

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.



TEXAS,

"THE LONE STAR OF THE SOUTH."

BY J. R. DOW.

Far southward o'er the Sabine's stream,
A young republic lifts her head,
Whose single star doth proudly gleam
O'er valor's grave and glory's bed,
That star of empire took its flight
From freedom's coronal of light—
Beamed o'er Jacinto's deathless plain,
And watched a nation's birth again!

And there how sad, how strangely still,
The Indian city sits alone;
No herd upon the verdant hill;
No skeleton beneath the stone;
Forsaken mart of ages, stark
Life's current from thy marble heart;
And bid the pulse of empire beat
Through ivied hall and mossy street.

Beside the green and sculptured piles
Whose roofs support the ancient woods,
The hunter's home in beauty smiles,
And joy runs through the solitudes.
And where the western Droid trod,
And offered human blood to God,
The Gospel bell doth sweetly chime,
At Sabbath morn and even time.

The fierce Comanche seeks his home
Beyond the Rio Bravo's wave;
No more in battle point to roam
Around his father's sunken grave.
While the broad stream, whose bosom ne'er
Knew but the swan and fallow deer,
Whirls the swift steamboat's wheels along,
And echoes to the boatman's song.

Oh 'tis a fair and goodly land,
Where restless spirits love to roam;
Where labor spreads his rugged hand,
And decks with flowers contentment's home;
Where prairies vast the woods embrace,
And rivers run their endless race,
And wild winds whisper to the sea
Of ages past—and yet to be.

To its green breast young nations cling,
To raise the wail of infant life;
While commerce spreads her ocean wing,
And war's wild bugle wakens strife.
And there the freeman from afar
Sees on its flag a pilgrim star;
And strives the glorious hour to learn
When the "Lost Pleiad" shall return.

There shall the wave of life roll on;
As rolled the north on Europe's shore,
Till the last boundary is won,
And ocean's voices drown its roar.
O'er martyr's grave and monarch's tomb—
O'er tyrant's throne & knighthood's plume—
O'er craven hosts to slaughter led—
The northern soldier's foot shall tread.

What! let the British lion roam
Along the prairies of the south?
Leave life, and liberty, and home,
Dependant on his gory youth?
Oh! sooner should our children fold
In deepest shame the stars of gold,
And bury freedom's burning shield
In every deathless battle field.

Oh for a coal of burning fire
That from the Almighty's censors fell,
To touch the lips of son and sire,
And break the soul destroying spell!
Then should the freeman scorn the name
Of him who dipped his pen in shame;
And o'er the Revolution's urn,
Forbade a sister State's return.

A B C.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh, thou Alpha Beta row,
Fount of many a roling bubble,
Shall I e'er forget the primer
Thumb'd beside some Mrs. Trimmer,
While mighty problem held me fast,
To know if Z was first or last?
And all Pandora had for me
Was emptied forth in A B C.

Feasting things of toil and trouble,
Fount of many a roling bubble,
Flow I strived with pouting pain,
To get thee quartered on my brain,
But when the giant feat was done,
How nobly wise the field I'd won!
Wit, reason, wisdom, all might be
Enjoyed through simple A B C.

Steps that lead to topmost height,
Of worldly fame and human might,
Ye win the orator's renown,
The poet's bay, the scholar's gown;
Philosopher's must bend and say
'Twas ye who ope'd the glorious way;
Sage, statesman, critic, where is he
Whose not obliged to A B C!

Ye really ought to be exempt,
From slighting taunt, and cool contempt;
But drinking deep from learning's cup,
We scorn the hand that filled it up.
Be courteous, pedants.—stay and thank
Your servants of the Roman rank,
For F. R. S. and L. L. D.,
Can only spring from A B C.

A very good widow lady, who was looked up to by the congregation to which she belonged as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for one little indulgence. She loved porter, and one day just as she was receiving half a dozen bottles from the man who usually brought her the comforting beverage, she perceived (O horror!) two of the grave elders of the church approaching the door.—She ran the man out of the back way, and put the bottles under the bed. The weather was hot, and while conversing with her sage friends, pop went one of the corks.

"Dear me," exclaimed the lady; there goes the bed cord; it snapped yesterday just in the same way, I must have a new one provided.

In a few minutes pop went another accompanied by the peculiar hiss of the escaping liquor. The "rope" would not do again? but the good lady was not a loss.

"Dear me," said she, "that black cat of mine must be at some mischief there—Schail!

Another bottle popped off, and the porter came stealing out from under the bed curtains.

"Oh dear me!" she cried, "I had forgot—its yeast! Here Prudence, come and take away these bottles of yeast."

