

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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MISCELLANEOUS.

REWARD OF INDUSTRY.

AN ANECDOTE OF IVAN, OF RUSSIA.

The czar Ivan, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, frequently went out disguised, in order to discover the opinion which the people entertained of the administration. One day in a solitary walk near Moscow, he entered a small village, and pretending to be overcome by fatigue, implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His dress was ragged; his appearance mean; and what ought to have excited the compassion of the villagers, and insured his reception, was productive of refusal. Full of indignation at such treatment, he was just going to leave the place, when he perceived another habitation to which he had not applied for assistance. The Emperor hastened to this, and knocking at the door, a peasant opened it, and asked him what he wanted. 'I am almost dying with fatigue and hunger,' answered the czar; 'can you give me a lodging for one night?' 'Alas!' said the peasant taking him by the hand, 'you will have but a poor fare here—you have come at a bad time. My wife is very ill, her cries will not let you sleep; but come in; you will at least be sheltered from the cold; and such as we have you shall be welcome to.' The peasant then made the czar enter a little room, full of children. In the cradle were two infants sleeping very soundly; a little girl, three years old, was sleeping on a rug near the cradle; while her two sisters, the one five years old, the other seven, were on their knees crying and praying to God for their mother, who was in a room adjoining, and whose complaints and groans were distinctly heard. 'Stay here,' said the peasant to the Emperor; 'I will go and get something for your supper.' He went out, and soon returned with some black bread, eggs, and honey. 'You see all I can give you, partake of it with my children, I must go and assist my wife.' 'Your charity, your hospitality,' said the czar, 'must bring down blessings on your house. I am sure God will reward your goodness.' 'Pray to God that she may have a safe delivery, from all her suffering, that is all I wish for.' 'And is that all you for to make you happy?' 'Happy! judge for yourself; I have five children, a dear wife who loves me, a father and mother, both in health, and my labor is sufficient to support them all.' 'Do your father and mother live with you?' 'Certainly, they are in the next room with my wife.' 'But your cottage here is so very small.'

The peasant then went to his wife, who an hour after happily presented him with a son. Her husband, in a transport of joy, brought the child to the czar. 'Look,' said the czar, 'what a fine heavy child he is! May God preserve him as he has done my other children.' The czar, sensibly affected by the scene, took the infant in his arms; 'I know,' said he, 'from the physiognomy of this child, that he will arrive, I am certain, at a great preferment.' The peasant smiled at his prediction, and at that instant the two eldest girls came with her grandmother, to take the child back. The little ones followed her; and the peasant lying down upon the straw,

invited the stranger to do the same. In a few moments the peasant was in a sound and peaceful sleep; but the czar, sitting up looked around and contemplated every thing with an eye of tenderness and emotion—the sleeping children and sleeping father. An undisturbed silence reigned in the cottage. 'What a calm! what a delightful tranquility!' said the emperor; 'avarice and ambition, suspicion and remorse, never enter here. How sweet is the sleep of innocence!' In such reflections, and on such a bed, did the mighty Emperor of the Russians spend the night! The peasant awoke at the break of day, and his guest taking leave of him said, 'I must return to Moscow, my friend—I am acquainted there with a very benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to mention your humane treatment to me. I can prevail on him to stand godfather to your child. Promise me that I may be present at the christening; I will be back in three hours at the farthest.' The peasant did not think much of this mighty promise, but in good nature of heart he consented to the stranger's request.

The czar immediately took his leave: the three hours soon passed away, and nobody appeared. The peasant, therefore, followed by his family, was preparing to carry his child to the church; but as he was leaving his cottage, he heard on a sudden the trampling of horses, and the rattling of many coaches. He looked out, and presently saw a multitude of horses, and a train of splendid carriages. He knew the imperial guards, and instantly called his family to see the emperor go by. They all ran out in a hurry, and stood before the door. The horsemen and carriages soon formed circular line, and at last the state coach halted directly opposite the good peasant's door. Guards kept back the crowd which the hope of seeing their sovereign had collected together. The coach door was opened; the czar alighted, and advancing towards him thus addressed him: 'I promised you a godfather; I have come to fulfil my promise; give me your child, and follow me to the church.' The poor peasant stood like a statue; now looking at the emperor with mingled emotions of astonishment and joy, now observing his magnificent robes and the costly jewels with which they were adorned, and now turning to the crowd of nobles that surrounded him. In this profusion of pomp he could not discover the poor stranger who had laid all night with him on the straw. The emperor for some moments silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then addressed him thus: 'Yesterday you performed the duties of humanity; to-day I have come to discharge the most delightful duty of a sovereign, recompensing virtue. I shall not remove you from a situation to which you do so much honor, and the innocence and tranquility which I envy but I will bestow upon you such things as may be useful to you. You shall have numerous flocks, rich pastures, and a house to enable you to exercise the duties of hospitality with pleasure. Your newborn son shall be my ward, for you may remember,' continued the emperor, smiling, 'that I promised he would be fortunate.' The good peasant could not speak, but with tears of grateful sensibility in his eyes, he ran instantly to fetch his child, brought him to the emperor, and laid him respectfully at his feet. This excellent sovereign was quite affected; he took the child in his arms and carried him to the church, and after the ceremony was over, unwilling to deprive him of his mother's nourishment, he took him to the cottage and ordered that he should be sent to him as soon as he should be weaned. The czar faithfully observed his engagement, caused the boy to be educated in his palace; provided amply for his future settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap favors upon the virtuous peasant and his family.

