

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:
The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, a 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 discountance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.
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MISCELLANEOUS

FANNING'S MEN, OR THE MASSACRE AT GOLIAD.

Blackwood, is publishing a series of extracts from a work—"A Campaign in Texas"—which appeared last year in Leipzig, from the pen of Von H. Ehrenberg, a young German, who served through the brief but terrific struggle in 1835 between Texas and Mexico, and who took part in some of the most fearful scenes of that campaign, being likewise one of the three or four who escaped from the treacherous massacre at Goliad, where Fanning's men were murdered in cold blood by order of Santa Anna. Ehrenberg gives the subjoined account of the terrible scene, which we think will be read with interest in some of our already familiar.

After the names had been called over the order to march was given, & we filed out through the gate of the fortress, the Greys taking the lead.—Outside the gate we were received by two companies of regular Infantry, who marched along on either side of us, in the same order as ourselves. We were about four hundred in number, and the Cavalry, of which numerous small groups were scattered about the prairie. We marched on in silence, not, however, in the direction we had anticipated, but along the road to Victoria. This surprised us; but upon reflection we concluded that they were conducting us to some eastern port thence to be shipped to New Orleans, which upon the whole, was perhaps the best and shortest plan. There was something however, in the profound silence of the Mexican soldiers, who are usually unceasing chatters, that inspired me with a feeling of uneasiness and anxiety. It was like a funeral march, and truly might it so be called. Presently I turned my head to see if Miller's people had joined, and were marching with us. But, to my extreme astonishment, neither they nor Fanning's men nor the Georgia battalion were to be seen. They had separated us without our observing it, and the detachment with which I was marching consisted only of the Greys and a few Texian colonists. Glancing at the escort, their full dress uniform and the absence of all baggage, new for the first time struck me. I thought of the bloody scene that occurred at Tampico, San Patricio, and the Alamo, of the false and cruel character of those in whose power we were, and I was seized with a presentiment of evil. For a moment I was about to communicate my apprehensions to my comrades; but hope, which never dies, again caused me to take a more cheerful view of our situation. Nevertheless, in order to be prepared for the worst, and, in case of need, to be unencumbered in my movements, I watched my opportunity, and threw away amongst the grass of the prairie a bundle containing the few things that the treacherous Mexicans had allowed me to retain.

A quarter of an hour had elapsed since our departure from the fort, when suddenly the command was given in Spanish to wheel to the left, leaving the road; and, as we did not understand the order, the officer himself went in front to show us the way, and my companions followed without taking any particular notice of the change of direction.—To our left ran a musket hedge, five or six feet in height, at right angles with the river St. Antonio, which flowed at about a thousand paces from us,

between banks thirty or forty feet high, and of which banks the one on the nearer side of the river rose near perpendicularly out of the water. We were marched along the side of the hedge towards the stream, and suddenly the thought flashed across us, "Why are they taking us in this direction?" The appearance of a number of lancers, entering about in the fields on our right, also startled us, and just then the foot-soldiers, who had been marched between us and the hedge, changed their places, and joined those of their comrades who guarded us on the other hand. Before we could divine the meaning of this manoeuvre, the word was given to halt. It came like a sentence of death; for at the same moment it was uttered the sound of a volley of musketry echoed across the prairie. We thought of our comrades and of our own probable fate.

"Kasel down!" now burst in harsh accents from the lips of the Mexican commander. No one stirred. Few of us understood the order, and those who did would not obey. The Mexican soldiers, who stood at about three paces from us, levelled their muskets at our breasts. Even then we could hardly believe that they meant to shoot us; for if we had, we should assuredly have rushed forward in our desperation, and weaponless though we were, some of our murderers would have met their death at our hands. Only one of our number was well acquainted with Spanish, and even he seemed as if he could not comprehend the order that had been given. He stared at the commanding officer, as if awaiting his repetition, and we stared at him, ready, as the first word he should utter, to spring upon the soldiers. But he seemed to be, as usual, dumb.

That the demonstration was merely a menace, used to induce us to enter the Mexican service. With threatening gesture and drawn sword, the chief of the assassins again ejaculated the command to kneel down. The sound of a second volley, from a different direction with the first, just then reached our ears, and was followed by a confused cry, as if those at whom it had been aimed, had not all been immediately killed. Our comrade, the one who understood Spanish, started from his momentary lethargy, and boldly addressed us.

