

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.

Volume X.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1847.

Number 46,

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT

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

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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Noah's Sunday Times.

Gen. Washington and Gen. Lee at Dinner; or, a Revolutionary Joke.

The character of the great man who is remembered as the father of his country, and whose memory is cherished by the entire world, is too well known to need description here. One of his chief characteristics was a certain dignity which enabled him to preserve his authority without any exhibition of superior austerity. He was firm to a degree, and as strict a disciplinarian as Frederick the Great, without brutality or unbecoming severity. We have placed his name in juxtaposition with that of Gen. Lee. This officer was a seceder from the British army, and when brought prisoner to this city by Harcourt, treated by the commander-in-chief of the British forces as a deserter, until the measures adopted by our people towards Englishmen in their custody compelled his liberation on parole, and finally his exchange. Lee had seen much service, having held the rank of colonel in Portugal, and served the king of Poland as an aid-de-camp—thus showing the detestation of tyranny and his love of sacred liberty. Instructed by much association with the new world, and enabled to profit by this instruction to the fullest extent through the medium of a sterling classical education, it is somewhat singular that he possessed whimsical notions, and eccentricities of expression and conduct, which sufficed to make enemies and create dislike among those personal associations he was fated to encounter. No one knew better than he the chivalric requisites of a gentleman; no one understood the strict necessities of a rigorous adherence to the orders of his superiors, in all their shades, better than Lee; and yet, on more than one occasion, he forgot the proprieties of his station and insulted not only those who were his inferiors, but the great man WASHINGTON! The battle of Freehold Court House, on the passage of the British army from Philadelphia to this city, was fatal to Lee's reputation for a short period, he having had an altercation with Washington on the field, and afterwards sending him a letter, couched in insulting terms, and expressing his belief that Washington had inflicted an injury upon him. To say that Lee should not have been punished for this outrage, is to utter an opinion for which there can be no good foundation; and yet, at the time, there were those who did not scruple to rail at the subsequent action adopted by Washington. He summoned Lee before a court martial, and charged him with disobedience of orders and contempt of his commander-in-chief. The sentence of the court was, that Lee be suspended from duty for the term of one year. This result was known at White Plains, where Washington and his forces were encamped to the movements of the enemy on this well known spot which Gen. Lee had just been journeying to and from in the pursuit of various movements often obliged to pass arduous duties was dog here, (among his dogs had a favorite aid-de-camp whose dog, doxen,) and an

praise. One day the aid-de-camp handed him a document in which he read that Congress had approved the sentence of the court-martial in his case. He had confidently relied upon support from that body in the shape of modification or reversal of that decision; and when he learned that he was quietly permitted to rusticate inactively a year, he started up in a passion, rushed to his favorite specimen of the canine race, and embraced it!

'Sir, I beg pardon,' stammered the astonished side, 'but surely your mind is not overthrown or embittered by this news?' 'Disappointed and outraged, sir!' exclaimed Lee. 'Oh, that I were this dog, that I might not call man my brother!'

From that moment the censured officer became more capricious and disagreeable in his wild freaks than ever. Two days after, he was aroused from his moody apathy by the arrival, at his house, of Washington, Generals Dickinson, Wayne, Maxwell and Cadwallader and Col. Morgan, with other officers of distinction.

'Welcome!' said Lee, as the suite filed his apartment, and the horses of the party were taken of—'Welcome to my humble habitation.'

'Of course,' said Washington, affably, 'you can give us a dinner!' 'Ay, a dinner!' cried Wayne—a quiet domestic dinner, such as we, who know what it is to be without one frequently, can thoroughly appreciate.'

Here Lee was all that constitutes the gentleman. Not crippled in his private resources, possessing economy, prudence and domestic tact, and understanding the precise manner of procuring the comforts of life to the best possible advantage, he soon caused a substantial and elegant repast to be spread before his brother patriots.

'There,' said he, when all was announced to be in readiness, 'we have fought and bled together—let us now eat and drink in harmony, and may the only fluid shed between us be a bumper of good Madeira.'

