

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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THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cul'd with care."

SMILES AND TEARS.

BY MISS ANGELINA M. WALCOTT.

The sunbeams glancing through the mist,
In morning's smiles arrayed,
Threw o'er the isles full many a kiss,
Where late the moonbeams strayed.

The sister flowers all sweetly smiled,
With soft dews on their lips,—
And bright-winged birds, with sweets be-
guiled,
The balmy vapour sips.

Each breath caught up harmonious sounds,
Lingering in leafy boughs,
Re-echoed sweetly low.

The butterfly, on silken wings,
Drinks from the violet blue;
The busy bee' hies to his house,
Bearing soft lily dew.

There's not a sound through the green
earth,
Unmusical or sad;
Oh, would the spell might ever last,
Thus beautiful and glad.

But as we gaze on yon bright beam,
A shadow veils the West;
And vanishes the golden dream,
Our picture brightly dressed.

For lightning's glance from the dark shroud
That wraps the rosy West;
And distant thunders growing loud,
Burst from their billowy test.

The sea-waves catch the rumbling tones,
And wild winds whistle shrill;
The starflower droops, and woodland
streams
Their mimic billows swell.

The skies grow darker, with their showers
Enrolled in one black scroll,
The isles are drowned in floods of tears,
That sunlight tinged with gold.

Thus, ever thus, through life we smile,
A moment and in tears;
The sweetest hope, the brightest dream,
Is quickest wrapt in fears.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

A case occurred up in Dutchess Co. where a man intending to grind an axe, caught hold of his wife and began to grind her. He discovered his error when she charged him with bringing her nose to the grindstone.

We do not generally put much faith in the thousand receipts that are floating about—but the following, we think, may be depended on:—

"To keep good apples from rotting—place them in a dry cellar with fourteen children.

"Good humor in a wife, is like gold leaf in a pill. It does not alter the dose but it makes it go down."

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Rural Depository.

A DAY IN ST. LOUIS.

OR A LEAP FROM THE JOURNAL OF A WANDERING BOY.

I was standing on the steps of the City Hotel in Chicago, one fine spring morning, in the month of May, perfecting an arrangement with a stage proprietor, for a place in a mail coach, that was about starting for Peoria, when a tall, genteel, and comely looking young man, having the appearance of an Englishman, and a stranger to whom we call yankee procedure, came up and leaned against one of the massive pillars of the porch apparently listening to our conversation. We had been passengers the day before in the same steamer on Lake Erie, but from the imperturbable air of sadness that characterized his deportment, we had made no acquaintance, beyond that of ordinary travellers, such as passing the time of day.

He noticing the incorrigibility of the stage proprietor, and the exorbitancy of his price for carrying me to Peoria, advanced very dignified in a pause of our conversation, and informed me of his having a carriage exclusively to himself, and if I would accept his company, it would afford him great pleasure to furnish me a seat.

I replied to his kind offer by thanking him for his politeness, telling him it was not my intention to be carried to Peoria for nothing nor was I desirous of being imposed upon by the exorbitant charge of the stage proprietor.

He assured me I should be welcome to a portion of his carriage, and becoming more importunate in inviting me to accompany him, I at last consented. In a few moments the carriage was ready, and we started. The carriage was spacious and comfortably, our drive to Peoria bid fair to be a luxurious treat, as it seemed an affair of elegant leisure. All nature looked beautiful and as we dashed on over the rolling and expanding prairie, I was captured with its enchanting scenery, and astonished at its Edenlike fertility.

"This has the appearance," said I, directing my conversation to my friend, and referring to the prairie that was stretched out as far as the eye could extend on all sides around us. "This has the appearance of having been once cultivated," he making me no reply, at which being somewhat surprised, I turned towards him, with the intention of finding out the cause of his singular conduct, thinking him possibly affronted at my Yankee sociability. But his demeanor denoted anything beside the hostility of feeling, his frank and winning countenance of an hour before, was buried in a bandanna handkerchief which he held in his hand and he sobbed convulsively.

Considering it not an overt act on etiquette to enquire into his infelicities, I asked him in a gentle manner, "if he was unhappy."

"Unhappy," he exclaimed in the sweetest brogue of his mother tongue (wiping his large black eyes that were imperiled with tears) "unhappy; yes—yes my God, I am broken hearted," and he again buried his face in his handkerchief.