"Comrades," said he, "you hear that report, that cry. There is no hope for us—our last hour is come! Therefore, comrades—"

A terrible explosion interrupted him—and then all was still. A thick cloud of smoke was wreathing and curling towards the St. Antonio. The blood of our lieutenant was upon my clothes, and around me lay my friends, convulsed with the last agony. I saw nothing more. Unhurt myself, I sprang up, and concealed by the thick smoke, fled along the side of the hedge, in the direction of the river, the noise of the water for my guide. Suddenly a blow from a heavy sabre fell upon my head, and from out of the smoke emerged the form of a little Mexican lieutenant. He aimed a second blow at me, which I parried with my left arm. I had nothing to risk, but every thing to gain. It was life or death. Behind me a thousand bayonets before me the powerless sword of a coward. I rushed upon him, and with true Mexican valor, he fled from an unarmed man. On I went, the river rolled at my feet, the shouting and yelling behind—"Texas forever!" cried I, and without a moment's hesitation, I plunged into the water. The bullets whistled around me as I swam slowly and wearily to the other side, but none wounded me. Our poor dog, which had been with us all the campaign, and had jumped into the river with me, fell a sacrifice to Mexican cruelty. He had reached the middle of the stream, when a ball struck him, and he disappeared.

Whilst these horrible scenes were occurring in the prairies, Colonel Fanning and his wounded companions were shot and bayoneted at Goliad, only Dr. Throckleford and a few hospital aids having their lives spared, in order that they might attend on the wounded Mexicans. Besides Mr. Ehrenberg, but three of the prisoners at Goliad ultimately escaped the slaughter.

Having crossed the St. Antonio, Mr. Ehrenberg struck into the high grass and thickets, which concealed him from the pursuit of the Mexicans, and wandered through the prairie, guiding himself as best he might, by sun and stars, and striving to reach the river Brazos. He lost his way and went through a variety of striking adventures, which, with some characteristic sketches of Texan life and habits, of General Sam Houston and Santa Anna, and a spirited account of the battle of St. Jacinto, at which, however, he himself was not present, fill up the remainder of his book.

ANECDOTE OF MR. O'CONNELL'S UNCLE.

Descending again by another path you discover at the foot of the rocks a simple rural seat, or bank, overhung by the trees, and with the flower-garden lying displayed at your feet. This seat used to be the favorite resort of the uncle of Mr. O'Connell, from whom he inherited the name.

This gentleman, who seems to have been a man of both powerful physical frame and lofty moral character, lived to within one year of a hundred. He was for some years blind before his decease, and delighted to sit here, where, beneath the fresh canopy of trees and rocks, he could hear the distant sound of the sea. That sound, so full of majesty, seemed not only to soothe him, but to drink, as it were, a visible perception of the scenes around in which it made so grand a figure, and read up the vivid acts and images of past life.—"There was no fear of death in his strong and prepared mind," said Mr. O'Connell, one day, as, at some distance, grew a pleiad ash tree. Once, having sat for some time as in deep thought, he said, "Daniel, I have a favor to request of you." "Of me, uncle, what can that be?" "Measure me the girth of that tree." "I did so, and told him what it was. 'I thought so,' he said. 'I thought it was as large as that. The favor I would ask, Daniel, is, that that tree may now be felled.' 'May be felled? What the tree you have always seemed to take such pleasure in.' 'Yes I would have it cut down. There is no occasion to ask the permission of me.' 'Yes as this place will be yours, I would not do anything without consulting you. I thank you for giving me leave to fell this tree, and now I will tell you for what purpose I would fell it. It is to make my coffin of its wood. I have for some time thought that it would be large enough and now I find that it is. Send for the carpenter. The carpenter was sent for 'New carpenter,' he said addressing him, 'I want you to make my coffin. You must cut down that ash. Saw it up into boards of an inch and a quarter thick, and of twenty-two inches deep. The entire boards will be large enough both for that and for the bottom and lid of suitable proportion. As for the length what do you think that should be?' The carpenter running his eye over the fine old man, and considering in himself for some time, replied, 'I should say seven feet, your honor.' Seven feet! Why, I never stood more than six feet three. Age has decreased my height, but death, I know will stretch me out again to a certain degree, but, seven feet! why, that is the proportion for a giant. Let it be six feet five!' With this the old gentleman dismissed the man and the subject. The tree was felled; the boards sawn and seasoned, and the coffin made according to his directions.

[*Tait's Magazine.*]

A laughable incident is told of a nervous man who imagined himself very sick—reports were in the neighborhood that he was given over by the doctor. He was observed early in the day making rapid strides through the streets. His alarmed neighbor met him:—

How are you friend?
Sick very sick!
Where now?

After some one to sit up with me to-night I am so plagued for watchers, that there is no one I can depend upon!

SERVING A SUBPOENA.

