

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 enriched,
From various gardens call'd with care.

From the United States Journal.

ANECREONTIC.

BY JOSEPH F. BROWN.

'If thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man then I here disallow thee, of this, to be a competent judge.'—ISAAC WALTON.

Oh! I have banqueted oft in those ever-green bowers

'Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at fame.'

Gazing out on the dance of the light-footed hours,

When they sped like a bolt on its pathway of flame.

I have followed each moment awhile in its flight,

With a look of despair, and a sigh of regret

As we mourn for a star that steals out of the night.

Though another more beautiful shines where it set.

And when pleasures was o'er, and its once gushing springs.

Were as dry as the sorrow that knows not a tear.

Have I heard from a far the sweet spirit that sings

Of a chime that is fairer than dawns on us here.

Then away at its call has my wrapt fancy roved,

Ever seeing that home of the soul and of bliss,

Where I've gathered again the rich treasures beloved,

In the land they had fled to, when faded from this.

Then for aye will I seek the chaste gladness dwells

In Woman's bright eye, and heralds the birth

Of wit and of feeling—unchaining the spells

'That a bright Fancy wears when she strays from the Earth.

And treasured for aye, be the moments that play

Round the time-fettered soul in its pilgrim-age drear,

And bless while they brighten the waste of its way

'To a chime that is fairer than dawns on us here.

Oh! there are banquets here, but the banquets above

Are the feasting of angels that meet in the skies,

And the songs that they echo are murmurs of love,

And the lights that flash round them the beams of their eyes,

Thou' we breathe not their songs, and may weave not their dance

On the rude floor of Earth,—tho' our nectar is wine—

Yet the rest is still ours—we have all the bright glances

In the best of their eyes, and a purquer divine

MISCELLANEOUS

LIFE'S LADDER.

BY HELEN ASHTON.

'Mary,' said Mr. Stewart to her daughter, 'I think you go too far in allowing such particular attentions on the part of James Newton. He is of excellent family and quite agreeable, and for a partner in the dance, now and then might do, but then he is but a poor doctor, and now when his devotion becomes marked it is time it time it was checked.'

Mary blushed and dared not look her mother in the face, for she felt guilty of having received Newton's attentions with disfavor, and she was to much under the control of her step-mother to ask whether the objection against her new admirer was valid. Mr. Stewart saw her demeanor & reading her heart proceeded.

'There is George Sanford now, who is independently rich, and could maintain a wife in the first style. He admires you, and, with a little encouragement, could be brought to propose.'

'But ma,' said Mary, looking up hesitatingly after a pause, during which she plied her needle with increased velocity. 'It is tight, it is maidenly to make advances even if one liked the gentleman?'

Mrs. Stewart laid her work down on the table, and seating herself in the chair, said—

'Really, Mary, you are so full of such romantic notions. Proper! To be sure. Maidenly? Why, how else would a bashful man, such as Mr. Sanford, get a wife. No girl ought to overstep certain limits. But when she sees a man dying for her, who is so modest that he lacks the courage to address her, she is a dunce if she does not encourage him. Men have to be managed, child, men have to be managed. I would not for the world tell you any thing indecorous, but neither would I have you throw away a fortune from false notions of propriety.'

Mary plied her needle again with increased rapidity, and finally said, timidly—

'But suppose one cannot love the rich suitor?'

She did not dare to raise her eyes as she spoke, and when she had finished, her heightened color and nervous agitation seemed to imply that she feared the effect her words would produce. Her mother suffered a minute to elapse before replying, during which Mary felt as if she could sink through the floor, for she knew that her mother's eyes were bent on her disapprovingly, though she saw it not.

'I am astonished,' at last began Mrs. Stewart, 'I am astonished Mary, that you will persist in these foolish notions. Love! what is it? The love you dream of is childish, ridiculous sentiment which is dispated the instant you enter on the realities of life. No sensible woman entertains it for a moment, and the silly girls who feed on romances marry with such feelings, lose them with the honey moon, and repent their conduct during the rest of their life. The right kind of love is based on a knowledge of the means a suitor possesses to make you happy, & the chief of these is wealth. It is an old proverb, 'when poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window,' and if you look around among our acquaintance, you will see the truth of the saying. There is Mrs. Beech, now a poor, sickly creature, worn down with care, who, when married, was the belle of the circle. She married for love, and don't now, I believe, spend one happy day in the year. Contrast her with Mrs. Jones, whom you remember, a thin, embarrassed girl, but who since her union with the rich Mr. Jones, has been transformed into one of the most lady-like of our acquaintance, and has a carriage and servants at her control. She always dresses in the first style, gives elegant parties, and is the envy of all who know her.'

