

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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POETRY.

THE STEAMBOAT.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, ESQ.

See how yon flaming herald treads
The high and rolling wave,
As crashing o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves!
With foam before and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
With heaped and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast, in ringing showers;
With every wave that swells;
And flaming o'er the midnight deep,
In lurid fringes thrown,
The living gems of ocean sweep
Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel,
She thunders foaming by!
When seas are silent and serene,
With even beam she glides,
The sun shine glimmering through the green
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like the wild nymph, far apart,
She veils her shadowy form,
The beating of her restless heart
Still sounding through the storm;
Now answers like a courtly dame;
The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame—
The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
Who trims his narrowed sail;
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
Her broad breast to the gale;
And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
Shall break from yard and stay,
Before this smoky wreath has stained
The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,
I see you quivering mast;
The black throat of the hunted cloud
Is panting forth the blast!
An hour, and whirled like winnowing chaff,
The giant surge shall fling
His tresses o'er yon pennant taff,
White as the sea bird's wing!

Ye rest, ye wanderers of the deep;
Ner wind nor wave shall bring
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
With floods of living fire.
Sleep on—and when the morning light
Streams o'er the shining bay,
O think of those for whom the night,
Shall never wake in day!

AN ACROSTIC.

Touch not the bright but ever mad'ning
bowl,
Else honor, fame, and purity of soul
Must sink into the ruin it will bring—
Perish beneath its deadly pois'nous sting,
Ere noticing though in form, bright to the view,
Rich in a sweet fragrance and of a brilliant
hue,
A nimp of dark design lurks in each drop,
Nestles secure within the sparkling cup;
Cease not to banish, then, the pois'nous bowl,
Ere life & health shall fade 'neath its control.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Picayune.

A LEAP YEAR STORY.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

'But why don't you get married?' said a bouncing girl, with a laughing eye, to a smooth-faced, innocent looking youth who blushed up to the eyes at the question. 'Well, I—' said the youth, stopping short with a gasp; and fixing his eyes upon vacancy with a puzzled and foolish expression.

'Well, go on; you what?' said the fair cross-questioner, almost imperceptibly inclining nearer to the young man. 'Now just tell me right straight out, you what?'

'Why, I—Oh, pshaw, I don't know!'

'You do, I say you do know, come I want to know.'

'O, I can't tell you—'

'I say you can. Why you know I'll never mention it, and you may tell me of course, you know, for haven't I always been your friend?'

'Well, you have, I know,' replied the beleaguered youth.

'And I'm sure I always thought you liked me,' went on the maiden in tender and mellow accents.

'O, I do, upon my word—yes, indeed I do Maria, said the unsophisticated youth, very warmly, and he found that Maria had unconsciously placed her hand in his open palm.

'Then there was a silence.

'And then—well, John?' said Maria, dropping her eyes to the ground.

'Eh! Oh—well?' said John, dropping his eyes and Maria's hand at the same moment.

'I'm pretty sure you love somebody, John; in fact,' said Maria, assuming again a tone of raillery, 'I know you're in love, and John why don't you tell me all about it at once?'

'Well, I—'

'Well, I!—O you silly mortal, what is there to be afraid of?'

'Oh, it aint because I'm afraid of any thing at all, and I'll—well now Maria, I'll tell you.'

'Well now, John?'

'I—'

'Eh?'

'I—'

'Yes.'

'I am in love!—now don't tell—you wont will you?' said John, violently seizing Maria by the hand, and looking in her face with a most imploring expression.

'Why, of course you know, John, I'll never breathe a word of it—you know I wont, don't you, John?' This was spoken in a mellow whisper, and the cherry lips of Maria were so near John's ear when she spoke, that had he turned his head to look at her there might have occurred an exceedingly dangerous collision.

'Well, Mari,' said John, 'I've told you now, and so you shall know all about it.—I have always thought a great deal of you, and—'

'Yes, John.'

'I am sure you would do any thing for me that you could—'

'Yes, John, you know I would.'

'Well, I thought so, and you don't know how long I've wanted to talk to you about it.'

'I declare, John, I—you might have told me long ago if you wanted, for I'm sure I never was angry with you in my life.'

'No, you wasn't; and I have often felt a great mind to, but—'

'It's not too late now, you know, John.'

'Well, Maria, do you think I'm too young to get married?'

'Indeed I do not, John; and I know it would be a good thing for you too, for everybody says the sooner young people are married the better, when they are prudent and inclined to love another.'

'That's just what I think; and now, Maria, I do want to get married, and if you'll just—'

'Indeed I will John, for you know I

was always partial to you, and I've said so often behind your back.

'Well I declare I've all along thought you might object, and that's the reason I've been always afraid to ask you.'

'Object! no, I'd die first you may ask of me just any thing you please.'

