

# 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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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



The following piece, which is amongst the sweetest gems we have seen for the entertainment of the juvenile reader, is selected from the second volume of Mrs. L. M. Child's series of books for children.—It is a work which sparkles with all the beauties of truth, holiness and love. The 'Bird's Nest,' given below, will serve as a specimen of its rare attractions.

### Who stole the Bird's Nest.

To what! To what! To what! Will you listen to me! Who stole four eggs I laid, And the nice nest I made!

Not I, said the cow, Moo oo! Such a thing I'd never do, I gave you a whisp of hay, But didn't take your nest away. Not I, said the cow, Moo oo, Such a thing I'd never do.

To what! To what! To what! Will you listen to me! Who stole four eggs I laid, And the nice nest I made!

Bob a-link! Bob a-link! Now what do you think! Who stole a nest away From the Plumb tree to day?

Not I, said the dog, Bow wow, I wouldn't be so mean, I vow, I gave hairs the nest to make, But the nest I did not take. Not I, said the dog, Bow wow! I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.

To what! To what! To what! Will you listen to me! Who stole four eggs I laid, And the nice nest I made!

Bob a-link! Bob a-link! Now what do you think! Who stole a nest away From the Plumb tree to day?

Coo coo, Coo coo, Coo coo, Let me speak a word, too, Who stole that pretty nest, From little yellow breast!

Not I, said the sheep; oh no, I wouldn't treat a poor bird so, I gave the wool the nest to line, But the nest was none of mine, Baa baa, said the sheep, oh no, I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.

To what, to what, To what! Will you listen to me! Who stole four eggs I laid, And the nice nest I made!

Bob a-link, Bob a-link, Now what do you think! Who stole a nest away From the Plumb tree to-day?

Coo coo, Coo coo, Coo coo, Let me speak a word, too, Who stole that pretty nest From little yellow breast!

Caw caw, cried the crow, I should like to know.

What thief took away  
A bird's nest to day!

Cluck, cluck, said the hen,  
Don't ask me again.  
Why I haven't a chick  
Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather,  
And she wove them together,  
I'd soon intrude  
On her and her brood,  
Cluck, cluck, said the hen,  
Don't ask me again.

Chirr a whirr, Chirr a-whirr!  
We will make a great stir—  
Let us find out his name,  
And all cry for shame!

I would not rob a bird,  
Said little Mary Green;  
I think I never heard  
Of any thing so mean.

'Tis very cruel, too,  
Said little Alice Neal;  
I wonder if he knew  
How sad the bird would feel.

A little boy hung down his head,  
And went and hid behind the bed;  
For he stole that pretty nest,  
From the poor little yellow breast;  
And he felt so full of shame,  
He didn't like to tell his name.

### THE PADDY AND THE ECHO.

'Patrick where have you been this hour or more? You must not absent yourself without my permission.'

'Och, niver more will I do the like, sir. Well give an account of yourself, you seem out of breath.'

'Fait the same I am sir; I niver was in such fear since I came to Ameriky. I'll tell ye all about it, sir, when I get breath again.'

'I heard ye telling the gentlemen of the wonderful echo, sir, over in the woods behind the big hill. I thought by what ye said ov it, that it bate all the echoes of ould Ireland, sir; and so it does by the powers! Well I just run over to the place ye was speaking ov, to converse a bit with the wonderful creature. So said I, 'Hillo, hillo, hillo!' and sure enough, the echo sa d, 'Hillo, hillo, hillo, you noisy rascal!'

'I thought that was very queer, sir, and I said, 'Hillo,' again.

'Hillo, yourself,' said the echo, you began it first.'

'What the d—! are you made us?' said I. 'Shut your mouth,' said the echo.

'So, said I, 'ye biatheren scoundril, I e was flesh and blood, like an honest man that ye wouldn't know her impudent son.'

'And what do you think the echo said to that, sir?' 'Scunner ye bastie of a Paddy,' said he, 'or fone if I catch you I'll break every bone in your ugly body.' and it hit my head with a stone, sir, that was nigh knocking the brains out ov me. So I ran as fast as ever I could; and praised be all the saints I'm here to tell you of it, sir.'

### INFORMATION WANTED.

The Boston Daily Mail asks the following questions:—

Did you ever know a lady with white teeth to put her hand over them when she laughed?

Did you ever know a gay lad and a sprightly lass who couldn't pick berries into one basket?

Did you ever know a woman that never had any thing stolen from her clothes yard?

