

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

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TERMS:

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LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

POETRY.

From the Boston Post.

Mr. Greene—I have heard that Governor Everett has sent a message to the Legislature, saying that we have nothing to do with the troubles in Maine; I confess, that though I agree with him in politics, (as far as I have any,) I could not keep down my indignation on hearing this, but boiled over in the following verses, which you may print if you will:—

I.

Ye Yankees of the Bay state,
With whom no dastards mix!
Shall Everett dare to stifle
The spirit of seventy-six?
Up with the tough old pine tree*
As it proudly waved of yore,
Though its gnarled roots be watered
With the dearest of our gore!
Then up with the pine tree,
The tall New England pine!
We'll fight beneath its shadow,
As it waves above the line!

II.

Where Warren fell for freedom,
His spirit lingers still,
And freemen's hearts beat proudly
Round glorious Bunker Hill.
The hireling foe would gladly
That death-stained hill forget—
Their red coats shall be redder
Ere many suns have set.
The pine tree! the pine tree!
The tall New England pine!
We'll shrink but from dishonor
As it waves above the line!

III.

The spirit of the pilgrims
Still liveth in their sons,
And it shall live forever—
Stern granite-hearted ones!
Our mother land is rocky,
But we love her rugged face:
Like her she rears her children,
A free and tough knit race.
Marrah for the pine tree,
The tall New England pine!
It tells us of the pilgrims
As it waves above the line!

IV.

By every hill and valley
Where pilgrim blood hath flowed,
And where their martyr spirit
Hath still its old abode—
We will not let the red coats
Set foot upon our soil!
We'll teach them that we Yankees
Can fight as well as toil!
Kneel round the pine tree!
The tall New England pine!
Its strong trunk points to heaven
As it waves above the line!

V.

Then up with the pine tree!
Its boughs shall wave again,
And quiver with the shoutings
Of lion-hearted men!
For while our fathers' hearts blood
Yet calleth us aloud,
Before the storm of battle
Its crest shall ne'er be bowed!
Shout, shout for the pine tree!
It waiveth o'er us now—
In the dreadful storm of battle
Its head shall never bow!

*The pine was on the flag at Bunker Hill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"Come Charles, my son," said Deacon Allwothy, "take one of them turkeys, and carry it up to parson Moody for Thanksgiving."

"No father, I don't do that again, I tell you."

"What do I hear now, Charles? These five and twenty years I have sent the parson a turkey, and Joe has carried them, and Tom, without ever before refusing. What's the matter now?"

"Why, father, he never thanked me for bringing it to him, besides, he took me to do awhile ago, because I started out of meeting too soon."

"Well, son, you know it is the custom for a minister to go out before any of the congregation starts; this is done as a mark of respect."

"Respect or not, he's nothing but a man, and as for creeping for him I won't do it."

"Well, let it all pass, and carry him the turkey, and if he don't thank you I will."

Charles shouldered the fowl, and in a short time was at the house of the minister, who was seated in the parlor surrounded by a number of friends who had come to pass thanksgiving with him. The lad entered without knocking, and bringing the turkey from his shoulder heavily upon the table, said, "Mr. Moody, there is a turkey father sent to you; if you want it, you may have it—if you don't, I'll carry it back again."

"I shall be very glad of it," said the minister, "but I think you might learn a little manners. Charles, can't you do an errand better?"

"How would you have me to do it?" said Charles.

"Sit down in my chair," said the parson, "and I will show you."

Charles took the chair, while the divine took the turkey and left the room. He soon returned—took off his hat, and made a very low bow, and said—Mr. Moody, here is a turkey which my father sent you, and wishes you to accept of it as a present."

Charles rose from his seat, and took the fowl, and said to the minister, "It is a very fine turkey, and I feel very grateful to your father for it. In this and numerous other instances, he has contributed to my happiness. If you'll just carry it into the kitchen and return again, I will send to Mrs. Moody to give you a half a dollar."

The parson walked out of the room—his friends laughed at the joke, and made up a purse for the lad who ever afterwards received a reward for his services.

Old Obligation.—The Duke of Roquelaure was one of those who, as Madame Sevigne says, "abuse the privilege that the men have to be ugly." Accidentally finding at court a very ugly country gentleman, who had a suit to offer, the duke presented him to the king and urged his request, saying he was under the highest obligations to the gentleman. The king granted the request; then asked Roquelaure what were those great obligations. "Ah! sir, if it were not for him, I should be the very ugliest man in your dominions." This sally excited the royal smile, while the gentleman, with plain good sense, affected not to hear it.

