

# 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.

### THE POOR PRINTER.

AND THE EXCLUSIVE.

On the fourth of July, 18—, Harriet Lee might have been seen sitting on the sofa in her neat little parlor, in a house situated in P— street, N. York. The metropolis was alive with men, women and children, of every color, class and creed—old men, whose heads were whitened with the snow of age—young men in the meridian of manhood, unitedly and unanimously agreed to 'drive dull care away,' and join the jubilee to celebrate the birth day of American Independence. Ever and anon the bursting thunder of artillery seemed to shake the island of Manhattan; the carved eagle sat perched upon the pole of liberty, and our star spangled banner became the plaything of the balmy wind.

Whilst every American heart was brimful of joy and gratitude, there were two generous-hearted, noble minded individuals bowed down with sorrow so pungent, and disappointment so bitter, that the soul stirring proceedings of the ever to be remembered fourth could not raise their drooping spirits. The persons alluded to are Harriet and her suitor, William Malcolm. When the intelligent, patriotic and high minded William entered Harriet's apartment, he was disappointed and surprised to see the object of his love bathed in tears. 'Why do you weep my dear Harriet?' enquired William, in a voice rich as music; at the same time grasping affectionately her snowy tapering fingers, which were ornamented with three costly rings, the offerings which friendship and respect had laid upon the altar of her fairy hand Harriet gently and gracefully raised her head, while the warm tears of grief flowed free and fast from her dark hazel eyes, and fell upon her fair cheek like dew drops from a rose leaf. 'What can I do,' continued William, 'to tear away the dark drapery which seems to mantle your tender feelings in gloomy sorrow on this high and happy day? Harriet's feelings were too big for utterance; she could not vent her thoughts in words, so violent was the tempest of her excitement occasioned by one who had broken up the great deep of her heart. Soon after she was able to speak, she said she had just returned from a visit to her aunt R—, having paid her a visit for the purpose of inviting her to attend the anticipated wedding which would probably take place in a few days. She described the interview she had with her aunt, it is as follows:

When she had made known her errand her aunt observed—

'Is it possible that you, Harriet have assumed the responsibility of pledging heart and hand to a man without soliciting my advice?'

Harriet replied, 'When I first became acquainted with the man of my choice, I sought the advice of my mother, who happened to be in the city at the time: upon inquiry she discovered that my friend was an honest and honorable man and had no objection to my associating with him; our friendship has ripened into love, we are pledged to each other and the wedding day is appointed.'

'What is the gentleman's name Harriet?'

'His name is William Malcolm.'

'Is he a Physician, or a Lawyer, or a Merchant or a Minister—what is he?'

'He is a journeyman printer,' replied Harriet.

'A journeyman Printer!' exclaimed her aunt, with great emphasis. 'Do you intend to disgrace your connections by marrying a man who picks up type for a living! you must be foolish, and your mother must be mad to sanction your folly; you need not imagine, Miss, that I shall condescend to mingle in the society of mechanics; you lack common sense or you would not thus throw yourself away.'

Harriet again replied: 'William is a respectable, industrious, and economical man, and loves me.'

'It makes me think of casting pearls before swine,' continued the aristocrat. 'You are a beautiful girl, your accomplishments are superior to the attainments of most girls of your age—how can you lower yourself to marry an illiterate mechanic?'

'My dear aunt, do you know that a printing office is an Academy, where lessons of useful knowledge are continually before the mind? William is not an illiterate man, he is a self-taught classical scholar, and occupies a lofty place in the estimation of all who know him.'

'I will pay the expenses of your wedding and give a splendid set of furniture, if you will try to forget him, and take my advice; there is aquire—, he thinks a great deal of you;—would you not like to have him, or Doct. —, or Mr. —, the Merchant? You can have no doubt, marry either of those gentlemen, and thus keep up the dignity of your family!'

'Pa is a mechanic, and I am not too proud to marry a mechanic,' replied Harriet.

'Your father is my youngest brother; he is an extensive land holder how can you call him a mechanic?'

'I have frequently heard him say,' replied Harriet, 'that he earned his farm by diligently using the saw, the broadaxe, and the jack plane; furthermore, I have heard him say, that you, in your younger days, used to pound putty, and prime ashes, when uncle R— could not afford to hire help; you have not forgotten that my dear uncle is a sash maker, it is but a few years since he relinquished that business.'

Impudent creature, how dare you thus insult me in my own house?—your uncle is President of the Bank of—; and one of the richest men in this wealthy metropolis.'

'Aunt, I don't intend to insult you nor injure the feelings of my uncle; you know better than I do, that he shared wood before he commenced shaving notes—yonder stands the old frame building which was once his humble residence.'

'Harriet, you must quit my house immediately and never dare to darken the door again.'

