

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.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Chronicle.
ELEGY ON A MISER.

BY HACK VON STRECHER.

Old Skinfint's dead! Reader don't laugh,
But gravely scan his epitaph!
He's left the things of time and sense—
His bonds, and mortgages, and rents;
And (without discount 'too) has paid
The debt of nature, long delay'd.

Doubt as you will, I'm bold to say—
He always walk'd in Wisdom's way,
(When chancing in that path aside,
Because he was too mean to ride,
His charity was used to roam,
Far from his heart and private home;
He liked the President and Pope,
But seldom washed his hands with soap.

His constant faith is clearly shewn
By this—he let good works alone.
Daily he rose, resolving fresh,
To wound and mortify the flesh;
And oft for breakfast would he take,
A mouldy crust or heavy cake.
He chew'd not, (but when quills were lent),
And smok'd cigars—four for a cent;
And as for drinking, never sip
Bought liquor for his thirsty lip!

Whether he broke, from day to day,
The ten commandments, I cannot say;
But as he kept all else, 'tis true
That he most likely kept them too.

If it should e'er be Johnny's fate
To pass through heaven's golden gate—
Saint Peter! eye him with great care,
Or John will fill his pockets there;
But if condemn'd to worlds of woe
(Tis his less lucky lot to go,
'Tis probable, with kindred souls,
He'll turn to speculate in coals!

THE REPERTORY.

"Lively and gossiping;
Stored with the treasures of the tattling world,
And with a spice of mirth too."

THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

In one of the loveliest villages of old Virginia there lived in the year 1775, an odd and old man, whose daughter was declared, by universal consent, to be the loveliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran, in his youth, had been athletic and muscular above all his fellows: and his breast, where he always wore them, could show the adornment of three medals, received for his victories in gymnastic feats when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth—another a fine person—another this, and another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who became at last a by-word for his obstinacy among the young men of the village and neighborhood.

At length, the nineteenth birth-day of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as amiable and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day, her father invited all the youth of the country to a hay-making frolic. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to the fair Annette. In three hours they had filled the father's barns with the newly dried grass, & their own hearts with love. Annette, by her father's command, had brought the malt liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to each enamored swain with her own fair hands.

"Now my boys," said the old keeper of the jewel they all coveted, as leaning on their pitchforks they assembled round his door in the cool of the evening.—"Now my boys, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now you see I do not care any thing about money or talents, book learning nor soldier learning; I can do as well by my gal as any man in the country. But I want her to marry a man of my own grit. Now you know, or ought to know, when I was a youngster, I could beat any thing in all Virginy in the way o' leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern Shore; and I have took the oath, and sworn to it, that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. You understand me, boys. There's the green and here's Annette," he added, taking his daughter, who stood timidly behind him, by the hand. "Now, the one that jumps the furthest on a 'dead level,' shall marry Annette this very night."

This unique address was received by the young men with applause. And many a

youth, as he bounded gaily forward to the arena of trial, cast a glance of anticipated victory back upon the lovely object of village chivalry. The maidens left their looms and quilting frames—the children their noisy sports—the slaves their labors, and the old men their armchairs and long pipes, to witness and triumph in the success of the victor. All prophesied, and many wished, that it would be young Carroll. He was the handsomest and best humored youth in the country, and all knew that a strong and mutual attachment existed between him and the fair Annette. Carroll had won the reputation of being the 'best leaper;' and in a country, where such athletic achievements were the 'sine qua non' of a man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honor. In a contest like the present, he had therefore every advantage over his fellow athletes.

The area allotted for this hymenal contest, was a level space in front of the village inn, and near the centre of a grass plat, reserved in the midst of the village, denominated the 'green.' The verdure was quite worn off at this place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand more befittingly for the purpose to which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and withal happy prize, (for she well knew who would win) with three other patriarchal villagers, were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several competitors.

The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise, he 'cleared' (to use the leaper's phraseology) twenty-one feet and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.

"Edward Grayson, seventeen feet," cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without a look at the maiden he left the ground.

"Dick Boulden, nineteen feet." Dick with a laugh, turned away, and replaced his coat.

"Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches." 'Well done Harry Preston,' shouted the spectators, 'you have tried hard for the acres and home-stead.'

Harry also laughed, and swore he only jumped for the 'fun of the thing.' Henry was a rattle-brained fellow but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk, and laugh and romp with Annette, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the 'fun of the thing.' He would not have said so if he was sure of winning.

"Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a half.

Hurrah for Charley! Charley'll win, cried the crowd, good-humoredly. Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother had advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his good temper, rather than his legs. Charley however made the trial of the latter's capabilities and lost. Others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

"Now," cried the villagers, 'let's see Harry Carroll. He ought to beat this;' and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers, and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit of assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lip, he bounded forward.

"Twenty-one feet and a half!" shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges, 'twenty-one feet and a half. Harry Carroll forever.—Annette and Harry.' Hands, caps, and handkerchiefs waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Harry Carroll moved to his sta-

tion to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man, in a military undress frock coat, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted, and joined the spectators, unperceived, while the contest was going on; stepped suddenly forward, and with a knowing eye, measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper!—He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame, in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

'Mayhap, sir, stranger, you think you can beat that,' said one of the bystanders, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the arena. 'If you can leap beyond Harry Carroll, you'll beat the best man in the colonies.' The truth of the observation was assented to by a general murmur.

"Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this past-time," inquired the youthful stranger, "or is there a prize for the winner?"

"Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the victor," cried one of the judges.

"Are the lists open to all?"

"All! young sir," replied the father of Annette, with interest, his youthful ardour rising, as he surveyed the proportions of the straight-limbed young stranger. "She is the bride of him who out-leaps Harry Carroll. If you will try you are free to do so. But let me tell you, Harry Carroll has no rival in all Virginia. Here is my daughter, sir, look at her, and make your trial."

The young officer glanced at the trembling maiden, about to be offered on the altar of her father's unconquerable monomania, with an admiring eye. The poor girl looked at Harry, who stood near, with a troubled brow and angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath it tighter around his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made, apparently without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Henry and Annette.

"Twenty-two feet and one inch," shouted the judge. The announcement was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patents of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought with his eye the fair prize he had, altho' nameless and unknown, so fairly won.—She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivalled, while he hated him for his success.

'Annette, my pretty prize,' said the victor, taking her passive hand, 'I have won you fairly.' Annette's cheek became paler than marble: she trembled like an aspen leaf, and clung closer to her father, while the drooping eye sought the form of her lover. His brow grew dark at the stranger's language.

'I have won you, my pretty flower, to make you a bride!—tremble not so violently—I mean not myself, however proud I might be,' he added with gallantry, 'to wear so fair a gem next my heart.—Perhaps,' and he cast his eyes round him enquiringly, while the current of life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd,—'perhaps there is some favored youth among these competitors, who has a higher claim to this jewel. Young Sir,' he continued, turning to the surprised Henry 'methinks you were victor

in the lists before me—I strove not for the maiden, though one could not well strive for a fairer—but from love for the manly sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, and as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly, receive from my hand the prize you have so well and honorably won.'

The youth sprung forward and grasped his hand with gratitude; and the next moment, Annette was weeping from pure joy upon his shoulders. The welkin rung with the acclamations of the delighted villagers, and amid the temporary excitement produced by the act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse, and spurred at a brisk trot through the village.

That night Henry and Annette were married, and the health of the mysterious and noble hearted stranger, was drunk in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage. In process of time, there were born unto the married pair, sons and daughters; and Harry Carroll had become Colonel Henry Carroll, of the Revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home, after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country house, when an advance courier rode up and announced the approach of General Washington and suite, informing him he should crave his hospitality for the night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the household preparations, and Colonel Carroll, ordering his horse, rode forward to meet and escort to his house, the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, although serving in the same widely extended army.

That evening, at the table, Annette (now become the dignified, matronly and still handsome, Mrs. Carroll) could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and a half doubtingly, half assuredly, shake her head and look again, to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband, who inquired affectionately if she were ill!

'I suspect, Colonel,' said the General, who had some time, with a quiet, meaning smile, been observing the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features, "that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance."—And he smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed upon both alternately.

