

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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POETRY.

From the Locoming Gazette & Chronicle.
THE BEAUTY OF VIRTUE.

Where are the charms that enliven our fancy,
And please while they soothe the distress of our mind?
Do they dwell in the form, or live in expression?
Ah! but in virtue this pleasure we find!

Does the ball room awaken a lively emotion
And music and dancing our senses confound?
Can we hope to be happy in ranting and riot?
Ah! not but in virtue this pleasure is found!

Do the rich and the haughty seem happy and gay?
Their silks and their satins enrapture the mind;
Can we stay and enjoy them forever on earth?
Ah! not then true pleasure in virtue we find!

Then follow the path of virtue. For pleasure
And happiness both in her precepts we find;
Never search in the mazes of vice for a moment
And then you'll be happy and pleasure you'll find!

THE LOVED AND LOST.

They saw her laid with many a tear
In death's eternal sleep;
They wept upon her early bier;
But I—to whom she was so dear—
I was not there to weep!

They saw her wither—one by one
They mark'd her charms decay,
Till life's last fading leaf was gone,
And all was senseless clay!
But I—who loved so tenderly—
I was not there to see her die!

They watched her sad and wand'ring glance,
That sought around in vain;
They woke her from her fever trance,
And sooth'd her dying pain;
But I—to whom her thought had fled—
I was not there—and she is dead!

THE REPERTORY.

DEATH.

In the whole course of our observation there is not so misrepresented and abused a personage as death. Some have styled him the king of terrors, when he might with less impropriety have been termed the terror of kings; others have dreaded him as an evil without end, although it was in their own power to make him the end of all evil. He has been vilified as the cause of anguish, consternation, and despair; but these, alas, are things that appertain not unto death, but unto life.—How strange a paradox is this: we love the distemper and loathe the remedy, preferring the fiercest buffeting of the hurricane to the tranquility of the harbor. The poet has lent his fictions, the painter his colors, the orator his tropes, to pour-tray death as the grand destroyer, the enemy, the prince of phantoms and of shades. But can he be called a destroyer, who for a perishable state gives us that which is eternal? Can he be styled the enemy, who is the best friend only of the best, who never deserts them at their utmost need, and whose friendship proves the most valuable to those who live the longest? Can he be termed the prince of phantoms and of shades, who destroys that which is transient and temporary, to establish that which alone is real and fixed? And what are the mournful escutcheons, the sable trophies, and the melancholy insignia with which we surround him, the sepulchral gloom, the mouldering carcass, and the slimy worm? These indeed are the idle fears and empty terrors, not of the dead, but of the living. The dark domain of death we dread indeed to enter, but we ought rather to dread the ruggedness of some of the roads that lead to it; but if they are rugged, they are short, and it is only those that are smooth, that are wearisome and long. Perhaps he summons us too soon from the feast of life, be it so; if the exchange be not for the better, it is not his fault, but our own; or he summons us late; the call is a reprieve, rather than a sentence; for who would wish to sit at the board, when he can no longer partake of the banquet, or to live on to pain, when he has long been dead to pleasure? Tyrants can sentence their victims to death, but how much more dreadful would be their power, could they sentence them to life! Life is the jailer of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is death; what we call life, is a journey to death, and what we call death, is a passport to life. True wisdom thanks death for what he takes, and still more for what he brings. Let us then like sentinels be ready, because we

are uncertain, and calm because we are prepared. There is nothing formidable about death but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control.—The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.—*Colton's Lacon.*

YOUNG LADIES.

Whenever you see young men spending their leisure hours at some resort of gaming, or other idle amusement, it is a sure sign they will never become great men. Shun them, girls—they will never make good husbands.

A beau, dressed out as some are, is like a cinnamon tree—the bark is worth more than the body. Such beau fops, and the whole pleasure loving fraternity, are short lived animals. They look pretty in the gay sunshine of summer; but, poor creatures, they cannot endure the approach of autumn, and the old age of winter. They have their little hour of enjoyment and that is the end of them.

When any person, though in the garb of a gentleman, addresses you in the language of fulsome flattery, you should recollect, young ladies, that there are men of prey as well as beasts of prey.

Love, like the plague, is often communicated by clothing and money.

PUNCTUATION.

The man is either good or bad;
And which I wish to know;
May grieve, with punctillious hand,
By punctuations show.

He is an old experienced man in vice and wickedness; he is never found in opposing the workers of iniquity; he can delight in the downfall of his neighbours; he can never rejoice in the prosperity of his fellow creatures; he is always pleased when the poor are in distress; he is ready to assist in destroying the peace and happiness of society; he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord; he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances; he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity; he has not been negligent in endeavouring to stigmatize all public teachers; he makes no exertions to subdue his evil passions; he strives hard to build up Satan's Kingdom; he lends no aid for the support of the gospel among the heathens; he contributes largely to the friends of the evil leviathan; he pays no attention to good advice; he gives great heed to the Devil; he will never go to Heaven; he will go where he will receive a just recompense of reward.

