

Columbia Democrat.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson

II. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE GARLAND.



—With sweet flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care.

From the Boston Post.

THE LOVERS.

There was a candle maker man,
And he was very old;
For it was thirty years or more
Since he began to mould.

His business on his face was wrote,
As plain as though on paper;
His long nose running to a point,
You sure would call a taper.

And flame-like glowed his sooty tip,
For drinking hard and stuffing
Had made it red, and, candle-like,
It brighter grew by snuffing.

A daughter fair he had, but he
Was want to beat and starve her,
Said she, 'I'm sorry he's my pa,
But wish that he was father.'

And Cupid in her tender heart
An arrow dared to throw;
As that alone would be no use,
He gave her, too, a blow.

But when her lover claimed her hand
'The father did dispute;
Said he, 'Your ashes I would take,
But I reject your suit.'

So when the shade of night were
spread,
He round the house would hover
And though he was no warrior yet,
He was a mighty lover.

'My father's,' cried the maid,
'O! lover, who belied you—
For he will come I'm afraid—
But come with me, I'll hide you.'

So in the boiler he was crammed,
His legs all cramped and bent;
Cried he, 'I have the pepperpot,
Though he has got the scent.'

And there he passed the sleepless
hours
Of that eventful night;
The time it passed so heavily,
He wished that it was light.

At early dawn, to light his fire
The cross old fellow came;
Alas! for lover's constancy—
He felt another flame.

Oh! maiden, maiden, could you now
Your lover's plight but see,
Your pa, for lover's sake, you'd have
For punished he will be.

Oh! now within that boiler hot,
His every limb seemed aching;
His situation, you will say,
Indeed must have been trying.

Now from his seat he starts, and scarce
The old man not a little;
Remember first yourself, old man,
Be cover then your kettle!

And speed through the garden walks
The water gate he went
Sure! after such a melting down,
No wonder he should run.

MISSISSIPPIANOUS.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

It was a bleak day in the month of November.—The north wind howled mournfully through the leafless trees—the broken clouds flitted rapidly across the face of the Heavens—and the whole of nature, assumed an aspect, cheerless and uncomfortable—well calculated to remind the moralist of the closing scenes in the great drama of life—as a traveller, with weary steps, wended his solitary way through one of those beautiful hamlets which abounded in New England—and which constitute the noble ornaments, emblems of freedom, peace, and happiness, of which she is justly proud.

To judge from his costume, this traveller belonged to the humblest ranks of life—or had been singled out as a victim by misfortune. His coarse straw hat, patched doublet, and his canvas trousers, soiled by tar in many places—while they proclaimed his occupation and his poverty seemed but poorly calculated to protect him from the inclemency of the weather. His form was cast in a noble mould denoting great activity and strength. His manly features, bronzed by exposure to the tropical sun, and partly concealed from view by his luxuriant locks of coal black hue, showed that he was still in the dawn of manhood. And his eyes seemed lighted up with an intelligent spirit by a gleam of expectation and a hope which showed that his humble fortunes did not accord with his noble nature—and that however severely fate had dealt with him, his energies were still unbroken—and that he augured the chill northern blast, and the fatigues which it was evident he had recently undergone, he was resolved to push onward until the object which he had in view was accomplished.

'It is now three years,' said he to himself, 'as he plodded along the way, "since I very foolishly left my happy home urged by a pique, and love of adventure, to brave the hardships and perils of the ocean. Since then my life has been a constant series of misfortunes. I have met with storms on every tack. But thank Providence, although my canvas is sadly reduced and pretty well worn out, and my pockets destitute of ballast, my hull is unimpaired and my spirits are unbroken and buoyant as ever. I hope my parents are still living, and prosperous and happy—I was a fool to leave them.—And my brothers and sisters—how happy we were together—& cousin Mary, that bright little fairy, whom I loved with a love surpassing that of "eou-shin.—In whose company I have passed so many rapturous hours! Oh, I was a fool to leave such blissful scenes. And I believe after all, that the little fairy loved me! I know she did—she almost told me so. But it is too late now to retraced my steps—I can only retrace my folly. I dare say the bright and joyous young thing has forgotten Ned Willis and was married to some worthless fellow than I am, long since. For her rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, and sweet disposition, to say nothing of the property she was to inherit when she came to age, attracted many admirers—and made sad havoc among the hearts of the village. Well, if she is married there is no more to be said—I have no right to complain. But I hope she has chosen a good husband. I will see her once more—wish her a long life and happy one—and a way to sea again. But if she is not married—' He did not finish the sentence, but a change came over the countenance of the ill-dressed and weather-beaten mariner, as if he were indulging in a vision of reprobation, and he involuntarily quickened his pace.

