

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.

WOMAN—AN EXTRACT.

How holy Woman's youth—while yet
Its rose with life's first dews is wet;
While hope most pure in least confound,
And all the virgin in the breast!
O'er her white brow, wherein the blue
Transparent vein seemed proud to bear
The warm thoughts of her heart unto
The soul so nobly placed there!
O'er her white brow were richly braided
The tresses in a golden flow;
But ~~darkly~~ slept the lash that shaded
Her deep eye, on its lids of snow.
What could that magic eye inspire!
Its very light was a desire;
And each blue wandering of its beam,
Called forth a worship and a dream;
Refused above its wealth to close;
The soft rose on her softest cheek
Had yet the sun's last smile to win,
But not the less each blush could speak
How full the sweetness lived within.
O woman! day star of our doom—
Thy dawn our birth—thy close our tomb,
Or if the mother or the bride,
The dream—the meteor—the disease—
Still, spite of sorrow—wisdom—years—
And those—Fate's sternest warnings—tears—
Still clings the yearning heart unto thee,
Still knows no wish like those who woo thee,
Still in some living form essays
To clasp the bright cloud it portrays.

One day Mr. Curran said to Father O'Leary, the well known Catholic priest,—
"Reverend Father, I wish you were Peter."
"And why, Counsellor, do you wish I were Peter?" asked the Rev. gentleman.
"Because, Reverend Father, in that case, you would have the keys of heaven, and could let me in."
"By my honour and conscience, Counsellor," replied the Divine, "it would be sorer for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."
Curran enjoyed the joke, which he admitted had a good deal of reason in it.

A sea officer, who had lost his hand by a shot, was in company with a young lady, who remarked that it was a cruel ball which deprived him of his hand. "A noble ball, madam," said he "for it bore away the palm."

"Your heel must be some better, I think," said a gentleman to a buxom lass, who had a hole in the heel of her stocking. "Why so?" she asked. "Because Miss," replied the gentleman, "I perceive it is getting out."

In a capital case an Irishman was called a witness. "Did you see defendant shot the deceased through the heart?" enquired the counsel.
"No, faith, how can that be your lordship," responded the witness, "for he of course could not have left his heart in Ireland, and it was here in Ameriky that he was kill."

A gentleman in New York, having invented a machine to facilitate ladies in the painful practice of tight lacing, concludes notice by observing that it will squeeze little delicate creatures into the size of a bundle.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Farmer's Cabinet.

HOW TO IMPROVE POOR AND BARREN LAND.

Mr. Editor—I read an account I think in the Norwich Courier, about the year 1820, of an experiment, which so impressed my mind that I reviewed it a number of times, and distinctly recollect the principal facts, though the name of the gentleman who related them has escaped my memory. His statements and calculations were made with such perspicuity and accuracy, that convinced me that he was a person of intelligence and close observation, and left no doubt on my mind of the correctness of his statement.

He purchased for 500 dollars, by way of experiment, one hundred acres of light pitch pine land, which was considered of little value—except for the wood that was on a part of it, little more than sufficient to build a strong log fence round the whole lot. As he resided at a distance, he hired all the work done upon it by the job, which enabled him to make a more accurate estimation of the various expenses. He fenced, cleared, and burnt over such parts as were combustible. If I recollect right, he ploughed the whole in the spring, and harrowed in oats and clover-seed, but let the scanty crop of oats decay on the ground. The next summer when the clover was in blossom, he turned it under with a deep furrow of the plough, and harrowed in clover seed again. The summer following he again ploughed in the clover in the fall cross ploughed it and sowed wheat, clover and timothy, and harrowed in the seeds. The ensuing summer he had a crop of wheat, of excellent quality, of between thirty and forty bushels to the acre.—He hired it harvested, threshed and carried to market, making no estimation of the expense of sowing or reaping, as he had the prospect of a good crop of grass, of which he made no account. He carefully stated the various amounts expended in the purchase and cultivation, calculating accurately the interest upon the whole of his advances for purchase, labor, seeds, transportation, &c. Then he credited the amount received for his wheat, which after deducting the whole amount of expense; including interest, he had to unite a balance in his favor, the exact amount I do not recollect, and had remaining 100 acres of land fenced in a good state for the production of crops under proper management.

I exceedingly regret that I have not the paper at hand, to give a more accurate account in the gentleman's own words. As there is in our country a great quantity of similar land, I thought perhaps; some one might be benefited by noticing my broken recollection of the statement. Indeed, I have ever considered it as one of the most interesting agricultural experiments I have ever met with.

At the time it came under my notice, I had in the country a farm connected with a manufactory, and observing on it a steep gravelly side hill that had become barren by washing, after repeated ploughings, I was induced, from the hints of the above statement, to order early in the spring a top dressing of compost containing leached ashes, and to be sowed plentifully with grass seeds, white and red clover and spear grass (Porphraeus) which germinated freely. The next year the land was nearly swarded, and a tolerable crop of grass, which I suffered to decay on the ground undisturbed. The following year the ground was well covered with a firm sward, and yielded a fair crop of excellent hay, and the land appeared in good heart. The following winter the property was sold, and subsequently, I have had no opportunity to judge of it.

