

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.

Election Rhymes.

(Purloined from the Boston Morning Post.)

Election times are over now,
And sober times are coming—
No more our ringing ears will crack
With that infernal drumming;
No more the hiss, inciting fears
Of murd'rous midnight slaughters,
Will shriek upon the startled rest
Of anxious wives and daughters;
God bless 'em! they can snuggle now
Beneath the sheet and blanket,
Or, if the baby need a spank,
Why, venture out and spank it!
No more the bunting, spread by wags
Who know not what remorse is,
Will fly, to tickle idle boys,
And frighten skittish horses;
No more the victors' lungs will swell
Like forty thousand Stentors;
No more the stout election lies
Return to plague the inventors.
As ever after thunder squalls
The atmosphere is purer;
As ever after lover's spats
Their passion is the surer;
As shines of "gentleman in black,"
Feel better after aching,
So may we all the better be
For this tremendous shaking.
Then, victims, pony up your bets,
Remember Luck's a rover;
And boys, come get you hats, and be
Right glad election's over.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Brother Jonathan

O. K.

A TRUE TALE OF THE LATE ELECTION.

"See non e vero, a bon trovato."

Kate had been just a month married.—Now a wife of a month is not yet above certain follies which always dim the dawn of married life; as the clouds of morning seem unwilling to let the sun shine out resplendent, and show too great a contrast to the shades which are just scattering.—Among these follies of a new-married woman, the most prominent is a feeling, not exactly of jealousy, but a desire for a monopoly of the good man to whom she has just sworn forever to devote herself. She is unwilling that his attention should be taken off even for a day; and half envies the sear which burns between his lips. Very childish follies, these, and soon over—but Kate had only been married a month, and who could wonder that she moped and pouted, while her husband was away, bearing the burthen of the song:

"For Tippecanoe and Tyler too!"

"But," said she, "I'll fix him when he does come!"
The door-bell rang. Kate had recovered her philosophy, and her cheerfulness—and if she had answered the first impulse, would have gone to the outer door to have admit-

ted him herself. If she had, there is no measuring the 'long, long kiss,' that would have probably lasted over all the steps of the flight of stairs, exclusive of the recess, at the broad step were the flight turns.—But Kate heard the slipshod maid of all work going to the Hall door, closed her own door—put away the book she had been reading—turned her back upon the entrance—rested her elbows on her knees,—smothered her face in her handkerchief, and imitated a sob as well as she could.—An interesting posture—but then Kate had caught her husband admiring her shoulders; and who can wonder that she turned them up?

"I think—you—ought—to be ashamed!" snuffled Kate.

The servant girl pulled her elbow.

"Get away—you hateful!"

"Why, mawm, it isn't Mr. Brewster!"

Kate looked up. A tall, roguish looking, but certainly a very handsome young man stood attentively regarding her. In his face were apparent a variety of emotions, in which wonder led, mischief sparkled, but embarrassment had no place—awkward as Kate thought any strange man might have felt in his situation. Now she could have cried without any exertion, but she did not. She bowed in a manner confused but prettier for its confusion, to the stranger, and turned to the servant enquiringly, (That official was hanging on the door knob—with her mouth open, but still no word came from it.)

"Betty how many times have I told you not to surprise me in this way without announcing a guest?"

"Please ma'am the gentleman said his name was no matter ma'am," said Betty, "and he would come up."

"Betty—you may go!" said the stranger. Kate stood irresolute.

"Go!" repeated the strange gentleman.—Kate was too much astonished to say any thing. Betty closed the door, and peeped through the key-hole. She saw the stranger take her mistress by both hands—she saw Mrs. Brewster shrink back a moment—and then, as Betty afterwards said, "she giv a look, and then she giv a scream, and then she giv him a hug, and then I run, for I wouldn't have waited another minute for the world. What is it coming to?"

With all proper reverence for Betty—she lied. She did not run for any such prudential motive. It was only because an awful ring at the street door started her, and down she ran to welcome more horrid mystery. It was only a circular to all true democratic, republican, whig electors, directed to Mr. Brewster. When Betty went up again to her post at the key-hole, her mistress and the stranger were sitting opposite each other. How Betty did wish that her eyes could hear as well as see!

The stranger went early away. Poor Betty went to bed that night in a 'doubtful state.' New York was one of the doubtful at that time—so Betty could have gone to sleep in no other, without crossing to Jersey.

The liquor compounding instrument rattled in the glasses. Smoke had ceased to ascend in graceful clouds from the mouths of tobacco devotees; for upon its ejection from their lips, it had much ado to find a place in the dense atmosphere, without playing fancy touches. Drums' beat in the street, and shouts of O! K! made night hideous. Brewster walked through the bar-room and up into the Hall. A pleasant looking old gentleman, with white hair, and plenty of it, was leading to a Tippecanoe song, and Brewster joined the full thousand who swelled the chorus for—

The iron armed soldier—the true-hearted soldier;
The iron armed soldier of Tippecanoe.