Did you ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up during prayer-time at church, who could not dance all night without being tired at all?

Did you ever know a young man to hold a skein of yarn for his favorite to wind, without getting it strangely tangled?

Did you ever know a man with a shocking bad hat, a long beard, and a ragged coat, who could find a respectable hotel that was not full?

Did you ever know a very pretty young lady that had not a cousin to wait upon her to lectures and parties?

'Tem, you seem to gain flesh every day—the grocery business must agree with you, What did you weigh last?'

'Well, Simon, I really forget now, but it strikes me it was a pound of butter.'

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE JEW WITH TWO HEADS. An Illustration Of life in Constantinople in 1840.

Translated from the French, For the London Journal.

There lived at Constantinople, a poor old tailor, who was an excellent Mussulman scrupulously performing his five ablutions a day, a good observer of the Ramadan, and who regularly kept himself, from morning till night, in a narrow stall, which he dignified by the name of shop, and who, for more than twelve years, had incessantly occupied himself in mending old clothes. His prophet had not even once sent fortune to visit him, nor had an opportunity ever been granted him of proving his talent in making a new suit of clothes. With his business, he enjoyed an almost titular one of bell-ringer to a mosque, situated near his abode. It is well known that the residences of fur-kish shopkeepers are always separated from their shops, which forms part of a bazaar. One day, while Hussein the tailor was seated in his shop, counting his wooden beads and waiting for customers, he remarked a well dressed man, who was walking slowly along the bazaar, passing and repassing before his shop, and who appeared to him as if waiting the moment he could enter without being observed. Hussein was not wrong in his conjectures, notwithstanding the individual appeared to him a personage of too high a rank to need his humble services. Great was then his surprise, when, on entering the stranger demanded if he thought himself capable of making a complete suit of clothes to the pattern of a model which he would give him. At this flattering proposition the tailor felt himself transported to the third heaven, and as he had a vast opinion of his own abilities, he immediately assured the stranger that he would not regret having addressed himself to him, and he would perform what he demanded as well as the most able tailor of Stamboul.

'It is well,' said the stranger; 'but you must name yourself to get the model I have spoken of.' 'Immediately, if you wish it.' 'Now, be here when the clock strikes the midnight hour, and I will then come to collect you where it was necessary to go.' 'Your wish shall be obeyed.' That is not all; you must consent to have your eyes bandaged.' At this second proposition Hussein trembled with fear, but the unknown gave him three pieces of gold and continued: 'Twenty other pieces of gold shall be your recompense when the work is done, and by Mahomet! you shall have nothing to fear.'

The sight of the gold and the prospect of a considerable sum in addition produced on the good tailor the same effect it always does on a Turk, and, need we add, as it does but too often also on a Christian. 'Allah Kerim!' said Hussein between his teeth, and then promised to be exact in waiting for the stranger at the specified time. After this interview the tailor went to see his wife, to whom he recounted his adventure without concealing from her the conditions which fortune had imposed on him. His wife, who felt much interested at his recital, used all her persuasions in encouraging him in his nocturnal enterprise.

At the promised midnight hour the stranger was at the shop of the tailor where the latter was anxiously awaiting him. The former then placed a bandage over Hussein's eyes, and giving him his arm to guide him conducted the tailor along the streets, and for two tedious hours Hussein was unable to form the slightest idea as to where he was leading him.

At length his guide halted, and directed him to kneel, when, removing the bandage, and ordering him to wait a little while, left him by one of four doors that the room he entered contained. The moment Hussein recovered his sight, he found himself in a splendid saloon. Never could he have imagined a magnificence equal to that which now surrounded him. Immense mirrors encased with golden frames, silks of the

most costly nature, displayed themselves to his eyes, while the whole saloon was illumined by splendid girandoles and lustre.

Hussein, kneeling in the midst of this splendor, on a carpet of the richest design, had not yet recovered his astonishment, when he beheld the door by which his guide had disappeared, and a man of majestic appearance, in the bloom of youth, entered the room, as equally remarkable for his richness of his dress. This splendid personage bore a packet enveloped in a cashmere of the most beautiful texture, which partly unfolding, he displayed to the trembling tailor the pattern which the cashmere contained, together with the rich stuffs necessary to make a similar one, saying that he gave him five days to achieve his work. Unfolding the packet and throwing it on the ground a few paces from where Hussein remained kneeling, immovable as a statue, the splendid looking personage left the saloon, and immediately afterwards the guide re-appeared, who immediately replaced the bandage over the eyes of the tailor, forcing under his arm the packet which the latter had not dared to touch, so great was his awe and astonishment. The guide reconducted the tailor out of the saloon. When they had entered the bazaar, the guide withdrew the bandage from Hussein's eyes, and recommended him to apply himself diligently to the work which had been confided to him. After adding that he would come himself to receive it, and begging him not to mention his good fortune to any one, he left the tailor to his own reflections.

