

# 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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## TERMS:

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## POETRY.



From the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.

### The Child's Portrait.

BY JANE T. WORTHINGTON.

It looketh on me placidly,  
That sweet and simple face—  
Not a shadow dims its features,  
Not a cloud is on its face.  
But the purity of peaceful thought  
Is in that childish gaze,  
And the smile is full of innocence  
That on the red lip plays.

It is a face where friends have looked  
With many a fear and care,  
For all that life might bring to one  
Whose dawning was so fair.  
A father's eye had followed him  
With fond and earnest pride,  
And a mother's glance had loved to dwell  
On the bright one by her side.

And fervently their visions sought  
His future to unroll—  
And prayerfully their spirits asked  
A blessing on its scroll;  
And that the light of many years  
Might rise upon his gaze;  
Alas! we know not what we do  
In asking length of days!

A sad and weary-hearted man  
That lovely boy became—  
A worshipper of worldliness,  
A smiler upon shame!  
A dreaming and a doubting one,  
A scorner 'mid his woe,  
A scoffer at the holiest things  
The human heart can know.

He lived to lose the very hope  
Of ever winning rest—  
And they who wished that he had died  
Were those that loved him best.  
For he had not a promise left  
Of all his childhood gave,  
And hopeless were the bitter tears  
That bathed the skeptic's grave!

How little dream we, as we gaze  
On youth's unsullied brow,  
The mournful record time may write  
On the heart so tranquil now.  
Ah! meekly should our spirits bow,  
When the pure and lovely die,  
For length of life but soils the soul  
Whose home is in the sky!

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

"I'll climb the frosty mountain,  
And there I'll coin the weather;  
I'll wrench the rainbow from the skies,  
And tie both ends together!

I'll mount the clear cerulean,  
To shun the tempting gypsies;  
I'll play at both with the sun and moon,  
And fight ye with eclipses!"

A weak mind is always conjuring up  
misfortunes, and makes itself wretched be-  
fore its time.

## A YANKEE OUTWITTED.

Jonathan, a cunning and shrewd land lord in the western part of New York, was unfortunately the owner of a most mischievous and snappish cur, that answered to the familiar name of Watch. Worried with the vexatious tricks of the dog, the man concluded that Watch must die. As there is more than one way to hang a dog, the old man was pondering in his own mind as to the best mode, when, to his no small surprise and pleasure, the tandem team of a Yankee pedlar drove to the door.

"I can't sell you any clocks to day, can I, mister?"

"I don't know," replied the landlord; "I'm nearly out of cash, and it would rather incommode me to purchase at present."

"Wal, I'm not particular about cash,—can't I swap with ye for something—for some skins, or dried apples, or a'most any thing?"

"I have a watch," said the landlord, "that perhaps I should like to swap for a good clock."

The pedlar quickly brought in an assortment, and the old man, having selected one to his fancy, commenced the trade.

Landlord—I should be willing to swap my watch for this clock, if you like; it is out in the field now, with one of my workmen, but I can get it soon.

Pedlar—How old is it?

L.—Not more than 5 or 6.

P.—What kind of a thing is it to run?

L.—I'll warrant her to run as well as she would when new.

P.—Got a key to it?

L.—Yes, a steel one.

"Wal," said the pedlar, "you may have that clock you've picked out there, for your watch."

"It's a bargain," said the landlord, and he went for his watch.

He went out, whistled a moment for his dog, which was soon caught, and an old trunk key having been put around his neck, with a red string, he was presented to his new master.

The pedlar first stormed considerably, but having been satisfied that the dog's name was Watch, he fastened his Watch to the axle-tree of his wagon, and was off for the land of steady habits."

## A CHILD TO BOAST OF.

A farmer's wife, in speaking of the smartness, aptness, and intelligence of her son, a lad six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said—

"He can read fluently in any part of the Bible, repeat the whole catechism, and weed onions as well as his father."

