

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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OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT.

SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN, A FEW DOORS BELOW MARKET-STREET.

TERMS:

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DISSEMINATIONS.

THE MARINER'S LAMP.

A TALE OF SCIO.

In one of those little bays, or rather inlets which indent the coast of Scio and the other Greek Islands, lay, during a breathless calm a graceful and elegant schooner. This vessel, of the character usually used in the trade of the Archipelago, was sufficiently superior in her appointments to notice. Her long, low hull, of a uniform black, rose not more than three feet from the water's edge, including the diminutive bulwarks, while her raking masts were disproportionately high. Her huge main-boom showed what a vast amount of canvass was packed on her, while a square sail, flying topsails, and jib, proved her fully appointed for fair and foul weather. Her rigging was taut and neat, while the ends of her flying gear lay coiled on deck, with an attention to order, which spoke volumes for the discipline on board. Her jib alone, of all her sails, was loose, and that hung lazily over the long protruding boom, shaken only by the motion of the vessel as it rose and fell on the never-resting billows. The anchor chain had been hauled in, so as to be right up and down proclaiming that wind alone was wanted to send the schooner to sea.

Before a cottage door, a few hundred yards from the beach, and in a position to command a full view of the entrance of the bight, was a young man, who, from his costume, might have been readily supposed one of her crew. It was in reality her commander. Zeizos Zeulionphi owned the schooner that floated upon the water like a duck, and fixed his eye in all that admiring gaze which the sailor ever bestows upon the vessel that he rules. Zeizos was calling the attention of a young girl, the owner of the cottage, to the beauty of the Clio—so he called his schooner after the maiden who stood by his side. Clio was an orphan and an heiress. That is to say, she owned the cottage she lived in enough to yield her an income, and to enable her to support an aged female domestic. It may be naturally supposed, therefore, that Clio had numberless suitors, and the supposition was but a part of the truth, for they came in shoals, which very often is the case when a girl is pretty, rich, and amiable. Zeizos was of the number; and there was something in the frank, manly, though somewhat wild character of the sailor, which won upon her heart, despite her dislike to his calling, which was that, to speak in soft language, of an unlawful trader. It is wonderful how the many sympathies with the bold smuggler. This is a mistake; sympathy. The laws which they evade, may or may not want relaxing, but a life of constant violation of the law, is one which is sure to engender more of evil than of good. So thought Clio; and Clio had vowed to wed Zeizos only when he ceased his violation of the laws, and added to his story as a legal merchantman. Moved by this determination, the Clio was now to sail for the last time with a rich cargo, and in future to be a schooner trading between island and island, with the consent and approbation of all constituted authorities.

"Is she not lovely, like her mistress," said the enthusiastic sailor, gazing affectionately on his vessel, "and may not a man

be proud of owning two such neat creatures?"

"You talk boldly of both, Zeizos," replied Clio sally; "were you as fond of one Clio as the other, you would not make this voyage."

"The last, the very last," said the young man gaily, "and then my Clio will give me a right to say that both are mine."

"I have so promised, and my word was ever true," continued the beautiful Greek girl, more sadly still; "but I have my fears. Zeizos, I would wed you in an hour," added she impetuously, "to spare this voyage. I speak as I thought I never could have spoken, but I see death in this enterprise."

The young man's brow was overcast for a moment, and then he cried, "Tis hard to ally with such an offer; but see, the wind gently surfs, I feel it fanning my cheek warmly from the hills. Adieu, my Clio, for a few days, and then farewell my trade and all for thee."

The sailor embraced his weeping mistress, and then hastened down to the beach, espied into a light skiff, and short-stood upon his deck, where he waved his cap, in another adieu, to his promised bride. Then the merry sound of the sailor's song was heard the anchor was tripped, the main and foresail were hoisted up, and belied to the wind, when the light schooner, under her captain's steership, headed for the open sea, and gently glided out of the harbour.

