

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 call'd with care."

THE HAPPY FARMER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGNOURNEY.

Saw ye the farmer at his plough
As you were riding by?
Or, wearied 'neath his noon day toil,
When summer suns were high?
And thought you that his lot was hard?
And did you think your God,
That you and yours, were not condemn'd
Thus like a slave to plod?

Come, see him at his harvest home
When garden, field, and tree,
Conspire, with flowing stores to fill
His barn, and granery,
His healthful children gaily sport,
Amid the new-mown hay,
Or proudly aid with vigorous arm,
His task as best they may.

The dog partakes his master's joy,
And guards the loaded wain,
The feathered people clap their wings,
And lead their youngling train,
Perchance the hoary grandsire's eye
The glowing scene surveys,
And breathes a blessing on his race,
Or guides their evening praise.

The Harvest Giver is their friend,
The maker of the soil,
And earth, the Mother gives them bread
And cheers their patient toil,
Come join them round their win'ry
Heard
Their heart felt pleasures see,
And you can better judge how blest
The farmer's life may be.

THE PLEDGE.

BY REV. JOHN N. MAYFIT.

The gush of cold bright waters,
Soft music to the ear,
The laugh of beauty's daughters,
And childhood mingles here,
And age comes looking brighter—
The old man and his wife,
Walk up your hillside lighter,
With steps of early life.

For nature's groans have risen
To nature's loving God,
And He hath rent the prison
Where souls became a cloud,
His mighty arm hath riven
The water rocks again,
And from our feasts hath driven
The fires that scorch the brain.

Clear, dancing, glancing fountain!
Your hymn in solidades
Swells from the lifted mountains,
And gently here intrudes,
Our hearts dance to its measures—
We shout aloud and long,
As those who find great treasures,
And burst into a song.

Now take the pledge of Gladness,
We drink its waters clear!
Away with wine cup madness,
We'll have the cups that cheer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUT OF HEART.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Why so sad, Earnest?" said the young wife to her husband, affectionately twining her arms around his neck and kissing him.
He looked up with a sad smile and replied, "I am almost out of heart, Mary. I think of all pursuits, a profession is the worst. Here I have been, week after week & month after month—and I may soon say year after year—waiting for practice, year without success. A lawyer may volunteer in a celebrated case, and so make himself known, but a physician must sit patiently in his office, and, if unknown, see men without half his acquisitions rolling in wealth, while he perhaps is starving. And it will soon come to that," he added bitterly, "if I do not get employment."
An unbidden tear started into the wife's eye, but she strove to smile and said, "Do not despond, Earnest. I know you have been unfortunate so far, but you have talents and knowledge to make your way as soon as you get a start. And, depend upon it," she added with a cheerful look that will come when you least expect it."
"So you have told me often, but the luck-hour has never come," said the husband despairingly. "And now every cent of my little fortune has been expended, and our credit will soon be gone when it is found we do not pay. What then is to be done?"
Earnest was in a mood which the sanguine sometimes experience when disappointment after disappointment has crushed the spirit, and the voice of hope is no longer heard within. His wife would have given way to tears, if she had been alone; but she felt the necessity of sustaining him and answered cheerfully.

"And what if every cent is gone? Have no fear that we shall starve! God sent us to feed Elijah and he will yet interpose for our aid. Trust in him, dear Earnest."
The husband felt rebuked, as she spoke, and answered less despondingly.

"But really, Mary, this want of success would try the stoutest spirit. The mechanic, the day laborer, the humblest farmer is sure of his food and raiment, but I after having spent years in study, have wasted years besides waiting for practice, and now when all my fortune is gone, if I resort to other means of livelihood I lose all I have spent, both of time and money, and must forever abandon the idea of pursuing my profession. It is too hard!" and he groaned and walked the room with rapid strides.
His wife sighed, and remained silent, but after a moment or two she arose, and went up to him, and fondly encircling him with her arm, said:

"Dear Earnest, you must not worry yourself so. You think it painful for me to hear poverty, I know it, or you would not take it so hard, but a woman never regards such things when she loves. A crust of bread, a log cabin would be preferable to me if I shared them with you, than a palace with any other. But it will not come to this. Something within assures me you will be great and rich. Have patience only for a little while longer. There—there is a knock at the door now—it may be for you!"
As if her words had been prophetic, the little girl, their only servant, appeared at this crisis and said the doctor was wanted in a great hurry. With an exulting smile his wife ran for his hat, and then sat down with a beating heart, to wait his return.
It was almost the first summons that the young physician had received, though he had resided in the village for more than a year. The place, too, was large and populous, but there was several medical men of large practice, and all those combined to put down their new rival.—More than once heretofore, Earnest would have abandoned the field to despair, but his young wife

cheered and encouraged him, though sometimes her own heart felt ready to give up. Mary Linwood was, indeed, the greatest of blessings, a good wife, she sympathized with her husband, economized to the utmost, and by her sanguine words, inspired him with confidence in his heart.
Hour after hour she sat there, awaiting her husband's return, yet still he came not. At last darkness set in, and she began to feel uneasy. She was about rising to go to the door, when she heard her husband's foot on the step and hurrying out, she met him in the hall.
"God bless you, Mary, for an angel as you are," were his first words. "If it had not been for you I should have given up long ago, and now my fortune is made."
Breathless with anxiety to hear all, yet not unmindful of his probably wearied condition, Mary hurried her husband into the little sitting room where the tea things were laid, and began to pour out the refreshing beverage with a trembling hand, while Earnest told the history of his day's absence.

"I found," he said, "I was sent for to old Governor Huston's—the richest and most influential man, you know, in the county—and when I got there I learned, to my surprise, that the Governor had been thrown from his carriage and was thought to be dying. All the physicians of the town had been sent for, one after another, but none could aid him. In despair, his wife, without orders, had sent for me. I saw his only chance of life depended on a new and difficult operation, which none of the older physicians had ever seen performed. Luckily I had assisted at one when a student. I stated what I thought could be done. The old governor is a man of iron nerves and quick resolution, so, when he heard the others say they could do nothing for him, he determined to commit himself to my hands. I succeeded beyond my hopes, even the other physicians were forced to acknowledge my skill, and there is nothing but care required to make my patient as well as ever. On parting, he put this bill in my hands."

Mary was in tears long before her husband finished his narration, but her heart went up in thankfulness to God for having thus interposed just at the crisis when hope seemed gone.
From that day Earnest Linwood was a new man. The fame of his skillful operation was in every one's mouth, and by the aid of his patient, who now becomes his patron, he stepped, at once, into a practice among the best families of the place. Wealth as well as reputation, flowed in upon him; but he always attributed his success to his wife, whose affection, he said, had cheered and sustained him when out of heart.
"There is nothing," he would say, "like a faithful wife, under God our wealth or woe for this life depends on her, but if she is full of hope and energy, her smiles will cheer you in the darkest hour, and enable you to achieve what you at first thought impossible. Our success in this world, as well as our happiness depends chiefly on ourselves. Let a man marry one, therefore, equal to either fortune, who can adorn his riches or brighten his poverty, and who under all circumstances, will be truly his helpmate."

HINTS FOR BACHELORS.
Attention to a lady whose society is sought by a gentleman, are justly understood to lead to matrimony. If the meetings are brought about by means not originating with him, if they are unavoidable, or sought and occasioned by the lady herself, the kind attention of a gentleman may be ascribed to mere courtesy.—But when he takes an active and eager part in the matter, when he visits, writes, courts, and, above all, when he adores and dies, there is no mistake, he ought either to pop the question, or get away.
When the leisure hour is employed by a family in reading the page of instruction, there grows up insensibly in the younger members a love of home—a sentiment compatible with some of the worst vices, and favourable to all the virtues.

CAME TO THE LAST.

A friend relates to us the following. Being at the house of a neighbor a short time since, the crowd concluded to amuse themselves by telling 'yarns'. After several pretty tough ones had been told, Joe H. was called upon, when with great gravity he gave the following.