Here my inquisitiveness stopped, and I was determined for the remainder of the journey to let my friend brood over his secret thoughts and from them nothing would arouse him except the meeting of a carriage or the passing through of a village.

When passing a village he would almost invariably get out and walk into the Inn, and on meeting a carriage his manoeuvring was more strange and curious, indeed I thought he had some understanding with the driver, for the horses would become fractious, and with a sudden pull-up, stood directly across the way, when my friend would get out and assist in controlling the restive animals. The scene indeed some time would be very ludicrous, my friend would be very sedulously engaged

making a way for the impeded carriages to pass by, while the driver in a very peculiar manner uttered the most disgusting imprecatory idioms (with which our language so much abounds) in managing the horses. And generally during the five minutes, which the strangers are obliged to wait, we saw their heads once or twice thrust enquiringly from the carriage window. This done, our vehicle was again wheeled about, and our travellers allowed to proceed. The great inquisitiveness my friend expressed on these occasions to see the occupants of the impeded carriage, was to me a source of amusement.

We at length arrived at Peoria, after few such interruptions, to the quiet friendliness of our intercourse. On one of those speculative occasions, noticing my friend entirely recovered from the sorrow that appeared to overcome him so much, when we started, and when conversing in a jocose manner, it being a very proper question for travellers, I asked him if he was married. He was silent for a few moments, but in a very short time, he told me in a merry tone of voice, "that he believed he had a wife, some where in the Emerald Isle." But though he had determined to show me that he was neither annoyed or offended at my inquisitiveness, his manner changed. He grew ceremonious. For the remainder of the day, I felt uncomfortable. I scarce knew why, and I silently determined that if my friend continued so exceedingly well bred for another day, I should find an excuse for leaving him at Peoria, but thinking to learn a little human nature, and from curiosity to see what became of him I concluded to *cham* it with him till I got to St. Louis.

At Peoria we took the boat, the recollection of which connected as it is, with the most curious events of my life, can never be effaced from my memory. Steamboats, with stately Rooms on the upper deck. The sun was just setting, that bright luminous was dived of its meridian splendor, and shedding its lurid rays, was sinking down into the bosom of an expanded prairie. There is nothing more beautiful to the eye than a western sun set. After gazing awhile on the enrapturing scenery before me, I retired below, and finding a vacant settee threw myself upon it, and with thoughts of my queer friend's actions, and of arriving at St. Louis in the morning, was soon sound asleep.

I was thus firmly held in the arms of Morpheus, till my friend with an unusual tone of voice, awoke me, and by the light of a lamp which he held in his hand (for it was late at night) I noticed that he was under some extraordinary state of excitement. "Follow me," he exclaimed, and beckoning with his finger, meaning thereby that I should follow—he ascended the staircase and stood looking through a State Room window, that was half-curtained—rubbing my eyes in astonishment & somewhat surprised at this sudden disturbance of sleep, I wended my way after him. "Be silent," said he, as I looked in upon a young man apparently between the years of twenty five, and a very interesting young lady. The beauty of the last mentioned person was extraordinary. She was slight but full and well rounded proportions and she sat and moved with an eminent grace and lady like way, altogether captivating. Though her face expressed a settled sadness, it was of unworn and faultless youth and loveliness, and while her heavily fringed eyes, would have done, in their expression, for a Niobe. Hobe's lips were not more ripe, nor Juno's arched more proudly. She was a blonde, with eye-lashes darker than her hair, a kind of beauty almost peculiar to England.

My companion was evidently much disturbed, and I saw plainly that he was making up his mind to communicate to me the secret.

"I have a request to make to you," he said at last, a service to exert rather, so which there were no hopes that you would listen for a moment, if I did not first tell you a very singular story. Have a little patience with me and I will make it as brief as I can, the briefer, that I have no little

pain in recalling it, with the distinctness of description."

I expressed an interest in all that concerned my new friends, and begged him to go on:—

Hardly two years ago," said he, "as we retreated from the window to sit on a coil of rope near, I left college, and commenced the study of medicine—by the way I shall introduce myself to you my name is P—M—, that young woman is my sister (and here he heaved a sigh, in pursuing my studies, I was in a great measure deprived of her society, and the poor inoffensive thing made acquaintance, which were not agreeable to her parents, or myself. She being giddy and inconsiderate, became much enamoured with the person that now accompanies her, which aroused my anger, for he is a notorious English burglar and gambler. After a futile attempt of his to gain my father's consent they eloped, and nothing has been known of them since their departure until this evening. She, poor harmless creature, knows not his villainess, and I am determined this night to rescue her from him, if it is in my power.

