

# 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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## POETRY.

### INVOCATION.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Answer me, burning stars of night!  
Where is the spirit gone,  
That past the reach of human sight,  
As a swift of breeze hath flown?  
And the stars answered me—"We roll  
In light and power on high;  
But, of the never dying soul  
Ask that which cannot die."

Oh! many-toned and chainless wind!  
Thou art a wanderer free;  
Tell me if thou its place canst find,  
Far over mount and sea?  
And the wind murmured in reply—  
"The blue deep I have cross'd  
And met its barks and billows high,  
But not what thou hast lost."

Ye clouds, that gorgeously repose  
Around the setting sun,  
Answer! have ye a home for those  
Whose earthly race is run?  
The bright clouds answer'd—"We depart,  
We vanish from the sky;  
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,  
For that which cannot die."

Speak then, thou voice of God within,  
Thou of the deep, low tone,  
Answer me, through life's restless din,  
Where is the spirit flown?  
And the voice answer'd—"Be thou still!  
Enough to know is given;  
Clouds, wind and stars their part fulfil,  
Thine is to trust in Heaven."

### THE PRINTER.

"I pity—I pity the printer," said my uncle Toby: "he is a poor devil," rejoined I. "How so?" said my uncle Toby. "In the first place he must endeavor to please every body. In the negligence of a moment perhaps a small paragraph pops upon him: he hastily throws it to the compositor—it is inserted—and he is d—d to all intents and purposes. 'Too much, the case,' said my uncle Toby with a sigh—"too much the case." "Ner is that all," continued I. "He sometimes hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and he thinks that cannot but go down with his subscribers; but alas! who can calculate?—He inserts it and it is all over with him.—They forgive others but they cannot forgive a printer. He has a host to print for; and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims, 'why don't he give us more poetry and bon mots?' 'Away with these stale pieces.' The politician claps his speck upon his nose, and runs it over in search of violent invective; he finds none, he takes his speck off, folds them, sticks them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed for himself, as he is a subscriber; and thus weekly it is brought to the grand ordeal!!

An Oxford student joined, without invitation a party dining at an inn; after dining, he boasted of his abilities that one of the party said, "You have told us something you cannot do." "Faith, I cannot pay my share of the reckoning."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE FAVORITE FLOWER.

Gustavus, Herman and Malvina, the blooming children of a farmer, were rambling on a beautiful spring day over the fields. The nightingales and larks sang, and the flowers unfolded in the mild rays of the sun.

And the children looked around for joy, and jumped from one flower to another, and wreathed garlands.

And they praised, in songs, the glory of spring, and the love of that omnipotent Father, who clothes the earth with grass and flowers, and sung of the flowers, from the rose that grows on the bush, to the violet that blooms in retirement, and the heather flower from which the bees gather the sweets.

For pious simplicity of heart welcomes even the small gifts of nature with gratitude and joy.

Then the children addressed each other—Let every one of us select his favorite flower! And they were pleased with the proposition, and they bounded over the field, each one to cull the flower that delighted him most. We will come together again in the bower, cried they.

Thus the three children rambled in harmony their different ways, to collect the beautiful. A lovely flower gathering!

In a short time all three appeared on their way to the bower. Each one bore in his hand a full nosegay, selected for his favorite bower. When they saw one another, they held up their flowers, and cried aloud for joy. Then they assembled in the bower, and closed it with one consent, and said, now every one shall give his reasons for the choice of his nosegay!

Gustavus, the eldest, had selected the violet. Behold, said he, it blooms in silent modesty among the stubble and grass, and its work is as well concealed as the gentle productions and blessings of spring. But it is honored and loved by man, and sung in beautiful songs, and every one takes a small nosegay when he comes from the field, and calls the lovely violet the first born child of spring, and the flower of modesty.—These are the reasons why I have selected it as my favorite flower.

Thus spake Gustavus, and gave Herman Malvina, each, one of his flowers. And they received them with inward joy. For it was the favorite flower of a brother.

Then Herman came forward with his nosegay. It was composed of the tender field lily, which grows in the cool shade of the grove, and lifts up its bells, like pearls strung together, and white as the light of the sun. See, said he, I have chosen this flower. For it is the emblem of innocence and of a pure heart, and it proclaims to me the love of Him who adorns heaven with stars, and the earth with flowers. Was not the lily of the field estimated more highly than others, to give testimony to the paternal love of Him, in whom every thing lives and moves? Behold, for these reasons I have selected the small lily as my favorite flower.

Thus spoke Herman, and presented his flowers. And the other two received them with sincere joy and reverence. And thus the flower was consecrated.

Then came Malvina also, the pious, lovely girl, with the nosegay she had gathered. It was composed of the tender blue forget-me-not. See, dear brothers, said the affectionate sister, this flower I found near the brook! Truly it shines like a bright star in heaven, and views itself in the clear water, on whose margin it grows, and the rivulet flows more sweetly along, and appears as if it were crowned with wreaths. Therefore it is the flower of love and tenderness, and I have chosen it as my favorite, and present it to you both. She gave it to her brothers with a kiss, and with a kiss her brothers thanked her. And the guardian angel of the children smiled at this lovely league of innocence.

