

# 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.

From the New Haven Herald

### SOCIABILITY OF BIRDS—BEAUTIFUL INCIDENTS.

Letter from a young Lady to Rev. Mr. Lindsley, of Stratford.

DEAR SIR:—Having often heard that yourself and family were very fond of birds and something of a very fond interesting nature concerning them, having come directly under my own observation, indeed entirely in connection with myself, I thought an account of it might not prove uninteresting to you. Early in the summer of 1840, as I was one morning receiving on my couch, in the back room, the doors being open, a very small bird came hopping in, and ran about the floor, apparently in quest of something to eat. I happened to have a soda biscuit about me, and instantly threw it some crumbs, which it ran to eat, as if hungry. In a few minutes it flew out. Before I fed them both plentifully, and they flew out in a short time one returned, and partook again; after a while the other, so they continued through the day. I did not think of seeing them any more, but I had no sooner taken my accustomed place on my couch the next morning, when in came one of my little visitors, quite tame and quite at home, it ran near me, took a hasty breakfast and ran out. Soon its mate came, and took his in quite as friendly a manner. Thus they continued coming from ten to thirty times a day, and soon became so attached to their hostess that they would seldom take their meal, ever ready on a clean paper by the door, but would run close to my couch, and look up to me, to have me drop it to them at my side, which they would take perfectly unconcerned. They appeared a time quite afraid of strangers, particularly children, and would look to me, as they came in, as if to ask, is it safe? However, they soon lost their fears of them, and would come in when three or four were present. After a few weeks they began to carry away pieces every time they came, after satisfying their hunger, which convinced me they had little ones to feed, and I was astonished to see what a little load they would carry, oftentimes three pieces at once, as large as half a large pea. Thus they continued visiting me for months: until some time in the last of September, just after tea, at the edge of a delightful evening, I heard such a chirping and chattering as almost deafened me. In an instant the little mother appeared, enticing along her dear little ones, which were almost splitting their little throats with their chattering; and soon the father appeared. They ran up the steps into the room, and stopped just at the door, perfectly still, except the mother, who ran to me, very hastily, stopped at my side, looked up in my face, and began to talk, she thought, as intelligently as any person would, conversing with me. I never was more astonished. I supposed that she was asking me to protect her little ones. She stood in this manner a few moments, talking as fast as she could, when she ran back to her children, and they all commenced eating their abundant meal, which had been prepared for them: When finished they flew out, and visited me no more. I was then convinced that the mother was expressing her gratitude, instead of asking protection.

I mourned the loss of my dear little family, not expecting ever to see them again; when, O how was I delighted, as sitting at my bedroom window one Sunday morning, early in the month of the next June, the dear little creature who first made its appearance, came running up the walk, directly to the door. Feeling very ill, and the morning being rainy, I could not go and let it in, (the family being at Church) and was obliged to let it go away (which it did very broken-heartedly, after waiting

for some time) without giving a welcome. I reconciled myself, thinking it would return the next day; but I waited for it did not come, and I had entirely given up the idea of seeing it any more when, how I overjoyed one morning; to see it fly into the door and run directly to my couch! She stepped directly before me, looked up and began to chirper. I answered her little how de do, and gave her some break fast. She ran out and soon her mate came. Then they continued their visit from ten to forty times a day, sometimes together, sometimes alone, would often stay and run about the room, and appeared delightful when I felt able to answer their prattle.—On stormy days, not being able to bear the damp air from an open door, they, when finding it closed, would come to the window and flutter, begging to come in.

I would open the door a little space, just large enough for them to press through; they would immediately fly on the scraper, and crowd through, evidently delighted, and try to show their gratitude. After taking their meal, totally unconcerned at being shut in, they would amuse themselves awhile, then crowd out again on the scraper, and fly to their nest. Thus they continued their visits to me again for months, quite at home, and for several of the last weeks carrying away a large mess every visit, which convinced me they had again a little charge to feed, when one beautiful morning, about 10 o'clock, oh, such a chirping all of a sudden! and in a moment I had five little visitors on the threshold of the door, the young ones fluttering and chirping so as almost to deafen me, but appearing so happy as hardly to know what to do. I threw down a large mess of crumbs, when the parents instantly ran to me, and took them to their little just fledged children, put it in their mouths, and gain and again, for some minutes; after being sufficiently fed, all flew out.—Thus they continued to come, at times all together, sometimes the little ones, one or two at once, sometimes one alone at all, turning round my feet when at the table and picking up the mites as they fell, and trying to amuse me. In about two weeks they all came at once, after tea, took an abundant meal, ran about and chattered to me, and ran out. I saw the dear little creatures no more. Had any one have told me one half what I had witnessed, I should have thought it exaggeration; but myself was their only hostess, and I can in truth attest that what I have written gives but little idea of the interest they excited.—Should they return again the coming summer, as they probably will, I shall give you a further history. In the meantime, believe me, sir,

Most respectfully yours, C. C.

