

# 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. WBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1845.

Number 70

Volume IX.]

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,  
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

**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.

**THE GARLAND**



—With sweetest flowers enrich'd,  
From various gardens cult'd with care.—

**The Spotted Frog,**

A WESTERN REFRAIN.

On muddy Mill Creek's marshy marge,  
When Summer's heat was felt,  
Full many a burly bullfrog, large,  
And tender tadpole dwelt.  
And there, at noon-day, might be seen,  
Upon a rotted log,  
The bullfrog brown, and tadpoles green,  
And there the Spotted Frog!  
Oh the Spotted Frog!  
Oh the Spotted Frog!  
The light and life of Mill Creek's mud  
Was the lovely Spotted Frog!

By stagnant Mill Creek's muddy marge,  
The Spotted Frog had birth,  
And grew as fair and fat a frog  
As ever hopped on earth.  
She was the frog chief's only child,  
And sought by many a frog;  
But yet on one alone she smiled  
From the old rotten log,  
Oh, the Spotted Frog!  
Oh, the Spotted Frog!  
The light and life of Mill Creek's mud  
Was the lovely Spotted Frog!

From muddy Mill Creek's stagnant marge,  
Her bridal song arose!  
None dreaming, as they hopped about,  
Of near encircling foes,  
But cruel boys, in search of sport,  
To Mill Creek came that day.  
And at the frogs with sticks and stones  
Began to blaze away!  
Oh, the Spotted Frog!  
Oh, the Spotted Frog!  
The light and life of Mill Creek's mud  
Was the lovely Spotted Frog!

**THE OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.**  
I do not like a man that's tall,  
A man that's little's worse than all;  
I do not like a man that's fat,  
A man that's lean is worse than that;  
A man that's small I would not take,  
A drunken man my heart would break;  
A man that's sober I despise,  
Also the man that telleth lies;  
A man of sense I cannot rule,  
And from my heart I loathe a fool—  
All these I do sincerely hate,  
And yet I long for the married state!  
British troops are moving into Western Canada.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**THE WOODSAWER.**

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

They wrong who trust to looks alone,  
Or from appearance judge;  
Virtue may have her brightest throne  
In him we make our drudge.

'I know my business is not looked upon by the majority as so respectable as a trade, a clerkship, or a profession, but you know I was not put to a trade, and have always been obliged to work at anything I could find to do, to help to support my mother.'

'But you might find something else to do, besides sawing wood.'

'What can I do at present that would be as profitable? I have always told you that I did not intend to follow this business through life. Just as soon as I earn money sufficient, I shall engage in something else. Once you didn't feel and talk as you do now.'

'As I grow older, and associate more with young women. I perceive by their actions and language, that they do not respect young men who dress meanly and engage in low employments.'

'Why should you mind what they do or say? My business, if it is low, is honorable one, and I earn every dollar I receive. I owe nothing. But the same cannot be said of many of these young men who dress extravagantly, display gold rings and chains, and spend so much time and money in riding and other amusements.'

'I don't know how it is, but they appear to get along well and always have money to spend.'

'Appearances are very deceitful. You cannot tell how much grief it has caused me, to see the change that has been wrought in you the last few months. You do not meet me with your accustomed smiles and often seem indifferent when I call upon you. It is solely on account of what other girls—and very foolish girls too—say, that you are at solely on account of what other girls—and very foolish girls too—say, that you thus appear?'

'I confess I do not like your business, and since I have grown older and heard so much, my mind has changed materially.'

William Nelson was the son of a poor woman. From early life he was accustomed to work and earn whatever he could to support his parent. He would run errands to the neighbors; bring water, wheel stones, or do any thing that would bring a penny. Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, before he went to play, he would take his basket & run down on Long Wharf or Portland Pier, where men were stubbing boards, & load it with chips for his mother. William was always industrious, both at home and at school. Master Patten often said that he was one of his best scholars.

When young Nelson was fourteen years old, he left his school and expected himself to get employment so as to be of some assistance to his widowed parent, and often employment by the day, working hard for fifty cents. When he became a little older and a little stouter, he bought him a horse and saw, and undertook the business of sawing wood. He went around among his neighbors and solicited their work, most of whom employed him. There were two or three, however, who depended upon Sam Freeman, a curious character, who made it his business to saw wood about town, never receiving any pay for his services.