N. B. If in reading the above, you put a semicolon at the end of every word in small capitals, the character of the person will appear to be that of a very good man; but if you place the semi-colon at the termination of the words in Italics, and leave it out at the first mentioned, you will make him one of the worst characters.

YOUNG MEN.

ALWAYS HAVE AN OBJECT IN VIEW.

The highest object you can have in view is to glorify God and enjoy him forever.

The next highest is, to honor thy father and mother.

The next is to love thy neighbour as thyself.

The next, to serve thy country honestly and faithfully in whatever station thou art called to fill.

And the next to choose thee a wife in thy youth, but be careful of your choice. Do not marry a fool, unless you wish to beget yourself trouble.

Remember young men, always to have an object in view; and let your aim be elevated.—This is the safeguard of character and the mainspring of excellence.

Never indulge in that too general and beastly habit of licking your sugar all over previous to ignition.

Keep your temper in controversy or quarrel; as your antagonist warms, do you cool down.

GRATITUDE.—In Extract.

I remember once that a Philadelphia merchant many years ago, whose wealth and importance only equalled the goodness of his heart and purity of his principles, rescued a mechanic from the clutches of poverty, and what was worse in those days, the hands of the Sheriff. The son of the mechanic was young, but old enough to know his father's benefactor. Many years after this, the merchant fell into difficulties, and at the most trying moment, when all his former friends had forsaken him, the mechanic's son, now comparatively wealthy stepped forward to his relief. "I am much indebted to you," said the reduced merchant. "By no means," said the other, "I have only paid the debt which my father contracted at the corner of Chesnut street thirty years ago, when I was just old enough to know the cause of my poor mother's tears. The merchant grasped his hand and burst into a flood of tears.

Either way will do.—Will you have me, Sarah?" said a young man to a modest young girl.

"No, John," said the girl, but you may have me if you will."

"That's right, we like to see the 'gals' claim their privileges of saying no, even though they mean yes. Sarah was a girl of true grit, and will make John a good wife, but he must look out for breakers, if he don't stand about and do up the chores in good season.

The Grikron and Frying-Pan.—A young lady of high accomplishments (and no pride,) in absence of the servant, stepped to the door on the ringing of the bell, which announced a visit from one of her admirers. On entering, the beau, glanced at the harp and piano, which stood in the apartment, exclaimed, "I thought I heard music—on which instrument were you performing, Miss?" "On the grikron, sir, with the accompaniment of the frying-pan!" replied she, "my mother is without help, and she says that I must learn to finger those instruments sooner or later, and I have this day commenced taking a course of lessons."—*Haverhill (Mass.) Gazette.*

A fellow once exhibited a skull at a fair near London, as the skull of Oliver Cromwell. A gentleman observed that it was too small for Cromwell, who had a large head, and died almost an old man. "I know that," said the exhibitor, undisturbed, "but you see, Sir, this was his skull when he was a boy."

Philip Hone and Crockett.—"I have met with many polite men in my time," says Col. Crockett, "but no one who possessed in a greater degree what may be called true spontaneous politeness, than this canache Chief always excepting Philip Hone, Esq. of New York—whom I look upon as the politest man I ever did see, for when he asked me to take a drink at his own sideboard, he turned his back upon me, that I might not be ashamed to fill as much as I wanted. That was what I call doing the fair thing."

"My child—take those eggs to the store—and if you can't get ninepence a dozen bring them back." Jimmy went as directed—and came back saying "mother let me alone for a trade—they all tried to get 'em for a shilling, but I screwed 'em up to ninepence."

A sick man observed to his wife, "My dear I am not well to-day. Will you prepare me a light dinner?"

"What will you have Mr. A.?"

"Apple dumplings."

"They were accordingly made, and Mr. A. sat down solus to a dish of eighteen. After having dispatched seventeen and a half, and showing strong symptoms of finishing the remaining morsel, a little urchin, son of his, cried out, "O dad, gim me that." He very emphatically replied, "Go away my son, poor dad is sick."

THE AGRICULTURIST & THE POLITICIAN.

BY R. R. LIVINGSTON.

