

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."

WHAT IS LIFE?

Say, is there aught that can convey
An image of life's transient stay?
'Tis a hand-breath, 'tis a tale,
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis a courier's straining steed;
'Tis a shuttle in its speed;
'Tis an eagle on its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight
Mocking the pursuing sight.
'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;
'Tis a short-lived fading flower.
'Tis a rainbow on a shower,
'Tis a momentary ray,
'Shining on a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow—'tis a dream.
'Tis the closing watch of night
Dying at the rising light,
'Tis a landscape vainly gay,
Painted upon a crumbling clay,
'Tis a lamp that wastes its fire,
'Tis a smoke that quick expires,
'Tis a breath on burnished steel
'Tis a furrow, which the kneel
Ploughs upon the watery main,
'Tis an April shower of rain,
'Tis the iris on the spray,
Dash'd by vessels in their way;
Catching some slant solar ray;
'Tis a meteor in the sky,
'Tis a bubble, 'tis a sigh,
Be prepared, O man, to die.

SONNET.

BY MRS. H. LIGHTHOPE.

There is a light gleaming in the olden spot—
How doth the bitter feelings of the heart
Gush forth
To see the much-loved forms, we faint
Would dream.
Yet linger round it. 'Tis a small sparkling
In the waste
Of darkness, when night doth wrap us in
Her dusky shroud.
There is a home even in that little spot, a
world
Of kindness and of loving words. Is he
Not happy then,
For whom that light doth glimmer? Let
him bless God, that on
The stream of life he is not sit together
Desolate.
He knoweth not, the bitterness of soul with
which we feel,
Who stand amid the turmoil of the earth,
alone,
And know even with the keenness of a
pang, that as no eye
Now bids us welcome—even so should the
sun set to-morrow
On our grave—no tear would fall for us.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Why has England become effeminate?
Because she has lost her man-hood.
Why is Mr. Power's, the sculptor, like
ly to become a confirmed booby? Because he
spends many a days on a bust.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MOUTHFUL OF PICKLED DOG.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

A long limbed, wiry made countryman, of the Alleghanian breed, determined the other day to have a full view of Niagara before emigrating from western New York to Wisconsin, wither 'his folks' were all bound.—Having partly satisfied his curiosity on Goat Island, he crossed over to the Canada side, and soon after presented himself at the hotel near the Falls, asking if they can give a poor fellow something to eat!

"Where do you come from, my friend?" said an Englishman, who sat smoking a cigar upon the piazza, and who thought he saw in our friend a fit subject for a quiz.

"Where do I come from, mister? Why from a long way off, if you only knowed it, and that is clear from the Forks of the Alleghany, near down along side the Seneca nation, in York State, is my place when I'm at home."

"The Forks of the Alleghany!" said the other, than I suppose, my friend, you are a true specimen of what your countrymen call an out-and-out United Stateser, a real live Alleghanian, and no mistake?"

"I never heard afore of sich a critter as an Alleghanian, but I tell ye, mister, I come from just among the spurs of the mountains, the real sprouts of the old backbone, and if Alleghanian means the real prickly grit of Ameriky, I am just some of that same."

"I did not mean to annoy you, my friend," said the Englishman, soothingly. "I only wished to ask you about that dog of yours. He looks to me like an Indian dog, & hearing you ask for some refreshments suggested inquiry whether or not that was the kind of dog they eat in the Seneca nation, near which it seems you have resided."

"Eat Hawk!—eat my dog Hawk! I'd like to see man or hound, mister, that would dare to put a tooth in him!"

"Why, my good fellow," replied John Bull, whose sporting sensibilities were aroused by this remark that he instantly forgot his waggery, "why I have a bull-terrier here in the yard that would eat him up at a mouthful. I said he looked like an Indian dog, but in truth, when I come to examine him, he is nothing but an Amerikyan cur."

"I tell ye, mister, if Hawk be a cur, he is nevertheless a real Alleghanian cur; and sich a cur as will lick five times his weight in English bull dogs."

"Why he has no scars about him to show that he is a fighter," said the Englishman, curiously examining the dog's head and ears.

"Shall I tell ye why, mister?"

"Why?"

"Because Alleghanian dogs is a kind of critter that gives scars instead taking them."

"Ah! that's it—is it?" said the Englishman dryly.—"Well my Alleghanian friend, I will bet you this gold sovereign against a silver dollar, that my bull-terrier will shake that Alleghanian cur of yours to pieces in less than five minutes by my watch—in short, will make a single mouthful of him!"

