

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. WBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Volume IX.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1845.

Number 5.]

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.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care."

MAY.

BY MRS. J. WEAVER.

The merry, merry month of May—
It comes with sun and showers.
With birds to welcome in the day,
And dew to kiss the flowers!
The forest trees are gay and green,
The doves begin to call,
And by the moonlight's silvery sheen
We hear the cuckoo's wail.

The gardens shed their perfumes round
As from Hesperian bowers.
And lightly trip with noiseless sound,
The joyous, sister hours.
And childhood's laugh, like summer rain,
Is heard in woodland glades—
We seem to be a girl again
And frolic in the shade!

Oh! would that life was ever May,
With love, and hope, and flowers,
Then might we linger always gay,
In this bright world of ours!
But winter comes, and love departs,
And night sets in around—
Perennial spring, for weary hearts
In heaven alone is found!

I THINK OF THEE.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

I think of thee in the night,
When all beside it still,
And the moon comes out with her pale and
light
To sit on the distant hill.

When the stars are all like dreams,
And the breeze all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off
streams
Like thy spirit's low replies.

I think of thee by day,
Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud.

I hear thy low sad tone,
And thy sweet young smile I see,
My heart were all alone
But for its thoughts of thee.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACTS.

Oh! in our sterner manhood, when not ray
Of earlier sunshine glimmers on our way,
When girl with sin and sorrow, and the toll
Of cares, which tear the bosom that they
soil.

Oh! if there be in retrospection's chain
One link that knits us with young dream-
ing days,
One thought so sweet, we scarcely dare
amuse

On all the boarded rapures it reviews,
Which scorns each instant, in its backward
range,
The heart to soften, and its ties to change,
And every spring, untouched for years to
move,

It is—the memory of a mother's love!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SPECTRE SHIP OF SALEM.

The Rev. Cotton Mather, D. D., and F. R. S., an eminent clergyman of Boston in Massachusetts, who flourished about the end of the 17th century, wrote a curious book, entitled 'Magnalia Christi Americana,' in which he has exhibited not only his own but the prevalent superstitions of the times in which he lived. The country had been in the language of that period, exposed to 'war from the invisible world,' during which the inhabitants were afflicted with demons and so wrought upon by spectres as to pine languish, and die under exorbitating torments. Sometimes the demons attacked one part of the country, and sometimes another, and the object of the learned and reverend doctor's book is to authenticate the very magical instances in which they infested the houses and afflicted the persons of the inhabitants. 'Flashy people,' says he 'may burlesque these things, but when hundreds of the most sober people in the country, where they have as much mother-wort certainly as the rest of mankind, know them to be true, nothing but the absurd and forward spirit of sadducism can question them. I have not mentioned so much as one thing that will not be justified, if it be required, by the oaths of more consistent persons than any that can ridicule these odd phenomena.' And certainly few facts, if we may judge by the evidence, have been better established than the existence, of witchcraft, and the wars of prodigious spirits in the provinces of New England during the time of Dr. Mather.

and implements of jurisprudence, in which many persons were convicted of holding communication with demons; and we have, what is still more remarkable, voluntary confessions of parties, acknowledging themselves in league with the devil. So far, therefore, as the records and archives of courts of law can verify the truth of any investigation, we must believe that many of the things that Dr. Mather has set forth are not only true as historical events, but also naturally incident, however rarely, to the condition and fortunes of men. It is not for us, however, to argue this matter; but many of the Doctor's stories are really striking, and some of the phenomena which he describes, and boasts of having witnessed to confirm, have in different ages been seen in similar forms, in countries far remote from New England. The prodigy of the Cross, which Constantine and his army beheld in the air, is of this description; and the appearance vouchsafed to Godfrey, in the crusades of the same character. Dr. Mather describes noise and bustlings heard in the air a short time prior to the Indian war 1675, accompanied with beating of drums as in a battle. But without entering into any particular enquiry concerning these omens and auguries, we shall here present a version of his story of the naval apparitions, only premising that it contains several particulars which the Doctor has not noticed, but which, we are persuaded, are not less true than those he had related.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A ship, called 'Noah's Dove,' was preparing to sail from the port of Salem, for 'Old England,' when a young man, accompanied by his bride, came and engaged berths for him and her, as passengers. No one in all Salem was in the slightest degree acquainted with this handsome couple, nor did they themselves seek any acquaintances in town; but, until the vessel was ready, lived in the most secluded state. Their conduct was perfectly blameless; and their appearance are highly respectable; but the sharp-sighted people of Salem knew the prestigious appearance of the demons which afflicted the country, and they discerned something about them which could not be deemed otherwise than mysterious.

