

# Columbia Democrat.

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

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### TERMS:

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### SPOON FASHION.

BY FREDERICK MARYLAND.

"Talking of peculiar situations, gentlemen," said Mr. Tatem, "I was once in rather a singular fix myself."

"How so—how was that?" said we.

"I will tell you. Sagers and myself had gone to Cape May, that favorite resort of fashion and folly, during one of the hottest seasons ever got up on this continent. I was intensely hot! Have you ever been at Cape Island, gentlemen?"

A general negative shake of the head followed the question.

"Then permit me, as a friend and well-wisher to warn you against the place. A more uninviting resort is not to be found. I have good authority for stating that it is only an unfinished portion of creation. They have a legend down there which runs thus:—The hands were at work on this spot at the tail of the sixth day, but, night overtaking them, they were compelled to suspend operations, and thus the island was left incomplete! To those who are familiar with the locality, this is certainly a plausible story. I have more than once heard it called the 'jumping off place.' Sunbathers and sand-knee-deep are the strongest inducements to pay a second visit. To be sure, they say something about the advantages of sea-bathing—but look at the risk. If you venture beyond your nose, the under-tow carries you out, and death by drowning is inevitable. After which follow 'grappling irons,' and then the dignity of a 'corner's inquest!' The spot is distinguished by a half dozen stunted trees, two or three apologies for hotels, and three or four cabins painted red."

"But the story, Mr. Tatem—the story?"

"All in good time, gentlemen, I said Sagers and myself were foolish enough to go down. Some two or three thousand people were there when we arrived, and every nook and corner was jam-full!—After repeated solicitation, we finally succeeded in getting a small room with the privilege of sleeping two in a bed! The thermometer at 50 and two in a bed! thought is a warm bath of itself!"

"Don't descend to particulars, but give us the story."

"Certainly. In the room adjoining ours slept two beautiful girls—sisters—who, for reasons best known to myself, shall be nameless. One night about a week after our arrival, I had gone early to bed, not wishing to participate in any of the about-nable 'hops' that were given at our hotel."

"Pooh, pooh! it's a ghost story," said Nathan.

"No—gentleman."

"Then you were ducked with cold water," remarked Mr. Blanchard.

"Wrong again! Although a cold bath would have been acceptable at the moment, I had been asleep for some time when I was awakened by the most musical voice imaginable, which said—

"Kate suppose we lay spoon fashion!"

"Lay how?" inquired I.

"Gracious heavens! where am I?" ejaculated my unknown bedfellow jumping three feet from the bed, and she (for it was a woman) would have jumped further, but was of room permitted no striking display of a guilty. Here was a situation for a modest man! Before I could say 'angels and min-

sters of grace defend us,' she had gathered up her 'dry goods' and made good her retreat from the room. I am not a coward, still reproached him with ingratitude. In gentlemen—yet, I am free to confess that all her behaviour, as said, she behaved her nerves were slightly agitated. Who self with great decency and suitable to her can she be! What can she have wanted quality, and mighty expectations there were here! Were questions that I could not answer of the future services she would have done. Had I been a believer in ghosts, I should probably have gone down to the grave with the conviction indelibly impressed upon my mind that I had actually been in bed with one of the long faced gentry.

"Well, what took place then? Who was she?"

"Be patient, you shall know everything. The two young ladies before mentioned sat opposite to me at the table. I had a very faint suspicion that one of them was a party to the transaction, and in order to remove all doubt, the next morning at breakfast, I inquired—

"Miss B. shall I help you to a little of this omelet?"

"If you please, sir."

"Will you have it spoon fashion?" said I carelessly.

The deep blush that mantled her hand, some face told more plainly than words that she was my ghost of the preceding night. Having gone up without a light, she had mistaken my room for her own, and but for the 'spoon fashion' arrangement Sagers would have probably discovered us in bed together. I am happy to add, gentlemen, that the affair had a pleasant denouement. Miss B. and myself are now engaged to be married. When the ceremony takes place you shall be present, and if you do not pronounce her the loveliest and most accomplished of her sex, then I will unhesitatingly admit that there is romance in the phrase 'spoon fashion.'"

CAPTURE AND MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS POCAHONTAS.

It was in this year (1612) that the marriage of Pocahontas took place, and it was the accidental result of an act of treachery. A scarcity prevailed in Jamestown. Captain Argal was despatched to the Potomac for a cargo of corn.

Here he learned that Pocahontas was lying at no great distance from him. Hoping that Pocahontas, in order to ransom his daughter, would offer provisions, he enticed her on board his vessel and sailed to Jamestown where she was kept in a state of honorable captivity—Pocahontas more indignant at such treachery than overcome by misfortune, rejected the demand of a ransom, but promised, if his daughter were restored, to forget the injury, and supply the wants of the colonists. During her residence in the settlement, Pocahontas made such an impression on Mr. Rolfe, a young man of rank among the settlers, that he offered his hand in solicited the consent of Pocahontas to their marriage. This was granted, and the ceremony was performed with great pomp. The old king was ever after the firm friend of the colony and this event had a very favorable effect on the neighboring Indians. A treaty was concluded with the Chickahominy, who to be called Englishmen, consented to assist the colonists with their arms in war, and in peace with their provisions.