As agriculture is the basis of arts by furnishing the materials upon which they work, so it is the parent of science, by uniting men in civil society, who without its aid would have continued to be wandering savages, but little advanced in improvement beyond the beasts of the forest, that afforded them a miserable and scanty subsistence. It is for this reason that the mythology of those nations have made their golden age consist in the enjoyment of rural happiness, and placed the inventors of agricultural improvements among the number of their Gods: Thus Ceres, Pan, Pomona, &c. were worshipped under different names by all the civilized nations of the Pagan world. And our own holy religion teaches us that the cultivation of a garden, and the enjoyment of its fruits and flowers, were the employment and the reward of innocence when man was most perfect. It is a little remarkable that innocence and reason still concur in receiving pleasure from the same object. The first wish of childhood is rural happiness; nor is that ever lost sight of, except where some turbulent and resistless passion depraves and hurries away the soul. In every period of life it animates virtuous and ingenious minds. The idea of rural retreat in the evening of his days, accompanies the mechanic to his shop, the merchant to the exchange, the lawyer to the bar, the physician to the sick bed, and the divine to the pulpit, who sees, even there, his earthly paradise upon the confines of heaven, and hardly wishes to enter the celestial mansions by any other path. How much then is it to be lamented that indolence or pursuits of little moment, withdraw the attention of men, whose lights, whose talents for observation, and whose fortunes enable them to be useful, not only to the community of which they are members, but to mankind at large—not to their contemporaries only, but to future generations: One great cause of the neglect of agriculture by men of the character I have mentioned, is a misplaced ambition which generally seizes upon them at the very period of life at which they are best fitted for agricultural pursuits. Youth has too many avocations and is too unsteady to pursue the slow progress of experiments, and the decrepitude of old age deprives it of the strength and activity necessary in rural economy; it is the season of life in which we may enjoy the sedate pleasures of the country, but not undergo its toils. The middle age, when the effervescence of youth is over, when the body retains its strength, and the mind enjoys its greatest vigour, is the period best adapted to the useful labors of agriculture; but unfortunately this is the age of ambition which hurries us away from the peaceful path, where every step is strewed with flowers, to lose ourselves in the endless mazes of politics. And yet if ambition is the love of fame, how much are we deceived by pursuing it in this rough and thorny track? The little politics of our town; our county, or even of our state, are mere matters of a day; and however important they may seem in our eyes, while we are ourselves the actors on this busy stage, they will appear to others of too little moment to arrest their attention. Our fathers were politicians, their fathers were politicians, and yet we hardly know the parts they severally acted, or even the names or principles of the parties they opposed or supported. In like manner the intriguing politicians, and the wordy orators of the present day, will be buried with their principles and their parties in eternal oblivion; when the man who has introduced a new plant, or eradicated a destructive weed, who has taught us to improve our domestic animals, or to guard against the ravages insects, who has invented a new implement of husbandry, or simply determined the angle the mould-board should make with ploughshare, will be remembered with gratitude as the benefactor of society.

Filial Reverence of the Turks.—An equally beautiful feature in the character of the Turks is their reverence and respect for the author of their being. Their wives' advice and reprimand are unheeded, their words are *hush*—nothing—but their mother is an oracle. She is consulted, confided in, listened to with respect and deference, honored to her latest hour, and remembered with affection and regret beyond the grave. "My wives die, and I replace them," says the Osmanli, "my children perish, and others may borne to me, but who shall restore to me the mother who has passed away, and who is seen no more!"

The Heir, or swift Dromedary.

Talking with an Arab of Suse, says Jackson the traveller, on the subject of these fleet camels, he assured me that he knew a young man who was passionately fond of a lovely girl, whom nothing would satisfy but some oranges; these were not to be procured at Mogadore, and as the lady wanted the best fruit, nothing less than the Morocco oranges would satisfy her. The Arab mounted his heirier at dawn of day went to Morocco (about one hundred miles from Mogadore,) purchased the oranges and returned that night after the gates were shut, but sent the oranges to the lady by a guard of one of the batteries.

Anecdote.—We were much pleased at the advice *ôné* Jonny Raw gave to another, on board a steamboat. Ephriam, said he, "you had better look out for your boots tonight, or those fellow (the boot-blacks) will get them, and I'll be darn'd if you get them again without paying ninepence; so you had better put them under your pillow, the way I do."—*Bangor Farmer.*

An almanac, published in the year 1730, has the following very remarkable predictions, which have been fulfilled to the very letter:

"By the power to see through the ways of Heaven,
In one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven,
Will the year pass away without any spring,
And on England's throne shall not sit a King."

CHOLERA IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

We published on the 7th ult. an account by private letter of the ravages of the Cholera in Central America. We find it confirmed by a letter from Grenada, with additional particulars. The letter is dated 2nd July.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

"The Cholera is now in Leon: committing great ravages among the inhabitants.—In St. Salvador, it destroyed 1300 persons in 10 days, and at Teguanta, 1200 in 21 days, and in many other villages, two-thirds of the inhabitants have been taken off by this pestilence.

"In two of the Indian villages near St. Salvador, the Indians rose, *en masse*, and butchered many of the inhabitants, stating that the President of the Republic and others, had poisoned all the rivers to kill the poor people and deliver the country up to the English; and, as a farther proof they inquired why have none of the rich died.—They actually murdered a poor Englishman who was wandering on the banks of the river Limpa, in quest of a strayed mule, under the pretext that he was going to poison the river—that is, a river as large as San Juan. So general has been the idea that the waters are poisoned, that the people there (Grenada) will not drink the well water on any account."

A black servant, not 100 miles from St. Andrews, being examined in the Church Catechism, by the minister of the parish, was asked—"What are you made of Jack?" He said, "of mud, massa." On being told he should say, "of dust," he replied, "No massa, it no do, no stick together!"

When a Broome County girl catches a snail, she says if it was any one but you, I should make a fuss about it.—*Broome Co. Cour.*