As Edward Willis journeyed on towards his home he was surprised to find that although it was in the middle of the week, there were no signs of labor among the inhabitants. All was quiet even the oxen were browsing contentedly in the pastures, the schoolhouses were closed, and the meeting houses were open—the people whom he met were nearly arrayed in their Sunday clothes, and their countenances were flushed with smiles of gladness and joy. On enquiry, he learned that it was

THANKSGIVING DAY. He halted the information as a good omen.

On the day when this poor forlorn looking traveller, after years of wandering was pursuing his way towards his native village, the fire burned brightly on the hearthstone of his parents. Deacon Willis was a New England Farmer—a man who, by cherishing the virtues of industry and frugality, had become possessed of a handsome property—and who enjoying a competence in a free country, protected by a wise government surrounded by kind, intelligent neighbors and in the midst of a virtuous family, envied neither nabobs their riches, nor monarchs their power. Thanksgiving was religiously observed by him, as it had been by his father before him—and the gratitude which he expressed to his Creator for the mercies he had received, was not a mere formula of unmeaning words, but came directly from the heart.

On this day his children were all collected around him—and all anticipated a joyous Thanksgiving.—Several of his distant relations who were not so well provided with the good things of this life as the worthy Deacon, also accepted an invitation to be present. Among those who were sheltered by his hospitable roof on this occasion the greatest favorite was Mary Wadsworth, a blue eyed damsel, whose lovely and expressive face told more about sweetness and purity than I could describe in a folio volume. She was an only daughter of the cousin of the worthy Deacon, and at an early age was deprived of her parents by death. But Deacon Willis had been to her a parent—his home had been her home—his wife had treated her with a mother's kindness—and his children regarded her as a sister and a dear friend.

Mrs. Willis' situation as mistress of the family, was no sinecure on that day. Her duties were various and important—for it was the New England Holiday—and all her skill as a housewife—all her excellence as a manager, was put to the test on Thanksgiving day. After her family returned from meeting, for they were of the old fashioned sort, who would almost as soon be deprived of their Thanksgiving dinner, as to be deprived of the Thanksgiving sermon, the table was set in the large front parlor, which was wont to be done only on extraordinary occasions, and serious preparations for the festival commenced. A good fire made of walnut and yellow oak, burned cheerfully in the large open fireplace, and the females belonging to the house were put in requisition to bear the abundance of good things from the kitchen in their respective places, made the tables glisten again.

At the end of the table was placed a portly turkey, the choicest of a large and pampered family—at the other extremity was deposited a ham of a size and flavor to make a Westphalian's eyes sparkle with joy. On the centre was stationed, plucked, roasted and ready for the carving knife, one of those celebrated animals, which willon have from the ravages of the Gauls, the caput of Rome and which in vulgar parlance, are yelety gese—while here and there scattered around the table, in apparent disorder—but with deliberate care and precision, were piled fowls, roasted fowls, puddings, neckmarks, and plates of vegetables of more varieties and excellence than I could willingly undertake to enumerate—while on the kitchen table, arranged apparently as a *exempt de reserve*, might be seen a stately plum pudding, supported by several enormous Thanksgiving pumpkins, with mince pies, apple pies, squash pies & custard pies, with fruits of various kinds, not forgetting nuts and apples, hanging in the rear. As a beverage, on this happy occasion, a cup was filled with sparkling water brought from a clear and sparkling spring, which had led on a few rods from the house, by Farmer Willis, and which had water was the best drink ever on festive occasions—and this libation and just should be pronounced, not by some drunkard of any kind, but by some man of sense, by a free water-lange of thought and ideas, by a generous feelings, and unimpaired in a public house.

accustomed hour of dinner, before the assembled company were invited into the parlor to partake of the good cheer which had been so bountifully provided. And as the happy company stood around the table, waiting for their host to ask the Divine blessing upon the meal that was placed before them, a shade flitted across the good man's brow—for his eldest son, a noble boy absent among the joyful faces which surrounded him, Edward's was not seen. He had left his home, to embrace a sea-faring life—and the wanderer had not returned.—There was good reason to believe that he was no longer in the land of the living—and although they still strive to cherish hopes in each others bosom, many and bitter were the tears of affection, which had embalm'd his memory.