A Sentiment of Franklin's.—"I think agriculture the most honourable of all employments, being the most independent. The farmer has no need of popular favor, nor of the favor of the great; the success of his crop depending only on the blessing of God and upon his honest industry."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RECONCILIATION.

"Well, I think it's likely; don't tease me any more. Your brother has married a poor girl, one whom I forbid him to wed, and I won't forgive him if they all starve together."

This speech was addressed to a lovely girl scarcely eighteen, beautiful as the lily that hides itself beneath the dark waters. She was parting the silvery locks on her father's high, handsome forehead, of which her own was a miniature, and pleading the cause of her delinquent brother, who had married in opposition to her father's will, and had consequently been disinherited. Mr. Wheatly was a rich old gentleman, a resident of Boston.—He was a fat good natured old fellow, somewhat given to mirth and wine, and sat in his arm chair from morning till night, smoking his pipe and reading the newspapers. Sometimes a story of his own exploits in our revolutionary battles, filled up a passing hour. He had two children, the disobedient son, and the beautiful girl before spoken of. The fond girl went on pleading:

"Dear father do forgive him; you don't know what a beautiful girl he has married, and—"

"I think it's likely," said the old man—"but don't tease me, and open the door a little, this plaguy room smokes so."

"Well," continued Ellen, "won't you just see her now? she is so good—and the little boy looks so innocent."

"What did you say?" interrupted the father, "a boy!—have I a grandchild? Why Ellen, I never knew that before—but I think it's likely. Well, now give me my chocolate, and then go to your music lesson."

Ellen left him. The old man's heart began to relent.

"Well," he went on, "Charles was always a good boy, but I indulged him—and he was a good to his old father for all; but he disobeyed me in marrying this poor girl; yet, as my old friend and fellow soldier, Tom Bonner, used to say, we must forgive. Poor Tom!—I would give all my old shoes I have got, to know whatever become of him. If I could but find him or one of his children! Heaven grant they are not suffering! This plaguy smoky room—how my eyes water! If I did but know who this girl was, that my Charles has married; but I have never inquired her name. I will find out, and—"

"I think it's likely," said the old man.

Ellen led into the room a beautiful boy about two years old. His curly hair and rosy cheeks could not but make one love him.

"Who is that?" said the old man, wiping his eyes.

"That, that is Charles' boy," said Ellen, throwing one of her arms around her father's neck, with the other she placed the child on his knee. The child looked up tenderly in his face, and lisped out.

"Grand-pa what makes you cry so?"

The old man clasped the child to his bosom and kissed him again and again. After his emotion had a little subsided, he bade the child tell his name.

"Thomas Bonner Wheatly," said the boy. "I am named after my grandfather?"

"Are you?"

"Yes," lisped the boy, "and he lives with me at—"

"Get me my cane," said the old man, "and come Ellen—be quick my child."

They started off at a quick pace, which soon brought them to the poor, though neat lodging of his son. There he beheld his old friend, Thomas Bonner, seated in one corner weaving baskets, while his swathed limbs showed how unable he was to perform the necessary task. His lovely daughter, the wife of Charles, was preparing their frugal meal, while Charles was out seeking employment to support his needy family.

"It's all my fault," sobbed the old man, as he embraced his friend, who was nearly petrified with amazement.

"Come," said Mr. Wheatly, "come all of you home with me; we shall all live together; there is plenty of room in my house for us all."

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By this time Charles had come. He asked his father's forgiveness, which was freely given and Ellen was almost mad with joy.

"Oh, how happy we shall be!" she exclaimed, "and father will love our little Thomas so, and he will be our pet, won't he father?"

"Ay," said the old man, "I think it's very likely."

THE DOCTOR'S MINCE PIE.

Jalap, Cathartic, Elixir,
Saug in her liquor I'll drop,
If 'tis your pleasure I'll mix her,
All the contents of my shop.

Some twenty years since, a certain Dr. Physic resided in one of the interior towns of New-Hampshire. The doctor was a shrewd, penetrating man, with a deep and almost unerring insight into the human breast—a consummate knowledge of his profession, and with great skill—and withal, possessing the happy faculty of directing contingencies so as to result in his own individual advantage. Now, all this, however, paradoxical as it may seem, was partially concealed under the guise of buffoonery and ready wit. By delicate tact and peculiar combination of circumstances, he had contrived to monopolize, (I believe this is the word,) the whole course of practice within a district of several miles, sustaining the reputation of one of the first physicians of the country, (which indeed he was,) and throwing a number of quacks around him completely in the shade. As a matter of course, they gradually became inimical towards him, which finally broke out in open hostility. Things were thus situated, when one day, this worthy mounted his Rosinante, and set forth on a "visit" to a patient, and after riding a short distance he met a practitioner, Dr. Slop, from a neighboring village.