"Walk!—that's all fair," replied the Alleghanian, scratching his head. "But ye see, mister, Hawk ain't had his vittles to-day, no more than his master, and it isn't in flesh and blood to do its best in fighting on an empty stomach."

"I will order your dog to be fed then. You can meanwhile be eating your own dinner, and we'll have the fight afterwards."

"That's all fair—that's all fair too; but mister, as to planking down my silver shiner on that yeller piece, I don't know that I altogether like that, somehow. We don't see much gold our way, and that sovran as you call it, looks to me for all the world only like a brass Injun medal."

"You won't bet on your cur, then," said John Bull contemptuously. "You reputate perhaps, all you have said in his praise in word, you back out!"

"Back out, mister! Nothin' on earth is further from my nater. I tell'd ye I were a boulder—a real Alleghanian boulder—and I am. But I want to fix things in a Christian-life like manner, and not rob folks of their money on the highway, as it were."

"How then shall we make up the match my good fellow?" said the Englishman, not unkindly.

"Why, now, replied the Alleghanian with great simplicity, 'if you and your bull-terrier want so much to get a fight out of Hawk and me; why can't you go in and tell the gentleman who keeps the tavern—whom you know and I don't know—why can't you tell the gentleman to give me and Hawk a real good dinner with something good for a feller to drink, and then let the dogs fight afterwards, to decide which is to pay the shot. Why can't you do that, I say, if you are so tearing mad to have a fight that you will risk your gold upon it?"

The Englishman could not help laughing heartily at the Alleghanian's notion of what constituted a fair bet—for the proposed arrangement left John Bull nothing to win, whatever might be the result of the fight, except the possible satisfaction of seeing the countryman's poor cur receive a drubbing from his bull-terrier. Diverted however, with such an original he instantly ordered the tavern keeper to give the Alleghanian whatever he might want for himself and his dog, adding that he would be responsible for the bill.

"Well, as he stepped out on the piazza, smacking his lips and wiping his mouth with his coat sleeve, 'I guess I'm ready, mister, and you may bring along that bull pup of yours as you please, for I have to be going.'"

"Here he is, said John Bull, and in the same moment a stout, tan colored, compactly built and vigorous looking dog, with snags like those of a wild boar protruding from his black muzzle roused himself from under the bench on which his master was sitting. He gave a low muffled growl as he rose, while your Hawk, who was just thrusting his nose out of the doorway, shrank back in terror behind the heels of the Alleghanian."

"Why, your dog has no fight in him, my good sir," quoth the Englishman, pettishly.

"Don't be too sure of that," answered the other, "the fight always lays deep in our Alleghanian dogs, but when you onst get at it, 'tis the real thing and no mistake. As for Hawk here, he hasn't had his drink yet, and besides that, I always talk to him all alone by hisself, just afore he goes into a fight—I always do."

"Well, there's the water in the horse trough and there's the bar room for your talk," said John Bull, utterly confounded by what he now cursed, pinwardly, as the cool impudence of the United Stateser, who had swindled him out of a dinner in the name of a dog that would not stand up even to receive a flogging."

"Drink from a horse trough!" cried the Alleghanian disdainfully. "Hawk ins't that kind of a critter, mister?"

"What does he drink then?"

"Drink! why he never drinks any thing but pepper-sauce. You may look, mister, but I tell you pepper-sauce is my dog's drink. I see that gentleman in the bar has lots of bottles of it on an upper shelf, and he will only let me have a couple of 'em, with that pair, in that back room, so as I can talk to Hawk alone while he drinks—I say, if you will only tell the gentleman in the bar to furnish me with these conveniences, I'll soon show you whether or not that British bull-terrier of yours can eat up an Alleghanian cur at a mouthful."

"Give the fellow the bottles, the pair and the back room," roared John Bull through the open window, "give him whatever he wants, and put the whole in my bill, I'm determined to hold the knife to his origin at agreement, in some way or other."

Within the next five minutes the Alleghanian had shut himself up in the room communicating with the bar, emptied the pepper sauce in the pail and placing his dog therein saturated thoroughly his shaggy coat with the pungent mixture. The Englishman all impatient, meanwhile stepped into the bar room, followed by the bull-terrier, and there stood the Alleghanian gesticulating wildly with one hand, while he held Hawk with the other.

"Bring on your dog!" he shouted—"bring on your British bull-terrier that is going to eat us up!—bring him on I say, and let's see if an Alleghanian cur is 'nt more than a mouthful for him!"