STRATFORD, Feb. 4, 1842.

The above mentioned bird is the Chipping Sparrow, (Fringilla Socialis of Wilson.) She and her mate have again returned to visit their hostess. If you deem the above worthy an assertion in your Daily it is at your service. It furnishes good evidence of what kindness and gentleness to the feathered race, at the hands of a young lady can accomplish.

Yours, &c. J. H. LINDSLEY.  
Eds. Daily Herald.

'The assertion that a man rarely rise to wealth by the work of his own hands, is hardly justified.'

Village Record.

It is a common idea that as a man accumulates wealth, he is entitled to increased respectability. Now, this idea instead of being encouraged should be repudiated by those who have, in any wise the directions of the public thought, or the guardianship of the public morals. It is a manifestation of no virtuous principle—no exhibition of the noble and more generous impulse that challenge the esteem of the good and the great, to see a man engaged in the pursuit of gain indifferent to all other considerations. These good propensities are often smothered and suppressed by this master passion. When a thirst of acquisition becomes a principle with a man, he must close up all the avenues of the heart—his feelings become indurated and obdurate, and he is abandoned to self alone. No gentle sympathies stir his breast—no appeals to his generosity—no cries of distress move his compassion. It is with this consideration that we find fault with the wording of the paragraph we have quoted. It is as frequently the case that men sink as rise to wealth. Men frequently rise to poverty. Mind cast in a mould similar to John Howard's frequently do so.—We must put more stress upon merit and less upon wealth, and then we will inculcate a proper sentiment.

'The BANK is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gold for a' that.'

Independent Journal

**MONEY.**—Look at that fellow trudging along with a bag of specie on his shoulder. How pleased he is. A smile curls his lip, and he treads the pavement with disdain. He bows to every body he meets, and looks important, just as if he cared for nobody. See how other eyes and envy him as he passes along—he observes it, and struts more consequentially. Ah! money is the thing to make a man feel comfortable—it makes him bold, fearless and independent. A man with plenty of money in his pockets cares not for the remarks & opinions of the crowd, his money is a sure passport to favor.

See that thin, cadaverous being edging his way through the crowd with all care, as if afraid of treading on somebody's toes. How timid he is. His coat is threadbare, though neatly brushed; his hat is smooth and greasy from long use. No smile dimples on his cheek, and as he spies the money man approaching, he respectfully steps aside and gives him a wide row. Look at him—his appearance tells as plain as words could tell that he has a light purse and a heavy heart.

'Tis queer what a feeling money inspires in the bosom of every one. There is a charm in that word money, which is only surpassed by the conscious that money is yours. Even the drayman, who is transferring the pretty boxes of metals from the vaults of one bank to another, steps higher, speaks more emphatic, and cracks his whip with a feeling of conscious superiority, from the mere thought of the value of his charge. Money is the grand desideratum—the lever by which the world may be removed; its influence is supreme, its power incalculable. All men are striving to amass money—they say to themselves 'put money in thy purse?' and when there, but few would truly say, 'he who steals my purse steals trash!'

### SUMMER FALLOW.

Summer fallowing is a most important part of the farmer's operations. It consists in ploughing with a careful inversion of the surface, followed by the harrow, &c., will fit the earth for the reception of the seed. But such farms are few, and on all other, summer fallowing can alone be relied on for the proper tillage of the soil. If the soil is properly conserved, there is not the least danger of over tillage, and in summer fallowing the true rule seems to be to plough till there is not a root, plant or seed left in the ground to vegetate or interfere with the crop. Treated in this way the soil is thoroughly cleaned, its particles divided and exposed to atmospheric influences, and the decomposition of the animal matters is facilitated. In this country, we as yet know little of what would be called summer fallowing in England or Belgium; although it is probable an improved agriculture will render such examples less uncommon among us. June is not too early for breaking up lands, and from the first operation, the plough should be used so as to prevent vegetation of any kind on the fallow.—Cultivator.