Many persons, intending to visit their friends, in the old country, took passage also into the Noah's Dove; but the friends of some of them thought they were rash in doing so, and that it would be as well to learn something of their own questionable

fellow passengers, before hazarding themselves at sea with persons so unknown and singular. These admonitions gave occasion to much talk in Salem; but instead of having the effect intended, a fatal obstinacy became prevalent, and prevented every one who proposed to sail with the vessel from paying the slightest attention to them.

This strange infatuation only served to deepen the interest which the town took in the departure of the ship.

At last the day appointed for her sailing arrived. Never had such a solemn day been seen at Salem; and moreover, it happened to be a Friday; for the captain was not such a godly man as the martiners of Salem generally were in those days. A great multitude crowded the wharves to see their relations embark; all were sorrowful, and many in tears. At last the ship hoisted the signal for sailing; and, wonderful to tell, at the same time that flag was unfurled, a black bird, much like a raven, alighted on the town clock, and by its weight pushed it forward, some said full ten minutes. Every one who witnessed this sight was struck with horror, and some laid hands upon their relations to prevent them from embarking. But those who had engaged to go with the fatal vessel, were wilful, and would not be controlled.

During these struggles, the two unknown strangers came also to embark, and she that was the bride was in tears, weeping bitterly. However, they stepped on board, and a sudden gust of wind at that moment (the ship being cast loose from her moorings) made her yaw off, and she was almost instantly at sea. The vessel then returned to their respective houses, and the whole conversation of Salem for that evening was laden with presentiments and forebodings concerning the Noah's Dove.

In the course of the night the breeze freshened into a gale, which, before the morning, was heightened to a tempest.—The sea raged with tremendous fury, and the wreck of the clouds that careered in the heavens was scarcely less turbulent than the angry waves in the ocean below. All the inhabitants of Salem were persuaded that the hurricane had something to do with the mysterious passengers in the Noah's Dove. Many were instinctively convinced that the ship had perished, and resigned themselves to grief. For three days and three nights the wrath of the storm was unmitigated. On the contrary, it seemed to increase; for, although it was then mid summer, dreadful showers of hail, mingled with fire and thunder, louder than had ever been heard before, pealed continually. No man would doubt the fate of the Noah's Dove.—Indeed, it was the persuasion of all, that every vessel which was so unfortunate as to be with in the sweep and frenzy of the winds and waves could not survive the vehemence of their destruction.

The sun on the morning of the fourth day, burst through the clouds in great splendor—the winds almost instantly became calm—the hail ceased—the thunder was mute—and the billows from rolling surges, rolled themselves into a noiseless swell. A change so abrupt convinced the pious inhabitants of Salem that the doom of the vessel, was sealed; and although it was in vain to expect that the sea would present them any sight of her wreck, or of that of other vessels, they hastened in great numbers down to the shore, where they stood until sunset, gazing and wondering, with anxiety and sorrow.

Just as the sun disappeared, a sound of exclamations and hurries, accompanied by movements, rose from a group of persons who were standing on the top of the rock, considerably elevated above the crowd, and some cried that the vessel was in sight.—The whole multitude, on hearing this, were thrown in commotion, and fluctuated in and fro, to catch a glimpse of this unexpected phenomenon. It was however, long here she came distinctly in sight, for a wail which was then blowing was off the shore, and against the vessel, in such a way that sold grey-headed sailor among the spectators declared that it was impossible she could not work into the harbor that

night. But to their astonishment, she still came forward, with her yard squared and her sails full, notwithstanding she was steering in the wind's eye; before her hull could be properly seen, it was the opinion of all who beheld her that it was the Noah's Dove.

By this time the twilight was much faded but it began to be observed that the ship brightened, as if some supernatural light shone upon her alone. This wonderful circumstance was not long matter of doubt, or question; for, when the stars appeared, she was seen as distinctly as if she had been there in the blaze of noonday, and a panic of dread and terror fell upon the whole multitude.