"Good mornin, Dr. Physic."

"Ah! good mornin, good mornin, Dr. Slop."

"D'ye hear any thing new?"

A silence ensued.

"Well, Doctor Physic, that was a tremendous desperate case that you cured the other day—Johnson's you know. Could'n't spare some of your skill as well as not, could ye?—People tell strange stories about ye—and where do ye think Dr. Burton says all your virtue lies?"

"Most probably in my saddle bags."

"No sir, in your breeches."

"In my breeches?"

"Yes sir?"

"Are you serious?"

"I am."

Some explanation is here necessary. Dr. Physic not being a proud man, wore a pair of buskin pantaloons, and said pants he had used, perhaps half a dozen years. In compounding a pill he would roll it upon them to give it a globular form, and after phlebotomizing, would wipe his lance upon them; in short using them for all manner of purposes, they thus in time became completely saturated with all sorts of medicines, from simple "Epsom salts" to the most complicated mixtures in the "Pharmacopoeia." Hence the idea that the doctor's healing powers, lay therein, was by no means so very shallow. Doctor Physic was astonished, and musing a moment, observed:

"Well sir, I won't deny but Mr. Burton tells the truth—and if such be the case, I pledge my word that every particle of talent and power in the healing art which I possess shall be distributed among any number of individuals, physicians of course, you may name. Please designate them."

Dr. Slop recounted the names of six or seven individuals.

Well, please to be at my house the fifteenth day of the present month, and the matter shall be settled."

Agreed."

At the time appointed, they were there, in all seven besides the worthy Dr. Physic himself.

Most country physicians are epicures—There is something in their vocation which conduces to create a relish for the "good things of this life," inasmuch as all quacks are pretty sure to eschew their own medi-

cines, and cleave unto the more substantial supporters of life, avoiding the course of that man who was well—wished to be better, took physic, and died.—

At the hour of noon the guests of the worthy doctor seated themselves at the dinner table. Prithee reader, if thou art a Yankee, did'st ever witness the good cheer of our country nabobs? the solid delicacies which adorn the board of a wealthy farmer. If thou hast, a description of the one in question would be supererogatory, but verily my stomach yearneth in contemplation of it—that huge surloin of beef—that spare-rib of pork. The second course consisted of puddings and pies. One of a peculiar formation, called "mince," seemed to attract the peculiar attention of the guests. There was a richness, a singular mode of construction, which rendered it exquisitely agreeable to the palate, and as there was enough of it, each partook freely. After dinner, the bevey were provided with pipe, or Havanna, as they chose, and seated themselves under the capacious piazza which extended in front of the house.

"Doctor Physic," said our old friend Slop, "you are aware that the ostensible motive for our visit here, is to enable you to fulfil your promise in regard to that wonderful skill of which you are possessed. I know of no more convenient time than the present."

"Ay," interrupted Dr. Physic, "I agreed to distribute my powers equally among you,—and as in matters which concern a community a single individual expresses I, I have concluded to admit the truth of a declaration of one of your number, that all my virtue was in my leather breeches!"

It may not be amiss to interrupt the doctor here, for the purpose of observing, that instead of the leather garment which he had worn for a long series of years, he had now another pair, and when he came to this point in his remarks, the company burst into laughter.

"And, gentlemen," continued he, "though extremely loth to part with that which has been of such signal benefit to those around me, yet private considerations should always succumb to the interest of the body politic. In this view of the case, without a single regret, I have, gentleman, divided my breeches equally among you, with the hope that they may be the means of healing dissensions, extending our science, and conducing to your individual prosperity."

"Divided them among us?" exclaimed Dr. Slop.

"Aye my worthy friends, divided them among you. I had them made into nine mincepies, and you have eaten them for your dinner!"

"Eaten your leather breeches?" ejaculated he, "then we are physic-ed with a vengeance?"

Never did our own nostrums operate more vigorously than the doctor's unique prescription upon his medical friends, and he was never afterwards troubled with importunities of jokes of his empyrical neighbors.

Steamboat Racing—ANECDOTE.—A lady took passage on board a steamboat at New Orleans to go to St. Louis, but hearing that the Captain intended to run a race, declined going unless assurances were given that should not be the case. The master pledged his honor to refrain from the contest, and the boat got under way; the rival boat pursuing soon after neared him fast and the passengers becoming excited requested him to put on more steam, which was refused for the reason above given. The lady was applied to but would not yield. She was then requested to come on deck and view the other boat which at the time was nearly alongside, and gaining. Her feelings were immediately enlisted, but not succeeding as well as his passengers desired, they suggested he should use bacon, to make the wood more inflammable. The answer was that having pledged his word not to race, he had not provided himself with the article. "Never mind, captain, (said the lady,) you have some on board on freight use it—use it my dear sir: I will pay all expenses if you beat that boat."—*Charleston Mercury.*