The reception and marriage of Pocahontas in England, whether she accompanied her husband, are thus described by Salmon King James' queen and court paid her the same honor that was due to a European lady of the same quality, after they were informed by Captain Smith what services she had done the English nation; and particularly how she had saved the captain's life, when his head was upon the block. Both seems before this princess married Mr. Rolfe, she had been given to understand that Captain Smith was dead; for he was the first man she had set her affections upon, and I make no doubt he had promised to marry her when he was in her father's court; for when he came to wait upon her, on her arrival in England, she appeared surprised, turned away from him with the utmost scorn and resentment, and it was some time before she would be prevailed upon to see him. She could not believe any man would have deceived her, for whom

in the very middle of the room, a hawk for the sneaks and laughter of every one in the room!"

"Hush," said she "hush," putting her hand up to his mouth, "my bustle has all hitched round to one side."—N. O. Democrat.

A KNOTTY CASE.

Mr. Henson, a shoemaker, who resided at Woodend, near the spot where the Village House is now kept, was not remarkable for acuteness in his mental perceptions. He kept for sale in the front of his shop a few little matters—such as beer, candies, fruit, bread, &c. One morning a wag stopped in and purchased a bottle of beer. He stood talking a few moments, and finally said that he was sorry he had purchased the beer, and requested Mr. Henson to exchange it for a loaf of bread as the price was the same. To this the worthy cordonnier readily assented; the wag took the loaf, and while in the shop, as he was going out, the vender hesitatingly reminded him that he had not paid for the beer.

"Certainly I have paid for the beer," I gave you the beer for it."

"But then you haven't paid me for the beer?"

"I didn't take the beer. It is before you at this moment."

The worthy cordonnier was astounded. He looked sedately, and rubbed his forehead, but all to no purpose. The case was still a mystery.

"True said he, 'you gave me a bottle of beer for the bread, and as I still have the bottle of beer I can demand pay for that; but I had both. One now is gone and I received no money.' Then he again gravely considered the matter, and finally, abruptly broke out with the conclusion:

"Scath, take it neighbor, it is just as it is."

A Modern Newton.—A debating society out in Michigan had lately submitted for discussion the subject, "Does the world go round or does it not?" The chair remarked that he did not propose a because there was any doubt on the subject, but to "fetch out" the orators. After the first speaker had occupied a hour ten minutes in the discussion, he sat down and was succeeded by one of the "lights" of the town, who delivered himself thus:

"If the world was round, it would be regular and even as it is. After you'd travelled a little ways, you'd begin to slide and slide, and bimeby you'd tumble off at the edge if you didn't catch hold on something to hold on by. And then they ask of sailing round the world. Why if the world was round and went round as they say it did, the capt'ing'd have nothing to do, but tie his ship to a tree, and t'd go round of itself. My opponent has asked, 'If the world does not go round, how does the sun get round to the right place again?' I answer for a very plain reason, when I don't t'is so dark you can't see it!"

"Time," said the chairman, and the young man sat down, and it was several minutes before he recovered from the sudden shock his imagination had experienced—like some of the orators in Congress, who, at the expiration of the hour, are frequently lost in the oblivion of their ideas.

FROGS IN STONES.

We have several apparently well authenticated instances on record of frogs and toads having been found enclosed in masses of rock, to the interior of which there was no perceptible means of ingress. It has been the fashion, however, with naturalists, to dismiss such cases on the assumption that there must have been some cleft or opening by which the animal was admitted while in embryo, or while in a very young state; no one, so far as we are aware, believing that the sperm or young animal may have been enclosed when the rock was in the process of formation at the bottom of shallow waters. Whatever may be the true theory regarding animals so enclosed, their history is certainly one of the highest interest, and without attempting to solve the problem we present our readers with an instance taken from the mining Journal of January 18, 1845:—A few days since, a miner, named W. Ellis, was working

in the Penyard, Mine Works, at 45 feet depth, he struck his mandril into a piece of shale, and to the surprise of the workmen, a frog leaped out of the cleft. When first observed, it appeared very weak, and though of large size, could crawl only with difficulty. On closer examination, several peculiarities were observed; its eyes were full sized, though it could not see, as, upon touching the eye, it evinced no feeling. There is a line indicating where the mouth would have been, had it not been confined; but the mouth has never been opened. Several deformities were also observable; and the spine, which has been forced to develop itself in an angular form, appears a sufficient proof of its having grown in a very confined space, even if the hollow in the piece of shale, by corresponding to the shape of its back, did not place the matter beyond a reasonable doubt. The frog continues in size and weight, though no food can be given to it and its vitality is preserved only by breathing through the thin skin covering the lower jaw. Mr. W. Ellis, with the view of giving his prize as much publicity as possible, has deposited it at the New Inn, Merthyr, where it is exhibited as 'the greatest wonder in the world, a frog found in a stone 45 feet from the surface of the earth, where it has been living without food for the last 5000 years!'

