

# 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.

From the New Hampshire Gazette.

### ARISTOCRACY HUMBLD.

BY SIR PETET TEAZLE, JR.

In the month of December, 1824, on a cold, black day, a youth was seen wandering through the principal streets in Massachusetts. He was apparently about 18 years of age, was plainly clad, and fortune had evidently frowned upon him. He entered a hotel, and sat for some time leaning his head upon his hand, as if in deep thought. Presently he took up a newspaper and glancing over it, his eye caught an advertisement for an apprentice in a printing office. He started up suddenly, and inquired the way to the office of the Gazette. On being told he proceeded thither, and on telling his story, the proprietor of the establishment immediately took him into his employ. His story was simple, but full of meaning. It was as follows:—

His father was a merchant and resided in a thriving town on the banks of the Merrimac, in the state of New Hampshire.—He was considered in good circumstances, and the hero of our tale, whose name was Henry Smith, had the advantages of a good education. When he was fifteen years of age, his father died, and it was found that his estate was insufficient to pay his debts; Henry did all he could to assist his poor mother for two years, when she died, and Henry was left to mercy of fortune.—He, therefore, with only a few dollars in his pocket, set off to seek his fortune among strangers, in a cold and heartless world. By chance he got into the town where we found him. The rest I have already told to my readers.

Henry Smith was now 18 years of age, He was to remain with Mr. G the proprietor of the Gazette, until he should arrive at the age of 21, and as a compensation therefor, he was to receive thirty dollars per year, in lieu of any clothing, and his board for that period.

He proved faithful, industrious and steady and unlike many young men, he cut his coat according to his cloth, and by that means was enabled to lay up something, as the saying is, 'against a rainy day.'

I trust that my bachelor friends will pardon me when I inform them that I am about to introduce to their notice a female. I, like my celebrated ancestor, Sir Peter Teazle the First, am a bachelor; but circumstances render it necessary that to tell a story about any of our friends who have entered into an alliance matrimonial we must sometimes expect to have our path crossed by the fairer and gentler sex (!)—But, Peter, Peter! thou'rt indulging in a most unnecessary, unbecoming soliloquy! Go on with thy story, therefore, or disgrace the name of bachelor! Well to proceed—

Delia Bell was the only daughter of a rich aristocrat in the town of Rushville—(by which name I shall call the town where we first found Henry Smith.) She was a beautiful girl, but had been indulged in every thing from her infancy, in fact, had been a spoiled child. Like her parents she was proud and overbearing, and was accustomed to think that a mechanic, or an a female who earned her daily bread

by plying her needle, was far beneath her notice.

Delia was now 17 years of age, and by far the prettiest young lady in Rushville. At the time there were held in Ranville, what were called Social Sewing Societies, devoted to raising funds for the church to which the ladies who constituted the Societies, belonged. The plan was for the ladies to attend and sew in the afternoon, and in the evening it was customary for the gentlemen in the village to attend; and after socially spending an hour or two, to show their gallantry by escorting the fair ones home.

By chance, it happened one afternoon that Delia Bell condescended to attend one of these Societies, though she considered it beneath her station to become a permanent member.

Things went on as usual during the afternoon, and as night spread her sable curtains over the face of Nature, the gentleman came.

'Who is that young gentleman in black?' said Delia to a lady with whom she was conversing.

'That is Mr. Smith; he is a capital fellow: come let me introduce you to him.'

I don't know, hesitated Delia; he is handsome, really,' she continued musing. By this time, Henry Smith, for it was no other than he, had advanced to where these two young ladies were sitting, and accosted Delia's companion. He accordingly received an introduction to Miss Bell, and entered into conversation with her.—She was so much pleased, that, in answer to his interrogatory; 'Shall I see you home?' she assented without inquiring whether he was a mechanic or not.

Henry had ere this arrived at the age of twenty-one years and his employer was so much pleased with him that he gave him a situation as foreman in his office. He might have been truly called the type of a gentleman—talented; witty and entertaining, and was withal, very good looking.—He had the dreadful misfortune, however, which befall many young men, of being a great admirer of female beauty.

He had held the situation as foreman about eight months, when he first became entangled in the meshes of Love-net in down right earnest. He was in this one thing rash and inconsiderate—(that I know from experience—I was once jilted!) Once in, he found it a hard matter to get out. He, therefore, in one month from the time of his acquaintance with Delia Bell, wrote to her a *billet-doux*, in which he proffered his 'heart and hand.' Poor fellow! he had not considered the consequence!

He was held in cruel suspense for a week when he received the following note—it matters not to the public how I came by it.

'MR. SMITH—SIR:

I received last week, a note, the contents of which both shocked and surprised me. The very idea of one of that race of beings styled *Mechanics*; being united with an *heir-ess*, is ridiculous—a journeyman printer, indeed! Your impudence is intolerable—you have your answer—let your acquaintance cease, henceforth and forever. D.B.

