

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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OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

TERMS:

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THE GARLAND



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

TRIFLES.

How is it o'er the strongest mind,
That trifles hold such sway?
A word—no, e'en a look unkind
May darken all life's day.
Oh, in this world of daily care,
The thousands that have erred
Can any hardship better bear
Than they can bear a word.
Alas, the human mouth's at fault;
And still by turns it claims
A nobleness that can exalt,
A liguess that shames!
Of strength and weakness still combined
Compounded of the mean and grand;
And trifles thus will shake the mind
That would a tempest stand.
Give me that soul superior power,
That conquest over fate,
Which sways the weakness of the hour,
Rules little things as great;
That hurls the human waves of strife
With words of feelings kind,
And makes the trials of our life
The trials of our mind.
From the Union.

My Country's Native Glory.

They tell of wave and waterfall
In foreign clime and story;
But give—oh, give to me, o'er all,
My country's native glory!
My heart is where the waters leap
From proud Niagara's dizzy steep
And where the foam discloses,
To spirits in that misty dale,
Bluiss shapes of snowy shell,
Or beds of milky roses
They tell of vale, and mount, and tree,
Of caverns deep and hoary;
But give—oh, give, o'er all to me
My country's native glory!
Keenly hath a mammoth cave,
Nor Cyclop's home nor bloody grave—
Yet where although and echoes speak,
And hectic steals from beauty's cheek;
Where runs a dark meandering stream,
Till rapids lead their lurid gleam,
Whose waters chant a solemn song,
Like Helen's, as they roil along.
They tell of rivers wild and free,
With tales of feudal fey,
But they have no—no, not for me,
My country's native glory!
I've stood beside the "Mausoleum" old,
To view Potomac's breast of gold,
In summer's calmest weather,
And traced in thought its windings all
From rock to rock from fall to fall,
Till madly rush together
Two rivers in their giant might,
Like freedom in her strife for right,
I've turned my gaze aloft to see
The pendant crags and low'ry,
And from my soul exclaimed, for me—
O'er all the world beside, for me
My country's native glory!

THE VALUE OF OREGON.

On this point, Captain Fremont, from his talents and high character, is eminently entitled to be heard. He speaks upon what he himself has seen, as follows:
"Commercially, the value of the Oregon country must be great, washed as it is by the North Pacific Ocean—from Asia—producing many of the elements of commerce—mild and healthy in its climate, and becoming as it naturally will a thoroughfare for the East India and China trade."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PIRATE'S ATTACK.

A POWERFUL SKETCH.

"There they are!" exclaimed the captain whose eye had taken the direction of mine. "These rascals have rowed clear of us and are coming on from St. Domingo side. Stand to your arms, boys; rogues are upon us." In an instant every man was at his post, and on the alert. "Stand in the shadow of the spars and rigging to be out of sight," continued the captain, "do not a man of you fire till I give the word."
"Ay, ay, sir," responded the crew, with nautical precision.
"And now," says the captain, who really went to work in a business-like style, "let us get this gun to the other tack, Mr. Brace, to be ready for the gentlemen."

The muzzle of the piece was accordingly thrust thro' the opposite port, keeping a dead aim at the boat, which was now a little more than a quarter of a mile distant from us.

"Strange," said I, "that the fellows should choose to row against the moon, when by so doing, they must know we must see the glimmer of their oars."

"I suspect," replied the captain, "that they had no choice about it. You forget that we have more or less wind off the land since sunset, and are at least six miles from whence we were then. The probability is that the rogues lost us after nightfall, but it seems that they have found us at last."

The boat was now very near us. Still not a sound came from her. The closes and most painful attention could not hear the dip of her oar which rose and fell like pieces of mechanism glittering in the moonlight like blades of silver.

"Boast, ahoy," cried the voice of Captain Belthrop, in its most startling tones.—No answer was returned to this summons, and the oars were plied more lively.—"Keep off you rascals," again should our commander—"off! or I'll blow you out of water!"

This threat & the firebrand which flashed with great fierceness seemed to make the pirates hesitate. The motion of the boat was arrested, Belthrop tho't the victory already achieved, and he again raised his voice in tones of authority—"Throw your arms overboard and come alongside."

A volley of musketry was the reply to this summons—a dozen bullets whistled by and the captain's hat flew across the deck. A deep imprecation burst from his lips. The next instant a broad stream of flame issued from the quarter deck, and the explosion of the piece broke upon the dead stillness of the element with a noise like thunder. A distant crash, a heavy splashing in the water, above which a cry of mortal agony was terribly distinct, had arisen in the direction of the foe before the smoke dispersed sufficiently to enable us to see the effect of our shot. No boat was then to be seen nor any trace of her crew, we had in all probability sent every soul into eternity!