PUGNACITY OF THE ROBIN.

A correspondent of the Magazine of Natural History relates the following extraordinary instance of the robin (Erythra Rubecula):—Hearing one warbling in a tree adjoining my house, I was induced to place on the window sill a beautiful stuffed specimen of the bird, in the hope that it would attract the attention of his living brother. Nor was I disappointed. The song became louder, and in longer strains, and for as the window. Shortly after he flew up from his tree, and made so violent attack on the stuffed specimen, as to throw it from a height of two stories to the ground, pursuing it even while falling, and continuing its violence when down. I then perched on an empty box in the yard—the bird remained within a few feet of me all the time; and directly I had retired a few paces the attack was renewed with double vigour, and so obstinately, that I could easily have caught the living combatant.

On my withdrawing the stuffed bird from the unequal contest, its opponent resumed his place on the box, standing about with an expanded tail and erect attitude, as if claiming and pronouncing a victory. Noting the bird to be still hovering about the place, I replaced my stuffed specimen on the window sill securing the stand by a bracket, and hardly had I done so before the robin resumed the war by settling on the head of his unconscious foe, digging and picking at it with such ferocity and violence that had I not interfered, the utter destruction of my poor specimen must have ensued. The experiment of course was not repeated, but the robin during the rest of the day kept watch in the immediate neighborhood, and continued chanting his notes of defiance even in the shade of the evening.

MODERN POETRY.

The following defensible little morsel is an extract from a poem, furnished by a correspondent of the Northern Cabinet, over the signature of 'Synonymous.' Truly the poets are not all dead yet!

There was a man in Canada, a cobbler by trade, he married him a hansom wife and after words she died

he married next a buty her cheeks were like the rose her eyes like sparkling Diamonds True virtue did disclose

she settled down in Stockholm upon a piece of land and there they bilt all for there use a log house And a barn.

In just about 3 month from this, there was a another cry that he had gave her poison stuff, Oil fur to make her dy."

The present Revolution in Mexico, is the tenth since it threw off the Spanish yoke in 1810.

To write in various Colors with the same Pen Ink and Paper.—Take a sheet of paper and wet some parts of it with a solution of sub carbonate potash which must be diluted with water so as not to appear on the paper when dry. Wet some other parts with diluted muriatic acid, or with juice of lemons. Some other parts may be wet with a diluted solution of alum, and on others with an infusion of nutgalls, (water in which bruised or pulverized nutgalls have been steeped. None of these preparations must be so strong as to color the paper any. When these are dry, take some finely powdered sulphate of iron, and rub it lightly on some parts of the paper that have been wet with subcarbonate of potash, and infusion of galls. Then with the juice of violets or of the leaves of red cabbage, write on the paper as usual with a pen. The ink is of itself a faint purple; where the paper is wet with acid, the writing will be bright red, on the subcarbonate of potash it will take a beautiful green; on the alum it will be brown; on the sub-carbonate of potash that was rubbed with powdered sulphate of iron it will be a deep yellow, and on the infusion of galls that was rubbed with powder, it will be black. The juice of violets will take a brilliant yellow on the alkali, if it be strong. The juice of violets or red cabbage may be kept a long time by means of the addition of a few drops of alcohol; or the leaves may be dried by the fire, and thus may be kept ready for use; and it is only requisite to steep them in hot water, in order to prepare the ink at any time.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

Wishing, and sighing, and imagining, and dreaming of greatness, said Wilton Wirt, will never make you great. But girls! Read Foster on decision of character. That book will tell you what is in your power to accomplish. You must gird up your loins and go to work with the indomitable energy of Hannibal scaling the Alps. It is your duty to make the most talents, time, and opportunities.

Alfred, King of England, though he performed more business than most of his subjects, still found time to study.

Franklin, in the midst of all his labors, found time to dive to the depths of philosophy, and explore an untrodden path of science.

Frederick the Great, with an Empire at his command, in the midst of war, and on the eve of battle, found time to revel in all the charms of philosophy, and feast himself on all the luxuries of learning.

Bonaparte with Europe at his disposal, and kings at his ante chamber begging for vacant thrones, and at the head of thousands of men whose destinies were suspended on his arbitrary pleasure, had time to converse with books.

And young men who are confined to labor or other business even twelve hours in the days, may take two hours of what is left for study, and which will amount to two months in the year.

Is that nothing? Ask Elitha Burritt, Ask Simpson the great mathematician Ask Herschel, the first of astronomers; Simpson worked at the weaver's loom and Herschel was a poor filer boy in the army.

Let your own experiment of what can be done in one year settle the question whether to acquire useful information by regular and hard study, be practicable or feasible.

PERSEVERANCE.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick axe or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulty, and mountains are leveled, oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.—Dr. Johnson.