

# 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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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### MATHWS AND THE FRENCHMAN.

Among the many foreigners with whom Mr. Mathews was intimate was a M. P.—he, who frequently visited us after our marriage. Monsieur P.—he and his wife a pretty English woman, had been married several years, but no child had blessed the otherwise happy couple. At the time we became acquainted with them, in York, the lady had given promise, and in due time, the critical period had arrived which was to complete their happiness, as they believed, by a more powerful bond of union. On the evening when the event was expected, and Monsieur P.—he hoped to become a father, he invited himself to dinner with us, desiring to divert if possible, the intensity of his feelings from the little less than agony of suspense which he experienced lest his dearly beloved wife should fall a sacrifice to her situation. It was almost impossible, even, while witnessing the husband's suffering, not to smile at the ludicrous expression he gave it.

Mr. Mathews urged him to take more wine than the habit of the abstemious Frenchman would have allowed him to drink at any other time, but now he seemed glad to use any artificial means to sustain himself. A second bottle of port had produced after dinner before any intelligence from home reached the anxious husband, when he was sipping a second glass of newly opened wine, a servant from home was admitted, almost breathless with haste, and announced that his mistress was "put to bed with a fine boy!" The rapture of the father was as whimsical as had been his dread. He was flying off to see his first born; when a prudent message from the doctor was added, recommending Monsieur P.—he not to return immediately, but to wait, satisfied with present intelligence until summoned. To this he reluctantly submitted; and reseating himself, indulged in his future prospect of added bliss. Nothing had been wanting but a son to perfect the interest of his life; one child was sufficient for their mutual wishes; indeed, as he observed, a large family would not be desirable, or consistent with his means; and, as he and his wife were no longer youthful, it was not probable that any very serious addition to his family circle could be expected—he was, in fact, the happiest of men.

After a short interval, the servant appeared once more, to acquaint Monsieur his master, that, since his first message, "Mistress has got another bairn!"

Surprising was the news, and somewhat damping, we thought, to the happiness and satisfaction which the first intelligence so indisputably occasioned. However, after the first ejaculation of surprise, Monsieur P.—he inquired how his wife was, and on being assured there was nothing to fear, and that he would soon be allowed to see her, he appeared to resign himself to his two-fold blessing observing: "Well, well, it cannot be prevented—it is one more *den* I expect—*mais* I not repine—two children at one time is rather inconvenient *et* very expensive!—*mais n'importe*, I cannot help *l'm*—I must be resign to it."

In this manner he philosophised while he sipped his wine, looking into the fire at the same time, in a musing attitude; now and then, however, taking out his watch, and again expressing his anxiety lest his "dear wife" should be in danger. We had some difficulty in preventing him from appearing at his house before the ruling powers there thought proper.

A third time his messenger rushed in, more agitated and pale than at the first.—He appeared to bring fatal news, for his eyes seemed almost bursting from their sockets, and his whole appearance was truly alarming to us all.

"Well!" we simultaneously exclaimed, "how is Madame—?"

"She's as well as can be expected, doctor says; but—"

"But what?" asked the agitated husband.

"But she's gettin another bairn!" replied the messenger.

"*Amossere shield!*" cried the astonished Frenchman, starting from his chair, and pushing his hair back from his forehead, with a "Whough!" as if sudden heat had distressed him. In truth he looked less in sorrow than in anger at this unseasonable augmentation; and after a second pause in seeming reflection, he suddenly assumed a resolute manner, as if from strong effort of mental decision; buttoned up his coat rapidly; called for his hat; forced it with a blow down upon his forehead; drew in his breath; and in a calm yet determined voice, as he hastened out of the room, exclaimed, as if in soliloquy, "I must put a stop to *dis* business!"—*Memoires of Mathews.*

From the Washington Metropolis.

### WHERE ARE WE.

This is a question every true lover of his country, and of its free Democratic institutions, ought to put to himself. Are we where the Revolution put us have we advanced in Republican principles, and retained the simplicity of our form of government—or have we lost sight of the fundamental principles which alone can sustain a Democracy? These are serious matters for consideration. True it is that "the price of freedom is eternal vigilance." Mankind are naturally ambitious, and prone to usurp power not belonging to them and the honest and unsuspecting portion are constantly in danger of being the tools and dupes of the crafty and knavish. Hence it is that those who are so desirous of obtaining great wealth, often, are not scrupulous, to a very great extent, as to the means by which they attain their end; and so they but enrich themselves, they care not how many they impoverish. If they can keep within the line of the law, they consider themselves free from all moral censure, and this is the reason why moneyed incorporations are so extremely dangerous to a community. A Republican Government is one very simple in its operations, plain to be understood, and needs no aid of foreign ornament to show its beauties or usefulness. The fundamental principle of our government is, that "all men are created free and equal." We repudiate the doctrine of the divinity of Kings, or that one man in society is, except by his own conduct, better or worse than another. Democracy and Aristocracy are antagonistical, and whithersoever one goeth, there the other cannot come—Where are we in relation to these matters? Is there no Aristocracy among us? No dangerous moneyed oligarchy that is sapping the very foundation of our free government? Are we all free and equal? Is the hard working mechanic, who toils from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, in the enjoyment of the same privileges and immunities as the merchant, stock-jobber, and bank director—if he is not, then is there something radically wrong—then is our government departing from the true principles of Democracy with which it first started into existence, and it behooves us to ask, where are we?

