

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

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.



Poor Man's Evening Hymn.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

God of the poor man! hear us,
Thou Giver of all good!
At this our meal be near us—
Bless, bless our humble food!
We have been toiling through the day,
Sleep hangs upon each brow!
But through the dim night hear us pray,
Look down, and bless us now!

God of the poor man! heed us,
As thus on bended knee,
For all thou hast decreed us,
We praise and glory Thee!
Thy hands that made the wealthy,
Unmake them at thy will,
They made us strong and healthy,
May we remain so still!

God of the poor man! listen
To those whose all is gone,
To those whose eyelids glisten
With sorrow deep and lone!
Oh! answer, we beseech Thee,
Their broken, anguish'd pray;
Let their dark woes first reach Thee,
Then beam on us now here!

God of the poor man! lowly
His heart with love doth beat;
He hath no gift more holy
To deck Thy mercy seat!
Take it, Our Father! though it be
Shaded with earthly sin;
Nought else hath he to offer Thee,—
Oh! make it right within!

God of the poor man! shining
Amidst his little cot,
Though fortune be declining,
With Thee, how bright his lot!
Guard now the night before us,—
Let quiet slumber come;
Spread, spread Thy mantle o'er us,
And bless the poor man's home!

The Exile From Home.

BY THE EVENING BARD.

I had a bright and happy home,
A home that once was dear,
A home, but ah! 'tis gone from me,
There's nought my heart to cheer.
I always there a welcome found,
From parents good and kind,
But now an exile I must roam,
And leave my home behind.

That home that used to cheer my heart,
When toss'd by trouble's wave,
Now seems as cold and drear and dark,
As ever seem'd the grave.
But yet, I have a blessed hope,
Which buoy me 'bove my grief,
At last in heaven with all the saints,
I'll find a blest relief.

There in the mansion of the blest,
My grief to joy shall turn,
I shall obtain Christ's endless rest,
And all his fulness learn.
My spirit shall be free indeed,
Friendless no more I'll be,
For God, shall the dark chaos fill,
And Christ, my friend, I'll see.

A HERO'S FATE.

An old Pole, between 70 and 80 years of age, was sent up to Blackwell's Island, some time since as a vagrant. He could scarcely speak a word of English, and though he possessed a most soldierly and commanding appearance, his poverty, as a matter of course, prevented him from attracting any attention. This man's history seems with events of the utmost interest—he has acted a prominent part in the most eventful period of the world's history. On the breaking out of the French Revolution; he travelled on foot from Poland to France—joined the Republican army, fought through every campaign, was with Napoleon in all his great battles, and received thirteen wounds at Waterloo. After Napoleon's exile he returned to his native Poland, where he labored hard for a living until the breaking out of the last insurrection in that country, which he immediately joined, and through the whole of which he fought with a valor and desperation bordering on frenzy, until he fell at the storming of Warsaw, desperately wounded. Every male relative he had on earth was killed in that glorious but unsuccessful struggle, and he, in common with several others of his unfortunate countrymen, was sent an exile to our shores.—The old veteran, finding it impossible to subsist by any other means, enlisted in the Florida army, and served his time out in that inglorious war. After his discharge he returned to this city, where he got robbed of the few dollars he possessed, when, feeling very unwell, he made application at the lower police office, for a permit to the hospital for a few days, when a commitment was instantly made out, and he was instantly sent up here for six months as a vagrant. When the old hero arrived and fully realized the degradation to which a whole life of patriotism had brought him—the heart which leaped with joy while death was dancing and whirling around it at Marengo and Austerlitz sunk within him, and he wept profusely as he viewed the many scars he had received in Freedom's service, at the heartless ingratitude of her pretended worshippers. His name is Benowsky, and his time having expired some weeks since, he is now at liberty; but the hero of many wars, the soldier of many battles, and the survivor of many fields of blood and carnage can never brook the recollection that he was Blackwell's Island prisoner.—A. T. Subterranean.

THE WIDOWED MAN.

The Scotch are very inquisitive people—possibly, still more so than the Yankees. Their curious questions are frequently deemed obtrusive, and are carried to a great length. Two gentlemen fell in together, both travellers on horseback, and strangers to each other, when the following conversation took place:
"Raw evening sir, rather," observed the one with an Aberdeen accent.
"Yes, rather," replied the other.
"You will likely be a stranger in these parts," continued the Aberdeenian.
"If I can," laconically replied the other, looking neither to the right hand nor the left.
"Perhaps, like myself, you may be going on to the Bank?"
"Perhaps," responded the other, yawning.
"In that case, perhaps, you will put up at Cullen?"
"I may, or may not," answered his companion.
"Pardon me the liberty of the question sir. May I ask you if you are a bachelor?"
"No."
"Oh, married?"
"No, no."
"Sir, I beg your pardon. I may have unintentionally touched upon a painful subject. Your black dress ought to have checked my inquiries. I beg your pardon, sir—a widower?"
"No, no, no."
"Neither a bachelor, nor married man, nor widower! Then what can you be?"
"A divorced man, since you must know," exclaimed the stranger, clapping his spur to his horse, and dashing out of sight in an instant.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Noah's Weekly Messenger.