There was a jovial reunion in that little country house on that day in 1788. Stern officers, who had coolly ordered thousands of their fellow beings to slaughter or be slaughtered—who had madly rode over the prostrate forms of the dead and dying—who, in the fierce excitement of battle, had felt, without emotion, the hot blood of friends and foes splash in their very faces—relaxed from their accustomed gravity of thought, and yielded themselves to the genial influences of good cheer and conviviality. Even Lee, who was seldom seen to smile, beheld the disappearance of his edibles and drinkables with a mischievous face, and cracked jokes and boules with equal facility. Many were the toasts offered and accepted—all personally complimentary or patriotic in their tone, of course. Lee had expatiated in glowing terms, upon the warm-hearted frankness and generous bravery of Baron Reidesel, when Washington spoke with much earnestness.

'There are men among our enemies,' said he, 'whom I admire for their many good qualities—The chivalry and high estimate of honor practiced by some of the king's officers is, however, more than counterbalanced by the cruelty, tyrannical bias, and disregard of the recognized principles of warfare evinced by others.'

'In which category,' inquired Lee, 'does your excellency place Baron?'

'In neither,' replied Washington. 'He fights well, and he never follows up a victorious movement by unnecessary brutality; but he is a mercenary, fighting against a people who are struggling to be free without offering the slightest obstacle to him or his.'

'And for that ought to be condemned,' remarked Cadwallader.

'My opinion is a faction,' said Dickinson; and all expressed coincident sentiments.

'You forgot' observed Lee, with some asperity, 'that he bears a title—that all his ideas of the properties of government are created in royalty and its attendant forms and privileges, of which we profess to despise and oppose.'

The commanding form of Wash-

ton—and who that ever saw it, or an acknowledged counterpart, can conceive one more majestic—swelled with pride—as he delivered a sentiment worthy of all ages, as follows:

'No man should draw his sword against the life of another, unless some great motive—not founded in mere personal prejudices, or grounded in un pitying ambition—impels him in the battle, and reconciles his conscience to acts which can never be recalled, and for which no repentance can atone.—Mere pay—mere rank—mere duty to man and noble principle—is not sufficient excuse for shedding the blood of the oppressed.' Had I nough but my own ambition to gratify in these campaigns of death, no power on earth could make me wear a soldiers uniform.'

This speech was received with the silent applause begot by intense admiration, and it was some time ere that silence was broken. Lee sat a few minutes in moody abstraction, from which he was aroused by the hand of Washington, gently placed upon his shoulder.

'Well, well,' said Lee, his countenance brightening, 'there is no one like you; I have never in my travels encountered a single being who possessed the like consideration of the policy of life. I praised Reidesel because his conduct to me, when I was caged and clipped in the city, touched my heart and gave birth to a deep feeling of gratitude. I never forget a kindness.'

'Come then,' said Washington, 'we will drink the health of Baron Reidesel, in consideration of the favors he has shown in New York to our entertainer.'

The toast was drunk, but without any show of enthusiasm. The conviviality of the assembly had vanished; for Lee's discomfiture and uneasiness were so manifest, that his guests could not avoid noticing it. It was with the most scrupulous ceremony, and genuinely-frigid politeness, that Washington and his suite were seen to mount their horses, and were waved away from the door, from whence they galloped to perform the duties which called them forth.

Lee watched them until they were beyond the range of his vision, when he suddenly turned to his aid-de-camp, and thus addressed him, in a harsh and petulant tone:

'You must look me another place, for I shall have Washington and all his puppies continually calling on me, and if they do, they will eat me up.'

He then retired to rest, smothering, as well as was possible, the effects of wounded pride, resentment of declamations which, in his proper frame of mind, he would have sanctioned, and the pains of outraged avarice.

Early the next day, the sun shined brightly, and the atmosphere as clear as that of Italy, Washington and his suite rode in the same direction. On the night before, a couple of scouting parties—one from our camp and one from the enemy—had met and engaged, and in the encounter both parties suffered much, although the Americans contrived to make an officer of the enemy prisoner. He had been forced to give information concerning the strength of the English army, the disposition of their line, and other communications of minor importance, and had been confined in a little stone building on the Bronx river, whither Washington was going to question him. When in sight of Lee's house Washington turned to his staff, and said laughingly

'Poor Lee, was mortified yesterday, quite as much by the havoc we made in his stock of provision as by my failure to endorse the manliness of his friend in all its length and breadth. We all know

his peculiarities—shall we have a little amusement at his expense to day?' Of course all consented.