Mary listened in silence, not daring to utter a word. A silence of several minutes ensued, when Mrs. Stewart resumed in a milder tone.

'I should be very to think, Mary, that you entertained any sentiments, but those

of a more acquaintance, for this young physician. With Sanford it is a different matter. He is rich and would ensure you happiness, but with Mr. Newton for a husband, your life would be a continual struggle against mortification, want and misfortune. But I have the confidence in you which persuades me that you agree with me, and that on so important a matter as this, we shall not differ. You have always been a dutiful child, Mary, and I hope, in this matter, you will not pain my heart.'

Mrs. Stewart had not been wrong in her estimate of the effect these words would have on Mary. Tears gathered into her daughters eyes. She flung her arms around her mother's neck, and promised to obey her wishes. She had been conquered.

The gay circle in B—soon heard of the approaching marriage of Miss Stewart to Mr. Sanford, for whom, it was curiously whispered, the poor Newton had been discarded. The wedding was celebrated with great magnificence, and the equipage, mansion and furniture of the bride, were for six months the town talk.

Years passed. The young physician gradually acquired a practice, and married an estimable woman, with whom he enjoyed unalloyed felicity. At first, indeed, the young couple had to practice the most rigid economy, but their mutual love sweetened whatever might have been bitter in their lot, and when they contemplated their small but neat parlors, neither Newton nor his wife would have exchanged their lot for royalty. Gradually their means increased, and when they moved into a large house in one of the principal streets of the city, they enjoyed their now really handsome dwelling the more because it had been slowly acquired.

This event happened just as the great crisis in the financial world came on, a few years since, when so many families lost their all. Among others Mr. Sanford was reduced to beggary, by the bankruptcy of the United States Bank, in whose stock his whole fortune was invested—And now came the punishment of Mrs. Stewart's mercenary spirit. She saw her favorite daughter plunged into poverty, which a husband with whom Mary could not sympathize, and who, by his habits of luxury and indolence, had become unfit to struggle with the world for his daily bread. There was no hope therefore, that he would extricate from the situation into which he was now plunged.

'Do you know I told you,' said one of Mary's early friends to another, 'that Mrs. Stewart might live to repent her refusal of Dr. Newton? I wonder if my word's have come true?'

Her companion sighed as she answered—

'It is a great error to look only after wealth in marrying children. For the daughters to most of this and every city, an industrious young man is the most fitting husband. Let young folks begin humbly if they would live well in the middle of life, and old age. Better to start at the foot of the ladder and ascend, than begin at the top and go down.'

WEARING A NOISE.

'Thomas, there is too much bustle here.'

'Where, Pa?'

'I mean there is too much noise—you must stop it.'

'Is noise a bustle, Pa?'

'Yes, child.'

'Golly gracious—then sister Sally does wear the biggest noise you ever saw, Pa?'

'Pa, is Mister Clay got hurt?'

'No child, why do you ask?'

'Because the papers say that Mr. Folk ran against Mr. Clay, and I thought it had knocked him down.'

A NEW REASON.

We heard an old hussar the other day, advising a youngster to get married, because, then, she be 'my boy, you'll have somebody to pull off your boots for you when you go home drunk.'

From the Roman Citizen. CAUGHT A TARTER.

We found ourselves, a few days since on board the floating palace, the 'Burlington,' commanded by that prince of captains, Captain Sherman, gliding over the waters of the beautiful Champlain. The day was delightful, and the passengers had sought the promenade deck to enjoy the attractive scene. Good humor shone upon the features of all, as they in groups, and *solus*, gazed upon the enchanting scenery, chatted and promenaded. Among the crowd shone three pompous specimens of monarchy whose stiff cravats, straight-buttoned frock coats, and military air, indicated their profession, and who bore upon their frontispiece the Royal Coat of Arms, telling that they wore it by permission of her Majesty, Queen Victoria. With majesty in their mein, and a lordly contempt for the dwellers in pumpkin-land upon their royal brows, they paced the deck in evident satisfaction with themselves, and with an occasional glance of condescending pity upon the Yankee natives about them. At length their eyes lit upon one of those queer specimens of Yankee production frequently seen from every feature of whose face spoke the Yankee. He was a lank six-footer, with a careless, sauntering air, his hands thrust into the pocket of his coat, his cap set on the back of his head and with supreme indifference to all around him, was lazily pacing back and forth before the British officers, whistling Yankee Doodle. He chanced to wear upon the frontispiece of his cap, stamped in leather, the American Eagle with some appropriate motto. Taking advantage of this, and wishing to have a little sport at his expense, one of the representatives of Royalty accosted him with—

'Well, my friend, I see you wear the eagle; I suppose you belong to the Army.'