MY FIRST & LAST LOVE AFFAIR.

BY WILLIAM BURNS.

I believe the admission general; that no boy passes his nineteenth year without having experienced, at least one tender and "eternal" (of course) passion, & that very few girls get fairly through their sixteenth year scatheless of a romantic love. The tender sentiment is peculiar to the teens, and is something like the mumps and measles—it commonly comes once in a lifetime.

Just as I was entering the last half of my nineteenth year, (it matters not how long ago that was) & beginning to think of whiskers, tobacco and other modern-accidents of manhood, I fell desperately in love. I know at the time that it was the maddest thing in the world to voluntarily yield myself up to passion which is very cleverly caricatured by French cooks, when they put a live fowl before a slow fire and roast it gradually, for the purpose of swelling the heart;—show me a youth who listens to reason, if he had any when his head and heart and other "fixins" are in a broil of tenderness, devotion and romance, and I confess that I was a greater fool than the majority of my sex and age.

The "course of my love" ran smoothly enough for a while; but this did not deceive me—I knew I should get to the rapids and whirlpools too soon for my own comfort. I was like the drunken Indian in the camp above the falls of Niagara. I just took draughts of delicious nectar, and allowed the little shallop of my fate to take its own way and make the best bargain it could with the treacherous waves. My resignation, however, did not make my sufferings the lighter; the crisis came—I stood on the verge of the precipice—I looked preciously around for help—I shrieked in the most pathetic and romantic tones; but it would not do, over I went, into the maddening flood. I felt for an instant that it was all up with me—and then there was a blank.

When I awoke again I found myself in bed very weak and very wretched. The doctor told me that I had been accreted with inflammation of the brain, but that a rheumatic fever had stepped in instead. What a cold bath to romance. I who was dying of a broken heart to be labelled "rhumatic"! I hated the man from the moment and swore to be revenged, and I have kept my oath—his bill is unrecipitated yet.

My young readers—and I am now writing especially to them, will know what the foregoing means without further explanation; but lest some sore crabb'd old maid, or fussy old bachelor, should accuse me of putting nonsense in type, will just add in plain terms that after a most tender season of love, which commenced in the warm months and lasted till the cold, I was very politely informed, by a very polite mother that I was "wild rick, an unprincipled libertine, and that she looked upon my attentions to her daughter with displeasure. Here was a damper. I a rascal who has never dared to read certain chapters in the old testament, for fear of knowing more than a mod-st young man should! a libertine, who had never looked in a lady's face without blushing! The charge astonished me; the virtuous surface with less reason was not more indignant; but astonishment and indignation did no good; both ended, as before, with the rheumatism.

When I recovered, a most devoted friend of the parties handed me a pretty "three cornered note," the seal of which, white wax, of course represented two hearts, very barbarously run through with skewer. It (the note not the "skewer") was from "my own ore," and was full of tender terms—"broken hearts," "crushing affections," "blighted hopes," "poignant regrets," "undying love," &c., &c., &c.; every body knows how these strong expressions are sprinkled in. The P. S. put new life into me. It ran thus:

"Love laughs at locksmiths. Come to my window that looks into the little garden at 10 to-night. In seating the wall look out for the broken glass that is embedded on the top; and don't forget to put a beef steak in your pockets to pacify the dog, if he should attack you.

He is very ferocious, and had his teeth filed yesterday."

I was in raptures. What did I care for the wall! I would eat through it glass and all—and as for the dog, with his filed teeth why, my accounts at the butcher's should answer for the faithfulness with which that job had been performed!

Ten o'clock came, and I was off it the rendezvous. The wall I got over at the expense of a rent in my coat and a slight scratch on my person; I cared for neither. Holding three or four huge slices of beef I threaded the narrow walks and gained the designated spot beneath the window. The night was very dark; but two bright eyes shining from the casement, told me all that I was anxious to learn. How I got to the window and entered it is of so particular importance I did get up and found myself in mine—I forget which—it was all the same though.

