

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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Poetry.

From Campbell's new Vol. of Poems.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

I love, contemplating a part,
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart,
Napoleon's glory.

'Twas when his banners in Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And ere was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half way over,
With envy could reach the white,
Dear Cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—dozing,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
This livelong day laborious—lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched! such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured in a pond
Or crossing a ferry.

For ploughing the salt sea field
It would have made the boldest shuff;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeel'd—
No sail—no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlards
His sorrow skiff with wattle'd flows
And thus engulfed, he would be pass'd
The foaming billows.

But Frenchman caught him the beach,
His little Argus sorely jing
Till tiding of him chanced reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And in his wonted tone
Addressed the stranger.

Rash man, that wast you channel pass,
On twigs and os so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with the sweet British lass
Must be inlarded.

I have no heart, said the lad,
But abs'ng from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother.

And you shalt, Napoleon said,
Both my favor fairly won;
Ye mother must have bread
A days 2 son.

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And with a flag of truce commanded,
He should be shipped to England old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
'To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRESCRIPTION FOR A DYSPETIC.

Five years ago, Mr. —, who keeps within a gun shot of our office, found his health failing. For several days he shut himself up in his house, using such means as were recommended by his friends, but all to no purpose; it was not however until after much persuasion by his anxious friends that a medical adviser was called in. His case was stated. The Doctor did not seem to be very hasty in making up his mind, but promised to send him something which would no doubt cure him.

Hour after hour elapsed, but no messenger arrived. In fact there had been but one rap at the front door during the forenoon, and that by an awkward boy who was reprimanded for bringing a wood saw, horse and axe, to the front door, and directed to take them round to the gate.

The Doctor was again sent for.
'Well,' says the Doctor, 'how does the medicine work.'
'The Medicine, dear sir, I have seen none.'
'Ah, I see you don't know how to take it.'

'But sir, there is some error—I have re-'
'Did not a boy bring you a saw and accompaniments?'

'There was, Doctor, something of the kind brought to the door—but if that is your prescription, how under the sun can a sick man take such indigestible articles! don't understand, Doctor.'

'Well, then, I will tell you,' said the Doctor, and in a low voice slowly proceeded; 'to-morrow morning about ten o'clock put on your surcoat, go into the woodhouse place sack of wood on the horse, and ply the saw as slowly as you please for an hour. Then go to your room and without removing your outer garment, sit by the fire till your respiration subsides. Follow this daily, and you will soon be your own man again.'

The prescription was strictly followed. It was a hard job at first, but every day the medicine was taken with a better relish.—Strength and powers of digestion returned.

The medicine has been continued up to the present day, and although the gentleman is engaged in an extensive business, which requires much attention he has sawed and split more than a dozen cords of wood the present winter.
It has been suggested, that if to the nostrums of the day, saw dust pills be added, to be taken in the woodshed, and digested over the wood horse, they would produce more wonderful cures than any pills now extant.

A Sour Child.—A prisoner before the police court last week in Philadelphia, gave the following interesting sketch of his birth and broughtin up:

I was born weeping—my daddy used to chew wormwood before I was born, and my mother made a practice of getting drunk on vinegar. When I was a little boy nobody would not allow me to nuss their children, for they sed I made 'em dyspeptic—I looked so completely sour—so they sed. When I went to school I was always in for the lickens, and I do believe I bagged it for every boy in the school. At last I got married, and my wife left me in three months. There's no use of asking why. She sed there was no use of liven with me, because if we had children, they would not be any thing but walken' vinegar casks—if they was boys—and if they was girls they'd be mere jugs o'cream o'tartar set on legs, to physic all the world by their solenchal plizzay.

THE INCURABLE.

'Now doctor—don't you think I am on the mending hand; and doctor—mayn't I go out soon?'

'No, I say, unless you shut up that mouth of yours.'

'Why, doctor, I feel considerably better—and, doctor; I ate a mince pie this morning.'

'What! mince devil madam?'

'Why, doctor, I kinder hanker'd arter it and you said, doctor, when I felt as though I could take a little something that was nice and light 'I might just smell of it, and kinder taste it, doctor.'

'And so you eat a mince pie?'

'Yes, doctor, and leetle custard—a very leetle!'