"Seiz—seiz—seiz him!" hissed John Bull between his teeth, at the same time clapping his hands and striding rapidly towards the inner door, while his bull-terrier with a fierce growl, sprang past him full at the throat of poor Hawk. The Alleghanian had released his own hold upon his dog, and it seemed as if all must be over with him if those voracious jaws once fairly fastened upon his neck. The yelp of Hawk proved indeed, that the bull-terrier did give him one severe bite, but the next moment saw the latter rebounding against his master's legs, & working slavering his jaws as if trying to disengage a swarm of hornets that had lodged upon his palate.

"You confounded rascal!" roared the Englishman, what poison have you put upon the hair of your vile cur?"

"Wal, mister," quoth the Alleghanian coolly, "I rather think Hawk was in sich a fixed passion for fight, the pepper-sauce he drank just now must have sweetened 'em."

"You scoundrel! I thunder the indignation Briton. I have a good mind to take you in hand myself, and punish you well for the villainous trick!"

"Now don't use sich ugly words, mister. I'm a boulder. I'm one of 'em, I tell ye, and no mistake—a real Alleghanian boulder. But if you want, right in earnest, to get a fight out of me, all you have to do is to order supper and a bed for me, and to-morrow arter breakfast, you and I will try a friendly knock down or so to decide which shall pay for them."

The crowd which had meanwhile collected around the door of the tavern, shouted with laughter at this proposition, while John Bull hastily retired from the scene, having probably already had enough of a raw Alleghanian boulder.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

The Comic Grammar says:
But remember, though box
In the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox
Should be oxen, not oxes.

To which an exchange paper adds:
And remember, though fleece
In the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of goose
Aren't geoses nor greases.

We may also be permitted to add:
And remember, though house
In the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse
Should be mice, & not mouses.

AN ALARMING EVENT.

"What news in the great world?" asked a country parson of a gentleman who had just left the metropolis.

"An event, sir," answered he, "recently took place, which, threatened to affect everybody in a manner that, persisted in for any length of time, must have unavoidably produced the destruction of the whole town."

"Pray, sir, what do you allude to?" said the parson, with alarm.

"A general fast, sir," replied the other.

HE FOUND IT TRUE.

"Which is the best house in—?" said a gentleman on a steamer, addressing a person who he had been informed, resided at the place indicated.

"The—House, was the decided response.—"That's the house all the big bugs stop."

Discovering after a night of unrest, that his informant was the keeper of the house alluded to he desired him to send his baggage to some house where the bugs were not so big.

A QUEER CUSTOMER.

"It is most amusing," said Richard Mervyn, as he relinquished the attempt to rise from the gutter at the corner of—streets. "It is really astonishing how soon this dreadful climate of America brings on old age. I shall never survive to get home and write a book about the place—never. Here I am, six feet two, without my stockings, sprawling in a dirty republican gutter, without being able to help myself out of it. There's a lamp winking and blinking in my face, as if it wants to laugh, and would, if it had a mouth, and a big brute of a dog just now nosed me to see whether I was good to eat. What a country!—what gutters! and what liquor! I only took nine smaller of whisky, and what with that and premature old age, I verily believe I am assassinated—I'm a gone-chicken!"

"Mr. Mervyn now clamoured so loudly that assistance soon came.

"Silence there!—what's the matter?"

"Matter yourself—I'm being done, or as some people say, I'm doing. The march of mind has tripped, and Richard Mervyn is to sleep for himself. Help me out—gentle—there. Am! I in a pretty pickle! This is what the doctors call gutta serena, isn't it?"

"When I was at school the boys would have called you a guttural."

"They would 'nt have known much grammar, if they did. I'm a liquid—see me drip."

"Oh! ho!" said the watch, "don't try to be funny; I know you well enough, now you have washed your face. You're the chap."

"That's me, I did that thing. How do you like the ups and downs of public life? Isn't variety charming?"

"If it wasn't that I'm a public functionary and must give way to my feelings, I'd crack your cocoa, and ease my mind of doing as I was done by. I'll make an example of you, however. You're my prisoner. Hally coosha to the watch 'us. That's the Dutch for being took up."

"Well, give us your arm. Don't be afraid of the mo', 'tis very wholesome. Look at the pigs how fat it makes 'em; and if you like fat pork why shouldn't you like what makes pork fat? So—so—steady. Now I'll tell you all about 'other night. I was passing your box in a friendly promiscuous sort of a way. I thought you were asleep, or had run down, and I turned the key to wind you up, it can't either keep good time, or even go."