"Two years ago last pulling fodder time, uncle Josh had Buck that was 'brot up in the lot and about the house, and the boys had by fooling with him, learned him to 'bout' as hard as a mule could kick—and 'bout' he would at everything that came in his way, until it seemed as if he would 'burr' everything off the lot. So uncle Josh concluded to see if he could get him out of his way, and he goes and takes a big hickory maul and hangs it pretty well up in an oak tree, letting it hang just low enough for Mr. Buck to take a fair crack at it. He knew that he would make at anything pushed towards him, taking such move always as a banter. Uncle Josh waited patiently until the Buck came round when he gives the signal, and here he comes with such vim that it would have knocked down a bull! Away flew the maul, and back bounded the Buck! Go! my good fellow; sing out uncle Josh! If you can whip that maul your head's a hard on, seeing the motion of the maul as it commenced its return swing, the Buck met it again about the 'meeting place' driving the maul some twenty feet into the air—and bounding from it himself like a crick: ball! Hurra, my little woolly! says uncle Josh, who began to get interested in what he first considered an unequal fight—there's very little sleep in you if you stand another lick against him. But here comes Buck and maul again with nearly the same results before, except that the blow did not seem quite so heavy on the part of the buck. At him again my hard head! sings out uncle Josh, take your fill of butting; and at him the little fellow went, and kept it up until Josh began to think the very d—l was in the lead of sheep sure enough. But back went maul and buck went back, and to the astonishment of uncle Josh, the Buck showed no signs of quitting still. Well says he, if you choose to butt your own brains out why go ahead. Whack! whack! went head and maul. By this time it was nearly night and no sign of quitting, and uncle Josh left. Next morning he got up early and looking out saw the maul and the Buck's tail hopping at it, being all that was left of the butting Buck.

THE WIFE.
How sweet to the soul of man says Hierocle, is the society of a beloved wife, when wearied and broken down with the labors of the day, her endearments soothe and her tender care restore him. The solace and the anxieties, and the heaviest misfortunes of life, are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic cares at the same time to contend with. But how much lighter do they seem when his necessary avocations being over, he returns to his home, and finds there a partner of his griefs and troubles, who takes her share of domestic labor upon her, and soothes the anguish of his anticipation. A wife is not as she is falsely represented and esteemed by some, a burden or a sorrow to man. No, she shares his burdens and alleviates his sorrow, for there is no difficulty so heavy or insupportable in life, but it may be surmounted by the mutual labors and affectionate concert of that holy partnership.

BEAUTIFUL.
The following toast was given many years ago, at a dinner in Dublin, by Countess Phillips.—WASHINGTON & FRANKLIN—Happy America. The armies of Europe could not subdue thy soldier—the lightning of heaven could not resist thy sage.

VALUE OF THE COLD BATH.
BY A DISTINGUISHED PHYSICIAN.
I do not think the greatest benefit of the cold bath is to be found in its proving a remedy for disease, though it is highly valuable. It is in preventing disease that its worth is pre-eminently seen. If commenced in infancy, almost any child may be reared to it, and its constitution so tempered as to be but little affected by atmospheric vicissitudes. If commenced at adult age, before disease has begun its ravages, or the constitution is greatly undermined, any one may so far harden himself to our climate that its sudden changes will do him but little injury. I consider the cold bath, if commenced early, and properly administered, as the greatest safeguard against the various diseases of our climate with which we are acquainted. It is true as has been said, of the Aborigines of this country, that they immersed their newly born infants in the cold water, it is, to say the least of it, not a very unwise or injudicious practice. No person can live in our climate without exposure to its vicissitudes, and there is no guard so effectual as the use of cold water in some way, applied to the surface of the body. As a remedy in certain diseases, it is invaluable; such as small pox, scarlet fever, measles, and other rashes. In all these, we may wash the skin freely with cold water, from the commencement to the close of the disease. It is thus rendered soft, the acrid matter passes off more freely through the pores, and the fever is abated. In small pox, the cold sea bathing has been found highly salutary. Dr. Eberle, in his Practice of Medicine, on scarlet fever says, "The application of cold water to the surface of the body cannot be too strongly recommended in the higher grades of this affection." And he quotes the following passage from Bateman:

'As far as my experience has taught me, we are possessed of no physical agent, by which the functions of the animal economy are controlled with so much certainty, safety, and promptitude, as by the application of cold water to the skin, under the augmented heat of scarlatina and some other fevers.'—This expedient combines in itself all the medicinal properties which are indicated in this state of disease, and which we should scarcely expect it to possess, or it is not only the most effectual *fibrifuge*, but it is in fact the only *antidote* which will not disappoint the expectation of the practitioner. I have had the satisfaction, in numerous instances, of witnessing the immediate improvement of the symptoms and the rapid change of countenance produced in the patient by washing the skin.'