### THE TURNIP FLY.

It is credibly asserted that the ravages of this insect, which for years past has proved so destructive to the turnip crop, may be effectually remedied by sprinkling the youthful plants with house-ley or urine of any kind, in which citre or muriate of soda has been dissolved. This remedy, if effectual, and we have no scruple as to its entire efficacy, is certainly a cheap one. Muriate of soda is but another name for common salt, and of nitre, the common salt-petre of the shops, every farmer has usually a supply on hand. We have tried this liquid on a bed of onions, a portion of which, notwithstanding the earliness of the season, had been nearly destroyed by a small black fly or insect, with entire success. A single application proving sufficient to frustrate their operations and effectually to destroy all relish for the infant plants. We hope that those of our farmers and gardeners who are so fortunate as to possess the requisite facilities for making this simple but important experiment, will do so without delay. A remedy that shall prove effectual in preserving the turnip plant from the ravages of this pestiferous insect, would if promulgated, be worth thousands annually to the State.

Maine Cultivator.

A poor married woman was telling a staid lady, somewhat on the wrong side of fifty, of some domestic troubles—which she in great part attributed to the irregularities of her husband. "Well," said the old maid, "you have brought these troubles on yourself. I told you not to marry him. I was sure he would not make you a good husband." "He is not a good one, to be sure, madam," replied the woman, "but he is a great deal better than none at all."

### HORRORS OF WAR.

The story of the siege of Genora, and the sufferings and endurance of its inhabitants, may in a few centuries hence, be considered more a kin to romance, than as belonging to actual reality. Inspired by the success which had attended two previous trials the Geronians 'took the cross,' and swore that they would resist to the uttermost, while woman forgot her fears, and emulated in daring, while she exceeded in determination, that sex which heretofore she had been told was born to her weakness. A deep religious feeling was mingled with hatred, deadly and unmingable, and while the besiegers ridiculed that devotion which brought woman to the breach, and confided the care of the beleaguered city to experience, that to the enthusiasm of a superstitious people once roused, no sacrifice is too great, no sufferings past endurance.

The conduct of the siege was entrusted, in the commencement to Generals Reille and Verdier, afterwards to Gonvian St. Cyr, and finally, to Marshal Augereau. Art and perseverance marked the conduct of the assailants—obstinacy and contempt of hunger, sickness and suffering, characterized the exertions of the besieged. When the castle of Monjure was literally a heap of ruins, the remnant of the garrison entered into the town, and carrying provisions, but loaded with grenades and cartridges. Famine came on, disease frightfully increased; but it was death even to name the word, capitulation. Three practicable breaches were open, and each wide enough for 40 men to mount abreast. They were repeatedly assaulted, and on one occasion four times in two hours. The French fought hand to hand with the Spaniards; and such was the ferocity displayed, that 'impatience of the time required for reloading their muskets, the defendants caught up stones from the breach, and brained their enemies with these readier weapons.' A partial supply thrown into the city by General O'Donnell, where the magazines had been provided for the use of the beleaguered fortress, was seized by a French division under General Pino, the town burnt, and the provisions carried off or destroyed.

Famine was now awfully felt, and in consequence disease became more extended and more malignant. The situation of the inhabitants was hopeless, for the ingenuity and weariness of the besiegers prevented the possibility of succors being introduced. 'The Spaniards now died in such numbers, chiefly of dysentery, that the daily deaths, were never less than thirty five, and sometimes amounted to seventy; and the way to the burial place was never vacant. Augereau straightened the blockade and that the garrison might neither follow the example of O'Donnell, nor receive any supplies, however small, he drew his lines, stretched cords with bells along the inter spaces, and kept watch dogs at all the posts. The sufferings already endured by the inhabitants almost exceeds belief, and the official report delivered to Alvarez the governor, by Samaniego, who was at the head of the medical staff, and has left a written record of the siege told a frightful tale of the horrors which reigned over that brave and devoted city. There did not remain a single building in Genora which had not been injured by the bombardment; not a house was habitable: the people slept in cellars, and vaults, and holes amid the ruins, and it had not unfrequently happened that the wounded were killed in the hospitals. The streets were broken up, so that the rain water and the sewers stagnated there; and those essential vapors which arose were rendered more noxious by the dead bodies which lay rotting amid the ruins. The siege had now endured seven months: the very dogs before hunger consumed them, had caused to follow after kind; they did not even fawn upon their masters; the almost incessant thunder of artillery seemed to make them sensible of the state of the city, and the unnatural atmosphere affected them as well as human; it even affected vegetation; in the garden within the walls the fruits withered, and scarcely any vegetable could be raised.

