

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

OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

TERMS:
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POETRY.



FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

The rallying shout of Freemen.

We are the boys,
Who fear no noise,
Though cannon loud should rattle;
For oft you know,
We met the foe,
And conquered him in battle.

So we again,
Meet on the plain,
With freemen's shield and banner;
Our friends to greet,
And foes to beat,
With that old coonskin tanner

Come folk along,
With shout and song,
Ye Democrats so merry;
We'll tan that coon,
Now very soon,
With the juice of Polk berry.

With freemen's shout,
We'll put to rout,
That coon and all his party;
And to be brief,
Without that beef,
Will shout both loud and hearty.

We're growing bold,
For young and old,
Beneath our banners tarry;
And maidens fair,
They do declare,
That coons they never can marry.

You'll lose the day,
So haste away,
Back to your native slashes;
For James K. Polk,
It is no joke
Among the coons plays smashes.

And that old bank,
Just see how lank,
Its hanger's on are growing;
They cannot thrive,
Or even live,
On crops of honest sowing.

And what is best,
From East to West,
The freemen now are risen;
And march along,
An army strong,
'Gainst Clay and Frelinghuysen,

And louder still,
From vale and hill;
They shout get out of the way,
In old Kentucky,
The coons have struck,
And left the ship Henry Clay.

Arise, arise,
The nation arise,
Spread our flag from sea to sea,
From Oregon,
We'll chase old John,
With James Polk of Tennessee.

NUMA.

No man ever prospered that defrauded the printer or scolded his wife. Remember that!

PRINTERS.

No trade sends into the world smarter and more active men than that of printing. Look to officers of trust and honor—where talents and energy are required—and you will be most likely to find them filled with printers. Who makes our best editors, lawyers, preachers, mayors and Congressmen?—Printers. Printing is a glorious business, thus to fit men for honor and usefulness. A college education is not to be compared to an education at the case. One of the best lawyers England has produced was a printer. Who are the mayors of Glasgow, Edinburgh and Perth?—Printers. So also are the Mayors of New York, Washington and Savannah, printers by trade. The recent Mayor of Boston was a printer.

There are something like a dozen of printers in Congress—all of them honors to their professions.

Certainly the best conducted journals of this country are under the control of printers. Look to this city for instances: Gen. Todd, of the American, Edwards of the Advertiser, Beckett of the Bulletin, and Nichols of the Washingtonian, are all printers and reflect honor on the craft.

Printers are looking up. Who would not be a printer? To young apprentices at the case, or roller, stand, with smutty faces or dirty fingers, we would say, don't be discouraged. A few years ago, all distinguished men we have named above were similarly employed. Stick to your business & every leisure hour you have, employ in the perusal of useful books, and in the cultivation of your mind. Then the day will not be far distant if you are true to yourself and contract no bad habits, you will become useful and honorable citizens exerting a wide and healthy influence.—Portland Press.

The Albany Knickerbocker often says something good. The following is from a late number of that paper.
"Thank God, the Lord loves us yet, if we do not eat each other's throats. If any body doubts it, let him take a stroll through the country & see His affection written in violets on the hill top. Let him do this and he'll come home a better man. No one fire's his neighbor's altar, the same day he wanders through God's goodness, as 'tis lavished in the country. Never."

"The Times aint as they used to was."—We find the following stray going the rounds without an owner, else we would cheerfully credit.

Folks don't go to bed now a days—they retire.
Nobody eats their dinner—people take some refreshment.
Nobody goes to church—but people attend divine service.
There is no Sunday—it is Sabbath.
No one gets his tooth pulled—it is extracted.
Instead of drinking tea or coffee, the fashionable only sip a little.
No one tears a hole in his pantaloons—but it is no rare thing that he lacerates them.
The ladies don't go a visiting—they only make calls.
Young men don't go a courting—they only step in to pass the evening.
Our grand-mas used hard backed chair but our belles have stuffed backs to their seats!

MODERN MAXIMS.

Keep your jacket on, and don't tear your trousers.
Do not steal your neighbor's newspaper but subscribe for one yourself.
Never wind up your watch with a piece of soap.
Don't pound your corns with a shoemaker's hammer.
Don't scratch your head with a curry-comb.
Never pick your teeth with a crowbar.
Don't take your soup with a shovel.
Never sleep with your feet out of the window.
Pause and consider before you set the Delaware river on fire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Hood's Magazine.

