

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 WORTH OF WOMAN.

Honored be Woman! she beams on the sight
Graceful and fair as a being of light:
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss o'er our thorn-covered ways;
Roses of Paradise sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

Man, on Passion's stormy ocean,
Tossed by surges mountain high,
Counts the hurricane's commotion,
Spurns at Reason's feeble cry;
Loud the tempest roars around him,
Loud still it roars within;
Flashing lights of hope confound him;
Stuns him life's incessant din.

Woman invites him, with bliss in her smile,
To cease from his toil and be happy awhile;
Whispering wondrously, "Come to my bow-
er!"
Go not in search of the phantom power;
Honor and wealth are illusory—Come!
Happiness dwells in the temple of home!

Man, with fury, stern and savage,
Persecutes his brother man;
Reckless if he bless or ravage—
Action, action still his plan:
Now creating, now destroying,
Ceaseless wisher tear his breast;
Ever seeing, ne'er enjoying,
Still to be, but never blest.

Woman, contented, in silent repose,
Enjoys in its beauty life's flower as it
blows,
And waters and tends it with innocent
heart—
Far richer than man with his treasures of
art:
And wiser by far in her circle confined
Than he with science and lights of the
mind.

Coldly to himself sufficing,
Man disdains the gentle art,
Knoweth not the bliss arising
From the interchange of heart,
Slowly through his bosom stealing
Flows the genial current on,
Till by Age's frost congealing,
It is hardened into stone.

She, like the harp that instinctively ring,
As the night-breathing zephyr soft sighs on
the strings,
Responds to each impulse with steady re-
ply,
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy
try:
And tear-drops and smiles on her counte-
nance play,
Like sunshine and showers of a morning in
May.

Through the range of Man's dominion,
Tenor is the ruling word;
And the standard of opinion
Is the temple of the sword;
Strife exalts, and Pity, blushing,
From the scene departing flies,
Where, to battle madly rushing,
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commands with a milder control,
She rules by enchantment the realm of the
soul;
As she glances around in the light of her
smile
The war of the passions is hushed for a
while,
And Discord, content from its fury to cease,
Reposes entranced on the pillow of peace.

Eggs of the Codfish.—It is estimated
that the female carries in her ovary more
than 9,000,000 of eggs. No wonder,
therefore, that 200,000 fishermen do not
cause this fish to disappear from the deep.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SOFT ANSWER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I'll give him law to his heart's content, the scoundrel," said Mr. Singleton, walking backwards and forwards, in a state of angry excitement.

"Don't call hard names, Mr. Singleton," said lawyer Trueman, looking up from the mass of papers before him, and smiling in a quiet, benevolent way, that was peculiar to him.

"Every man should be known by his true name, Williams is a scoundrel, and so he ought to be called!" responded the client with increased warmth.

"Did you ever do a reasonable thing in your life, when you were angry?" asked Mr. Trueman, whose age and respectability gave him the license to speak thus freely to his young friend, for whom he was endeavoring to arrange some business difficulty with a former partner.

"I can't say that I ever did, Mr. Trueman. But now I have good reason for being angry; and the language I use in reference to Williams is but the expression of a sober and rational conviction," replied Singleton, a little more calmly.

"Did you pronounce him a scoundrel before you received his reply to your last letter?" asked Mr. Trueman.

"No, I did not. But the letter confirmed my previously formed impressions of his character."

"But I cannot find in that letter any evidence proving your late partner to be a dishonest man—he will not agree to your proposed mode of settlement because he does not see it to be the most proper way."

"He won't agree to it because it is an honest and equitable method of settlement, that's all! He wants to overreach me, and is determined to do so if he can!" responded Mr. Singleton, still excited.

"There you are decidedly wrong," said the lawyer. "You have both allowed yourselves to become angry, and I am both unreasonable, and if I must speak plainly, I think you the most unreasonable in the present case. Two angry men can never settle business properly. You have very unnecessarily increased the difficulties in the way of a speedy settlement, by writing Mr. Williams an angry letter which he has responded to in a like unhappy temper. Now, if I saw to settle this business for you I must write all letters that pass to Mr. Williams in a future."

"But how can I express my views and feelings?"

