

# 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.

From the Baltimore Ocean.  
A CHANCE FOR CHIPS.

Vell, Mr. Clipper, 'ere I ham,  
Just from across the vorter,  
To see the land of Huncle Sam,  
And brought my wife and dorter,  
I've got me him a sorry fix,  
They tell 'tis the fashion  
To talk hof nought but politics,  
And put von in a passion.

Now he cant be a Democrat,  
And sing hout 'clear the diggins,'  
No I must be a vig, that's flat,  
Because my name is Vigging.  
Now Mrs. Vigging, she's a vig,  
A vig hof the first vorter,  
And says that I must show hout big,  
To marry hof my dorter.

My dorter's name is Hadaline,  
She's now and then romantic,  
But ven she his'nt, then she's fine,  
So proud, harioarar.  
She struts just like a turkey cock,  
The vay they struts is shocking,  
Ven they sees another cock,  
Red potticoat, or stocking.

And ven she vaks she's like a queen,  
Like nightingale she sings,  
I b'lieve she vould a hang'd benn,  
Ad she been born vith vings.  
I wants to marry her—but mun:  
Hit must not pass your lips,  
Hunte that post—but be dumb,  
Your correspondent, 'Chris.'

VILLIAM VIGGINS.

## SAMIVEL'S VISH.

I wants to marry—yes I does—  
I wants a lido wife,  
To comb my 'air, and vash my neck,  
And be my all—my life.

Ven Adam lived in Paradise,  
He did'nt live content,  
Till from his side a rib was took,  
And into woman bent.

Just think how Adam must have stared,  
Ven first he got awake,  
And found himself a married man,  
Vithout e'en vedding cake.

I'm werry bashful—yes, I am—  
'Twould save me lots of trouble,  
To go to bed a single man,  
And val e up as a double.

The editor of a Western paper thus expresses his good wishes toward a couple who did'nt get married without remembering him in the cake line:—

'May heaven smile in its rich grace—  
Strow your path with sacred peace—  
Fill your cup with earthly joys,  
And your arms with—girls and boy!'

## FEMALE EDUCATION.

A young lady whom we know by sight, once concluded a love letter thus:

'I shal rite to you again ear long, jo cummins told me a orial story about suke tyler but i didnt pay no aten-shun at all to his sickenen tail yourn till death parts both on us'

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE WHALER'S PERIL.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

'Well, we had waited about half an hour, when we saw a whiff at the mast-head of the ship; we knew that it was to direct our attention to some other point, so we looked round the horizon, and perceived that there was a school of young bulls, about three miles from us. We were four boats in all; and the first mate desired my boat and another to go in chase of them, while he remained with the other two, for this old whale to come up again. Well, off we went, and soon came up with the school: they are the most awkward part of whale fishing; for they are savage, and, moreover, easily galled, that is frightened. I picked out one, and tried to come up with him; but he was very shy, and at last he raised his head clean out of the water, and set off at a rate of ten miles an hour; this showed that he was aware of danger. I had just thought of giving him up and trying for another, when he suddenly turned round, and came right toward the boats. That we knew meant mischief; but, in coming toward us, he passed close to the other boat, and the steersman gave him the harpoon right well into him. This made him more savage, and he stood right for my boat, ploughing up the sea as he rushed on. I was all ready in the bow with the harpoon, and the men were all ready with their oars to pull back, so as to keep clear of him.— On he came, and when his snout was within six feet of us, we pulled sharp across him, and as we went from him, I gave him the harpoon deep into the fin. 'Starn all!' was the cry as usual, that we might be clear of him. He 'sounded' immediately, that is, down he went, head foremost, which was what we were afraid of, for you see we had only two hundred fathoms of line in each boat; and having both harpoons in him, we could not bend one to the other, in case he 'sounded' deep, for sometimes they will go down right perpendicular, and take four lines, or eight hundred fathoms with them, so we expected that we should this time loose the whale as well as our lines, for when they were run out, we must either ent, or go down with him. Well, the lines ran out so swift, that we poured water on them that they might not fire—and we thought that it was all over, for the lines were two-thirds out, and he was going down as fast as ever, when all of a sudden he stopped. We were hauling in the slack lines, when we saw him rise again, about a quarter of a mile off. It was a hurrah, for we now thought that we had him. Off he set with his nose up, right in the wind's eye, towing the two boats at the rate of twelve miles an hour; our stems clearing trough the sea, and throwing off the water like a plume of feathers on each side of the bows, while the sun's rays pierced through the spray and formed bright rainbows.— We hoped soon to tire him, and to be able to haul in upon our knees, so as to get near enough to give him our lances; but that was only hope, as you'll hear. Of a sudden, he stopped, turned round, and made right for us, with his jaws open; then, all we had to do was to baulk him, and give him the lance. He did not seem to have made up his mind which boat he would attack—we were pretty near together, and he yawed at one, and then at the other. At last he made right for the other boat, and the boatswain dodged him very cleverly, while we pulled up to him, and I put the lance up to the stock into his side. He made a plunge as if he were going to 'sound' again; and as he did so, with his flukes he threw our boat into the air, a matter of twenty feet, cutting it clean in half, and one of the boat's thwart came right athwart of my nose, and it never has been straight since. So now you have it, messmate; and I shouldn't mind if you passed the beer this way, for this long yarn has made my throat somewhat dry.'

