

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.

Volume IX.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1846.

Number 49.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.
TERMS:
The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discount unless permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.
ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.
LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE MARRIAGEABLE MAN, BY HOMER.

"I'll get my cap for him."
What an available personage is the marriageable man. He lives in an atmosphere of smiles. He walks in the sunshine of love; and flowers grateful to the eye, and fragrant to the smell spring up along his path. A thousand radiant eyes, with much of wishfulness in their gaze, are turned upon him. Wherever he may go among the other sex, he is certain of a warm welcome. His society is equally courted by the matron and the maid. The mother courts for her daughter, whom she is desirous of seeing well settled in the world. The daughter fixes her countenance into a most amiable expression, imparts to her blushing cheek a stolen hue, gives prominence to features, never intended by Dame Nature to stand out in bold relief; borrows from some inhabitants of another sphere, a voice that cannot fail by its angelic sweetness, to captivate the marriageable man; and thus furnished and equipped for the onset, she makes a demonstration upon him. Thus enjoying the attention of both the lady and the daughter, how can he fail to be the happiest of men? And if the good graces of the mother and daughter are lavished upon him, he is sure also of that of the father and the sons. Indeed, all are his friends. From the old grandmothers, who speak her pipe in one corner, to her contemporary the baby, who washes her face in the other. Why need he be a very modest man, nor to feel himself more at home in the house of the marriageable man than the master of the concert himself. Every look he gives is met with a smile! Every word he utters is a pearl! Every joke he cracks is a sparkle of wit! Every opinion he utters is on all hands conceded to be worthy of a Solomon!
Is he a poet! every young lady in the circle of his acquaintance, sends her Athens to have him write a piece for her own praise. "Oh! he writes so sweetly!" say they.
"Play a tune for Mr. Meredith, Olivia," says the mother.
Olivia assumes an abashed look, glances at Mr. M. and says, "ma, I can't play before so good a judge of music."
"Yes do play, Miss Olivia, and your sisters, Miss Emma and Felina, will sing an accompaniment."
"Oh! please excuse me, Mr. Meredith, I never sing," said Emma.
"And me, too I have a cold a-hem! a-hem!" coughed Felina.
"Come, girls, none of your excuses," says the mother, rising from her seat, and standing very affectionately near Mr. Meredith, "you can all sing and play, and as Mr. M. has asked you, he must not be denied."
"Well, Olivia, commence playing," say the other two, "we'll try our best."
Mr. M. smiled to himself at the flattering thought, that the young ladies were delighted at the opportunity of playing for him, and folding his arms, ensconcing himself up in his chair, throwing back his head, and closing his eyes, as if the mere anticipation of the sweet strains was exercising a magnetic influence over him, he listens.
The young ladies select with nice discrimination, and with touching sweetness: Thou, Thou, reign'st in this bosom. There, There, hast thou thy throne, &c. And though the music lies before them on the piano, it is strange to see their glances wandering from it, to the face of Mr. Meredith; they are reading there, lines and notes, and bars of far deeper import, and in the expression of his countenance they read approval, if they see a smile playing around his manly lips, they all regard it, as a sign of personal conquest! & then the trembling keys of the sweet-toned instrument vibrate more powerful, and more meltingly; and the voice tones swell out more richly, and fade away with false sweetness, right into the heart of the enchanted marriageable man, add with a potency irresistible, the question,
"Am I not fondly thine own?" comes home to his affections, and he feels like claiming all the dear creatures as his own; but then, it occurs to him that he can have but one, and his mind is immediately filled with sorrow in contemplating the disappointment that must necessarily ensue to those he cannot take, for he knows they all have equal hopes of him. The music ended, he expresses in enthusiastic terms his admiration of the young ladies' application for the many defects in the execution of the piece, the mother smiles, and they all look with so much amenability upon the marriageable man, that he almost imagines himself the very essence of perfection.
He walks Mr. Henpeck, a worthy neighbor, blessed with a partner full his equal, and a host of little responsibilities; mark the difference of the reception he meets with. No smiles encounter his gaze, the young ladies never take their eyes off the marriageable man to greet him. A cold, formal "how do you do, Mr. Henpeck," is all that is said to the man of family, whilst the men in the market continue to bask in a shower of smiles. The marriageable man takes leave of the ladies. They retire to their chamber, and if the bed curtains could be endowed with the power of those who wield the gray goose quill, they might tale unfold, of warm dispute, as to the strongest claim of each respective lady, for empire over the heart of the marriageable man. We know not that the loss of such hair would be reported, but the spilling of many words, the absence of certain tender intonations of voice intended for the edification of the marriageable man, the laying aside of particular expressive emotions, only exhibited for his benefit, and the discarding of some extra appendages, worn for the eye of Mr. Meredith, would certainly be disclosed.
"Oh! the marriageable man, how available he is! What a creature he is! What an influence he exerts. How exquisite in the estimation of the other sex, is his taste, how nice his perception, how gentle his deportment. What lady could help loving him! Is he a preacher! what crowds of the other sex, perceive his power of oratory and flock to hear his ministrations! Is he a lawyer! he advises his client with so much grace, and sympathy and elegance! Is he a merchant! he selects his goods with such exquisite taste and is so very polite. He hears with patience any amount of jawing without a murmur.—He pulls down half the goods in his store, and after assuring me at every article, that it is the finest and handsomest and cheapest in the city, if I only buy a five-penny bit pool of cottons a row of pins, he smiles complacently; and seems to be fully rewarded for the revolution of silks and calicoes which has taken place; and if I speak of the tumbler I have caused his goods, with such a winning smile. "Oh it is, no trouble at all Miss, it's in my line of business."
Oh, the marriageable man are nice things and so are the marriageable women.
But let us look at him, after he is "snapped up." Is he the same paragon of excellence? The same pattern of every noble principle and manly virtue! Is his name the theme of female conversation, around every tea-table? Are the ladies all asking each other, "when did you see Mr. Meredith, how does he look? whose pew did he sit in on last Sunday night?" &c. No, no. He scarce-