Is there not throughout our republic an aristocracy of wealth more ignoble than the

family aristocracy of Great Britain? Is not our country filled with tyrants who oppress and grind the poor to the very dust; and is not the power which belongs to the people gradually stealing from the many to the few? Is not fraud openly and violently attacking, day by day, those sacred palladiums of freedom, the ballot boxes; and are not moneyed incorporations gaining supremacy by the basest briberies and corruptions? Can these things go on quietly, and our form of government still remain that of a democracy, or in other words, can its constitution continue healthy with such diseases preying upon its very vitals? Is it not time for every freeman—every man who loves his country and its glorious institutions—every man who would not base-ly be a slave—to rouse up in the majesty of his might, and crush beneath his feet these foes to his peace and his happiness. Is it not time for every man to put the question to himself, and ask as regards a republican form of Government—Where are we?

### MEHEMET ALI.

(From 'Letters on Egypt,' by Prince Puckler Muskau)—At our evening meal the viceroy related many interesting anecdotes of the time when he first assumed the sovereign power in Egypt. When I expressed my regret that he had not taken measures to preserve them as matters of history, he made this remarkable reply:—"Why should I do this? I look back with no pleasure on that period of my life, and what would it profit the world to be made acquainted with a series of struggles, of privations, of artifices, and of bloodshed? It is enough if posterity shall know that Mehemet Ali has neither birth nor favor to thank for what he has become: my history shall only begin with the moment when I first awakened this country from her sleep of centuries, and commenced for her a period of new existence. It is strange, continued he, that of 17 children, I should be the only one left. Nine of my brothers died in infancy, and this was the cause of my parents bringing me up in an unusually tender manner. I was often laughed at by my comrades, who used to cry—"If his parents should die, what will become of Mehemet Ali, who has nothing, and is good for nothing?" This made a deep impression on me, and, as a boy of 15 years of age I determined to conquer myself—I often fasted for days together, slept as little as possible, and had no rest till I excelled all my comrades in bodily exercises. I recollect once, in stormy weather, rowing for a wager to reach a little island, which is to this day my property. No one succeeded but myself, and before I did so, all the skin was torn from my hands; but the pain did not abate my ardour. In this manner I endeavored to strengthen both mind and body till, in the little war of our village, I found more serious employment. In my 19th year my father died, and a wider field soon opened itself to me. Some great excesses had been committed by Greek pirates in our neighborhood, and my uncle received orders, at the instigation of several powerful Turks, to take the command of a small vessel of war of the Sultan's and go in search of them. He could not refuse obedience but represented to the Pacha that he should be entirely ruined by being obliged to leave his home at this time, as he had no one to whom he could entrust the management of his affairs. At the same time he pointed out his incapacity for such a command, and took occasion to mention me as an enterprising young man accustomed to war. He succeeded in convincing the Pacha—I desired nothing better, and had the good fortune not only to defeat the pirates, but after a short pursuit to board their vessel, and take as prisoners all who remained alive. For this action I was, in my 20th year, appointed a captain in the Turkish service. Such a rapid rise occasioned of course much envy, and even awakened the jealousy of my uncle, who, some time after, I know not with what intention, got me sent off to Egypt. How little did I anticipate the destiny awaiting me there,"

### "BETTER LAUGH THAN CRY!"

So says we. There's no use in rubbing one's eyes and blubbering over all "the ills that flesh is heir to." Red eyes caused by any thing but brandy, or its kindred, are scandalous looking affairs. The best way is to "stand up to the rack," and take the good things and the evil things as they come along, without repining—always cheering yourself with that philosophical ejaculation, "better luck next time!"

Is dame fortune as shy as a weasel?—Tell her to go to thunder, and laugh her in the face. The happiest fellow we ever saw slept upon a plank—and hadn't a shilling in his pocket not a coat to his back.

Do you find disappointment lurking in many a prize? Then throw it away and laugh at your own folly for so pursuing it.

Does fame elude your grasp? Then laugh at the fools that are so often her votaries.—She's of no consequence any how, and never buttered a piece of bread, or furnished a man a clean dickey.

Take our advice in all circumstances to laugh "dull care away!" Don't be in a hurry to get out of the world. It's a very good world, considering the creatures who inhabit it, and is just about as full of fun as it well can be. You never saw a man cut his throat with a broad grin on his face, it's a grand preventive of suicide. There's philosophy and religion too, in laughing—it shows a clear conscience and sincere gratitude for the good things of life, and elevates us above the brute creation. So here goes for fun—and we'll put in for our share while the ball is rolling.