Then came a speech. Then another song. Then Brewster made a speech, and noticed among the bystanders that there was one in particular who seemed to hang on every word he said. He cheered vociferously—stamped uproariously, and beat his hands till they blistered. When Ma, B.

came down from the rostrum, the attentive auditor pressed up to him and offered congratulations on the felicity of his oration.—Brewster had not been a politician long, and he blushed.

"But," said the other—"are you not a little too enthusiastic?"

"Not a shadow."

"How much majority do you give the Whigs in this State?"

"The Empire is good for fifteen thousand."

"Doubted!"

"I'll bet—"

"How much?"

"As much as you choose. I'll cover dollar with dollar."

A crowd had by this time suspended listening to the orator, to hear this match.—"Bet him Brewster," cried a friend—"he's a Loco in disguise. Bet him. The stranger only smiled that no one appeared to have any sympathy with him. He offered a bet of five thousand dollars. Brewster started.

"Oh!" said the other, "if you don't choose to take me, let it go. I thought you were ready—but if you're all talk and no cider, you can't be a Harrison man."

"Who said I hesitated?" said Brewster. In five minutes more the gentleman had given his name as Mr. Smith—the preliminaries were arranged, the stranger had put his stake in specie paying notes—the bystanders had guaranteed Brewster's check, and the man with ready money had bowed and made his exit.

"He's a custom house officer," said one.

"He's an agent of the government," said another.

"He's too d—d quick on the trigger for me," said Mr. Brewster as he walked home. That's five thousand gone—all's gone—for it makes more of a hole than I can well patch up—and to say nothing of the loss of credit by betting.

Betty looked O. K. at him awful curious, to know what he would say, if he did but know all that she did—but he was too busy thinking of something else to notice her.

Brewster paid more attention to his newspaper than his coffee on the following morning. It was the morning of Thursday the 5th. The papers aforesaid did not offer much encouragement. Kate asked him for money. He told her the western counties would bring it in and Kate laughed. He looked up astonished at a sound little in unison with his own feelings—and Kate looked as if she would have laughed more heartily than before.

Scarce was he out of doors when Betty had the astonishment of admitting again the unknowing gallant of Mrs. Brewster. She could hardly be civil to him; for she did think that such audacity passed her comprehension. Her mistress and the caller were so rejoiced to see each other too—and laughed so heartily when the name of poor Mr. Brewster was mentioned. Bet robbed the beef almodo of half the claret to console herself under affliction. The parlor bell rang, and when Betty answered the summons the stranger was gone.

"Please, ma'am," said she, when she had received her mistress's commands—"what is the gentleman's name who was here today?"

"It is none of your business."

Bet plunged to the kitchen, to the deepest depth of that culinary purgatory—and drank the rest of the claret. Such goings on, she declared, were unbearable.

Friday; the 6th rose yet more gloomy upon poor Brewster. He was down from his chamber botimes. He had read, before his wife had risen, the most cheering accounts which the Whig papers could offer; & found not even in the wildest prophesy the shadow of a hope for the safety of his five thousand dollars. It was, he felt satisfied, all up with him.

"Good morning sir," said Betty, as she placed the coffee pot on the table. Brewster answered her by opening his eyes.

"I'm going to leave you, sir," continued Betty.

"Mr. Brewster's heart and thoughts were in the Western Counties." He paid the stammering maid no attention.

"Such doings, and such goings on, sir," said Betty, with a swing of her body, as she bit her nails, "a decent person can't stay in the house, sir. But I don't suppose, sir, that a poor servant has any business to care what pranks her mistress cuts up sir."

"Not a bit," said Brewster, new for the first time he listening.

"Well, there—it's nothing to me—so—there—and if you don't care, I'm sure I don't know who does, I'm sure."

"Why, what do you mean you fool!"

"Fool, heh—heh—fool—heh—heh—well, my mother was an honest woman, at any rate, and that is more than your children will say, I guess."

Brewster took her by the shoulder and shook her story out of her, and a great deal more. Kate entered the room at that instant, in shining morning face, and Betty shrunk down stairs swearing, and snivelling in a breath.

"Pretty well, too Charles," said Kate, turning away her head to hide a laugh.

"Pretty well, too, I think. When you insult a poor dependent girl, you had better have respect enough for yourself to select one who keeps her face clean."

"Betty, probably never had the soot kissed off hers," said Brewster bitterly.

"Tis a pity I didn't wait for you to finish your *tete-a-tete* then," said Kate, in the same tone.

"Madam!"

"Sir!"

"The strange gentleman, ma'am—" said Betty, opening the door, a malicious devil in both her eyes—"the strange gentleman ma'am without any name, ma'am—winking impudently to her master."

