

# 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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## OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT

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### TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

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.



### America! I love thee still.

America, I love thee still,  
There's glory in thy name,  
There's brightness beaming from thy birth,  
And honor from thy fame.  
There's beauty in thy naked soil,  
Bespeaking smiles of love,  
Thy rocks and blooming wilds proclaim  
Protection from above.

America, I love thee still—  
Beneath thy valleys rest  
The pilgrims of a tyrant's power,  
Bright emblems of the blest;  
And round them clothed in silence, lie  
The mouldering patriot's fame,  
Eternal in sacred memory's fire,  
Immortal honors claim.

America, I love thee still—  
Though traitor's dare disown  
Thy holy sights and ornaments,  
Endeared to Freedom's home;  
Though misty clouds o'erspread the light,  
And fairs to ether blend,  
Hope's cheering rays forest thy pride  
Of glory to ascend.

America, I love thee still—  
Thou art my native land—  
Thy joy, so pure, can ne'er be found  
Upon a foreign strand.  
Tho' pleasure's path and fortune's smiles,  
In other climes seem fair,  
The brightest of thy hopes and joys,  
Cannot with thine compare.

America, I love thee still—  
Replendent glories gleam  
Through all thy deeds. Thy sacred lights  
Shall ever be my theme.  
Pure from the realms of victory's sky,  
The crown was given to thee—  
Mid starry lights, eternal stands,  
The star of Liberty.

### TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Farewell, farewell! thou art gone forever,  
Thy stormy scene of life is past,  
'Twas death, and death alone can sever  
The fearful chain that bound thee fast;  
No loving heart beat near thee,  
With tender care to cheer thee,  
Nor friend was by to hear thee  
Sigh thy last.

When fully lured thee, hapless lover!  
No friendly arm was stretched to save,  
Nor when thy day of grief was over,  
To plant the willow by thy grave,  
Where the autumn leaves are dying,  
Where the winter snows are lying,  
And the mournful night winds sighing  
A last adieu.

May pitying spirits bear thy story,  
To Heaven's high courts with pleading  
eyes,

Where Mercy sits enthroned in glory,  
Attentive to the sufferer's cries;  
And as they thus beseech thee,  
May saving love defend thee,  
And pardoning smiles attend thee,  
To the skies.

## TIMES OF TAKING FOOD.

Nature has fixed no particular hour for eating. When the mode of life is uniform, it is of great importance to adopt fixed hours; when it is irregular, we ought to be guided by the real wants of the system as dictated by appetite.

A strong laboring man, engaged in hard work, will require food oftener and in larger quantities than an indolent or sedentary man. As a general rule about five hours should elapse between one meal and another—longer if the mode of life be indolent, shorter if it be very active.

When dinner is delayed seven or eight hours after breakfast, some slight refreshment should be taken between.

Young persons when growing fast, require more food and at shorter intervals than those who have attained maturity.

Children under seven years of age, usually need food nearly every three hours; a piece of bread will be a wholesome lunch and a child seldom eats bread to excess.

During the first months of infancy there can be no set times of giving nourishment. The best rule is to satisfy the real wants of the child but never tempt it to take food to still its crying from pain when it is not hungry.

Those persons who eat a late supper should not take breakfast till one or two hours after rising. Those who dine late and eat nothing afterwards, require breakfast soon after rising.

Persons of a delicate constitution should never exercise before breakfast.

If exposure of any kind is to be incurred in the morning breakfast should always be taken previously. The system is more susceptible of infection and of the influence of cold, miasma, &c in the morning before eating than at any other time.

Those who walk early will find great benefit from taking a cracker or some little nourishment before going out.

Never go into a room of a morning, where a person is sick with a fever, before you have taken nourishment of some kind, a cup of coffee at least.

In setting out early to travel, a light breakfast before starting should always be taken; it is a great protection against cold fatigue and exhaustion.

In boarding schools for the young and growing, early breakfast is an indispensable condition to health. Children should not be kept without food in the morning till they are faint and weary.

Never eat a hearty supper just before retiring to rest.

It is injurious to eat when greatly heated or fatigued. It would very much conduce to the health of laboring men if they would rest fifteen or twenty minutes before dinner.

## PLAYING THE GEMMAN.

Sometimes since, in one of our cities, a white man was observed in sawing a cord of wood, while a black fellow stood looking on with his hands in his pockets, giving directions. The gentleman to whom the wood belonged just stepped up, and asked Pompey why the white man was doing the work which he (the black) had been engaged to do?

'Cause me hire him for de job,' said Pompey.

'Ah! and how much do you give him?'

