

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.

PREDISPOSITION OR FAMILY DISTINCTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY JOSEPH J. FATHIAS, AUTHOR OF 'CLARE LINCOLN,' 'INDIAN'S REVENGE,' ETC. ETC.

"The mate for beauty should be a man, and not a money chest!"—Richelieu.

(Concluded.)

"At the expense of happiness right and honor!" said Leoline, meekly.

"There it is again! More obstinacy—more wilfulness! I'll be bound to say, if that mean-spirited St. Clair—"

"Not so, mother!" interrupted Leoline, firmly, the warm blood tinging face and brow of the lovely girl with crimson. "Not so, mother!"

The mother stood mute and motionless, appalled and wonder stricken, at the audacity of her child. That Leoline should offer one word in expostulation or contradiction, was entirely beyond her comprehension. She gazed with utter amazement at the animated, indignant features, and flashing eyes of the beautiful girl.

"Alfred St. Clair is a man! And one to which Mr. Theophilus Johnson will bear no comparison. True, Alfred is poor,—but there is a mind of inexhaustible treasures before which your demi-god will sink into abject nothingness—fall, crush, crumble in its own insignificance! Oh! mother; could you but cast aside that veil of prejudice, and look into the beautiful God-created worth which hath its dwelling in the soul of Alfred St. Clair, you would, at least, respect him!"

"This is downright rebellion!" almost screamed Mrs. Weston. "and calls for punishment. Respect, indeed—a man who thrusts himself uncalled for into the presence of his superior!"

"Superior, mother—in what?" again interrupted Leoline; "in the accumulation of wealth—perhaps ill-gotten, and most probably imaginary at the best. True superiority dwells not in the purses of the rich, but in the hearts of the noble!"

"A man," shouted Mrs. Weston, "who has no pretensions!"

"Do pretensions," replied Leoline, "consist in the flippant unmeaning conversations of Mr. Theophilus Johnson, with which he so often condescends to regale us—if so, I grant Alfred to be sadly at loss, and hope he may remain so!"

"Do you!" vociferated Mrs. Weston, in a perfect paroxysm, as she flew out of the room, vowing retribution upon the devoted Leoline.

The next morning Leoline met nothing but cold, austere looks from the indignant parents. To be thus thwarted in their most sanguine expectations, was not easily to be brooked, and they resolved within themselves a summary punishment for the fair girl. Not a word was spoken on either side during the morning meal, and soon after its completion, Mr. Weston took up his hat and went out. Mrs. Weston ordered the carriage, and proceeded to array herself for a morning of visits, and Leoline, with a heavy heart, sought her own apart-

ment, there to indulge in the outpourings of her oppressed feelings. She heard her mother's carriage drive from the street door and shortly after a low knock from without her own room.

She quietly opened the door, and received a card from the hand of the servant. A cry of delight sprang to her lips as she glanced over its white, polished surface, and she breathed inaudibly—Alfred St. Clair!

Flinging a light silk shawl gracefully around her slight form, she descended to the receiving room. St. Clair rose as she entered, and Leoline familiarly extending her hand, the young gentleman pressed it respectfully to his lips. A slight blush mantled the features of Leoline at the act, and her soft voice trembled.

"Miss Weston," said St. Clair, gently; "you will no doubt, be surprised at the purport of my visit—but having understood with feelings best known to a sensitive mind, that your honored father has openly expressed his disapprobation of my frequenting his dwelling—I thought it requisite to apprise you, of the future discontinuance—"

"Who is his accuser?" interrupted Leoline, quickly.

"His own lips," he replied calmly.

"Then I am indeed!"—Leoline paused, agitated and bewildered, tear-drops glistened through her dark lashes, and trickled down upon her flushed cheek, lay like diamonds in the bosom of the morning rose. The silken folds of the rich mantle she had flung around her, stirred tremulously, and her low voice appeared drowned in the struggling sigh that craved an utterance. Alfred silently pressed the delicate fingers that rested lightly on his arm, and for a moment their eyes met—one single glance, and the telltale torrent rushed to the very brow of Leoline. Not a tone was uttered, but the eloquence of that momentary glance told more than could the poetry of words. It was the soul that spoke, in its own beautiful language, and the harmonious breathings found an echo in the mysterious labyrinth of the human breast. Alfred caught the fair girl in his arms, and clasped her yielding form to his heart.

"Leoline," he whispered softly, "will you be mine—my own sweet wedded wife?"

She lifted her glowing gaze for a moment to his face—and in that look, was blended love and assent. A faint smile illumined her beautiful features, and she hid her blushes in his bosom. St. Clair bent fondly over his new found gem, and parted the dark clustering ringlets from her brow.

"And could'st thou leave this splendid home for one less luxurious?" he said; "could'st thou leave thy parents, and brave with me the fortunes of an adverse world? Speak, Leoline—thou art yet young, and never has the cloud of adversity bedimmed thy days?"

"Yes—oh! yes!" she murmured—and they were happy.