If married ladies would consult their husbands instead of their friends on most matters concerning both, there would be less harsh feelings and more comfort among the parties.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

"Do you live here sir," said a gentleman of easy address, and of some official importance, who carried a blank book in one hand and held a silver pencil in the other—"do you live here, sir?" he said, addressing the male occupant, as he unceremoniously poked his head into an Irishman's shanty, in the suburbs of the city, yesterday.

"Do I what," said the Emerald, somewhat surprised.

"Do you live here, sir!" said the gentleman.

"Why thin, sweet bad luck to you every day you see a wooden pavin' stone, you spyin' spalpeen," said Pat, apparently much enraged—"where else would I live? Isn't this my own house, and isn't me house me castle? What right have you to trespass on my premises, and step in without sayin' "by yer lave," or "God save all here," just as if ye were an estated gentleman?"

"My dear sir," said the visitor. "I did not come here with the view of unnecessarily intruding on you; I am employed to take the census, and come to take yours and your family's."

"To tak me census!"—give me a charm I suppose—put yer combles on me!—Oh! consumin' to you, decavin' rascal! Do you want to make an omadawn or an idiot of me? Clear out of me consarns, or I'll be after giving you a polthogue, that'll take your sensis" and he made a scientific move at the stranger, in a true Donybrook-fair style who requested him not to put his threat into execution, but permit him to explain.

He told Patrick that he was employed by the government to ascertain the number of people who reside in the city, and that he merely called in pursuance of his vocation, to learn how many his family numbered.

"And is that all ye want?" said Pat, assuming a less belligerent tone.

"No more," said the gentleman with the book. "And why the devil didn't you say so at first?" said Pat, "and I'd tell it while a car'ub be aitin' a sh'porth o' butter. Stay,—let me see! (and he began to scratch his head, by way of assisting his memory;) there's meself and Nelly—that's one."

"You and Nelly are two," said the gentleman, making his memorandum at the same time.

"Well there's more of your assurance," said Pat. "Do you know better than the priest! Didn't he tell us the night that we wor married that we wor one?"

"Well, I'll not argue the question with you," said the gentleman—"proceed."

"Well thin," said Pat, "there's the four gossens that's livin' and Brian and Teddy that's dead; there's Nancy, that's at home wid her gra'mother in Ireland; and the two children that's home wid us; there's the pig and the ould mare, and—"

"That will do, sir," said the census-taker stopping him, who had by this time taken a note of the actual number of Pat's family.

"Good by sir." "O safe journey to you, me darlin'!" said Pat. "Wou'd ye take something?"

"Nothing," said the stranger, and he vanished.

Jeremy Taylor on Calumny.—"There is no worse devil," said Jeremy Taylor, "than a devilish tongue. Were I a legislator I would enact a law that every one who spoke evil of his fellow creature, should be condemned to a fine, could he not fully substantiate his charge; and that the author of every slander and falsehood should loose his tongue. Then, perchance, there might be peace in Israel. But in the present blessed state of society, it is really fearful and heart-sickening to think how entirely one is in the power of these said tongues, what may not be propagated to one's disadvantage during absence, and how many reputations have been victimized during the babbling moments of a morning visit."

The Three Friends.—Trust no friend wherein thou hast not proved him. At the banqueting table how many more are found than at the door of the prison.

A man had three friends: two of them he dearly loved, the third to him was indifferent though he was the most true of the three. On a certain occasion he was summoned before a judge, and was, although innocent cruelly accused. 'Who among you,' said he, 'will go with me and be a witness in my behalf? for I have been cruelly accused and the king is angry.'

The first of his friends immediately excused himself, saying he could not go with him on account of other business.

The second accompanied him to the door of the judgment hall, then turned away and went back fearing the anger of the judge.

The third, upon whom he had reckoned the least, went in, spoke for him, and so joyfully bore testimony to his innocence, that the judge released him and sent him away.

Three friends has man in this world, and how do they bear themselves toward him in the hour of death, when God summons him before his judgment seat? Wealth, his most cherished friend, first forsakes him and goes not with him. His relatives and friends accompany him to the perils of the grave, and then turn back again to their dwellings. The third, that which in life was mostly forgotten, in his good works. They alone accompany him to throne of the judge: they go before, speak in his behalf, and find mercy.