Poor Harriet's feelings were wrought up to the pitch of excitement; when her proud and arrogant aunt spoke disrespectfully of William, she introduced the sarcastic remarks which mortified the old woman's pride. Until that morning she always respected her aunt, but her tyranny completely changed her feelings.

On the 9th day of July, Mr. R—Harriet's uncle, whilst perusing one of the daily papers, discovered the following, and read it aloud to his wife.

'Married, in this city, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. William Malcolm, to Miss Harriet Lee, both of this city.' On the opposite page he saw long editorial article respecting the wedding, the following is an extract:—

'Last evening, in conformity with a polite invitation we attended a wedding party: every thing went off with great eclat; the cake coffee, and wine, were excellent; the bride looked more like an angel than a human being, her hair was smooth and dark as a raven's wings, her mouth like bloom-

ing tulips. The groom we are well acquainted with; he is a clever fellow; the wealth of intellect shone on his superb forehead, and a great soul looked through his calm blue eyes, he is the talented author of several eplendid articles, which has appeared in our most popular periodicals. We understand he is about to assume the management of a periodical in this city. May the sunlight of success beam upon his exertions.'

Patient reader, allow the author to digress a few moments, in order to lay before you a brief history of the two professional men, and the merchant who was selected by Harriet's aunt, as a suitable companion for a young lady, occupying such a conspicuous stand in society as she did. The physician was an inferior looking man, rather ill-formed and dwarfish. He was round shouldered, small twinkling grey eyes, a heavy intellectual brow, and a mouth indicative of eloquence.

Notwithstanding his personal appearance, he was esteemed and respected by large acquaintance—he was natural dwarf, but an intellectual giant—he was ordinary looking man, but his attainments were rich and rare, his brilliant talents won for him an imperishable name on the page of immortality—by marriage he connected himself with a poor but honest family—he has obtained a princely fortune since the sacred band was riveted, and still lives to enjoy it with his amiable companion and beautiful children.

The lawyer was a tall graceful man, he had an eye like an eagle, was straight as a pine, and strong as Hercules; a large pair of brown whiskers fringed his expressive countenance, no artist ever chiselled a better looking mouth than his—a heavy mass of rich brown hair hung in clustering curls over his fine forehead. He arose to eminence in his profession, the syren song of flattery was perpetually sung in his ear— one praised him because of his eloquence, another alluded to his benevolence. At the age of twenty-five he married the daughter of a rich merchant.

Let us leap over the period of ten years. In yonder white frame house in Centre street, New York, may be seen the wreck of a ruined man, his eyes are bloodshot, his teeth yellow, his hand trembles, his face is as red as the rising sun—he is a victim of intemperance—if, reader, you choose to look into this dwelling house, you will find it neatly furnished, and clear as a new pin; a pale female, plying that little polished lance, the needle attacks your attention— she has seen better days; but now she earns a subsistence for herself, her unfortunate husband, and three little ones. She is the wife of the talented and liberal lawyer, we spoke of a few seconds since, the bewitching voice of flattery spoiled him, he mingled in society was a public pet. His friends deemed it an honor to drink a social glass with him; thus he engendered an artificial appetite which like a serpent imprisoned him in its folds; his business was neglected, his time misimproved, his property worse than wasted, his intellect blunted, and his health destroyed.

The merchant was a hungry speculator, greedily after dollars and cents, wealth rolled in its golden tide around him, the more music there was in his purse, the more friends he won; he was too stingy to get married; determined to get rich in a hurry, he leaped into the dark, he committed forgery; in Auburn prison may be seen the man who was selected for Harriet by her aunt; fortunately he has no wife nor children to mourn his fate.

We will now resume the narration of the poor printer's history.

'Twas on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of May, that one of the splendid steamers which ply between New York and Albany, was crowded with beauty and fashion; the passengers were amusing themselves by gazing on the romantic scenery which nature had spread with lavish hands on both sides of the Hudson. At noon the bell rang to inform the passengers that dinner was ready; a rush was made to

the table, which was loaded with the richest luxuries the market afforded; at the head of the table sat a man somewhat advanced in life, the hand of time had scattered a few grey hairs upon his head; the next seat to him was occupied by his wife; with an air of affected dignity she looked towards the door, which at the time was opened by the Captain who politely requested the gentleman and lady at the head of the table to give up their seats to the Hon. William Malcolm and his lady! If a voice from Heaven, in tones of thunder had spoken, they could not have been more surprised, than was Harriet's uncle and aunt when they, in the presence of more than one hundred persons, were obliged to make room for the plebians they refused to associate with ten years previous to that event to this proud pair of aristocrats, the scene was extremely humiliating—after all, it was an honor to sit by the side of this self-made man. After the cloth was removed a great many apologies were made by the old couple. They invited the honorable Wm. M. and his lady to call and see them; they did so; and the old hypocrites strained every nerve to please the once poor printer and his beautiful wife.

