

# 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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## TERMS:

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

AN INQUISITIVE YANKEE WOMAN.

Could any thing be more faithful or more laughable, than the following sketch, which we take from an article called "Gimcrackery," by the popular author of "Harry Franco," in the last Kickerbocker? It is the richest vein:

Never had a weary traveller a sweeter prospect of enjoying a refreshing nap. We had travelled about a mile, and the easy motion of the coach had just begun to put me and my fellow travellers into a pleasant sleep, when a still voice, exclaiming, "Stop!" caused the driver to rein up, which roused me from the delightful state of incipient somnolency into which I was sinking.

It was an elderly lady, with a monstrous band box, a paper covered trunk, and a little girl. We were of course debarred the satisfaction of saying a single illnatured word. The driver dismounted from his box, and having stowed away the lady's baggage, proceeded to assist her to store herself away in a coach.

"Driver," said the "lady," do you know Deacon Hitchcock?"

"No, ma'am," replied the driver, "I have only driv on this road about a fortnight."

"I don't," said the humorist; "but I know Deacon Hotchkiss, if that will answer your purpose."

"Don't neither of them other gentlemen know him?" she inquired.

I shook my head negatively; for I was afraid to speak; lest I should dispel the charm which sleep had begun to shed over me; and the invalid shook his head, as he was unable speak.

"Well, then, I don't know whether to get in or not," said the lady, "for I must see Deacon Hitchcock before I go home.—I am a lone widow lady, all the way from the state of New Hampshire and the Deacon was a particular friend of my husband's, this little girl's father, who has been dead, these two long years; and I should like to see him 'mazin'ly."

"Does he live about here?" asked the driver.

"Well, I don't know for certain," said the lady; "but he lives somewhere in Connecticut. This is the first time I was ever so far from home; I live in the state of New Hampshire, and it is dreadful unpleasant; I feel a little dubious about riding all alone in a stage with gentlemen I never see before in all my life."

"There is no danger, ma'am," said the driver, "the gentlemen won't hurt you."

"Well perhaps they won't; but it is very unpleasant for a lady to be so far from home; I live in the state of New Hampshire; and this little girl's—"

"You had better get in, ma'am," said the driver with praiseworthy moderation.

"Well, I don't know but I may as well," she replied; and after informing the driver once more that she was from the state of New Hampshire, and that her husband had been dead two years, she soon got in, and took her seat.

"I will take your fare ma'am," said the driver.

"How much is it, Sir?" asked the lady.

"Four-and-six-pence," said the driver,

for yourself and the little girl."

"Well that is a monstrous sight of money, for a little girl's passage, like that; her father, my husband, has been dead these two long years, and I was never so far from home in all my life. I lived in the state of New Hampshire. It is very unpleasant for a lady; but I dare say neither of them gentlemen would see me imposed upon."

"I will take your fare if you please ma'am," again said the driver, in a tone bordering somewhat on impatience.

"How much did you say it was?—three-and-six-pence?" asked the lady.

"Four-and-six-pence," if you please, ma'am, said the driver.

"O, four-and-six-pence!" And after a good deal of fumbling, and shaking of her pockets, she at last produced a half dollar, and a York shilling, and put them into the driver's hand.

"That is not enough ma'am," said the driver; "I want nine-pence more."

"What!—ain't we in York state?" she asked eagerly.

"No, ma'am," replied the driver; it is six shillings, York money."

"Well," said the lady, "I used to be quite good at reckoning, when I was to home in the state of New Hampshire; I've reckoned up many a fish 'yage; but since I have got so far from home, I believe I am beginning to loose my mental faculties."

"I will take that other nine-pence, if you please ma'am," said the driver, in a voice approaching little nearer to impatience.—At last after making allusion two or three times to her native state, and her deceased husband, (happy man!) she handed the driver his nine-pence, and we were once more in motion. Although my fellow travellers remained silent all the time she was disputing with the driver yet they looked as though they were wishing the New Hampshire lady some of the worst wishes that could be imagined.

"Do you think it is dangerous on this road?" began the lady as soon as the door was closed. "I am a very lengthy way from home, in the state of New Hampshire, and if any thing should happen, I don't know what I should do. I am quite unfamiliar with travelling; and I hope you wont think me obtrusive; I am a widow lady; my husband, this little girl's father, has been dead these two years come this spring; and I am going with her to the Springs: she has got a dreadful bad complaint in her stomach.—Are you going to the Springs, Sir?" she said, addressing herself to the invalid, who shook his head in reply.

"Ah; are you going, Sir?" she said addressing the humorist?

"No, I am not," he replied; "and if I were—" But the contingency was inwardly produced.

"Are you?" she asked, turning to me.

"No!"

"Ah, I am very sorry; I should like to put myself under the care of some clever gentleman; it is so awful unpleasant for a lady to be so far from home without a protector. I am from the State of New Hampshire, and this is the first time I ever went a travelling in my life. Do you know any body in New Hampshire?"

