

The Democratic Standard.

DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS—THE DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—AND THE REFORM OF ALL POLITICAL ABUSES.

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THE BUSHRANGER.

AN AUSTRALIAN ADVENTURE.

A short time ago I had occasion to be travelling some distance in the interior of New South Wales, in order to visit a friend whom I had not seen for many years. The evening before I expected to reach the dwelling of my friend, I put up at an inn on the road, where I remained during the night.

On the ensuing morning my first step was to see that my horse was properly fed and ready for the long journey he had before him. Having satisfied myself on this point, I required home. I was much surprised upon arriving at the door, to find it ajar, as I distinctly remembered closing it, on account of leaving several valuable trinkets on the dressing table. Silently opening it, however, I was amazed at perceiving the stranger, whom I had particularly noticed the previous day, standing at the toilette table, with his back to the door, and diligently engaged in withdrawing the contents of my travelling pistols.

My first impulse was to rush forward and seize the fellow by the collar. A moment's consideration, however, determined me on passing a different course. Carefully placing the door in the position I found it, I retired, unobserved, to the public sitting room, where John Brown, with several of the neighbors, were conversing relative to the murder of the school master, an occurrence of which they had just heard. Immediately afterwards the stranger entered the room.

"It appears to me," said I, after listening to the details of the murder, "that travelling in these districts must be exceedingly dangerous. However, I have an excellent pair of pistols; and if any person interferes with me, I will give him a warm reception."

"Yes," observed the stranger, "it would be stupid indeed, for any man to ride through the bush, in times like these, without being armed. I hear, too, that Donohue is somewhere near Patrick's Plains. As I am traveling that way, I hope he will not treat me with an ounce of hot lead; I only wish that I could meet with a companion, and then there would be no fear."

I perfectly well understood the offer thus indirectly thrown out for my acceptance, but as I would rather have had his room than his company, I did not pretend to comprehend the allusion.

"I would advise you to be careful, Mr. Stanfield," observed the landlord, "and see that your pistols are well charged and primed."

I glanced at the stranger, and despite his best exertions to appear unconcerned, the contraction of the brows fully discovered how interested he felt in the reply.

"Oh, there is no occasion for fear on my account," replied I carelessly; "I took the precaution to load my pistols yesterday evening, and they only require being placed in the holsters."

"You're a traveling towards the Upper Districts, then, I presume, sir?" said the stranger, addressing himself to me; "would you have any objection to me as a companion? If two heads are better than one, surely four arms must be better than two."

"Halloo! Mr. Holder!" (for that I now found was the stranger's name) said the landlord, "what are you bound to the Upper Districts? Why, I thought you had settled on the Hawkesbury?"

Mr. Holder, at this unexpected address, appeared greatly confused. Quickly recovering his composure, he coolly observed that, being desirous of purchasing maize, he was unable to do so, unless he attended in person.

I remarked that a light shade of suspicion spread itself over the countenance of the landlord, on hearing this observation. He was, however, silent, and as Mr. Holder did not repeat his offer of companionship, which proposal was not seconded by any of the individuals present, I retired to my own room.

Silently fastening the door to prevent intrusion, I proceeded to examine the pistols, and found that the balls had been extracted, while the powder had been suffered to remain. Feeling, however, that some trick might have been played with the latter, I withdrew the charges, and carefully re-loaded the instruments, which I placed in the holsters in such a manner, that if they had been meddled with, I must have instantly perceived it.

Having completed these arrangements, I proceeded calmly and deliberately to consider of the best measures to be adopted under these suspicious circumstances. The I was to be attacked on my way, I entertained not the least doubt. This, however, could with facility be remedied by informing the landlord, who was constituted of my pistols having been extracted. I could, too, wait for the detachment of mounted police, which was daily expected. I felt an irresistible desire to punish Mr. Holder, who I was justly convinced was the murderer of

the aged school master, and I strongly suspected of William Clementine too. Besides, I was only nineteen years of age, and having followed a seafaring life, I was liberally imbued with that spirit of enterprise which that profession is so well calculated to induce. I therefore determined to keep strictly silent regarding all that had passed, knowing that the most advisable plan was to impress Mr. Holder with the conviction that his artifices remained undiscovered. Should I come in collision with him, I felt the most perfect confidence in my own resources, having long been considered an excellent marksman with the pistol.

My resolutions being thus formed, I proceeded to the sitting room, and was not much surprised to hear that Mr. Holder had left the inn.

