

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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THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care."

FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

The Girls of Bloomsburg.

They are sweet as a billock
All covered with roses,
Where the humming bird sports,
And the sky lark reposes,
Where the mild breathing zephyr,
Would linger with pleasure,
But cannot, and sighs
That he is not at leisure.

The glance of their eyes,
Though sportive and tender,
Makes bold hearted youths,
At desertion surrender,
Who, casting their arms,
Not indeed at their feet,
But around their fair necks,
Think captivity sweet.

As the dove, they are harmless,
Devoted, and true,
As the humming-bird, beautiful
Bathing in dew,
To bless and be blest
To be generous and kind,
To love, and be loved,
They were surely designed.

THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM.

BY NICOLL.

Lord, from thy blessed throne,
In sorrow look down upon!
God save the poor!
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free!
Let their homes happy be!
God save the poor!

The arms of wicked men
Do thou with might restrain;
God save the poor!
Raise thou their lowliness;
Succor thou their distress—
Thou whom the meaneast bless!
God save the poor!

Give them staunch honesty;
Let their pride manly be;
God save the poor!
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all Truth and Light!
God save the poor!

SIN THE CAUSE OF FEAR.

Tell me, my soul, O tell me why
The faltering tongue, the broken sight?
Why is my cheek bedewed with tears,
And whence arise my coward fears?

Whence conscious guilt arrests the mind,
Avening furies stalk behind;
And sickly fancy intervenes,
To dress the visionary scenes.

Jesus! to thee I flee for aid,
Propitious Sun, dispel the shade;
All the pale family of fear
Would vanish were my Saviour here!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF MARVEL DEACON.

The Deacon was a man who never did any thing by halves,—who never made two bites of a cherry,—as his family history will show.

Acting on the spur of those new feelings which had sprung up in his bosom, he went resolutely forward in his purpose, decorating the village green with 'an elegant meetin' us,' and by a singular coincidence the corner stone of that edifice was laid on the very day which made him the father of two lusty boys.

The foundation of the church being laid under such auspicious circumstances, and with such omens of fertility and speedy increase, the work went on with great vigor and high hope. A spacious frame work was erected on its foundation, roofed, shingled, clapboarded and painted with surprising expedition. The inside of the church was not so speedily completed, and in consequence of some unavoidable delay, it was determined to open the 'Church' for worship at once, but to postpone the formal dedication till the whole of the work was completed.

Accordingly, as soon as the lower floor was laid, and the pews and pulpit erected, although scarcely anything had been done to the 'gallery,' public worship was had in the new house. A few loose planks were strung in the gallery to accommodate the singers, and the crowd ofurchins that always swarm around the highest seats in our synagogues. To keep these in order, as well as to lead the music, (for he was both tything man and chorister,) the Deacon took his seat also in the gallery. Alas! he little foresaw the catastrophe that awaited him, but in happy security joined in the psalmody, pouring forth a cataract of melody, and making the ears of the audience tingle with the rich nasal twang of his stentorian voice. The psalms were sung, the prayers were prayed, and the chosen chapter of Holy Writ had been read, when the venerable Elder Mack rose in the pulpit and announced the text. At that unlucky moment, the Deacon's attention was caught by the grimaces of a young rogue who was 'taking off' the Minister, surrounded by a half a dozen others ready to pelt with suppressed laughter. The spectacle was intolerable.

'The sight no longer Blount could bear!
By heavens and all its saints I swear,
I'll hit his head a knock!

The angry Deacon sprang furiously forward to visit the pate of the offendingurchin with an admonitory rap, trod thoughtly, but with all his weight, on the unsupported end of an unfashioned board, and in a moment, he found himself making a flying leap into the midst of the congregation below.—He landed most gracefully astride the neck and shoulder of a corpulent old lady, who shrunk under the tremendous shock of his descent into the bottom of the pew, kicking and screaming 'like a shot deer or hurt duck.' The Minister passed in the midst of his text, and the whole congregation arose as though they were about singing the doxology, and every head was turned towards the pew in which the flying Deacon and the fat woman had so mysteriously disappeared. For a moment not a sound was heard—

'Not a drum was heard nor a funeral note!
but all was appallingly still, so that Elder Mack began to fear that it was all over with both Deacon Marvel and Mrs. Broaders.

