

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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OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the N. Y. Flag of the Union.

Letter from a Friend in Ireland.

DUBLIN, Sept. 1842.

My dear sir—Perhaps a line from the Irish metropolis may possess some interest coming from an old acquaintance, who is happy to see you once more, a member of the Press-gang.

ADVERTISEMENTS

not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at

One Dollar for the first three insertions.

and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year,

LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

Poetry.

POPULAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

New Winter has come with his cold chilling breath,
And the verdure has dropp'd from the trees;
All nature seems touch'd with the finger of death,
And the streams are beginning to freeze;
When wauyon young lads o'er the river can slide,
And Flora attends us no more;
When in plenty you sit by a good fireside,
That's the time to remember the poor.

When the cold feathered snow shall in plenty descend,
And whiten the prospect around;
When the keen cutting winds from the north shall attend,
Hard chilling and freezing the ground;
When the hills and the dales are all candied with white,
And the rivers congealed to the shore;

When the bright twinkling stars shall proclaim a cold night,
That's the time to remember the poor.

When the poor tim'rous hare can be traced to the wood,
By her footsteps imprinted in snow;
When the lips and the fingers are starting with blood;

When the marksmen a cockshooting go;
When the poor robin redbreast approaches the cot,
And jingles hang at the door;
When bowls smoke with something reviving and hot—

That's the time to remember the poor.

When a thaw shall ensue and the waters increase,
And the rivers all insolent grow;

When the fishes from prison obtain a release,

When in danger the travellers go;

When the meadows are hid by the proud swelling flood;

And the bridges are useful no more;

When in health you enjoy every thing that is good—

That's the time to remember the poor.

Soon the day will be here when a Saviour was born;

All the world shall agree as one voice;

All nations unite to salute the blest morn;

All the ends of the earth shall rejoice;

Grim death is deprived of his all killing sting,

And the grave is triumphant no more,

Saints, angels, and men, hallelujahs shall sing;

And the rich shall remember the poor.

THE REPORT.

Old Birch, who taught the village school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was stubborn as a mule,
And she was playful as a rabbit.
Poor Kate had scarce become a wife,
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country polished life,
And prim and formal as a quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
And simple Kitty sadly miss'd him;
When he returned, behind her lord
She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him!
The husband's anger rose—and red,
And white his face alternate grew!
'Less freedom, ma'am!'—Kate sighed & said
'Oh, dear, I didn't know 'twas you!'

Friendship.—Friendship is a dangerous word for young ladies; it is love full fledged and waiting for a day to fly.

Then followed on a set of matrimonial inquiries, as to whether, when in the straw, the fruitful mother had usually a good time, or a 'bad time,' and a variety of other question, too numerous, as the auctioneers say, to be enumerated in the present advertisement.

At last came the question of questions—how she came to have children? The poor woman, not well knowing what this catechism meant, and not knowing how to wrap up in delicate words, her idea of cause and effect, blushed, and grew confused, and at last, for want of something better to say replied, 'I thinking it must be the potatoes, my lady! This unfolded a theory of population quite new to Lady Middleton, who eagerly demanded, 'the potatoes?' do you eat much of them?' 'Oh! yes, my lady, we very seldom have bread, and take potatoes all the year round.'—Greatly agitated with her new information, the lady further asked, and, where do you get the potatoes?' 'We grow them in our little garden, my lady, sure, Pat tells it.' 'Well,' said Lady Middleton, 'send me up a cart-load of these potatoes, and the steward shall pay you well for them.'

Shortly after, her ladyship rose to leave the house, and indeed, had left it, when the matron ran after her, and blushing as she put the question, asked: 'ah then, my lady it is to have children, that you want the load of potatoes?' It was the lady's turn to blush, as she confessed that it was 'Because, I'm thinking my lady, in THAT case, that Pat had better take the potatoes to you himself.' Moral—the potatoes without Pat, would not have the desired effect.

Perhaps you may smile at this anecdote, but if you had heard it, with Mackenzie's imitations of the titled lady's English twang and the Irish peasant's palpable brogue, I think you would have laughed, as we did, at the archness of the wife's concluding question, with reference to the redoubtable Pat!

DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

The following vivid and touching sketch of the last moments of the Father of his Country is from a letter in the New York American:

Passing the great hall ornamented with pictures of English hunting scenes, we ascended the oaken staircase, with its carved and antique balustrade. We stood at the door—we pressed the handle—the room and the bed where he died were before us. Nothing in the lofty drama of his existence surpassed the grandeur of that final scene. The cold, which he had taken from exposure in overseeing some parts of his grounds and which resisted the earliest domestic remedies that were applied, advanced, in the course of two short days, into that frigidal form of the disease of the throat—laryngitis. His valued friend, Dr. Craik, was instantly summoned, and assisted by the best medical skill of the surrounding country, exhausted all the means of his art—but without affording him relief. He patiently submitted, though in great distress to the various remedies proposed; but it became evident, from the gloom settling upon the countenances of the medical gentlemen, that the case was hopeless.

Advancing insidiously, the disease had fastened itself with deadly certainty. Looking with perfect calmness on the sobbing group around him, he said: "Grieve not, my friends, it is as I anticipated from the first; the debt which we all owe is now about to be paid: I am resigned to the event."—Requesting Mrs. Washington to bring him two wills from his escritoire, he directed one to be burnt, and placed the other in her hands, as his last will and testament; and then gave some final instructions to Mr. Lear, his secretary and relation, as to the adjustment of his business affairs. He soon after became greatly distressed; and, as in the paroxysms, which became more frequent and violent, Mr. Lear, who was extended on the bed by his side, assisted him to turn, he, with kindness, but with difficulty, articulated: "I fear I give you great trouble sir; but perhaps it is a duty we all owe, one to another: I trust you will receive the same attention, when you shall require it."

As the night waned, the fatal symptoms became more imminent. His breath became more labored and suffocating, and his voice soon after failed him. Perceiving his end approaching, he straightened himself to his full length; he folded his own hands in the necessary attitude upon his chest; placing his finger upon the pulse of his left wrist, and thus calmly prepared and watching his own dissolution, he awaited the summons of his Maker. The last faint hope of his friends had disappeared. Mrs. Washington, stupefied with grief, sat at the foot of the bed, her eyes fixed steadfastly upon him; Dr. Craik, in deep gloom, stood with his hands clasped behind his back, his

faithful black servant Christopher, the tears uncontrolled trickling down his face, on one side, took the last look of his dying master, while Mr. Lear, in speechless grief, with folded hands, bent over his pillow on the other. Nought broke the stillness of his last moments, but the suppressed sobs of the affectionate servants collected on the staircase; the tick of the large clock in the hall, as it measured off, with painful distinctness, the last fleeting moments of his existence; and the low moan of the winter wind, as it swept through the leafless snow covered trees; the laboring and wearied spirit drew nearer and nearer to its goal—the blood languidly coursed slower and more slowly through its channels—the noble heart stopped—struggled—stopped—fluttered—the right hand slowly slid from the wrist, upon which its finger had been placed—it fell at the side—and the manly effigy of Washington was all that remained extended upon the death couch.

EFFECTS OF EXPANSION.

A cannon ball when heated, cannot be made to enter an opening through which, when cold, it passes rapidly. A glass stopper sticking fast in the neck of a bottle, may be released by surrounding the neck, with a cloth taken out of warm water, or by immersing the bottle in the water up to the neck. The binding ring is thus heated and expanded sooner than the stopper, and so becomes slack or loose upon it. Pipes for conveying hot water, steam, hot air, &c., of considerable length, must have joinings that allow a degree of shortening and lengthening, otherwise a change of temperature may destroy them. An incompetent person undertook to warm a large manufactory by steam from one boiler. He laid a rigid main pipe along a passage, and opened lateral branches through holes into the several apartments; but, on his first admitting the steam, the expansion of the main pipe tore it away from all its iron railing, a gate which, during a cold day may be loose, and easily shut or opened, in a warm day may stick, owing to their being greater expansion of it and of the neighboring railing, than of the earth on which they are placed. Thus, also, the centre of the arch of an iron bridge is higher in warm than in cold weather, while, on the contrary, in a suspension or chain bridge, the centre is lowered. The iron pillars now so much used to support the front walls of houses, of which the ground stories serve as shops with spacious windows, in warm weather really lift up the wall which rests upon them, and in cold weather allow it again to sink or subside in a degree considerably greater than if the wall were brick from top to bottom. The pitch of a piano forte is lowered in a warm day, or in a warm room, owing to the expansion of the strings being greater than the wooden framework; and in cold the reverse will happen. A harp or piano, which is well tuned in a morning drawing room, cannot be perfectly in tune when the crowded evening party has heated the room. Bellwires, too slack in summer, may be of the proper length in winter. There exists a most extraordinary exception, already mentioned, to the law of expansion by heat and contraction by cold, producing unspeakable benefits in nature—namely, in the case of water. Water contracts, according to the law, only down to the temperature of forty degrees, while, from that to thirty-two degrees, which is its freezing point, it again dilates. A very curious consequence of this peculiarity is exhibited in the wells of the glaciers of Switzerland and elsewhere, that when once a pool or shallow well on the ice commences, it goes on quickly deepening itself, until it penetrates the earth beneath. Supposing the surface of the water originally to have nearly the temperature of the melting ice, or thirty-two degrees, but to be afterwards heated by the heat & sun, instead of the water being thereby diluted, or specifically higher and detained at the surface, it becomes heavier the more nearly it is heated to forty degrees, and therefore sinks down to the bottom of the pit, or well, but there, by dissolving some of the ice; and being consequently cooled, it is again rendered lighter, and rises, to be heated as before, again to descend, and this circulation and digging cannot cease until the water has bored its way quite through.—*Arnold.*