The next door neighbor of Mrs. Nelson was a Mr. Richards, by whom William had often been employed. He not only sawed his wood, but brought home his flour, provisions, &c. & the family appeared to be attached to the widow's son—none more so, than his young daughter, Sarah. For years she had been accustomed to give him a slice of pie, a bit of cake, or an apple whenever he went into the house, and she really appeared to be attached to the poor boy. It was as certain William loved her

for many an evening has he employed himself in painting pictures or making boxes for little Sarah.

As William and Sarah grew older, their attachment for each other increased, he not thinking of his poverty, his patched jacket, or his low employment, and she not dreaming that show and parade made the man—that dress and fashion influence the heart, or that honest industry and poverty are a disgrace. But as Sarah mingled more in society and understood the manners and customs of the fashionable world, she began to look with more indifference upon the wood-sawer, but still she treated him kindly and really seemed to be strongly attached to him. William was a likely boy, and given to no bad habits; he had treasured in his mind a fund of knowledge, gleaned from useful works which he procured during leisure time.

Nelson had become of age and was still attached to his early friend, but any one could observe that although Sarah loved him, she wished to give out the impression that such was not the case. Many of her female companions would sneer at her, throwing out some unpleasant remarks about the wood-sawer, while they were gaily talked about by the gay and fashionable. Whatever was said Sarah never lisped a word against her humble friend. She knew that he was good and she often contrasted the language that fell from his lips with the conversation of other young men of her acquaintance, and she saw the difference. He was sensible and his language good and solid. They spoke on the common topics of the day, and criticised the dress and the manners of others. On one occasion when Sarah was in conversation with a neighbor of her—Jane Waters—the latter remarked:

'I do not conceive how you can speak to that wood-sawer. He appears to be a low bred fellow.'

'What do you mean, Jane?'

'Mean—why Nelson associates with the low and vulgar—his business, you know, brings him in contact with a certain class that are not thought much of by people in general. I am surprised that a girl of your taste should have anything to say to him.'

'Jane, you surprise me. I know of no better bred young man of my acquaintance than William. I have known him as you are aware, from childhood, and I never saw a mean action in him, or heard him utter a passionate word. I know that he is not as fashionable as many other young men, but his business will not permit him to be.'

'Would you marry a wood-sawer?' said Jane, laughing heartily—'now tell, Sarah, would you marry a wood-sawer? I know you have to much sense and more respect for your friends than to think of it.'

'I don't know what I should be tempted to do if I had the offer.'

'You know you would not disgrace your family and friends so much.'

'There is no disgrace in marrying an honest man, in my way of thinking. Let me ask you a question, would you marry a simple headed fellow?'

'Do you mean this as an insult to me, Sarah?'

'Not at all.'

'I would marry a gentleman—one who had enough to keep himself decent, and pride enough to keep himself clean and tidy.'

'Well, if you ever marry, it is my wish that you may get a good husband; but from what I know of you, I fear you will be terribly deceived. I would rather have a man with a good mind and correct habits, with but one shirt to his back, than a person with fine exterior and plenty of money possessing a base heart.'

'You talk like a fool, I'm sorry to say, and we'll drop that subject now,' said Jane, coloring as if in a passion.

'I wish to say to you, Jane, that I do not introduce the subject, and shall not get angry whatever you may say against William. Although you have been waiting upon by one whose conduct and manners I am displeased with, you cannot accuse me of treating him but with the utmost kindness. You have not thus been

kind to young Nelson, he has seen it and so have I, but neither of us has complained.'

'Well—I cannot treat him with respect. He is altogether too low for me to associate with.'

'You may feel so, but I do not. Time perhaps may teach us some severe lessons. As I have often said to you, I prefer a kind and good heart, that I have known and tried though clothed in rags, to a fashionable and foppish person, I know but little about.'

'Every one to her liking,' said the scornful Miss Walters, tossing her proud head, and turning up her nose.