"Sambo, you nigger, are you afraid of work?"

"Gor Amighty bless you, massa. I no 'fraid of work, I'll lie down and go asleep close by him side."

It is said that when Robert Emmet was ascending the scaffold in Dublin, in the year 1803, he gave the executioner a guinea, upon which the latter, in order to show his gratitude for so liberal a bequest, touched his hat like a true born Irishman, and exclaiming, 'long life to your honor,' put the money in his pocket.

An Irishman happened to be stunned by a spent ball, one of his comrades immediately ran up to him, and shouted lustily in his ear, 'Hallo, Dennis, I say, are you dead?' 'Och no, my dear honey,' replied the prostrate son of Mars, 'I'm not dead, but I'm speechless.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

My text is contained in these words.

Be satisfied and murmur not
That God has made you as you are.

My hearers—Man is made up mass of misery, doubt and discontent. He is dissatisfied with his Maker, with himself, and with the whole world. He thinks that, if he could but have had the making of himself, he would have some thing as perfect as perfection—trouble-proof, and subject to none of the wear and tear of a tedious and toilsome existence; but, in my humble opinion, it would be as nice a piece of botch-work as ever mortal beheld. He is dissatisfied with himself because, having the power to act and perform, he cannot work miracles, or accomplish impossibilities. He is dissatisfied with the world, because it does not overvalue his labors, and reward him accordingly.—Thus he is ever discontent and ever complaining. I verily believe, my friends, that a man would growl, grumble and fret, and find fault, were he placed in perpetual paradise, with a diadem of glory upon his head—forever surrounded with the perennial flowers of enjoyment—with big bottles of extra bliss to his reach, and as much wine and as many pretty women at his command as could be squeezed from the pulp of creation. I believe this—for man is a creature of dirt and dissatisfaction, who had rather wallow forever in the mire of misery than crawl out and dry on some sunny bank of contentment.

My dear friends—don't trouble yourselves as to why the Almighty has made you as you are; why he has given you an eternity of desires and furnished you with only a teaspoon with which to partake of them; nor growl that he has set before you a rich bowl of pleasure's soup, and given you nothing else than a fork to eat it with; for whatever is, is for the best, as the pious but absent minded mother observed when she put her baby in the dinner pot and rocked a cabbage head in the cradle. If your desires were all gratified, you would be without any at all—and then you would be more miserable, if possible than now. But your desires are too extensive to begin to admit of gratification. Why, my friends, if the Alps, the Andes, or the Rocky Mountains were one solid sheet of soap, and you could begin to know of the outside crust of your unbounded desires. I should rather undertake to supply a new solar system with atmosphere, by blowing wind thro' a quill, than to try to satisfy one tenth part of the desires of poor mortality—even though I were permitted to search eternal space for the necessary qualities I know it has been said that man wants but little here below; but the assertion is as wrong as a book bottom upwards. Man wants a great deal—a blessed sight more than he needs or ever deserves.—God gives us all we need, and sometimes more than we know how to dispose of; and yet, for all this, we spit it in the face of Heaven; and not even so much as say 'Thank'e' to our Creator, for the body soul and being which he has seen fit to give us. In the whole column of wants that fill the long scroll of man's inclination, we find scarcely one that necessity imperatively demands he should have. They are, for the most part, inordinate, illegitimate and unprofitable and the more we cherish them, the greater rejoicing is there in hell, and more sorrow in heaven. When our base and sordid desires are allowed to be gratified; Satan shouts hallelujah, and the angels weep, like widows in a shower, over the grave of virtue and departed worth.

My hearers—Fate triumphs over fortune, here in this world of sickness, sin and eternity. We are dragged on by Destiny, in spite of all physical or moral exertion; and we might as well submit to its despotism as to caufe our souls, tear our trousers, and scrape the skin off our shins, in showing resistance. We often see the wicked exalted to the highest ech of prosperity, and the laurels of wealth, honor and renown grace the brow of worthless rascality, while the good the honest and the pious (like myself) are pitched into the pit of adversity; to work out their own salvation with

fortitude, forbearance and long suffering. But, my friends, you ought not to trouble Providence with impertinent questions as to the why and wherefore of all this. Let it suffice that it is through the unfathomable wisdom of the Omnipotent that we are situated and subjected to constant vicissitude. It is not for you to inquire into these matters, for the plain reason that your comprehension is not commensurate with your inquisitiveness; and, if it were, you would be no more satisfied after having found out the whole truth than you were before. If there be one among you, who short sighted, leer-eyed sons of sin, who can with the needle of perception pierce through the vast immensity of space—can count the worlds that compose the universe—measure eternity with a three foot rule—and tell what kind of creatures inhabit every twinkling star—why then he, and he alone, my friend Pope says, may tell why Heaven has made us as we are.