"Well, what else?"

"Why, then I watch'd the box and when you come out, I boxed the watch. That's all. It grew out of my obliging disposition."

"Hat very obliging. Now its my turn to wind up, and, to do it in the same way, I'll take you before the watch-maker, to be cleansed and regulated. You go to first, but I'll put a spoke in your wheel; he'll see you by the regulator, and make you keep good time."

"Why, watchy, you're a wag. Why don't you say that I was a horizontal, & that you lifted me up like a patent lever? You're awake now, but that night you was 'nt up to trap, or you would have caught me, I caught a weazel asleep that time—I put fresh salt on your for once."

"To add one more to the vagaries, Mervyn now refused to walk a step further, and sitting down on a step, loudly avowed his resolution, and declared his name was not Walker."

"Whether your name be Walker or not, you must go."

"Not without a go-cart—you can't force me to go—I'm a legal tender, and you must take me. Haven't I got an office, or at least a public situation, here on the steps? If I must go, it shall be on the yankee principle of rotation, bring me a wheel-barrow. Reform me out regularly." It was procured and away they went. "So we go," said Mervyn, "Chaaley's making a barrow-nigh of me. Gently over the stones! I don't like bumpers, except when I got them of

purter. This is the way to Wheeling—hurra cart before the horse! Arriving at the watch house, he insisted upon being wheeled up stairs, and stiled the place a barrow nial castle. 'I'm a modest man,' said he, 'and no stainer. If I can't have a ride up I think myself entitled to a draw-back.' So say, he attempted to escape but was soon caught, being as he said, 'like Goldsmith's works, beautifully chased.' The punster was carried aloft, and next morning, sober and penitent, paid his tipsey fine and his carriage hire with a doleful countenance.

From the Farmers Cabinet.

PLOUGHING IN SEPTEMBER FOR CORN.

To the Editor:—In this county the heart worm and the wire worm have made great destruction in the corn for the last ten years. I have accidentally found out a remedy that has succeeded twice in preventing the worm from destroying the young corn. In September, 1842, I ploughed a part of clover sod for wheat, but the great drought prevented my finishing the field, so as that I concluded to put the clover sod field with corn in the spring of 1843—the part ploughed in September, 1842, escaped the ravages of the worm, while the land alongside, ploughed in the spring of 1843, was nearly all taken by the worm; this induced me to try again, which I did in the month of September 1843, with the same success as before stated. To plough in November or December, will not, as I believe, be of any use whatever as a preventive against the worm. I have known a field part ploughed in September—part in December, and the same field. Now it is worth a fair trial; and if September ploughing will prevent the destroyer it will save the farmer much trouble and loss; it has succeeded in three instances to my knowledge; the reason of which I leave for others better qualified to ascertain—the facts are worth attending to as it may save many bushels of corn to the farmer.

HENRY CAYLER.

New Castle Co. Del. June 4th, 1845

Somebody has very truly said, that there is in the heart of man a native sense of beauty, a latent sympathy, a harmony with all that is lovely on the earth, which makes him unconsciously seek out spots of peculiar sweetness, not only for his daily dwelling, but for his temporary resting place, and the mansion of his long repose.

Are you fond of tongue, sir? I was always fond of tongue, madam; and like it still.

THE ARTIST CATECHISM.

What is perspective or transparent planes—By perspective is meant the seeing a thousand pounds in your mind's eye that you will never realize. Transparent planes may be said to be tautology, because everything transparent must be plain—that is clear.

What is a ground plane?—Any uneven substance ground flat.

What is a base?—Anything of a base or vicious nature. A pewter six-pence is very base.

What is a vanishing point?—The vanishing point is a corner at which a gentleman—who recognizes a dun or bailiff approaching—suddenly disappears.

What is ultra-marine?—A thing transported beyond the seas. Any man who commits larceny in England can become ultra-marine.

An elderly gentleman last spring planted his onions close to his poppies, and the consequence was; he says; they grew so sleepy that he could never get them out of their beds.

Somebody has said, (somebody says a great many pet things,) how civil-eyed a man looks when you are paying him that little bill they owe. We always thing so.

Voltaire was a deist; he believed in the deity of natural religion says a writer in London Quarterly and of that deity he never wrote irreverently.

DOMESTIC WINE.

Mr Longworth of Cincinnati estimates a crop of wine for this year at five hundred barrels. He has cultivated the grape for several years and finds it profitable.