

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.

VILLAGE GREATNESS.

BY WM. RAY.

In every country village, where
Ten chimney smokes perfume the air,
Contiguous to a steeply
Great gentles are found, a score,
Who can't associate, any more,
With common country people.

Jack Fallow, born among the woods,
From rolling logs, now rolls in goods,
Enough awhile to dash on—
Tells negro stories, smoke cigars—
Talks politics—decides on wars—
And lives in stylish fashion.

Tim Ox-goad, lately from the plough,
A polished gentleman is now,
And talks of 'country fellows';
But ask the fox what books he's read—
You'll find the brain pan of his head
As empty as a bellows.

Miss Fiddle, lately from the wheel,
Begins quite lady like to feel,
And talks affectedly genteel,
And sings some tasty songs, too;
But my veracity impeach,
If she can tell what part of speech
Gentility belongs to.

Without one spark of wit refined,
Without one beauty of the mind,
Genus or education,
Or family, or fame, to boast,
To see such gentry rule the roast,
Turns patience to vexation.

To clear such rubbish from the earth,
Though real genius—mental worth,
And science do attend you,
You might as well the sty refine,
Or cast your pearls before the swine,
They'd only turn and rend you.

"Massa, one ob your oxen's dead—
toder too. I was 'fraid to tell you 'em bof
at once 'fraid you could'nt bore it."

A certain lodging house was very much
infested by vermin. A gentleman who
slept there one night told the landlady so in
the morning, when she said—"La, sir, we
have not a single bug in the house." "No
ma'am," said he, "they are all married,
and have large families too."

The year 1839 will be a very eventful
one—to every old maid who gets married!
It is said, however, that some of them talk
of forming an Anti-marrying society!—
How cruel!!

Sir George Tuthill relates a case of an
Asiatic Russian who had, by his first wife,
sixty-nine infants at twenty-seven births;
and by his second, eighteen at eight births;
eighty-seven children in all.

"Our life is like a lengthened week,
Through which with toil, for rest we seek;
And he whose labor well is past,
A joyful sabbath finds at last!"

Profitable Business.—A country editor
says—"We understand that an individual
in this town says that he has made fifteen
hundred dollars by attending to his own
business, and five hundred more by letting
other people's alone. A good speculation.
Let others profit by the example.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Cure for Felons.—A plaster made of soft soap and the strongest lime that can be produced in equal proportions, is a certain remedy for those disagreeable and painful diseases called felons.

Cholera Morbus.—Mix a pint of blackberry juice with a pound of loaf sugar, dissolved in a half pint of brandy; cork it tight in a bottle, and administer it in small doses according to the age and constitution of the patient.

To preserve Hams.—Grind some black pepper fine, and put it in a box; and as soon as the hams are well smoked, take them down, and dust the pepper over the raw part, and over the back; and then hang up in the smoke house again.

To cure Hams and Beef.—Take 6 lbs. of coarse salt, 2 lbs. brown sugar, 2 ox. of saltpetre, 4 gallons of water; boil the pickle and skim it well. Put it over the meat when cold, and let it remain in the pickle about 8 or 9 weeks; for beef, not so long in the pickle.

Stings.—To cure the poison occasioned by the sting of a bee, wasp, hornet, etc. wash the part affected with water of ammonia, (hartshorn) and if much diseased, dissolve a piece of carbonated ammonia (the size of a pea) in water and drink it. This remedy has relieved persons, when a sting had nearly caused mortification.

Fire and Water Proof Cement.—To half a pint of milk put an equal quantity of vinegar, in order to curdle it, then separate the curd from the whey with the white of four or five eggs, beating the whole together. When it is well mixed, add a little quick lime through a sieve, until it has acquired the consistency of a thick paste.—With this cement, broken vessels and cracks of all kinds may be mended. It dries quickly, and resists the action of fire and water.

Shoe Blacking.—Perhaps the best in the world is elder berries. Mash the berries with your hand in a large kettle of water, set them in the shade a few days, filling it up with water. Afterwards strain and wring them through a cloth, and then boil it down to the thickness of molasses.—Put a small quantity with a feather on a brush, rub the shoe till there is a fine gloss. The same will make good writing ink.

To make Perpetual Yest.—Take a pound of fine flour, make it to the thickness of gruel with boiling water, add to it half a pound of loaf sugar, and mix them well together; put three spoonful of well purified yeast into a large vessel, upon which put the above ingredients, and they will soon ferment violently. Collect the yeast off the top, and put it into a small neck pot, cover it up from the air, and place it in a dry warm place, when used in part, replace with flour made into a thin paste, and sugar in the former proportion. I saw this used after it had been five months made.

To Salt Butter.—Beat very well up together in a marble mortar, half a pound of common salt, four ounces of powdered loaf sugar. To every pound of newly made butter (the milk being well drawn off by beating) put an ounce of the mixed powder, incorporate it well, and put the butter in pots for keeping. In about a month, not before, it will be fit for use; and it will continue for ten years as butter newly salted.

