

# 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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## TERMS:

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## POETRY.

### BEAUTY AND TIME.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Beauty went out one summer day,  
To prove in Pleasure's bower;  
And much she sported in her way  
With every opening flower.  
At length she reach'd a myrtle shade,  
And through the branches peeping,  
She saw, among the blossoms laid,  
Time, most profoundly sleeping.

His head was pillow'd on his wings,  
For he had furl'd his pinions  
To linger with the lovely things  
In pleasure's bright dominions;  
His scythe and glass aside were cast,—  
"How softly he reposes!"  
Cried Beauty as she idly pass'd,  
And cover'd him with roses.

Time woke:—"Away!" he kindly said;  
"Go, while with the flowers  
You know that I was never made  
To toy with pretty faces,—  
'Tis pleasant in so sweet a clime  
To rest awhile from duty;  
I'll sleep a little more," said Time,  
"No, do wake up!" said Beauty.

He rose, but he was grim and old;  
She felt her roses wither,  
His scythe upon her hair was cold,  
His hour glass made her shiver;  
Her young cheeks shrank, her hair turn'd  
gray,  
Of grace he had bereft her;  
And when he saw her droop away,  
He spread his wings, and left her.  
And thus I point my simple rhyme,—  
It is the Minstrel's duty;—  
Beauty should never sport with Time,  
Time always withers Beauty!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Extracts from an Agricultural Address,  
delivered at Butler, Pa. by the Hon.  
John Gilmore.

Let me here caution our farmers against the common practice of topping their corn, this practice is for want of a proper knowledge of the nature of the plants, and the manner by which they derive their nourishment and growth. The leaves are to plants what the lungs are to animals—the sap first ascends to the leaves; it is there exposed to the light and air; it is then elaborated and converted into the secretions peculiar to the species, and then it descends, affording nourishment and food to the fruit and the plant in its downward course. By cutting off the top and the leaves, you deprive it of the means of communication. It is well ascertained by experiments that it is decidedly better to cut off the corn by the ground, at the usual time of topping, and set it up in small shocks to dry. It affords more and better grain, and more and better fodder. That which is cut off at the ground will yield at least five per cent. more grain than that which is topped—the sap which is in the stalk when cut off, still passes and assists in manuring the grain.

It seems to me that our farmers here depend too much on their buck-wheat crops, to be sure it is a cheap and profitable crop

when it succeeds, but it often fails; and consequently makes other grain scarce and dear. I think it would be better for our farmers to turn their attention more to the raising of spring wheat. This country is well adapted for this purpose—let the farmers be particular in procuring good seed; a good crop cannot be obtained without good seed. And guard against smut, steep your seed wheat, either for spring or fall seeding between twelve and twenty four hours in strong brine and then roll it in slacked lime—it is ascertained that smut is a parasitic plant, consisting of minute seeds or dust which attach to the grain, salt & lime destroy the vitality of these seeds of dust. This practice has been in successful operation for a long time, by some of the best farmers in the country. I understand that the Rev. Mr. Niblock has good spring wheat and Dutton corn to spare.

Let me advise our farmers to plough deep—their lands will not be so liable to wash. During a heavy shower of rain, the loose earth imbibes the water until it is saturated, then the water will accumulate on the surface, and carry off the best of the soil.—The deeper you plough; it will require the more rain before this can take place—deep ploughing enlarges the pasture of plants—it gives free scope to the roots to pass in search of food—it counteracts the influence of drought and permits the surplus water to escape. A field of corn with the ground ploughed deep will survive a drought that would ruin the crops if the same had been shallow. If the plants cannot obtain moisture near the surface if they meet with no obstruction they will penetrate deep in search of food and a shallow ploughing is much sooner exhausted of its moisture by the influence of the sun than a deep one—by ploughing deep substance which by the action of the atmosphere become food for plants. Another important advantage resulting from deep ploughing is the ease with which the same is afterwards cultivated.