ly gets out of his weddinghood, before he is doomed to forgetfulness.—And if the ladies meet him they look at him with an everyday look, and speak to him with a voice their own, and not the borrowed look, and voice, which meet him when a marriageable man! Oh, ye marriageable men, if you wish to lose your influence and be robbed of your popularity among the young ladies—get married. Get married—and the sunny rays, which now from many bright eyes light up your path, will be eclipsed! Get married, and the blooming flowers, which here and there smile upon you, will wither and shrink away from you! Get married; but the joys that matrimony will substitute for the bliss you may lose, we will not declare to you so long as you are a "Marriageable man!"

THE HOTTENTOT.

Description of the Hottentots of Angola, Pequin, &c.
(From the African Guano Trade.)
The Hottentots are a race of small people seldom exceeding 5 feet 3 or 4 inches. They are thin and attenuated, their skin, even in the younger ones, is shrivelled and rough. They have square countenance, high cheek bones, a flat nose deeply sunk within the face, small eyes, not at all prominent, a large wide mouth, with the under lip generally thick. Their teeth are dark often decayed and irregular. Their heads are not at all intellectual. Their feet and hands however, are small and beautifully formed.
When first met on the coast they evidently had been in the habit of occasionally communicating with ships. They invariably possessed a steel, although they had no foreign weapons.
On visiting them on shore they received us with looks of the greatest apathy and indifference, evidently waiting for the first advances to be made, they were in a sitting posture, the weight of the bones resting on the legs above the head. It is somewhat singular that this is the manner and attitude in which a New Zealander invariably receives strangers considering it a mark of respect towards them. On approaching and shaking hands with them, they seemed at ease, quickly asking for water and tobacco. They had no weapons with them, having, as we afterwards discovered, hid them among the rocks, they always have a great number of spears. Their women never appeared, and during all our intercourse with them they were rarely seen. Whether this proceeded from natural timidity or arose from former ill-treatment, it was difficult to determine. It is however believed to have been from the latter cause. They seem to be capable of talking in at once a week's provision. When first met with, two of them were brought to the vessel and it certainly seemed as if it were impossible to satisfy them with food, and the complacency with which they palmed their stomachs extended in a most extraordinary manner, showed how much they seemed to enjoy their food. When first met with they used a way sort of grass but invariably preferred tobacco.
Having one day when two of them were on board observed some others amongst the rocks at a distance inland, and supposing them to be women, who at this time had not been seen, the men were accompanied on shore from which they did not seem inclined to start. On walking about however the recent footprint of a child was discovered, which when pointed out to them, seemed to terrify them considerably. Determined if possible to see their dwellings, the foot prints were followed, the natives also coming, but evidently displeased. About one mile from the beach two huts were seen, with all their weapons and property. The women and children however were gone, which seemed so much to astonish the natives as to disappoint us. One of them ran at once to the place where the fire had been, pushed his hand among the ashes and feeling a heat, seemed at once overwhelmed by passion and disappointment. After many apparent violent expressions and gestures he quietly sat down filled his pipe with a wire looking dried grass from a skin bag suspended from his neck, and smoking a few seconds became quite excited presenting exactly the same appearance as an opium smoker. After the excitement, his eyes at first rolling