'I would not willingly pain him, for he has many good qualities—not the least are his coolness and intrepidity in action,' continued Washington.

'But we may, without positively committing a wrong, call upon him?' remarked Maxwell.

'Certainly, gentlemen, certainly,' said Washington, urging his horse forward, 'and we will do so. It will afford us a pleasant relief.'

But Lee had noticed their approach as they conversed, and immediately rushed to his writing desk, called his servant, and gave him hasty orders, after racing a line of characters upon a slip of paper, and giving it.

'We shall see!—we shall see,' exclaimed Lee, nervously pacing the apartment, and watching the approach of the good natured officers and their great commander, 'whether I am to be besieged and invaded, and driven out of my own retreat!'

The servant here returned. 'You have done what I ordered you,' cried he, interrogatively.

'I have.'

'Then you may retire,' Lee chuckled as if he had accomplished a wonderful feat.

In the meantime Washington and his companions rode up to the door and applied for admission.

'By my spurs,' exclaimed Cadwallader, 'I believe we are denied the rights of hospitality.'

'We are!' said Maxwell, laughing immoderately, and pointing to the door. 'Read, your excellency, read.'

Washington looked, and beheld an inscription chalked awkwardly across the panels, and reading in this style—

'NO VICTUALS DRESSED HERE TO DAY.'

During the revolution we do not believe, if descriptions of the scene ever be credited, that American officers ever indulged in a heftier burst of merriment. With many *jeu d'esprits* the troop rode off, their laughter pealing in Lee's ears for ten minutes.

'Thank Heaven,' exclaimed he, 'the oromants are gone.'

At this moment firing was heard in the direction of New York. That afternoon, Lee burning with impatience to learn the signification of the belligerent sounds, watched with an anxiety for the return of the brave patriots who he had so foolishly insulted. As they neared his house he could not conquer the impulse to rush forth uncovered and ask the information for which he was so much distressed.

'A dinner! a dinner!' cried several of the officers.

'Gen. Lee,' said Washington, gravely, while he cast a reproving glance at his suite, 'the question you ask shall be answered. The Count d'Estang, with a fleet of twelve sail of the line and six frigates, from our glorious ally, France, has anchored off New York. Admiral Howe has only six ships of the line, and we expect to beat him where he is. If we cannot reduce the city, we have a splendid opportunity for Rhode Island. This aid is thrice welcome.'

'Gen.' said Lee, delighted by what he heard, 'you are welcome to a dinner if you will enter.'

But Washington declined, on the plea of business. Many weeks elapsed ere Lee had the pleasure of dining at the same table with the greatest man of the age.

'He might have added—'Nor forgive an injury.' He was always either an extravagant friend or a bitter enemy.

A Lawyers Story.—Tom strikes Dick over the shoulders with a sultan as big as your little finger. A lawyer in his indictment would tell you as follows—And that whereas the said Thomas as the said Thomas at the said place on the year fore-said in and upon the body of the said Richard against the peace of the people of the State of New Jersey, and their dignity, did most violently assault, and inflict a great many and diverse blows, kicks, cuffs, thumps, humps, contusions, gashes, bursts, wounds, damages and injuries in and upon the head, neck, breast, stomach, hips, knees, shins and heels of the said Richard with diverse sticks, canes, poles, clubs, legs of wood, stones, daggers, dirks, swords, pistols, cutlasses, budgeons, blunderbusses and boarding pikes then and there held in the hands, clutches, claws and fists of him the said Thomas.

Slander.—It is a poor soul that cannot bear slander. No decent man can get along without it—at least none who are engaged in the business pursuits of life. Have you had a bad fellow in your employment and discharged him—he goes round and slanders you; refuse another some modest boon which he has asked, he goes round and slanders you; let your conduct be such as to excite the envy of another he goes round and slanders you. In fine, we would not give a cent for a person who is not slandered—he is either a milkop or a fool. No man can earn a bad name by a bad fellow (and you can easily do so by correct conduct,) it is the only way to prove you are entitled to a good one.

RULES OF ETIQUETTE.

No lady vot bakes her pies in a cooking stove should think herself as good as the vot sends them to a baker.

No gemman, vot shaves himself, should twirl his whiskers in the presence of his vot gets shaved by the barber.