William assumed the management of the periodical spoken of in the commencement of this article; his labors were crowned with success; at the close of the year he removed to the south, the same success attended his footsteps; he rose in spite of the obstacles in his way to the honorable eminence he now occupies.

### ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A romantic incident has just occurred in the Marylebone Infirmary. Ann Dempsey, a young and interesting girl, who had been the support of an aged mother, had gone into the infirmary for the purpose of undergoing an operation for the removal of a dropsical complaint, which had assumed the form of a large tumour. She was warned of the painful and even perilous nature of the operation, but she expressed her resolution to submit to it, owing to the ardent wish that her life might be spared for her mother's sake. The operation was accordingly performed in the presence of her mother and several eminent medical men. It lasted two hours and forty minutes, and the magnitude of the tumour taken from her may be imagined when it contained no less than two gallons and a half of water. Notwithstanding the long and painful operation, singular to relate, this heroic girl never uttered a single cry; but at the conclusion tears were observed rolling down her cheeks and being desired not to shed them, she replied that they "were tears of joy at her freedom from the incubus which had so long afflicted her." As she appeared to be in a sinking condition, the medical gentleman upon a consultation, deemed a fresh infusion of blood into her veins absolutely necessary. On making inquiries as to whom they could procure to divide the blood, it was ascertained that two men were in an adjoining room, one 25, and the other between 30 and 40 years of age, anxiously awaiting the issue of the operation. Believing them, in the first instance, to be relatives of the poor girl, they were ushered into the room, when it turned out that the eldest was her employer, for whom she worked at she binding and the other a journeyman in the same employ, both devotedly attached to the unfortunate girl.

On being made acquainted with her state and what was required to be done for the patient, they both simultaneously volunteered to supply the blood from their veins. Much bitterness of feeling and contention between them ensued as to which should do so, which was put an end to by the decisions of the surgeons in favor of the youngest, who, baring his arm, with great energy exclaimed "that he was willing to lose the last drop of his blood to save her life." The blood was then carefully infused from his arm into the veins of the poor sufferer, till the young man fainted from his loss. On this taking place the elder lover

implored permission to supply the remainder, but the girl recovering, it was deemed unnecessary. The poor girl began to improve and great hopes were entertained of her recovery, but unfortunately those hopes were blasted, for, unknown to the surgeons she was found to be afflicted with a severe diarrhea, which increased until it became a confirmed case of cholera, from the effects of which she died on the fifth day after the operation. She was sensible to the last, and the death bed scene is represented as truly affecting. She expressed a wish to see the young man who had lost his blood for her sake, and begged of him to be kind to her mother. She then entered into prayers with the Rev. Mr. Moody, the Chaplain to the workhouse, and in the midst of it expired.

### CURIOUS CALCULATION.

An account was taken on the 19th of August of the number of carriages, of various descriptions, which passed King William street, London bridge, from eight in the morning till eight in the evening:— From eight to nine o'clock, 904; from nine to ten 997; from ten to eleven, 895; from eleven to twelve, 1,015; from twelve to one, 984; from one to two 800; from two to three, 905; from three to four, 975; from four to five, 1,003; from five to six, 812; from six to seven; 771; from seven to eight, 894; total, 11,010. This averages 927 an hour, or 15 in every minute; and it is fair to presume that there is no street in the world where so many carriages pass and repass in one day. On September 1st. several persons were engaged in order to ascertain the number of foot passengers which passed the same place from eight in the morning to eight in the evening and the result was as follows:—From eight to nine o'clock, 3,600; from nine to ten, 4,400; from ten to eleven, 4,380, from eleven to twelve, 4,620; from twelve to one, 3,900; from one to two, 3,840; from two to three, 4,200; from three to four, 4,480; from four to five, 5,280; from five to six, 4,480; from six to seven, 3,945; from seven to eight, 6,720; total, 53,505. This statement will be found equal in number to 4,455½ per hour, or 74 every minute. The number of person supposed to pass in and with carriages, (averaging two to each) amounts to 22,020, which, added to the above, makes a total of 75,505 passengers in twelve hours.

### CHILDREN.

Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes, where there are no children— 'where,' as the good German has it, 'the fly flaps hang straight on the wall,'—tell me not of the never disturbed nights and days; of the tranquil, anxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for those things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections—to give our souls higher arms, and call out all our faculties to extend enterprise and exertion,—to bring round our friends bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the heart with little children!—Mary Howitt.

At a ball lately in Richmond, a dame belle asked a country rustic, who stood nigh her, in a compacting four or five deep, gazing on a pair waltzing. "Pray, sir, how do you like the waltz." "Madam," (said the quaint gentleman.) "I like the huggin part very well; but I don't like the whirin round. When it comes to huggin I'd rather stand still."

Jerry Snow, very early in the morning, was awakened by his companion, who said "Come, Snow, day is breaking."—Well," said Snow, "let it break—it don't owe me any thing."

Look out for squalls next week.—DEVIL.