'I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU.'
There are more lies contained in these few words, than in all the written speeches of a law shop, and yet the expression is on the tip end of almost every one's tongue.
Take an instance.—Madam has picked her or pussages to make, and is up to her ears in pots and kettles, when Mrs. Somebody enters with her six little ones all dressed off as neat as if they had just been for six months imprisoned in a bond box. 'Bless me! I'm extremely glad to see you! It's a whopper—'tis a downright lie. In her heart she wishes her and all her brood to the—' we'd like to have said it. When we hear a person say, 'do call again and so on,' it sounds so much like, 'John, show the gentleman the way out.' There is no such thing as politeness. To be what the fashionable world term polite we must necessarily be hypocritical. The true characteristic of sincerity is plainness, and a sincere man will never have the back ache.

The most honorable kiss, both to the giver and receiver, was that which Queen Margaret, of France, in the presence of the whole Court, impressed upon the ugliest man in the kingdom. Aban Charles, whom she found on his feet, exclaiming to a astonished attendant, 'do not kiss the man, but kiss him which have uttered so many charming things.' Ah it was worth while to be a poet in those days.

We heard a person, the other day, object to the new postage law, for the reason that before the passage of the law he received but two dollars a week, and he now receives five or six a per day.
DRESS.—It is sometimes said that females go to meeting on Sunday to look at each other's new dresses and bonnets. That's absurd! they go to show their own!
Go it while you are young, for when you get old you cant,

DRESS OF MIND.

On Sunday morning, before going to church, what a dressing there is among all classes, and what a stir to be gay and pleasing to the eye, and to the great of our existence, to wash the outside of the platter. Curly may be arranged fine tortoise-shell coats fixed, sparkling earrings, hugh, splendid garments displayed. And yet, perhaps, the gay fair one's mind may be poisoned with conceit, trouble with rivalry, and kept on the torture by ignorance and vanity.—Windsor soap does not wash out the stain of the heart. Cologne water cannot throw a fragrance over an impure mind nor rubies of Golconda dazzle the recording angel into forgetfulness of filling up the leaves of retribution.

'Jim,' said Timothy, the other day to his son—'Jim you are lazy—what on earth do you expect to do for a living?'

'Why, father, I've been thinking as how I would be a Revolutionary Pensioner!'

THE CONSUMMATION.

'Twas twilight.—Seated at the door of a moss-covered cottage, was the pride of the village, loved Phoebe. Her finely moulded form—her exquisite and voluptuous bust—her classic and beautiful chiselled features—her sweet lips—teeth of pearly whiteness—and such eyes! two drops of liquid azure set in snow! all combined, 'twas enough to melt the very soul of an anchorite!

Beside this angel, knelt a youth, whose cheek, pale as ashes told the tale—he was in love! 'Tell me,' said he in trembling accents, 'tell me this night my fate. Keep me in agony no longer. Tell me what sacrifice I shall undergo for you—your soul's idol! Command me to perform a pilgrimage round this earth and it shall be done. Anything, anything—but cast me not off. Plant a dagger in my heart, but keep me in suspense no longer! Say lovely Phoebe—will you—will you be mine!' He trembled—his heart throbed—she saw he was ready to swoon—a crimson flash quanted her cheek—

'Like the rich sunset 'neath Italia's sky,' She took his hand in her tiny fingers put her smiling lips to his ear; and whispered—'Obed, I shall be nothin' else!'

A TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

A correspondent of the Delaware Journal, gives the following extract from the address of the Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, before the literary society in Maine:

'The late Lord Chancellor Erskine, when in the enjoyment of reputation more elevated than rank and power could confer, the fearless and successful advocate of the constitution of England, addressed a voluntary eulogy to Gen. Washington, of which a copy was found among the papers of Lord Erskine, after his decease; as follows:—

'LONDON, March 15, 1785.
'I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence, which will be found in the book I send you. I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men, but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an ardent veneration. I sincerely pray to God to grant a long and serene evening to a life so glorious devoted to the universal happiness of the world.
T. ERSKINE.

A GOOD ONE.
A correspondent of 'the New York Spirit' relates the following:
'Some years since, a North Carolina lawyer, yet living, undertook to continue a Methodist preacher of some celebrity, that in his manner of preaching in threatening his auditors with damnation, was injudicious and the arguments and exhortations of a miller of a w. w. would be more successful. After listening patiently, preacher replied—'My friend, you are mistaken. Sin is like a tar-spine—you may exhort, admonish, even kick him, and he will not move; but in re y draws his head within his shell, and your labor is lost—but place a coal of fire on his back, and he travels—Hell fire is the article.'