

THE 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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THE REPERTORY.

"To please the taste and cheer the mind."

[We are unable to give credit to the particular print in which the subjoined parody on Montgomery's "Night is the time to Rest," etc., first originated. It contains a quiet, subdued humor which makes it pleasing to the reader.]

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for fun,
When old folks are in bed;
When day's dark cares are done,
And prayers are duly said;
To gather round the social fire,
And crack stale jests, that never tire!

Night is the time to fix
Our hearts in union meet;
With skillful hand to mix
The potent and the sweet:
To set our watering mouths agog,
To taste the glories of egg-nogg!

Night is the time to boil
Tiffin's enchanting rolls;
And o'er the midnight oil,
To cheer our happy souls;
With fresh made butter thickly spread
On corresponding chunks of bread.

Night is the time to feel
Life's joys without a pain;
Apples to take, and peel,
And eat and come again;
And romping much before we rest
Feel very sure that they'll digest.

Night is the time for those,
Who, when they take their wine,
By redness of the nose,
Or any other sign,
Give evidence, whence we conclude,
That they're unquestionably "slew'd!"

Night is the time to pour
In beauty's listening ear
The story known before,
Nor render'd thus less dear,
Of feeling which the modest light
Of day leaves for the shades of night.

Night is the time to sing,
Beneath the casement high,
Those mellow notes that ring
With loves sweet melody;
While the bright maiden pokes her head
Out of the casement aforesaid!

Night is the time to do
A thousand glorious things;
And there are very few,
When cover'd by her wings,
Who do not feel a freshen'd flood
Of mischief brewing in their blood.

From the Southern Rose.

MR. INKLIN.

Or the Man of Leisure a Man of mischief.

The man of leisure and the pretty girl.—The man of leisure called one Monday on Miss Roberts, a pretty blooming girl of seventeen. Emma was clear-starching.—Talk about the trials of men? What they have to annoy them in comparison with the mysteries of clear-starching; alas how seldom clear! Emma was going on in full tide of success; indulging in the bouyant thoughts of her age; there was a soft light of her eye as she drew out the edge of a *fischu*, or clapped it with her hands, as they felt the impulse of young hopes.

"I am sorry Harry Bertram looked at this collar last Sunday; I wonder if he liked it," thought she, and a gentle sigh rustled the folds of her morning robe on her bosom. Just then the door bell sounded, and the Man of Leisure walked into the setting room, where Emma with a nice establishment of smoothing irons, had ensconced herself for the morning.

"You won't mind a friend's looking in upon you," said Mr. Inklin with an home air.

Emma blushed, loosened the strings of her apron, gave a gentle glance at her starched fingers, and saying "take a seat, sir," suspended her work with the grace of natural politeness. In the meanwhile, the starch grow cold, and the irons were over-heated. Emma was not loquacious, and the dead pauses were neither few nor far between. Emma, rendered desperate, renewed her operations, but with diminished ardor; her clapping was feeble as the applause to an unpopular orator, she burnt her fingers; her face became flushed, and by the time the Man of Leisure had sited out his hour, a grey hue, and indelible smutch, disfigured Henry Bertram's collar.

Mr. Inklin soon called again, and met Henry Bertram. It was not the influence

of coquetry, but Emma rallied her powers, and talked more to Mr. Inklin than to Henry, a modest youth, thrown into the shade by the veteran visitor, who outstayed him. Harry who was not a Man of Leisure, could not call for several days; when he did Mr. Inklin had "dropped in" before him, and twirling his watch-key with his cold wandering eyes and the everlasting affirmatives. Emma sewed industriously, and her dark lashes concealed her eyes. Her cheeks were beautifully flushed, but for whom?—Mr. Inklin toyed with her work box, without seeming to know that he was touching what Harry thought a shrine.

Harry looked a little fierce and bade good night abruptly. Emma raised her soft blue eyes with a look that ought to have detained a reasonable man; but he was prepossessed, and the kind glance was lost. Emma wished Mr. Inklin at the bottom of the sea, but there he sat, looking privileged because he was a Man of Leisure.