It was autumn—the fourth hour of day had scarcely struck, so that three hours would yet elapse before the rising of the sun. Hussein thought it was too early to instal himself in his shop, he therefore directed his way towards the humble abode, where he found his wife anxiously waiting for his return. He recounted to her the extraordinary things he had seen but scarcely giving him time to conclude his relation, she seized the packet that she might gratify her curiosity in beholding the beautiful stuffs it contained. Seating herself she first minutely examined the beautiful cashmere. With an exclamation of delight she then, unloosened its knots, when a cry of terror broke from her while she threw the packet to the ground. Hussein, at the cry rushed towards his wife, and by the feeble light of a solitary candle beheld a human head rolling on the floor. His terror equalled if not surpassed that of the wife.

When the terror-stricken pair had partly regained their self-possession, they lost themselves in conjectures on such an extraordinary event. For a long time they held counsel together to find out some expedient to prevent their ruin.

'By Ah! we are saved,' at length exclaimed the wife. 'Only yesterday that upstart of a baker, our neighbor, refused to give me credit; but he shall now pay for it. Give me the tin dish we bake meat in, and let me arrange the matter.'

The tailor brought the dish to her, where she placed the head, and covering it over went out.

Hussein, alarmed at the events of the morning, awaited his wife's return with anxiety. A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed when she reappeared.

'All goes well,' she exclaimed on entering; 'make yourself perfectly easy. You may now go to the mosque to ring the bells as usual, so that nobody might suspect any thing.'

We will now see what has become of the head. The wife of the tailor, well acquainted with the habits of the baker, was aware that every morning, while his oven was heating, he took a stroll out while his son did not rise until his father left the house, so that the shop remained without any one in it for a short time. She therefore seized this moment to place her baking dish among others filled with meat, which the baker returned from his walk, he found his son waiting for him on the steps of the door, without suspecting anything. Suddenly the dog rushed with extraordinary energy against the tailor's dish; the baker surprised, lifted up its cover. Had Satan

presented himself to his view, he could not have been more startled—for he held two large black eyes staring at him which struck him speechless. Astonished at the sudden emotion of his father, and the barking of the dog, the son, approached to see what the dish contained, when he was seized with a fright equal to that of his father. Being, however, the first to recover his self-possession, he began to reflect on the best means to be employed of getting rid of this terrible head. Following the example of the tailor's wife, he determined to pass it on to a neighbor. To execute his determination, it was necessary that his father should assist him, and the following was the plan pursued:—

At the turning of the street in which the baker resided, there stood a barber's shop, and it was to him the head was destined. As a pretext the baker first invited the barber to take a walk with him, while the son followed his father at a little distance carrying the head hid under his mantle, and entered the shop the moment his father and the barber had left it. On the chair where the barber's customers were wont to seat themselves, he placed a piece of wood of the size of a human body, on which he planted the head & tied a shaving cloth over the wood which he had enveloped in an old flock. On returning, the barber, casting his eyes on the figure, tho' that it was a customer awaiting him.

'You are very early,' he exclaimed. Finding that no answer was returned, he continued; 'Ah! ah! I see now, he is dumb.'

With this exclamation he prepared the necessary articles, and placed himself, *centum artens*, to commence his shaving operation. At the first touch of his hand, the head lost its equilibrium, and fell rolling to a corner of the shop. Astonished at this, so unexpected an event, the barber, though terrified at the moment was less so than the tailor. After a short time spent in consideration, he took up the head and commenced to examine it. By a small tuft of hair that grew on the ground, he recognized it as belonging to a Mussulman, which stimulated him to the same desire as that of its preceding possessors—that of promptly getting rid of it. Placing, therefore, the head under his mantle, he bent his way towards an eating house, kept by a Greek who lived a few doors from him, and where he often went to take his meals.

'Landlord,' he exclaimed on entering, 'this day is not of fasting, prepare me a good piece of roasted mutton and a dish of rice.'