A Roland for an Oliver.

A CLEVER STORY.

On the evening of the 20th of January, 1798, the city of Amsterdam was thrown into an unusual state of bustle and confusion by the entrance of the French army under Pichegru. While the troops with piled arms awaited their billets and rations, the inhabitants started to illumine in honor of their arrival, and in spite of the piercing cold thronged to welcome the tired heroes.

Amid the general rejoicings, one house alone remained with closed doors and darkened windows. It was the dwelling of the wealthy merchant, Woerden, who, wholly occupied in his business, cared little for politics, still for the arrival of the French, and was far too careful of his money to waste it like his neighbors in illuminations.

Wrapped in his fur dressing gown, a seal skin cap drawn closely over the few grey hairs time had left on his head, he had wheeled his easy chair close to the chimney, as he rubbed his hands over the bright coal fire, seemed lost in reverie, from which neither the beer can, nor long clay pipe on the table at his side, had power to rouse him.

All at once the silence was interrupted by a violent rattle at the house bell. The old man started, and turned to a stout red-cheeked servant, who, seated at a respectful distance, was occupying herself in knitting.

"See who it is, Jacqueline," said he, "that comes to disturb us at this unreasonable hour?"

"It is the young man, your son, who entered and throwing off his cloak, saluted the merchant as father.

"Ha! is it you, Wilhelm! I did not expect you back so soon."
"I have just returned from Brock, replied the other, "and should have arrived long ago, had not the road been so encumbered with troops and driers."

"Have you seen Van Elburg?"
"Yes," answered the young man; "talking his seat by the fire, and he consented to my marriage with his daughter, but refused to give more than four thousand ducats as her dowry."

"Then he may keep both ducats and daughter," said the merchant angrily.

"But consider, father—"

"Consider what?" interrupted Woerden. "There is nothing to consider. I know that at your age, love outweighs gold, but time will teach you, that when poverty comes in at the door, love soon lies out at the window."

"Yes, father," argued the young man, "Van Elburg is one of the richest men in the country, and sooner or later his daughter must have his fortune."

"Put—put!" said Woerden; "Van Elburg knows well what he is about, but cunning as he is, he shall not put a bad bargain on me. As for you Wilhelm, I have promised to give you up my business, and now recommend your taking a word of advice with it; never give more than you receive, and always consider yourself before other people in your transactions; rely on it, that is the only way to prosper in business as well as love. And now we will drop the subject."

The young man knew his father's humor too well to press the matter, at least at that moment.

As he sat brooding in silence over his disappointment, the house bell again rang, and the tread of a horse's feet was heard in the court yard, while the dog commenced a furious barking.

"It is certainly a stranger this time!" said Mynheer Woerden, "there is no mistaking the dog's bark."

He was interrupted by the servant bringing in a packet.

"Commissariat department!" said he, master, with no little surprise, as he opened it; but an expression of uneasiness which had at first slightly contracted his features, changed into one of pleasure as he read on. "An order to deliver four hundred thousand herrings for the use of the French army," he continued; "a very acceptable commission. Wilhelm!" he suddenly exclaimed after

a short pause, "Wilhelm! you shall marry Van Elburg's daughter, and she shall give her a handsome dowry in spite of himself!"

"How say you my dear father!" replied his son, unable to believe his senses at this sudden change.

"Leave all to me, Wilhelm," said Woerden. "Order our horses to be saddled by day break, and mind that I am called in time, for we must be at Brock before twelve; and now, good night."

The rising sun saw our travellers on the road to that celebrated village, where easiness is carried to such an extent, that before entering the streets both father and son, in compliance with inviolable custom, were obliged to dismount and leave their horses to the care of a servant. At the door of Van Elburg's house they were required to submit to what a few years later neither Napoleon nor the Emperor Alexander were exempted from; and, taking off their boots replaced them with slippers before they were allowed to enter the room where he sat with his daughter Clotilde.

"Good morning, Mynheer Woerden," said he, shaking his friend warmly by the hand. "Have you been frightened out of your good city by the French, that you honor me with so early a visit?"

"Not at all, Van Elburg!" said the other. "I care nothing about the French and as I never meddle in politics it is quite immaterial to me who governs our town. But I am come to make you a proposal. I have undertaken to furnish the Commissariat with four hundred thousand herrings on this day month, and I wish to know if it will suit you to procure them for me in three weeks?"