"Yes, mother," added the young hopeful, "and yesterday I licked Ned Rawson, threw the cat in the well, and stole old Hineckley's gimblet."

## SENTIMENT.

"Behold, Miss Flora, how glorious nature looks in all her bloom! The trees are filled with blossoms, the wood is dressed in its green livery, and the plain is carpeted with grass and flowers!"

"Yes, Charles, I was thinking of the same thing. These flowers are dandelions, and when they are gathered and put in a pot with a piece of good fat pork, they make the but greens in the world!"

## TRANSCENDENTALISM.

The following is the last grand effort of transcendentalism. It is a luminous rendering of the vulgar and common place term of "clear out;"—"Eubulate the atmosphere of your presence by calling into action your quiescent motive power, and transferring the material elements which compose your terrestrial organization to some other portion of this mudane sphere."

"I contend the gentleman is entitled to the floor!" as the member of Congress said when he knocked his opponent down with his fist.

"John, the oak, it is said, will live fifteen hundred years."

"So will yew," replied John.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From Sam Slick in England.

### THE ELDER AND THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

Did ever I tell you the story of the 'Elder and the grave-digger'?"

"Never," I replied; "but here we are at our lodgings. Come in, and tell it to me."

"Well," said he, "I must have a glass of mint julep first, to wash down that ere disappointment about the mare. It was a dreadful go that. I jist lost a thousand dollars by it, as slick as grease. But it's an excitin' thing is a trottin' race, ton. When you mount, hear the word 'Start!' and shout out 'G'lang!' and give the pass word."

Good heavens! what a yell he perpetrated again. I put both hands to my ears, to exclude the reverberations of it from the walls.

"Don't be skeered, Squire; don't be skeered. We are alone now; there is no mare to lose. Ain't it pretty? It makes me feel all dandery and on wires like."

"But the grave-digger?" said I.

"Well, says he, 'the year afore I knowed you, I was a-go in the fall, down to Clare, about sixty miles below Annapolis, to collect some debts due to me there from the French. And as I was a-joggin' on along the road, who should I overtake but Elder Stephen Grab, of Beechmeadows, a mounted on a considerable of a clever-lookin' black mare. The Elder was a pious man; at least he looked like one, and spoke like one too. His face was as long as the moral law, and p'haps an inch longer, and as smooth as a hone; and his voice was so soft and sweet, and his tongue moved so fly on its hinges, you'd a tho't you might a trusted him with ontold gold, if you didn't care whether you ever got it agin or no. He had a bran new hat on, with a brim that was none of the smallest; to keep the sun from makin' his inner man wink, and his go-to-meetin' clothes on, and a pair of silver mounted spurs, and a beautiful white cravat, tied behind, so as to have no bows to it, and look meek. If there was a good man on earth, you'd a said it was him. And he seemed to feel it; and know it too, for there was a kind o' look o' triumph about him, as if he had conquered the Evil One, and was considerable well satisfied with himself."

"I are you," said I, "Elder, to-day? Which way are you from?"

"From the General Christian Assembly," said he, "to Goose Creek." We had a 'most refreshin' time on't." There was a great 'outpourin' of the spirit."

"Well, that's awful," said I, "too—The magistrate ought to see to that; it ain't right, when folks assemble that way to worship, to be a-sellin' of rum, and gin, and brandy, and spirits, is it?"

"I don't mean that," says he, "altho' p'rhaps, there was too much of that wicked traffic too. I mean the preachin'. It was very powerful; there was 'many sinners saved'."

"I guess there was plenty of it," says I, "unless that neighborhood has much improved since I knowed it last."

"It's a sweet thing," says he, "Have you ever 'made profession,' Mr. Slick?"

"Come, says I to myself, 'I must put a stop to this. This ain't a subject for conversation with such a cheatin', cantin', hypocritical skunk as this is. Yes,' says I, 'long ago. My profession is that of a clock maker, and I make no pretension to nothin' else. But come, let's water our hosses here and liquor ourselves."

