

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 Knickerbocker.

REMEMBRANCES.

Oft at the hour when evening throws
Its gathering shades o'er vale and hill,
While half the scene in twilight glows,
And half in sunlight glories still.
The thought of all that we have been,
And hoped and feared on life's long way—
Remembrances of joy and pain
Come mingling with the close of day.

The distant scene of Youth's bright dream,
The smiling green, the rustling tree,
The murmur of the grass-fringed stream,
The bounding of the torrent free;
The friend, whose tender voice no more
Shall sweetly thrill the listening ear,
The glow that Love's first vision wore,
And Disappointment's pangs—are here.

But soft o'er each reviving scene
The chastening hues of Memory spread;
And smiling each dark thought between,
Hope softens every tear we shed.
O thus, when Death's long night comes on,
And its dark shades around me lie,
May parting beams from Memory's sun
Blend softly in my evening sky!

"HIGH CONNECTION."

BY F. S. OSGOOD.

"I grant him good and handsome, dear,
This charming Julian Stanley;
A genius and a hero too,
And courteous as he's manly.
I own his heart a generous one,
And rich in warm affections,
"None knew him but to praise him," love:
But—has he high connections?"

"He has, the highest!" Jane replied,
With smiles and blushes blended.
"Ah! then all's right!" her cry cried,
"Who are they!—how descended!"

His kin are all the great and good!
He's linked with them forever,
By Sympathy—the only tie,
That Death will fail to sever,
And higher still—his noble mind,
His pure and true affections,
Have won for him a home in Heaven:
There are his "high connections."

An Honorable Example.—The following we find in the Maysville Eagle. It is related of Mr. Craddock a member of the Kentucky Senate from the counties of Hardin and Meade:

"Sir," said Mr. C., "What I have said here to day was said in a rough way, and if it has wounded a Senator, I hope he will attribute it to no unkind feelings, but to my want of the polish of education. Sir, your Superintendent of Common Schools has said, that there are many men of family in this Commonwealth, who can neither read nor write, and it is but true, my own marriage bond has my MARK to it, and my son, who now sits in the other House, was a stout boy when I learned to write."

Mr. C. is now not only a respectable Senator, but a good lawyer. What more need be said in his praise?

Truth.—The face of truth is not less fair and beautiful for all the counterfeit visors which have been put on her.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MELTING STORY.

No other class of men in any other country possesses that facetious aptness at inflicting a good humored revenge which seems to be innate with the Green Mountain boy. Impose upon or injure a Vermonter, and he will seem the drollest and best natured fellow you ever knew in your life, until suddenly he pounces upon you with some cunningly devised offset for your duplicity; and even while he makes his victim smart to the core, there is that manly open-heartedness about him which infuses balm even while the wound is opening, and renders it quite impossible that you should hate him, however severe may have been the punishment he dealt out to you. These boys of the Green Mountains seem to possess a natural faculty of extracting fun from every vicissitude and accident that the changing hours can bring; even what are bitter vexations to others, these happy fellows treat in a manner so peculiar as completely to alter their former character and make them seem to us agreeable, or at least endurable, which was before in the highest degree offensive. Another man will repay an aggravation or an insult by instantly returning injury, cutting acquaintance and shutting his heart forever against the offender; but a Vermonter, with a smile upon his face, will amuse himself with obtaining a far keener revenge, cracking a joke in conclusion, and making his former enemies forgive him and even love him after the chastisement.

One winter evening, a country store-keeper in the Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, and while standing in the snow outside, putting up his window shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than revenge was hit upon and a very few moments found the Green Mountain store-keeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a sort of torture for which he might have gained a premium from the old inquisition.

"I say, Seth," said the store-keeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his shoes.

Seth had his hand upon the door, his hat upon his head and the roll of new butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say Seth, sit down; I reckon, now, such an X-TAR-nal night as this, a little something warm wouldn't hurt a fellow; come and sit down."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of 'something warm, seditly interfered with his resolution to go.—This hesitation however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes that while the country grocer sat before, there was no possibility of his getting out, and right in this very place, sure enough, the store-keeper sat down.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit.—"Without it you'd freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and jumped up declaring he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth;—come, I've got a story to tell you, too; sit down now," and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh! its tu darn'd hot here," said the petty thief, again attempting to rise.

"Set down—don't be in such a playgey hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back in his chair.