But sounds soon broke upon the stillness of the people—sounds which indicated that a desperate struggle was in progress, attended with no little wrath, pain, affright and confusion. The Deacon had nearly stunned Mrs. B; by his fall, while in her turn almost annihilated him by the manner in which she dragged him down with her and crushed his unfortunate leg beneath her mountainous weight. Rustling and struggling, groaning, kicking and something that sounded awfully like cursing, rose in horrid discords from the invisible pair, and at

last just in time to prevent a general rush of the people to the pew, the lantern jaws of the Deacon, appeared above the rail, looked as red and fiery as though his phiz actually was a lantern with a dozen lamps burning within, followed by the broad, blowsy indignant face of the unhappy victim of his assault, more red if possible than his, looking like the full moon through an evening mist, two together presenting in conjunction a spectacle beyond description, ludicrous and extraordinary.

The Deacon limped back to the gallery, amazingly crest fallen, while Mrs. Broaders with a vain endeavor to restore her crushed bonnet and ruffled rump to decent and christian trim, hobbled out of church and did not again make her appearance for six months.

Five minutes, however, sufficed to reassure and compose the sturdy Deacon, so that he seated himself on the cross beam of the gallery, with his feet dangling over the broad aisle, and began to meditate on the 'peculiar providence,' as he considered the affray from which he had just escaped.

Alas! for our hero! he would have been a wise man, had he gone home like the lady upon whom he alighted so uncerimoniously.

Silence having been restored to the congregation, Elder Mack recommenced his discourse. Like most of the old fashioned preachers, his method of annualizing and arranging his sermon, was to divide them into eight or ten heads, each head being subdivided into three or four more heads, thus resembling some of the strange monsters, with their heads and horns, seen by St. John in the Apocalypse. In fact his preaching of one of Elder Mack's discourses was like the conflict between Hercules and the Hydra, in which one head of the beast was hardly cut off and disposed of before two others started up in its place.

The minister had now proceeded triumphantly through his 'seventy!' for upwards of an hour had his guttural monotonous falter like a gentle opiate on the senses of his hearers, and he was just ready to grapple with his 'eighty,' when his attention was arrested by the head of Deacon Marvel, which had gradually swayed from perpendicularly, until his chin was now buried in the bosom of his vest, and his body seemed nodding to the evidences of the speakers voice.

The truth is, Deacon Marvel was asleep. Either he had been kept awake by the snoring babies, the night before—or his recent fall had so stunned his faculties as to make him lethargic.

At every emphatic word as if the Deacon attending to the discourse even when sleeping, his head nodded, and every nod seemed to bring him nearer the floor. The parson was dismayed, what should he do? Once already had the Deacon flown from the gallery, and now it appeared he was about to repeat the experiment, and alas, with no subject fat women to break his fall!

Suppressing a momentary rising of wrath and morified vanity, Elder Mack resorted to several innocent artifices to rouse and save the slumbering saint. He lifted up his voice like a trumpet; nod went his head. He lowered his tones of a gentle murmur and nod. He pounded the pulpit with his clenched fists, nod, nod, nod. The sweat started on his brow and trickled down his nose in his excitement, and with his eyes rolling in a sort of phrenzy, he slammed down the big bible upon the desk with a tremendous noise, nod, nod, as before.

The audience were surprised and delighted with the unwonted energy of their old parson, they imagined he had received from on high a new and sudden inspiration, little guessing where he borrowed his ardor. And now, Elder Mack's growing desperate, began to hurl texts of Scripture at the head of the sleeper. 'It is high time to awake out of sleep,' cried he. But in vain, Deacon Marvel did not heed it. 'Wo to them that are at ease in Zion,' he shouted. The deacon nodded his assent. 'Awake, O sleeper and arise!' yelled the maddened divine. The only answer was another nod,

and a most threatening lurch of the Deacon's whole body. Elder Mack could stand it no longer but called out at the top of his voice, 'Deacon Marvel! Deacon Marvel! it is hard preaching to a sleepy congregation!' The Deacon's head flew up to its place at once, and before he could command his tongue, he thundered back 'Elder Mack it's a darned sight harder listening to a sleepy sermon!' The effect of this retort was irresistible, and assembly broke out in a paroxysm of laughter.

COUNSELS TO THE YOUNG.

