

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

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

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. INGRAM.

Volume I.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1837.

Number 7.

POETRY.

I'VE LATELY HAD SOME MONEY.

BY A SON OF FORTUNE.

Obscurely I have pass'd my life,
A wretched Ignoramus,
Till I, like Byron, woke and found
"Myself one morning famous!"
All darkly has life's weather been,
Though now so bright and sunny;
But then this change, is not so strange—
I've lately had some money!

Where'er I went folks ran away,
As if from burning lava;
I seem'd a living emblem of
The "Poison-Tree of Java!"
'Tis not so now, nor all, I vow,
Flock near, like flies round honey;
Oh! magic change of Fortune's wand—
I've lately had some money!

I used to say some funny things,
At least I dar'd to think so;
But dead upon the ear they fell,
And all away would shrink so!
My mouth I never open now,
But all I say is funny;
They'll e'en off bring hysterics on—
I've lately had some money!

Though young and handsome, once I thought
That I should ne'er be wedded;
Mammas, their daughters kept from me,
As from a scabreev drealed!
The ugliest girl I could not move,
Nor her with hump, and one eye;
But "Angels" now run after me—
I've lately had some money!

Unnotic'd I might walk about
Through Broadway to the Battery,
Ere man to me would touch his hat,
Or woman drop a curtesey.
But now I never venture out,
But each sad face turns sunny;
All bob their heads like mandarins—
I've lately had some money!

On any subject in debate,
If an idea started,
I ne'er was listen'd to, and ne'er
Cared how in scorn I smarted!
My slightest whisper now is heard,
No more their ears are dummy;
They cannot act without my views—
I've lately had some money.

THE RESPIRATORY.

The following paper is copied from the last number of the *Western Monthly Magazine*, a literary journal, conducted with marked ability, and published at Cincinnati, in a style creditable to the press of that city.

THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

BY JAMES H. FERRISS.

"She, in the working of whose destiny,
The man of blood and victory attain'd
His more than kingly height."—*Conquerer.*

When a few centuries shall have thrown their shadows upon the strange fortunes of Napoleon, & given to every thing about him the tinge of romance, the story of his wife will seem to the student rather a fable, than a fact; he will look up on her as we look upon Mary of Scotland, but with a deeper interest; for she, far more truly than her lord, was from first to last 'the child of destiny.'

Told, while yet unmarried, that she would be a wife, a widow, and the Queen of France—the entire fulfilment of the first part of the prophecy, gave her courage to believe in the last part also when under sentence of death. When her bed was taken from her, because she was to die in the morning, she told her weeping friends that it was not so, that she should yet sit upon the throne on the ruins of which Robespierre then stood triumphant; and when asked in mockery, to choose her maids of honor, since she was to be queen, she did choose them, and they were her maids of honor, when half of Europe looked up to her. On that night which was to have been her last on earth, Robespierre fell. Had he fallen a few days earlier, her first husband would have lived; had his fall been but one day later, Josephine herself would have been among the ten thousand victims, whose names we have never heard:—But he fell on that night, and her destiny was accomplished.

She married Napoleon, and through her, and as her husband, he was appointed to the army of Italy; step by step they rose, till, at last, the crown rested upon her head:—the second part of the prophecy was proved true, and she began to look forward to that loss of power and rank, which had also been foretold, and which was to close the strange drama of her life.

And he that had wedded the child of des-

tiny, grew every day more strong, & more grasping. In vain did Josephine attempt to rule his ambition, and chasten his aims; he was an Emperor, he wished to found an Empire, and by slow degrees he made himself familiar with the thought of putting her away.

When the campaign of 1809 was at an end, hardened and narrow'd, the general came back to his wife; his former kindness was gone, his playfulness was checked, he consulted her but seldom, and seldom stole upon her private hours, with that familiar love that had so often made her heart leap. She saw that her hour drew nigh.

It was the evening of the 20th of November; the court were at Paris in honor of the king of Saxony. Josephine sat at her window, looking down upon the river, and musing on the dark fate before her, when she heard Napoleon's step at the door. She sprang to open it, using her usual exclamation, "mon ami!" He embraced her so affectionately; that for an instant her fears and woes seemed vain. She led him to a chair, placed herself at his feet, and looking up into his face, smiled through her tears.

'You are unhappy, Josephine,' said the Emperor.

'Not with you, sire.'

'Bah!' said he quickly, 'why call me sire? these shews of state steal all true joy from us.'

'Then why seek them?' answered Josephine.

The Emperor made no reply.

'You are now the first of men,' said she, 'why not quit war, turn ambition out of your counsels, bend your thoughts on the good of France, and live at home among those that love you?'

'Josephine,' said he, turning his face from her, 'it is not I, it is France demands the sacrifice.'

'Are you sure of that, my lord?' said his wife; 'have you probed your heart to the bottom? is it not ambition that prompts you to seek reasons for repudiating me? for think not, Napoleon, I misunderstand you; are you sure it is the love of France?'

Every word she spoke touched him to the quick; and rising hastily he replied, 'Madam, I have my reasons; good evening.'