'When you've had your swig, old chap, you may as well tell how the matter ended,' observed my father.

'Why it ended in our losing the whale in the first place, and the boat with her gear in the second. We were picked up by the other boat, and there was no time to be lost, for the sharks were brought together by the scent of the whale's blood; the whale sounded again, and we were obliged to cut the line, and return on board.'

### A RICH SCENE.

The Picayune has a way of making its watch returns afford philosophy as well as mirth. Hear the following conversation between two loafers. The humor is only surpassed by that of brother Neal, in his inimitable "charcoal sketches."

'Yes,' said Steppy, 'you beat me in making out breakfasts and dinners, but you can't shine in making a raise of drinks as well as I can.'

'I knock under,' said Brown.

'De yen know how I do it?' said Steppy.

'Utterly ignorant of the *modus operandi* my dear fellow,' said Brown, 'but always thought you had a peculiar talent that way.'

'I have sir: so I have, sir,' said Steppy. 'Superior education—a knowledge of physiognomy and of human does it.'

'Explain,' said Brown.

'Be silent,' said Steppy.

'I'm mum,' said Brown, slapping his open mouth with the palm of his hand, *a la* Captain Copp.

'Well then, you see, unless I'm really 'hook, I always goes in the bit houses—doggeries aint genteel. When I sees fellows going up to the bar, I says, how do you do? how are you now? I know at once by my knowledge of physiognomy whether the crowd be whigs or locofocos—I don't believe in the bumb business. If they're whigs, I at once begins to speak of glorious victories—the triumph of correct principles—the annihilation of locofocoism, and all that sort of thing, and they at once says, what'll you take, sir? If I find they are locofocos, I d—n coon skins, log cabins, and hard cider; and thus, in either case, walk into a horn and something else if it be snack time.'

'But there are three things that are a puzzle to me,' said Steppy, 'which are these: who wrote Junius' letters? who is elected Governor of Maine? how do you pull wool over the eyes of the boarding-house keepers?'

'System, sir, system. My gentlemanly address and prepossessing appearance. I find a pair of spectacles indispensable in carrying out my plans, and a good cane has, in many instances, a prodigious effect.'

'Let us have light,' said Steppy.

'I will,' said Brown, 'but you are the first person to whom I ever revealed the secret. Well then, like making the egg stand on end, the process is simple when it is made known. Every boarding-house has a label with a black ground and golden letters on the door, saying that it is a boarding-house. You have nothing therefore to do but hover near the door at breakfast or dinner hour, salute one of the borders as he passes in and continue the conversation till dinner is announced; sit next to him at dinner if possible to keep up the delusion; but this is not indispensable; walk out when he walks out, and it will be at once concluded that you're his particular friend and no question will be ever asked. I've tried it a thousand times and it never failed in a solitary instance.'

'Why don't you follow it up?' said Steppy.

'Because I have no new customers to do,' said Brown. 'But I have an idea—a thought has struck me.'

'What is it?' said Steppy.

'Why, that we exchange situations, let you take the run of the boarding-houses, and I'll take your place in the hotel business.'

'Capital! capital!—excellent! excellent!' said Steppy.

'If you have got capital,' said the watchman, 'just as they had made arrangements

for a new start in business—if you have got capital this is rather a suspicious place to be in.' Without listening to a word from them he calabossed them. The Recorder would listen to no explanation but sent them to the calaboose for thirty days each.

### WEBSTER AND BROUGHAM.

The following paragraph is extracted from a late London publication, entitled "Portraits of Public Characters."