'Not exactly,' replied the Yankee, touching his cap at a *mode de militaire*; 'but I have the pleasure of informing you that I hold a lieutenant's commission in the 2d Company of the 15th Regt. of Infantry, in the State of Connecticut.'

'Indeed,' said the officer, 'is that the regiment in which they use pumpkin-vines for trumpets, and bean-poles for muskets?'

'Look here Mr. John Bull,' said Jonathan, 'if that's your game you've worked up the wrong passenger. My bean-pole-vines and bean-poles would be to thrash the impudence and starch out of your bull-headed beef eaters, but in a pinch we can muster yet a few of the same old muskets and Long-Toms with which that pumpkin-eating Yankee, McDonough once made your turkey-cuck, Downie, pull down the British flag, on this frog pond of ours, and blubber for quarter. You've heard tell of that bit of a spree, hasn't ye?'

This home thrust evidently disturbed the officer, and by this time the passengers had gathered about them. But rallying he said—

'That was rather an unfortunate affair for us. But what do you think would be the result of a war now?'

'What do I think?' replied Jonathan, 'why I think we'd lick you like a d—n.'

'You think so?'

'Wouldn't we, though? By the time we got through with you, there wouldn't be enough left to make a grease spot. We'd use you up, run you out, excommunicate you, radiate you. I tell you what stranger, if you don't want to wake up and find your cake dough, you had better keep that hon of yours mighty quiet.'

'But you don't imagine you could take Quebec?'

'Take Quebec? Why, we'd walk into that Gibraltar of yours, and put up the eagle on your flag staff, some morning between sunrise and breakfast, just for diversion to sharpen our appetites.'

'Well, you seem very confident of your strength where is your army to do all this?'

'Zimzy May be, stranger, you hain't travelled through these parts much. Zimzy! Why, did you ever hear of Plattsburg, of Saratoga, of Dunker Hill, of New Orleans, of Bennington, Yorktown, and some other such interesting places to you British? Well, the blood of the John Bulls that mounted them places, has raised a mighty tall lot o'

regular Long-Toms—every house in these parts is a barrack, and every man, woman and child is an enlisted soldier; and at the first growl of your hon we'd be down upon you like a chain of thunderbolts. You wouldn't be nothing in our hands. We wouldn't leave you a foot of land from New Brunswick to Oregon. We'd sweep you clean from the face of the earth that the devil never would be able to find more than half of you.'

The crowd that greeted these sallies of the Yankee with shouts of laughter & our officer seeing that he had mistaking his man, began to edge off, but Jonathan followed him pouring in his broadsides. At last the officer said—

'Well, my friend, I do not pretend to be much acquainted with your military resources in the States, and you must excuse me, I must go below; turning at the same time on his heel, and he with his brother officers steering for the stairs.

'Hold on,' said Jonathan, 'don't go off mad. You needn't have told us of your ignorance. The way-faring man though a fool, may read that, but you and I'll give you a few items of information, that may be of advantage to you.'

But John Bull had disappeared and our Yankee resumed his walk and his Yankee Doodle.

CHOICE OF PROFESSIONS.

When a youth leaves school, or completes his college course, his education is not completed—he has only laid the foundation upon which he is afterwards to rear the superstructure of his fame & fortune. He has still to go through another course of education. If he have to depend upon himself to make his way in life he has to choose some trade, occupation or profession. As in this country there are very few who have not to labor in some way; if he do not employ his hand in rough and toilsome labor, he must work with his good right hand.