My dear friends—it is all nonsense for you to murmur because you have aristocratical souls crusted with suet, plebeian, perishable clay. The soul is immortal, imperishable, and undamnable; therefore, what is the use in Nature's going to any extravagant expense in fitting up such a miserable concern as the body must be, at best? It would be like feathers upon a lead, more for ornament than for use; and the truth of this would be verified as soon as one blow from the hammer of death had knocked it into a three cornered hat.

Notwithstanding, my worthy friends, all the little flaws you may feel disposed to pick in the words of Omnipotence you may depend upon it, that whatever He does, he does according to Gunter; and if you will only appreciate them according to their worth, and act as tho' you were samples of integrity, morality and wisdom, of His manufacture, sent down here for special exhibition, you will take your leaves of this world perfectly satisfied that every thing is just as it should be. So mote it be!

The Girl With the Tin Pail.

Some seventeen years ago, I was a "prattice boy" in the then "City of Mud," now the goodly city of Rochester. The business of which I was obtaining a knowledge, was conducted upon Exchange street, though I boarded in one of the streets in the western part of the city.

In going to my tea, I was in the habit of meeting, almost every evening, for many weeks in succession, a small, young well-dressed and good looking girl, with a tin pail in her hand. At length my curiosity became excited, and I resolved to ascertain, if possible, the daily errand of the girl. Having met her the following evening I accordingly turned my heel and followed her at a distance that would not excite suspicions in any one. I at length saw her enter a small shoemaker's shop on South St. Paul street. I subsequently learned that the shop was owned by an industrious young man and an excellent mechanic, and that he was the girl's husband! He had been married a few months, and possessing no other capital than a good trade, a good name and a robust constitution, had resolved to economize in the article of rent, by hiring a house in the suburbs of the city. His breakfast was always ready for him by daybreak and taking his dinner with him, he saved the hour each day which most persons spend in going to and returning from that meal. Many economists would have been satisfied with the saving of a much time as this between the rising and going down of the sun; but not so with the young shoemaker. He wished to save the hour usually devoted to tea, and therefore had the meal daily taken him by his pretty little wife.—This arrangement enabled him to spend the whole day, and so much of the evening as he chose, in the shop.

The industrious habits of the shoemaker were soon discovered, and met with their due reward. Customers flocked upon him, and he was obliged not only to rent a larger shop, but to employ an additional number of workmen. But the increase of his business did not wean him from the plan he had early adopted for saving of time—his third meal having been taken to him by his wife in the tin pail.

About this time I left the city, and did not return for some twelve years. I had not, however, forgotten the shoemaker, having from my first knowledge of him, discovered the germ of success in a manner of his life. I visited the spot where his old shop had stood, but it had given place to a new brick block. In vain I looked about for his sign—it was not to be seen. I was at length informed by a friend that about two years previously he had removed to Ohio. "Do you know anything of his circumstances?" I inquired.

"I do. In the first place he took to Ohio about five thousand dollars in cash from three thousand of which, invested in real estate, near Cincinnati, he has already realized three times that amount. The other two thousand he put into a bond establishment, and that sum has yielded him a large profit. But even had he resorted to speculation," added my friend, "he could not have but succeeded in life, so thorough were his business habits, and especially as those habits were seconded by an industrious little wife."

I have recently returned from a visit to Ohio, and have again seen the shoemaker and his wife. He is now in the prime of life, and possesses an ample fortune and an unsullied reputation for probity. Never having had any personal acquaintance with him, I inquired him out, and introduced myself as a Rochesterian. This was late in the afternoon, and I very cheerfully accepted an invitation to take tea with him. Improving a moment of silence at the table I remarked.

"I fear Mr. H. you are not so great an economist of time as you used to be."

"Why not?" he enquired.

"When I first became acquainted with Mrs. H. you could not afford time to go to tea, and she used to carry it to you."

"In a little tin pail," said she bursting into a laugh.

"Exactly."

"Indeed Mr. W., have you known us so long?"

I then made myself known as the former apprentice to Mr. R. and was immediately recognized by Mrs. H. as one of her earliest street acquaintances in Rochester.

"But that pail—what do you think has become of that?" asked Mrs. H.

"That, I suppose was long since numbered among the things that were," I answered.

"By no means," said he, at the same time tipping a wink to his wife.

