

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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LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

THE GARLAND



—With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens call'd with care.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier
PASSION THOUGHTS.

EXTRACTED FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM

One silent gaze! too well I know
When passion's fatal dream is broken;
The farewell throbs of voiceless woe,
Must leave the parting word unspoken!
Such sorrow lives not on the tongue—
All others shap'd it may assume—
The trembling hand in anguish wrong,—
The averted look; that coarsens the gloom,
The fearful glance that rends the heart—
The notelessness of all around,—
The one undying thought, we part!
The thousand memories which swell
The breast to full for utterance—
Despair, which breathes a silent knell,
Holy and still, o'er sorrow's trace—
The mutual gaze—the mad embrace—
The burning lips, which cling together!
Phrenzy, which vests us not in efface,
Felt in that moment when we sever!
These the sad tokens that may tell
The unuttered anguish—the mute grief
The silent howling to that spell,
Which works the we that scorns relief.
But, oh! the lip may never speak,
Though fraught with Passion's eloquence,
The mad'ning thoughts which thus can
break
Their own expression, deep, intense.
What though the darkest hour of fate
Hath flash'd imagined gladness,
And 'gentler spirits' await
To cheer the time's accustomed sadness!
The lightning halloos while it sears
The monarch tree it lays so lowly—
And so the riven bosom bears
A lingering trace of something holy!
And yet I need not bid the banish
The thoughts which yet may faintly
gleam,
Such transient things will quickly vanish,
Like the dawn changes of a dream!
My memory, not long 'till cherish,
'Tis but a half-remembered thought,
Brief as the things that earliest perish!
Fleeting as the ripple which hath caught
One smile from the unconscious moon,
Glittering a moment in her beam,
Then turning in its pristine gloom,
THE HEART.
The human heart—that restless thing!
The temper and the triad;
The joys, yet the suffering—
The source of pain and pride;
The veins through—the desolate,
The seat of love, the liar of hate—
Self-strong and self defined!
Yet do we bless thee as thou art,
Thou restless thing, the human heart.
'Bill, Bill,' said an urchin 'daddy's fairly
dead.'
'Is he?' well I'm d'arned sorry, but he'll
never lick us again for lathering the old
cat and shaving her with his razor'

MISCELLANEOUS

THE TRUE FRIENDS.

From the Boston Odd Fellows
BY J. L. BECKETT.

'Ned, will you join our Lodge?' asked Frank Grayson of Edward Chandler, one evening as they were returning together from their labor.—'Say Yes, and let me propose you to night.'
'I am anxious to, Frank,' was the reply, 'but my wife is very much opposed to my becoming an Odd Fellow, as you already know.'
'Well, she need not know it,' said Frank, 'and as you are yours if I am well satisfied of the principles of the Order, and the advantages to be derived from becoming a member, let her remain in ignorance until accident reveals it to her that you have been initiated.'
'I have never yet deceived her,' said Chandler.
'Nor need you now, answered Grayson, 'who you may do that she would wish you not to do. But the fact is, you are my friend, and I am an Odd Fellow, you think well that which you do not know,—I think well of the Order, because I do know its principles, the prejudices of your wife do not arise from any ill will towards the Order, or its members, but from the reports of gossip, who are its enemies because they cannot be told every thing appertaining to it; for this reason I advise you to say nothing to her about it.'
Chandler hesitated a few moments, then gave his assent that his friend might propose him to the Lodge. The proposal was made—accepted—at its next meeting Edward Chandler became a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. He attended the meetings of the Lodge regularly, for he was deeply interested in its proceedings, yet without ever exciting the suspicions of his wife.
It was a dark and stormy afternoon during the last winter, that Edward Chandler returned from his work at an earlier hour than usual, and complained of slight indisposition, had retired to his chamber. His wife sat rocking the cradle, in which was sleeping her youngest child, an infant ten months old, while the eldest was quietly reposing on a little cot beside her. She thought often of her husband, and as she was about preparing to go upstairs a slight groan reached her ear. Rising from her seat she immediately proceeded to her chamber, and found her husband in a restless and feverish state. She was alone, save him and the children, and the night was dark and stormy, she hastily prepared and applied a simple remedy, and thrown on her shawl and bonnet, hastened to the house of a neighbor whom she entreated to go for a physician. An hour elapsed before the physician arrived; he tarried but a short time, and departed, giving Mrs. Chandler directions how to administer the medicines he had left. She passed an anxious and sleepless night, her husband continued to grow worse, and she left him only when his wife required her situation.
Morning came, yet her first glance from the window but added to her anxiety. The storm had increased during the night, & her doors were completely blocked up with snow. What could she do? She could only wait the arrival of the physician, and she knew not what hour he would come. She looked again, and almost uttered a scream of joy as she saw two men approaching the house, one of whom had on his shoulder a shawl, with which he was so busily engaged in removing the snow from the door. Mrs. Chandler could not recognize either of them; yet she was ready to admit them as soon as they had opened their passage to the house.
'How is your husband this morning?' they eagerly inquired; 'we learned late last evening that he was sick, and called to render you any assistance you may need.'
The overjoyed wife hardly knew what answer to make, as both the gentlemen were strangers to her. 'Thinking them for their kindness, she simply answered, 'he seems worse than last evening,' and in-

AN UNEASY PREDICAMENT.

