

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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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.

THE HOME OF THE FARMER.

Still let me live among the hills,
The rocks, the trees, the flowers,
Where I have passed my early years,
My childhood's happy hours.

How oft beneath the aged oak,
Near to my father's dwelling,
Have I reposed with kindred youth,
Some playful story telling.

The birds above would plume their wings,
And raise their happy voices;
Oh, sure it is a pleasant place
Where every thing rejoices.

Surrounded by the friends I love,
And free from every fetter;
I am an independent man,
And a wish for nothing better.

My little children round me sport,
So blooming, bright, and healthy,
I often think that nature's gifts
Have made me very wealthy.

My wife is all that she should be—
Kind, gentle, prepossessing;
I'm sure, if ever man was blest,
Mine is the greatest blessing.

TO A BANK NOTE.

I will not take thee ragged elf,
In payment for my labor—
Your villainy's revealed itself,
You've robbed myself and neighbor.

Your very face is all a lie,
Your promise but a bubble;
You raise the price on all I buy,
And plunge mankind in trouble.

And when we ask you for the cash—
How well the matter's mended!
We find your Bank "is broke to smash,"
Or, hang you! you're suspended!

For banks the farmer grows his corn—
The laborer gives his earning;
The student, like a sheep, is shorn,
In spite of all his learning.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Don't tread on my toes."—From the days of Franklin to the present time, newspaper publishers have found that they could not keep in the path of duty without figuratively treading on the toes of somebody:

"Draw any character, and some will find their natures with your drawings to agree; Curse any sin discovered in mankind, Your neighbor utters—that was meant for me."

It often happens that general remarks are appropriated by some individual whom the cap happens to fit closely, and who immediately begins to fume at the supposed personality, while the plain truth may be that the publisher has never heard of the sensitive being, or having heard of him, considers him far below the dignity of a paragraph. When a man has barely enough sense to catch a glimpse of his own failings, he is apt to think these failings peculiar to himself, and vainly imagines that he is of

sufficient importance to make his imbecility a matter of public record. The conductors of newspapers seldom think it worth their while to rebuke the vices or follies which are confined to a few individuals, unless the situation of those individuals is such as may enable them to do extensive mischief by their own example or influence. If this obvious truth was well understood by many a shallow, blustering trivial and unworthy person, he might save himself from much ridicule and from many real mortifications, by simply bearing in mind the matter of fact that he is too contemptible figure in a newspaper unless he should accidentally appear there under the head of "Police Reports." For our part when we have a particular allusion to any person, we generally express ourselves with sufficient perspicuity to take away all uncertainty respecting our true meaning. But when our general remarks appear to have a particular application, we feel highly gratified to find that we have observed human nature to some purpose and that our pictures of life are realized and verified by living examples.

Ledger.

Winter in Russia.—In Russia the weather is very cold during the winter. At Petersburg, persons in the open air frequently perish by the severity of the climate. It is not uncommon to hear two people conversing in the following manner, on meeting in the street: "I beg leave to acquaint you that your nose is freezing, to which the other probably answers, 'I was just going to observe to you that yours is already frozen.'"

On such occasions, both the sufferers stop, and rub each other's nose, either with a piece of flannel or with a handful of snow, in order to restore the circulation of the blood. After this service mutually rendered, the parties separate with the usual ceremonial bows and salutations.

One day, an Italian arrived in Petersburg for the first time in the month of December. He walked but a short distance from the house before his nose became completely frozen. A good natured peasant seeing his mishap, took up a handful of snow, and without saying 'by your leave' instantly commenced rubbing the stranger's nose in the most liberal manner.

The Italian, far from being grateful for the peasant's application, mistook his humane but somewhat blunt procedure for an insult and began to beat him severely. A crowd soon collected round them, and at last the Italian was made to comprehend the motive of the peasant's operations.

The Italian now lamented his hasty severity, and giving the poor nose rubber some money, they were soon good friends. The Italian was rejoiced at the preservation of his nose, the loss of which would have subjected him to some inconvenience. He retreated home-wards, holding that organ fast with his hand, and resolved never to expose it to a similar danger. The peasant he well repaid for his timely application as well as for the beating which he received in consequence.