"That I do not wish you to do, for your views and feelings are to remain as they are now, for any thing like an adjustment of the difficulties under such circumstances I should consider hopeless," replied Mr. Trueman.

"Well, let me answer this letter, and after that I promise that you shall have your own way."

"No, I shall consent to no such thing.—It is the reply to that letter which is to modify the negotiation for a settlement in such a way as to bring success or failure, and I have no idea in allowing you, in the present state of your mind, to write such a one as will most assuredly defeat an amicable arrangement."

Singleton paused for some time before making a reply. He had been forming in his mind a most cutting and bitter rejoinder to the letter just alluded to, and he was very desirous that Mr. Williams should have the benefit of knowing that he thought him a "tricky and deliberate scoundrel," with other opinions of a similar character. He found it therefore, impossible to make up his mind to let the unimpassioned Mr. Trueman write this most important epistle.

"Indeed I must write this letter, Mr. Trueman," he said; "there are some things that I want to say to him that I know you won't write. You don't seem to consider the position in which he has placed me by that letter, nor what is obligatory upon me as a man of honor. I never allow any man to reflect upon me, directly or indirectly without a prompt response."

"There is, in the bible," said Mr. Trueman, "a passage that is peculiarly applicable to the present case. It is this: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath, grievous words stir up anger.' I have found this precept, in a life that has numbered more than double your years, to be one that may be safely and honorably adopted in all cases. You blame Mr. Williams for writing you an angry letter, and are indignant at certain expressions contained therein. Now, is it any more right for you to write an angry letter, with cutting epithets, than it is for him?"

"But, Mr. Trueman —"

"I do assure you, my young friend," said the lawyer, interrupting him, "that I am acting in this case for your benefit and not my own; and as your legal adviser, you

must submit to my judgment, or I cannot consent to go on."

"If I will promise not to use any harsh language, will you not consent to let me write the letter?" urged the client.

"You and I, in the present state of your mind, could not possibly come to the same conclusion in reference to what is harsh and what is mild," said Mr. Trueman; "therefore I cannot consent that you shall write one word of the proposed reply, I must write it."

"Well, I suppose then, I shall have to submit. When will it be ready?"

"Come this afternoon, and I will give you the draft, which you can copy and sign."

In the afternoon, Mr. Singleton came, and received the letter prepared by Mr. Trueman. It ran thus, after the date and formal address:

"I regret that my proposition did not meet your approval. The mode of settlement which I suggested was the result of a careful consideration of our mutual interests. Be kind enough to suggest to Mr. Trueman, my lawyer, any plan which you think will lead to an early and amicable adjustment of our business. You may rely upon my consent to it, if it meets his approbation."

"Is it possible, Mr. Trueman, that you expect me to sign such a stinging letter as that?" said Mr. Singleton, throwing it down and walking backwards and forwards with great irritation of manner.

"Well, what is your objection to it?" replied Mr. Trueman, mildly, for he was prepared for just such an exhibition of feeling.

"Objection! How can you ask such a question? am I to go on my knees to him and beg him to do me justice? No! I'll sacrifice every cent I've got in the world first, the scoundrel!"

"You wish to have your business settled, do you not?" asked Mr. Trueman, looking him steadily in the face.

"Of course I do, honorably settled!"

"Well, let me hear what you mean by an honorable settlement."

"Why I mean —" the young man hesitated a moment, and Mr. Trueman said,

"You mean a settlement in which your interest shall be equally considered with that of Mr. Williams."

"Yes, certainly. And that —"

"And that," continued Mr. Trueman, "Mr. Williams, in the settlement, shall consider and treat you as a gentleman."

"Certainly I do. But that is more than he has done."

"Well, never mind. Let what is past go for as much as it is worth. The principal point of action is in the present."

"But I'll never send that mean, cringing letter though."

"You mistake its whole tenor, I do assure you, Mr. Singleton. You have allowed your angry feelings to blind you. You, certainly, carefully considered, before you adopted it, the proposed basis of settlement, did you not?"

"Of course I did."

"So the letter which I have prepared for you states. Now, as an honest and honorable man, you are, I am sure, willing to grant to him the same privilege which you asked for yourself, viz: That of proposing a plan of settlement. Your proposition does not seem to please him; now it is but fair that he should be invited to state how he wished the settlement to be made. And in giving such an invitation, a gentleman should use gentlemanly language."