And we dismounted, and gave 'em a drop to wet their mouths."

"Now," says I, takin' out of a pocket pistol that I generally travelled with, 'I think I'll take a drop of grog; and arter helpin' myself, I gives the silver cover of the flask a dip in the brook, (for a clean rinse is better than a dirty wipe, any time), and says I, 'will you have a little of the outpourin' of the spirit?"

"What do you say, Elder?"

"Thank you," says he, 'friend Slick. I never touch liquor, it's agin our rules. And he stooped down and filled it with water, and took a mouthful, & then makin' a face like a frog afore he goes to sing, and swellin' his cheeks out like a Scotch bagpiper, he spit it all out."

Says he, 'That is so warm, it makes me sick; and as I ain't otherwise well, from the celestial exhaustion of a protracted meetin', I believe I will take a little drop, as medicine.'

"Confound him! if he'd a said he'd only leave a little drop, it would a been more like the thing, for he e'en a'most emptied the whole into the cup, and drank it off clean, without winkin'."

"It's a 'very refreshin' time," says I, 'ain't it?' But he didn't make no answer. Says I, 'that's a likely beast of yours, Elder,' and I opened her mouth, and took a look at her, and no easy matter nother, I tell you, for she held on like a bear trap with her jaws."

"She won't suit you," says he, with a smile, 'Mr. Slick.'

"I guess not," says I.

"But she'll jist suit the French," says he.

"It's lucky she don't speak French, then, says I, 'or they'd soon find her tongue was too big for her mouth—That critter will never see five-and-twenty, and I'm a thinkin' she's thirty year old, if she is a day."

"I was a thinkin'," said he, with a sly look out of the corner of his eye, as if her age warn't no secret to him, 'I was a thinkin' it's time to put her off—and she'll jist suit the French. They hante much for hosses to do, in a ginral way but to ride about; and you won't say nothin' about her age, will you? It might endamnify a sale."

"Not I," says I, 'I skin my own foxes and let other folks skin their'n. I have enough to do to mind my own business without interferin' with other people's."

"She'll jist suit the French," says he, 'they don't know nothin' about hosses, or any thing else. They are a simple people, and always will be, for their priests keep 'em in ignorance. It's a awful thing to see them kept in the outer porch of darkness that way ain't it?"

"I guess you'll put a new pane of glass in their porch, says I, 'and help some of them to see better; for whoever gets that mare, will have his eyes opened, sooner nor he bargains for, I know."

"Says he, 'she ain't a bad mare; and if she could eat hay, might do a good deal of work yet,' and he gave a kinder chuckle laugh at his own joke, that sounded like the rattles in his throat, it was so dismal and deep, for he was one of them kind of fellers that's too good to lart, was Steve."

"Well the horn of grog he took began to onloosen his tongue, and I got out of him that she came near dyin' the winter afore, her teeth was so bad, and that he had kept her all summer in a dyke pasture up to her fetlocks in white clover, and ginn' her ground oats, and Indjan meal, and nothin' to do all summer; and in the fore part of the fall, biled potatoes, and he'd got her as fat as a seal, and her skin as slick as an otter's. She fairly shined agin, in the sun."

"She'll jist suit the French," said he, 'they are a simple people and don't know nothin, and if they dont like the mare, they must blame their priests for not teachin' 'em better. I shall keep within the strict line of truth, as becomes a Christian man. I scorn to take a man in."

"Well we chatted away arter this fashion, he a openin' of himself and me walkin' into him; and we jogged along till we came to Charles Sarrio's to Montagon, and there was the matter of a thousand French people gathered there, chatteredin' and laughin', and quarrellin' and racin', and wrastlin', and all a givin' tongue, like a pack of village dogs when an Indian comes to town. I was town meetin' day."

"I don't care to raise solts, havin' a plenty of hoss stock on hand, and perhaps you do."

"How old is your hos?" said the Frenchman.