Thus the favorite flowers were selected. Then Malvina said, we will twist them into two garlands, and dedicate them to our be-

loved parents! And they made two garlands of the beautiful flowers, and carried them to their parents, and related their whole enterprize, and the choice of favorites.

Then the parents rejoiced over their good children, and said, A beautiful wreath!—Love, innocence and modesty twined together! See how one flower elevates and adorns the other, and thus they form unitedly the most lovely crown!

But there is one thing wanting, said the children, and in the excitement of gratitude they crowded both father and mother.

Then the parents became agitated with joy, and embraced their children tenderly, and said, a garland like this is more splendid than the crown of a prince.

### THE HAIR-DRESSER IN LOVE WITH HIS DUMMIES.

'Here's the story,' said Sam. 'Vance upon a time there was a smart young hair-dresser as opened a very smart little shop with four wax dummies in the window, two gentlemen and two ladies—the gentlemen with blue dots for their beards, very large viskers, on-racibus heads of hair, uncommon clear eyes, and nostrils of amazing plinkness—the ladies with their heads of one side, their right fore-fingers on their lips, and their forms developed beautiful, in which last respect they had the advantage over the gen'lmen, as wasn't allowed but very little shoulder, and terminated rather abrupt in fancy drapery. He had also a many hair brushes and tooth brushes bottled up in the window, neat glass cases on the counter, a floor-clothed curtain room up stairs, and a weighin' machine in the shop, right opposite the door; but the great attraction and ornament was the dummies, rich this here young hair dresser was a constantly runnin' out in the road to look at, and constantly runnin' in again to touch up and polish; in short he was so proud on 'em, that ven Sunday came, he was always wretched and miserable to think the vos behind the shutters, and look anxiously for Monday on that account. Ven o' these dummies vos a favorite beyond the others, and ven any of his acquaintance asked 'im as vy he didn't get married, as the young ladies he knowed in-partickler, often did—he used to say, 'Never! never will I enter into the bonds of wedlock,' he says, 'untill I meets with a young woman as realizes my idea o' that fairest dummy with the light hair. Then, and not till then, will I approach the altar.' All the young ladies he know'd, as had got dark hair, told him this vos very sinful, and that he vos vurshippin' a idle, but them as vos at all near the shade of the dummy colored up very much, and was observed to think him a very nice young man.' 'Samivel,' said Mr. Weller gravely, 'a member o' this assesisshun bein' one o' that 'ere tender sex which is now immediately referred to, I have to request that you will make no reflexions.' 'I aint a making any, am I?' inquired Sam. 'Order, sir, rejoined Mr. Weller with severe dignity; then sinking the chaircase in the father, in his usual tone of voice, 'Samivel, drive on!' Sam interchanged a smile with the housemaid, and proceeded:—'The young hair dresser hadn't been in the habit o' makin' this avowal six months, when he encountered a young lady as vos the very picture o' the fairest dummay. 'Now,' he says, 'it's all up. I'm a slave!' The young lady vos not only the picture o' the fairest dummay, but she vos very romantic, as the young hair dresser vos too, and he says, 'here's a community o' feelin'—there's a flow o' soul!' he says, 'here's a interchange o' sentiment!' The young lady didn't say much o' course but she expressed herself agreeable, and shortly afterwards vent to see him with a mutual friend. The hair dresser rushes out to meet her, but directly she sees the dummies she changes color and falls a tremblin' violently. 'Look up, my love,' says the hair dresser, 'behold your image in my window, but not correcter than in my 'art!' 'My image?' she says. 'Yeur'n,' replies the

hair dresser. 'But whose image is that?' she says, pointing at one o' the gen'lmen.—'No vun's, my love,' he says, 'it is but a idea.' 'A idea!' she cries, 'it is a portrait. I feel it is a portrait and that 'ere noble face must be in the millinery!' 'Wot do I hear!' says he, a curlin' his curls. 'William Gibbs,' she says, quite firm, 'never renoo the subject. I respect you as a friend,' she says, 'but my affections is set upon that manly brow.' 'This,' says the hair dresser, 'is a regular blight, and in it I perceive the hand of Fate. Farevell!'—With these words he rushes into the shop, break's the dummy's nose with a blow of his curling irons and melts him down at the parlor fire, and never smiles afterwards.—'The young lady, Mr. Weller!' said the housekeeper. 'Why, ma'am,' said Sam, 'findin' that Fate had a spite agin her and every body she come in contact with, she never smiled neither, but read a deal o' poetry and pined away—by rather slow degrees, for she an't dead yet. It took a deal o' poetry to kill the hair dresser, and some people say, arter all, that it vos more the gin and water as cause him to run over, 'raps it vos a little o' both and come o' mixing the two.—Master Humphrey's Clock.

From the Casket.