Political gabble.—Most of our country exchanges have ceased to be newspapers, and turned to political placards; (don't mistake and call it blackguards) every page is filled with such flummery as "Freemen, to the polls"—"Citizens, do your duty"—"Timothy Tumblebug, the people's candidate!"—"Inhabitants of Frogtown, awake!"—"Friends of Obediah Pumpkinskull, beware!" with fifty other ad captandum head for paragraphs, which the publishers of these barren sheets suppose will atone for the lack of intelligence, and every thing else for which newspapers were originally designed. A pig swimming down a stream cut its own throat with its fore paws; in like manner these editors, swimming down the stream of politics, do execution upon themselves, and that is the only good object they generally accomplish. By converting their publications into reservoirs for

personal and party abuse, they make themselves hated as enemies by their opponents and despised by their own partisans who look upon them as beasts of burden, to be maintained scantily while their labor is useful, and turned out to perish when there is no more occasion for their services. After having the very seats of their pantaloons worn out by repeated kickings, their noses pulled till the elasticity of that organ has become exhausted, and their backs slashed till their coats resemble the skin of the zebra—these poor wretches are discarded, their subscribers drop off, and their advertisements are discontinued—because the election is over and their "friends" can do without them.—[Ledger.

MAJESTY OF LAW.

The following beautiful eulogy on "the law," is extracted from an article in the Southern Literary Messenger:

"The spirit of the law is all equity and justice. In a government based on true principles, the law is the sole sovereign of a nation. It watches over its subjects in their business, in their recreation, and in their sleep. It guards their fortunes, their lives, and their honors. In the broad noon-day and the dark midnight, it ministers to their security. It watches over the ship of the merchant, though a thousand leagues intervene; over the seed of the husbandman abandoned for a season to the earth; over the studies of the student, the labors of the mechanic, the opinions of every man. None are high enough to offend with impunity; none so low that it scorns to protect them. It is throned with the king, and sits in the seat of the republican magistrate; but it also hovers over the couch of the lovely, and stands sentinel at the prison, scrupulously preserving to the felon whatever rights he has not forfeited. The light of the law illumines the palace and the hovel, and surrounds the cradle and the bier. The strength of the law laughs wickedness to scorn and spurns the iniquities of iniquity. The power of the law crushes the power of man and strips wealth of unrighteous immunity. It is the thread of Dandalus, to guide us through the labyrinth of cunning. It is the spear of Ithuriel, to detect falsehood and deceit. It is the face of the martyr, to shield us from the fires of persecution; it is the good man's reliance; the wicked one's dread, the bulwark of piety, the upholder of morality, the guardian of right, the distributor of justice. Its power is irresistible; its dominion indisputable. It is above and around us, within us; we cannot fly from its protection; we cannot avert its vengeance.

"Such is the law in its essence: such it should be in its enactments; such, too, it would be, if none aspired to its administration but those with pure hearts, enlarged views, and cultivated minds."

DIALOGUE.

Braaching matters by degrees.

Mr. H. Ha! Steward, how are you my old boy. How do things go on at home?

Steward. Bad enough, your honor the magpie's dead.

Mr. H. Poor mag? so he's gone. How came he to die?

Stew. Over-ate himself, sir.

Mr. H. Did he, faith? a greedy dog, why what did he get he liked so well?

Stew. Horse-flesh, sir; he died of eating horse-flesh.

Mr. H. How came he to get so much horse-flesh?

Stew. All your father's horses, sir.—

Mr. H. What! are they dead too?

Stew. Ay, sir; they died of over-work.

Mr. H. And why were they over-worked, pray?

Stew. To carry water sir.

Mr. H. To carry water, land what were they carrying water for?

Stew. Sure sir, to put out the fire.

Mr. H. Fire! what fire?

Stew. Oh, sir, your father's house is burned down to the ground.

Mr. H. My father's house burned down! and how came it set on fire?

Stew. I think sir it must have been torches.

Mr. H. Torches! what torches?

Stew. At your mother's funeral,

Mr. H. My mother dead!

Stew. Ah poor lady, she never looked up after it.

Mr. H. After what?

Stew. The loss of your father.

Mr. H. My father gone too?

Stew. Yes poor gentleman, he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

Mr. H. Heard of what?

Stew. The bad news, Sir, and please your honor.

Mr. H. What! more miseries, more bad news?

Stew. Yes sir, your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth one shilling in this world. I made bold sir, to come and wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

A marriage at first sight.—The Mil-ledgeville Journal states that a marriage took place recently in that city, under the following circumstances. "A lady from an adjoining county made her appearance in the morning in our city, for the purpose of selling chickens, butter and eggs, when she was accosted by a 'jolly swain,' 'brim full of love,' with the pleasing interrogatory, 'Dear madam, will you marry me?'—Astonished, but not displeased, the fair lady blushing answered in the affirmative. A license was immediately procured, a parson or justice employed, and the happy couple were buckled to each other for life."