"My own love" (a pretty appellation, isn't it?) was in raptures, and so was I. She wept and I sung to her—

"O why is the girl of my soul in tears?"

(Do I quote correctly?) until she wiped her eyes and began to talk. Then I knew she had regained her composure, for I have always observed that a woman never talks when she is excited—it is a well or a snuffle, and either is not pleasant.

We laid great plans that night. Elopement, hasty marriage, prayer for Mr's pardon—every thing was fixed upon in the small hours of the morning I prepared to leave. I approached the window and looked out, it was unusually dark. There is an especial proverb against jumping in the dark, but I did not think of it just at the moment, more the pity.

The farewell kiss was burning on my lips, the soft adieu ringing in my ears, as I took the jump. Powers of mud! I found myself immersed to the lips in a hoghead of warm meal slush—a compound which, however good for fattening hogs, is not exactly calculated for a hot bath. How it got there, or how I got into it I did not ascertain, for the barking of the dog called my attention to a new danger. The beef I held in my hand as I leaped from the window, and I now contrived to draw it out of the meal, with the hope of silencing the dog, here I attempted to extricate myself from the unpleasant situation in which I was placed. But lo! they like beef well enough, are not particularly fond of Indian meal—hot as I soon found to my cost. The enemy came on with a fierce yell, as I held out the beef, a sudden flood of light, exposed to me, and two or three grinning servants and a host of "family friends," the ridiculous scene in which I was figuring. I attempted to rise and explain, as Mr. Wise did a few days ago in Congress—but the dog decided that I was out of order, and compelled me to "duck" my head quite under to avoid his spring, arose but to hear peal of laughter and dodge in the same way again from the vile animal who continued to leap over me with the agility of a cat and the ferocity of a tiger. I thought my time had come, and was about to resign myself to my fate with as much dignity as it was possible for me to exhibit in a hoghead, when my persecutor, relented and called the dog off. I was then taken out, scraped down, and allowed to depart, but the story of my mishap became known and I was greeted with laughs of derision at every corner.

Against this however, I bore up bravely, till I was informed that fair one for whom I had encountered, all these perils, had played me false by marrying a cousin then I swore solemnly never again to dabble in love or meal slush, and thus ended my first and last love affair.

THE POOR SOLDIER.

It would often be better not to attempt to reward a brave action than to reward it all. A soldier had his two hands carried off at the wrists by a shot. His colonel offered him a crown. "It was not my gloves, but my hands, that I lost, Colonel," said the poor soldier, reproachfully.

SAVING FUEL.

Paddy, when told a stove would save Just half his usual fuel,
Replied, "Arrah, then, two I'll have, And save it all—my jewel."

From Hood's Comic Magazine.

MY WIFE! POISON! AND PUMP?

"Ellen, you have been out."
"Well, I know I have."
"To the King's Head?"
"No, John, no. But no matter.—You'll be troubled no more with my tripping."

"What do you mean?"
"I mean what I say, John," replied the wife, looking very solemnly and deliberately, with a strong emphasis on every word. "You—will—be—troubled—no—more—with—my—tripping."

"I HAVE TOOK IT AT LAST!"
"I know it!" exclaimed the wretched husband, desperately tossing his arms about, as when all is lost; "I know it!"—and leaving one coat flap in the hands of his wife, who vainly attempted to detain him, he rushed from the room—grang down the stairs, both flights by two or three steps at a time—ran along the passage and without his hat, or gloves or stick, dashed out at the street door, sweeping from the step two ragged little girls, a quarter loaf, a basin of treacle, and a baby. But he never stopped to ask if the children were hurt, or even to see whether the infant dripped with gore or molasses. On he ran, like a rabid dog, straight forward, down the Borough, heedless alike of a porter's load, baker's basket, and butcher's tray.

"I say," muttered the errand boy, as he staggered from the collision.
"Do that again," growled the placid man, as he recovered the pole and board which had been knocked from his shoulder.

"Mind where you're goin'," bawled a hawker, as he picked up his scattered wares, whilst a dandy suddenly thrust into a kensel, launched after the runner one of those verbal missiles which are said to return, like the boomerang, to those who launch them.

But on, on, scampered the Teetotaller, heedless of all impediments—on he scoured, like an antelope, to the shop number 440, with the red, blue, and green bottles in the window—the chemist and druggist's—into which he darted, and up to the little bald man at the desk, with barely breath enough left to gasp out "My wife, poison and pump."
"Vegetable or mineral?" inquired the Surgeon-Apothecary, with great professional coolness.

"Both—all sorts—landanum—arsenic—oxalic acid—corrosive sublimate"—and the Teetotaller was about to add pipe-apple rum, amongst the poisons, when the Doctor stopped him.