'And you'll grant it?'

'Then, Maria, I want you to pop the question for me to Mary Sullivan, for—'

'What?'

'Eh?'

'Do you love Mary Sullivan?'

'O, indeed I do with all my heart!'

'I always thought you was a fool.'

'Eh?'

'I say you're a fool, and you'd better go home, your mother wants you—you—you—stupid!' exclaimed the mortified Maria in a shrill treble, and she gave poor John a slap on the cheek that sent him reeling. It was noontide, and yet John declares he saw myriads of stars flashing all around him, more than he ever saw before in the night time. Poor Maria

'Never told her love.

But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Prey on her damask cheek.'

Thus, alas, how often are the gems of young affection cast away! For it is but too true, as David Crockett beautifully expresses it.

'The course of true lovers never did run smooth!'

The Reporter for the New York Evening Tatler, is a clever fellow, of infinite fun, a good natured but close observer of human nature. Many of his sketches are fully equal to Dickens. He will yet be the Boz of this country. The following, (not one of his best,) is from the Tatler. It describes a scene in the New York Police Court.

'Where is John Vandyke?'

'Here him ish!' answered a Dutchman, with his arm in a sling.

'Hah! you're the fellow that killed the man with his own boot.'

'Mine Got, no—him ish not dead yet—I am two times so dead as Misher Deleroix, mineself.'

'Where is Paul Deleroix, that said he was killed last night?'

'Hah! dat is me!' answered a Frenchman with a nose considerably the worse of the wear, or rather the tear—and a pair of eyes in a deep suit of mourning; for the which they were probably indebted to a certain collision which had taken place between the aforementioned boot and his nasal protuberance. 'Hah, dat is me Monsieur, so long as I am myself; but ven I look in de glass dis morning, mon Dieu, I cannot tink dat I am myself at all.'

'Why man, you're not dead as you reported.'

'Non pas; I no say I was so dead as ven you shall put me in de coffin, but ven I am come to de watch house last night, I cannot see vit mine eye: an I cannot talk vit mine mout; an I cannot walk vit mine feet; an ven I no can see, an no can talk, and no can walk, begar I shall tink I am dead enough.'

'What did Vandyke strike you for?'

'Je ne sais pas! Helas! I ave not done to him any ting so leetle as nothing at all.'

'Dat ish nod dhrué—mine Got! dat ish nod dhrué!' exclaimed the prisoner. 'I go out of my room and I leave him mitout no pody in him but mine vrow; and ven I ish vent town down dhree hours I vash come pack to mine room, but ven I look in him vere I left no pody but mine vrow, teefel and dauder, dere I see Mynheer Deleroix sittin mine vrow's lap, an mitout no boots on.'

'Ha! it was all von bagatelle—von leetle mistake!—I live in de next room from Monsieur Vandyke; an ven I am tinkin I am in my own room begar I shall find myself in Monsieur Vandyke's room, an not in my own room at all.'

'But, mine Got, you could nod mishdake mine vrow for your vrow, for mine vrow is more den so pig ash dwo of her.'

'Monsieur Deleroix, I fear you have been

at some naughty tricks,' observed the magistrate.

'Fi de vous, Monsieur—I me am not von naughty trick—no sare—I can prove de charactere morale.'

'Can you prove you weren't sitting in this man's wife's lap?' asked his worship.

'Ven him broves him washn't I shall brove he vash,' returned the Dutchman.

'Diable you shall not prove him, but you shall ask Madame Vandyke, an ven she say I am sitting in her lap—Mon Dieu, I shall say no more—'

'Ha, dat ish no goot, mynheer—for mine vrow is sure not to tell de druth mitout she can't help him. An den dere ish de boots; an mine Got, how will he brove de vashn't off ven de vashn't on, an ven I had dem in mine own dwo hands, an hit him on de nosh mit dem?'

This appeared to be a home thrust to the Gaul, in spite of his 'character morale'; for he merely responded to it by giving his shoulders a shrug, that nearly placed them on the top of his head; and so matters stood when a huge link in the chain of the fair sex waddled forward, and stated to the effect that she was *opha* to all the particulars. This fair one turned out to be no less a personage than the immaculate Mrs. Vandyke, and as her worse half had indicated, was in all probability more than twice as large as the Frenchman's wife, for she was, to say the least of her, at least double the size of the Frenchman himself.

Immediately upon presenting herself before the court, this substantial apparition plunged heels over head into a most eloquent harangue, touching the spotlessness of her own virtue, and the innocence of the Frenchman; but as this harangue was done up nine-tenths in low Dutch, and the odd one-tenth in such marvellously high English that it was altogether beyond the reach of our comprehension—we couldn't keep the run of it; and have therefore merely to add, that it was pretty conclusively proved that the whole affair was the upshot of a drunken squabble in which the Dutchman was chiefly guilty—and that, in accordance with the petition of the slandered vrow, and as the Frenchman gallantly designed to prosecute, the case was dismissed.

