

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

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

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POETRY.

THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet in childhood to give back
The spirit to its Maker, ere the heart
Hath grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And soon to gather up its bitter fruits,
I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'Twas night; he summoned his accustomed friends,
And this was bestowed his last request:—

"Mother, I'm dying now,
There's a deep suffocation on my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed,
And on my brows I feel the cold sweat stand.
Say, Mother is this death?
Mother, your hand!
Here lay it on my wrist
And place the other thus, beneath my head;
And say, sweet Mother say, when I am dead,
Shall I be missed?"

"Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down at night and pray,
Nor in the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me.
Oh! at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there."

"Father, I'm going home
To that great home you spoke of, that bless'd land
Where there is one bright summer, always bland,
And tortures do not come,
From faintness and from pain,
From troubles, fears, and you say I shall be free—
That sickness does not enter there, and we
Shall meet again."

"Brother, the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stay'd to watch the coming buds and flowers,
Forget it not,
Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A tender offering to my memory,
And call it mine."

"Sister, the young rose-tree,
That all the spring has been pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee;
And when its roses bloom
I shall be gone away—my short course run—
And will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb."

"Now, Mother, sing the tune
You sang last night, I'm weary, and must sleep—
Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!"

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The morning air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The fragrant odors of the lovely spring,
He breathed it not. The laugh of passers by
Jared like a discord in some mournful note,
But worried not his slumber—he was dead!

INTERESTING TALES.

Scene in Ticklebrook Church.

(FROM FRENCH'S MAGAZINE.)

BOTTOM.—I have an exposition of sleep come over me.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

During a short tour in the month of July 1830, I became weather bound on Saturday afternoon in the pleasant little village of Ticklebrook, and was compelled to throw myself on the tender mercies of mine host of the Pig and Blunderbuss. It was despotically hot—the sky 'pall'd in the dunest smoke of hell'—the barometer and thermometer at variance, and on the most 'distant terms'—the result of the whole being a thunder shower, which might have passed muster with Noah for a sucking deluge; on the termination of which I was glad to escape from that catacomb of spittoons, saw dust, and defunct *backy pipes*, yeelped by courtesy 'the best parlour,' to the more satisfactory atmosphere of the neighbouring church yard. The only visible tenant of this place, beside myself, was a huge he-goat, who appeared to be nuzzling among the tombs, as if endeavouring to awake to companionship the ghost of some departed bachelor of the 'anti-Malthusian club,' when perceiving me, and fancying, perhaps, that I may be the said Malthus, or Miss Martineau in unwhisperable, he approached with such indubitable symptoms of hostility, that I was under the necessity of *rebutting* his attacks with the *butt end* of my horsewhip. The exterior of the church wore a character of antiquity, which bespoke my curiosity for a further investigation; but from the height of the windows on one side, and the dirty opacity of the glass on the other, I was obliged to defer the internal survey until to-morrow. On returning to the parlour of 'mine inn,' 'taking his ease' in the chair which I had

recently vacated, was a respectably dressed, unctuous little personage, whose latitude and longitude presented the same relative proportions as those usually bestowed a collar of brawn—the resemblance thereunto being still further maintained in the mottled lustre of his visage. This worthy lay coiled up, like a hedgehog, in the extreme recesses of the capacious chair, and proclaimed triumphantly through his nasal trumpet the victory he had achieved over the cares of this world. Being somewhat tired myself, I left him to the society of Morpheus and his empty rummer, and soon tumbled into bed, to the mutual annoyance of myself and a prolific colony of fleas, whose claim to the title of 'industrious' was amply established on various parts of my body corporate during the night. Having taken summary vengeance on some score or so of these *flea-bottomists*, I descended to breakfast to the tune of the main chimies; and in due time repaired to the church, where accommodation was proffered me by a well-to-do looking family, evidently of some note in the village; from the spacious seat in baize and brass bed-right, and the stalwart build of their prayer-books.—Almost in a line with my *locale*, on the opposite side of the aisle, was a large aristocratic looking pew, unoccupied, save by sundry scarlet cushions of estimable plumpness, and corner pillows to match, right portly in dimension. The service had proceeded to the end of the first lesson, and I was speculating with myself to what magnate of the land this luxurious chapel ease might appertain, when a bustle in the aisle immediately leading to it interrupted my cogitations, and lo!