Three weeks from that time, and Henry Smith was on board a packet, on his way to Europe. He had learned a severe lesson from his love affair, and felt mortified and ashamed. He immediately determined on becoming an adventurer, and for this purpose he left Rushville, and proceeded to Boston, where he embarked as aforesaid.

I shall now pass over three years leaving my dear indulgent readers to imagine what happened during that period, and take up the thread of my narrative in the year of our Lord, 1831.

One beautiful evening in the delightful month of October, as the sun was gradually sinking behind the western hills, the stage coach from Boston dashed merrily into Rushville, and the coachman proudly drew up his 'foaming greys,' in front of the Washington House—the principal hotel in

the village. Among the passengers was a young man, elegantly dressed, who informed the landlord that he intended staying in the place some time, and wished to be accommodated with a room. The landlord, supposing him to be a person of some consequence, accordingly gave direction that the best chamber in the house should be appropriated for the use of the stranger.

The next day was Sunday, What a solemn time is the Sabbath in a New England village! Scarcely a person is to be seen in the streets until the hour arrives for all to assemble in the house of prayer.—The bell rings—families are to be seen issuing from their dwellings, attired in their best suits, and bending their steps towards their respective churches.

Thus it was in Rushville, on the Sabbath morning of which I am speaking.—The young gentleman whom I introduced to my readers, (whose name the tavern keeper had ascertained to be Williams,) proceeded to the Episcopal Church. He noticed there, two young ladies—one of whom was extremely beautiful and elegantly attired, who was employed in gazing about the church during the service; the other was handsome, though her looks were inferior to the first mentioned one.—She was neatly, though plainly dressed, and paid strict attention to the exercise—taking part in the service and responding in a distinct and audible voice.

'Did you observe that gentleman at church this morning, in Mr. Wilson's pew?' said Delia Bell to her mother after meeting.

'I did, my dear,' answered he fond mother, 'who was he?'

'I don't know his name, but I was told that he came last evening in the Boston stage, and intends staying here some weeks. Wasn't he handsome.'

'Quite so, my daughter, I should think—though my eyes have got so dim that I could not see him distinctly,' returned her mother.

While this was going on at Mr. Bell's the stranger in question, inquired of the landlord who those young ladies were. It appeared that the elegantly dressed one was Delia Bell, and the other was Miss Jordan, who was an orphan, and lived with her aunt, who was in respectable circumstances though not rich.

That evening, Mr. Williams called at Squire Bell's and introduced himself as a young gentleman from the South, who had been spending the summer in New England and being on his way to New Hampshire, he had concluded to spend a short time in Rushville.

He was politely received by the Bells, and Delia was in her glory. When he left, that evening, he was cordially invited to become a frequent visitor:

Things went on smoothly for some time. Delia sure she had caught Mr. Williams, and her extreme aversion to common folks was praise of him.

'Is he not charming?' said she and such beautiful language he uses; It is said that he wrote that elegant poetry in the last Gazette. There is one thing that I dislike in him however.'

'What is that, my darling!' said her father.

'Why, he said he thought that horrid Marianna Jordan was handsome. And he even called there last evening,' said Delia.

The next week, invitations were given out for a splendid party, by Mr. Williams, at the Washington.

The evening arrived, and it was a merry time at the old hotel; All the beauty and beaux of the village were there and music and dancing kept pace with time. Supper was at length announced, and Mr. Williams led the way to the banquet room without a partner. Delia Bell did not like this but she thought it for her interest to take it in good part. As supper concluded, Mr. Williams rose and requested, silence for a few moments. In an instant the clatter ceased—all held their breaths in expectation of a toast from their hospitable entertainer.

'Ladies and gentleman,' said he 'I have invited you here this evening, that I might introduce myself to you in my true character. Seven years ago, I came to this town, ragged forsaken orphan, and learned the honorable profession of a printer;—ad the circumstances that caused Henry Smith to leave his native land, and seek his fortune in foreign climes, is doubtless known to most of you. Since then fortune has bestowed on me her sunny smiles, and I have returned wealthy, I wish to hurt the feelings of no one, but merely to give a lesson of wisdom. My partner in the next dance is to be my intended, affianced bride!'

Huzza followed this harrangue and Henry Smith was welcomed to Rushville by all save one that was Delia Bell, Mortified, she immediately left the room;—long it was ere she forgot this circumstance.

But who was Henry Smith's partner? I will tell you: 'Twas no other than the humble Marianna Jordan. I say nothing about their marriage, (which was consummated,) as I have an unconquerable aversion to talking about weddings. Suffice it say, that they are still alive with little prattles running about their premises, and I hope that Mr. Smith, should he see this will pardon me for disclosing his family secrets.