It is singular what shifts love will make to accomplish its object. Bolts, grates, and bars are of little avail against Cupid's pic clock contrivances—his cunning will devise ways and means to open them all. A young gentleman had courted a fair lady of this city and it was supposed the two, in due time would become "one flesh"—Some little quarrel, of a trivial nature, as love's quarrels generally are, occurred. Neither would confess the wrong to be on their side—presents and correspondence were mutually sent back and the match was broken off. The young gentleman immediately started for New Orleans, to enter into commercial business, thinking that distance would lessen the attachment he really felt for the young lady.

When a woman is injured or she is injured, by the one she loves, she is more apt than the male sex to "bite off her own nose," as the saying is, to inflict pain and be revenged on the offending object.—A gentleman that the young lady once rejected renewed his proposals, and was accepted within a week after her old lover had embarked for the south. On reaching New Orleans he found that the distance, instead of weakening his attachment, only made the lady dearer, he became melancholy and low spirited. The first letter he received from New York from a friend of his announced that his old flame was shortly to be married to another. His course was quickly taken—the next morning saw him on board a packet ship bound for Gotham.

The passage was unfortunately long and the poor fellow chafed and fretted so much, that the passengers began to think him deranged or else a fugitive escaping from justice. The instant the vessel touched the wharf he started, for he supposed the latter was much surprised to see his friend, imagining him some thousand miles away.—After the usual salutation he exclaimed:

"My dear fellow you are just in time to see the wedding, Miss—, your old sweet-heart, is to be married this morning at 11 o'clock. To tell you the truth, I don't believe there is much love about it, and that the girl really thinks more of one hair of your head than the fortunate bridegroom's whole body."

"Good God! Where is she to be married—in church?"

"No, At her father's house."

"My dear fellow—I—yes—no—yes—I have it. Have you any case coming on in either of the courts at 11 o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Then fill me up a subpoena with the bride groom's name. Don't stop to ask any questions. It matters not whether he knows any about the parties in the suit. By heavens, Julia shall be mine!"

His friend saw his object at once, and promised to carry on the matter. The subpoena was made and placed in the hands of a clerk to serve upon the unsuspecting bridegroom the instant he was seen to leave his residence, and was despatched in a cab to watch the house. About ten minutes before eleven, as the soon happy man was about entering a coach before the door of his residence, he was served with the subpoena.

"Can't help it," says the clerk in reply to his gesticulating about "not knowing the parties," "going to be married, &c.—" "We shan't reach the Hall now before 11—the case is the first on calendar—won't keep you but 10 minutes. If you don't go heavy fine, imprisonment or contempt!" &c. &c.

The bridegroom, who was rather of a timid nature, finally consented, particularly as the clerk promised to send a friend of his who sat in the cab, wrapped up in a large cloak, to the house of his bride in expectation, explaining the reason of his absence. The reader can imagine who this person was.

Eleven o'clock came, but still no bridegroom—the priest began to grow impatient and the bride that was to be, looked pale & agitated when a carriage drove up the bell rang and "There he is! There he is!" muttered many voices. A gentleman did indeed enter whose appearance created almost as much astonishment as that of Edgar Ravenswood in the hall of Ashton Castle at the marriage of Lucy Ashton in Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor." The lady faintly—private explanation ensued between her parents and the lover—and the result was that in 10 minutes after the two real lovers

were joined in the sacred bonds of matrimony much to the satisfaction of all. The bride groom that was to have been beholding his rival, and being made acquainted with the condition of affairs was tragical-comical.

The story of the subpoena shortly after leaked out and has created so much amusement that the poor fellow declares he will sue the lawyer for \$10,000 damages in subpoenaing him as a witness in a case of which he knew nothing and by which he lost a wife. It will be a novel suit indeed, if he should do so.—*N. Y. Sunday Times*

BENEFIT OF A NAME.

Simples, at which the public would turn up their noses, if offered to them in their plain common names, when dressed up with a sounding title become mysteriously efficacious in physic. A little mullen, or elder, pepper and vinegar, &c., make no appeal to the marvellous, and will not go down in these days. Suppose you fix up a mess and call it the catambis extract, or the compound fluid of piscatqua never mind what it is made of, there are some, and not a few, so constituted that they will begin to experience relief, even before the medicine has passed through the track of the oesophagus. A writer in the New York News, thus fairly hits the propensity of the medical profession to conceal small things under pompous disguises.

What would become of the dignity and exclusiveness of the profession, were its vocabulary to be stripped of its antiquated jargon—were its barks and oarlocks, its drugs and its simples, its dried leaves and roots, to be washed of their Greek and Latin appellations? How would their 'terminatives,' 'antis-pasmodics,' 'demives,' 'sedatives,' 'antiphlogistics,' 'sennemagogics,' 'staphylogogics,' 'retractives,' 'myelics' and 'erythrics,' rebuked by a doctor of the 19th century! Verily, the ideas is enough to make the crying philosopher laugh. Kind reader, cast your eyes upon the tabularies, which are a bona fide prescription used by the faculty.