Aphorism.—A dishonest boy will never make an honest man. When he grows up to manhood he may perhaps find it his interest to act honestly in his dealings, but for all this he is a knave at heart, and would cheat secundum artem if it would further his own ends better than integrity. The boy's the father of the man.' This was said by Wordsworth, and an invariable true saying it is.—

Irish Wit.—A genuine "son of the sod" came into our office the other day, and asked the rates of advertising for a situation. The price we told him would be one dollar for three insertions, and one dollar and seventy five cents for six. "A dollar," said he scratching his pate, "for the first three then my darling faith an we'll have it in the last three."

A STORY OF THE FRENCH COURT.

BY L. J. TRACERAY.

All who visit the French metropolis now make a point of finding their way to Versailles, whose glories have been so greatly augmented by the good taste and magnificence of Louis Philippe, without any sacrifice of olden associations.

After traversing the immense space devoted to the pictorial illustrations of French history, from Pepin to the hero of the Pyramids, it is pleasant to repose the mind upon ancient recollections; to wander over salons richly decorated a la Watteau; to tread in the steps of the courtiers and exalted Beauties of the days of Louis Quatorze and Quinze; to imagine then thousand schemes, heart-burnings, hidden feuds and delightful recognitions, softened down albeit, by a refinement of manner that leaves us nothing to hope in the way of improvement.

In one of these regal chambers (a *bon-doir*) looking over the terrace, and fitted up a l'italienne, with painted panelling, diversified with mirrors, we being sufficiently fatigued, sat down, and on our right hand, the Count du P—. We had in fact, fallen upon a pleasant day, in having met with the fine old specimen of a French gentleman, one of the *habitués* and ever-welcome guests at Lord Granville's table. Many are the *contes* we have met in our time; but never have known one in whom the faculty of suiting his story to the mood of mind of the listener more distinctly prevailed. The Count, therefore, is never te-

dious, and although in his seventieth year, has that power of eye which prevents the sleepiest while beneath its influence, from closing. For our own part, though tired we had no such disposition; vague memories of all hues crowded in upon us with 'most admired confusion;' and therefore, to give an aim and a preciseness to reflection, we demanded of our friend why he looked so fixedly upon the portrait of a beautiful young woman—apparently a bride, and clad with great elegance—immediately over the fireplace.

'The charming Inez de Brissac!' he exclaimed; 'how little do they know of the ever during, the unsubduable tho' doubting devotion of Woman, who are skilled only to detect her weaknesses!'

At twenty years of age the Marquise de Brissac was the most unequivocally admired of the beauties who adorned the court of Louis Quinze. But as you will perceive by the portrait, to mere regularity of feature she could make no pretension; her loveliness lay in expression; and every trait gave conviction of intelligence and womanly sensibility—devoid of feebleness on the one hand, or absurd prudery on the other.

The chronicles of the period describe her as having dark Auburn hair; a fair complexion, wherein, the color flashed, from time to time, 'as it were the lightning of the soul;' a figure, rather tall than otherwise, and formed with that degree of *embon-point* which adds to grace; and although the denizen of a Court, whence, it is said, the affections are banished, and in which the direst passions assume the mask of virtue, Inez was beloved. The term is an inadequate one—she was adored. The Duke de Rohan Meillerie, one of the most accomplished cavaliers of his age, could have kissed the ground on which she walked.

It has been remarked, and but too truly, that love, when ever passionate, assumes all the outward semblance of frigidity.—Aye at that moment, when all the pulses of the Smitten One's soul are obedient but to one idea, and that idea the goddess of his idolatry, even then she may deem him, and not unjustly, so great a concealer is passion, cold, unloving, undevoted, unworthy!

'I know not,' said she to her friend.—Marian de Beteuill, 'what to think of the Duke; sometimes I firmly believe he loves me; but again he appears as though repelled by me; and at the very moment when warmth of development would naturally be expected, he chills into silence and abstraction.'

'Make him jealous,' was the brief reply of Mademoiselle Marian.

'That will draw him out, at all events.'

'O no! no!' observed the Marquise; 'he has never trifled with my feelings; why should I wish his?'

'Ah! it is as I always have seen,' said Marian, laughingly.

'Fools only interfere in the dilemmas of love. But nevertheless, I will undertake this knotty affair. He shall meet me in the little picture gallery de Noailles, and you station yourself behind the arras. Be there to-morrow at three exactly.'

'My dear Duke, as a friend, you must permit me to speak more freely than befits an audience chamber. Your behavior is not that of a man of honor!'

'Good Heavens, Marian, what would you impute to me!'

'O, nothing worse than this—the destruction of the peace of mind of one of the most perfect of her sex; human, it is true, but—'

'In my mind,' said the Duke, taking up the phrase, 'little less than angelic. I know what you would say; but I pray you, Marian, to believe me, when I declare that the spell which is on me occasion me the bitterest torture. Inez is to me a 'bright particular star;' for although I love her to madness, I equally worship her, and have been a thousand times restrained from making a declaration in form, by a diffidence over which I have no control.'