### STORMING OF STONY POINT.

The night had already settled down gloomy and forbidding, on the evening of the 15th of July, 1779, when the advancing columns of a little army, whose uniform betoken it to be American, emerged from a thick wood on the shore of the Hudson, and in an instant the whole dim and shadowy prospect, disclosed to them along the bank of the river, opened to the sight. Far away lay Verplanck's Point, now buried in a mass of shadow, while on the other side of the river, dark gloomy, and frowning, rose up the craggy heights of Stony Point. Washed on three sides by the Hudson, and protected on the other, except along a narrow road, by a morass, the fort was deemed one of the most impregnable on the river; and its capture regarded as almost impossible. Yet to achieve that gallant purpose, this little army was now upon its march.

A turn in the road soon hid them from the river, and after a silent march of some minutes duration, they arrived within a mile and half of the enemy's lines; and halting at the command of their officer, formed into columns for the attack. Beginning again their march they soon reached the marshy ground at the base of the hill.

'Hist!' said the low voice of the general, from the front, 'we are nigh enough now—HALT.'

The order passed in a whisper down the line, and the column paused on the edge of the morass. It was a moment of suspense and peril. Every man felt that in a few minutes the fate of their hazardous enterprise would be determined, and that they would either be cold in death, or the American flag waving in triumph over the dark promontory ahead, now scarcely discernible through the thick gloom of midnight.—Yet not a lip quivered, nor a cheek blanched in that crisis. About twenty paces in front of the column, had halted the ferocious hope of one hundred and fifty men, with unloaded pieces and bayonets fixed, while farther on a smaller group of shadowy forms could be seen through the obscurity, accoutred with axes, to cut through the abatis. Each man had a piece of white paper on his hat to distinguish him from the foe in the approaching melee. The pause, however, which afforded this prospect was but momentary. The general had already reconnoitered the approaches to the still silent promontory and waving his sword on high he gave the order. In another instant the dark, massive column was moving steadily to the attack.

It was a thrilling moment, during which that devoted band crested rapidly over the marsh. As yet the enemy had not discov-

ered them. Even the hearts of the oldest veterans trembled with the eagerness of that moment of suspense. Already had the foremost of the pioneers reached the abatis, and the quick, rapid blows of their axes rung upon the right, when suddenly a shout of alarm broke from the fort, the gun of a sentry flashed through the gloom, and in an instant all was uproar and confusion within the established fortifications. Not a moment was to be lost.

'Advance! advance!' shouted Wayne as he pressed rapidly on forward the abatis, followed in death-like silence by his indomitable troops.

'To arms!' came borne on the night breeze from the fort—to arms—to arms! and then followed the quick roll of the drum. In an instant the enemy were at their post, and as the gallant continentals still maintained their silent but steady march, a fire, such as only desperation could produce, burst from every embrasure of the fort. The incessant rattle of the musketry, the roar of the artillery, the crashing of the grape shot, and the lurid light flung over the scene by the explosion of the shells, and the streams of fire pouring from the fort, formed a picture which no pen can describe. Yet amid it all the daring assaults steadily advanced though not a trigger had been pulled in their ranks. Faithful to the commands of their general, though trembling in every limb with eagerness, they kept up their silent march, amid that fiery tempest, as if impelled by some god-like power. On on—they pressed.—The whirlwind of fire from the fort ceased not; yet still they dashed along, charging at the point of the bayonet, over abatis and bulwark, until the enemy, borne back by their impetuous onset, quailed before them. The works were forced. Then, and not till then, was the death silence broken. A sound rung out from the victorious troops over all the thunder of the battle. It was the watchword of success. It was heard by the head of the column behind, it passed down their line; was caught up by the rear, and a wild shout, making the very walk in tremble, rung out as they dashed to the attack.

The contest was short, but it was terrific. Over bulwark, battery, and prostrate foes the gallant continentals headed by Wayne, passed on, and driving all before them, met the column of their little army, with an enthusiastic cheer, in the very centre of the enemy's works. In another moment the starry flag of America waved triumphantly over the battlements.

The enthusiasm of the victors cannot be described. But though the contest had been so bloody, not a man of the enemy fell, after resistance had ceased. The prisoners were disarmed, a guard placed over them, and sentries posted on all commanding positions around the works. The morning gun announced to the British fleet in the river that STONY POINT WAS WON.

June 20th, 1840.

**A New Theory.**—The cause of ladies' teeth decaying at so much earlier stage of life, than those of the other sex, has usually been attributed to the friction produced by constant action of the tongue. But according to the editor of the Hartford courier, an English paper, it is owing to the sweetness of their lips—as it is a fact well established by every body's saying, that sweet things ruin the teeth.

**Scolding.**—Many parents, guardians and teachers, vent the impatience of their tempers by scolding, while engaged in efforts to restrain the wayward wills of those under their charge. This kind of management is productive of much evil to both parties. Let scolds remember that they must first learn to govern themselves, before they can establish good government in their families.

The following is a fashionable merchant tailor's sign, in the city of London:—"By appointment, breeches maker to the Queen."