'Its wonder madam, if you don't die after it: Why didn't you swallow a pound of bullets?'

'Why, doctor a physician once told me always to eat, when I felt an appetite.'

'Shut up, madam! What do I care for your physician?'

'Why, would you really advise me to say nothing at all, doctor? It does me so much good to talk.'

'Good! it will be your death yet.'

'Why, I must say, I should hate terribly doctor, to have the lock jaw.'

'Umph! you would be sure to talk in your sleep; come shut up.'

'Why, now, there's Doctor B—who can cure any thing. He'd let me eat mince pies, don't you think, doctor a little ham or catnip tea taken externally, would take the oppression off my stomach—ah, dear doctor, don't you now. Shall I call on you to advise what you—no can cure any thing?'

'There is one thing he cannot cure. If he can, I say send for him ma'am.'

'What, pray what is it dear doctor I want to know.'

'He can't make a blister that will prevent your everlasting tongue from click—click—clacking. Good day, madam.'

'Yes he can; come back, doctor, he's a master hand at sewing up things with a needle and thread.'

'Then send for him. It's past my cure. Good day madam.'

'Another mince pie, Sukey. Od dear I'm trotting off in a rapid consumption.'

THE CONTRAST.

Do you see that proud overbearing man riding in his gilded carriage? Look! he stops before a magnificent mansion, and liveried lacquies, obedient to his nod, assist him to descend.

Do you see that poor miserable boy whose tattered clothes scarcely shield from the inclemency of the weather. Mark with a beseeching look he solicits the rich man to purchase a pencil or a card of pencils; and behold, how contemptuously he is spurned!

Twenty five years ago that pompous man was as poor, as friendless and as wretched as the urchin he despises.

Twenty five years have passed since that day. The same parties meet, to the contrast.

The once poor boy stands in the pride of manhood active, rich. A lovely woman his wife, leans upon his arm. Grace in every expression, and affluence smiles in his unostentatious adornment.

An old man appeared. The tottering steps the threadbare garments, and the painful expression that fret in every feature denote a man of want and woe. Better to be dead! than thus to drag a miserable existence.

This may at the first blush appear to some an improbable romance. It is truth.

In a country like ours there is no man however poor if aided by industry, economy, and virtue, but may rise from the lowest rank of society to the highest. The knowledge of this fact is a blessed incitement to the young, and cheers them to struggle nobly in the paths which lead to honor and independence, despite the thousand obstacles that oppose his course.

There is no man, however affluent who by extravagance, and lacks morals, may

not fall from his high estate, and close his days in woe.

Let no man despise the poor because of their wealth. We may conquer poverty. Wealth may sudden us. All men of equal virtue, are equal: If one man possesses more intelligence than his fellows though that of itself may not elevate him in the ranks of the good, yet it brings him added respect, and wins a willing admission of all men;

The good alone are great.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

A little babe lay in the cradle, and Hope came and kissed it when its nurse gave it cake. Hope promised another to-morrow; and when its young sister brought a flower; over which it clapped its wings and crowed. Hope told of brighter ones which it would gather for itself.

The babe grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it, her name was Memory. She said look behind thee, and tell me what thou seest. The child answered, 'I see a little book.' And Memory said, I will teach thee how to get honey from the book, that will be sweeter to thee when thou art old.

The child became a youth. Once when he went to bed, Hope and Memory stood by the pillow; Hope sung a melodious song, and said 'follow me, and every morning thou shalt wake with a smile, as sweet as the pretty lay I sung thee. But Memory said, Hope, is there any need that we should contend? He shall be mine as well as thine; and we shall be to him as sisters all his life long.

So he kissed Hope and Memory, as he was beloved of them both. While he slept peacefully they sat silently by his side, weaving rainbow tissue into dreams; when he woke, they came with the lark, to bid him good morning and he gave a hand to each.

He became a man. Every day Hope guided him to his labor, and every night he supped with Memory at the table of Knowledge.

But at length Age found him, and turned his temples gray. To his eye the world seemed altered. Memory sat by his elbow chair, like an old and tried friend, he look rather seriously and said, hast thou not lost something that I entrusted with thee? And she answered, 'I fear so, for the lock of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am weary and sleepy, and time purloins my key; but the gems that thou didst give me when life was new, I can account for all—see how bright they are.'