An English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, 'Some succeed by great talent, some by high connexions, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling.'

If you want to find out a way to give the ladies the reins of government, so that they will not dare to take them, pass a law that every woman forty years old shall vote. Not one would confess that she was so old.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Go out beneath the arched heaven in night's profound gloom, and say if you can, 'There is no God.' Pronounce that dread mystery, and each star above will reprove you for your unbroken darkness of intellect—every voice that floats upon the night winds will bewail your utter hopelessness and despair. Is there no god? Who then, unrolled that blue scroll, and threw upon its high frontispiece the legible gleaming of immortality! Who fashioned this green earth, with its perpetual rolling waters, and its wide expanse of land and main? Who paved the heavens with clouds, attunes amid bankers of storms the voices of thunders, and uncains the lightnings that linger, and lurk, and flash in the gloom? Who gave to the eagle the eyrie, where the tempests dwell and beat strongest, and to the dove, a tranquil abode amid the forest that ever echoes to the minstrelsy of her mount? Who made thee, oh man, with thy perfect elegance of intellect? Who made the light pleasant to thee, and the darkness a covering and a herald to the first beautiful flashes of the morning? Who gave thee matchless symmetry of sinews and limbs? the regular flowing of blood? the irrepressible and daring passions of ambition and love! And yet the thunders of heaven and the waters of earth are chained. They remain, but the bow of reconciliation hangs above and beneath them, and it were better that the limpid waters and the mountains were convulsed and commingled together—it were better that those very stars were conflagration by fire, or shrouded in eternal gloom, than one single soul should be lost, while mercy kneels and pleads for it beneath the altar of intercession.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF JEFFERSON.

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years since published an interesting volume of 'Familiar Letters on Public Characters.' The work was prepared with great care, and the sketches were faithful, as they were beautiful. In remarking on the Declaration of independence, and the author of that memorable document, he thus describes its author: 'When Mr. Jefferson came to Philadelphia, in March, 1777, he was a tall man, over six feet in stature; neither full nor thin in body. His limbs were long, and loosely jointed. His hair was of a reddish tinge, combed loosely over the forehead, and at the sides, and tied behind. His complexion was light or sandy. His forehead, rather high and broad. His eyebrows long and straight; his eyes blue, his cheekbones high, his face broad beneath his eyes, his chin long, and his mouth large. His dress was a black coat, and light underclothes. He had no polish of manners, but a simplicity and sobriety of deportment. He was quiet and unobtrusive, and yet a stranger would perceive, that he was in the presence of one who was not a common man. His manners of conversing was calm and deliberate, and from all gesticulation; but he spoke like one who considered himself entitled to deference; and as though he measured what he said by some standard or self-comparancy. The expression of his face was that of a thoughtfulness and observation; and, certainly, not that of openness and frankness. When speaking, he did not look at his auditor, but cast his eyes towards the ceiling, or any where but at the eye of his auditor. He had already become a personage of some distinction, and an object of curiosity; even to a very young man.'

A VALUABLE BOY.

'What can you do?' asked a traveller of a country urchin whom he saw by the roadside tickling a toad with a long straw. 'O, I can do morn'n consider'ble: I rides the turkeys to water, milks the geese, cards down the old roosters, put up the pig's tails in papers to make 'em curl, keeps tally for dad and marm when they scold at a mark, and cuts the buttons off dad's coat when he's at prayer in the morning!'

He who reads, converses and meditates, will certainly improve in knowledge. By the first he converses with the dead; by the second, with the living; and by the third, with himself.

Our frail bodies are tottering habitations; every beat of the heart is a rap at the door, to tell us of our danger.

Dr. Franklin said that seven hours sleep is enough for a scholar, and nine for a hog—Which are you?

A man in New Jersey has been turned out of office in a Temperance Society, for being in 'high spirits.'