"I want your aid in this affair," continued he, "if he sees me subtle ingenuity will evade my utmost endeavors to regain my sister, as he is a gambler, he will I presume stop at St. Louis, and then I will attempt to have an interview with her. If she is averse returning to her aged parents, their only solace, I will not persist in taking her—she shall not go against her will perchance she is cognizant to his villainy, which is the cause of her melancholy, and is desirous to leave him," here the conversation was precluded by the ringing of the bell that told the waxy, sleepy and uneasy passengers below, that the distance from St. Louis was fifteen miles. "I had had died away on our ears. "I want you to make his acquaintance, and gain his friendship," continued he, "to accompany him wherever he goes in St. Louis."

During this conversation we had walked down into the cabin to see our baggage, but assuring me that it should be sent to the Planter's Hotel, on our landing at St. Louis, I again ascended the stairs to obey his solemn injunction: "In passing through the bar-room, which is generally on the upper deck of Mississippi Steamboats, I noticed the aforesaid gentleman of fashion drinking, 'thinks I,' now is my time to be faithful, and walking up to him, said in a friendly tone, 'can it be possible this is you, friend W—,' and grasping him old acquaintance like, by the hand, expressed my happiness to see him.

"Ah!" said he, in an air indicating recognition, your countenance is familiar to me, but 'pon honor, I can't tell you by name!" I gave him my name, and as he like all gamblers were desirous to make acquaintances, we became very short time old friends.

"Come," said he, puffing the smoke of a regalia in volano-like curls around his head, "I have got a Canary bird that I brought all the way from England, I want to show you. It is a female, and as beautiful as a sun-beam."

He took me by the arm, and we walked towards the State Room and we had arrived within a few steps of it when I heard the voice of a woman in prayer, and as it audibly came to my ear I fancied that she murmured the words, "Oh my dear father and mother!"

"She is a Christian, and a little homesick," said he, "but yet she is as dear to me as my very heart-strings."

Telling him I thought it improper to intrude upon her thus, she doubtless being in dishabille, and excusing myself for a few moments, went down into the cabin to inform my friend of my adventures fully confirmed the villain was not only that but a brute besides.

The boat was soon lashed to the quay, and holding sacred the promise to follow him and keep his company, I found myself agreeably seized with the blackleg and the unhappy lady in the carriage that was to carry us to the planter's Hotel.

and after breakfast the blackleg and myself rambled about from place to place, visiting all bodies of vice and dissipation in the city. Soon evening came, and not wishing him to return to the Hotel, I suggested to him the propriety of going to the Theatre, knowing that the boat for Cincinnati came past at 9 o'clock that evening, and if my friend had an opportunity, and his sister willing, he could be far beyond his reach the next morning.

I whiled away the hours of the night having in view the welfare of the woman. Oh, thought I, should she resist her brother's entreaties, what a life of misery she will lead! But my fears were all dissipated when I returned from the Theatre, by the following note, handed me by the bar-keeper.

Planter's Hotel, May 18th, 1845.

MY DEAR S.—I am too much overjoyed to write. The meeting of myself and sister is indiscribable. She is almost broken hearted. The poor girl has suffered much. She bids me give you this (a diamond ring) as a frail token of her respect.

Your kindness I can never forget.

P—M—
I was as much overjoyed as they and on the next morning after doing my business, left the city. This being the history of the first and only day I spent at St. Louis. J. G. S.

NEWSPAPER SUPPORT.

The editor of the Washington (Ga) News Gazette understands his business. Hear him:

"Much depends upon the supporters of a newspaper, whether it is conducted with spirit and interest—if they are niggardly and negligent in their payments, the pride and ambition of the editor is broken down, he becomes discouraged and careless—his paper loses its pith and interest, and lies.—But on the contrary, if his subscribers are of the right sort—if they are punctual, liberal hearted fellows, all in advance on the subscription list, taking an interest increasing the number of his subscribers, now and then speaking a word for his paper, cheering him on his course by smiles of approbation, with such subscribers as these, he must be a dot indeed, who would not get up an interesting sheet, with such patrons as these we would forego comfort, ease, leisure, everything that could possibly step between us and the gratification of every laudable desire on their part. We would know no other pleasure than their satisfaction. How much then can the supporters of a newspaper do to make it interesting and respectable indeed, without concurring efforts on their part, the publisher of a newspaper will not, bestow the attention which is necessary to make it what it should be."