A day or two elapsed after this conversation, when another female called upon Sarah and spoke in like terms of William. The same day meeting one or two others, they expressed themselves in a similar manner. Who could have wondered that Miss Richards was depressed in spirits, and that she had used the language at the commencement of our story, the next time she saw William? Poor fellow, he was sad indeed and hardly knew what course to pursue. For a long time he had received ill treatment from the friends of Sarah, and unpleasant epithets had been heaped upon him, as he passed along, but he murmured not, still pursuing the even tenor of his ways.

The next time Nelson called upon Sarah, she appeared more depressed than he had ever seen her. On inquiry why she was thus cast down, she replied—'Ever since you were last here, I have been thinking of what I said to you, and have condemned myself times without number. I had been spoken to by number of my young companions, and what they said induced me to talk in the manner I did. I shall not heed them again, whatever they may say.'

'I have been no less grieved than yourself. I knew something had been said, but by whom I knew not.'

'Be assured, William, I will not again wound your feelings. We have been intimate from childhood, and never before I believe has a word passed between us, that caused the least painful emotions—and this will be the last.'

Jane Waters and her lover were invited to a social party at the house of Sarah. John Elkins, scarcely noticed William, and took occasion to show off his wit at the expense of Nelson, and the merit of Jane and one or two kindred spirits.—Occasionally you would hear wood-sawer spoken of loud enough for the company to hear, but William had good sense enough to heed it not. He treated them all with that respect due from one person to another. Just before the company dispersed, Elkins, Jane's beau, remarked to Nelson loud enough to be heard by all—

'We have a load of wood at our store to saw, and we should like to have you come up to-morrow and saw it.'

'Very well, sir, I will go with pleasure,' replied William, 'I am always glad of a job.'

In a few minutes the company had retired, when Sarah remarked to William—'I was astonished at the impudence of Elkins, but more so to see how calmly you bore it.'

'Never mind, John has a lesson yet to learn in life, and the day may come when he will bitterly regret his course. He is not worth minding.'

On the morning of the next day, William went early to store of Mr. Fossie, the gentleman with whom Elkins was clerk, sawed his wood, and received the pay. He observed, however, as he occasionally saw John and the other clerk that no little sport was made of him, all of which he bore his magnanimous spirit.

In process of time Sarah Richards became the wife of William Nelson, and Jane Walters the wife of John Elkins.—Sarah's was a simple wedding, with a few friends to witness the ceremony, and she commenced house keeping with but little furniture in a small dwelling, which her husband had bought, having laid by enough in a few years from his laborious business. But Jane made a great display of her wedding day, and hired a large tenement and had it filled with the best furniture,

What a change a few years produce!—As the wheels of time roll on, the poor of to-day become rich to-morrow, and the most wealthy end their days in poverty and rags. None can fathom the future, none can lift the veil and penetrate the secret recesses. Elkins, the husband of Jane was set up in business by his father. He occupied one of the best dry goods stands in Middle street, and for a while he had a large run of business. But he became inattentive to his affairs, and spent a large portion of his time away from his store. It was said he gambled and one or two of his friends had seen him disguised by liquor. Pursuing such a course he could not long sustain himself and was obliged to fall. In settling his affairs, it was found that he did not possess half enough to cancel his debts. Out of employment, for several months he might be seen hanging round the groceries, till at last he removed into the country, his father purchasing for him a small farm.

Nelson prospered. By diligence and prudence after a few years, he gave up sawing wood, and entered into business more congenial to his taste. By strict attention to his concerns, he gradually accumulated property and was considered one of the first merchants in Portland. In his prosperity he did not forget he was once poor. The saw and horse that he used so many years, were placed in a chamber of his house, that if ever he should grow proud and treat others with unkindness, he might take a look at them and remember that he once was poor. No money would have tempted him to part with them.

Mr. Nelson had been in mercantile business for more than a dozen years and during that time he had not heard a word respecting Elkins. One morning on taking up the Advertiser, he read a paragraph, stating that one John Elkins had committed some crime in North Yarmouth, and was brought to the city and committed to jail to await his trial. 'That must be my old acquaintance,' said Nelson. 'I will call to see him.'

In a few days Mr. Nelson went up to jail and entered the cell of Elkins, but he was so altered that he hardly knew him. The marks of intemperance were prominent on his face and in his tattered dress.—Without making himself known, Nelson said:

'Sir, I have called to see some of the prisoners and I have brought you a few things which perhaps, may be acceptable.'