"I hardly knew what to think of that man," observed one of the neighbors, "he is here to-day, and gone to-morrow. Besides, he calls himself a settler on the Hawkesbury; now, I know that three months since there was no settler of that name there; and yet our landlord tells us that he has been frequenting his house for the last eight months, saying this, and saying the other, and yet I cannot find that he ever bought a single grain of wheat, with all his talk."

"I don't half like the excuse of his," said John Brown, "about going up the country to buy maize. This is not the time of year for that work; besides, could he have samples sent him, like all other purchasers have? You did right, Mr. Stanfield, not to go with him—he spends his money too freely to get it honestly."

The hour having arrived at which it was intended that I should start, I called for my bill, which betokened honest John's moderation in charges, and the horse being at the door, I was ready to mount, when the landlord requested to speak with me privately.

"Mr. Stanfield," said the honest fellow, "you are acquainted with the bushrangers, and I am inclined to suspect this Mr. Holder to be one. I do not suppose that any of them would murder you unless desperately resisted. It is not their fashion to kill strangers, but only those settlers against whom they have some grudge, or who have prisoners in their employ. I would, therefore, advise you to leave any money you have by you, if it is a large sum, and only take as much as would satisfy the villains. If you should meet with any of them, and be inclined to resist, don't stand parleying with them, but fire at once. Depend upon it, that is the only way to get off."

Thanking the landlord for his advice and informing him that I had but a trifling sum with me, I bade him a hearty farewell, and proceeded on my journey in conformity with the direction furnished me.

The path I had to travel was truly a solitary one, and shortly after leaving Maland, it commenced a drifting shower, which in despite of my travelling cloak soon wetted me to the skin. The sordid crisp leaves, too, rustled across the road, adding if possible, to the dreariness of the scene. Besides I was ignorant of the track, and no emotion can be less pleasing than that of having a long journey before you, while every step you progress is trodden with uncertainty. This feeling becomes bitterly painful to the traveller, in vast forests, where if once lost, small indeed is the probability of meeting with any but a hamlet at which you might apply for directions concerning your route. I strenuously endeavored, however, as I rode under the withered and wide-spread branches of aged trees, that overshadowed the path, and rendered the track hardly perceptible, to raise my spirits, but the effort was useless. The deep gloom that prevailed, the loneliness of the place, the uncertainty of mind, and the dismal aspect of surrounding objects, struck coldly upon my heart. Then, too, I was momentarily in expectation of being engaged in a conflict, wherein one must die, with a remorseless desperado. Often was I at the point of turning the head of my horse, and retracing my steps, but pride invariably interposed, and would not let me carry the procedure into effect. I was thus wavering and irresolute, when my feelings were fairly aroused by my attention being directed to a circumstance of more immediate importance.

This was some object that could not be defined in the obscurity of the forest, but which was evidently moving to a parallel line with myself. This sight was more than sufficient to put me on my guard. To loosen the holster and extract the pistols, was but the work of a moment. These I concealed in such a manner as to be ready, for instantaneous use, and then calmly awaited the result. In order, however, to discover if my suspicions were well grounded, I spurred on my horse to a full career, and remarked my example was immediately followed by the object in the forest. In this manner I

progressed a few miles, when at an opening in the bush, which would not admit of further concealment, the figure came galloping into the path, and as I fully expected, the *coi diant* Mr. Holder rode up along side of me.

"Well, Mr. Stanfield," said he, "I see that you are upon your journey, and a wet day you have for it, too!"

"I am so, Mr. Holder," returned I, looking intently at his countenance, "and I find the roads sufficiently difficult without riding for miles in the bush among fallen timber."

"Oh," said the bushranger, "for so I must now term him,) as a frown over spread his countenance, "I lost my way, and—"

"And that accounts for your riding so many miles along side of me, interrupted I."

"I suppose every one may please himself," answered the robber.

"Of course they may, and it is therefore my pleasure to ride alone."

"But suppose I think proper to ride with you a few miles," he ironically replied.

"I do not choose to keep company with a murderer," was the cool reply.

"Hah! a murderer! and pray young man, surely observed the villain, throwing off his reserve, "how do you know that I am a murderer?"

"Do you imagine I marked not the deplorable scowl that followed the aged, harmless man whom you murdered last night? Had you no feelings of mercy on his silvery hairs, or his utter helplessness? 'Cowardly assassin!' continued I, in an excited voice, "you were the murderer, too, of that unoffending boy, Wm. Clementine. I know you well, now, and ere you part, you shall render to me a dear bought account of your actions."

"And who am I, then?" growled the bushranger, as he vainly essayed to laugh scornfully at my threats, while his bosom was inflated with rage.

"Donohue—that demon whose career is a sordid with blood!"