"But he don't deserve to be treated like a gentleman. In fact he has no claim to the title," said the young man.

"If he has none, as you say, you profess to be a gentleman, and all gentlemen should prove by their actions and their words that they are gentlemen."

"I can't say that I am convinced by what you say, but, as you seem so bent on having it in your own way, why, here, let me copy the thing and sign it," said the young man, suddenly changing his manner.

"There now! he added passing across the table the brief letter he had copied, I suppose he'll think me a low-spirited fellow after he gets that. But he's mistaken. After it's all over I'll take good care to tell him that it didn't contain my sentiments!"

Mr. Trueman smiled, as he took the letter, and went on to fold and direct it.

"Come to-morrow afternoon, and I think we'll have things in a pretty fair way," he said, looking up with his usual pleasant smile, as he finished the direction of the letter.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Singleton," he said, as that gentleman entered his office on the succeeding day.

"Good afternoon," responded the young man. "Well, have you heard from that milk and water letter of yours? I can't call it mine."

"Yes, here is the answer. 'Take a seat and I will read it to you,' said the old gentleman."

"Well, let's hear it."

"Dear George—I have your kind, reasonable, and gentlemanly note of yesterday, in reply to my harsh, unreasonable and ungentlemanly one of the day before. We have both been playing the fool; but you are ahead of me in becoming sane. I have examined, since I got your note more carefully, the tenor of your proposition for a settlement, and it meets my views precisely. My foolish anger kept me from seeing it before. Let our mutual friend, Mr. Trueman, arrange the matter according to the plan mentioned, and I shall most heartily acquiesce, Yours, &c."

"He never wrote that letter in the world!" exclaimed Singleton, starting to his feet.

"You know his writing, I presume!" said Mr. Trueman, handing him the letter.

"It's Thomas Williams' own hand, as I live!" ejaculated Singleton, on glancing at the letter. "My old friend Thomas Williams the best natured fellow in the world!" he continued, his feelings undergoing a sudden and entire revolution. "What a fool I have been."

"And what a fool I have been!" said Thomas Williams, advancing from an adjoining room, at the same time extending his hand towards Singleton.

"God bless you, my old friend!" exclaimed Singleton, grasping his hand. "Why what has been the matter with us both?"

"My young friends," said old Mr. Trueman, one of the kindest hearted men in the world, rising and advancing towards them, "I have known you long, and have always esteemed you both. This pleasant meeting and reconciliation you perceive, is of my arrangement. Now let me give you a precept that will both: make you friends and keep friends. It has been my motto through life; and I don't know that I have an enemy in the world. It is—'A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.'"

WORK FOR THE MONTH.

Early Potatoes.—Prepare the richest and most loamy bed in your garden for a crop of early potatoes. Dig it up well and deeply—break the clods well, and pulverize it nicely with your garden rake—lay off your rows two and half feet apart; throw into the drill about two inches of fat long horse dung, put your potato sets ten inches apart on the top of the manure, cover them with more manure, and then fill up the trench with earth—the after work consists in keeping the weeds away, the earth stirred between and a good broad faced hill around the vines.

Horse Radish.—This root must be planted out as early as possible.

Rhubarb.—This excellent vegetable requires to be planted early this month.

Fruit Trees of all sorts may now be either planted out or pruned—and the same remark will hold good with respect to shrubs of every kind, whether flowering or otherwise. The sooner either pruning or planting is done in this month the better.

Gooseberries, Carrots and Raspberries must be pruned, or planted out early this month.

Strawberries must now receive their spring dressing—and if you propose setting out a new bed you cannot do it too soon.

Clover Fields.—Sow over each acre of your clover, one bushel of plaster of paris, and besides fertilizing your ground, it will add twenty-five per cent. to the bulk of your hay.

Fences.—As soon as you can spare the time, examine all your fences and give them a thorough repairing.

Ditches and Drains.—These should receive early attention, and be cleaned out; and be sure to mix the earth you may take out of them with your dung.