"Like some infernal demon sent
Red from his penal element,
To plague and to pollute the air!"

or, rather, like a twelve-inch globe, in 'flame coloured taffeta,' appeared the burnished frontispiece of the very worthy whom I left snoring on the precious evening in the Pig and Blunderbuss. That he was a 'stranger,' was evident from the inquiring glances he shot off in quest of a seat; yet nobody took him in.—Either the pews in the immediate vicinity were already occupied, or the proprietors of any chance vacancies manifested no great alacrity in seeking a nearer contact with this little ignis fatuus. In this dilemma his eye at length lighted on the gorgeous vacuum before mentioned; and, entering with Dame Nature, a charitable abhorrence for such a state, he made for the open door, and without more ado trundled his pogy periphery into the snugest corner of the pew, and appropriated a brace of the well-stuffed pillows for the especial solace of his dorsal extremities. Here he nestled like a mouse in a meal tub, and, if I mistake not, slept, until aroused by the pulmonary efforts of the choir and congregation in giving due effect to the old hundredth Psalm. However, at the singing he stood up; and, moreover, paid decorous observance to the established ritual during the communion service, and the succeeding psalm. But scarcely had the latter 'tumult dwindled to a calm,' ere his loins were again consigned to the soothing embraces of cushion and pillow—his hands, linked together, reposed in affectionate guardianship on his ample diaphragm; his lobster-like eye-balls 'paled their ineffectual fires'—the lids flickered like an expiring rush-light—and he gradually merged into a state of total oblivion, with the startling text, 'Awake, thou that sleepest,' for his lullaby. In spite of the zeal and eloquence of the preacher, which were of no common order, I could not prevent my attention ever and anon swerving from the subject of the discourse to the insensate lump of mortality in the opposite pew; more especially as the recollection of his last night's nasal powers begat a nervous apprehension lest a similar performance should subject his present untimely eclipse to a public rebuke from the pulpit.

My anxiety, however, on this head was speedily diverted to an object which threatened an interruption of more formidable character. In consequence of the excessive

heat of the weather, some of the doors of the church were necessarily left open during the service. Now, whether it was that he only meditated a retreat from the fervour of the noon-day sun, or that he was compelled to seek the shelter of the sacred edifice from the wanton annoyances of certain profane loiterers in the church yard, I know not; but certain it is that my bearded enemy of the previous evening, the he goat before noticed, made his appearance in the porch, immediately within my ken; and after executing a prefatory *pas seul*, not strictly of the Tagliani school, he gradually insinuated himself through the aisle, until he came directly opposite to the open pew occupied by the unconscious contemner of the next. Here he planted himself, and deliberately surveyed our sleeping hero with a curious attention. Naturalists, learned in the domestic economy of these animals, assert that they are, for the most part, of a headlong disposition, and much given to warfare among themselves; and, moreover, that their signal for battle is invariably conveyed by three nods of the head. How far this is worthy of credit, I am unable to verify beyond the instance now narrating. Howbeit, the immediate object of the goat's contemplation had by this time taken a far journey into 'the Land of Nod,' and soon acknowledged the attention of the animal by a bow of a lolling profundity. Billy, as if perceiving some indefinite symptoms of capriciousness about him, answered it with a short nod of defiance; a second declension of the head met with a similar response; and the third dip had scarcely reached zero ere the challenge was accepted by the goat, who, lowering his horns, rushed full butt through the doorway, and pitched into his supposed antagonist in a style which would not have disgraced the palmiest days of Crib or Game Chicken. In a few moments after 'the collision' the church was an universal uproar. The seat-door was closed on the combatants; and our hero, thus unceremoniously recalled to his senses, and a half-consciousness of the scene of his delinquency, verily believed himself delivered over as a prey to the arch-fiend in person. In the extremity of his fear he seized one of the pillows, which he brandished as a shield, and which at the next onset became fixed on the horns of the enemy. In this state, an energetic kick deposited the latter in the opposite corner of the pew, where our little man pelted him with prayer books, bibles, pillows, hymn books, hassocks, and every other extempore piece of ammunition within his reach. After which, in a paroxysm of bewilderment, he scrambled into and over some half score of seats and pews with the agility of a chimpanzee, bolted like a blazing meteor through the nearest doorway, and finally effected a lodgment in his bed-room at the Pig and Blunderbuss, in a state little short of insanity.