Nine Tailors make a Man.—This sentence which had its origin in the grateful mind of one who had received his start in life from the charity of the craft, has now, from an ignorance of the circumstance, entirely lost its meaning. The term had its origin in the following manner. In 1742, an orphan beggar boy applied for alms at a fashionable tailor's shop in London, in which nine journeymen were employed. His interesting appearance opened the hearts of the benevolent tailors, who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital our little hero purchased fruit which he retailed at a profit. From this beginning, he rose to great wealth and distinction, and

when he set up his carriage, he had painted on the panel. "Nine tailors made me a man."

THE RECLAIMED HUSBAND.

(Translated from the French.)

Mademoiselle D— had been educated in the convent of —, where she was placed in her infancy, and had never seen anything of the world. At the age of eighteen she was taken from the convent and given in marriage to Mr. C—, a young man of handsome person and manners, and possessing considerable talents.

Mademoiselle D— was young and very beautiful, possessing a susceptible mind and fine talents. Suddenly placed amid the fascinations of the world, it had the effect of enchantment upon her. This being the first time she had ever been addressed in the way, her love for Mons. C— was most passionate and devoted; and on his part the passion was reciprocated with great ardor and attachment, and much strengthened by his filial regard for her father, who, being old and infirm, would not consent to part with her while he lived, which in all probability would not be long.

About a year after their marriage a young actress made her appearance on the French stage, and her beauty and grace drew forth the praises of every one who saw her. Among those whose hearts became entrapped by the captivating charms of Miss T—, was Mons. C—. It was impossible that an amour of this kind could long be concealed. It soon reached the ears of his young and virtuous wife, who was overwhelmed for a time with grief by the intelligence. Like most of her sex, she did not sink under misfortune, but summoned up her resolution, and ever concealed her chagrin from her aged parent. She formed a plan to regain the lost affections of her husband. Having been shut up from infancy in the walls of a convent, her opportunities for studying the graces had been none. But prompted by a strong love, and desperation, she formed a determination to acquire them, and, if possible, reclaim the wandering affection of her husband. She goes to the theatre—sees her rival—divests herself of jealousy, and attentively and assiduously studies her attitudes, her manner, voice and person. Her genius being great, and her determination strong, her success was incredible.

At length, as she wished it, the young actress fell ill, and it was announced that she could not perform in the play that evening. Our young wife hastens to the manager, and offers her services to undertake the part. She is accepted, and it is given out that a young lady, a perfect stranger will make her appearance as a substitute for Miss T—, who had been suddenly taken ill. Every body flocked to the theatre to see the young stranger, and among them Monsieur C—.

She dressed herself to perfection, played her part to admiration, and came off with great eclat. When the play was concluded, she mixed with the audience in the parterre, among whom was her husband. All were loud in their praise of the stranger actress, in which she joined, and the husband warmly applauded her taste and discernment.

On their return home, the young actress was the engrossing theme of conversation. Mons. C— was in love and in raptures with her. "And pray, my dear," said she, "which do you think plays the best, the stranger or Miss T? 'Oh, there is no denying it—there is no comparison—the stranger is a perfect angel. 'Behold then in me the stranger and the angel," cried she, throwing her arms around his neck—"see what I have done to regain the affections of a much loved husband!" He was struck with surprise and astonishment, and could hardly credit what he heard. On repeating some of the passage as she had portrayed them on the stage, he beheld the angel in his wife. He was overcome with her love, genius, and perseverance, and fell at her feet vowing eternal constancy—a vow which he inviolably kept.

THE FLOGGING.

The following article, from the 'Military Sketchbook, is clever and effecting. The actual infliction of the flogging is evidently drawn by one who has watched the reality with no trifling degree of feeling. This sketch is worth many pamphlets on the subject.

"PARADE, sir!—parade sir!—There's a parade this morning sir!"

With these words, grumbled out by the unyielding lungs, of my servant, I was awakened from an agreeable dream in my barrack-room one morning, about a quarter before eight o'clock.

"Parade!—I reflected a moment;—'yes,' said I, 'a punishment parade.'"

I proceeded to dress; and as I looked out of my window I saw that the morning was as gloomy and disagreeable as the duty we were about to perform. "Curse the punishment!—curse the crimes!" muttered I, to myself.

I was soon shaved, boosted and belted. The parade call was beaten, and in a moment I was in the barrack yard.

The non-commissioned officers marching their squads to the ground; the officers like myself, were turning out, the morning was cold as well as foggy, and there was a sullen melancholy expression upon every man's countenance indicative of disrelish they had for a punishment parade; the faces of the officers, as upon all such occasions, were particularly serious; the women of the regiment were to be seen in silent groups at the barrack-windows, in short every thing around appealed to the heart, and made it sick. Two soldiers were to receive two hundred lashes each. One of them a corporal, had preserved a good character for many years in the regiment; but he had been in the present instance seduced into the commission of serious offences by an associate of very bad character. Their crimes arising doubtless from habits of intoxication, were disobedience of orders, insolence to the sergeant on duty, and making away with some of their necessaries.