'I thank you for your kindness,' said the prisoner. Nelson made but little conversation, and was about to leave when the prisoner remarked:

'Do not leave yet sir. I have been here several days and you are the first person I have seen, excepting the jailer and one or two prisoners.'

'You appear to have suffered a great deal in your life time, if I may judge from your appearance.'

'Ah, sir, I have—I have—and a great deal of it is owing to intemperance and gambling. In early life my prospects were bright, but I ruined myself by bad associates.'

'Have you no friends living?'

'Very few, sir; my parents have been dead several years.'

'You have a family, I presume?'

'I had once, but where they now are I cannot tell. My wife left me on account of my habits and it is more than two years since I have seen her. I understood that she was living with a friend of hers in Bedford. O, sir, I never thought I should come to this! and the poor man put his hands to his face and wept. After a moment he continued—'If there was any hope or me, I know I should be a different man—but no, I am too old to sin—degraded—have no friends.'

'It is never too late, my friend, to reform,' said Nelson. 'When you again have your liberty, if you are really determined to be a different man, you can yet be happy.'

'Sir, who would employ a person of such habits as mine have been?'

'I would employ you, if I were convinced of your reformation.'

'Are you in earnest, sir?'

'Most assuredly.'

'I thank you with all my heart,' and a beam of hope lit up the countenance of the man, as if he had never before had words of kindness. 'This seems like a dream. Degraded, ragged, friendless as I be, you have promised me employment should I live to enjoy my liberty again.'

'Upon this condition, you know that you will be steady, and do your best to respect yourself.'

'I would with all my soul, and I feel more than I can express, the kindness you have shown me.'

'Have you any acquaintances in the city? inquired Mr. Nelson.

'Not any now. I used to be acquainted with a great many, but what has become of them I do not know. It is more than fifteen years since I was in the city before. There is one man—I always thought I should like to know what became of him.'

'And who was he?'

'His name was William Nelson, and he used to saw wood some twenty years ago.'

'Why do you feel a more particular interest in him?'

'I'll tell you why, although I feel ashamed of myself, and have repented of what I did, times without number. He was a fine young man; of an excellent disposition but poor; and was obliged to saw wood. I ridiculed him in company and before others he bore it all without a harsh word or a single retort. Would to heaven I had possessed a spark of his excellent disposition. I'd give worlds to see him, and ask his forgiveness on my knees. Had I treated him well, I should not have suffered half what I have gone through. It has always troubled me.'

'I know that man.'

'You do? Pray tell me something about him. Has he prospered?'

'Oh, yes. He gave up sawing wood some years ago, and is now engaged in mercantile business.'

'If I thought he would speak to me, and think it no disgrace to him, I would send him word to come and see me. Nothing would give me as much pleasure as to ask his forgiveness.'

'He would grant it I know.'

'Do you think so, sir?'

'I know so. And if he knew you had reformed, you would nowhere find so true a friend.'

'I am more and more anxious to see him. Shall I trouble you to ask him to call and see a degraded being?'

'Mr. Elkins, you shall see your old friend, Mr. Nelson—he is here now—it is he who has been conversing with you—I am the wood-sawer.'

'Good heavens!' and the degraded being fell upon his knees, and wept aloud.

In a few moments he recovered himself and in broken words and with streaming tears asked forgiveness of Nelson, which was as readily granted.

After remaining with Elkins two or three hours, Mr. Nelson left the cell, rejoicing that his friend had come to his senses at last, and devising a plan for his release and future welfare.

The crime that Elkins had committed was trifling theft, while under the influence of ardent spirits. On the day of his trial no one appeared against him, and he was discharged. Nelson immediately took him to his house—gave him a new suit of clothes, and employed him in his store.—Poor Elkins's heart was filled with gratitude to his benefactor, and he exerted himself to the utmost to please him.

Elkins had been in the store of Mr. Nelson some 12 or 14 months and conducted himself with the utmost propriety, when by the arrangement of his friend his wife was reconciled to him, and came to the city to reside with her husband.

Now they are happy. The past is forgotten or remembered only to bless Heaven for the great change that has been wrought. Few that see Elkins day by day know the sorrow he has endured, or feel the joy that continually thrills his happy bosom.