On my return to the inn some two hours after this extraordinary exhibition, I demanded of the waiter what had become of the gentleman who had played so conspicuous a part in it, and learned that he had not yet left his apartment. Considering the state of excitement in which he must have entered it, this seemed to me somewhat odd; and I could not help entertaining vague conjectures that a sense of shame, consequent on his recent *expose*, had driven him to commit some act of desperation on his own person. However as I had no right to meddle with the affairs of a perfect stranger, I suppressed my suspicions, and paid my respects to a rump-steak and pagnum of port, with the orthodox zeal of a true Blue Friar. At length, as the evening closed in, and I sat ruminating on the past occurrence of the day, my former anxieties returned; and learning from the waiter that the gentleman was still in his bed-room, and had not yet ordered dinner, I ventured to suggest to that functionary the propriety of ascertaining the real state of the case by a personal application at the door of the said dormitory. In this expedition I offered to bear him company, and be alone responsible for thus violating the privacy of the re-

close. I might have spared myself this latter work of supererogation; for no sooner had we reached the chamber, and the ear of my companion approached the key-hole, than the listening contraction of his face dilated to a most expansive self-laudatory grin, as he exclaimed, 'I'm blowed if I didn't so—he's at it again, snoring away like a bass-viol. I never see no sich a varmint for sleeping as that 'ere chap in all my born days. Bless if I don't think he'd sleep in a belfry all through the king's birth day! But here come's master—he'll tell ye all about the gentleman.'

From the landlord I gathered, that the party in question had arrived by the London coach some days before; and after taking a hasty dinner, retired to bed, desiring to be called at eight o'clock the next morning; that, at the hour appointed, to the repeated vociferations of the water, 'Tis eight, zur,' accompanied by a furious cannonading on the door-panel, no sort of notice was vouchsafed by the inmate; that a forcible entry was therefore deemed expedient, when, to the consternation of the assembled besiegers, our little hero was discovered seated at the foot of the bed, bolt upright, dead asleep, and in full snore, his left arm embracing one of the pillars with most amatory zeal. In this situation he must evidently have remained throughout the night, his candle being quite burned out, and the operation of undressing having proceeded no further than the doffing of coat and waist-coat, one boot and stocking—the boot-jack being still attached to the heel of the other boot. The single 'Hollands bottom' recorded against him in the bar-book, quashed the rising suspicion of intoxication as the cause of his outrageous asp; although this might reasonably have been entertained from the cool manner of his informing the waiter, who awoke him after no gentle fashion, that 'he thought he would have his tea now, and go to bed, as he felt somewhat tired from his journey.' At length, however, conviction of the real state of affairs stared him in the face, and he stammered out some incoherent apologies for his apparent extraordinary conduct—that it had been an infirmity with him since his birth—and he was constantly being betrayed by it into the most awkward situations. This was all the landlord knew of him; but connected as it was with his luckless contemps in the church, it begat an interest about him, which determined me on taking the earliest opportunity of making his acquaintance, and ascertaining a little more of his history. On descending to my breakfast the next morning, I discovered, to my mortification, that he had contrived to get the start of me, and was off again by the London coach—a ticket which had escaped from his carpet bag being the only clue to the mysteries of the 'local habitation and the name' of this scion of the 'Seven Sound Sleepers,' and which afforded the satisfactory evidence of the said bag belonging to 'S. B. passenger.'

ROGER.

TO YOUNG MEN.