SPRING.

We cannot lift up our eyes, in this delightful season, without being tempted to ask, on what principle can we account for the beauty of Spring? Winter has shades as deep, and colors as brilliant; and the great forms of nature are substantially the same, through all the revolutions of the year. We shall seek in vain, therefore, in the accidents of mere organic matter, for the sources of that 'vernal delight,' which subject all finer spirits to an annual intoxication and strike home the sense of beauty even to hearts that seem proof against it under all other respects. And it is not among the dead, but among the living, that this beauty originates. It is the renovation of life and joy to all animated beings, that constitutes the great jubilee of nature; the young of animals bursting into existence—the simple and universal pleasures which are diffused by the mere temperature of the air; and the profusion of sustenance—the pairing of birds—the cheerful resumption of rustic toils—the great alleviation of all the miseries of poverty and sickness—our sympathy with the young life, and the promise and the hazards of the vegetable creation—the solemn, yet cheering impression of the constancy of nature to her great periods of renovation—and the hopes that dart spontaneously forward into the new circle of exertions and enjoyments that is opened up by her hand and her example. Such are some of the conceptions that are forced upon us by the appearances of returning Spring, and that seem to account for the emotions of delight with which these appearances are hailed, by every mind endowed with any degree of sensibility, somewhat better than the brightness of colors, or the agreeableness of the smells, that are then presented to our senses.

A LUCKY LOSS.

Graf Schlabendorf was a most singular person, a sort of strange German Coleridge more, however, of a philosopher and a politician than like a poet, living a hermit in the bustling history of revolutionary Paris— miserly in small things, the lord of a garret, slovenly in his attire, and cherishing a beard; but generous, even magnificent, on a large scale, and actuated in all things by motives of the purest patriotism and most disinterested benevolence; a character ready made for Sir Walter Scott. The man, as a forger and German aristocrat, and also as the esteemed friend of Condorcet, Mercier, Brisot, and the unfortunate Girondist party, naturally enough, during the reign of terror, was more than 'suspected of being suspected,' and sat, for many days, first in the Conciergerie and then in the Luxembourg, in constant expectation of the guillotine. He escaped, however, after all—strangely enough, *saving his life by losing his boots!* Varnhagen Von Ense relates the circumstances as follows:

'One morning the death-cart came for its usual number of daily victims, and Schlabendorf's name was called out. He immediately, with the greatest coolness and good humor; prepared for departure—presence of mind in some shape, a grand stoicism or mere indifference, were common in those terrible times. And Schlabendorf was not the man to make an ungraceful departure, when the unavoidable *must* of fate stood sternly before him. He was soon dressed; only his boots were missing; he sought and sought, and the jailor sought with him in his corner, and in that, but they were not to be found. 'Well,' said Schlabendorf sharply, 'to be gullentined without my boots will never do. Hark ye! my good friends,' continued he, with simple good humor to the jailor, 'take me to-morrow; one day makes no difference; it is the man they want; not Tuesday or Wednesday.' The jailor agreed.—The wagon, full enough without that one head, went off to its destination. Schlabendorf remained in prison. Next morning, at the usual hour, the vehicle returned, and the victim who had so strangely escaped on the previous day was ready, boots and all, waiting for the word of command. But, behold! his name was not heard that day, nor the third day, nor the fourth, and not at all.

'There was no mystery in the matter.—It was naturally supposed he had fallen with the other victims named for the original day; in the multitude of sufferers no one could curiously inquire for an individual; for the days that followed they were enough of victims without him, and so he remained in prison till the fall of Robespierre, when, with so many others he recovered his liberty. He owed his miraculous escape, not the least strange in the strange history of the Revolution, partly to the kindness of the jailor, partly and mainly to his good temper. He was a universal favorite in the jail.'—*Foreign Quarterly Review for January.*

LIME IN PLANTING TREES.

An English paper says that a large plantation of trees within the last few years has been formed without the loss of a single tree, and this has been achieved by a simple process; it is merely by putting a small quantity of lime in the hole with the plant. About four bushels of lime will suffice for an acre. It must be thoroughly mixed and incorporated with the mould before the plant is inserted. The effect of lime is to push on the growth of the plant in the first precarious state; new fibres begin to form and ramify from the taproot, and not only is the safety insured, but its growth is advanced in double ratio. There existed at first, an apprehension that liming the plant would force it on prematurely, but this apprehension is proved to have been groundless.

Laconic—Never despise a man because his employment is mean, or his clothing is bad. The bee is an insect that is not very pleasing to the sight, yet its hive affords an abundance of honey.