"But I've the cows tu fodder, and some

wood tu split, and I must be agoin,' continued the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth in this manner. Set down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool, you appear to be fidgety!" said the roguish grocer with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I'll give you a TOAST now, and you can BUTTER it yourself," said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth here's—here's a Christmas goose well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you, Seth, it's the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth, don't you never use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste with; fresh pound butter, just the same as you see on that shelf yonder, is the only proper thing in natur to baste a goose with—come take your butter—I mean Seth, your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as to MELT, and his mouth was as hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright, with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red hot furnace before him.

"Darnation cold night this," said the grocer. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you was warm! Why don't you take your hat off! Here, let me put your hat away!"

"No!" exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tougue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat, "No! I must not let me out: I aint well—let me go!" A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night Seth," said the humorous Vermonter, "if you will go;" adding as Seth got out into the road, "neighbor, I reckon on the fun I've had out of you is worth a ninpence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter."—N. O. Picayune.

GREAT MEN ARE GENERALLY FARMERS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the father of independence, and great benefactor of his race, when public duty permitted, devoted all the energies of his well balanced mind to the improvements of agriculture at Mount Vernon, Virginia, where he died. He corresponded with Sir John Sinclair, and other distinguished husbandmen of the age, upon various improvements indispensable to good farming. Some of his agricultural epistles have been persevered as everlasting monuments of his goodness and greatness.

JOHN ADAMS, the second President, and in the language of Mr. Jefferson, "the great pillar and support in the Declaration of Independence, and its ablest advocate and champion on the floor of the house," was a farmer in Quincy, Massachusetts.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, the third President, died a farmer at Monticello, Va.

JAMES MADISON, the fourth President, was a great admirer of agriculture.

JAMES MONROE, the fifth President, was a good farmer, and a very correct justice of the peace in the county of Loudon, after his retirement from the Presidency.

JOHN Q. ADAMS, the sixth President of the United States, was and is a farmer at Quincy, near Boston.

ANDREW JACKSON, the seventh President, is a farmer in our immediate neighborhood. His "Hermitage" plantation is one of the most beautiful situations in the United States, and were he to quit cotton, read agricultural papers a little more, and study carefully the

improvements nature suggests in this country, his indefatigable exertions even in his old age, would make him a first rate farmer, MARTIN VAN BUREN, the eighth President, is a farmer at Kinderhook; an excellent judge of sheep, and successful wool grower.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, the ninth President elect, of the Union, is a farmer, and a first rate wheat grower, at North Bend, Ohio. An overwhelming majority of the voters of the United States are practical farmers, and it is out of the question to think of any other man being President but a farmer.—Agriculturist.

From the Picayune.

MULLINAVAT RACES.

A STORY OF THE WIDOW HOGAN'S COW.

The following story was told a few evenings since by an Emerald to one of his companions, the latter of whom is something of a turfman and had that day been to the Louisiana Course and witnessed a very interesting race which he was bragging about.

"Arrah, be aisy 'at wid yer sthories iv yer great reeces wid Sary Bladen an' Grey Medoc, an' Boston an' Gano, an' all the rist iv yer nags an' creathurs, whin all iv them would be nothing intirely, kimpared wid the racing animals iv ould Ireland, that'll rin their two mile an' three quarters in half the time, an' thin toss of a glassh ov whiskey wid the company. Shtop a bit till I light me pipe, an' I'll infarm ye iv a race that'll bate this counthry or anny other."