Any gemman whos dog is named Pompey, ought not to expect to associate with the gemman whos dog is named Napoleon.

Any gemman vot takes his oysters in the street, must not expect to stick up to the gemman vot goes into a cellar and thumps on a table for a waiter.

Any gemman vot subscribes for a newspaper, and dont pay for it, cannot expect to receive the hand of the printer like one vot does pay.

Co-operation of the wife.—There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author, that no man ever prospered in the world, without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors or rewards his labor with an encouraging smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm—fly over lands, sail upon the seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows he is not expending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home.

Droll.—The last steamer brought an order from an extensive house in Edinburgh, to a firm in Philadelphia, for two barrels of mush, as they did not know how to make it there!

The editor of the Louisville Courier has been presented with a rose, plucked from a bush in Aristas's garden at Monterey.

Riches hide vice, and poverty conceal virtue.

He is the best accountant who casts up correctly his own errors.

Kindness in the heart is a gem of the first magnitude. Whoever possesses this trait, will sail smoothly over the ocean of life leaving behind a memory that will never cease to be cherished.

A tutor of the college lecturing a young man on his irregular conduct added with great pathos

The report of your vices will bring your father's grey hairs down to the grave. I beg your pardon sir' replied the pupil 'my father wears a wig.'

WAR NEWS. LATE AND INTERESTING NEWS FROM MEXICO.

The New Orleans papers of the 18th are filled with intelligence from Mexico and reports and rumors relative to the war. The matter that most concerns the people of that city is the fate of the Louisiana troops under Col. De Russy, who were wrecked at Cape Bozo, about 24 miles from Tampico. The reports respecting these men are very contradictory, but those which appear to be best authenticated are the troops were all safely landed.

Capt. Miller, with a company of artillery, was despatched from Tampico immediately to their relief. Gen. Cos, with a force of 230 men and four pieces of artillery, reached the place of the wreck on the 4th. After summoning Col. De Russy to surrender his force as prisoners of war, which summons was promptly rejected, an engagement took place, which lasted till 10 o'clock P. M. without any positive result. The Louisianians had saved but 200 muskets from the wreck, and it is said, in consequence found it impossible to disperse the Mexicans. Gen. Cos had stationed an advance of 80 cavalry and 60 infantry at a pass to prevent reinforcements arriving from Tampico. Gen. Patterson feeling well satisfied of the truth of this report despatched to their assistance a brigade under Gen. Pillow, consisting of three regiments Tennessee volunteers, two of foot and one mounted; and four companies of artillery. This force started on the 7th. The schr. Ella was also chartered, and took on board the armament from the U. S. schr. Nonat, [Mex. private] commanded by Midshipman Marshall D. Smith, likewise 200 regulars, and proceeded to the wreck. The result may be looked for by the next arrival from that port. It is certain that Capt. Ma. Gruder, with 100 men, who left Tampico on the 7th for Cape Bozo, had effected his landing, as the propeller which took him was seen on the 9th returning from the wreck, with but her regular crew.

The English courier, arrived in Vera Cruz from Mexico, brings the intelligence that Santa Anna had at length moved his army from San Luis Potosi. It was not correctly known in what direction. Some believed he was marching on Saltillo; others, on the Capital, en route for Vera Cruz, to defend that city. Another report says he had gone with his staff only from San Luis to Tula. The inhabitants of Vera Cruz are in daily expectation of being attacked, both by sea and land. The expedition is expected by many to come from Tampico and many of the Mexicans imagine it will be by land. The Progreso says: Our private accounts, from most responsible sources, set down the number of troops in the city of Vera Cruz at 3500—some say 3000. The garrison of San Juan de los Rios does not exceed 1100 troops. Some accounts represent that there are two months' provision in the castle, but we have a letter from a gentleman who has access to the most respectable sources of information, but whom we need not name, in which he assures us that there is not a barrel of salted provisions in the castle, and that the troops both of the castle and city, are dependent upon the back country for their daily supplies of food. So far as the troops in the city are concerned, this has long been the case, and we have all confidence in our correspondent's information as to the castle. The inhabitants have been expecting an attack. Preparatory to it orders had been issued for the removal into the interior of the cargoes of three or four vessels which had craded the blockade of Vera Cruz.