From the New Orleans Picayune.
We were the witness of ludicrous incident which occurred in this city a few days since, for relating which we crave the indulgence of the gentleman directly concerned—deeming it too good a joke to be lost.
While sitting at our desk and laboring assiduously with pen, scissors and paste, to make out a readable paper for our patrons, we were suddenly frightened from our propriety by the hasty entrance of a gentleman, exclaiming, 'For God's sake, help me to see what's the matter! I've got some dreadful thing—scorpion or tarantula—in the leg of my pantaloons! Quick—quick—help me!'
We instantly rose from our chair, half-frightened ourselves. Our friend had broken in so suddenly and unexpectedly upon us and was so wonderfully agitated, that we knew not whether he was ordered in his senses or not. We looked at him with a sort of suspicious mixed with dread, and hardly knew whether to speak with, or seize and confine him for a madman. The latter we came near attempting. There he stood quivering and pale, with one hand tightly grasped upon a part of his pantaloons just in the hollow of the knee.
'What's the matter?' at last asked we.
'The matter!' he exclaimed, 'oh, help me! I've got something here, which I can't get up my leg! Some infernal scorpion or lizard, I expect! Oh, I can't get it! I must hold it! Ah, there! he shook himself, 'I felt it move just then! Oh, this is another pair open at the bottom as long as I live. A! I feel it go!'
'Feel what?' we inquired, standing a couple of feet from him.
The gentleman, for we had just been reading our Corpus Christi correspondent's letter about snakes, lizards and tarantulas, had begun to imagine some deadly insect or reptile in the leg of our friend's pantaloons, as they are sometimes called.
'I don't know what it is,' answered the gentleman, 'help me to get it out.'
I was just passing that pile of rubbish there, in front of your office, and I felt it dart up my leg as quick as lightning, and it stopped just there, where I have my hand; and he clenched his fist with more vigour. If it had been the neck of an ananas we believe he would have squeezed it to a jelly.
By this time two or three of the newsboys had come into the streets, and looking boys, hearing the outcry, stopped working, and eddies and whirled round the sufferer with looks of mingled sympathy and alarm.
'Bring a chair, Fritz,' said we, 'and let the gentleman be seated.'
'Oh, I can't sit!' said the gentleman; 'I can't bend my knee!—I do, it will bite or sting me; no I can't sit!'
'Certainly you can sit,' said we, 'keep your leg straight out, and we'll see what it is you've got.'
'Well, let me give it one more hard squeeze. I'll crush it to death,' said he, and again he put the force of an iron vice upon the thing.—If it had, had any life by this time, that last hard squeeze would have killed it. He then cautiously seized himself, holding out his leg as stiff and straight as a poker. A sharp knell was pronounced, the press was out open, and a hole large enough to admit a man's head, the gentleman put on a black glove and slowly inserted his hand, and discovered nothing. We were all looking on in almost breathless silence, to see the momentous thing—whatever it might be; each ready to scamper on if his man's way should be alive; when suddenly the gentleman became, if possible more agitated than ever.
'By heaven!' he exclaimed, 'it's inside my drawers! It's alive too—I feel it! Quick!—give me the knife, quick!'
Another diversion was made. In one moment the gentleman's gloved hand was gone, and out came—his wife's stocking!
How the stocking ever got the way was unable to say, but there it certainly was, and such a laugh as followed, we don't need for many a day. Our friend we know, has told the joke to his wife, and must pardon us for doing so. That this is a libel upon a stocking, we assure our readers it is no yarn.
DANDIES.
All the dandies are cutting off their mustaches! In New York every the Mirror.

NO TIME TO READ.