The Rev. Zebedee Stebben, who was then in the crowd, an acute man, and one who feared the Lord, knew that the apparition was a device of the prestigious spirits, and that it behooved all present to pray for protection against them; he therefore mounted upon a large stone, and called on the spectators to join him in the 46th Psalm which he himself began, repeating the line aloud, and then singing. The shores echoed with the solemn melody, and the rising wind wafted it along the increasing waves.

While the worship was going on, the sound of sudden cries and lamentations, as of persons in jeopardy, was heard in the air, the ship at the same time came straight into the harbor, and being illuminated as described, was seen rigged out in every part exactly like the Noah's Dove. Many of the spectators saw their friends on board, and would have shouted to them, with their usual voices. The strange young man and his bride were seen embracing each other, but no noise was heard on board. At that moment the masts and rigging fell into the sea as if they had been struck down with lightning, and signals of distress were displayed, but still no sound was heard.

The multitude suspended their breathing convinced that the vision before them was the unsubstantial creation of the prestigious spirits. This belief entered all their minds simultaneously, and in the same moment the mighty spectre vanished.

The Noah's Dove was never heard of and it was believed that, in that hour, riven by the lightning and the tempest, she had foundered.

'Count me not,' says the Rev. Dr. Mather in the conclusion of his narration, 'struck with the Luvian superstition, in repeating prodigies for which I have such incontestible proofs.'

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

In these little sketches we not propose to be profound, only talkative chatty and simple.

Putnam's early days were spent as those of most boys placed in his situation of life. One of his favorite amusements was bird catching, a cruel and useless custom, followed in all country places with a ferocity perfectly atrocious. The hunts for nests were followed in company, but Putnam was always the leader of the band.

On one occasion he and his companions came across a fine nest which lodged on a frail branch of a very high tree. The tree stood apart from the others, and was difficult of climbing. Besides this it was evident that no pole, or contrivance, would answer the purpose of getting the nest—there was no way of obtaining it save by venturing upon the branch, which, the chances of ten, would break under the weight of the robber.—No one would venture.

Putnam regarded the nest and limb in silence, for some moments, and at length said—

'That bird has all the qualities of a soldier. It has completely furnished its home. I'll wager there is not a boy for 10 miles round that could get the nest.'

'I'll try it,' said he, deliberately taking off his jacket and rolling his pantaloons up to his knees.

The little knot of boys attempted to dissuade him; but to no purpose. Go he would.

'I'll fancy, that one of the King's strong-

holds,' said Putnam, 'and may I be shot if I don't come off victor.'

The tree was ascended—the limb gained. Putnam placed his foot on it, and it creaked, while the old bird flew off with a sharp cry, and remained describing circles round the trees, and uttering touching complaints.

'Bah,' said Putnam, 'do you not prey on our fields? Do you not tax us for your support? Do you not, take our goods against our will, just like the King?'

He ventured a foot further on the limb. It bent low, and a warning murmur arose from the boys below. Putnam put his knee to the branch, and reached towards the nest. The limb broke partially—and shout below—and Putnam persevered.—His fingers touched the wished for prize, and just as he cried—'I've got it,' the limb broke clear off, and he fell; but not to the ground. His pantaloons caught in one of the lower branches, and his head hung downwards.

'Put are you hurt,' asked one of the boys.

'Not hurt,' answered the undaunted hero, 'but sorely puzzled how to get down.'

'We can't cut away the limb because we have no knife.'

'I can't stay here till you get one.'

'We will strike a light and burn the tree down.'

'Aye, and smother me in the smoke.'

'That won't do.'

There was a boy named Randall in the group, who was noted for being a crack

'Jim Randall, there's a ball in your rifle.'

'Yes.'

'Do you see that a very little limb holds me here?'

'I do.'

'Fire at it.'

'What, to cut you down?'

'Of course.'

'But I might strike your head.'

'Shoot. Better blow out my brains than see me die here, which I shall in fifteen minutes. Shoot!'

'But you will fall.'

'Jim Randall, will you fire?'

The sharp crack of the rifle rang thro' the forest—the splinters flew—and Putnam fell upon the ground. He was severely bruised; but laughed the matter off, and nothing more was thought of it.

Three days after, Putnam and Randall and the rest, and taking the nest from his pocket, said—

'Here is that nest. I said I would have it or perish, but I went alone, because I determined no one should see me fail, and aid me to escape the consequences.'