"By George!" cried the captain, with something like compunction in his tone, rubbing his head with his handkerchief. "I would rather have taken the rascals and had them decently hanged, than sent them to the bottom in this off handed manner. You couldn't have made a better shot, Mr. Brace."

A horrid yell, rising apparently from the very depths beneath the ship, stopped him in the middle of his speech. A boat glided out of the smoke, and shooting under our bows, a dozen dark forms were seen springing from it to the side of the ship. But our precautions had been wisely taken, & were completely successful. No sooner did they touch the slippery vessel than most of them, with the most horrid blasphemies, fell into the sea, snapping their pistols at us even after they were filled with water. At the same moment their boat which had been completely riddled by our shot, filled and sank to the bottom. Three only got upon deck, and were immediately overpowered and secured. Five more were with difficulty dragged out of the water, and disposed of in the same manner. One powerful fellow, however, was not so easily quelled. He had succeeded in getting one foot upon

deck, when a young seaman, named Ralph, flew at him with the fierceness of a tiger. They closed, and after balancing a moment between the deck and the water, the pirate who was much the heavier man, fell backwards overboard, dragging his antagonist with him. They both sunk, but soon rose again about four rods from the ship, clinging closely together. Then commenced a combat the most singular and appalling I had ever witnessed. No one on board seemed to think of devising means to assist our companion. No one dared to fire upon the pirate; for so closely were they coiled together, so rapid were their evolutions, and so dim the light shed by the moon, that it was impossible to hit one without endangering the life of the other. At the commencement of the struggle, their efforts seemed aimed solely at drowning each other. They whirled over on the top of the water, dashing it about like wounded sharks.—Both then sunk and for a while lost to our sight. Presently they rose again, and exchanged luck and heavy blows, and closing with redoubled fury sunk again.—Neglecting the use of their weapons, which would have put a speedy end to the fray, they fought more like savage beasts of prey, bent on throttling each other, than like human beings.

"Shall we stand and see our man murdered?" as length exclaimed a voice from among the crew. It operated like magic to break the spell that had fallen upon us all.

"Clear away the boat there!" shouted the captain, and six men sprang to execute the order. Just then, after an effort of unusual fierceness both of the combatants sunk. They remained out of sight so long, that the men who were letting down the boat suspended their operation, and we all stood breathless with uncertainty and anxiety awaiting their re-appearance. At length about thirty yards off the water parted, but only one man was seen to rise.

"Is it you, Ralph?" cried the captain, in a suppressed voice.

"Here is some of him, at least, on my knife-blade," responded the freebooter with the accent and laugh of a fiend; and springing nearly to his whole height out of the water he threw the weapon with great force towards us. Another hollow laugh rang over the waters, and, on looking round, wide circles of ripples were seen moving in the moonlight sea, as if some heavy body had just sunk into it.

Vengeance was the tardy thought that now rushed on every heart. Some in blind fury of the moment, actually discharged their pieces into the centre of those waving eddies, without staying to reflect upon their utter uselessness. Others with their guns in readiness and stood glaring upon the sea like panthers robbed of their prey, stood prepared to fire the moment he should show his head above water. But he rose no more. The winged messengers of death that had been aimed at his life sped harmlessly over his head; and had it been possible to penetrate the secrets of the great deep, he might have been seen reposing peacefully on its sandy bottom by the side of his late antagonist. A sullen silence pervaded the ship. The men looked gloomy at each other, and with lowering brows on their helpless prisoners, as if a sufficient atonement had not been for the life of their comrade.

To one skilful in the language of the human countenance, it was evident that nothing but the restraint of discipline held them back for a summary act of vengeance and of crime that would have sunk them to a level with the preens themselves. Judging of the feelings of his crew from their looks or more probably from his own, and anxious to remove the temptation to evil the captain ordered our eight prisoners under the hatches and they were accordingly unbound in with very little ceremony. How many of this band of genuine desperadoes had been lost, we had no means of ascertaining, for our prisoners did not or would not understand English or French. But when they fired upon us, twelve or sixteen men were visible, and the yell that followed our discharge was such as is never extorted from mortal man, but by the pangs of the last agony. Six or eight, then, o

the freebooters had certainly perished. What chance of success they might fancy that an open boat could have against a vessel of the size of ours, it completely bewildered us to imagine. They must have been intoxicated, or in the situation of a beast of prey, whom the goadings of hunger will impel to rush upon a foe whose face he would otherwise have fled. Viewing it in either light, it was an act of the most daring hardihood. The struggle had been fierce and boisterous, but had passed. The ship was restored to her usual tranquillity, and was moving before a gentle breeze from the shore, yet so slowly as scarcely to ruffle the face of the ocean.

Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The New York correspondent of the Washington Union, relates the following:

"My friend and neighbor—a medical man—has an Irish servant girl called Mary, who has only been in the country about four months.—She is a hard working & kindhearted creature. She called on me yesterday to ask a favour, which was conducted something after the following fashion:

"Good morning to your honor."
"Good morning, Mary, how are they all at home?"

"All well, I give your honor thanks, but I've just called after asking a favor. I'm not intruding upon your honor?"

"Not at all, Mary. What is it I can do for you?"

"Well the doctor says you sometimes write to the old country, and I wish to know if your honor cannot put me in the way just after sending a little money to my poor little brothers in Ireland?"

"Certainly I can. How much do you want to send, Mary?"

"May I please your honor, by hard work, I have just saved £3 or \$15. I have two little brothers in the poor house in Ireland, between the ages of 7 and 9 years. The living is very poor for the poor boys, who've no mother or father. I hear potatoes will be very scarce in the old country this winter; I am afraid they'll suffer for something to eat and warm them, when the weather gets cold. I wish to send this money, to take them from the poor house and make them comfortable."

"I shall be most happy, Mary, to get a draft on a good house in Liverpool; who will see that the money you entrust to me shall be honestly and faithfully applied as you wish. And more than this, though I am poor myself, I will add a small trifle to the amount, which may help the boys to be more comfortable."

"Oh! your honor is very good, and I don't know how to thank you enough. I know your honor means all right, but what is a draft?"

"It is this: we pay a good man in New York money, who is an agent for a partner in a good house in Liverpool. He then gives us an order on his house in England payable to your friends in Ireland. When it is received your friends are informed of it by mail. They then tell the Liverpool house to remit to them, or their mercantile friends in Ireland, when they duly receive it. This is safer than sending the gold; because if one draft is lost, you get another; when if the money should be lost, it would be gone forever."

"Oh bless your honor, I just see how it is. A thousand thanks to you, here's the £3 and I'd just wish you to do with it as you would for your own relations."

"Certainly I will, Mary."
"A thousand blessings on your honor. I must be away after my work. Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Mary."
The poor woman had worked hard ever since she landed in New York, in a servile situation; stinting herself in everything not absolutely necessary for her comfort, in order to lay by this small sum of money, to be sent out to her poor orphan brothers, confined in a work house or poor house. Her simple story was very affecting.

I have no doubt there are many such thus toiling and struggling in New York to earn a pittance, which they freely divide with their poor friends left in Ireland.

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the Door on the Doctor's nose.

HOME AFFECTIONS.

BY DR. HAWKES.

The heart has memories that never die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are memories of home, early home. There is magic in the very sound. There is the old tree under which the light hearted boy swung in many a summer day, under the river in which he learned to swim, there the house in which he knew a parent's love, and found a parent's protection—may there is the room in which he romped with brother or with sister, long since, alas! laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, over shadowed by yon old church wither with a jarus troop himself, has often followed his parents to worship with and hear the good old man who gave him to God in baptism. Why even the very schoolhouse associated in youthful days with thoughts of ferule and tasks, now comes back to bring pleasant remembrances of many an occasion that called forth some generous exhibition of the noblest traits of human nature. There it was that he learned to feel some of his best emotions. There perchance, he first met the being who by her love & tenderness in after life has made a home for himself, happier even than that which his childhood knew. There are certain feelings of humanity, and those too among the rest that can find no appropriate place for their exercise only by one's own fireside. There is sacredness in the privacy of that spot which it were a species of desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly to invade it, is neither more nor less than a villain; and hence here exists no surer test of the debasement of morals in a community, than the disposition to tolerate in any mode the man who disregards the sanctities of private life. In the turmoil of the world, let there be at least one spot where the poor man may find affection that is disinterested, where he may indulge a confidence which is not likely to be abused.