"No, madam, I do not," said the humorist, "and I hope you will excuse me for saying that I never wish to."

"Well now, that is very strange," continued the gossip, I have not met a single soul that I know, since I left home; and I am in a public way, too; I followed school-keeping mostly for an occupation; and I am acquainted with all the first people in the state. I have been a school teacher ever since my husband died, this poor little girl's father, two years ago; and I am very well known in Rockneybottom, Rockingham county, in the state of New Hampshire; I know all the first gentlemen in the place.—There is Squire Goodwin, Squire Cushman, Mr. Timothy Havens, Mr. Zacharias Upham, Doctor David ——."

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed the humorist, "I can't stand this! Driver! stop and let me get out!"

The driver reined up, and the humorist took his valise in his hand, and jumped out, followed by the invalid, who set out to walk back to the tavern we had left behind us.—I thought the New Hampshire lady would probably understand the cause of our fellow travellers' sudden departure and leave me to the quiet enjoyment of my nap. I never was more mistaken. No sooner was the coach in motion again than she began to pour out such a running stream of surmises, and questions about "them gentlemen that had left us," mingled with reminiscences of New Hampshire and her deceased husband, that I began to wish myself back again, on board a rail-road car.—At length driven to desperation, I was compelled to call out to the driver to stop and let me get out.

## MAN SOMETIMES A VEGETABLE.

The amusing "Georgia Lawyer," (no less a personage than the Hon. Judge Charlton, Mayor of Savannah,) in the last Knickerbocker, gives the following anecdote, in support of this position, that man is sometimes nothing more than a vegetable.

Two friends, and brother lawyers of mine, were travelling, some years since, on the circuit. Their route led them across the sandy hills that form the northern boundary of the Alabamah, one of the noble rivers of our beautiful state. The hills, or ridges, however, are as barren and desolate as Arabia Petreæ. You might plant a Yankee there, and he would not grow! Perhaps this assertion, it would be purplissage to say, that no efforts of industry or ingenuity could coax a blade of grass to rear its head above the sterile soil. It was a rainy gloomy day, and after travelling sometimes without encountering any signs of human life, their hearts were cheered by the sight of the "smoke that so gracefully curled," and they knew, forthwith, "that a cott ge was near." And sure enough, there it was. A clumsy, ill-shaped, long hut, with interstices, or to speak more classically, "chinks," wide enough to throw a sizeable bear through.

My friends dismounted and entered.—A fire of pine wood, or light-wood as it is technically called, in the clay chimney.—In one corner were huddled a baker's dozen of "yellow complected" brats. A tall giant female, with long uncombed tresses, or bunches of coarse red hair, was seated upon the floor: while in front of the fire and occupying the only stool in the hovel, sat the "lord of the soil in," shivering under the malign influence of a certain auge.

"Good morning, my friend," said one of the visitors, who is celebrated for his politeness and urbanity.

"Morning!" was the laconic and calm like reply, (I believe that is an incorrect expression.) Echo like a woman, always gives the last word.)

"Fine situation you have here," resumed my brother attorney.

"Fine!" responded the host, "what's it fine for?"

"Why, I should suppose you would have good sport here in hunting."

"Then you suppose a great lie. You can hunt, 'cep' you got something to hunt at, kin you?"

"No; that's a clear case. I thought, however, that so near the river there would be plenty of deer. Still, if it is not a good hunting ground, it is a fine place for raising cattle."

"It is, is it? S'poson' the cattle gets in the swamp, and the river rises pon' em, and the fools don't get out of the way, but get drowned! How you gwine to raise em then, eh?"

"That is cert'nly very bad," continued my intefatigable friend "but there is one comfort left you. If you have not the rich soil, nor the best hunting ground nor the greenest pasturage; you have what is bister than the monarch's diadem, or the

highes niche in the temple of Fame; you have health."

"I have, have I, stranger! Dont you see them yellor-completed critters in the corner there? Them's got health, 'aint they? The old woman there has got it 'aint she? And look at me, with this cu'd aged shaking my bones into a jelly / You call that health, dont you?"

"Look here my friend," exclaimed my brother chip, answer me this question and I wont ask you another. If you cant get anything to grow here, and nothing to hunt if all your cattle drown, and your family are all the while sick; why in the name of common sense, do you not pull up stakes and be off. Why do you stay here?"

"O cause the light-wood knots are so 'ruzin' handy!"

Gentle reader!—look me steadfastly in the face. Upon your honor, as a gentleman, (or lady,) do you believe that was an animal? Do you think that a real genuine man, or brute, would have remained a whole life, under these circumstances in such a spot? No, you dont. Now that is what I call a man of the *vegetable* species. I cant tell whether a vegetable thinks or not but if it does, I will bet my spectacles against the prettiest ladie's eyes in the country, that that man's idea of heaven was that it consisted of a large pine barren, where the light-wood knots were "mazin' handy," where he could shiver the whole day "with a cr'ed ager," over a large fire of the aforesaid light-wood knots, kept in continual flame by the ministering "angels of the place."