After giving this order, the barber strode into the back shop to light his pipe, when, seizing an opportunity, he hid the head under a quantity of pieces of meat that were piled on the table, and then left the room. A few moments after, the master, in preparing to arrange the meat for cooking, discovered the head. His astonishment and fears were even greater than the preceding head bearers, and situation even more critical than theirs. If a head were discovered at his house, there was no doubt, in his quality of a Christian, he would at once be impaled. A prey to the most violent fears, and in a state almost bordering on madness; he seized the head, and rushed forth from his house into the street; running as if a demon was pursuing him. Luckily it was not yet day. Fate conducted him to the quarter of the Jews, where he arrived out of breath. While running along in haste he struck himself against some object, and looking at what thus impeded his path, he recognized, by a faint gleam of light, the dead body of a man, the head of which was separated from the trunk; and placed between the legs. Such is still the ignoble mode reserved for the decapitated Jews, the Mussulmans enjoying the honor of having the head placed under the right arm until the body is interred. Without considering this no man, not even a Jew, can be possessed of two heads; the poor fellow seized what he thought a favorable opportunity of getting rid of his terrible burden; by placing it close to and in the same position as the other head, and then quietly returned to his home.

Day now began to appear in the narrow streets of Constantinople. The Jews, aware that one of their number had been decapitated the preceding evening before their residences, did not dare to go out, but viewed from their windows with astonishment the sight of the two heads. At the same time the Mussulmans, who commenced passing along the streets, beheld them, also with similar wonder and soon an immense crowd collected, which completely obstructed the passage of the street. At the report of this tumult, a body of Janissaries was seen to advance to establish order; but, oh shame! they beheld the head of a Mussulman, lying next to that of a Jew. 'The Israelite dogs have committed this sacrilege. Down with the cursed race!' resounded on all sides. In a moment they rushed into the Jews' houses, and commenced burning and pillaging all they were enabled to lay hold of; but their vengeance increased to still greater degree when, on examining the head they recognized it to be that of their favorite aga. Their rage now knew no bounds; and several bodies of the same corps arrived to join their comrades a formidable revolt menaced the whole city, when the tumult at length reached the ears of the sultan. His grand vizier and principal officers were immediately dispatched to the spot & upon the Janissaries being promised in his name that justice should be rendered to them, they were with much difficulty persuaded to retire to their quarters.

At the first news of the tumult, the sultan divided his cause, and despatched the tailor's guide, who was no other than a faithful slave, to inquire of Hussein what he had done with the head that he had borne to his house the preceding night. The tailor immediately related how his wife had taken it to the baker. The slave then applied to the latter, where he learnt the manner he had passed it on to the barber and the latter in his turn, owned the way he had disposed of it; and, lastly, the Greek recounted how he had placed it by the side of the Jew's head.

Upon the report of the slave, the sultan wished to have the different parts of the story related to him personally by those who had been actors therein. The tailor and his wife, the baker and his son, the barber and the Greek, were all summoned into his presence, and after each had given his relations, were, with the exception of the Greek, dismissed with rich presents, in testimony of his satisfaction at their ingenuity. The unfortunate Greek was sewn up into a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus, to punish him for his audacity in placing the head of a Mussulman near that of a Jew.

As to the head of the aga, it had been struck off by order of the sultan, in consequence of the influence his officer exercised over the Janissaries. Many times had orders been given to that effect without being executed, and this time, to make sure of obedience, he had commanded the head of the aga to be brought into his presence, and to prevent the discovery of his decapitation, Hussein had been thus conducted by night to the sultan, and the head of the aga placed in the packet delivered to the forner. Fate ordained the rest.

### A REAL GENTLEMAN.

He never dresses in the extreme of fashion but avoids singularity in his person or habits.

He is affable with his equals and pleasant and attentive to his inferiors.

In conversation he avoids hasty, ill-tempered, or insulting remarks.

He pays punctually for his newspapers.

He never pries into another persons affairs.

He detects eaves-dropping as among the most disgraceful of crimes.

He never slanders an acquaintance.

He never, under any circumstances speaks ill of a woman.

He never cuts an acquaintance who has met with a reverse of fortune and.

He always pays the postage on his letters of business.

A young buck of the soap lock order who wore an shaved face, because, as he said, it looked foreign, lately accosted a Yankee at one of our hotels, as follows:—'I say, fellow, some individuals think I am Frenchman, and some take me for an Englishman; now what do you think I am?' 'I think you are a damned fool,' replied Jonathan.