GERMAN LOVE.—The story we give below, could only have happened in Germany, or be related of Germany. A young girl of 21, Rose Koble, a shop tender, became acquainted with a student of Pharmacy, one Theophilus Keppler. This acquaintance, apparently very slight, was soon forgotten by the young man, but excited a love, violent almost to madness, in the heart of Rose. A peasant girl, an intimate friend of Rose who had discovered the secret of her passion, made shameful profit of it. She addressed the poor girl letters purporting to be written by Keppler, and enjoined her for fourteen years during the whole of that period she never once saw her fancied betrothed, but letters asking for money, sugar, bran, and even linen, poured thick upon her. The excuse for not seeing her were of the most strange and improbable nature, such as, that in consequence of failure on his examination he was taken to a house of detention in Holland, constructed expressly for the punishment of defeated candidates. Such was the tenor of all the correspondence; misfortune seemed to have rained on him. A one time he had broken an arm, another leg. Sickness, suffering and especially destitution afflicted him; the last being an appeal enduring and unending. Rose, at different periods; had sent eleven thousand francs, an enormous sum for one in her position, to collect which she was obliged to deny herself all but the necessities of life, and to sacrifice her little patrimony and that of a sister. At last after 14 years of continued anxieties and privations, Rose read in the newspaper an announcement of the death of Theophilus Keppler, apothecary of Winterbach, whose disconsolate widow and all cied children, &c. Thereupon, on complaint to the authorities the criminal who had withered her youth and wasted her property was found in her bosom friend. The pious men inflicted in fourteen years confinement in a dungeon, from which, during a certain period of each year, all light is excluded.

INDEPENDENCE.

"John, what have you been doing?"
"Fighting to be sure."
"What have you been fighting about?"
"I don't know, but I saw two boys fistng in the street, and one thing I can tell you, when I see fighting going on, you don't catch me neutral, but I will be independent enough to fight on one side or the other, whether I believe it is right or not."

AN OLD BOTTLE.

A short time ago a member of a temperance society, in one of the Suffolk societies, was accosted by an old tippler who has earned an unenviable notoriety by his constant and frequent visits to the spirit botle and beer barrel, and the following colloquy ensued:

"I say! you teetotala?"
"Well, what is it?"
"You are all wrong, I can prove it."
"How?"
"Oh out of the bible; I've been reading it."

"That is worthy remarking certainly, but what do you find there condemnatory of teetotalism?"
"Why this here—it says you must put no strong drink of no sort into 'old bottles'."

"Does it say so?"
"Yes, and you can't make anything of it—can you?"

"Certainly I can."
"No you can't—I defy you."

"But I can; you say men ought not to put strong drink into old bottles!"
"Yes that's it; ha! ha!"

"Then you must keep all strong drink out of yourself, you are a regular old bottle."
"Hem! I can't stop, waisting my time with you—good morning."

Every body has heard of the eccentric Lorenzo Dow. He once used the pulpit as a sort of an alarm bell, to call the attention of his auditory to the fact of an immaterial fire existing for those who seemed to be more apprehensive of the material flame. Lorenzo observing a considerable portion of his congregation nodding, suddenly ceased preaching and shouted aloud, "fire, fire, fire!" A number of those who were given to church somnolency started upon their feet and eagerly enquired, "where, where?" "In h—ll for sleepy sinners," quickly responded the minister. The sweet charms of sleep were broken, and the rest of the sermon was heard by all present.

COMPASSION.—Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections and wrap us up in a selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the living parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with want or cruelty.

AMUSING ANECDOTE.

The "Louisville Journal" tells a good anecdote of a recent scene in Frankfort. It says, at a ball in Frankfort the other evening a young gentleman, it is said, took an undue liberty with a pretty lady. The lady made her complaint to the gentleman with whom she was dancing. Thereupon the last named gentleman knocked the first named gentleman down in the ball room. The fight extended until, as we are told, 15 or twenty persons were engaged in it. Pistols, and knives of all sorts were flourished and some blood was spilt, though nobody was killed. Two of the persons, who took part in the affair, have since arrived here with the intention of settling their quarrel on the Indiana shore.

It is said that an English officer, sojourning for a short time at Frankfort, was remarking on the day before the affray, that he had heard much of Kentucky 'rows,' and that it was his most anxious desire to see one. When the ball-room fight got well under way, a gentleman, who had heard the expressed wish of the officer, ran to his room and told him what was going on. The officer ran to the ball-room, but the moment he entered the door, a tremendous stray fist knocked him down. He scrambled up and ensconced himself in a corner where he thought he could look on in security.—He had not been there many minutes, however, before a big fellow, mistaking him for another, rushed at him exclaiming "This is the very scoundrel I have been looking for!" The officer darted like lightning from the room, and strange to say, he has not since been heard to express the slightest curiosity to a Kentucky row.