'My poor, dear boy!' exclaimed Mrs. Willis—'Ah, I much fear we shall never see his smiling face again.'

Mary Wadsworth said nothing—but a tear started into her eye—and any casual observer would have seen at once that Edward Willis was dearer to her than a cousin or a friend—and that she cherished his memory in the very depths of her heart.

Just then old Bose, the house dog, was heard to make some angry remonstrance to a passing traveller, which attracted attention inasmuch as it was by no means an ordinary occurrence, for Bose was a well-nurtured brute, and seldom assented a well-dressed personage in a rude and angry manner, but entertained prejudices against the victims of misfortune or intemperance, who wore the garb of poverty, which he cherished by noble animosity, who boast the attributes of reason. In truth, Bose, although a faithful dog, was a real aristocrat in his principles. The traveller, from his appearance, moved in the humblest rank of life, and Bose evidently intended to give him a reception corresponding with his shabby appearance, and was advancing toward him in a surly manner, and with a truculent look, when Deacon Willis, who well knew the peculiarities of his dog, told his son James to go out and protect the stranger from violence.—'He seems to be a sailor boy,' said he, 'and on a day like this, we should not refuse the rites of hospitality to the humblest being that passes along the road. On Thanksgiving day, no individual rich or poor sailor or landman, should want for a plentiful meal. Ask him to dine, and I will contribute my noble hearted farmer, and let the poor way-farer take a seat at our board.'

The stranger entered the parlor, on whom was made for him at the table. But his appearance and manner were strange and he seemed as if he was ill disposed to requite his host for the hospitality he enjoyed. He did not even raise his dishevelled hair from his head, and to the kind attentions which were made of him, he severely dignified any reply; out as if overcome by fatigue, or agitated by contending emotions, he threw himself into the nearest chair and covered his brow with his hands.

The wondering group witnessed his conduct in silence. 'Come now my good man, a length explained, Mrs. Willis, in a kindly motherly tone, if I dare say you are tired and hungry—take a seat at the table and make yourself at home. We like sailors—and could gladly do you a good turn for one, but is absent. Don't cry Mary—you should learn to restrain our feelings.'

Just then old Bose who when the sailor came in sight was disposed to regard him as an enemy, appeared to have overcome his combative propensities and much to the surprise of the children, seemed suddenly to have converted the most lively animal on to the poor stranger. He wagged his tail with unwearied energy, and his eyes sparkled with joy. In the best expressive manner and continued to murmur by rubbing his lip and attempting to lick his face.

The stranger finally attempted to repel the all-courteous animal, but gently, patting his head, addressed him with the endearing epithet of 'Poor Bose'—sitting upon the floor, and then raised his hand from his forehead, removed his hat, and finished by

the long and matted locks which partly concealed his features. His voice seemed to have touched a cord in the bosom of the persons present, which had long ceased to vibrate. The eyes of Deacon Willis and his wife were turned upon him in eager expectation.—Mary Wadsworth started—in a moment her cheek gave place to the pity—and her deep seated and pure love proved more quick sighted than even parental affection. She gazed on him with a look in which joy and surprise were blended, and met his glance, which beamed with tenderness and rapture, expressing the fruition of earthly enjoyment. Her maidenly reserve was conquered by her surprise and joy in beholding before her a dear one whom she had long mourned as forever lost. 'It is my cousin Edward!' said she, and she threw herself into his arms.

The scene that followed may be imagined, but cannot be described, nor shall I attempt it. There was no longer any allusion in the enjoyment of that happy family—and Deacon Willis, albeit always noted for his piety, never offered up a Thanksgiving prayer with greater fervency and sincerity than on that occasion. After dinner was over, Edward had a long tale to tell, to which his auditors listened with breathless attention, of the perils and sufferings he had experienced during the previous three years. The vessel on which he had sailed for South America, had been suspended for a contraband trade, and the crew were all condemned to the mines for life. Edward with two of his companions at the eminent peril of his life, succeeded in effecting his escape, and had worked his passage home in a vessel bound for Providence. Misfortune still pursued him; the vessel was wrecked on Black Island during a heavy gale—and he after a desperate struggle with the waves succeeded in gaining the shore. He lost no time in proceeding to Providence in a fishing craft, when he found his hand tracks on board—and wearing, hungry, destitute of money and clothes, a poor shipwrecked sailor, Edward Willis a night reached home.