about like those of a mad dog, became fixed and he tumbled over on the ground lying for some time as if dead.
Their language is exactly similar to Chinese, being produced by the simultaneous sound of the tongue against the roof of the mouth. They, in constant intercourse with the crews of the vessel during two years, did not make much progress in acquiring English. One other intelligent fellow who went by the English Cognomen of Peas-soup, was most easily understood by words, sign, and expression, but they are certainly as much behind the south sea Islanders in mental as in physical qualifications. The Peas-soup was the musician of the party having an instrument composed of a piece of wood about 3 feet long; a piece of saw string going from one end to the other, having near one end a piece of nicely scraped saw about a quarter of an inch broad. This string being tightened to the proper tension, he applied his lips to the piece of saw and apparently with considerable exertions produced a few notes similar to the low notes of the French horn. When listening to the music on board he seemed much delighted, and one of the sailors commencing to dance a hornpipe he immediately joined and kept most excellent time.
Their clothing consists simply of a skin mantle composed of the skins of various wild animals, it is tied round the neck and hangs loosely over the shoulders. They have invariably a piece of skin about a foot square suspended by a string tied round the loins. They generally had a sort of skullcap of skin on their heads which have only a little woolly hair. At times when prepared for a journey they have a sort of wicker skin boot.
Their weapons are bows and arrows and spears. The bow is made of wood about a foot in length. The arrow is of bamboo feathered at the inner end. At the outer end a piece of sharpened bone fits into the bamboo, one end of the bone being clear, the other poisoned with a black pitchy looking substance. Their javelin generally can be used about thirty arrows. Their spear is about 7 feet long, the handle made of wood, the head invariably of steel, of native workmanship. They possess considerable dexterity in the use of these weapons. When asked where they got them they invariably replied a long way off where there were plenty of people. They carry their supply of water in one or two eggs, having a small hole in one end. They had also a supply of resinous looking substance, with which and grass they occasionally saturated their bodies. They are extremely filthy in their persons never washing their bodies. They seem to trust on the coast entirely to supplies derived from it, young seals, birds and shell fish being the only food they seemed to use. They are no doubt induced to live on the coast from the chance of meeting vessels. However often they were fetched from the vessels, they always appeared the following day in the harbor must have hid the clothes away perhaps for the purpose of carrying with them, they rejoined their tribe. Three of four of them went away to the interior travelling to the southward and returned after an absence of 4 months. They had then with them a few robes, the remains of what they had appeared to have subsisted on their journey, something similar in appearance to the moccasins root.
The Hottentots do not appear to have any religion, at least no observances of any was noticed among them. Their ideas upon that subject could not be ascertained from a want of the requisite knowledge of their language.
They are extremely quiet and respectful in their demeanor, never attempting to touch or take anything not given to them. No instance of dishonesty was known on the part of any of them, when hungry and thirsty they have never made the least attempt to assist themselves; and asked, although they were covered with food before them, for a showing Peas-soup never the stranger Thunderbolt, he seemed highly delighted with every thing particularly the pictures, looking glasses, and various native weapons in Captain Zerk's cabin. On being taken into the engine room, however, the sight seemed completely to astonish him, he gave a long peculiar whistle, going on the machine by squinting without speaking.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