"At what price?" asked his friend.

"Ten guildens per thousand."

"Ten guildens," repeated the other, "musically. You shall have."

"Draw out the contract then," said Woerden, "and when it is signed I shall be happy to partake of your hospitality, for my side has given me an appetite. Then looking at Clotilde, he continued, "I have come to arrange another matter too, which we can discuss after dinner."

It was in vain, that, during the evening, Woerden tried every argument to change his friend's resolution respecting his daughter's fortune. After a warm discussion, he was obliged to give up the point, and the marriage was at last fixed for the following week.

Next day, as Wilhelm and his father returned home, the former could not refrain from expressing some curiosity concerning the cause of this happy change in his prospects.

"What do you mean?" asked the old man.

"Have you not given up the point about his daughter's fortune?"

"I should have thought you knew me better," replied Woerden, looking slyly at his son. "But no matter—it is sufficient that you marry the girl you like."

Once more at home, the merchant shut himself in his office until the evening, when he appeared with a packet of letters, which were immediately sent to the post.

On the day appointed for the marriage, Wilhelm and his father arrived at Brock, where they found a large party of friends and relations assembled to meet them. Van Elburg welcomed them with cordiality, but there was an expression of care and embarrassment on his face, that at first made the bridegroom fear some fresh obstacle to his happiness. The elder Woerden, however, in no way shared in his son's anxiety for he could give a tolerable good guess at the cause of his host's uneasiness.

"Mynheer Van Elburg!" he exclaimed, "what can be the matter? Are you unwell?"

"No, my dear friend," replied the other, "not ill, but in the most unpleasant dilemma possible—I must speak with you immediately in private."

"Is it any thing respecting the marriage?" asked Woerden. "If you wish to be off your word, it is still time."

"Not for the world."

"In that case you will proceed to the church at once—You know I like to do things regularly; and as I came here to see my son married, we will finish that business first, and then I shall be happy to hear what you have to say."

There was no remedy, and it was not

until after the happy pair had been made man and wife, that Van Elburg could succeed in catching his friend alone.

"I am bound to deliver you four hundred thousand herring in fourteen days," said he, "and not a single fish can I get at any price."

Woerden could not restrain his laughter. "I dare say not," he replied; "I bought them all up long ago."

"In that case of course our contract is at an end," said Van Elburg, looking doubtfully at his friend.

"By no means; or at least only on certain conditions. We have this day united our children, Van Elburg, and we shall leave them a handsome fortune when we die. But as regards the present, matters are less fairly arranged.—My son receives a capital business, while you only give your daughter four thousand ducats. Now as I did not like to make the young people unhappy by refusing my consent to their marriage, I thought you and I would settle the matter another way. You have to deliver four hundred thousand herrings at ten guildens per thousand, you can get them from no one but me, and I must have fifty guildens per thousand, or I don't part with a single tail. The difference is exactly sixteen thousand guildens, which I intend you to pay over to my son as his wife's dowry."

And Elburg looked rather foolish during this explanation, but at the end he gained his self possession, and even smiled as he said, clapping the other on the shoulder, "You have outwitted me, Mynheer Woerden, and I must pay the penalty, so no more about it. And now let us join our friends again."

Eight days afterwards Van Elburg went to visit his daughter at Amsterdam and in his turn found Woerden in the greatest perplexity.

"You are the very person I wanted," he said, "to assist me I am a ruined man. The herrings are all ready, but high or low, not a barrel is to be found."

Van Elburg's little grey eyes twinkled cunningly. "Every man for himself," Woerden—you bought the fish, and I bought the barrels. But as an old friend I won't take advantage of you, and you shall have as many as you want for exactly sixteen thousand guildens above the cost price."

Woerden looked rather blank, but did his best to conceal his vexation. "The trick is not a bad one," said he, with a forced smile, "but you must confess that I taught it you."

"Ay, ay!" returned the other, "you are clever fellows in Amsterdam, but we are no fools in Brock."

DOING THE BARBER.

An Eastern Shore man stepped into a barber's shop in our city, on Saturday, says the Baltimore Argus, and requested the barber to take off 12½ cents' worth of his hair. The barber trimmed his locks very neatly, and then combed and brushed them in the most particular style.

"Are you done?" asked the Eastern Shore man, as the barber removed the napkin from his neck.