"Ye see the boys iv Mullinavat had jist returned from the Limerick races, whin what should inter their heds but to mek up a race jist to plaze the girls an' be way iv making a little shport; but there was no race horses to be had, no, the devil the one.—Well, is consequence iv having med all the arangemints widout thinking iv the horses at all at all, the boys were forced to tek Lerry O'Donogh's ould lame horse, an' the Widdy Hogan's cow. Och! that was the cow for ye; sure, she'd outrin the devil an' all hisimps in the bargain anny day an' there wasn't a sowl in Mullinavat, nor twinty miles to the back iv that, barrin' the Widdy Hogan, could come up wid her. Well, the performanshis iv the day begun wid a fut race iv a quarter of a mile hate, which was beautifully consistid betwene Pat McGuire an' Micky Coggins the shoemaker, an' no doubt but Micky would iv won, if Pat hadn't run agin him jist afther they shtarted, which Micky resinted and shtruck Pat a blow unther the leg, an' thin kem three rounds aich, fair play, the last ov which settled poor Micky intirely. Thin the fut race being over, the 'Sprig iv Shillelah,' as a signal for shtartin' an' off they went, Lerry mounted on his ould baste an' the Widdy Hogan ashtride the cow, wid all the boys iv Mullinavat a rinnin' afther them for the bare life. Pat an' be jagers! but the biting rin high that time. 'Twinty to one on the Widdy.' 'Done,' siz the praisht. 'I'll wager yees a tin month ould pig agin a couple iv murphies on the horse,' sed Barney Maloney. 'Done,' siz Pat McGuire. Mane time away they went amidst the shouts iv the boys. 'Och, whack! go it Widdy.' 'Don't be bate by a cow, Lerry,' an' so on, till the cow, catching a sight iv the horse passing her, (for the ould catur had his lame leg greased an' but in orther, and wint smart,) shtuck her tail in the air an' med at him full tilt, an' het him a blom that sint him an' Lerry, one be the other, oate an' comfortable on the grass, whilst the Widdy kep on till the ind iv the course, an' thin kem shport. The boys pilted the ould house wid turf, an' Harry pilted it back at them; an' wid that they pilted one another till it was all, Philliloo! Tur-rinages! Shtand clare! Away wint turf, an' murphies, an' shillelahs; off wint boss, an' bang wint shillelahs on the hids, an' mathurs wint to a great height whin the girls interfared: the ould piper shtarted a jig, an' from fightin' they all wint to dancin'.—The boys brouched a barrel iv whiskey, and a naiter shindy niver occurred in Mullinavat from the time iv Methusalem to this

day; and the Widdy ivery year, immediately afther the Limerick races, kapes, up the anniversary in the ould cow."

SPINOLOGY.

In these days, when boarding schools for young ladies are devoted to the fashionable ologies of the day—such as chonology, ornithology, ichtthyology, zoology, and such like, we propose an additional science, as a finishing touch to young ladies' education, viz: SpinoLOGY. Our grandmothers of olden time, who made good wives, for patriotic men that achieved our independence, knew how to spin. They were too expert at weave-ology; and as to cook-ology, none of the learned ancients could go ahead of them. As a consequence of all this, they enjoyed good health, and such things as dyspepsia and consumption were seldom known. But in modern times those sciences, so honorable to the matrons of the Revolution, have gone out of date. A lamentable degeneracy, both physical and moral has followed. Then the country had women; now we have none. Females have all sur-nad ladies.

If our fashionable schools cannot be induced to establish departments in spinoLOGY, weaveology, and the like, we would suggest that some matrons—if a number qualified for the business can be found,—should go into our cities and towns, and set up spinning schools to teach young ladies—not how to spin street yarn; this art they have generally achieved already; but good substantial wool and linnen, in a work-womanlike manner. This should be preparatory to High School for teaching the healthy and ingenious art of Weaving, and they have become proficient at both a good knowledge of Cookology should entitle them to a regular diploma, with the honorary degree of F. W.—Fit for Wives.

Maine Cultivator.

A BEAUTIFUL PASSAGE.

In a recent speech of O'Connell to the ladies of Kilkenny he makes use of the following language, as beautifully expressed, as it is original in conception. Mr. O'Connell is at this time the orator of the World and Freedom; and may be said to be a living impersonation of Eloquence. Unlike almost any other; he is at home in every circle; and whether pouring his polished periods and nervous invective into the startled ear of the House of Commons, or dealing in good-humored slang and familiar double en tendres in the presence of the workmen of Cork, he is alike in every place. We can conceive no richer treat than to have heard him deliver this exquisite passage.—Observe the fine figure in italics.

During the lengthened period of my existence I have been in many relations with the higher and nobler sex. I am a grandfather, and know what it is to love, and how sweet it is to hear the chirping of a grand daughter to an old man's ear. One of mine the eldest, is a bright eyed girl, just entering into all the happiness which life can give to a young heart bearing its first affections, and a kinder glow never warmed my heart than when she clasps the neck of her grandfather. I did enjoy the affections of a sister, who loved me more than I deserved, and when I could not love her half so much as I do now. I wept over the grave of my sainted mother, who early instructed and brought up my infant mind to the possibility of failure, but the impossibility that the lessons I received could tarnish the morals or virtue of her son; and I do sincerely believe that, when at her last expiring breath her sainted soul poured forth a blessing on my head, what ever success I have had through life was owing to the efficacy of her last pleasing though melancholy lesson. I have had the pledges of a wedded love in those daughters whom, perhaps, with the erratic instinct of paternal affection, I have deemed the fairest, as they certainly are among the gentlest of the sex. I have been a happy husband—did I say I have been? Oh, no—I am her husband still—the grave is between us—but the link that binds our souls is immortal, and