The fastening of the windows reminded him that it was time to go, for he did not limit his evening calls to an hour. Emma went to her bed-room. She was just ready to cry, but a glance at her mirror showed such bright cheeks that it stopped her tears, and she fell into a passion. She tied her night cap into a hard not and broke the string in a pet.

"Henry Bertram is a fool," said she, to let that stick of a man keep him from me. I wish I could change places with him,"—and sitting down on a stool she trotted her foot and heaved some deep sighs.

The Man of Leisure just called in twice a week for three months. Report was busy; Harry's pride was roused. He offered himself to another pretty girl and was accepted. Emma's bright cheeks faded, her steps grew slow, and her voice no longer was heard in its gay carol from star to star. She was never talkative but now she was sad. Mr. I, continued to "drop in;" his heart was a little love touched but then there was "time enough." One evening he came with a look of news.

"I have brought you a bit of Harry Bertram's wedding cake," said he to Emma.

Emma turned pale, then red, and burst into tears. The Man of Leisure was concerned. Emma looked very prettily as she struggled with her feelings, while the tears dried away; and he offered her his heart and hand.

"I would sooner lie down in my grave than marry you," said the gentle Emma, in a voice so loud that Mr. Inklin started and rushed to her apartment, the china rang in the closet as she slammed the door. Mr. Inklin was astonished. Poor Emma covered up her heart and smiled again, but she never married, nor never destroyed a little flower-tree that Harry Bertram gave her when it was right for her to love and hope. The Man of Leisure bore her refusal with philosophy, and continued to "drop in."

The Man of Leisure and the Pale Boy.

"You'll not forget to ask the place for me, Sir," said a pale blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the Man of Leisure, at his lodging.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Inklin, I shall be going that way in a day or two.

"Did you ask for the place for me, yesterday," said the pale boy, on the following day, with a quivering lip, as he performed the same office.

"No," was the answer. I was busy, but I will to-day."

"God help my mother," murmured the boy, and gazed listlessly on the cent Mr. Inklin laid in his hand.

The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with the loaf of bread he had earned by brushing the gentleman's coat at the Hotel. They shouted with joy, and the mother held out her emaciated hand for a portion; while a sickly smile fluttered across her face.

"Mother, dear," said the boy "Mr. Inklin thinks he can get me the place, and I shall have three meals a day—only think mother three Meals!—and it won't take

three minutes to run home and share it with you."

The morning came, and the pale boy's voice trembled with eagerness.

"Not a soul here to brush nycoat!" said Mr. Inklin.

The child came at length, his face swollen with weeping.

"I am sorrow to disappoint you," said the Man of Leisure, "the place in Mr. C——'s store was taken up yesterday."

The boy stopped brushing and burst afresh into tears. "I don't care now," said he sobbing, "we may as well starve—Mother is dead."

The Man of Leisure was shock'd, and gave the pale boy a dollar!

The Man of Leisure on the death bed.

—Mr. Inklin was taken ill. He had said often that he thought religion might be a good thing, and he meant to look into it.—An anxious friend brought a clergyman to him. He spoke tenderly, but seriously to the sufferer, of eternal truths.

"Call to-morrow," said the Man of Leisure, "and we will talk about these matters."

That night the Man of Leisure died.

BEAUTY.

"The wind passeth over it, and it is gone."

How often do we hear men eager in the pursuit of partners for life, inquire for beautiful women; and how brief the existence of what they seek, and how unproductive of happiness in its possession.

We know full well the satisfaction that sleep beneath the snow-white lids of a beautiful eye; in the haughty curl of an exquisite lip; in the blush of a rose that leaps into the budding cheek; in the fine turn of a swan-like neck, the gentle motions of a symmetrical form, or in the shadowy redundancy of dark and beautiful flowing tresses. The hearts of the young and passionate leap gladly and are filled with high impulse, whilst gazing upon these things—but when the soul is scrutinized, and found unblest by elevated thoughts and generous imaginings, when the intellect is uncultured, and the imagination cold, the slumber of forgetfulness will soon fall upon the dream of beauty, and the flame of affection be quenched in apathy and disgust.