Resolve to form your lives upon some certain principles, and to regulate your actions by fixed rules. Man was made to be governed by reason and not by mere accident or caprice. It is important, therefore, that you begin early to consider and enquire, what is the proper course of human conduct, and to form some plan of your future lives. The want of such consideration is manifest in the conduct of multitudes. They are governed by the impulse of the moment, reckless of the consequences. They have fixed no steady aim, and have adopted no certain principle of action. Living thus at random, it would be a miracle if they went uniformly right. In order to your pursuing a right path, you must know what is right, and to acquire this knowledge, you must divest yourself of thoughtless giddiness, you must take time for serious reflection. It will not answer to adopt, without consideration, the opinions of those who may be about, for they may have some sinister design in regard to you, or they may themselves be misled by error or prejudice. Persons already involved in dissipation, or entangled in error, naturally design to keep themselves in countenance by the number of followers they can seduce into the path of vice. As reasonable creatures, therefore, judge for yourselves, what course is right and fitting for you to pursue. Exercise your own reason independently and impartially, and give not up yourself to be governed by mere caprice & fashion, or by the opinions of others.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

How few seems to have formed a conception of the original dignity of their nature, or the exalted design of their creation. Regarding themselves only as creatures of time, endowed merely with passions and intellectual faculties, their projects, aims and expectations are circumscribed to the narrow outline of human life. They forget that instability and decay are written as with a sunbeam, upon all earthly objects—that this world, with all its pageantry and pomp, and power, is crumbling into dust—that life scarcely deserves a single thought, excepting as it forms the introduction to another, and that he alone acts a prudent or rational part, who frames his plans with direct reference to that future and endless state of being. Sin has so blinded the understanding, and debased the affection, that men never fail to invest some temporal good with fancied perfection, and idly imagine that the attainment of it would satisfy the desires and fill the capacities of an immortal spirit! How little do they know of themselves! The soul is vain of the earth, and they will strive in vain to chain it to dust.—Though its native strength has been impaired, and its purity tarnished, and its glory changed, it will not always be a prisoner here. Send it forth, if you will, to range through the whole material universe, and like the dove dismissed from the ark, will return without finding a single place to rest—for it has no resting place but in the bosom of God.

Fashionable Freak. A young mulatto girl who was in the service of a family visiting Cap May, ran away in company with a young man of her own color, who was employed at one of the boarding houses.

'Please to bestow your charity on a poor swee'er,' said one of the crossing gentry, in London, to a frequent passer.

'I haven't got any,' was the gentleman's reply.

'Sir, I believe you,' was the retort; and the gentleman was so struck with it, that he turned back and gave him sixpence.

ANECDOTE.

The following circumstance happened in one of the towns of Arkansas. A man had been drinking until a late hour at night before he retired for home. His folks had long been in bed, and the houses were all shut and dark. The liquor he had taken was too much for him; he did not know where to go. He at last staggered into an empty wagon shed, and fell upon the ground. For a long time he lay in all the unconsciousness of drunken sleep, and would undoubtedly have frozen, (for the snow on the ground showed the night to be very cold,) had not other less sensible than himself been around him. This shed was a favorite rendezvous for the hogs, which were out when the new corn arrived, but soon returned to their bed. In the utmost kindness, and with the truest hospitality, they gave their biper companion the middle of the bed; so lying on either side of him, and other acting the part of a quilt. Their warmth prevented him from being injured by his exposure. Towards morning he awoke, finding himself comfortable, in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts, he supposed himself enjoying the accommodations of a tavern, in company with the other gentlemen.—He reached out his hand, and catching hold of the stiff bristles of a hog, exclaimed: 'Why mister when did you shave last?'

Multitudes of young men are ruined by not having decision enough to say no.—They meet with companions who invite them to step into an oyster saloon, bowling alley or a bar-room; they are perfectly aware that they would not like to have their parents see them go into these places; they are aware that those who entice them are yet below themselves in moral character—but they have not firmness enough to say no. When they allow themselves to be led astray once, they will again—and then they must return the compliment. This is the beginning of that course which leads to drinking; to tavern suppers; to the theatre, to the house of her which is the way to hell; and then the ruin of the young man is almost inevitable.

LOVE.

'Martha, does thee love me?' asked a Shaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's holiest affections had been offered up.
'Why, Seth,' answered she, 'we are commanded to love one another, are we not?'
'Ah! Martha; but does thee regard me with that feeling the world calls love?'
'I hardly know what to tell thee Seth, I have greatly feared that my heart was in an erring one—I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps that there was getting rather more than thy share.'

SCIENTIFICALLY OBSCURE.