"'Tis false!" vociferated the assassin; "false as hell! Yes! I murdered that old fool of a man for imprecating curses on my head; and I hated him because he was liked. I murdered, too, that sickly boy they called Clementine; he gave evidence against me in court, and through him my flesh was mutilated, by lashes—ay, by lashes from a base born mesial, who would once have cringed at my feet for support. 'Twas then I swore—deep bitterly swore—that I would have full lasting revenge on all who are free. And I have had it—have it—and will enjoy it. 'Donohue!' continued the villain, as a sarcastic smile settled on his flushing brow, "do you think that my words have trifled away his time with that boy Clementine, talking of paltry gifts presented by weak mothers? Donohue! do you think, youngster, that there is no hearts as bold, and arms as prompt to strike as mine? Donohue! when the bright flash gleams, 'tis then he speaks—but my revenge is equally sore."

"You may be Donohue, or you may not be," answered I, "but I swear by Heaven that I spare you not!"

"Spare!—ha! ha! spare!—I could and would have spared you, because you have not yet trampled over an unfortunate man, because you are a stranger, and will shortly leave this accursed land; but now, he sternly added, "your doom is fixed. Ten minutes is the uttermost span of your existence."

As the murderer repeated these words he pulled from his pocket a watch, and murmuring a few words, returned it to its receptacle.

"I have already wasted too much time," you will now please to follow me," observed the bushranger with mock politeness. "I shall require your company a little time."

"I do not intend to move one step out of this path," I coolly rejoined.

"Then I must have recourse to some thing that will make you, be the reply. And the bushranger leant forward to extract his pistols from their fastenings.

"Stop!" vociferated I, in a voice, that made the villain start, "stop, ere you have the contents of this pistol through your head!"

"Young gentlemen should not leave pistols about their rooms," was the ironical answer; "people are apt to meddle with them, and see what they contain. Now Mr. Stanfield, will you come with me before I fire?"

And as the bushranger uttered these words, he had loosened the pistols and was already seating himself in his saddle.

"I replied not—the pistol was raised—the fatal pressure applied to its trigger—the stillness of the forest was broken—there was a loud, a piercing shriek, and the Bushranger rolled a lifeless corpse in the path!"

The Friends held a yearly meeting at Baltimore, on Monday the 30th ult.

LIFE IN A PENITENTIARY.

In the Kaickerbocker Magazine for October, the editor gives the following graphic sketch of a visit he recently made to Sing Sing—one of the New York State Prisons:

"If the unhappy young man who has recently filled the journals of the metropolis with the details of his folly and crime could, before yielding to temptation have looked in upon the state prisoners at Sing Sing, as we did the other day, surely he would have shrunk back from the vortex before him. Poor wretches, in their best estate! How narrow their cells; how ceaseless their toil; what a negation of comfort is their whole condition! It was a sweltering August day, breathless and oppressive; but there was no rest for the eighteen hundred unhappy convicts who plied their never ending tasks within those walls. Stealthy glances from half raised eyes, pale countenances, stamped with meek submission, or gleaming with powerless hate or impotent malignity, and hard labor in the fullest sense, were the main features of the still life scenes, as we passed through the several workshops. But what a picture was presented as their occupants came swarming into the open court yard at the sound of the bell, to proceed to their cells with their dinner! From the thick atmosphere of the carpet and rug shops, leaving the clack of shuttles, the dull thump of the weaver's beam and the long perspective of cords and pulleys, and pateras, and multitudinous 'harness' they poured forth, from murky smylhs, streamed the imps of Vulcan, grim as the dark recesses from which they emerged; from doors which opened upon interminable rows of class set benches, burst forth the knights of theawl and hammer, the rub-a-dub of the coopers mallet, the creak of his shaving knife, were still; the stone hammer was silent; and the court was full of the striped crew! God of compassion! what a sight it was, to see that motley multitude take up, in gangs, their humiliating march! Huge negroes, sweltering in the heat, were interspersed among 'the lines,' hands crimson with blood and murder rested upon the shoulders of beings young, alike in years and crime; the victim of bestiality pressed against the heart broken tool of the scatheless villain; and all were blended in one revolting mass of trained soldiers of guilt; their thousand legs moving as one man, all in silence, save the peculiar sound of the sliding tread, grating not less upon the ear than upon the ground. One by one, they took their wooden pairs of diags and amphibious looking 'gub,' and passed on, winding up the stairs of the different stories, and streaming along the narrow corridors to the solitary cells. It was too much for the heart of poor E., this long procession of the gangs. As they passed on in slow succession, her lips began to quiver, and one after another, drops of pity rolled down her cheek. 'All these,' said she to the keeper, 'had a mother, who looked upon their childhood, and blessed their innocence! Ah! how infant feet sorer than valves to the touch, have been pressed to maternal lips, that now shuffle along these prison aisles!' These spoke the 'mother,' and with her 'gentle words of pity' we take leave of the State Prison and its unhappy inmates."