She arose from the table and left the room, and soon returned with the identical pail, as they both assured me. I need hardly say that it bore palpable evidence of the ravages of time.

"But what is your object in preserving that pail?"

"Its associations. We look upon it as one of the earliest instruments which contributed to our success in life, and as such we shall ever cherish it."

I soon afterwards took my leave of Mr. and Mrs. H. and their interesting and happy family; and not a day since then has my mind been without its remembrances of The Girl and her Tin Pail.

LIFE.

We have known some persons in the world who glided quietly through life, have floated on upon the stream of time like a boat on the waters of a broad and tranquil river carried on by the unruffled tide of prosperity and lighted to their journey's end by the cloudless sun of happiness. And we have met with others whose star seemed to rise in clouds to hold its course through storms and to set in blacker darkness than that which gave it birth. But long continued joy loses its first zest, and uninterupted sorrow its first poignancy, habits even misery of its acuteness; and one that is long endured brings along with it the power of long endurance.—It is the sudden transition from joy to sorrow that is the acme of human suffering adding the bitterness of regret for past enjoyment to all the pangs of present distress.

Sir Edward Coke said that the reasons for hanging was, that the criminal was rejected both of Heaven and Earth and was therefore suspended so as not to interfere with neither.

THE GHOST OF THE CAMP.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

"There is a little town, called La Catelet, just upon the French frontier, which was besieged by the Spanish army, after the French had taken it and held it for about a year. The attack began in the winter, and a number of honorable gentlemen threw themselves into it, to aid in the defence, as volunteers. Among the rest were two friends who had fought in a good many battles together, and one was called the Viscount de Boulaye and the other Capitaine la Vacherie. Every day there were skirmishes and sallies, and one night when they were sitting, drinking and talking together, after a very murderous sortie, Capitaine la Vacherie said to his friend:

"How cold those poor fellows must be whom we left dead in the trenches to-day."

"Ay, that they must," said Boulaye; "and 'pon my life, La Vacherie, I am glad the place is so full that you and I have but one room and one bed between us, otherwise I know not how we should keep ourselves warm."

"Nor I either," replied La Vacherie. "Mind, Boulaye, if I am some day left in the trenches, you come and look for me, and bring me out of the cold wind."

"He spoke laughingly, and the Viscount answered in the same way—

"That I will, La Vacherie; don't you be afraid."

"Well, about a fortnight after, the Spaniards attempted to storm the place; but they were driven back, after fighting near a hour, and Boulaye and La Vacherie, with the regiment of Champagne pursued them to their intrenchments. Boulaye got back, safe and sound, to the town just as it was growing dark, and went to the Governor's house and talked for an hour over the assault, and then returned to his room, and asked his servant if Capitaine La Vacherie had come back.

The man answered no, and so Boulaye swore that he would be hanged if he would wait for his supper. Well, when supper came and La Vacherie did not, the Viscount began to think, 'I should not wonder if that poor devil, La Vacherie, had left his bones outside; and after he had eaten two or three mouthfuls, and drank a glass or two of wine, he sent the servant to the quarters of the regiment of Champagne, to see if he could hear anything of his friend. But the servant could find no one who knew anything of him; and when he came back he found the Viscount sitting with the table and the wine upon his right hand, and his feet upon the two andirons, with a warm fire of wood blazing away before him. When he told him that he could learn nothing, Boulaye exclaimed:

"Sacrament! I dare say he is killed—poor fellow! I am very sorry," and he filled himself another glass of wine, and kept his foot on the andirons. In half an hour more he went to bed, and just as he was getting comfortable and beginning to doze, seeing the fire flickering against the wall one more, and not seeing it the next, he heard a step upon the stairs, and instantly recollecting La Vacherie's who came up singing and talking just as usual.

"Ah!" cried he, "La Vacherie, is that you? I thought you had been killed?"

"The deuce, you did, Boulaye," replied La Vacherie, and began to make about the bottles and glasses, as if he were feeling for a candle to light him.

"Well, don't make a noise, there's a good man," said Boulaye, "for I am tired and have a great deal to do to-morrow."

"I'm sure so have I," replied La Vacherie, "so I'll go to bed at once."

"Had you not better have some supper?" asked the Viscount.

"No," replied his friend, "I've had all the supper I want." And accordingly, he pulled off his clothes and lay down beside his comrade. By that time the Viscount was asleep, so that they had no further conversation that night. The next morning, when Viscount de Boulaye woke, he found that La Vacherie had already risen, and left his night cap upon the pillow, and he did not see him again till night, for the enemy made several fierce attacks, and all