The late Dr. Wilson, senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, though a very grave man himself, was fond of quizzing and puzzling the country folks who came to inquire after their relatives and friends in the college. One day, seeing a man standing in the court, with a letter in his hand, gazing and staring about, and not knowing where to go, he walked up to him gravely, and inquired what he wanted. The man answered: 'Sir, can you tell me where I may find Mr. Delahunt?'
'Yes,' said the Doctor; 'do you see the building before you?'
'Yes.'
'Then crucify this quadrangle, and take the diameter of the plot beyond it, enter the opening before you, and ascend the ligneous grades; then turn to your left, and you will find him either peripatounding in his cubicle, dormitating in his lecture, or periscopounding through his fenestra.'

The poor man, who understood nothing of all this, and not remembering on word but the last, said:

'And pray, sir, what is the fenestra?'

To which the doctor replied:

'It is an orifice in an edifice to admit luminous particles.'

'Oh, thank you,' said the poor fellow and walked off more perplexed than before.

'To arms! to arms!' as the bracelet said of the young lady.

HAVING ONE'S OWN WAY, AND DOING AS ONE PLEASURES.

Most people would be inclined to assert, unthinkingly, that no difference existed between 'having one's own way,' and 'doing as one pleases,'—that in the two phrases there is a distinction without a difference—yet Paulding clearly proves the contrary, as the following extract will show, to the entire comprehension and perfect conviction, we doubt not, of every Benedict that shall read it:

'Well, but I suppose you have your own way for all that?'
'Have my own way! what, d'ye take me for stranger? Wasn't I born, no, not born, but raised in Old Kentucky; and I've think I wouldn't have my way and my say, if an earthquake stood on one side of a flash of lightning on the other and crossed their arms right before me as much as to say, stand where you are! But a man may have his own way, and yet somehow or other not do just as he pleases, after all.'

'No? well then, I'll split the for you see here now, what I call having my own way is doing a thing in spite of what other people may say or do to prevent me; and what I call doing as I please, is to have nobody to come about me and put on their wise airs, and tell me I'd better not, or I shall repent, or I'd wish some day or other I'd took their advice; and worry and fret a feller's soul into a knot hole, so that when he does take his own way at last, he wabbles about like a broad-horn in an eddy, instead of shooting right straight ahead, like all nature, and after all, as I said before, oas no pleasure in having his own way.'

WILL YOU ANSWER?

The following questions deserve an answer from the classes of persons alluded to below. They are of a character not to be passed by without serious reflection:

'WHAT ARE YOU DOING?—What are you doing, young man, you are dressed so neat and trim? Your hands appear never to have been soiled, and your bosom is without a speck or a wrinkle. You never work, and have time to devote to any amusement. Did you ever ask yourself what would be the consequences of an idle life? Do you wish us to tell you? Go to the state-prison or to the work-house, and see for yourself. You will come away a better man, we'll be bound to say.'

'And you, sir, what are you doing? You are often seen at the door of a groggery. Know you not the thoughts of many who see you? There is a young man making a fool of himself. His check, his eye, his words, his general appearance, indicate it.' Then why not turn about and become a man respected? Just turn over a new leaf to-day, and it will be the saving of you. Persist in your drinking and loathing propensities, and they will lead you down, down, down to destruction. This you know or at least you ought to know it, for you have examples enough before you to confirm the fact.

'What are you doing, you man, with a cigar in your mouth and a whip in your hand? On an excursion of pleasure, hey you had better take the money! you pay for horse hire, and cancel your shoemaker's or your tailor's bill. Your extravagant habits will make a pauper of you, or something worse. Reform to-day. Throw away your cigar, and ride no more you are able.'

'What are you doing Miss Folly? No wonder you are considered a walking dry good dealer's sign, with such an abundance of fine clothing on your back. But who likes you the better for it? Would it not be as well to keep at home, and learn to sew and knit, to sweep the floor and rinse the clothes, as to dash about the streets? Ask your mother, and if she has common sense, she will tell you so. Your neighbors will, we know. Who do you suppose will be able to support you, if you continue to cut such a figure? Scarcely a man in Christendom. Be wise then; dress neatly, but not gaudily. Spend less time in the streets than you do in the kitchen, and you will never regret it.'

To all, we say, go straight forward in the path of duty—turning neither to the right nor the left, and you will be such a person as high Heaven looks down upon with approval.