

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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MISCELLANEOUS.

TOM CONNOR'S DILEMMA. A TRUE TALK.

showing how ready wit may supply the PLACE OR READY MONEY.

TOM CONNER was a perfect specimen of the happy, careless, improvident class of Irishmen, who think it 'time enough to bid the devil good morrow when they meet him and whose chief delight seems to consist in getting in all manner of scrapes, for the mere purpose of displaying their ingenuity in getting out of them again.—Tom, at the time I knew him, had passed the meridian of his life; 'he had,' as he used to say to himself, 'give up bartering,' and had, luckily a small annuity fallen to him by the demise of a considerate old aunt, who had kindly dropped off in the nick of time.—and on this independence Tom had retired to spend all that remained to him of a merry life at a pleasant lile sea port town in the west of Ireland, celebrated for its card tables and its oyster clubs. These latter social amusements were held by rotation in houses of the modest of the club, which was composed of the choicest specimens of the town. The Doctor, McFadd, relaxing the dignity of professional reserve, condescended to play practical jokes Corney Bryan, the betrothed exciseman; and Skinner, the attorney, repeated all Lord Northbury's best puns, and night after night told how, at some particular quarter sessions he had himself said a better thing than ever Northbury uttered in all his life. But the soul of the club was Tom Conner—who, by his inexhaustible fund of humorous anecdotes and droll stories, kept the table in a roar till a late hour in the night, or rather to an early hour in the morning. Tom's stories usually related to adventures which had happened to himself in his early days; and as he had experienced innumerable vicissitudes of fortune, in every part of the world, and under various characters, his narratives, though not remarkable for their strict adherence to truth, were always distinguished by their novelty.

One evening the club had met as usual, and Tom had mixed his first tumbler of potheen punch, after the feast of shells was 'over, when somebody happened to mention the name of Edward Keen, with the remarks that he had once played in a barn in that very town.

'True enough,' said Tom. 'I played in the same company with him.'

'You! you!' exclaimed several voices.

'Of course; but then that was when I was a strolling actor in Clark's corps. We used to go to the western circuit and by that means got the name of the Connaught Rangers.' There was a queer fellow in the company, called Ned Davis, an honest hearted man he was, as ever walked in shoe-leather, Ned and I sworn brothers; we shared the same bed, which was often only a 'shake down in the corner of a stable. and the same dianer, which was at times nothing better than a crust of brown bread and a draught of Adam's ale, I'll trouble you for the bottle, Doctor.—Thank you; may I never take worse stuff from your hands. Talking of Ned Davis, I'll tell you, if you

have no objection of a strange adventure which befel us once.

'Bravo! bravo! bravo! was the unanimous cry from the members. 'Silence gentlemen,' said the chairman, imperatively; 'silence for Mr. Connor's story.'

'Hem! well then, some time about the year—never mind the year—Ned and I were playing with the company at Loughrea; business grew bad, and the salaries diminished with the house, until at last, one morning at rehearsal, the manager informed us that, in consequence of the depressed state of the drama in Galway, the treasury would be closed until further notice, and that he had come to the resolution to depart on the following morning for Castlebar, wether he had requested the company to follow him without delay. Fancy my consternation at this unexpected announcement! I mechanically thrust my hands into my pockets, but they were completely untenanted. I rushed home to our lodgings, where I had left Ned Davis; I knew he had received a guinea the day before, upon which I rested my hopes of deliverance. I found him fencing with his walking-stick with an imaginary antagonist, whom he had in his mind pinned against a closet door. I related to him the sudden movement the manager had made, and told him in the most doleful voice conceivable, that I was not possessed of a single penny. As soon as I had finished, he dropped into a chair, and burst into a long continued fit of laughter, and then looked in my face with the most provoking mock gravity, and asked—

'What's to be done then? How are we to get out of this?'

'Why, said I, 'that guinea which you got yesterday?'

'Ho! ho! ho! ho!' he shouted! 'The guinea is gone.'

'Gone!' I exclaimed, and I felt my knees began to shake under me. 'Gone—where—how!'

'I gave it to the wife of that poor devil of a scene shifter who broke his arm last week; he had four children, and they were them! Had it been ten times as much they should have had it.'

I don't know what reply I made, but it had the effect of producing another uncontrollable fit of laughter.

'Why do you laugh?' said I, rather angrily.

'Who the devil can help it?' he replied; 'your wo-begone countenance would make a cat laugh.'

'Well,' said I, 'we are in a pretty dilemma here, We owe our landlady fifteen shillings.'

'For which she will lay embargo on our little effects—three black wigs and a low comedy pair of breeches—this must be prevented.'

'But how?' I inquired.

'How! never mind; but order dinner directly!'

Dinner! said I; don't awaken painful recollections!

'Go and do as I tell you he replied, 'Order dinner—beefsteak and oyster sauce.' Beefsteak? Are you mad?—but before I could finish the sentence, he had put on his hat and disappeared.