In stalked the unknown friend of the family.—"My brother, Mr. Brewster," said Kate, presenting him.

"Mr. Smith!" exclaimed Brewster.

"No more Mr. Smith," said the other taking his hand—

"And I will never play Mr. Smith any more."

"I am very happy to know you, sir," said Brewster, "and stand ready to give up to you the bet I made with Mr. Smith."

"And I told Kate she should have all my winnings—and so pass it to her."

"And I own no interest separate from Charles's and so of course it is his."

"But I shall not consent to any such baby-like arrangement. A loss is a loss."

"It was a conspiracy my dear sir—and is entirely Kate's money. I went from this house by her directions to make the bet or a bet, with you before you should know me—I bet—I won—I am a mere agent—this is a clear case of conspiracy, and if you will complete it by becoming a conspirator against your own bankruptcy, all parties will be content."

And thus resulted Brewster's first bet. If it should prove his last, as he promises it shall, then, indeed, will all be O. K. The brother, for many long years absent, was too late to register his name among the legal voters; but not too late to save his sister from ruin, by arresting the first folly of her husband.

Very Satisfactory.—"Now uncle, hang a big pumpkin to the ceiling, and daub it over with molasses and when you see the flies gathered around it imagine that it is the world, and the flies its inhabitants."

"That's the way it works; is it?" "Well Tom is it a fact that the Chinese walk with their feet foremost on their feet, and their heads down?"

"Yes sir."

"And is it a fact that the devil's fire works is right under the earth?"

"Yes sir."

"Well I wonder if these Chinese ain't bothered a good deal with the smoke?"

A New Punishment.—Any man so base as to strike a woman, should be placed on the back of a hard trotting horse and made to collect newspaper accounts for the balance of his life.

A QUACK DOCTOR.

"Well, Mike, I'll speak to some of my friends here about you, and we'll settle it all properly. Here's the Doctor."

"Arrah, Mister Charles, don't mind him; he's a poor crayture entirely; devil a thing he knows."

"Why what do you mean, man? he's a physician to the forces."

"Oh, by gorry, and so he may be," said Mike, with a toss of his head; those army doctors isn't worth their salt. It's truth I'm telling you: sure, didn't he come to see me when I was sick below in the hold?"

"How do you feel?" says he.

"Terrible dhry in the mouth," says I.

"But your bones," says he, "how's them?"

"As if cripples was kicking me," says I.

"Well, with that he went away & brought back two powders."

"Take them," says he, and ye'll be cured in no time."

"What's them?" says I.

"They're ametics," says he.

"Blood and ages," says I, "are they?"

"Devil a he," says he, "take them immediately."

"And I tuk them—and would you believe me, Mister Charles—it's truth I'm telling you—devil a one of them would stay in my stomach. So you see what a docther he is!"

Very Affecting.—A sentimental youth having seen a young damsel shedding tears over something in her lap, took the first opportunity to be introduced to her; and made no doubt that she was a congenial spirit.

"What work was it that affected you so much, the other mornin'?" I saw you shed tears. Was it Bulwer's last?"

"I don't know what Bulwer's last is," returned she, "but I can assure you, sir, I was doing a job which always almost kills me: I was peeling onions."

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE;

That it is absolutely necessary that people should pay their subscriptions to enable printers to live like other folks. This information may be astonishing to some of our patrons, yet we assure them that it is literally true, for we have proved it by actual experience.—*Exchange paper.*

Unnecessary Advice.—A country gentleman, who fills every situation necessary to constitute him 'the head of the village,' and who has taken some pains to instruct the rustic inhabitants in the proper signs of respect due to him, being lately on a horse somewhat given to shy, and observing a lad walking before him, called out; "Boy, don't take off your hat." The youth turning his head very innocently answered, "I won't a goin' to; sir."

The Loves of Royalty.—It is a little singular that the King of Holland and the Queen Regent of Spain, have both abdicated their thrones on account of marrying beneath their rank. They have, however, shown good sense in the movement, as they both retire from the cares of royalty with large fortunes. According to the Paris National the King of Holland has about 33 millions of dollars in the funds. He has been king 25 years, so that he has saved more than a million of dollars a year. The same paper says it is not known what amount Queen Christina has saved, but is reported to be large.

"Nothing," squire, never stop a woman when her curiosity is once up, especially if she be curious to know something about herself. Only hold a secret in your hand to her, and it's like a bunch of catnip to a cat; she'll jump, and frisk; and frolic round like any thing, and never give over purrin' and coaxin' of you till she gets it.—*Slick.*

The Nantucket Inquirer gives the last case of absent mindedness. A lodger in a hotel after washing himself in the morning, wiped his face with the newspaper, and sat down to peruse the napkin; he did not discover his error till he attempted to tear off the corner to light his cigar.