'Stay, sire,' said she, taking hold of his arm, 'we must not part in anger. I submit. Since you wish it, I submit cheerfully. It is not in my nature to oppose your will: I love you too deeply. Nor shall I cease to love you, Napoleon, because I am to leave your throne and your side. If you still go on victorious, I shall rejoice with you; if reverse comes, I will lay down my life to comfort you. I will pray for you morning and night; and, in the hope that sometimes you will think of me.'

Hardened as he was, Napoleon had loved his wife deeply and long; her submission to his stern resolve—her calm but mournful dignity—her unshaken love, moved even him; and for a moment affection struggled with ambition. He turned to embrace her again. But in that moment, her face and form had changed. Her eye and her whole person seemed inspired. He felt himself in the presence of a superior being. She led him to the window and threw it open. A thin mist rested upon the Seine, and the gardens of the palace: all around was silent; among the stars, then before them, one was far brighter than the rest: she pointed to it.

'Sire!' she said, 'that star is mine; to that & not to yours, was promised empire; through me, and through my destinies, you have risen: part from me and you fall; the spirit of her that foresaw my rise to royalty, even now communes with my spirit, and tells me that your fate hangs on mine. Believe me or not, if we henceforth walk asunder, you will leave no empire behind you, and will die yourself in shame, and sorrow, and with a broken spirit.'

He turned away sick at heart, and overaw'd by the words of one, whose destiny had been so strangely accomplished.—Ten days were passed in resolves and counter-resolves—and then the link that bound him to fortune, was broken. Josephine was

divorced—and, as he said himself, at St. Helena, from that hour his fall began.

Josephine was divorced—but her love did not cease: in her retirement, she joyed in all his successes, and prayed that he might be saved from the fruits of his fœal ambition. When his son was born, she only regretted that she was not near him in his happiness; and when he went a prisoner to Elba, she begged that she might share his prison, and relieve his woes. Every article that he had used at her residence, remained as he left it; she would not let a chair be removed. The book, in which he had been last reading, was there with the page doubled down and the pen that he had last used was by it, with the ink dried on its point. When her death drew nigh, she wished to sell all her jewels, to send the fallen Emperor money; and her will was submitted to his correction.—She died before his return from Elba; but her last thoughts were of him and France; and her last words expressed the hope and belief, that she had never caused a tear to flow. She was buried in the village church of Ruel, and her body was followed to the grave, not alone by princes and generals, but by two thousand poor whose hearts had been made glad by her bounty.

Her marble monument bears only this inscription:

"EUGENE AND HORTENSE TO JOSEPHINE."

What a fund for future writers, in her character and fate! and what a lesson to all of us, whether in prosperity or adversity.

TOM PAINE.

Extracted from the Notes of an Observer.

When Paine had fallen into disrepute, & was shunned by the most respectable of his friends on account of his drunken habits, he boarded in the house of one William C—, a farmer. This C— and I being acquainted, I had free access to the house and frequently called to converse with Tom Paine. One evening he related the following anecdote.

During the slaughter of Robespierre, when every republican that the monster could get in his power was beheaded, Paine was cast into prison, and his name was on a list with nineteen, who were ordered for execution next morning. It was customary for the clerk of the tribunal to go round the cells at night, and cross with chalk on the back of the door of such of the prisoners as were ordered for the scaffold in the morning. When the executioner came with his guard to remove the victims, whenever a chalking was found, the inmate of the cell was taken forth and executed.

In the horrible shambles there was a long gallery. The passage was secured at each end, but the doors of the cell were left open, and sometimes the prisoners stepped into the rooms of one another for company. It happened, on the night preceding the day appointed for the doom of Paine, that he had gone into his neighbor's cell, leaving his door open with its back to the wall. Just then the chalker came past, and being probably drunk crossed the inside of the cell door.

Next morning, when the guard came with an order to bring out the twenty victims, and finding only nineteen chalks, Paine being in bed and his door shut, they took a prisoner from the farther end of the gallery, & thus made up the requisite number.

About forty-eight hours after this atrocious deed, Robespierre was overthrown and his own head chopped off, so that Paine was set at liberty, and made the best of his way to New-York.

I asked him what he thought of his almost miraculous escape. He said the FATES had ordained he was not then to die. Says I, "Mr. Paine, I'll tell you what—I think you know you have written and spoken much against what we call the religion of the bible; you have highly extolled the perfectibility of human reason when left to its own guidance, unshackled by priestcraft and superstition. That God in whom you live, move, and have your being has spared your life that you might give to the world a living comment on your doctrines. You now show

what human nature is when left to itself. Here you sit, in an obscure and comfortless dwelling, stifled with snuff and stupefied with brandy;—you, who were once the companion of Washington, of Jay, and of Hamilton. Every good man has deserted you; and even Deists, that have any regard for decency, cross the street to avoid you."