While they thus sadly conversed Hope put forth a wing that she had not worn, folded under her garment, and tried its strength in a heavenward flight. The old man laid down to die, and when his soul went forth from the body, the angels took it and Memory walked with it through the open gate of heaven. But Hope laid down at its threshold and gently expired, as the rose giveth out its last odors.

Her parting sigh was like the music of a seraph's harp. She breathed it into a glorious form and said immortal happiness! I bring thee a soul through the world, it is now thine—Jesus hath redeemed it.'

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

Among the recent arrivals at Washington is that of Mar Yohanna, (Lord John.) the Nestorian Bishop from Ooroomiah, Persia, in company with Rev. Justin Perkins, Missionary of the American Board.

On Thursday the sun broke forth with great splendor, creating a beautiful day—the more so by contrast with half a week of clouds and storms. The Bishop, with his friend, embarked on board the Alexandria boat, which passed down the broad Potomac, glittering in the morning sun, and shot by the war steamer at anchor near Greenleaf's Point. Their object was to visit Mount Vernon, to walk among the

shades, and stand by the tomb of the illustrious statesman and hero whose mortal remains there repose.—Here, then, were two pilgrims from a distance of six thousand miles, who had come to stand near the dust, and admire the fame of our Washington.

The fame has spread its light to the furthest Persia. Mr. P. remarked he stood on Mount Ararat, where the Ark of the ancient and venerable Noah—the second progenitor of the human race—had rested after the fierce waters of the deluge; but not such emotions possessed his soul as when his feet stood on Mount Vernon, where reposes the dust of him who after a great moral conflict, in which military force and martial merit were but constituent elements, retired to close his heroic life with a tranquil death.

AN ILL-NATURED FELLOW.—A New York paper contains the following libel upon the fair sex: The fellow deserves to die without having a woman to smooth his pillow. 'The best way to put a lady in good spirits, is to take her to milliner's shop and buy her a bonnet. The manageress of one of the most extensive establishments in London, in the course of her evidence the other day in an action for breach of promise; declared that ladies are always in good spirits when they go to a milliner's to choose a bonnet.' Here we have a valuable recipe, which may be of great use to those gentlemen whose ladies are troubled with ennui and the sullens.—Like most applications for the health of those 'delicate creatures,' however, it is expensive. We believe the efficacy is not confined to bonnets. Ladies love to be purchasing, and we doubt not if they were permitted to spend their days in shopping, their smiles would be perpetual.

CHILD AND OLD AGE.

How beautiful and touching the contrast! The shattered oak and the twining vine are the apt emblems. The one indicative of youth, freshness and beauty—the other of age, decay, and the perils of a long existence. The rosy girl and the decrepit grand mother—the one joyous as a bird, and bounding away like a winged creature—the other with a thin faltering voice, and steps that totter onward to the grave.

We have thus the two great points of existence before us—the beginning and the end—the morning and the evening—the 'rosy dawn' and the dusky twilight.' How sunny are the vision of childhood!—how buoyant its expectations! How green and glorious the fancied paths beyond! Like the fairy landscape whose choicest charms live only to the eye of a distant observer—so with the radiant pictures which youth sketches upon the imagined pages of coming time. How few will bear the test of reality, the closer, keener glance of steady observation. It is well that Youth looks through an enchanted glass, that it sees in the distance the green hills tops and not the pitfalls and thorny paths that checker the ways of existence.

And Old Age! Must it look back for hope and for joy? Oh! no. Even to the dullest—the dimmest vision, there is to be the Christian spirit, a golden clime beyond—a sunny realm, where new robes await the faithful, a new existence, and new joys, and where the aches, and the feebleness, and the furrows of age, shall give place to immortality, and all its holy and heavenly attributes.

Origin of the Honey Moon.—Tho' the words are in common use, their derivation is little known, as nothing respecting them is found in the dictionaries, or Encyclopedias. The origin is from a custom of Teutones, an ancient people of Germany, who drank mead, or methegling; a beverage made with honey, for 30 days after every wedding.

Miller who is preaching the destruction of the world in 1843, is buying land.