MARRIED IN SPIRE OF HER TEETH.—*Choice Anecdote*.—Old Governor Saltonstall, of New England, who flourished some forty years since, was a man of some humor, as well as perseverance, in effecting the ends he desired. Among other anecdotes told of him by the New London people, the place where he resided, is the following:—

'Of the various sects which have flourished in their day, and then ceased to exist, was one known as the Rogeries, so called from their founder, a John or Tom, or some other Rogers who settled not far from the goodly town aforesaid.

The distinguishing tenet of the sect was their denial of the propriety, and scripturality of the form of marriage. It is not good for man to be alone. This they believed, and also that one wife only should; cleave to her husband,' but then this should be a matter of agreement merely, and the couple should come together as man and wife, dispensing with all form of the marriage covenant. The old Governor used frequently to call upon Rogers, and talk the matter over with him and endeavor to convince him of the impropriety of living with Sarah as he did. But neither John or Sarah would give up the argument.

It was a matter of conscience with them—they were very happy together as they were—of what use then could a mere form be? Suppose they would thereby escape scandal, were they not bound, to take up the cross, they professed? The Governor's logic was powerless.

He was in the neighborhood of John one day, and meeting with him, accepted an invitation to dine with him. The conversation as usual turned upon the old subject.

'Now, John,' says the Governor, after a long argument of the point, 'why will you not marry Sarah? Have you not taken her to be your lawful wife?'

'Yes, certainly, replied John, but my conscience will not permit me to marry her in the form of the world's people; Very well. But you love her?'

'Yes.'

'And respect her.'

'Yes.'

'And cherish her, as bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh?'

'Yes, certainly. I do.'

'And you love him, and obey him and respect him, and cherish him?'

'Certainly. I do.'

'Then, cried the Governor, rising, in the name of the laws of God, and of the commonwealth of Connecticut, I pronounce you to be man wife!'

The ravings and rage of John and Sarah were of no avail—the knot was tied by the highest authority of the State.—*Boston Mail*.

*Incredible story relating to the poison of the rattlesnake.*—To give you an idea of the long time this poison retains its property I shall relate a curious, but well authenticated series of facts which took place in a central district of the State of Pennsylvania, some twelve or fifteen years ago. A farmer was so slightly hit though the boot by a rattlesnake, as he was walking to view his ripening corn fields, that the pain felt by him was thought to have been from the scratch of a thorn, not having seen or heard the reptile. Upon his return home, he felt, on a sudden, violently sick at the stomach, vomited with great pain, & died in a few hours. Twelve months after this, the eldest son, who had taken his father's boots; put them on and went to church at some distance. On his going to bed that night whilst drawing off his boots, he felt slightly scratched on the leg, but merely mentioned it to his wife, and rubbed the place with his hand. In a few hours, however, he was awakened by violent pains—complained of of a general giddiness—fainted frequently, died before any succor could be applied with success; the cause of his illness, also being quite a mystery. In course of time his effects were sold, and a second brother through filial affection, purchased the boots and, if I remember rightly, put them on about two years after. As he drew them off, he felt a scratch, and complained of it when the widowed sister, being present recollected that same pain had been felt by her husband on the like occasion, the youth suffered and died in the same way as his father and brother did before him. These repeated and singular deaths being rumored in the country, a medical gentleman called upon the friends of the deceased, to inquire into the particulars, and one pronounced their deaths to have been occasioned by venom. The boots that had been the cause of complaint, were brought to him, when he cut one of them open with care, and discovered the extreme point of the fang of a rattlesnake issuing from the leather, and assured the people that this had done all the mischief. To prove this satisfactorily, he scratched with it the nose of a dog, and the dog died in a few hours, from the poisonous effects, it was still able to convey. In confirmation of these facts, I have been told, by native Americans, that arrows, dipped in rattlesnake venom would carry death for ages after.

[Audouin's notes on the rattlesnake.

*A Dutch Robbing Game.*—*Der Denteche* tells a good thing of a fellow who went into a grocery store and called for a quart of molasses. The molasses was brought and the purchaser demanded to have it poured into his hat. The grocer's clerk offered to lend him a measure, but no—the purchaser insisted upon having it put into his hat, at the same time laying down a piece of money which required change. The shopman, much wondering at so odd a whim hesitated no longer, but doused the molasses into his customer's old hat, and then pulled out his money drawer to make change. In a twinkling the rascally purchaser dropped the hat on the young grocer's head, grabbed on the money within his reach and coolly put the grocer's good hat on his own head, and walked off whistling while the shopkeeper was blinking, choking and smothering in a bat of molasses.

*Impertinence well Punished.*—Some English people were visiting an elegant private garden at Palermo, Sicily, and among the little ornamental buildings, they came to one upon which was written 'Non aprire, that is, 'Don't open.' This prohibition only served to excite their curiosity, and they very unceasingly proceeded to disobey the hospitable owner's injunction. On opening the door a forcible jet of water was squirted full in their faces—a very just, though not very severe retribution.

Practical Wisdom consists not so much in knowing the fact, as in knowing the reason of it, and how to use it.