. For some instants the flames appeared to die in part away, but all at once a stream of intense fire, that almost blinded the eyes, leaped perpendicularly upwards from the decks, the horizon, for miles around, was illuminated with a light more vivid than that of the brightest noon-day, a part of the foremast, lifted bodily out shot like an arrow almost a cable length on high, a concussion ensued that made the boat shiver like a reed, and rock a moment frightfully about; then a stunning roar followed; shaking the firmament to its centre, and sounding as if a thousand broadsides had been discharged at once. For a moment as the burning fragments sailed aloft falling on every hand about while the boat rolled wildly to and fro upon the agitated swell we held our breaths in momentary expectation of a still and I involuntarily ejaculated—

'The Lord have mercy on us all!'

'Amos! said the rescued father at my side. 'But we were again almost miraculously preserved. The clinging we had gained, though not sufficient to ensure safety, proved great enough to relieve us from inevitable destruction. Had any of the falling timbers, however, struck us we should have all gone down together. As it was, it was one of the narrowest escapes I ever made, and when I gave the command to the crew to give way again—for at that terrible explosion they had as one man passed—a gush of thankfulness and devotion vent up from my heart to the great Author of any being, who had thus preserved a second time my life.

'The deafening uproar, however, recalled the senses of the fair girl at my side. But I will not describe her gratitude, and that of her parent, to myself whom they persisted in considering the preserver of their lives; Suffice it to say we were soon on board; the captain gratefully resigned his own cabin to the strangers, and I then had leisure to learn some particulars concerning their history. They were easily told. Mr. Thornton, the father of Isabel, was a wealthy West Indian and was just returning from Great Britain, with his daughter who had been there for several years obtaining her education. Before the Letter of Marque sailed, she had been fitted up by Mr. Thornton in a style bordering on eastern luxury with furniture intended principally for his mansion-house at Jamaica. But at this moment a message arrived soliciting my presence with Mr. Thornton. As I entered the cabin, he frankly extended his hand & presented me to his now blushing daughter—for what woman be she who she may stand unembarrassed in the presence of one to whom she fancies she owes her life? I never had many moments of pleasure but I never felt as I then felt when Isabel Thornton extended her delicate hand to me with her sweetest smile uttered her thanks.

'But how said I to change the subject did it happened my dear Miss Thornton, that you were in the cabin when the rest had escaped?'

'In the general alarm we were forgotten for we had been hurried to the hold during the conflict, and when the fire broke out we were overlooked.

'We found our way back; but only when the whole ship was in flames. We had but just reached the cabin; through a forward door below, and believing the ship destroyed had dispersed of all escape when you—you—appeared!'

'I had forgot till this moment we were faces' said I gallily, determined to avoid the coming thanks.