SMOKE.

Miss Landon, in one of her works, says:— "Light—transitory—winding its graceful circles, still finally lost in the blue air, born of the fiery elements which smoulders below, smoke is the very type of that vapour of the human heart, hope. So does, hope spring from the burning passions, which consume their home and themselves—so does it wander through the future, making its own charmed path—and so does it vanish away, lost in the horizon, it grows at last too faint for outline."

"My hand is like the roses,
My teeth as black as jet;
My boots they pinch my toese,
And my lips have never met,
My footsteps have no lightness
For I am parrot-toed
I never rode a horse but once,
And that time I was thrown."

The above sentiment and truly poetic effusion, was manufactured by the New York Mechanic. We know of nothing which can at all compare with it unless perhaps it be the following, from an unknown author:—
"First Israel with his gun he shot him.
He laid it down and went away—
Then Isaac with his axe he chopp'd it
Until there were no signs of life remain-
ing as they could perceive!"

A SECRET.

"How do you do, Mrs. Tome, have you heard the story about Mr. Ludy?"

"Why, no really, Mrs. Gad' what is it—do tell?"

"O, I promised not to tell for all the world! No I must never tell of it. I'm afraid it will get out."

"Why, I'll never tell on't as long as I live, just as true as the world; what is it, come tell."

"Now you wont say anything about it will you?"

"No I'll never open my head about it—never. Hope to die this minute."

"Well, if you'll believe me, Mrs. Funday told me last night, that Mrs. Trot told her that her sister's husband was told by a person who dreamed it, that Mrs. Trouble's oldest daughter told Mrs. Nichens that her grandmother heard by a letter that she got from her sister's second husband's brother's step daughter, that it was reported by the captain of a clam boat just arrived from the Feejee Islands, that the mermaids about that section wore sharkskin bustles stuffed with pickled eel's toes."

An old lady of much experience says, she has no faith in the story now going the rounds in the papers, that babies can be made—to grow by patent electricity.

CANDOR.

The frankest speech, address most direct proffered in meanness and love, is the reformer's only weapon. None forthwith surrender in confession. None can confront or withstand, their armor falls at once from their limbs, and they are won by manners thus magnanimous, humane. The candid are crowned sovereigns of the world. I. B. Alcott.

THE FIRST GLASS OF SODA.

A very green canister sputtered into a drug store a few days since, and after gazing about him a few minutes, during which time his eyes took an inventory of the stock, made known his want.

"No, sir."

He looked surprised and started out, presently he made his appearance again.

"Got Soda's water; souse, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll take a glass of it—how much is it?"

"Six-pence a glass."

"Six-pence! It's 'mazin' dear stuff, but I'll go it. I'm 'way from hum now and ain't afeared to launch out some."

"What syrup, will you take?"

"Syrup! Laxed for Soda; I don't want one of your syrup, as I knows on."

"Well, I know, but will you have lemon or sarsaparilla?"

"See here, you, don't want none of your root beer, I'm arter Soda now nothin' else."

The soda was poured out, sparkling and foaming, and was taken off at a glass and paid for. Presently the lively gush washed upward through the nostrils of the adventurous experimenter, causing his olfactory to tingle and bringing tears into his eyes.

"Gosh all scissors!" he exclaimed, "the darned stuff's got 'mazin' head of steam on; nuff to send me up to the canopy clean to Spraker's basin," and he vanished.

Lord Bacon beautifully said: "If a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them."

When blessed with health and prosperity, cultivate an humble and compassionate disposition; think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan.

Be slow in forming intimate connexions they may bring dishonor and misery.

SENTIMENTAL.—It was lovely evening—the moon shone forth in silvery brightness—the stars bespangled the blue vault of heaven—all nature seemed hushed in still repose—gentle zephyrs fanned the balmy air—I retired to rest—how long I slept I cannot tell—I woke—I heard an awful sound—the scene was changed—the moon that had reflected her beams upon the seener of nature was shrouded in black clouds—darkness covered the earth—again I heard the sound—I jumped out of bed—when—lo! and behold! cur cat had kittens!