The Colonel started, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived, as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair, and bending eagerly forward over the tea-urn, with clasped hands, and an eye of intense, eager inquiry fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted, as if she would speak.

'Pardon me, my dear madam—pardon me, Colonel—I must put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of camp-fare and hard usage, too unwieldy to leap again twenty-two feet and one inch, even for so fair a bride as one I wot of.'

The recognition, with the surprise, delight, and happiness that followed, are left to the imagination of the reader.

General WASHINGTON was, indeed, the handsome young 'leaper' whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers, is still traditional; and whose claim to a substantial body of 'BONA FIDE' flesh and blood; was stoutly contested by the village story tellers, until the happy DENOUNCEMENT which took place at the hospitable mansion of Col. Carroll.

Woman.—Huntingdon, preaching on the resurrection, remarked, that "Jesus appeared to women rather than to men in order that the circumstance might more quickly spread." This reminds us of the conveyance, who commenced a deed with, "Know one woman by these presents."

An old woman met a man with a cradle. "Ah, Sir," said she, "behold the fruits of matrimony." "Softly," was the answer, "this is only the fruit basket."

A poor man once excused his non-attendance at church to a rich neighbor, by saying he had no breeches fit for the occasion which the latter offered to lend. The man availed himself of the offer, and when the priest was about to commence prayer, he cast a glance to his friend, when he called out in an under tone, but loud enough to be heard by those around, "Don't kneel down in my breeches." The man carried home the borrowed garment, and was a long time absent from church as usual, when another neighbour inquired the reason, which the poor man gave as before, adding that he had once borrowed a pair, which had given the owner occasion to insult his poverty before the whole audience. 'Come with me,' said his new friend, 'and I will supply you.' Accordingly he essayed once more to visit the church in borrowed breeches, and when notice was given for prayer he directed his attention to his accommodating friend, who no sooner saw him, than he called out loud enough to attract the observation of all present, "Kneel down, kneel down any where in my breeches."

An Irish Temptation to Capitalists.—An estate was recently advertised in a Cork paper, with temptations to purchasers of no ordinary kind. It consists of two villages, the future prospects of which are set forth by stating, that one of them is let for nine hundred years, and the other on a lease for ever; on the expiration of which terms, both the said villages will be capable of great improvement.

A Busy Body.—A down east editor says—"I have to edit my paper, keep my books for the paper and other business, do all my out-door business, put up all orders for goods, do all my correspondence, generally direct my papers, wait upon customers, have the care of my printing office, saw and split my wood, make my fires, feed my hens, instruct my children, tend my babies, besides other plans and other business.—With all this, and rigid economy, I hope to gain something when I get a good start!"

At Greenwich fair on Monday, one of the showmen outside a Caravan called public attention to a most singular exhibition, being nothing less than "a man running about upon five feet." Large crowds entered the show to see this prodigy, when the showman introduced himself as the curiosity. Upon his being remonstrated with by his dupes, he replied, "It's no deception, I said you'd see a man running about upon five feet, and don't I run about upon five feet and a few odd inches?"

'My dear brethren, said a pastor lately from his pulpit, 'never put yourselves in the liability of losing your reason. Reason is a bridle which has been given to us to direct our passions.' On the same day the pastor got drunk. One of his parishioners asked what he had done with his bridle? "Good faith," says he, "I have taken it off to drink."

We learn from Mr. Lockhart's memoirs of his father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, that the first fee of any consequence which he obtained at the bar, he expended on a silver taper stand for his mother, which the old lady used to point to with great satisfaction as it stood on her chimney-piece twenty-five years afterwards.

A case reported to a Temperance Society by a wag, was that of a sailor, who was continually losing his wooden legs by the "wet rot," so long as he indulged in spirituous liquors; he abandoned the use of the alcohol, and his timbers lasted three times as long.

A Damsel of Age.—In France it is necessary to obtain the consent of both parents, if living, before any marriage can be legally contracted. At the civil tribunal of the Seine, a widow of fifty-two was opposed by her father and mother; the court, however, decreed that she had arrived at years of discretion.