'Who knows?' thought I after he was gone, 'he's a devilish clever fellow, something may turn up;' so I ordered the beefsteaks. In less than an hour, my friend returned with exultation in his looks.

'I have done it!' said he slapping me on the back, 'we shall have plenty of money to-morrow.'

I begged he would explain himself.

'Briefly then,' said he, 'I have been to the billiard room, and every other lounging place about town, where I circulated, in the most mysterious manner, a report that a celebrated German doctor and philosopher, who had discovered the secret of resuscitating the dead had arrived in Loughrea.'

'How ridiculous,' I said.

'Don't be in a hurry. This Philosopher I added, is about to give positive proof that he can perform what he professes, and it is his intention to go in the church-yard to-

night, and resuscitates a few of those who have not been buried more than a twelve-month.'

'Well said I, 'what does all this nonsense come to?'

'That you must play the philosopher in the churchyard.'

'Me?'

Certainly, you're the very figure for the part.'

After some persuasion, and some further development of his plan, I consented to wrap myself up in an ample stage cloak, and gliding into the church yard, I waited in the porch according to directions I had received from Ned, until near midnight, when I issued forth, and proceeded to examine the different tombs attentively. I was bending over one, which by the inscription I perceived had been erected by 'an affectionate and disconsolate wife, to the memory of her beloved husband;' when I was startled at hearing a rustling noise, and on looking round, to see a stout looking woman standing beside me.

'Doctor,' said she, addressing me. 'I know what you're about here.'

I shook my head solemnly.

'This is my poor late husband's tomb.'

'I know it,' I answered. 'I mean to exercise my art upon him first. He shall be restored to your arms this very night.'

The widow gave a faint scream—I am sure doctor, said she, 'I'm greatly obliged to you, Peter was the best of husbands—but he has now been dead six months—and—I am—married again.'

'Humph!' said I, 'the meeting will be rather awkward, but you may induce your second husband to resign.'

'No, no, doctor, let the poor man rest quietly, and here is a trifle for your trouble, So saying, she slipped a weighty purse into my hand.

'This alters the case,' said I, 'materially—your late husband shall never disturb me.'

The widow withdrew with a profusion of acknowledgements; and scarcely had learned had lately come into possession of a handsome property by the death of an uncle, came to request me not to meddle with deceased, who he assured me was a shocked old curmudgeon who never spent his money like a gentleman, A douceur from the young chap secured the repose of his uncle.

My next visitor was a weasel faced man, who had been plagued for twenty years by a shrew of a wife, who popped off one day from a dose of whiskey. He came to beseech me not to bring back his plague to the world; and pitying the poor man's case I gave him by promise readily, without accepting a fee.

I then returned to Ned, who was waiting, and eagerly asked me what luck?

I shewed him the fees I had received during the night.

'I told you,' said he, 'that we should have plenty of Rhino to-day. Never despair, man; there are more ways out of the woods than one, and recollect, that ready wit is as good as ready money!'

THUNDER

Mr. Thessan thus explains the noise of thunder.—When a body is charged with electricity it arranges itself on the surface, and by a repulsive power pressing outwards, it has a tendency to escape, were it not restrained by the air. This pressure outwards against the air relieves the body of a certain portion of atmospheric pressure. Solid bodies suffer no diminution of pressure but when bodies as clouds are so circumstanced, they naturally expand, and continue expanding until the two forces are in equilibrio, If then an escape of electricity occurs the equilibrium is disturbed, a partial vacuum is formed, and the air rushes in, producing the various noises of thunder.'

It is absurd to expect decency of a fool or brains from a dandy.

TAKING IN WORK!

It is no discredit to a female to be obliged to maintain herself by work.—On the contrary, it is an honor to have it said she can support herself. It is her glory, and the best recommendation to the society of all whose good will and friendship are alone worth possessing. But there are females who have been so educated by their parents that they look upon labor as something derogatory to their sex, and esteem those who are willing to work as far beneath themselves. They do not care to associate with those of their own sex who misfortune or poverty compel to take in work, or who labor in shops and factories. But which is the most honorable, to doze away existence in following the foolish fashion of the day—in dressing in the latest style, and be waited upon by servants—caring nothing for the poor and distressed around, itself can only be decorated, and the first circles of society be entered—or to rise with the dawn support yourself and enjoy the blessings of life by living as the God of nature designed?

Which, we ask, is the most useful life? And who are the best, calculated to become real companions and happy and contented wives! Who but a fop, a drone or a fool, would choose the former for a friend and companion thro' life, if it were not for her wealth? and who lives the happiest and enjoys the most of life? The answer is plain and yet there are multitudes around, following after the foolish fashions of the day spending the property of their fathers in gew gaws and silks to make a splendid appearance to tickle the fancy of the simpleton or unloose the purse strings of the miserly wretch. Girls, if you know what belongs to your happiness, you will never be ashamed to work; you will never let the crimson mantle your cheeks, when it is said, 'She takes in work,' or 'she enters a shop or factory.' No—it will be your passport of success to a cheerful and contented home, and all the blessings of a virtuous life.