'And you are welcome home my boy,' exclaimed his father—and I hope you will never leave us.'

Edward looked at Mary, who blushed like a rose.

'I see how the wind sets,' said the worthy Deacon—'Come hither, Mary Wadsworth, with trembling steps, approached her guardian.

'Mary,' said the Deacon, 'we must look to you for security that Edward will never stray from us.'

He put her trembling hand into that of his son.

Edward has never been to sea since. He is now a happy and prosperous farmer, and blessed with an affectionate wife and three lovely children. He every year welcomes the approach of November, and reads in the Mercantile Journal, with keen gratification, the Governor's Proclamation for a Thanksgiving Day.

There is some truth and good sense in the following article, which we lately secured from an 'old piper.'

THE WET DRY COGNITIONS OF A CLOWN.

When I ride by a farm house, and see the shingles flying from the roof, the windows stopped with rags, and the cattle poor and starved, I think I to myself, there lives a broken hearted and emaciated wife, a long of unloved children, and a round and bloated disciple of 'Sir Richard Rump.

When I hear a Physician constantly bragging of his practice, and signifying his neighbor practitioners as 'Quacks,' I think I to myself, I see to me that man is a quack himself; who is a crowd hallooing their thief the land-st, is the thief himself.

When I see a surveyor always running lines to suit his employers, I think I to myself, that man loves money more than justice. And I think of the old man's saying, that the world make one of his sons lawyers and the teeth a surveyor.'

When I see a magistrate always favoring the rich, and using severity against the poor—leaving from the sacred functions of his office to become a party and instrument in every little disgraceful transaction of his neighborhood, I think I to myself, I know not how far that man may be a magistrate, but I am sure he is no justice.

When I see a man increasing his debts by buying a fine gig and furniture, and mortgaging his farm to build fine houses—assuming the appearance of grandeur without the means to support it, I think I to myself, the sun shines now—but clouds are hard by.

When I see a mechanic throwing away the tools of an useful profession by which he acquired a comfortable subsistence, in order to turn merchant and trade in a co'ny, I think I to myself, alas! he had man! thou seest the ignis fatuus but its pursuit will engulf thee in the swamps and mire of difficulties and distress.

CONDITION OF JERUSALEM.

The displeasure of the almighty is evidently resting on Jerusalem, in accordance with ancient prophecy, and the marks of displeasure are manifest in its present condition. The Rev. Dr. H. W. who visited it a few months since, describes it as follows:

'The country immediately around Jerusalem especially to the west and north, is the most dreary, barren waste that I ever beheld. It seems over laid with immense masses of rocks and stones with scarcely soil enough to a low any thing to take root and grow. The city itself, once beyond a doubt the most magnificent and splendid on earth, now presents only a melancholy contrast to its former greatness and glory. You cannot walk about Simon and go round about her, as of old, and tell the towers thereof, mark her bulwarks, and consider her places. The city sits solitary and under his curse. All who have been in Jerusalem must have felt this. The inhabitants are few, and with the exception of the folow; forsaken of God and evidently lying Turks—if indeed they are an exception—poor, oppressed, and extremely miserable—No suburbs, no surrounding busy population, none of the stir and activity of enterprising life is to be witnessed; but only one rude scene of wretchedly waste, in the midst of which the ancient glory of Judah bows her withered head in desolation. A few goats and sheep, stragling about the rocks which overhang the shattered remains of the village of Siloam, the wretched shepherds, plying their listless occupation—which here and there a fierce armed Bedouin, from the surrounding deserts and mountain fastness, and now and then a cowed monk or wandering pilgrim steal in upon the deserts, and except it be the sound of the muezzin from the minarets, proclaiming the hour for prayer to the followers of the false prophet, you may sit on the hill slopes of either side, for an hour together, and not hear the vibration of a human voice from that spot, which an echo to the strains of sacred song reveal triumph, and national glory, and the busy hum tumult of 2,000,000 people.'

R. Mather says in a will your own wants are supplied.