Preparation of ground for Beets.—If you design planting any sugar beets or mangel wurtzel, we would advise you to plough your ground as early this month as possible—plough it as deep as you can; then harrow it, and let it remain until you are ready to plant your beets—then haul on your manure—say twenty double horse cart loads; spread it evenly and plough it lightly—from three to four inches, and be sure to get your beets in the earth during the first week of May. We will remark, that one acre of either of these roots, well manured and tended, will enable you to keep your milch cows to the pail all the winter, and thus entitle you to the thanks of your better half.

Spring Wheat.—As this variety of the bread grain is somewhat out of date, all we will say upon the subject is—that if you design planting any it should be sown as speedily as possible, in order that it may fill and ripen before the sun gets to much power.—*Amer. Farmer.*

A Hard Cut.—The Standard says that widows are singular creatures; they resemble green wood, which, while it is burning on one side, is weeping on the other.

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

"I really don't know which I love best," said Jane Manvers to her friend Marian Westell, as she returned from a splendid party where she was "the admired of all admirers," William Stanton or Frederick English. Out of a host of admirers that my fortune, now that I am an heiress, has brought to my feet, I have selected them. They are neither rich—both are filled with sentiments of honor as far as expressions and general conduct go. Both love me.—Neither have expressed it in strong terms—but either only wait for the necessary encouragement, I am sure sure, to pop the question. To either, my fortune would be an advantage. They may—it is an ungenerous thought—but I cannot help entertaining it, love my fortune, and not me. Do you know, Marian, I have strong thoughts of putting their love to the test?"

"How can you do it?"

"I have thought of a way. You may remember that I had a cousin who was supposed to be lost at sea, and the property which had made a poor, unnoticed girl so much courted, was to be his, if he were living."

"Yes, but you have had the full and positive proofs of his decease."

"I know it, but the world does not, nor can my two favored lovers be acquainted with the fact. I therefore propose to staid in the papers that my cousin is not dead as was supposed. To give up for a time my splendid establishment, and to retire into comparative poverty. It is said that Kings and heiresses rarely hear the truth from the flatterers by whom they are surrounded.—This will at least test my friends. What thing you of my plan?"

"Excellent—try it by all means."

The idea was acted upon, and it was curious to see how Jane's admirers dropped off one by one. Her two lovers waited upon her at first in her retirement, and Jane was more puzzled than ever which to choose. Frederick English's visits in a short time became more like angel's—that is, few and far between—while William Stanton's were constant.

Upon one of them he said, "My dear Miss Manvers, I have known you long.—In the days of your prosperity—surrounded as you were by many lovers who were affluent, I did not dare to disclose to you a passion which I had felt from the moment I knew you, and which has grown and strengthened with my acquaintance. Now that you are poor, like myself, the diffidence which had else hermetically sealed my lips from divulging my heart's passion, is removed. I am not affluent, but I can support you with respectability at least, and if you will accept for your husband one who loves you devotedly, I do not think that you will ever regret the hour that makes you mine. At least I will try never to give you cause."

"I believe you, dear William," said Jane, "and if you will accept a beggar, for I am little better—"

"Say not so dearest—I cannot listen to such wrong even from your lips."

"Your fortunes will not suffer by the union."

"That they never can. When shall our marriage take place?"

"Next week, if you will."

"At your lodgings here?"

"No at the house of a friend. Call for me, and we will proceed together there."

At the day appointed, William was in readiness, accompanied by Frederick English. They were both surprised at the magnificence of Jane's attire, and thought it somewhat out of character with her circumstances, but how much more surprised were they when stepping into a carriage with Jane and Eliza, they were driven to Jane's former residence, and found her still the mistress and the heiress, and learned the plot by which she had tested her lovers. The way Frederick pursued himself and his fortune was not slow.

Girls, you, who possess money, make it a point of finding out, before the irrevocable knot is tied, whether you are loved for yourselves or your fortunes.

What a Thought!—A writer in one of the French Encyclopedias, calculates that if the natural resources of the American Continent were fully developed, it would afford sustenance to three thousand six hundred millions of inhabitants, a number five times as great as the entire population of the world—and the lapse of three or four centuries will exhibit it!

Editorial Wit.—The Post Office in this city is a perfect nest of old bachelors.—There must be reform there. Ladies do you hear that?—*Rich. Star.*

Do you mean that it is full of mails?
East. Times.

It is a Fact that the price of labor has been constantly falling, since Harrison's election.