## THE LAST RELIC.

"And most this dear token be parted with to satisfy the insatiate avarice of an unfeeling landlord," sorrowfully murmured the unfortunate Mrs. Walton, as she gazed mournfully upon a diamond ring which had been presented to her by her deceased husband a few days previous to her marriage.

James Walton was a sea captain, and was in affluent circumstances when he took the amiable and accomplished Miss Warden to his bosom. Prosperity crowned his exertions, and fortune smiled on all his commercial speculations for a serious of years, during which his adored wife had given to his arms two lovely daughters, Jane and Eliza.

At length, loss after loss came upon him and his property dwindled down to a few thousands. He yet however had enough to support his family; but in an unlucky moment he vested his all in one venture, and sailed himself on this last voyage, in hopes of disposing of his cargo better than another one could do for him. On arriving at his destined port, sickness seized him and the fell destroyer Death, shortly numbered him as a victim for the grave. His property was sacrificed, and the proceeds squandered by those in whose hands it unfortunately was confided.

The blow came like a thunderbolt on the wretched Mrs. Walton—yet she survived the heart-rending intelligence of her widowhood, and the inevitable poverty to which now she was reduced. She curtailed all her expenses and lured but one solitary room for herself and daughters; disposed of all her superfluous furniture, and deprived herself of the luxuries of life.

A year or two rolled on, and Jane and Eliza who had entered their teens, began to see the daily distress that agitated their beloved parents; and every quarter day added fresh distress to the wretched mother. She had parted with every thing valuable in her possession except this ring. It was the last relic that remained as a token of remembrance of her departed husband.

"Alas! it must go," at length said she, putting it back into a small box where it had lain since her circumstances had become too reduced to wear an ornament of such value.

"O! give it to me, ma," said Jane, as a thundering rap was heard at the door, and in a moment Mr. Hardheart entered unceremoniously, and took a seat.

"This is quarter-day, ma'am," said he;

"I called to see if you had made out my rent."

"I have not as yet, sir," replied Mrs. Walton; "but I will endeavor to get it for you by to-morrow."

"I can't wait until the morrow. I must have it to-day, or you must budge;" replied the unfeeling landlord, rising and moving towards the door, out of which he started unceremoniously as he entered.

"Unfeeling man," said Mrs. Walton, as he disappeared, and the tears started to her eyes, as she cast them upon her two daughters who sat looking sorrowfully at her.

"How much do we owe Mr. Hardheart?" innocently asked Jane.

"More than I am able to pay, my dear children," answered Mrs. Walton, rising and putting on her things; and telling Eliza to accompany her.

She took the box containing the valuable relic with a heavy heart; and followed by Eliza reached a pawn-broker's establishment which, with down cast eyes, she immediately entered, and so intent was she absorbed in the distress of her situation, that she scarcely noticed the crowd that was in the room.

"I wish to dispose of this ring sir" said she, laying the box upon the counter.

There was something in the tones of her voice that was thrilling and mournful—and in instant all eyes were directed towards her.

"How much do you expect for this ma'am," said the clerk, examining the sparkling stone that glistened in the ring.

"I wished for its value only sir," replied Mrs. W. in a confused and still sorrowful voice.

"I can only let you have half its value ma'am," said the clerk.

"Pay her the whole value, Mr. Screw-hard," said a voice from an old weather-beaten gentleman: "I will purchase it of you to the utmost extent of the price you give."

The clerk counted out thirty dollars, and Mrs. W. took it with a heavy heart, casting her eyes first mournfully upon the ring and then turning them gratefully towards the compassionate stranger, left the shop, and returned to her habitation.

"Ah! this will satisfy him for this time," said she, entering once more the dwelling.

"But the ring is gone, and now not a token remains."

Soon after she returned from disposing of her last relic, a rap was heard at the door, and a man inquired for Mrs. Walton, handing a package directed to her, nearly made up, on delivering which he immediately departed.

She broke the seal of the envelope, and among the roll of bank notes she beheld her ring, with a slip of paper attached to it, on which were these words—"Part with it no more."

Surprised at the singular, unexpected return of the invaluable trinket, she instantly rose, in hopes of again seeing the bearer, to make some inquiries, but he had got out of sight.

"Who could of done this act but the stranger who spoke so compassionately in the shop," thought she, to herself, and again putting on her things she hurried to the pawn broker's.

Here she inquired for the purchaser of her ring, and learnt that it was the gentleman who was present when she disposed of it, who had bought the same soon after her leaving the shop; and had also departed immediately. His name, or place of residence, the man of the shop could not tell.

Mrs. W. returned home. The roll of bank bills contained five hundred dollars. She knew not what to do for a time; at length, making up her mind, she resolved to keep it until necessity compelled her to dispose of any part of the sufficient present.

She put the ring in its accustomed place resolving to fulfil the words of her unknown benefactor, and "part with it no more."

She never heard of her benefactor alive; this: but never ceased to remember that