You are now in the spring season of life. As you sow so will you reap. The world surrounds you with its thousand temptations. Snarers are on every side, for your swift destruction. You laugh at the thought of danger. You think it innocent to drink and be merry. So have hundreds before you, who have gone early to a drunkard's grave. Neither health, nor character, nor friends, were of any avail to save them. They violated the law of their nature, they subjected themselves to the law of stimulus, & made their destruction sure. We would abridge you in no innocent pleasures. We are not gloomy ascetics. Temperance and gloom have no congeniality. The gloomy man is the man of vice; the young man with a broken constitution; a vitiated, gnawing appetite; a torturing conscience; who wears perhaps a cheerful countenance in the riotous circle, but who tosses to and fro upon his bed in severest agony. "I was called," said Col. Gardiner, "the happy rake," yet at the very moment I envied the peace and

comfort of a dog!" Your greatest foes are the fires of alcohol. The sparkling champagne, the foaming beer, the exhilarating gin, the dark powerful brandy, will waste your time, steal your property, ruin your health, enfeeble your understandings, destroy your characters, fill the hearts of your friends with shame and confusion, & bring your never-dying souls to eternal ruin. O, then, raise the banner of abstinence forever. Come and co-operate with patriots & statesmen; with physicians and divines, with the respected of every name and class in delivering your country from the most cruel bondage, and save yourselves from the snare of the fowler. Do you say you will not unite in the tea-total pledge, because you have signed the other? But what if the other fails to save you? What if it fails in accomplishing its object in the world? Will you be wise? Will not thousands point at you the finger of derision? O, be consistent. No intoxicating drink is needful or useful, or even safe for you. Abandon the whole, then, forever, and by your independence and firmness raise a barrier which shall forever prevent the flow of the accursed stream of intemperance by you to all future generations.

ORIGIN OF GENIUS.

Columbus was the son of a weaver and a weaver himself; Rabelais son of an apothecary; Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook; Moelierson of a tapestry maker; Corvantes served as a common soldier; Homer was a beggar; Hesiod was the son of a small farmer; Demosthenes of a cutter; Terence was a slave; Richardson was a printer; Oliver Cromwell the son of a brewer; Howan an apprentice to a grocer; Benjamin Franklin a printer; Doct. Thomas Bishop of Worcester, son of a linen draper; Daniel Defoe was a hosier, and the son of a butcher; Whitefield son of an inn-keeper at Gloucester; Cloudesly Shovel, rear admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and afterwards a cabin boy; Bishop Pridenau worked in the kitchen at Exeter College; Cardinal Wolsey son of a butcher; Ferguson a shepherd; Neibuhr was a peasant; Thomas Paine son of a staymaker at Thetford; Dean Tucker was the son of a farmer in Cardiganshire and performed his journeys to Oxford on foot; Edmund Halley the son of a soap boiler at Shoreditch; Joseph Hall bishop of Norwich, son of a farmer at Ashby in Zouoh; Hogarth was put apprentice to an engraver of pewter pots; Doctor Mountain, bishop of Durham, was the son of a beggar; Lucian of a statuary; Virgil a potter; Horace of a shop-keeper; Plantus a baker; Shakspeare of a woolstapler; Milton of a money scrivener; Cowley, son of a hatter; Samuel Butler of a farmer; Ben Johnson worked sometime as a bricklayer; Robert Burns was a ploughman in Ayrshire; Thomas Chatterton, of a Sexton of Radcliff Church, Bristol; Thomas Gray of a scrivener; Matthew Prior, the son of a joiner in London; Kirk White Theson of a butcher at Nottingham; Bloomfield and Gifford were shoemakers; Person son of a parish clerk.

Rather severe.—An eastern editor in alluding to a rival town says—"that it takes several of their pigs to pull up a blade of grass; that they are so poor, the foremost seizes the spear in his mouth, the balance having taken each other by the tail, when they all give a pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether; and if it breaks, the whole tumble to the ground, for want of strength to support themselves!" It must take three or four such pigs to make a shadow.

Some amusing scenes have occurred during the late pressure at New York. One has been related to us. An officer of a bank called at the store of a merchant, and politely informed him that he had overdrawn his account five thousand dollars. "Well,—I know that," was the reply; "and what's the necessity of boring me about it? Why not drop the subject, altogether, and serve me as I do you? I don't go to you when I have that amount in your institution, and say—'Mr. President, I have got \$5,000 in your bank.' Such statements are useless, any way. Good morning!"