"I don't raise it," says Steve, 'No! Wheellock, I believe, brought her to our parts."

"How old do you take her to be?"

"Poor critter, she'd tell you herself, if she could, says he, 'for she knows best; but she can't speak; and I didn't see her when she was foalied."

"How old do you think?"

"Age," says Steve, 'depends on use, not on years. A hoss at five, if ill used, is old; a hoss at eight, if well used, is young."

"Sary footry," says Goodish, 'why don't you speak out like a man? Lie or on't, how old is she?"

"Well, I don't like to say," says Steve, 'I know she is eight for sartin; and it may be she's nine. I didn't raise it. You can see one that was.'

and looked like the eyes of a fox peepin' out of his den, when he warn't to home to company his self. His nose was high, sharp and crooked, like the back of a reapin' hook, and gave a plaguy sight of character to his face, which his thinish lips, that closed on a straight line, curlin' up at one end, and down at the other, shewed, if his dander was raised, he could be a jumpin', tarin', rampagenous devil if he chose. The pint of his chin projected and turned up gently, as if it expected, when Godish lost his teeth, to rise in the world a rank next to the nose. When good nature sat on the box, and drove, it warn't a bad face; when Old Nick was coachman, I guess it would be as well to give Master Frenchman the road."

"He had a red cap on; his beard hadn't been cut since last sheep shearin', and he looked as hairy as a tarrier; his shirt collar, which was yaller flannel, fell on his shoulders loose, and a black handkercher was tied round his neck, slack like a sailor's. He wore a round jacket and loose trousers of homespun, with no waistcoat, and his trowsers was held up by a gulsus of leather on one side, and of old cord on the other. Either Goodish had growed since his clothes was made, or his jacket and trowsers warn't no 'speakin' terms' for they didn't meet by three or four inches, and the shirt showed atween them like a yaller militia sash round him. His feet was covered with moccasin' of enanned moose hide, and one heel was got off with old spur & looke d sly and wicked. He was a sneezer, that, and he flourished his great long white of a whip stick, that looked like a fishin' rod, over his head, and yelled like all possessed, he was a caution, that's a fact."

"A knowin' lookin' little hoss, it was too, that he was mounted on. Its tail was cut close off to the stump, which squared up his rump, and made him look awful strong in the hind quarters. His mane was 'hogged' which fuiled out he well and crest of his ears being cropped, the critter had a game look about him. There was a proper good understandin' between him & his rider; they looked as if they had growed together, and made one critter—half hoss, half man, with a touch of the devil."

"Goodish was all up on end by what he drank, and dashed in and out of the crowd arter a fashion, that was quite cautionary, callin' out, 'Here comes the grave-digger.' Don't be skeered, if any of you get killed, here is the hoss that will dig his grave for nothin'." Who'll run a lick of a quarter of a mile, for a pint of rum. Will you run? said he, a punkin' up to the Elder, 'come, let's run, and whoever wins, shall go the 'reat."

"The Elder smiled as sweet as sugar candy, but hacked out, he was too old, he said, now to run."

"Will you swap hosses, old broad cloth then?" said the other, 'because if you will, here's at you.'

"Steve, took a squint at pony, to see whether that cat would jump or no, but the cropt ears, the stump of a tail, the rakish look of the horse, didn't jist altogether convene to the taste, or the sanctified habits of the preacher. The word not, hung on his lips, like a wormy apple, jist ready to drop the best shade; but before it let go, the great strength, the spryness, and the uncommon obedience of pony to the bit, seemed to kinder balance the objections, while the sarian and outinely end that lung over his own mare, during the comin' winter-leath by starvation, turned the scale."

"Well," said he, slowly, 'if we jist each other's beasts, friend, and can agree as to the boat, I don't know as I wouldn't trade; for I don't care to raise solts, havin' a plenty of hoss stock on hand, and perhaps you do."

"How old is your hos?" said the Frenchman.