### JUST IN TIME.

A young physician having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball to rolling. He sprang upon his horse once a day and drove it full speed through the village. After an absence of an hour he would return, and carry with him some of his instruments—thinking if he could impress his neighbors with the opinion that he had practice, they would begin to place confidence in his ability. A wag, who more than suspected the deceit which he was practising determined to know the truth. He accordingly kept his horse in readiness and the next time that the doctor galloped by his door, sprang on his steed and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail. The doctor saw the man following at his heels, but did not, at first, evince any uneasiness, at length however, he thought it advisable to turn down a narrow lane. The pursuer followed on like an evil genius; but the doctor was not discouraged, as another road lay a short distance ahead of him down which he turned, while the other kept close at his heels, the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way, at which afforded any pretext for stopping. In the mean time his saddle bags were with him, and he was otherwise equipped for business, so that he could not return, in the face of his neighbor, without exposing the secrets of the trade in the most palpable manner.—Every bound of his steed carried him further from his home; and the shades of night began to fall on the hill and tower. Still the sound of horse's hoofs were thundering in his rear, and he was driven to his wit's end; but just as he turned the angle of a wood, he heard a low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow, and blood gushed fearfully from his arm. He had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse and stanch'd the wound. Bandages were applied and his life was saved. The pursuer

had also thrown himself from his horse, and as the physician tied the last bandage, he looked up in his face and said—"How lucky, neighbor, that I was able to arrive just in time."

The wondering spectator was silent with awe, and after assisting the wounded man home, he told such a miraculous tale to the wondering villagers as secured to the physician a reputation not only for skill but also for supernatural prescience. Thus did the merest accident contribute more to his advancement than years of studious toil could have done; the impertinent curiosity of a waggish neighbor opened for him a path to business which the most influential patronage might never have been able to provide for him.

From the U. S. Gazette.

### A MONUMENT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

#### FLOWER GATHERING.

The flowers that spring up on the sunny side of hillocks, beneath remnants of snow banks, are very small and entirely scentless and the little beauty which is imputed to them, chiefly from contrast with the desolation and coldness in which they are found. The death of a friend who never spared a fault of my character, nor found a virtue over my mind, which no deprivation had produced. I remember how sceptical and heart smitten—not heart broken—the broken heart always believes—I stood at his grave, while the clergyman touched too little on his virtues, and spoke with a humble confidence, that he would spring from the tomb to an immortality of happiness and suggested the promises of Scripture, and argued with logical precision, from text and analogies that my friend would rise from the dead. Despondency is not more the child than the parent of unbelief—deep grief makes us selfish—and the naturally timid and nervous, lose that confidence in promises including their own particular wish which they yield them, when the benefit of others are alone proposed. A little learning is dangerous in such matters; we suffer a mental argument upon the probability of an event which we so much desired to displace the simple faith which would have produced comparative happiness. Those who have contended with, and at length yielded to this despondency, alone know its painful operation.

Occupied with thoughts resulting from such an unpleasant train of mind, I followed into a burying ground, in the suburbs of the city, a small train of persons, not more than a dozen, who had come to bury one of their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendant, was leading a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased in the slender group. I gathered with them around the grave, and when the plain coffin was lowered down, the child burst forth in uncontrollable grief. The little fellow had no one left to whom he could look for affection or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. The last of his kinsfolk was in the grave—and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with the customary exhortation to accept the monition, and be prepared; and turning to the child, he added: "She is not to remain in this grave forever; as true as the grass which is now chilled with the frost of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few months, so true shall your mother come up from that grave to another life, to a life of happiness, I hope." The attendant shovelled in the earth upon the coffin, and some one took little William, the child, by the hand, and led him forth from the lowly tenement of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighborhood of the same burying ground; and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time, reading the names of the dead, and wondering what strange disease could snatch off so many younger than myself—when recollecting that I was

near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends.—To my surprise, I found the most desirable of all mementos for a mother's sepulchre—little William was sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently upon some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring, from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and would have left the place; It was long before I could induce him to tarry; and indeed I did not win his confidence, until I told him that I was present when they buried his mother and had marked his tears at the time.

"Then you heard the minister say, that my mother would come up out of this grave," said little William.

"I did."

"It is true, is it not?" asked he, in a tone of confidence.

"I most firmly believe it," said I.

"Believe it," said the child—"believe it—I thought you knew it—I know it."

"How do you know it, my dear?"

"The minister said, that true as the grass would grow up, and the flowers bloom in spring, so true would my mother rise. I came a few days afterward, and planted flower seed on the grave. The grass came green in this burying ground long ago I watched every day for the flowers, and to-day they have come up too—see them breaking through the ground—by and by mammy will come again."

A smile of exulting hope played on the features of the boy; and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence which he was animated.

"But my little child," said I, "it is not safe that your mother will rise."