We have been led to these remarks, by hearing from the lips of a young woman, as since in a tone of haughty pride and a toss of the head she remarked to a companion in reference to an acquaintance. 'I want to know if she takes in work!' We know not the female, but we thought, what a fool the young man must be to choose such a one for a companion. If we were in want of a wife, and possessed a princely fortune, we should search out that poor, industrious girl, and she should be made independent. We know she must make an excellent companion, an industrious, useful wife, and a kind and devoted friend. 'She takes in work?' In a few years, though now despised for her industry and economy she will far outshine her proud and haughty acquaintance, and be introduced into better society while she, poor thing! may be glad to work in her family or wash in her kitchen. Such cases have occurred.

Females, love labor, despise sloth. Care not for the sneering remark or the scornful look, and your reward, though slow, will be certain. Years of trial and anxiety, with prudence and industry will work out for your blessing and favors in comparably great and lasting.—'Take in work;' do any thing but live a lazy, fashionable life. We abhor and detest it; and so do all whose favor and friendship you would ever care to gain. Though others may wonder at your course and smile at your disposition, they shall be led in the end to regard it as the height of wisdom and sound philosophy. If your parents are wealthy remember riches often take to themselves wings and fly away; nothing earthly is more unstable. Of your industrious and economical habits you will never be deprived. They are far more valuable to bring to a young man than a princely fortune. Secure those, whatever may be your situation in life, and never, never be ashamed to have it remarked of you—'She takes in work!'—Portland Trib.

It is absurd to think that all beautiful women will make good wives.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

At a court held in a county in New Jersey some time since, a person was prosecuted for an assault and battery upon a young man who was disturbing a religious meeting. In the course of the trial, it appeared that at the time the alleged disturbance took place, the defendant laid hold of the young man, and shook him pretty roughly, which was the assault, complained of. The lawyer who was concerned in the case seemed very anxious to know the extent and severity, and manner of this same shaking, and interrogated the witness as to this matter, a long time.

One of the witnesses, a stout, athletic man, was asked, 'How did he shake him? Did he shake him hard? How hard did he shake him?' and not having satisfied Mr. H. one of the counsel, as to the extent, &c. Mr. H. again pressed the matter by saying, 'Well, now, can't you tell how he shook him, and in what way he did?' The witness thereupon laid hold of the lawyer by the collar 'suing the action to the word,' and word 'to the action,' and having given some half a dozen most terrible shocks, observed, very coolly, 'he shook him that way sir!' to the no small amusement of the judges, lawyers and spectators, who were convulsed with laughter.

Legislative Anecdote.—The Legislative sessions in New Hampshire are usually not very protracted—and we perceive that the present Legislature have concluded to adjourn on Saturday next, to meet again on the 2d of July. The debates in the New Hampshire House of Representatives, although not deficient in energy and warmth, are seldom spun out to a great length. The people require action on the part of their representatives and look to the Legislature to set an example of economy, by occupying no more time in law-making or law altering than may be absolutely necessary. We have somewhere seen an incident recorded, which well illustrates this in the following manner. On one of the wisdom of New Hampshire were assembled at the Capitol, an honest member of the House, who had been reluctantly summoned to the scene of his duties from the dinner table, where he had been freely indulging, stretched himself out on one of the seats, and was quietly enjoying a nap, when one of the 'sovereign people,' who had seated himself in the gallery to overlook his servants, happened to observe the aforesaid member in his recumbent position and without ceremony bawled out—'Hallo, Mister!—You man that's napping it on the bench there—the State don't pay you two dollars a day for sleeping, I can tell ye. So wake up, wake up!' By the time the above speech, which was delivered in no ordinary tone of voice; was concluded, the House was in a roar—the sleeper arose frightened half out of his wits—and the Speaker ordered the galleries to be cleared!—Boston Journal.

JUE D'ESPRIT.—The editor the London Age says, that having occasion to explore files of the morning papers for an advertisement, several singular notices struck his eye. The following from the British Traveller, are specimens:

'Common Sense' if possible in our next.

'Christianity' must be deferred for more temperary matter.

'Scandal' has already appeared in a former number.

'Truth' is inadmissible.

'Honesty' would be unintelligible to many of our readers.

We know nothing of 'Good Manners,' therefore the writer must be mistaken in his conjecture;

'Securility' may depend upon being inserted during the course of the week.

'Decency' must be altered to make it fit for our columns.

'A Patriot' is at present rather out of date.

'Honest Lawyer,' with other originals, in a day or two.

'Matter of Fact' does not come within the circle of newspaper intelligence.