Clio was a charmed spectator of all this. Every manœuvre was watched with an anxious eye, and one, too, that understood the handling of every sail, and the object of every rope, for Zeizos has with delight taught his mistress all that gave him so much pleasure. At length the schooner rounded a point, and was lost to view, just as evening began to fill upon the scene. The day had been serene and lovely, the sky was blue and cloudless, with all the mellow sweetness common to the Mediterranean, but the night promised otherwise. The sun setting in an angry bank of vapor in the west, the wind scattered mares' tails in profusion over the heavens and in about an hour after sun-down began to howl fitfully round the lonely cottage. Clio's sensitive heart took alarm, she stood at the threshold, and watched with intense anxiety the progress of the storm. It increased; the dark columns of vapor which at first rose only in the east, spread with awful rapidity over the whole face of the heavens, and rained in black; a rumbling sound of thunder was heard in the distance, while the faint glimmer of lightning came fitfully upon the water, at a distance vast and immeasurable, a gentle lightning up of some dark fringe of cloud, hanging on the skirts of the horizon showed that the electric fluid was at work upon the bosom deep. Clio shuddered. She was too well versed in the signs of warning which nature gives of her convulsions not to know that a fearful tempest was brewing and would sweep grimly o'er that night. So sudden is the advent of a gale in the Mediterranean that ere she thought it, it was upon her and Clio retired trembling to her cottage.

Her first thought was that Zeizos would again try to enter the bay he had left and with this fancy in her head she sprang to a shelf and taking therefrom two antique and valuable lamps placed them at the window and lighting them left them in charge of her aged domestic. Then wrapping herself in a cloak and hood she hurried down to the beach to see if they gave sufficient light to be remarked. Her heart beat with joy when she saw that they burned in such a way as to leave no doubt of their being seen by any vessel endeavoring to make the harbor. Returning to her cottage Clio now felt somewhat relieved.—She had the satisfaction of feeling that the life in her power had been done.—Still hours passed the storm abated not, and no sign was heard or seen of the schooner. Again the girl became alarmed, and presently, during a fearful gust of wind that threatened to shake the tenement she dwelt in about her ears, fell on her knees, and vowed that if heaven would save her lover, every night during her life would she, for the mariner's sake, place two lamps at her window and

feed them during the hours of darkness. Clio rose from her knees relieved and though still racked with care and anxiety, the tedious hours passed, and morning at length came. At dawn of day, the Greek girl was upon the beach, gazing with straining eyes upon the main. Not a sail was to be sight, save afar off, a square-rigged vessel engaged in unfurling the sails, which had been handed during the storm. The tapering spars of the Clio were nowhere visible on the horizon.

The day passed and many other days and yet no tidings of the schooner or her master. Deep was the affliction of the lovely, young Greek, the more that if her lover had perished, it was while pursuing an unlawful trade. But Clio was true to her vow. Every night at eventide the lamps were lit and well filled, while Clio, ever anxious, would, in the still watches of the night, rise and replenish them, lest their brightness should fade. She, too, could cry with Byron's Medora—

"Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire; Least spies less true should let the blaze expire."

And great was her reward. Many a fishing bark belonging to the village, hard by, was, by the timely apparition of Clio's lamp at night, piloted safely into port, when otherwise, perhaps, the boat had foundered, and all had perished. Far and wide spread the fame of this pious and delicate act of the despairing Greek girl. Many a vessel made that little bay their port, that otherwise would never have entered it. The village increased in importance—the inhabitants blest Clio—but Zeizos came not; he for whom the task was first begun, and the faint hope of again seeing whom made it light and pleasurable. Three, six months, a year passed—two years and yet no tidings. Clio length gave herself up to hopeless despair, and yet patiently did she persevere in her self-letted task, and for many a restless hour out-watched each star.

One evening, about two years after the departure of Zeizos, another storm, almost equal in fierceness to that which had followed the departure of the schooner, burst upon the waters of the Mediterranean; and Clio, who was ever faithful to the memory of the horrors of that night, attempted not to retire to rest, but sitting up beside her lamps, carefully trimmed them, and looked with anxiety for the morning, thinking of long ago.—At length, wearied with sitting beside her tiny beacons, she wrapped herself warmly in her cloak and caring not that child blast blew upon her head, walked down to the beach. The heavens were once more closed in pitchy darkness, and the hollow moaning of waves sounded ghastly in her ears. Turning back, the cheerful glimmer of her beacons alone looked hopeful in all the whole scene around, and they twinkled star like in a whole heaven of darkness. Poor Clio, her thought centered on one dear object, walked along the beach, heedless of the wild fury of the wind, and of the foaming billows at her feet, when a sound met her ear, to which, on such nights, it had long been familiar—it was the swinging of the yards of a large vessel, at no great distance, in the bay. She listened—the storm seemed to drown every sound, and then again the flapping of sails, the creaking of yards, and then the swift hurrying of chain cable through the howse hole, showed that a vessel was about to anchor. The faint outlines of a large ship now caught her eye, and again Clio thanked heaven that she had thought of the mariner's lamp, for without it surely no vessel could have entered that bay at night during the gale, much more have dared to anchor.