"Yes, here," said he, with emphasis—"here they placed her and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was green this year."

I looked around, and saw that the tiny feet of a child had trod out the herbage to the grave side, so constant had been his attendance. What a faithful watch-keeper—what mother would desire a richer monument than the form of her only son bending tearful, but hoping, over her grave?

"But, William," said I, "it is in another world that she will arise,"—and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused and he appeared neither pleasant nor satisfied.

"If mammy is not coming back to me—if she is not to come up here, what shall I do—I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I adopting the language of the Scripture—"you shall go to her, but she shall not come again to you."

"Let me go then," said William, "let me go now, that I may rise with my mammy."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which is sown here, would not have come up, if it had not been ripe; so you must wait until your appointed time, until your end cometh."

"Then I shall see her?"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait then," said the child, "but I thought I should see her soon—I thought I should meet her here."

And he did. In a month, William ceased to wait; and they opened his mother's grave, and placed his little coffin on hers—it was the only wish the child expressed in dying. Better teachers than I, had instructed him in the way to meet his mother; and young as the little sufferer was, he had learned that all labors and hopes of happiness, short of Heaven, are fruitless and vain.

### TOLERATION.

What art thou, vain mortal, that dares intrude thyself between my god and me! If I have an account to settle with Heaven, am I not competent to settle it myself!

Can you be more interested than I am! Or if you are why insult me; why publish me to the world as the vilest animal in existence! May I not possibly be right as well as you! If so, by what grant either of Heaven or earth, you be judged in assau?—ting the purity of my motives! The great God of Heaven suffers me to enjoy liberty; suffers me to investigate freely and without fear, all subjects my mind may chance to pursue, and informs me by the eternal laws of nature, that I can only believe as my understanding directs me. Yet you dust and ashes of the earth—arrogating to yourself Heaven's power, would do that which Heaven refuses to do! you would stay the progress of my mind, you would end all inquiry which did not exactly suit you; you would prostrate me in the eyes of society, and send me headlong to eternal punishment! Away from this land, persecuting spirit! Away from this earth, thou spoiler!—Franklin.

### EVERYBODY.

Next to Nobody, this is the most important personage known whose place the former is very often compelled to supply. Everybody, says the political sectarian, knows that the righteousness of our party exceeds that of the Scribos and Pharisees; while the wickedness of our opponents is as the troubled waters which cast up mire and dirt. Now it is Nobody, instead of Everybody, that possesses this information. In the same manner, those whose vocation it is to fabricate and vindicate creeds, dogmas and fashions, in all the various departments of law, physic and divinity, uniformly after that Everybody acknowledges the accuracy of these several doctrines and principles—whereas, through the aforesaid transportation another character is entirely deprived of his share of information. Everybody is placed to the credit of Everybody—thus reversing the established maxim, that Everybody's business is Nobody's.

Notwithstanding the consequential character so generally accorded to Everybody; there is not a more ignorant booby in existence. A thousand crooked points and tangled questions are referred to him for decision—on which occasions he is sur-named the Public, and complimented with much praise for charity and sagacity; but in the end, every one of these knotty matters is resolved by Nobody, to whom in fact belongs those very superior qualities so courteously ascribed to his would be coadjutor. Thus Everybody runs away with honors that in truth are the sole property of Nobody; and the latter is also doomed to endure imputations and reproaches that were justly designed to rest upon the broad shoulders and thick skull of the former. Multitudes of false assertions are wrongfully laid to the charge of Nobody; and the very highest virtues, which are known to belong exclusively to that individual, are not seldom assumed and held as the appurtenances of Everybody—so prevalent is the question that "what Everybody says must be true."

It is indeed high time that the political vices and the professional impositions which have so long been known to exist, and which have increasingly been palmed off upon Nobody, should find their true owners, and they alone be held responsible. Until things are called by their right names, the innocent must suffer, while Everybody that is really guilty is suffered to escape.—Nantucket Inquirer.

Woman.—what can be more admirable than the tone of the subjoined note from Napoleon:—"I have received your letter, in which you blame me for speaking ungallantly of women. It is true that I hate intriguing women above all things, I have been accustomed to animal, gentle, and conciliating women; those are the women I love. If they have spoiled me, it is not my fault, but yours. You will see that I have been very kind to one who proved herself amiable and affectionate;—I mean Madam Harzfield. When I showed her husband's letter, she wept and exclaimed with deep feeling and sympathy, "Ah! it