The same indomitable spirit was displayed in that instance as in the perilous leap, and the man dangerous and daring exploit, performed by the gallant man in his efforts for the ascendancy of the cause of liberty.—Noah's Messenger

A WISE SCHOOLMASTER.

Discussing with a friend, the other day the prevalent system of school instruction the improvements which it is undergoing and the personal merits of various teachers our attention was instantly arrested by a remark which our friend made one of gentlemen to whose school he had sent his boys—Mr. Littlefield, who has his academy at Malden, Ulster county, N. Y. Speaking of Mr. Littlefield's attention to the physical development of his pupils, our friend said—

'Why, sir, he goes out snow balling with the boys—lets them pelt him as much they please, and pelt back again, and if they can, they may get him down in the snow and rub his with it. But when the rings, he is moster again in a moment.'

A sensible man, that Mr. Littlefield. The simple fact mentioned of him, gives a high notion of his judgement and proper sense of the relation between himself and his pupils.

A Dr. Gould, of Lynn, Mass., has put eleven balls in succession in a target, the size of half a dollar, at a distance of twenty rods. A ten cent piece covers the hit, a five cent piece covers 9, and the other shot is far within the edge of the circle.'

GOOD BREEDING.

The following hints are offered by some critic, who has been a close observer of men and manners. He thinks it an important subject, and asks the attention of all the careless to the list of transgressions:

'Loud and harsh speaking, making noises in eating or drinking, leaning awkwardly while sitting, rattling knives and forks when at table, starting up suddenly and rushing unceremoniously out of a room, losing anything away with indifference or contempt, receiving anything without thanking the giver, standing in the way of any one when there is little room to pass, (a grievous practice in this city,) stepping before any one who is looking at any object particularly, pushing or jostling any one without apologizing, taking possession of a seat that belongs to another, intruding opinions when they are not sought or where they give offence, leaving acquaintances in the street or in a private circle without bidding good bye or courteously saluting them, snapping any one familiarly on the shoulder, interrupting a person who is in conversation, telling long, tedious, or nonidrum stories, whispering in company making remarks on the dress of those about you, or upon things in a room where you are, flatly contradicting a person, using slang phrases, (a very common habit,) interlarding our speech with foreign phrases, (well hit off in the new comedy of Fashion,) repeating the words, says he and says she, you know, and you understand, helping yourself first at the table, using a fork as toothpick, scratching the head, putting the fingers in the ears, cleaning or paring the nails before company; mentioning the price of anything, when it is offered to a guest, asking questions which give pain and displeasure to the answerer, do you see that decayed

'No, sir.'

'Well, I want you to pull it, provided it don't hurt too much.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, now put on the trowsers—if it hurts bad, I'll sing out hold on, and you'll hold on, won't you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How do you do? Thunder and lightning, you've not only pulled the tooth, but half of my jaw-bone. Why didn't you let go when I sung out?'

A SMART BOY.

'John, did you leave Mr. Jones' umbrella at home?' said a fond mother, the other day to her first-born.

'No, ma,' said John.

'And why did you not, my son? Didn't I tell you to?'

'Yes, you did, ma,' said John; 'but didn't you always tell me to keep some thing for a rainy day, and as it looks as if to-morrow would be wet, what better thing can I keep than an umbrella?'

The 'ma' smiled at John's juvenile simplicity.

There was a set of chamber furniture recently sold at the journeyman Cabinet Makers Ware Room, in this city, of which the bedstead alone cost the purchaser \$2,500, the chairs \$20 each, and the other articles in proportion.

WELL CENSURED.

'Oh! what will we do if there should be a war?' said a daughter. 'Do!' said the venerable old lady, with her still fine eyes sparkling with the light of other days—do as I did the last time the red coats came over here. Make coarse shirts and pantaloons for your sweetheart; you jake!'

'Owing to a crowd of other matter we are unable to make room for it,' as the editor at the dining table said on being asked to take some pudding.

An instance of false pride lately occurred in England, which should serve as a warning. A daughter of a man received a first rate education among young ladies of fortune. She was, on leaving school discontented with her situation, and suffocated herself with charcoal, leaving a letter in these terms:—My father, why were you a man? This thought has been my death for I never had the courage to tell the fact that my father was a man.

Of 100 members composing the New York Legislature, all but ten are or have been married. According to this the average ratio of qualifications, between a bachelor and a married man, is one to sixteen.