R.—Pulv. Rip. Rub.
Hyd. Chlor. Sod.
Acid. Acet.
Met. desp.
Aqua Fluvi.

M. Ft. Grag. sig. Sum. p. r. n.

Unless you are one of the 'illuminati,' this specimen cannot fail to be pip, rub, oil, and all a mystery of mysteries to your option.—Will it be more intelligible to you, if we restore to the mutilated words the members which this antique secret fraternity has lopped off. If you wish to try the experiment, behold it:

Recipe—Pulveria Piperis Rubri,
Hydro Chloridi Sodici,
Acidi Acetici,
Mellis despumati,
Aqua Fluviatis,
Misc. Fiat Gargaria.

Signe—Suntatur, pro re nata

This prescription, which, doubtless, often in cases of searlet fever and ordinary sore throats, you have gazed upon with respect and awe, and wondered at the deep knowledge of him who could understand such mysterious medicines, is, in plain English, nothing more or less than—

Red pepper,
Salt,
Vinegar,
Honey,
Water,
Mix, make into a gargle.

Directions—Let them be used according to circumstance.

And all together is a simple gargle for the throat, to be used according to circumstance.

A gentleman last week, got into Broad way stage in which were twenty girls. Upon ascending the step he paused for a moment, dizzied by the beauty before him. "There is room, sit down!" said one of the ladies of the omnibus "I thank you," said the gentleman, getting in; "I thought of getting into an omnibus. But had I have entered paradise!"

EXAGGERATION.

03, TOO MUCH PAINT ON THE BRUSH. Uncle took me to see a painter's studio, and as we came away I observed to him that the figures were all too red in their faces, the sky too blue, and the trees too green. Yes, said Uncle, he seems to take too much paint in the brush.

When we came home, I told my sister the painter was clever, but much too showy; his skies are as blue as my coat; his faces red as turkeys, his coats as yellow as sovereigns, and so I going on when Uncle stopped me by saying, but now you are taking too much paint in the brush, nephew.

I have many times caught myself and others in the same falling. The night is as dark as pitch, and the mud in the road is up to one's knee; the man must be as strong as a horse, and the woman says she was frightened to death. Nelly's bonnet is horrible to look at, and you have made an immense number of visits this morning.

Now this is an irregularity which urgently requires to be checked. It interests me with a calm, dispassionate view of things, and can be harmless in our intercourse with others, only upon the humiliating supposition that they never really believe the strong language that we use, but have got into a habit, by experience of abating a great amount from the true meaning of what we assert.

But then we may come across some stranger once in a while, who does not know that it is our habit to take too much paint in the brush—and he may be greatly misled, or taking our words according to their strict meaning. We may, as in the case of the painter before mentioned, do that which in its effects amounts to the branding of the offender. That man might have lost his livelihood if my words had been understood strictly, and if my judgment had been depended upon.

The wise man says: "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from trouble," and the Psalmist pronounces his determination. "I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue." Let us take the advice of the one, and form to him whose power and grace alone can enable us both to think and do of his good pleasure.

THE CLERK AND THE DEVIL.—A merchant's clerk came into a printing office a short time since; and seeing a pile of papers lying on the table (it being the day of publication,) one remotely helped himself to a copy, and uttered the following to the printer's devil, "I suppose you don't take pay for just one paper?" "Not always," replied the devil. Shortly afterwards the devil entered the store where the clerk belonged, and called for a pound of raisens saying "suppose you don't charge anything when a fellow don't take but a pound?"

"No," said the clerk after seeing the disadvantage under which he was placed by his own stingy liberty towards the penniless printer's devil, and looking daggers at the little man, indignantly; "When I get any more papers from a printer, I'll pay for 'em."

Tommy, my boy," said an anxious sire to his learned but juvenile son—"Tommy, what part of speech is a bank?"

"A bank is—is—a bank is," said the youthful grammarian, running his digits to and fro through his hair, that overhung his forehead—"a bank is a negative adverb, because as how it denies the active verb to pay." "You are wrong, Tommy;—but I'll try you again. What part of speech is 'resumption'?"

"It's a verb, sir."

"No, Tommy it's a noun."

"It sint a noun either, sir, because a noun is something of which we have a notion, and we haint any notion there's going to be a resumption of specie payments." "Go away, Tommy, your master is spoiling you;—I must send you to college." [Exit Tommy.]

[SOLUS FOR THE FATHER].—That Tommy is a boy of bright ideas! If he don't be President, he'll be at least a member of Congress.