With men of genius, strong feelings and powerful passions are ever associated; and if admirably blended with mental attractions, the light of love will soon be extinguished, and the generous impulses of the bosom chilled by apathy and contempt. Men of intellect may yield a momentary homage to beautiful woman, dispossessed of other fascinations; even a village archer will chase the gilded wing of a butterfly; but in both cases the eternal splendor palls upon the senses, and something of an innate character is sought for to sustain the regard, which beauty excited. Nothing is so flattering to the feelings of a man as the exhaustless and quenchless regard of a sensible female, and no incense so rich can be offered upon the shrine of woman's ambition, as the avowed and enthusiastic affection of a man of genius. Beauty, thou art a mean and unmeaning toy, when contrasted with depth of feeling and power of mind, and she who would arrogate to herself consequence, from the little ambition of personal beauty is too imbecile in her aspirations, to merit the attention of an elevated thinker.

Intrepidity.—We do not remember, among the many anecdotes of duelling, to have met with one displaying more hardihood than the following, which, though it happened many years ago, and was related to us by an eye-witness, we have never seen in print. Mr. Spring had a farm on an Island in Saco river, from which he built a bridge to the main land, where it would encroach upon the land of his neighbor, Mr. Dennett. The channell was not very broad, and a few rods below were some considerable falls. Spring built abutments, and laid the string pieces, but Dennett came in the night and tore them down. Spring naturally enraged,

threatened that if he did it again he should answer for it to him personally. Unawed by this threat, no sooner were the beams again laid on abutments, than he destroyed so much of the work as to leave but one string piece remaining, and that a beam of eight inches square over the river, where a fall would be as certain death, as from the Goat Island bridge above Niagara. According to his previous threat, Spring challenged Dennett to mortal combat. "I won't fight," said Dennett, "but I'll tell you what I'll do." "Well," "I'll take a keg of powder with a lighted candle, and carry it on the centre of that string piece. You shall sit down on one end of it and I on the other till the old candle burns down to the powder. That will be the best test of our courage."

This terrible proposal was agreed to. The frial timber bent beneath them as they coolly walked out and placed the keg in the middle, over the roaring flood below, stuck the blazing candle into it, and sat down to watch its burning. Hundreds were gathered on each side, awaiting in breathless silence the issue. Spring was a large fat man, and as the candle burned slowly towards the powder, he was observed to grow more and more nervous, wriggling on his seat, and looking one way and the other. At last, when the flame was half an inch from the surface, he could keep still no longer, but incontinently got up and made his escape.—Dennett, who had throughout displayed the utmost coolness, now very carefully took the blazing candle out of the cask, threw it into the water, and with the powder as his price, went off in the opposite direction. The building of the bridge was forever abandoned.—*Buffalo Pat.*

WASHINGTON'S LIFE-GUARD.—THE PASSAGE OF THE SCHUYLKILL.

From the candid recollections and private memoirs of the life and character of Washington.

The life-guard was a major's command. Gibbs, of Rhode Island, a gallant officer, and celebrated martinet, Major Calfax, a fine young man from New Jersey, and much esteemed in the army, Captains Grymes and Nicholas, of Virginia, brave and valued officers, lieutenant and ensign, with one hundred and eighty picked men, rank and file. The uniform blue, with white facings, white under clothes, and black gaiters.

The horse-guard was detailed from various corps during the contest. In the earlier campaigns, from Baylors regiment, which was called Lady Washington's Dragoons—uniform white with blue facings, white under clothes with blue facings, &c. The life-guard, always attached to the head quarters, was admired as well for its superior appearance as for its high state of discipline, it being considered, in olden times, a matter of distinction to serve in the guard of the Commander-in-chief.

