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.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. WEBB.

Volume II. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1839. Number 44.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,
NEXT DOOR TO ROBISON'S STAGE OFFICE.

TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. ☞ *A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.*

LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

POETRY.

NURSERY RHYMES.

Mr. Southey is the author of the following description, in nursery rhyme, of the cataract of Lodore:—

How does the water come down at Lodore?
Here it comes sparkling,
And here it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting strong!
Now striving and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its cavern and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound.
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting.
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and flittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering.

And falling, and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And springling & twingling & wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding & rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling & tumbling,
And clattering and battering & shattering,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
Delaying & straying & playing & spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,

And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

CURIOUS CROCKERY WARE.

A few evenings since about an hour after sunset, a very staid and moral gentleman of exemplary piety, stopped at the window of the post office to obtain a letter. Whilst there a very pretty modest young lady, carrying a basket in her hands, stepped up to him and said in a sweet tone of voice,

"Will you be so kind as to show me where is the window for the ladies' letters?'

'Certainly, my dear,' said he very amiably, 'it's just round the corner.'

The poor girl immediately began to fumble about her pockets trying to get out her purse. The gentleman very gallantly said,

'Permit me to hold your basket whilst you get out your purse.'

'Oh, thank you, sir,' was the prompt reply, 'but I am sorry to give you so much trouble.'

'Not the least trouble in life,' said he; 'but what have you in your basket so heavy?,

'Only a little crockery ware, sir,' said she. 'I'll go round the corner and get my letter delivered and relieve you in a minute.'

She went round the corner and was seen no more. The gentleman waited till he was tired, and then opening the basket, to his surprise he found a sweet little boy about a month old. This was therefore the only delivery, that the young lady desired to effect at the post office, and this was post paid. The gentleman took it to the almshouse, where it received the cognomen of 'crockery—come—by—chance.'—*N. Y. Her.*

YOUNG MEN.

Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be poor, or not to have capital enough to establish themselves at their outset in life in a good business. So far from poverty being a misfortune to him, if we may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a blessing; the chance is more than ten to one in favor of success of such a young man, over one who starts with plenty of money. Let one look back twenty years and see who commenced business at that time with abundant means, and trace them means and day; how many can now boast of wealth and standing? On the contrary how many have become poor, lost their place in society, and are passed by their own boon companions with a look which painfully says I know you not.

CURRY YOUR COWS.

The price of butter is such as to offer encouragement to farmers to try the effect of extra keep on their milch cows the coming winter; and in addition to keeping them warm, clean and comfortable, it would be well to try the effect of currying them. Horses and fatting cattle are well known to thrive much better where this regulation is thoroughly and regularly performed, and the celebrated Dr. B. Rush, in a lecture delivered in 1807, upon the duty and advantages of studying the diseases of domestic animals, and the remedies proper to remove them, states that there is an improvement in the quality of the milk, and an increase of its quantity, which are obtained by currying the cow.

Love letters once caused a lady to exclaim, 'When the devil is really desirous of ruining a man or a woman, he always pokes a pen in their paw.'

The three foundations of genius are—the gift of God, human exertion, and the events of life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Gentlemen's Magazine.

THE STORM CHILD.

BY JOHN JONES, BALTIMORE.

(Concluded.)

Ferdinand seized his companion's hand, and led him to the grave of his mother.