He was then the most disgusting human being that could any where be met with. Intemperance had bloated his countenance beyond description.—A few of his disciples who stuck to him through good report and bad report, to hide him from the abhorrence of mankind, had him conveyed to N. Rochelle, where they supplied him with brandy until it burned up his liver.—But this man, beastly as he was in appearance, and dreadful in principle, still retained something of humanity within the depravity of his heart, like the gem in the head of the odious toad. The man who suffered death in his stead, left a widow with two young children, in poor circumstances. Paine brought them all with him to N. York, supplied them while he lived and left them the most part of his property when he died. The widow and children lived in apartments in the city by themselves. I saw them often, but never saw Paine in their company, and I am well assured and believe, that his conduct towards them was disinterested and honorable:

MOUNT SINAI.

BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

* * * * * At 8 o'clock I was breakfasting; the superior was again at my side, offered all that the convent could give, and urging me to stay a month, a fortnight, a week, at least to spend that day with him, and repose myself after the fatigues of my journey; but from the door of the little room in which I sat, I saw the holy mountain, and I longed to stand on its lofty summit. Though feeble and far from well, I felt the blood of health again coursing in my veins, and congratulated myself that I was not so hackneyed in feeling as I had once supposed. I found, and I was happy to find, for the prospective enjoyment of my farther journey, that the first tangible monument in the history of the Bible, the first spot that could be called holy ground, raised in me feelings that had not been awakened by the most classic ground of Italy and Greece, or the proudest monuments of the arts in Egypt.

* * * * * Continuing our ascent, the old monk still leading the way, in about a quarter of an hour we came to the table of rock standing boldly out, and running down, almost perpendicularly, an immense distance to the valley. I was expecting another monkish legend, and my heart thrilled when the monk told me that this was the top of the hill on which Moses had sat during the battle of the Israelites and the Amalekites, while Aaron and Hur supported his uplifted hands, until the sun went down upon the victorious arms of his people.—From the height I could see, clearly and distinctly, every part of the battle-ground, and the whole vale of Rephidim and the mountains beyond; and Moses, while on this spot, must have been visible to the contending armies from every part of the field on which they were engaged.

* * * * * I stand on the very peak of Sinai—where Moses stood when he talked with the Almighty. Can it be, or is it a mere dream? Can this naked rock have been the witness of that great interview between man and his Maker? where, amid thunder and lightning, and a fearful quaking of the mountains, the Almighty gave to his chosen people the precious tables of his law, those rules of infinite wisdom and goodness, which, to this day, best teach man his duty towards his God, his neighbor, and himself?

The scenes of many of the incidents recorded in the Bible are extremely uncertain. Historians and geographers place the garden of Eden, the paradise of her first parents, in different parts of Asia; and they do not agree upon the site of the tower of Ba-

bel; the mountains of Ararat; and many of the most interesting places in the Holy Land; but of Sinai there is no doubt. This is the holy mountain; and among all the stupendous works of Nature, not a place can be selected more fitted for the exhibition of Almighty power. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Etna, and looked over the clouds floating beneath it; upon the bold scenery of Sicily, and the distant mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius, and looked down upon the waves of lava, and the ruined and half-recovered cities at its foot; but they are nothing compared with the terrific solitude and bleak majesty of Sinai. An observing traveller has well called it "a perfect sea of desolation." Not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass, is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies, while the crumbling masses of granite all around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture that imagination can conceive.

The level surface of the very top or pinnacle is about 16 feet square. At one end is a single rock about 20 feet high, on which, as said the monk, the spirit of God descended, while, in the crevice beneath, his favored servant received the tables of the law. There, on the same spot where they were given, I opened the sacred book in which those laws are recorded, and read them with a deeper feeling of devotion, as if I were standing nearer and receiving them more directly from the Deity himself.

THE FARMER.

There is not a more independent being in existence than the farmer.—The real farmer, he who attends strictly to the duties of his profession, who keeps every thing around him snug and tidy, and who seeks every opportunity to introduce such improvements of the day as will tend to add beauty and wealth to his farm. Such a farmer is always happy and independent, and he lives as it were in a world of his own, with nothing to trouble him save the cares of his farm, which by the way are considered rather a pleasure than otherwise. His mind is always at ease, and the duties of his calling are performed with a good degree of pleasure. When the toils of the day are over and "night cometh," he takes his seat by the domestic fire side, and whiles away the evening in sweet converse with his little family circle. The toils of the day have been, perhaps, rather arduous—but what of that? They are drowned and forgotten in the evening. And then he feels a sincere pleasure on reflection, that while he rests from his labors, his business continues to flourish. His crops are growing and preparing for harvest; his cattle, &c. are fattening ready for market, and every thing prospers. With such thoughts as these, he can calmly resign himself to the night's repose, and rise on the morrow with the returning sun, refreshed and prepared for the duties of another day.

To a young infidel, who was scoffing at Christianity, because of the misconduct of its professors, the late Dr. Mason said: "Did you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went away from the paths of morality?" "The infidel admitted that he had not." "Then don't you see," said Mr. Mason, "that by expecting the professors of Christianity to be holy, you admit it to be a holy religion, and thus pay it the highest compliment in your power!" The young man was silent.

There are three things, said Confucius; the Chinese sage, to beware of through life: When a man is young, let him beware of his appetites; when middle aged of his passions; and when old of covetousness.

Private vices, however detestable, have not dignity sufficient to attract the censure of the press, unless they are united with the power of doing some signal mischief to the community.—*Junius.*