Within the last three weeks above five hundred of the garrison had died in the hospitals; a dysentery was raging and spreading; the sick were lying upon the ground, without beds, almost without food, and there was scarcely fuel to dress the little wheat that remained, and the few horses which yet unconsumed; in this wretched state, the skeleton of what had been a garrison sallied, were successful for a moment, but in turn were repulsed and driven back; this was a dying effort; unable even to enter the dead—one hundred bodies lying over the ground; naked, coffinless, and putrescent, and the governor un-

der the delirium of a fever, those of the inhabitants that remained, accepted honorable terms, and yielded all that was standing at Genora.—Maxwell's Life of Wellington.

### CAN THIS BE JUSTICE.

As the sun shone down gaily one morning on the crowded streets of the great metropolis, a drunkard came forth from a little grog shop where he had passed the night. He stood and pondered. He was racked by the agonies which mark the period immediately subsequent to a fit of intoxication. Pain and hunger tore him; despair, mortification, and deep disgust with himself burnt his soul. He felt his degradation. With an unwonted bitterness, thoughts of many chances neglected—of weeks spent in riot—of the scorn of the world, and the superciliousness of those called respectable, cut his heart with a sharp grief. Heaving an inward groan, he started off, and down a bye street to walk away if possible such fearful reflections.

After a while his appetite became acute and he wished for food. Wishing merely was vain, for he had not a red cent. In an evil moment he yielded to the tempter. He saw in a small grocery some bread piled on a barrel top. He entered, and while the owner was busy at the back shelf, the ravenous creature obtained a loaf, and made off with it. The keeper of the grocery saw him as he went—discovered the theft and pursued the criminal. He was brought back, a policeman called, and the deed substantiated by the presence of the stolen article about the person of the accused. So the thief was taken off to prison, and being arraigned a few hours afterwards, was summarily convicted, and sentenced to the customary place just out of the city, there to remain for many days at hard labor and confinement.

During the same hour wherein these certain gross sins, and the crimes nearly mahogany. The personage who sat there seemed of about middle size, rather short and stout in figure, and had a little bald.—On a table near him lay a hat with a broad brim. By the opposite side of the table stood a second gentleman, elegantly attired, and with a lofty look that spoke of pride within.

'And can the transfer be made without the others knowing it?' said the gentleman in the chair.

'As easy as speak,' answered the other, 'they never examine.'

'But they might examine.'

'I tell you, only pay them a handsome dividend, and they'll rest easy any length of time.'

Then the middle aged gentleman put his finger under his chin, and looked down a moment abstractedly.

'Have you not determined yet?' asked the personage standing.

'Long ago, sir, long ago. But it is a dangerous game, and must be played cautiously.'

'Well, shall we take this step or not?'

The bald man raised up, his twinkling eye met the eye of his companion, and the two looked at each other a moment—there was an evil stability in that look. Then the stout gentleman bent his head gently two or three times without speaking.—The other understood him; he smiled, and turning, left the apartment.

Who, think you, were they? Two rascals of rank. The one seated was principal officer of a monied institution—the bank part parlor which was the scene of the incident just described. The second—a dealer in the kind of article which the institution had manufactured—had come there to have a private conference with the first. The subject of that conference was a scheme for making a splendid fortune jointly, by means of peculiar facilities for cheating possessed by both.

Our narration must skip over intervening events, to the period when the conspiracy of those two wicked men worked its way out. The bubble burst. The master hand had arranged things well, and they triumphed.

Yet was the tempest a terrible one!—Widows, left with a narrow competence; young children; sick people, whose cases were hopeless, but who might linger on for many years; sailors away upon the ocean; mechanics, fishermen, whose earnings were scant and dearly bought; serving girls, keepers of small shops, young men just commencing business, economical doctors and clergymen in their novitiate, all these and a hundred more, had either deposited money in the institution, or were sufferers by its bankruptcy in other ways. It would be an endless effort, almost to tell who was wronged.

Yet the tempest blew over after a time,