"Here," said the youth, "seated under this holly, and beside the remains of the being who gave me existence, I will relate my history. But I would first assure you that ambition has no charms for me—it can propose nothing that I would accept, and therefore my career can never be similar to yours. Never have I seen my father, and but recently have heard his name. The first object of my remembrance is the broad illimitable ocean; and from that hour to this, it has hardly been absent from my view.—Near the coast, my mother had an humble cottage, and an aged servant attended me, whilst she sought relief from some secret sorrow daily consulting the Holy Bible.—The good old Adam, our faithful domestic, taught me to read the many volumes of my mother's well-stored library, and often delighted me with the recital of many marvellous feats of other ages. The history of the old countries of the east, possessed a charm for me in the secluded shades of our quiet habitation, and thus, when a mere child, I became a proficient in ancient mythology. But my all-absorbing passion was for the ocean and the tempest; and I was thus early denominated by my fond mother, when clasped in her tender embrace, '*The Storm Child.*' It may have been that my isolated condition in the world, shut out from all the social converse of my species, turned the course of my amusements and affections to the grand spectacle of nature, displayed in silent places, in some holy hour of the night, or the sublimity of the phenomena by day. There also seemed to exist some prejudice against our little family on the part of our neighbors, and once my dear mother and myself were hissed, when passing to the parish church. She snatched me to her heart, and even on the threshold of the temple of Christian charity, turned away, and fled frantically to her lowly home. She wept—then smiled—and said there was as just a God in the roaring element, as amidst the jeering and unfeeling self-denominated *pious* men. O! I shall never forget her in such moments as these—her tears and prayers. It was when thus immersed in grief, and teaching me the promises of the holy book, that once a mighty tempest arose, and she rushed hysterically to the little lattice, nearly overgrown with honeysuckles: 'It is! it is the same!" she cried, her hair falling down on her shoulders, and her face as pale as that of a cold corse. 'It is the same,' she continued, 'that threw him on our shore: the thunders roll in the same succession—but he comes not! But this,' cried she, seizing me convulsively by the shoulders, and staring widely in my face, 'but this is his bright, spotless forehead, the arched brows and sparkling eyes. My son! thou art the very image of him, and at this awful moment, I trace the sad resemblance with greater force.'

"'Who is my father?' I inquired.

"She closed my lips with her hand, and shook her head with such a mournful expression, that I resolved never to question her more on that painful subject. At that instant, a hurried knock was heard at the door, and thither she flew with the celerity of a spirit of air, but started back in disappointment, when the good old Adam entered, who had been to the village in quest of provisions for us.

"'News! news!' shouted the old man, seizing the hand of his lady.

"'What is it, Adam? tell me quickly!—Has he come?' cried my mother.

"'It is not an arrival, but a departure: your unforgiving and most unnatural persecutor is no more!' replied the old man.

"'My father! my cruel, though unhappy father! He is dead!'

"'He is!' continued the old man.—'When the storm came up; he stood in his dark balcony; venting curses on you and this poor child. He said it was just such another night, when the destroyer came; and then he swore that the destruction should be complete before the return of another night—that you should be thrust forth, a houseless wanderer, at early dawn, with many other fearful imprecations, when a livid gleam of lightning burst from the sky, and lingered overhead in fearful brilliance. He sank back appalled—his eyes strained outward, as if he beheld some horrible vision. He was conducted to his library, calling for pen, ink, and paper. He executed a will with his own hand, had it legally attested, and immediately expired. Strange as it may seem, lady, you are the inheritor of his boundless wealth.'

"My mother prayed for her departed parent's peace in heaven, for me, and for one whose image was ever before her, but whose name never escaped her lips.

"The villagers flocked around us the next morning with congratulatory shouts, but my mother heeded them not, for they had reviled her in the hour of distress.—We speedily departed from the tall cliffs of our nativity, and were afloat on the great ocean. This was the scene of my delight and in the fiercest gale, when others quailed with alarm, I shouted with joy. After many boisterous days, we cast anchor in the Mediterranean, and took up our abode in the glorious land of Sicily. Green vines were entwined about our dwelling—the gorgeous sun threw its golden tints on the sea before us, and at eve, we beheld its last ray lingering on the dark column of vapor rising from the peak of Mount Etna. Our faithful Adam recounted the amazing deeds of heroes; the highest mountains and the deepest dells, ever wondering, and eve gratified. But my poor mother's sorrows had spread a settled gloom over her face. One day, during the progress of a fearful storm which seemed to bring the full recollection of her woes, she started suddenly up, with a triumphant smile playing on her benignant features, and winding her arms round my neck, exclaimed: 'It shall be so! He may yet be living, and I will seek him out! My son, to-morrow I will sail from Sicily, in quest of one, who is yet dearer to me than life—your father!'

"'Bravo!' I cried; 'then we shall be on the ocean again!'

"'No!' she replied, 'I go alone; you must not unnecessarily tempt the perlious deep. Adam shall still be your companion and protector till my return.'