The lovely Greek girl listened with charmed senses to all that passed, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing the brig for so it proved, riding at anchor under bare poles. A loud order was now given to lower away the boom which under the lee of the land was no very difficult undertaking; and presently a party having entered it, began to pull for land. The task no easy one—the sea was tolerably smooth, but the wind blew with terrific violence, and did the superiors urge the men to persevere. Slowly did the rowers lay to their task and at length the exclamation, "in ours" proclaimed that her keel had touched the bottom. In a few minutes more, six sturdy sailors were in the water, and running the boat upon the beach. Two men now left the cutter and landed.—They spoke; their language was modern Greek, though one used it but badly.

"That lamp proved a mighty lucky thing, I must say. I do believe but for it we should have never got into these snug quarters, for how a ship is to find its way in the dark is a mystery to me."

"Heaven be thanked for thy light, which, if I mistake not, comes from a cottage that I know full well; though what the girl can want up at this time of night is more than I can say."

"Never mind heaven bless her, for she has saved our lives," said the other. She was rewarded now, and, oh, how rich! She had been proud of saving lives before; but now she had saved her lover.

"Zeizos?" she cried, "Zeizos Have I then brought him back to life?"

"Clio," the astonished mariner replied, "on the beach at this hour?"

"Yes, Zeizos," the girl shrieked rather than said, as she hung upon his neck, "and it was no accident saved your life. That lamp has burned for you during two long years—for two long years has Clio watched, and you have come at last saved by me."

"My Clio," said the young sailor, deeply affected, "let us to thy cottage, and there we can mutually explain. My friend and supercargo will accompany us."

Clio, with a proud, grateful, glad and bursting heart, led the way, and when the first burst of joy and delight was over, what an exquisite Clio she was, and how she attended to the comforts of the wearied sailors, how she would provide them with warm food and drink—re a word was said, were all in admirable keeping of her character. Zeizos followed her movements with proud and moistened eyes; and no sight could be more pleasing than that rough sun-burnt sailor, softened as a woman under her influence of happiness and love. They supped, the men having returned to the ship, and then their stories were told. That of Clio is already known. Zeizos, on the night of the old storm, had been wrecked, the schooner striking on a rock. On this the crew saved themselves; and were in the morning picked up by an American vessel, bound from Leghorn to New York. Having taken a lad, served in English and United States' ships, Zeizos, who had lost his all, took service. His talents as a seaman were at once appreciated, and in New York he found ample employment.

His conduct giving universal satisfaction, he was at length entrusted with a brig bound for Leghorn, accompanied by a supercargo, who knew the Mediterranean well. Over taken by a storm, the young captain had run for shelter to Scio, trusting to his knowledge of the coast to enable him to run into his favorite bay.—What he could do with his quick schooner was not so easily done with a square rigged vessel, and Zeizos was about to turn her head seaward, when the Mariner's Lamp caught his eye, and guided by the welcome light, he reached the desired haven.

A happy woman was Clio, and a happy man was Zeizos, who having taken his vessel to Leghorn, resigned his command, returned to Scio, and wedded his faithful mistress, becoming a plougher of the land, instead a plougher of the deep. They prospered, and prosper still, nor did Clio neglect her vows as her husband each day blesses, so do many others the Mariner's Lamp.

VALUE OF COB MEAL.

From the Albany Cultivator.

Mr. Edron:—It has been the opinion of most farmers, that corn cobs were of little or no value, and they have generally thrown them aside as of no use except for manure. The experience of some who have formerly fed corn meal and the anticipated scarcity of hay has led nearly all of our corn growers to turn their cobs into food for their stock. To show something of the extent which it has been used here, the following will give you some data to judge from. One mill in this town has, within the last three months ground more than 5000 bushels of cobs, besides a large quantity of corn in the ear. This fact I think proves quite conclusively that cob meal is valuable as an article of food for stock. Indeed the opinion which is expressed by those who have used it, is altogether in its favor. When they get out their corn, it is not threshed entirely clean; some 3 to 15 bushels of corn is left on the cobs. They are kept clean as possible till ground into meal. Cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs eat it readily, without adding other grain. When fed to cattle in addition to hay, a marked difference is seen, from those fed on hay without the meal. Some feeders mix it with other grain, roots, &c., with marked profit and success. When fed with oil cake, it is found to answer an excellent purpose, and takes up all oil without waste.