The life-guard was borrowed by a favorite officer for several important expeditions. In the affair of Barren Hill, May, '78, the life-guard formed a part of the troops under the Marquis de Lafayette, who recovered of the wound he received in the preceding campaign, in '78, made his debut in arms as a general officer. The position of Barren Hill becoming extremely hazardous, on account of two heavy columns of the enemy that were marching to intercept the communication of the Marquis with the main army at Valley Forge, the young General determined, by a gallant dash between the advancing columns to reach the ford on the Schuylkill, and thus secure his retreat to the main army. Here let our narration pause, while we pay a well-merited tribute to the memory and services of Allen Mc Lane, to whose undiring vigilance in watching the stealthy approach of the enemy's columns towards Barren Hill, and promptly in attacking them on their route, the Marquis was mainly indebted for success in the celebrated retreat that shed lustre on his first command.

In Allen McLane, we have the recollection of a partisan, who with genius to conceive, possessed a courage even to chivalry to execute, the most daring enterprises; who ever ranked with the foremost in the esteem of the chief, and was considered by the whole army as one of the most intrepid and distinguished officers of the war of the Revolution.

When the retreating Americans reached the ford of the Schuylkill, they hesitated in attempting the passage. Lafayette sprang from his horse, rushed into the water waist deep, calling on his comrades to follow. Animated by the example of their youthful General, the soldiers entered the river, the taller men sustaining the shorter, and after a severe struggle gained the southern or friendly shore, having suffered but inconsiderable loss.

Meanwhile, the enemy were in close pursuit, and the commander-in-chief, fearing for the detachment, which consisted of his choicest troops, including the life-guard, dragged his artillery to the rock heights that commanded the ford, and opened upon the enemy's advance, checking them so far as to enable the Marquis the better to secure his retreat; and there was one feature in the martial spectacle of the passage of the Schuylkill of rare and imposing interest: it was the admired form of Washington, at times obscured, and then beheld amid the smoke of the cannonade, as, attended by his generals and staff, he would wave his hat to encourage his soldiers in the perilous passage of the stream.

On the morning of the battle of Monmouth, June '78, a detachment from the life-guard, and one from Morgan's riflemen, led by Morgan's favorite, Captain Gabriel Long, made a brilliant dash at a party of the enemy which they surprised while washing at a brook that ran through an extensive meadow. Seventeen grenadiers were made prisoners, and borne off in the very face of the British light infantry, who fired upon their daring assailants, and immediately commenced a hot pursuit; yet Long displayed such consummate ability as well as courage, that he brought off his party, prisoners and all, with only the loss of one sergeant wounded.

Morgan was in waiting, at the out-post, to receive the detachment on their return, listened, with much anxiety, to the heavy firing of the pursuing enemy. Charmed with the success of the enterprise, in the return of the troops almost unharmed, and in the prisoners taken, Morgan wrung the favorite captain by the hand, paid his compliments to the officers and men of his own corps, and of the life-guard, and then the famed Leader of the Woodsmen indulged himself in a stentorian laugh that made all ring again, at the bespattered condition of the gentlemen, as he was pleased to term the life-guard, and who, in their precipitate retreat having to pass through certain swamps that abounded in the portion of New Jersey then the seat of war, presented a most soiled appearance for troops who might be termed the martinets of sixty years ago.

It is believed that the late Col. John Nicholas, of Virginia, was the last of the life-guard.

"There are some folks who think a good deal and say but little, and they are wise folks; and there are those who blaat right out whatever comes uppermost, and I guess they are pretty considerable superfine darned fools.

"All folks that grow up right off, like a mushroom, in one night, are apt to think no small beer of themselves.

"Nothin sets up a woman's spunk like callin her ugly—she gets her back right up, like a cat when a strange dog comes near hear; she's all eyes, claws, and bristles.

"If a man don't hos his corn, and he dost got a crop, he says 'tis all owing to the Bank; and if he runs into debt, and is sued, he says the lawyers are a curse to this country."—*Sam. Slick.*