Mode of Refining Wine and Cider.—To refine wine or cider, take new sweet skim milk, that drawn at night and skimmed the following morning, or morning's milk skimmed at night, one pint to a quarter cask, pour it into the liquor to be refined, the coldest weather of winter, & stir it up thoroughly to incorporate it completely, and the work is done. The liquor will be pure and fine, and will have a peculiar richness imparted to it by the process. This mode of refining wine and cider has been long in use amongst extensive dealers in liquors, and was obtained from a gentleman who had long practised it with great success and profit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Gentlemen's Magazine.

THE STORM CHILD.

BY JOHN JONES, BALTIMORE.

We place the scene of our tale on a portion of the American coast which is yet frequently resorted to in the summer months by those whose sedentary habits render it occasionally necessary to partake of the invigorating sea-breeze and healthy fare of the country. The watering place, at the time alluded to, had but a moderate number of visitors, yet those were men of distinction, escaped for a brief time from the labors of state, to resuscitate their energies, wearied and almost worn out in the discharge of responsible duties, and (it may be) with political intrigues to maintain or increase the strength of their party. No gay fetes succeeded the termination of each sultry day, nor were many brilliant belles there, to indicate the party of pleasure; but solitary pedestrians were seen each morning to set out for the beach or the woods, in quest of renovated health, by means of ardent exercise, and new spirits and mental powers, by long and lonely musings amongst the fresh green foliage, free from the annoyance of other beings. It was about the middle of an afternoon that the sun, which had shone all day with immense heat, became suddenly obscured by a dense mass of dark clouds, which had engendered in the west, and now sent forth repeated vibrating rumblings, each louder and nearer than the last—and at times a fitful flash of lightning could be seen reflected on the smooth and apparently paralysed sea.

A human being reclined on the grass beneath the towering branches of a majestic tree, which stood some paces above high-tide mark. His dress was neat and costly, though without a strict regard of the punctilio of fashion. He seemed above the middle height, but so extremely slender and emaciated, that the bones appeared to be against the skin; presenting more the outline of a clothed skeleton, than the leader of a mighty party, whose name was daily uttered by a million of tongues throughout the greatest continent of the world. At times, his attenuated fingers, resembling the fleshless claws of a bird of prey, involuntarily clasped his pale capacious temples, and his fixed stare seemed to penetrate the fathomless ocean. His head was surmounted by a thin coat of dark hair, sprinkled with gray, and the tufts over the ears were nearly white. His features were bold, regular, and not unhandsome; they were marked with a cast of habitual thought.

The tempest still approached, yet he heeded it not: for there was a powerful commotion within his breast, and ever and anon, he sprang up, muttering unintelligibly, and extending his arm emphatically forward, as if addressing some one. Then resuming his recumbent position, with a triumphant smile, on his lip, he continued darting his eagle eye on the surface of the water, as if reading a horoscope in the images there reflected.

After remaining as above a considerable time, the statesman, whom we will term Mr. Dauntless, was roused to his feet by a tremendous peal of thunder that burst over, head, and from his glance of surprise at the sky, it was evident that he had not before observed the coming squall. He had not proceeded far on his way to the hotel, before he discovered an object, on a natural mound a little distance to the right, which arrested his steps, and chained him in curiosity to the spot. On the summit of the mound was a small grass plot & a few young trees, enclosed in a rude wood fence in a state of decay. Within the enclosure, and leaning against one of the yielding trees, was a handsome youth, whose mysterious sorrows found vent in low piteous moanings. At times he turned and culled the wild flowers, which were no sooner plucked than they were scattered upon the earth at his feet. His age could not have been more than seventeen years. He was dressed in white, after the fashion of a sail-

or; he wore no covering on his head save his dark glossy ringlets, which contrasted with his uncommonly pale features. His eyes were also very dark, and ever and anon, as he succeeded in stifling his tears, he glared hither and thither wildly, as if on the verge of insanity. Now, he knelt and kissed the earth at his feet—then, springing up and darting his hands above his head, with his eyes gazing imploringly aloft, and his lips moving yet uttering no sound, he would cast his looks of strange expression on the waste of waters before him.

Long did Mr. Dauntless regard the singular youth with an intensity which again banished the impending storm from his mind. He at length ascended the little hillock, and stood within a few paces of the young stranger, who did not notice his presence, but continued his rites over a newly made grave, the clay of which was almost hid by the quantity of green leaves and bright flowers strewn over it.

"My son, you seem to be much distressed," remarked Mr. Dauntless, tenderly looking at the youth's beautiful face.

The youth started wildly, with his arms thrown upward, and cried, "Oh mother! mother, was it thee? didst thou call? Is thy soul basking on the turbulent winds above? I heard thee—I heard thee! Thou didst call thy son! My mother I am distressed—my heart is breaking—take me with thee!" The stripling then hid his face with his delicate hands, and sunk on his knees.

"I feel interested for you, my poor boy—look up! Though a stranger, you may find in me a friend who will be able to serve you. Why do you not listen to me? Look up, and go with me to your friends, your kindred. See you not that the surge is beginning to dash against the shore, and hear you not the roaring winds in the distance?"