'Four and sixpence.'

'How is that? You are to have but four shillings, the usual price.'

'Oh, neber mind: it a wort sixpence to be de gemman lettle while!'

## A GOOD ANSWER.

A young man, who does not live a thousand miles from this city, was in the act of popping the question to a young lady the other evening, when just at the 'witching time' her father came into the room and inquired what they were about?

'Oh!' promptly replied the fair one, 'Mr. ——— was just explaining the question of annexation to me, and he is for immediate annexation.'

'Well,' said papa, 'if you can agree on the treaty, I'll ratify it.'

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### HELP YOURSELF.

#### A TALE.

On the banks of the Severn, about half a mile from Worcester, there stands in the midst of a green, sloping towards the river, a small but neat looking cottage. At the time to which the commencement of this little history refers, the spot was scarcely in a state of cultivation. No fence guarded the immediate approaches to the dwelling, and the grass grew wild and unweeded. Still, the profusion of creepers which clung around the porch, and two circular patches of earth that had been dug up before it, showed that some little pains had been bestowed to give the neglected plot a civilized appearance.

One sunny morning during a recent autumn, an angler in a small boat stationed himself immediately opposite to the cottage, under pretence of fishing, but his eyes were more frequently fixed on the door of the humble dwelling than on his float. After some hours of anxious watching, he was rewarded with a sight of the object he had shown so much patience in endeavoring to see—a young and handsome girl came forth, and began collecting a number of flowers, and arranging them carefully in small bouquets. At the same moment, however, a good sized salmon was nearly running away with the angler's tackle; and it was not till he felt the rod nearly tugged from his grasp, that he was conscious of his good fortune. His attention being thus divided between the fish and the lady, he lost both; for the salmon got clear off, and the girl retired into the cottage without the word of greeting he had intended to address her.

'What a fool I am!' exclaimed the angler, 'to be wasting my time here, lying in wait for opportunities of seeing her, when there is nothing whatever to prevent my going boldly up to her door and paying a regular visit.' He then paused a while to supply a length of gut to his line. 'Why, the fact is, I have not the courage, and that is the truth of it. Besides, she is always so busy with her painting, and it is a sin to disturb her. Then, again, she is alone very likely; and I know she never asks one in when that is the case. However, if she does not come out again soon, I certainly will make bold to call at the cottage.'

While the angler was muttering these words to himself, a dialogue, of which he was the subject, was going on in the cottage parlour. There were two girls seated at a small table, busily employed in copying on China the bouquets just gathered from the miniature garden, for Jane Lambton, who was the hostess, gained her livelihood by her skill in that humble department of art. Her companion was a neighboring clergyman's daughter, who occasionally visited her, and lent her a helping hand for amusement.

'Surely,' said Emilia Mason, 'that man in the boat must be young Thomas Polter, the attorney's son. I wonder what makes him choose this spot so often to fish in?'

'Perhaps,' replied Jane archly, 'you would rather he took his station now & then a little higher up the river, and a little nearer to a certain back window of the parsonage?'

'Oh, Jane! how can you say such a thing. I am sure I never dreamed a wish of the sort.'

'Then I am sorry I put it into your head,' replied Jane laughing; 'for the mere suspicion of it makes you blush as red as this vermilion.'

Emilia Mason did in reality betray more emotion than the allusion warranted; and presently, when footsteps were heard approaching the cottage, she exclaimed, 'Bless me! I hope he is not coming to disturb us,' with an expression of fright and hope which was perfectly intelligible to her companion—Jane, however, betrayed an anxiety of another kind, and trusted the angler was not going to intrude on them. On looking out, however, she saw him still in his boat.

A moment after, outer the door was opened, and a young man hastened into the little parlour with eagerness and haste. He saluted Jane with much more cordiality than her friend; and his look seemed to express disappointment that the former was not alone.

'I have come, Jane,' he said, 'to tell you something of consequence which has happened to me.'

'Then perhaps I am in the way,' said Emilia, rising.

'Not at all, Miss Mason,' replied Jane Lambton; 'there is nothing Mr. Barnton can have to say which you may not hear.'

'But it concerns my own private affairs,' added the young man.

This was so strong a hint, that the young lady retired, and was shortly afterwards observed in close conversation with the fisherman, who had by this time landed.

The moment she left the cottage, Edward Barnton seized Jane's hand. He was much agitated, and exclaimed, 'Alas! all our hopes are disappointed. My unable still refuses to do any thing for me.'

The moment Jane could release her hand, she went on with her painting with a degree of composure not at all in accordance with the excited state of her companion. He repeated what he had just said, adding, that Jane could not possibly understand the extent of his misfortune, or she would sympathize more warmly with him.