"The first occasion on which I saw Mr. Webster was in the Court of Exchequer, three or four days after his arrival in town. He sat on the right of Mr. Baron Gurney; while Lord Brougham and the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar—the latter a young man, not seemingly, out of his teens—sat on his left. To see the two greatest men of their day, the one the master spirit of the Old, the other the master spirit of the New World, thus sitting so near each other, was a sight of no ordinary interest. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast which the personal appearance of the two illustrious individuals presented. The large broad countenance of the American citizen, seemed more ample when the eye took in at the same glance the narrow contracted face of the English peer. Lord Brougham's hair looked more gray when seen in juxtaposition with the almost jet-black hair of Daniel Webster. While there was no hair on the forehead of the latter, the small, low forehead of the former was so overlapped with it, as almost to render it doubtful to those who knew no better, whether he had any forehead at all. The English ex-Lord Chancellor's small gray eyes appeared to dwindle into yet more diminished proportions, when placed side by side with the large dark eyes of the leader to the American Bar. The tall, slender, bony frame of the Englishman arrested the eye more readily, when witnessed at the same time as the full, middle-sized, broad-built figure, of the American.—While the dress of Mr. Webster was plainness itself, that of Lord Brougham had so much of positive dandyism about it, that a Parisian swell would have been proud to put his person into it. I have already described the apparel the former wore on the occasion. The noble and learned Lord patronised a blue, tastefully made surtout, a white waistcoat, white trousers, white stockings and thin shoes; on his breast was a handsome gold chain, while from his small-clothes watch-pocket there was suspended by a smart looking riband, a cluster of massive gold seals.—His appearance, altogether, with the exception of his gray hair, his complexionless face, and large features, were remarkably boyish-like. He reminded one of a youthful student at some country academy, "trimmed up" for the annual ball. The severity of Mr. Webster's countenance, the repose of his features, and the motionless position in which he sat, must have struck every one more forcibly from the perpetual smile which played on the face of his lordship, the incessant and rapid movement of his muscles, and the infinitely diversified attitudes into which he put his body. He laughed, spoke and acted, with hands, feet and face, during the whole of the time he sat on the bench—his body thus exhibiting a singular sympathy with the known restlessness of his mind."

Many a farm, when fresh, has been rendered sterile and unproductive in a few years by skimming the surface. Deep ploughing brings up latent animal and vegetable particles favorable to the growth of plants, renders the soil loose and friable, and, above all, prevents the ground from washing.—Hilly land should always be ploughed in a circular direction, and if at the same time it is broken deep, it is rarely the case that hills will not retain all the rain that falls upon them.—*Agriculturalist.*

Let not man anticipate uncertain profits.

### THE QUAKER.

In a voyage around the world, a work recently written by an officer on board the Columbia U. S. Frigate, occurs the following anecdote:

'One of our Lieutenants told me a story of a sailor, attached to a ship, that interested me much. 'He was an excellent seaman, and so religious and peaceful, that he was called *par excellence*, the quaker. He was religious in all his doings, and with few companions seemed to stand apart from the majority of his shipmates, as one who had little sympathy with them; but every officer and sailor respected him, for he was intelligent and faithful—as brave as he was religious, as generous as he was reserved. He devoted his leisure to mental improvement and the Bible, but if a daring work of duty was to be done, a deed of danger and of skill—there was none so prompt and firm as the Quaker to undertake it. Once a storm arose suddenly at night, and (though I have forgotten the peculiar nautical circumstances,) it carried away a mast, the ship broached to, and a heavy sea broke over the quarter; when as she heeled and the decks filled, it was discovered that all the lee ports had been closed, and the scuppers were not enough to release the accumulating flood. The flapping of the loose sails against the rigging—the moaning of the wind and waters, quite drowned the voice of the trumpet, and there was great danger of the ship's going suddenly down in the trough of the billows. Then as the lurid lightnings for a moment illumined the deck, confusion and consternation were revealed in every direction—the men were rushing for the boats, the binnacle lights were out, and the weather helmman had deserted his post: when, at that critical moment, the voice of one touching his hat at the time, and only a few feet from the deck: 'Sir, shall I take the helm? no one is there.'

'Who speaks?' said the officer,  
'It is the Quaker, sir.'  
'Yes, take the helm, my good lad, and quick—but first knock out a lee port, while I hold the helm, and let out water. The ship lays like a log while these cursed fools are crazy.'

The Quaker sprang, with prompt alacrity, down the half sunken deck, up to his waist in water—a vent was soon made, and the whirling current hurrying to escape, almost took the dauntless mariner with it—but in a moment he was at the helm. Silence and obedience were restored among the crew, and the broken mast was cut away. The Quaker fixed his steady eye upon the breaking sea, headed the faltering prow to the wave, and the ship, once more being relieved, soon righted—the sails secured were closely reefed, and safely reassured.

But had not the Quaker been there, where might have been the ships and its trembling spirits? And what was it that armed this man with such fearless self-possession in the midst of peril it was surely more than natural courage—yes, it was a firm reliance on the providence of God, a submission to the decrees of duty, whatever and wherever they might be; it was the courage of religious faith—a faith that "casteth out all fear."

*Yankee Cuteness.*—Some time since, the Yankee Schooner Sally Ann, under command of one Captain Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut river. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notion of things, the Schooner was getting rather near certain flats which lay along the larboard shore. So aft he goes to the captain and says he:

'Captain Spooner, you're getting rather close them are flats; hadn't you better go about?'

Says Captain Spooner—'Mr. Comstock, do you go forward and attend to your part of the skuner and I'll attend to mine.'

Well, Mr. Comstock marvelled forward in high dudgeon. 'Boys,' said he, 'see that ere mud hook all clear for letting go.' 'Aye, aye, sir, all clear.' 'Let go,' said he. Down went the anchor, out rattled the chain and