"Yes, sir," returned the man of the razor with a bow.

"Are you certain that you took off eleven pence worth?"

"Yes, sir," returned the barber, "there's the glass—you can see for yourself."

"Well," said the Eastern Shore man, "if you think you have got eleven pence worth off, I don't know as I have any use for it, and I haven't got no change; so you may just keep the hair for your trouble."

THE ASTONISHED DUTCHMAN.

An honest old Dutchman came on a visit to a New York village, and was quietly smoking his pipe in view of the Mohawk valley, without knowing that a railroad ran through it. The night was dark, with the appearance of rain, which absorbed the old man's conjectures, when suddenly a train of cars rumbled by, leaving a long train of sparks in the rear. Suddenly dropping his pipe, the astonished citizen exclaimed—

"Well, if New York State ish not der tyel for improvements! Dey hong lanterns to dere thunder clouds dat people may see them and get out of der way."

A "DELICIOUS" STORY.

Just before the embarkation of the Life Guards for the Waterloo campaign when all London was on the *qui vive* for great events, the theatres crowded nightly, and the military, there as elsewhere, taking down their last gulphs of fun, Shaw, the Life-Guardsman, famous as the largest and strongest man in England, a sort of Belgian Giant affair, was in Drury Lane, and, of course, attracted vast attention. Among the rest came Captain Barclay, the celebrated pedestrian, amateur boxer, gentleman gymnast, &c., who was immediately struck with intense admiration at the 'points' of the huge yet active soldier.

"What a man! Look at him! Magnificent fellow! Beg pardon—really I must feel your arm?"

The enthusiastic Captain approached, examined the giant's muscle, eyed his pose, measured his 'reach,' &c., every moment waxing in delight.

"The most superb thing ever seen—beautiful fellow! Damme, I should like just—my man; oblige me by stepping this way."

The Guardsman obeyed; a five pound note was thrust into his hand, and, with a few select amateurs, the Captain adjourned to a neighboring Coffee-House, called for a room, and immediately began to strip for a friendly set-to.

"I should die if I hadn't a crack at him. Sweetest thing I ever saw in my life."

The soldier was every way ready to oblige, vowed that it wasn't the least trouble in life, and to the Captain's request that he would 'hit out,' 'show what he could do'—'make himself felt,' &c., he promised implicit obedience. The parties stood forth—Barclay a powerful man, but almost hid beneath the bulk of his opponent. Taps were exchanged, a few exclamations on the part of the Captain, of 'very pretty,' 'capital,' &c., until, growing more impatient, he repeated his desire to 'feel' the giant! and the next moment found him picking himself out of the fire place which he had been knocked into at his own 'particular desire.' He came forth however, in unabated delight.

"Pon my soul—a lovely fellow.—Perfect treat. Come, my man—not tired, I hope? Now, then, let's see what you can do?"

The words were hardly out, before a tremendous blow upon the nose and mouth sent him flying, heels uppermost through the door of a china closet; from amid the contents of which he was assisted with loosened teeth, and the *claret* flowing 'elegantly.' There was a winking of the eyes, and a sniffing from the nose, and something of an inarticulateness of utterance on the part of the Captain, as, calling for water, he invited the Guardsman to supper, declaring, with a pair of enormously swelled lips, that he was a 'delicious fellow.'

When last seen alive, at the battle of Waterloo, which took place shortly afterwards, Shaw was standing amid a heap of his own slain, holding together a ghastly wound in his abdomen with one hand, while defending himself against a swarm of Freemen with the other.

A Soft Question.—'How are you off for soap?' asked a wag of a man lately, whom he saw fall into a hegshead of the soft material. 'Very near out,' replied the soapse, as he got his chin to the surface.

'Wife! why in the name of goodness did you not make the washerwoman put starch in my shirt collar?'

'Why my dear, I thought it an useless waste of the article, for I can get you choler up so easy without it.'

'Mr. Cobb, I am sorry to see you in this condition.'

'You are eh—well I ain't—I'm corn'd just as a cob ought to be.'

'Jemmy, what is a member Congress?'

'A member of Congress is a common substantive, agreeing with self interest, and is governed by \$8 a day, understood.'

A young lady looking upon the Falls of Niagara, exclaimed, in awe-struck astonishment—'How exceedingly pretty they is!'

An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil rumors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's mourning.