'On that point, you know, Edward, I cannot sympathize with you. You are always speaking of depending on your friends instead of on yourself.'

'Are they not bound to see me placed in a sphere of life to which I was born?'

'They have done all they could to do so already. They have given you a good education, and furnished you with opportunities for making your way in the world yet you never use them.'

'Why should I?' he replied, a little tartly, 'when my uncle, the county member, might get a government situation by asking for it? Here young Barnton paused. He again took Jane's hand and after much hesitation proposed to Jane that they should marry at once, for he was quite certain that when his relations saw the new responsibility he had undertaken, they would the more readily exert themselves in his favor.

Whatever feelings of grief and unhappiness this proposal inwardly caused Jane Lambton, she did not exhibit them but merely withdrew her hand, and resumed her task. It cost her, however, a mighty effort to suppress her fast rising tears. When she had sufficiently mastered them, she spoke.

'Edward,' she said, turning her eye full towards her lover, 'you think me cold, unsympathizing, unfeeling, because I have invariably opposed your impracticable schemes for the future. That which you have just proposed I must reject decisively, and not without some feeling of indignation. It gives me more pain than all your former plans, wild as they have appeared.'

'Wild only to you,' replied Edward, 'stung with disappointment, who are worldly minded, and, I must add selfish!'

This was too much from one deeply thought rationally in love. Jane burst into tears; but Barnton, failed in his intentions, and smarting under the bitter disappointment his uncle had that morning inflicted on him, heeded not the anguish he now caused except to augment it. And unhappily for both, it was in this mood that Barnton—impulsive, easily excited young man as he was—left the cottage.

When it was perceived that he had departed, Miss Mason joined her friend with Polter. The sorrow which so fully betrayed itself in Jane's countenance took a widely different effect on the two visitors. Emilia was all sympathy and kindness, while Polter seemed perfectly bewildered and perplexed by it. 'So,' he thought, 'it is as they told me; Barnton is the lucky man after all, and I may pack up my tackle, row home, and never return to this spot again, for any chance I may have of making my way in Jane Lambton's regard. Poor girl, something has annoyed her. I'll ask her to accept a dish of the fish I have caught this morning.'

This intention was carried into effect on the appearance of old Mary, Jane's factotum and housekeeper; and Polter having gallantly offered to row Miss Mason up the river to the parsonage in his boat, left the lady he so much, but so vainly admired, to solitude, often the best balm for sorrow.

Had a stranger observed Jane Lambton when left to herself, he would have

perhaps been inclined to agree with the harsh opinion of her lover—that her disposition was phlegmatic; for all external signs of grief had passed away, and he went on painting with increased rather than relaxed diligence. Yet her thoughts were more busy than her hands. She mentally retraced her past sad history, to justify herself—though unnecessarily—for her repeated refusals to participate in the headlong course proposed by the being whom she loved with enduring sincerity. The daughter of a gentleman, who had been ruined by a dissipated and wicked brother, she was, at the age of twenty, left—if we except the cottage and the small plot of ground which surrounded it—quite destitute.

While her parents were alive an attachment had sprung up between her and Edward Barnton, who was the son of a neighboring proprietor. At that time it was thought she would have a good fortune yet when, on the demise of her parents, the contrary was discovered, Edward's affection for her seemed to increase, and this, perhaps, strengthened her already strong affection for him.

Her disposition was one of high principle and unwearied industry; and, contrary to the advice of her neighbors, she persisted in taking shelter under the eave of a roof to which she had a right, and in obtaining her livelihood by an art which in happier hours, she practised as an accomplishment. A life of dependence was quite ungenial to her nature, and happy would it have been if her lover had been imbued with the same spirit.

In Jane's strong mind, however, sorrow seldom dwelt long, and the next morning she had manifestly recovered her usual composure. But her affection was doomed to receive a new and severe shock. She received a letter from Edward, in which his reproach of selfish coldness was not only repeated, but others added even more unkind and unfounded. He had heard, he said, of Polter's admiration of her, and doubted not that she thought him a better match than one with blasted and uncertain prospect. He bade her farewell. He was going to London, and would at last take the worldly advice she had so frequently given; he would endeavor to 'help himself,' by turning his attention and talents to literature.

Bitter, unkind, and undeserved as this letter was, Jane softened its effects, by framing every possible excuse for her lover. Disappointment, she argued, had soured him, and he would in cooler moments reflect on what he had written and retract it. She was, however, glad that he had at last made up his mind to exert his own energies, instead of constantly dancing attendance on the patronage and interest of his friends, as he had unwisely done for several years.