The youth raised his head, his eyes glaring frantically at the swelling sea, and then at the huge clouds racing through the air. His pale lips were closed, his hands crossed on his breast, and when the first strong puff of wind lifted the dark curls on his forehead, a faint smile momentarily animated his features. Still he remained unconscious of the presence of Mr. Dauntless.

"My dear child," continued Mr. Dauntless, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, "do you not hear the storm?"

"The storm! the storm! Yes my mother, your Ferdinand hears the loved cloud-storm! Ha! ha! The Storm! Your spirit is in its midst, and beckons me to the ocean. The fury of my breast, and the fever of my brain, are ever soothed on its bosom. I come, mother!" And breaking away from the grasp of Mr. Dauntless, he rushed down the declivity, along the beach to a small inlet, and before his pursuing companion could overtake him, bounded into a small yawl which had been concealed in the bushes, and with a slender oar, sculled directly from land.

"Come back! return instantly, or you are lost for ever!" shouted Mr. Dauntless.

But the youth plied outward, unheeding, with his fixed eyes gazing on some object above. When he was upwards of fifty fathoms from the shore, he ceased his labor, and stood with his arms folded on his breast, notwithstanding the heave of the sea, which increased in violence, and threatened every moment to engulf his frail bark.

The tempest now raged—the wind whistling fearfully, and crash after crash vibrating through the air, as the dark clouds swept on in succession, venting their fury in deafening electric discharges. Mr. Dauntless seized the pendant limb of a willow, to prevent himself from being hurled away in the successive whirlwinds that were passing, and when the foaming billows rose between him and the frantic youth, his heart sunk within him, and his eyes were strained to catch another glance of the child's pale features when the next swell should throw the light boat upward. Now the elements seemed to shout in direct contortions—a more than twilight darkness pervaded the scene—the surge lashed the quaking

shore, and the heavens were hung in almost ebon blackness. In vain did the statesman call out with his stentorian lungs: he ran down the beach until the water arrested his course, and endeavored by every monitory motion of which the body was capable, to induce the youth to return to land; but all to no purpose, for his form continued to ride on the crests of the frothy ridges, rising and sinking like the carioles of a war-horse; and as the glittering sheet of fire which preceded each explosion from above revealed the reckless boy in almost painful brightness, his eyes yet looked peacefully on high, and his hand drew a miniature from his breast, which he constantly pressed to his lips.

Mr. Dauntless now beheld a mammoth wave rolling towards land, gathering strength and magnitude as it loomed onward: he placed his hand in a concave position over his mouth, and shouted with more exertion than he had hitherto used. Ferdinand heard him; looked proudly at the moving mountain, pointed to the sky above, and then, without evincing the least trepidation, with a few skilful strokes of the oar, turned the prow of his little boat, towards the approaching wall of waters. It came in awful speed, and the minor ripples sank back from the shore to add their combined powers to the huge leviathan. It came, but instead of submerging the reckless boy, he was seen to meet its most terrific front, and the next instant was on its very summit, waving his hand in triumph.

At this juncture, Mr. Dauntless heard a footstep close behind him, on the gravelly beach, and the next moment the hand of some one rested tremblingly on his shoulder.

"Be silent and still! Oh, do not shout to him again, or he is lost! Do not, for heaven's sake, interrupt him, and he may not be injured!"

"There! see! his oar is gone!" replied Mr. Dauntless, quickly, without turning to behold his companion.

"Be quiet, and fear not; he loves the storm spirit, and it will protect him!"

Astonished at this wild remark, Mr. Dauntless turned, and beside him stood a lovely object, which might have been taken for a nymph of the coral deep. It was a beautiful girl of about fourteen summers, whose delicate hand still clung to his shoulder, and her dark brilliant eyes riveted on the object in the sea. Her cheeks were pale, but her interesting features were lit up with preternatural animation.

"He sees me! he sees me!—Behold, he comes!" she exclaimed, raising her ivory arm, which the violent wind had laid bare, and beckoning to Ferdinand.

Now a wild scream came from the tossing billows, and the youth was borne towards the shore, his arms stretched forth, as if coming to embrace the now delighted girl; who sprang upon the beach, and as the exhausted surge threw its invincible burthen on the sand, they were wrapped in each other's arms.

"Lucille, dearest Lucille! I am calm now! In the loudest ravings of the heavens and the briny deep, or the peaceful silence that succeeds, thou, dearest, art ever the same blessed angel to thy Ferdinand! Dost thy cruel father know of thine absence? And he told me falsely of thine apostacy?"

"Speak, Ferdinand—didst thou absent thyself because of the idle tale of any one—even that of my inexorable father?—What said he? Tell me!" and the blushing girl clung still closer to the boy, her forehead reclining on his shoulder, and her long hair winding about his neck.

"Lucille, he came rudely to my mother's cottage, but a few days after she was borne to you flowery resting-place, and demanded what amount of wealth I was heir to. Though deprecating the task of searching at such a moment, I was overcome by his importunities, and when we opened the treasure box we found but one hundred guineas! Your father started back at the discovery, as if he had expected immense wealth; he departed in displeasure, and told