One of the most important considerations then, which should occupy a young man when he is about to prepare himself for the active duties of life, is the choice of a trade, pursuit, or profession, which is best suited to his genius and capacity; but in nothing are large numbers more completely mistaken. We know something of this from personal experience, had our capacity and inclination been consulted, we would never have placed behind a counter; but circumstances controlled inclination, and thus it may be with others. Many, however who are left free to choose, enter upon the study of law and medicine, or engage in merchandise, who are far better qualified to handle the plough. In the fancied superiority of these over all other pursuits, they entirely overlook those for which they are fitted, and hence comparatively few succeed.

It has often been a matter of surprise to us that so many men who have been brought up in the country, should abandon their own 'vine and fig tree,' for the precarious business of merchandize, or the equally precarious professions of law and medicine. Agriculture, when properly attended to, it it do not lead to splendid fortunes, affords the means of independence, while success, in the other professions of law & medicine are over-crowded. Our medical colleges furnish M. D.'s by thousands every year, and lawyers are manufactured with as little trouble. It is true some make hits, but where one succeeds fifty fail, where one requires distinction fifty drag on a weary life—a life without hope.

In too many cases many enter these professions from a mistaken appreciation of their own talents; many from a foolish pride—from a foolish notion that a practical farmer, or a practical mechanic is less respectable in society, they should recollect that—

'Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.'

'Sam, is you 'quanted wid any legal gen men ob dis place?'

'None, 'cept by reputation—reputation I means.

'Well, der, why an lawyers like fish eat?'

'I doesn't meddle wid dat subject, at all.'

'Why, kare dey an found ob de ball, (bate)'

A CHEAP BREAKFAST.

A Son of Erin at Schenectady heard the breakfast bell ring on board a canal boat, just starting out to Buffalo. The fragrance of the viands induced him to go aboard.

'Sure, captain, dear,' said he, 'an' what'll ye ax a por man for travelling on yer illegant sven ov a boat?'

'Only a cent and a half mile and found replied the captain.

'Zi? is it the vitt's ye mean to fud; sure?'

'Yes. And if you're going along, go down to breakfast.'

Pat didn't want to be told a second time, but having descended into the cabin and made a hearty meal, he came again on deck and requested that the boat might be stopped.

'What do you want to stop for?' inquired the captain.

'How far have we come just? asked Pat.

'Only a little over a mile.'

Pat thereupon handed the captain two cents, and coolly told him that he believed he would not go any farther with him, as July would wait her breakfast out knowing that he had breakfasted out!

The joke was so good that the captain took the two cents, ordered the boat to be stopped helped Pat ashore, and told him that should he ever have occasion to travel that way again he should be most happy to carry him.

THREE FRIENDS.

Trust no friend whom you have not proved. There are more guests at your table than comforters at the door of a prison.

A man has three friends, two of whom he loved very much; but to the third he was indifferent, notwithstanding he was the most worthy and sincere of all. Once he was summoned before a tribunal, at which he was sincerely, but unjustly accused.

Who a nongst you,' said he, 'will go with me and plead in my behalf accused and the King is enraged.' The first of the friends excused himself by saying he had other business to attend to, the second accompanied him to the door of the house of judgment, but from thence he fled for fear of the angry judge; the third and the last one on whom he depended; went with him, and so clearly showed his innocence, that the judge liberated him.

Moral.—Men has three friends in this world—how do they act in the hour of death when God calls him to judgement? Money, his first friend, forsakes him, and goes not with him. The second is his relatives, and friends who accompany him to the door of the grave, and return to their homes. The third, whom he had most forgotten in life, his faith and good works; they alone accompany him to the Throne of the Judge; they go before, and speak for him, and find mercy and pardon.

The following excellent hint, we cut from the Richmond Star, every word of which we heartily endorse:

'Folks who don't like the way papers are edited, should ask leave to put in a specimen of the right sort. Any Editor will give such precious a chance at any time.'

Every man who thinks it easy to edit a paper exactly right, and to universal acceptance, out to try it. May be he would be better entitled to a reward than the discoverer of perpetual motion.'

'Embellished with Steel Engravings and Wood cuts,' as the soldier said, who after having run one of the enemy through him, his bayonet, struck him several times over the head with the butt of his gun.

BOWELL AND JOHNSON ON SCIENCE.—A conversation between Bowwell and Johnson on this subject:

'Suppose sir,' said Bowwell, 'that the man is absolutely sure that he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in fraud, the consequences of which will be utter disgrace and exclusion from society?'

'Then, sir, said Johnson, 'let him go to some place where he is not known. Let him go to the devil where he is hid.'