"Is she sick?"
"No."

But remembering the symptoms overnight, the Teetotaller ventured to say, of the strength of his dream, that she was burning all manner of colors, like a rainbow, and swelling as big as a house.

"Then there is not a moment to lose," said the Ecclapius, and accordingly clapping on his hat, and arming himself with the necessary apparatus—a sort of sphygmian syringe with a very long trunk—he set off at a trot, guided by the Teetotaller, to unpoison the rash and ill-fated lachanation, Mrs. Borrage.

Now, when the Teetotaller, with the medical man at his heels, arrived at his own house, Mrs. Borrage was still in her bed-room, which was a great convenience, for before she could account for the intrusion of a stranger, nay, even without knowing how it was done, she found herself seated—more zealously than tenderly or ceremoniously—in the easy chair; and when she attempted to expostulate, she felt herself choking with a tube of something which was certainly neither macearoni, nor stick liquorice, nor yet pipe peppermint.

To account for this precipitancy, the exaggerated representations of her husband must be borne in mind; and if his wife did not exhibit all the dolphin-like colors that he had described—if she was not quite so blue-green, yellow or black as he had painted her, the apothecary might be sure she would be, and consequently went to work without delay, where delays were so dangerous.

Mrs. Borrage, however, was not a woman to submit quietly, to a disagreeable operation against her own consent, so with a vigorous kick and a push at the same time, she contrived to rid herself of the doctor and his instrument, and indignantly demanded to know the meaning of the assault upon her.
"It's to save your life—your precious

life, Ellen," said the Teetotaller, looking at her very solemnly.

"It's to empty the stomach, ma'am," said the doctor.
"Empty a fiddle!" retorted Mrs. Borrage, who would have added "suck," but the doctor watching his opportunity, had exteriorly popped the tube again into her open mouth—not without a fish scuffle from the patient.

"For the Lord's sake, Ellen," continued the Teetotaller, confining her hands, "do, do, pray do so quiet!"
"Pob—wob—wob!" said Ellen, "Hub—bub—bub—bub!" attempting to speak with another pipe in her throat besides the windpipe.

"Have the goodness, ma'am, to be composed," implored the doctor.

"I won't," shouted Mrs. Borrage, having again released herself from the instrument by a desperate struggle. What on I'm to be pumped out for?"

"Oh, Ellen, you know what you have taken," said the Teetotaller.

"Corrosive salts and narcotics," answered the doctor.

"Arsenic and corrosive sublimate," said the Teetotaller.

"Oxalic acid and tincture of opium," added the doctor.

"Fly water and laurel water," said Mr. Borrage.

"Violol, prussic acid, and squarilla," continued the druggist.

"I've took no such thing," said the refractory patient.

"Oh! Ellen, you know what you said."

"Well, what?"

"Why, that your drinking should never trouble me more."

"And no more it shall," screamed the wilful woman, falling as she spoke, into the wildest paroxysms of laughter.

"No more it shall, for I've took"—

"What, ma'am, pray what?"

"In the name of Heaven! what?"

"Whythen—I've took the PLEDGE!"

Prescription Extraordinary.—Dr. Daille, after listening with interest to the pressing account of "symptoms" from a lady, who alled so little that she was going to the Opera that evening, happily escaped from the room, when he was urgently requested to step up stairs again; it was to ask him whether or not return from the Opera, she might not get some oysters? "Yes ma'am," said Daille, "shells and all."

ATTENTION THE WHOLE!

A major of militia, in Pennsylvania, who had recently been elected, and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head on the morning of parade, to go out and exercise a little by himself. The spot selected for this purpose was his own camp. Placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed—"Attention the whole! Rear rank, three paces march!" and he tumbled down the hill.

His wife hearing the noise occasioned in falling, came running out and asked—

"My dear, have you killed yourself?"

"Go into the house woman," said the major; "what do you know about that?"

ARABIAN FABLE.

In men there is a lump upon the wind-pipe, formed by the thyroid cartilage which is not to be seen in women; an Arabian fable says, that this is a part of the original apple, that has stuck in the man's throat by the way, but that the woman swallowed her part of it down.

Irreparable Loss.—A dally glass the following item, which we hope will operate as a caution to others to avoid a similar loss:—

"Lost the other day, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever."

The Girls.—They think of Hymen and can't help sighing. When their lovers forsake them, they can't help crying. They sit at the window, and can't help spying. To get each a beau, they can't help prying. At the mirror they can't help twisting, and turning, and facing, and frowning. They sew up their corsets, being on the consumption, and they can't help prying.