How dark and disconsolate the path of life may seem, there is an hour of deep and undisturbed repose at hand, when the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled, if this resting place, instead of being a bed of down, shall be a bed of gravel, or the rocky bed of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of a man may be, the repose is deep and undisturbed, the sorrowful bosom leaves no more, the tears are dried up their fountain, the aching head is at rest and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation, roll unheeded over the silent tomb! Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosom of the dead, not one of the sleepers heed the spirit striving triumph or respond to the rending shouts of victory. How quiet those countless millions slumber in the arms of mother earth! The voice of thunder shall not awaken them, the loud cry of the elements—the wind—the wave—nor even the giant tread of the earthquake shall be able to cause an inquirer into the chamber of death. They shall rest and pass away, the last great battle shall be fought, and then a silver voice at first softly heard, shall rise to a tempest, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall hear His voice.

ROMANTIC.

Call for Love.—Peter Jordan loved Mary Gibbo very much. Peter was a maker of women's shoes, but Mary was a lady's dress maker, and her relatives set her up a little above Peter. Peter wanted to marry Mary and vice versa. (as Sam Veller says) but the relatives were pernicious.
"I'll look poison," says Peter.
"If you do I will too," adds Mary.
Peter brought the draught, and the lovers walked out on the bank of a river to die in each other's arms. The trees were fragrant and the moon was bright above them.—It did not seem good to cut this mortal coil.
"Mary my darling, I don't like poison—'pose we drown!"
Well Peter, I drown if you drown!
So Peter took a run and plunged in and Mary plunged after him.
"Hallo there, you couple of flounders," screamed some merry fellows in a river skiff, as they shot up and caught the wet from the water.
"What are you doing here, you he and she bathers?"
"Vy, I loves Mary, and I'm blown if she didn't think I was going to drown myself for her, but I's not the gentlemen 'em drowns for any gal, ven I snouts like a dolphin."
"Then you wasn't going to drown romantic like, you hard-hearted Peter! Well now I'll marry Bill Rawson just for that Peter, you'll see if I don't!"
WASTE NOT THY GRIEF.
I saw a pale mourner heading over the tomb and his tears fell fast and often, as he raised his humble eyes to Heaven, he cried:
"My brother! oh, my brother!"
A sage passed that way and said, "For whom dost thou mourn?"
"Oue," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love whilst living, but whose questionable worth I now feel."
"What would'st thou do if he were restored to thee?"
The mourner replied, that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show him his love, and if he could but come back to his fond embrace.
"Then waste not thy time in useless grief," said the sage, "for if thou hast friends and cherish the living, remembering that they will soon be dead also."
What a lesson may be learned from his.
A Few Hints to keep away Vain Times.
—Rise in the morning, and be diligent during the day in attending to your business, and not worry ourselves by our neighbors concerns.
Instead of following the fashion of Europe, let us cultivate a spirit of independence, and decide ourselves, how our coats, hats and boots shall be made.
Keep out of the streets, unless business calls us to transact that which we cannot do in our stores, shops and dwellings.
By all means keep away from drinking and gaming houses.
When we buy an article of clothing, study commendable economy, at the same time get a good article, and when made take particular care of it, and wear it out regardless of any change of fashion. Fashion is a great tyrant, and men are fools to be slaves to it.
Stay at home nights, improve ourselves by reading, or writing, or instructive conversation; and retire to our beds at an early hour.
Be kind to relatives, obliging to our friends and charitable to all.
A VETERAN GONE.
The Boston Journal records the death of that city, of Henry Purkett, Esq. on his 91st year.—Mr. P. was an estimable and much respected citizen, through life maintained, by the industry of his efforts, and the economy of his habits, the independence of all men. We regret to hear of his death, and we are glad that he lived so long and so virtuously.
A Positive Fact.—A girl out West who has a swivel or screw eye, looked so long and so steadily at a pig, but she could not wally draw out the cork. An optician in the power of the love.
THE FARMER.
With an infirmance of health, no riches but industry, and no ambition but virtue, he is the sole king among men, and the only man among kings!