Self Absolution.—Satan is the power in the human mind of adopting itself to circumstances, that we can reconcile ourselves at least; partially, to our own crimes. The stings of conscience would be intolerable, could we not lay some flattering unction to our souls, and steal relief from self-delusion. It may be doubted whether the greatest villain in the world ever thought himself much worse than some of his neighbors, or was ever without his share of those extenuating pleas, subterfuges, and shufflings in which the mind is so subtle a casuist. An amusing instance of the extenuating process is afforded in the case of a poor woman who was brought before a justice for applying a name, that shall be nameless, to a female neighbor. 'You are the last person,' observed the worthy magistrate, who should have used this approbrious word; 'for if I have been rightly informed, you yourself had a natural child two or three years ago.' 'Yes your worship,' whimpered the culprit, 'but mine was a very little one.'

Mothers and Daughters.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when on being asked by a friend what he intended to do with his girls, he replied 'I intend to apprentice them to their mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become like her—wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society.' Equally just but bitterly painful, was the remark of the unhappy husband of a vain thoughtless, dressy slattern. 'It is hard to say it, but if my girls are to have a chance of growing up good for any thing, they must be sent out of the way of their mother's example.'

Care for Inflamed eyes.—Pour boiling water on some elder flowers, and steep them like tea; when cold, put three or four drops of laudanum into a small glass of elder flowers, and let the mixture run into the eyes three or four times a day, which will become perfectly strong in the course of a week, if this remedy is constantly applied.

Picture-room.—An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in, it will not hold you."

At a shop window in the Strand, there appeared the following notice—"Wanted two apprentices who shall be treated as one of the family."

Picture-room.—An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in, it will not hold you."

Married to a Lady.—Of all the "strong" or "thick" bloods in Ireland, none is thicker or more fiery and proud than that which fills the veins of the numerous decayed scions of the royal race of the "O'Sullivans." An old gentleman, who lived near Ardglill, is our author's authority for the following capital illustration of a sort of pride by no means peculiar to Ireland. We have seen in equally rampant, and nearly as ridiculous, in certain parts of our own country. When new roads were forming near Bearhaven, the old gentleman, who tells the tale, happened to pass by a small party of labourers, just at the dinner hour—all were sitting sociably together, consuming their humble but warm meal, which their wives and families had brought—but one was sitting apart and alone disconsolate on a rock.

"How comes it, my honest fellow that you are not as well provided as your neighbours, have you no wife to bring you your dinner?"

"Troth, then, it is I that have a wife, and that's the case as why my dinner is not after coming."

"O poor woman! I suppose she is lying in, or she is sick?"

"Arra masha, not at all, your Honour: troth she is neither sick, nor sore, nor sorry—I'll be bound, master, she is as big and as brave a body as any man's wife from Bear to Bantry: but I'll tell you, master, what's the matter—she's a lady."

"A lady—why, what do you mean by a lady?"

"Arra now don't you know—sure, she's of thick blood, she comes of the O'Sullivans."

"Well, but lady as she is, the O'Sullivans must eat—she's not above dining—she has mouth and teeth like other people."

"Oh! then it is she that has. Ate—och then, let Biddy O'Sullivan alone for that; a better man than ever I was, she would sit out of house and home; and then, sir, she would break the bank in drinking tay. But though, sir, she will sit dinner with me—aye, and after me—she is not the one to bring it to a poor body that's after working all the day—that would be bringing down her quality stomach too much, your honour—by this pipe I hold in my fist, she would as soon carry Sugar Loaf on her head, Hungry Hill in her hand, as bring to me (and I have been a good man to her) my dinner."

"This is a strange story friend."

"Strange is it!—why it's as true as you are there."

"Well, but if she don't work or go a-broad, she is surely a good wife at home—she knits your stockings, she mends, she makes for you."

"Och, the sorrow one stitch—knit my stockings, wash, mend, make for me!—May I never sit under Father Mahony's knee, or ever see muss, if one hole in my stockings she ever darned, or even one needleful of thread did she ever fill in mending or making for me."

"It would appear, then, that you have a heavy bargain of this lady-wife of yours."

"Why, what signifies complaining here she's mine, and it's the will of God, and that's enough. But harken your honor, (and here the poor fellow lowered his voice to a whisper and inclined his head towards my ear, lest any of the royal O'Sullivans should overhear,) by the powers, if it were to be done over again, I'd sooner go on board a man-of-war, and live under a cat-o'-nine-tails, than be married to a lady."

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