On the other hand, a proper sense of her own worthiness came to her aid, to point out that it would be highly inexpedient to receive Barnton again on the same footing as formerly, even where he to repeat of his unkindness, until some decided change had taken place not only in his sentiments, but in his circumstances. She therefore, in her reply to his letter, simply disclaimed the feelings he imputed to her, and congratulated him on his resolution of depending on himself more than he had hitherto done. She declined his visit in future—at all events for a time—and the letter concluded with these remarkable words: 'You have known all my misfortunes, and must know my heart better than to suppose me capable of disregarding you in the honor of your affection and disappointment. I am not ashamed to own that my affection for you is unchanged; but a change is necessary in your sentiments ere we might hope for happiness, even under the most favorable circumstances. That change, you are about, you say, to effect. Go! I know it will be for your good, and have made a resolve, to which I fervently intreat your concurrence; it is not to see or communicate with you for twelve months. At the end of that time we will meet, either to be united, or to part—for ever!'

Edward, who had more of romance than of practical sense in his composition, readily agreed to this proposal in a farewell letter he sent to Jane. Next day he departed, to stem the current of life's stream which sets in against the unknown and unenergetic stranger in the overwhelming metropolis.

From the day of the separation, Jane

Lambton and Edward Barnton trode their respective but opposite paths in the walk of life; that of the girl smoothed by peaceful energy and unflinching self-dependence, that of the young man made, by his peculiar disposition rugged and uneven—now sinking into a valley of despair, now raised on a summit of hope. In this way six months of the probationary twelve passed away.

It will be remembered, that during the February of the year before last, there were some severe weather. Much snow fell, and the little plot of ground which surrounded Jane's cottage was nearly hidden by it. Still, it was not thick enough to conceal the improvements which had recently taken place. Fences had been put up and the two flower-plots removed to make a little lawn before the porch, the flowers being transplanted to a more genial situation behind the cottage, where a regular garden was formed. One evening about the end of the month Mr. Mason and his daughter left the parsonage, and guided by the light which appeared in the cottage window, traced their way amidst the snow to Jane's dwelling. On entering it, they found her painting with her usual assiduity.

'You really must forgive me,' she said after the first greetings were over, and her visitors were seated, 'but I am obliged to be rude. I must go on with my task, and talk the while, for there is not a moment to be lost. This biscuit must be finished for the furnace by to-morrow morning.'

'Why must, Jane?' asked the clergyman, 'for well I know that one piece is of little use until the whole set be completed. Do not blush, for I know all about it, Emilia has told me. You want to purchase something at the sale to-morrow. Now, suppose you leave off work at once, and let us all three scud to town to-morrow morning, and make the best bargain we can. This lay week will do as well for Lord Bollington's dinner-service as to-morrow.'

'But—' stammered the blushing artist.

'I won't allow you to finish any sentence that begins with 'but,' interposed Emilia. 'You must obey your spiritual pastor even in things temporal; so drop your pencil miss, and listen. He has come on purpose to scold you. Pray begin papa.'

'All I would say, Jane, is simply in the way of caution respecting your unmitting exertions. Believe me, such constant application is a very bad economy of time. This light, which we can see from our own parlor windows, betrays the late and early hours you keep; and I am sure you will ruin your health and soon be able to do nothing at all.'

'Well,' Jane replied, 'I will promise reform; only let me transgress this once.'

'There is no necessity for a little more like a friend, and accept the proposal I made this morning.'

'Not for the world,' answered Jane, 'would you take from me all the pleasure I derive from my exertions? If I were to allow you to lend me, even for a day, the money to buy what I have set my heart upon, I should not value it in the least.—No, no, my dear kind friends; let me only finish this little task, and get my reward for it, and I will promise reform.'

'I perceive you are incorrigible,' said the clergyman, seeing her resume her pen.

'So now as our mission is ended, we will leave you to your task,' said Emilia rising. 'Do not rise as you are so greedy of your minutes; old Mary will light us out. Good night, dear Jane,' continued her young friend heartily, as they shook hands, 'may Heaven reward your labors!'

'Amen!' exclaimed the pastor, who sigh so deep that Jane was startled. Emilia had left the room, and Mr. Mason; on taking Jane's hand said, with a deeply sorrowful expression, 'I sincerely pray that all your toils will be repaid in the way you wish.'

'Have you a doubt, then?' asked the girl with anxious eagerness. 'Have you heard anything? Is he—?'

'The technical name of porcelain when in a state for painting on.'