G. W. B.

The Fortress of St. Juan de Ulloa and Vera Cruz.

Gen. Thompson says that the little island of St. Juan de Ulloa, which is entirely covered with the fortress, is some five or six hundred yards from the mole at Vera Cruz, between which points all the commercial shipping anchors. It can scarcely be called a harbor, but an open road, like most of the others on the Gulf of Mexico. It frequently occurs that violent north winds (called "los nories," or northers) drive the vessels on shore, and seriously injure the mole itself. Vessels of war of other nations anchor about three miles below, near the island of Sacrificios. A very narrow channel affords the only passage for vessels of war, which must of necessity pass immediately under the guns of the fort. The fortress of St. Juan de Ulloa has always been looked upon as one of the strongest in the world. With a proper armament and competent engineers, it should regard it as almost impregnable, if indeed that term can now be with truth applied to any place after the recent inventions and improvements in this department of military science. When it was blown up in 1839, by the French, the armament was in a most wretched condition, and as to scientific engineers and artillerymen, there were none. Even then it would not have been so much of a holiday affair as it was had it not been for the accidental explosion of the magazine. Any future assailant must not expect so easy a victory if it is tolerably defended. He was very much surprised, however, to learn that in the beginning of the year 1842, when an attack was anticipated from the English, Gen. Santa Anna ordered the fortress to be dismantled, and the guns removed to Vera Cruz.

But Vera Cruz is much more effectually protected than by all her fortifications, by the norther and vomito (the yellow fever). The former have been the terror of all seamen since the discovery of the country. The latter prevails on all the Atlantic coast

of Mexico during the whole year, and with the greatest malignancy for two-thirds of the year, and it so happens, that the few months of comparative exemption from the ravages of the yellow fever are precisely those when the northers prevail with the most destructive violence.

"Annexation and War"—that's true, every word of it, said a pert old maid: no sooner do you get married than you begin to fight!

Cinax of Blunders.—In a debate on the leather tax, in 1794, in the Irish House of Commons, the chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Parnell, observed, with great emphasis, that in prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his last guinea for the remainder.

Mr. Vandecure said that however that might be, the tax on leather would be severely felt by the bare footed peasantry of Ireland.

To which Sir Roach Boyle replied that this could be easily remedied, by making the underleather of wood.

Profession of the Law.—It is singular infatuation—while there are so many fields to cultivate, so much land to clear up, and so great a demand for honest and industrious labor all over the country—that thousands and tens of thousands run blindfolded and ignorant into the profession of the law. Scores who have been brought up farmers and mechanics—who might have had a good living, and exert a happy influence—forsake the plough and the plane the shovel and the stick, and half starve themselves to death in a lawyer's office. Is it not strange? Who thinks so? Surely not men of the most sense and best judgment. Lawyers the most distinguished, advise the young aspirants to stick to their anvil, their hods, and their types. They know that unless a man has peculiar talents, skill, and brains we may add,—he can never soar higher than a miserable pettinger.—Portland Herald.

What we could do if we were to try.—From an official report submitted to Congress in 1845, the number of men in the United States, from 18 to 45 years of age, fit to do military duty, and fully armed and equipped, was 1,775,333, exclusive of uniform companies, fire companies, and citizens not enrolled. (about 1,500,000) making an available force of 3,250,000, which could be called into service, in case of emergency, in 30 days.

Hear to Reason.—A blustering fellow in Connecticut, some years ago, committed numerous trespasses and abuses upon one of his quiet neighbors; and because forbearance was long exercised toward him, he at length proceeded to personal violence. This was too much for the abused man, who sprang upon the offender, beat him severely (threw him upon the ground, and continued to chastise him, when he belated out—"stop neighbor, stop—do hear to reason; now do stop and hear to reason!" The late news from Texas brought this occurrence to mind. It seems, however, that Gen. Taylor has done just as the abused Yankee farmer did—taken his own time to reason the case with the Mexicans.

An instrument to prevent the escape of sparks has been invented by Smael Sweet Jr. of East Boston. This will be in great demand among young ladies who can often attract but can't retain sparks.

The Sunday Mercury says that since last fall upwards of ten thousand have turned Shakers in the western states—in consequence of the "never and ague."

When you find a man doing more business than you are and you are puzzled to know the reason just look at the advertisements he had in the newspaper and look out.

John I fear you are forgetting me' said a bright eyed girl to her sweet heart the other day.

Yes I'd I have been for getting you these two year.