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"A long banter then [growed out of the 'boot money.' The Elder asked £7 10s. Goodish swore he wouldn't give that for him and his hoss together; that if they were both up to auction that blessed minute, they wouldn't brink it. The Elder hung on it, as long as there was any chance of the boot, and then fort the ground like a man, only giving an inch or so at a time; till he drew up and made a dead stand, on one pound."

"Goodish seemed willing to come to terms too, but like a prudent man, resolved to take a look at the old mare's mouth, and make some kind of a guess at her age; but the critter knowed how to keep her own secrets, and it was ever so long, afore he forced her jaws open, and when he did, he came plaguy near losin' of a finger, for his curiosity; and as he hopped and danced about with pain; he let fly such a string of oaths, and sarcy-cussed the Elder and his mare; in such an all fired passion, that Steve put both his hands up to his ears, and said, 'Oh, my dear friend, don't swear; don't swear; it's very wicked. I will take your pony, I'll ask no boot; if you will only promise not to swear. You shall have the mare as she stands. I'll give up and swap even; and there shall be no after claps, nor ruin bargains, nor recantin'; nor nother; only don't swear."

"Well, the trade was made, the saddles bridles was shifted, and both parties mounted their new hosses. 'M. Slick,' says Steve, 'who afraid he would lose the pony, if he staid any longer, 'Mr. Slick,' says he, 'the least said is the soonest mended, let's be a-movin', this scene of noise and riot is shockin' to a religious man, ain't it? and he let go a groan, as long as the embargo a'most."

"Well, we had no sooner turned to go, than the French people sot up a cheer that made all ring again; and they suag out, 'La Fosse Your, and shouted it again and agin ever so loud."

"What's that? says Steve.

"Well, I didn't know, for I never heard the word afore; but it don't do to say you don't know, it lowers you in the eyes of other folks. If you don't know what another man knows he is shocked at your ignorance. But if he don't know what you do, he can find an excuse in a minute. Never say you don't know."

"So," says I, 'they jabber so overlastin' fast, it ain't no easy matter to say what they mean; but it sounds like 'good bye,' you'd setter turn round and make 'em a bow, for they are very polite people, is the French."

"So Steve turns and takes off his hat, and makes them a low bow, and they lafs with than ever, and calls, out agin, 'La Fosse Your' He was kinder ryled, was the Elder. His honey had begun to ferment, and smell vinegery. 'May be, next Christmas,' says he, 'you won't lart so loud, when you find the mare is dead. Goodish and the old mare are jist alike, they are all tongue their critters. I arter think it's me,' says he, 'has the right to lart, for I've got the best of this bargain, and no mistake. This is as smart a little hoss as ever I see. I know where I can put him off to a great advantage. I shall make a good day's work of this. It is about as good a hoss trade as ever I made. The French don't know nothin about hosses, they are a simple people, their priests keep 'em in ignorance on purpose, and they don't know nothin'."

"He cracked and bragged considerably, and as we progressed we came to Montagon Bridge. The moment pony sot foot on it, he stopped short, pricked up latter ends of his ears, snorted, squealed and refused to budge an inch. 'The elder Elder got mad. He first coaxed and patted, and soft sawdered him, and then whipt and spored and crashed him like any thing. Pony got mad too, for hosses has tempers as well as Elders; so he turned to, and kicked right straight up on end, like Old Scratch; and kept on without stoppin'. Till he sent the Elder right slap over his head, slantendic early on the broad of his back into the river; and he floated down thro' the bridge and scrambled out at 'otherside."

"Creation! how he looked. He was so mad; he was ready to bite over; and as it was he smoked in the sun, like a tea kettle. His clothes stuck close down to him, as a cat's fur does to her skin; when she's out in the rain and every step he took his boots went squish like an old woman churin'; but ternd and his wet trowsers chafed with a noise like a wet flapin' sail. He was a show; and when he got up his hoss; and held out to his mane, and first lifted up one leg