The United States Journal thus discourse to those who say they have no time to read:—How often do we hear men excuse themselves from subscribing to a paper or periodical, by saying they have 'no time to read.' When we hear a man thus excuse himself, we conclude he has never found time to confer any substantial advantage, either upon his family, his country, or himself in any truly humiliating; and we can form no other opinion, than that such a man is of little importance to society. Such men generally have time to attend public barbecues, meetings, sales, and other meetings, but they have 'no time to read.'
They frequently spend whole days in gossiping, tupplog, and swapping horses, but they have 'no time to read.' They sometimes lose a day in asking advice of their neighbors—sometimes a day in picking up news, the prices current and the exchanges—but these men never have 'any time to read.' They have time to hunt to fish, to fiddle, to do nothing, 'no time to read; such men generally have uneducated children, unimproved farms, and unhappy families. They have no energy, no spirit of improvement, no love of knowledge; they are 'unknowing and unknown,' and often die unwept and unregretted.
SMOKING.
Doctor McCawley, of St. Louis, while lecturing before the Massachusetts Institute at that place, recently told the following amusing anecdote of smoking.
'A young gentleman very much devoted to smoking, whose parents objected to the union, merely because he indulged, as they thought, too freely in the use of tobacco. The young lady, however, prepossessed in his favor, prevailed upon him to abandon the habit, that the union might take place. The sympathy of the mother to smoking continued unabated, and she was full of grief as to the fact of his reforming on that score, and to see her daughter account to her for the practice of smoking, she invited him to spend a few days at her house, with the family.
'No symptoms of smoking appeared on any one evening when the mamma, before retiring to rest, glanced into the small compartment like the furnace of tobacco in his bedroom. She looked through the keyhole and beheld the gentleman was caught in the act of pulling away, with his feet upon the grate, and thinking no doubt of the lady's happy days with his beloved object. The mother in haste, ran down stairs, called for her daughter, and she had found him smoking, and wished her immediately to come up and see. They ran up stairs; the mother looked again in the keyhole, saying to the daughter, 'did I not tell you he smoked, look in and see.' 'Ah, but mother, said the daughter, 'don't he smoke beautifully!'
'A young who lately hung himself in Galena, to prevent any accident, filled his pockets full of rocks and gave slack enough to the rope to allow a drop of twenty feet. The arrangement was admirable effectual.
EQUIVOCAL PRAISE.
The Boston Post says that it is said that Mr. Poe was only twelve years of age when he wrote the poem he delivered before the Lyceum last week. Those who heard it thought he must have produced it in an earlier period of life.
This is what we call peking it into the snare.
'Papa, one of my school fellows says his brother wears mustaches, what are they?' 'Mustaches my son are bunches of hair worn on the lip by dandies, as a substitute for brains.' 'Well, papa, do those who wear mustaches, what are called hair-brained people?' An inquiring boy.
AN EXCUSE.
An old Irish earl who in the dimmed times, burnt down the magnificent cathedral of Kildare, being some years afterwards called for the act, excused himself by saying, 'I would never have done it, but that I thought the archbishop was inside.'

SHORT OF LINEN.

We have frequently been amused with Paddy Bowler's pertinacity in adhering to his dicky, in the part of Paddy Murphy. Lucey fellow—to be in the army and have even so much of a shirt.—There was a time when some of our gallant officers were not so well off.
In 1845, a Captain F. of the Artillery a brave and noble fellow, lodged at Providence en route to Boston to attend a court martial. The other bed in his room was occupied, and Captain F. blew out the light and turned in. In the morning the first bell rang for breakfast; F. opened half an eye to see if his co lodger was stirring, but he was fast as a drum. F. remained quiet till the coon bell announced breakfast ready. Being sharp set he took another look at his bed, and he thought he saw its occupant at him, but there were no signs of his moving. F. turned over, pretending to sleep, till it approached dinner time, when, being unable to stand any longer, he hopped out of bed with a dicky only on, and said,
'By the eternal, sir, I am Capt. F. of the — artillery! Who are your's?'
It leaped the other lodger, as asked as the day he was born, with
'And by G—, I am L. lieutenant — of the same regiment!
I frequently told this as a capital and joke, and as evidence of the poor psy of officers during the war.
A LOVE LETTER.
The following sweet morsel, which we report to have been picked up in the Park. We insert it as a model worthy the imitation of the court seek swain, whose situation may be such as to compel him to conduct his courtship writing:
'DEAR SWEET—Oh, my love of loves clarified honey and oil of citrons, without sugar of my hopes, and molasses of my expectations, you have been absent from me three whole days! The sun is dark at midday—the moon and stars are black when thou art absent. Thy eyes is the music of the spheres; and the wind of thy gown, when you pass by, is a zephyr from the garden of paradise in the time of early flowers. I kissed you when we last met, and my whole frame was filled with sweetness. One of your curls touched me in the nose, and that organ was transquanted into loaf sugar. Oh, species of spices, garden of delights, send a lock of your hair—send me anything that your finger hath touched, and I will go raving mad with ecstasy. One look from thy bright eye would transport me incontinent into the hid heaven. Your lips are red roses gathered from Eden by the hand of Gabriel. Your words are molten pearl dropping from your mouth. My heart flazes at the thought of thee. My brain and everlasting fire. The blood horse and steady my veins and veins as it passes through them. Oh come, most delightful of delights, and breathe upon me with zephyr breath. When you do come, be sure and bring thy two shillings you borrowed of me, as I want to buy some tobacco.
A LAWYER DOWN EAST advertiser for a boy who can write legible hand and read illegible writing! He wants to use him in his office.
'I guess you are coming out,' said the caterpillar to his friend, when he escaped from the cocoon in the shape of a butterfly.
An editor at the dinner table being asked he would take some pudding replied, 'Owing to a crowd of other matter I am unable to make room for it.'
'Gentlemen of the jury' said a western lawyer, 'would you set a trap to catch a bear? Would you make a fool of your selves by endeavoring to spear a buffalo with a knitting needle? Or would you attempt to empty out the Mississippi with a corn? No gentlemen, I know you would not then how can you be guilty of the absurdity of finding my client guilty of murder for taking the life of a woman?'