The regiment formed on the parade, and we marched in a few minutes to the riding-houses, where the triangle was erected, about which the men formed a square with the colonel, the adjutant, the surgeon, and the drummer, in the centre.

'Attention!' roared out the colonel, the word were it not have been used, for the attention of all was most intense: and scarcely could the footsteps of the last men closing in, be fairly said to have broken the gloomy silence of the riding house. The two prisoners are now marched into the centre of the square, escorted by a corporal and four men.

'Attention!' was again called, and the adjutant commanded to read the proceeding of the court martial: When he had concluded, the colonel commanded the private to 'strip.'

The drummers now approached the triangle, four in number, and the senior took up the 'cat,' in order to free the 'tails' from entanglement with each other.

'Strip, sir!' repeated the colonel, having observed that the prisoner seemed reluctant to obey the first order.

'Colonel,' replied he, in a determined tone, I volunteer.*

'You'll volunteer, will you sir?'

Yes, sooner than I'll be flogged.'

'I am not sorry for that. Such fellows as you can be of no use to the service except in Africa. Take him back to the guard house, and let the necessary papers be made out for him immediately.'

The latter part of the sentence was addressed to the corporal of the guard who escorted the prisoners; and accordingly the man who volunteered was marched off a morose frown and contemptuous sneer strongly marked on his countenance.

The colonel now addressed the other prisoner.

*Men under sentence of court martial were allowed the option of either suffering the sentence, or volunteering to serve on the coast of Africa.

'You are the last man in the regiment I could have expected to find in this situation. I made you a corporal, sir from a belief that you were a deserving man; and you had before you every hope of further promotion; but you have committed such a crime that I must, tho' unwillingly, permit the sentence of the court which tried you to take its effect. Then, turning to the sergeant-major, he ordered him to cut off the corporal's stripes from his jacket: this was done and the prisoner then stripped, without the slightest change in his stern but penitent countenance.

Every one of the regiment felt for the unfortunate corporal's situation; for it was believed that nothing but intoxication and the persuasion of the other prisoner who had volunteered, could have induced him to subject himself to the punishment he was about to receive, by committing such a breach of military law as that of which he was convicted. The colonel himself, though apparently rigorous and determined, could not, by all his efforts, hide his regret that a good man should be thus punished: the affected frown and the loud voice in command but ill concealed his real feelings; the struggle between the head and the heart was plainly to be seen; and if the head had but the smallest loophole to have escaped, the heart would have gained a victory. But no alternative was left; the man had been a corporal, and, therefore, was the holder of a certain degree of trust from his superiors; had he been a private only, the crime might have been allowed to pass with impunity, on account of his former good character; but, as the case stood, the colonel could not possibly pardon him, much as he wished to do so. No officer was more averse to flogging in any instance, than he was; and whenever he could avert that punishment, consistent with his judgement, which was at all times regulated by humanity, he would gladly do it. Flogging in his eye was an odious punishment, but he found the total abolition of it was impossible; he therefore, held the power over his men, but never used it when it could be avoided. His regiment was composed of troublesome spirits, and courts martial were frequent; so were sentences to the punishment of the lash; but seldom, were those punishments carried into execution; for, if the colonel could find no fair pretext, in the previous conduct of the criminal, to remit his sentence, he would privately request the captain of the company to intercede for him when about to be tied up to the triangle; thus placing the man under a strong moral obligation to the officer under whose immediate command he was; and, in general, this proved far more than the punishment ever could have done.

The prisoner was now stripped, and ready to be tied when the colonel asked him why he did not volunteer for Africa, with the other culprit.

"No sir," replied the man; "I've been a long time in the regiment, and I'll not give it up for three hundred lashes; not that I care about going to Africa. I deserve my punishment, and I'll bear it; but I'll not quit the regiment yet colonel."

The sentiment, uttered in a subdued but manly manner, was applauded by a smile of satisfaction from both officers and men; but most of all by the old colonel, who took great pains to show the contrary. His eyes, although shaded by a frown, beamed with pleasure. He bit his nether lip—he shook his head—but all would not do; he could not look displeased, if he had pressed his brow down to the bridge of his nose; for he felt flattered that the prisoner thus openly preferred a flogging to quitting him and his regiment.

The man now presented his hands to be tied up to the top of the triangle, and his legs below; the cords were passed round them in silence, and all was ready. I saw the colonel at this moment beckon to the surgeon, who approached and both whispered a moment.

Three drummers now stood beside the triangle, and the sergeant, who was to give the word for each lash, at a little distance opposite.