"I murmured not, for I had never known disobedience to my mother. She embarked, and Adam and myself were left the sole occupants of the little romantic villa. But it had been stipulated, that I should have a small boat, to indulge my passion for the sea, during the time I was to be bereft of my mother. Thus I was soon enabled to bear her loss with some composure; and her letters, from the various countries she visited, ever assured me that she would ere long return. In the meantime, my fondness for the briny element and the stormy blast increased, and in spite of all the anxious advice of Adam, whether by day or night, when the tempest came I launched my little craft on the troubled waters, and snatched an ethereal joy in each shrieking blast, and every stunning explosion in the heavens. I thought then and believe it yet, that there is a watchful spirit in the storm, which keeps a guardian hand over me, who loved it from my birth. When the shore has been lined with gaping spectators, and hoarse voices cried out in vain for me to return, and even when the lumbering ship of many tons has gone to pieces in view, I rose and sunk with the billows, as calmly as the babe rocked to slumber in the cradle. I have been considered mad, but I have turned on my heel, unheeding. Every one seeks his own mode of happiness—my greatest enjoyment is the storm. I have had but few companions, and my life, so far, has been passed in the wild mountain top, or on the wide expanse of waters. A father abandoned me ere I saw the light, consigning me to the taunts of my species! I found a protector in the elements, of which my very soul seemed to become a part. But to return. My mother continued her fruitless search for years, nor returned, though not a month passed but brought her affectionate letters to me. At length she wrote to me from America, and stated that she was declining with illness, and would perhaps never return. I hastened my preparations to join her. The night previous to the morning fixed upon for sailing, when just retired to slumber, a fierce banditti broke in upon us, killing my faithful Adam, (who with myself resisted them desperately) and robbed me of every thing save the purse about my person. Though one half their number slept the eternal sleep, the rest fled to the mountains with their booty. I embarked on the destined vessel, bringing with me my little boat, the same which you see there in the sand.

"When I arrived in this country, I found my mother in this secluded spot, the occupant of a peaceful cottage, around which grew the flowers she ever loved so much.—But she was sadly changed! For months I hung over her, watching the progress of the fell disease, which no human power could arrest. There it was, that I became acquainted with Lucille, the gentle Lucille! She was fondly attached to my mother, long before the fatal illness overtook her, and was her soothing friend and ministering angel to the last! I could not but love Lucille when my mother was gone! And she returned my love—and her mercenary father, under the belief that I was heir to great wealth in gold, encouraged my intimacy until his supposition was found to be erroneous; her flight to heaven, she informed me that she had found my father, but instantly checked my burst of joy—shook her head in sadness—and wept bitterly!—'His name,' she said—"

"What was his name?" demanded Mr. Dauntless, darting his eyes to the youth, with more interest than he had yet betrayed.

"No matter," continued Ferdinand, "since he abandoned one who could pray for him even in the hour of death! He has another family! and I, whom he left to the mercy of the pitiless world, will again seek the wild storm and never behold him!"

"His name," shouted Mr. Dauntless in a tremulous voice.

"It can avail nothing," said Ferdinand, "and my mother made me promise never to revenge her wrongs. O, my dear sir, could I embark for the sunny land of Sicily with my Lucille—"

"Your mother's name? I implore you!" cried the statesman.

"Ah! *that*, and this true miniature, are all—"

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed the great man starting at the miniature, which trembled in his convulsed grasp. He then continued, in hurried, almost incoherent language. "Boy—could you forgive that father, were he to ask your pardon?"

"My mother enjoined it, though she was wronged most villanously. Do *you* know my father? No, you could not!—the name he bore was an assumed one, which caused my mother's search so long to be fruitless: would that she had never found him, since but to see him another's struck her dead! He, too, is a *great man!*—but I shall trouble him not! Farewell, my friend; I would watch over this grave alone!"

"Ferdinand, I am thy father!" exclaimed Mr. Dauntless.

"You!—you cannot be that base man!" cried the youth, starting back from the proffered embrace.

"My child! my child!—O, gracious heaven! thou knowest I sought to repair this wrong! Eudora! thus I kneel over thy sad remains, and pour out the bitter tears of a repentant heart. May heaven bless thee, and pardon thy false Horace!"

"Horace!" iterated Ferdinand!"