RECENT ELECTIONS.

The impudent boasting of the feds over their partial and temporary success in Maryland and Georgia, remarks the Troy Budget, renders a few reminiscences at this time quite appropriate. People of short memory might suppose that the elections in these states were the only ones held lately, or ever since the name of Henry Clay has been urged the last time for the Presidency. But a brief reference to the past will convince even people of short recollection that the case is otherwise.

The whig party, out of two hundred and one members of the next Congress, have carried only sixty three, while the democrats have carried one hundred and thirty eight members.

The 'whigs' have LOST North Carolina, the majority of the Congressional delegation having turned in favor of the democrats.

The 'whigs' have LOST all the Congressmen in Connecticut—every man being a whig in 1840, and every man a democrat in 1843.

The 'whigs' have LOST all the Congressmen in Georgia, save two, if they have saved them, which is still doubtful.

The 'whigs' have LOST all the Congressmen in Louisiana, where they had a majority before.

The 'whigs' have LOST the Congressional delegation of Tennessee, it having stood before 8 fed., to 5 dem., and now 6 dem. to 5 fed.

The whigs have LOST Indiana—the coon majority in the last Congress having been converted into a democratic

COOKERY—HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

We copy the following from the Michigan Farmer a portion of which paper is under the charge of an experienced house-wife, and is to be devoted to domestic affairs.

Milk Emplings Bread.—Take one cup of new milk and two cups of boiling water; stir in flour to the consistency of stirred cake. Keep your emplings as warm as possible, without scalding. Mix your bread as soon as the emplings are sufficiently raised, and set your bread in warm place till it is ready for the oven; bake one hour. Remember that it is very essential that you keep both emplings & bread warm.

Hop Emplings bread.—Take about half a pint of good light yeast, and one quart lukewarm water, and flour to the consistency of pan-cake batter; let it stand about an hour in a warm place; if your family is small you will need no other waiting. Mix your bread, raise and bake it as above. If your yeast is sour add a little saleratus when you mix your bread—not till then.

Another rule.—To three pints of warm new milk add one teaspoonful of good yeast. Stir it in the middle of your pan of flour; let it stand in a warm place over night; mix and bake as above.

Jockey Cake.—Take two cups of milk, one tea-spoonful of saleratus, one table-spoonful of butter, one do. of molasses; stir it thick with Indian meal, to one fourth flour and the rest Indian meal—bake one hour.

To make Yeast.—Two middling sized boiled potatoes add a pint of boiling water and two table spoonful of brown sugar. one pint of hot water should be applied to every half pint of the compound. Hot water is better in warm weather. This yeast being made without flour will keep longer, and is said to be much better than any previously in use.

Sour Sauce.—An excellent sauce for boiled pudding is made as follows:—Take two cups of molasses, one of water, half a cup of strong vinegar, and a piece of butter as large as an egg—simmer them together and add a little thickening or not, as it suits your taste.

NEVER BET WITH A YANKEE.

"I calculate I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day," said a true specimen of the Yankee pedlar, (as is stated in the St. Louis Ariel,) as he stood at the door of a merchant in Main street.

"I calculate you calculate about right for you cannot," was the sneering reply.

"Well, I guess you needn't get huffy about it. Now here's a dozen real genuine razor-strops, worth two dollars and a half—you may have 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you, I don't want any of your trash; so you had better be going."

"Wal now, I declare! I'll bet you \$5 if you make me an offer for them razor-strops, we'll have a trade yet."

"Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited the like sum when the merchant offered him a piece of soap for the strops.

"They're yours," said the Yankee as he quietly fobbed the stakes. "But," he added, with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke, and if you don't want them strops, I'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened. "You are not so bad a chap, after

CURIOUS FACT RESPECTING BEES.

When two or three distinct hives are united in autumn, they are found to consume together scarcely more honey during the winter, than each of them would have consumed if left separate. In proof of this remarkable fact, the author states a variety of experiments made by him, all of which led uniformly to the same conclusion. And indeed he shows positively, by reference to upwards of three hundred hives, which had their population doubled, that the double ones do not consume more provisions during the winter than a single hive does; and that so far from the bees suffering from this, the doubled hives generally send forth the earliest and best swarms.—Ara. of Sci.