Goshen Democrat.

### THE BETRAYER'S DREAM.

BY E. L. BULWER.

For weeks he knew nothing of this earth,—he was encompassed with the spectres of a terrible dream. All was confusion, darkness, horror—a series and a change of torture! At one time he was hurried through the heavens in a womb of a fiery star, girt above, below and around with unextinguishable but unconsuming flames. Wherever he trod, as he wandered through his vast and blazing prison, the molten fire was his air. Flowers, and trees, and hills were in that world as in ours, but wrought from one lurid and intolerable light; and scattered around, rose gigantic palaces and domes of the living flame, like the mansions of the city of Hell. With every moment there passed to and fro shadowy forms, on whose countenances was engraven unutterable anguish; but not a shriek, not a groan rung through the red air; for the doomed, who fed and inhabited the flames, forbidden the consolation of voice. Above there sat, fixed and black, a solid and impenetrable cloud. Night frozen into substance! and from the midst there hung a banner of a pale and sickly flame, on which was written "For ever." A river rushed rapidly beside him. He stooped to slake the agony of his thirst—the waves were waves of fire! and, as he started from the burning draught, he longed to shriek aloud, and could not! Then he cast his despairing eyes above for mercy, and saw on the livid and motionless banner "For ever."

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream."

He was suddenly borne upon the winds and storms to the ocean of an eternal winter. He fell stunned and unstruggling upon the ebbless and sluggish waves. Slowly and heavily they rose over him as he sunk; then came the lengthened and suffocating torture of that drowning death—the impotent and convulsive contest with the closing waters—the gurgle, the choking, the bursting of the pent breath—the flutter of the heart, its agony and its stillness!—He recovered. He was a thousand fathoms beneath the sea, chained in a rock round which the heavy waters rose as a wall. He felt his own flesh rot and decay, perishing from his limbs piece by piece; and he saw the coral banks which it requires a thousand ages to form, rise slowly from their slimy bed, and spread, atom by atom, till they became a shelter for the leviathan;

their growth was his only record of eternity; and ever, around and above him, came vast and mishapen things—the wonders of the secret deep; and the sea serpent, the huge chimera of the north, made its resting place by his side, glaring upon him with a livid and death like eye, wan, yet burning as an expiring sun.

But over all in every change, in every moment of that immortality, there was present one pale and motionless countenance, never turning from his own. The fiends of hell, the monsters of the hidden ocean, had no horror so awful as the human face of the dead whom he had loved!

The words of his sentence had gone forth. Alike through that delirium and its most fearful awakening, through the future, through the vigils of the joyless day, and the broken dreams of the night, there was a charm upon his soul—a hell within himself, and the curse of his sentence was—never to forget!

### TRUTH.

"As for the TRUTH, it endureth and is always strong. It liveth and conquereth for evermore."—1st Esdras iv. 38.

Theories which thousands cherish,  
Pass like clouds that sweep the sky;  
Creeds and dogmas all must perish;  
Truth herself can never die.

From the glorious heavens above her,  
She has used her beams abroad,  
That the souls who truly love her,  
May become the sons of God.

Worldlings blindly may refuse her,  
Close their eyes and call it night;  
Learned scoffers may abuse her,  
But they cannot quench the light.

Thrones may totter, empires crumble,  
All their glories cease to be;  
Whilst she, Christ-like, crowns the humble,  
And from bondage sets them free.

God himself will e'er defend her,  
From the fury of her foe,  
Till she in her native splendour  
Sits enthroned o'er all below.

### YOUNG MECHANICS.

There is no class of the community upon whom the future welfare of the country more essentially depends, than upon the rising generation of young mechanics. If they are intelligent, sober, industrious, and consequently independent, able and accustomed to judge for themselves, and governed in their own conduct by an enlightened view of their own best interest—if they are men of this sort, (and it is for their fathers to make them such) the mechanics will form the strongest bulwark of our free institutions, and the best hope of the Republic.

Try.—"Let a man sit down at the foot of a great mountain," says Dr. Johnson, "to contemplate its greatness, and he will be ready to say, I can never go over it; the attempt is futile." Yet on a secondary thought, he concludes the task can be performed, not by one mighty leap, but by successive steps, and by the simple process of putting one foot before the other!

Again: "The chief art," says Locke, "is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics are formed by the accumulation of simple propositions." Drops of water constitute an ocean; sands make a mountain, and the rocks are not worn away by a sudden force but by continual droppings.

Death From a Cornstock.—On Monday last, near Shuykill Sixth and Lombard streets, as a lad of fourteen years of age, named Pollock, was engaged in some active play with some other boys, in getting over a fence in a hurry, he accidentally fell upon a sharp upright corn stock, which entered his groin, and caused his death in twenty-four hours after. A more singular cause of death we have seldom heard.

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