Alfred St. Clair had departed—and Leoline sat absorbed in delicious reverie. Her mother had long since retired; but Mr. Weston remained absent. Mrs. Weston pondered over the cause of the unusual prolongation—but her injured dignity would not allow her to take one step towards reconciliation with Leoline. Thus shades of twilight were slowly gathering, and Mr. Weston appeared not. Mrs. Weston sat at the front parlor window, looking up and down the darkening thoroughfare, her anxious countenance betraying the evil forebodings that reigned within. Still the father came not. Conjecture after conjecture took possession of her wandering thoughts, but were as quickly dismissed as absurd or improbable. Tea was announced and when Leoline descended, she learned with amazement, the absence of her father. It was a mystery—the most urgent business had never detained him for so great a length of time from home. Servants were despatched in all directions, and each successively returned without being able to

gather any positive tidings of Mr. Weston. The mother paced the whole range of the two parlors unceasingly, rapidly, and in most perfect state of agitation—but never a word would she speak to Leoline.

Finally, company began to arrive—and among the rest, the sapient Mr. Theophilus Johnson. Mrs. Weston endeavored to calm the tumult of her mind for a moment, and greeted the gentleman warmly, Leoline received his compliments coldly, and with becoming dignity. Mrs. Weston frowned; and Mr. Theophilus Johnson requested the favor of a private interview with Leoline and her mother. The hopes of Mrs. Weston were in their zenith, and she assented, with an encouraging smile.

Mr. Theophilus Johnson, with the most perfect suavity, made a very formal offer of his heart and hand to Mrs. Weston's daughter; and Leoline begged a short time to consider the subject—the proposal being so sudden and unexpected.

At this moment, with a look of blank dismay, Mr. Weston lurst in upon their conference, wildly exclaiming—

"I am ruined—utterly, irretrievably ruined! The firm of Ketchum & Co. has gone to pieces and I am penniless!"

Mrs. Weston fell down in a swoon—and Mr. Theophilus Johnson decamped without uttering a word.

It was true—owing to the mighty fluctuations in trade and commerce, and perhaps some imprudent investment or unfortunate speculations, the tide had rolled in on Mr. Weston, and he was ruined.

The first word uttered by Mrs. Weston, on her recovery, were, "Well, Leoline will marry into a family of distinction, and we shall be able to keep up appearances!"

But Theophilus Johnson was nowhere to be found! The servant in attendance asserted that a gentleman, answering his description, had walked very hastily through the hall to the front door, and disappeared down the street.

"Thus it is," said Mr. Weston, bitterly, "when poverty's chill-gate has swept over us, desertion follows in its wake! I have no friend!"

"If Alfred St. Clair were worthy of the appellation, you have!" interrupted a familiar voice—and Alfred stood in the presence of the ruined merchant, and his sorrowing family. Mr. Weston gazed with astonishment, at the generous youth continued.

"If, in this great extremity; Mr. Weston the purse of your friend would be of the least avail, you are free in the use of it!"

For an instant, the father spoke not,—till, grasping the extended hand of Alfred, whilst the tears gushed from his eyes, he uttered in a faint, spirit stricken tone—

"I have most illy deserved this kindness, Mr. St. Clair—but I may yet live to repay!"

"Nay; my good sir!" interrupted Alfred, "you overrate my humble merits. And yet I would feign request a favor!"

"It is granted, ere it be told!" said Mr. Weston, ardently.

"You may retract," persisted Alfred.

"No!" said the father.

The gaze of Alfred wandered for a moment round the little group, until it rested on the trembling Leoline.

"What, then," he said, "if the debt be at once annulled by the bestowal of this fair hand?"

The countenance of the broken merchant lowered.

"Is the sacrifice too great?"

The father answered not, but turning to his daughter, he gazed steadily upon her pale face, and his lips moved tremulously as he solemnly said—

"Leoline—will give thyself!"

The fair girl looked up, and smiling through her tears, murmured softly—

"To him, willingly!"

From the American Farmer. TO PROTECT FRUIT FROM LATE SPRING FROSTS.

My friend, Major Ruff, who is a virtuoso, lately informed me that many years ago he saw it stated in a French paper, that by throwing a hempen rope over the take of a tree, when in bloom, or near the time of blooming, and by letting the lower end touch the ground, the tree should be thus protected from the influence of the frost.— This I thought quite rational and philosophic; I accordingly made the experiment. To prove more fully the *modus operandi* I took two dishes half filled with water, and set them a few feet distant, under the tree on the night of an expected frost, the trees being nearly in full bloom. Throwing one end of the rope over the top of the tree, I let the other hang in the water of one of the dishes. The event proved the correctness of the theory. There was a hard frost in the morning of the 27th ult. and the dish into which the rope was deposited, contained ice to the thickness of a dollar, while that in the other dish was scarcely the thickness of paper.

The philosophy of the above experiment is this; the rope, which was previously wetted, was a conductor of heat; the air, and of course the limbs of the tree, became colder in the night than the earth—the rope conducted the heat from the earth to the trees, thus keeping up an equilibrium and preventing frost.

As far as my observation extends, the critical time for fruit is long before it is in blossom; but it is nevertheless true, that severe and protracted cold at that time, or even later, will destroy the fruit of the case last year. The fruit was killed by severe frost after it had been formed.

There is not in my mind a doubt that by attaching a rope to each tree of choice fruit, and thus letting it permanently remain through the winter and spring; the fruit would be secured from the effects of frost.

To the incredulous and the supercilious, who balance their grist all their lives with a big stone—who, sufficiently wise, despise knowledge and instruction, the above may appear unworthy their attention. Let such be informed that it is not more philosophic than lightning rods attached to buildings to protect them from the influence of electricity—let them be informed that

"There are more things in Heaven & Earth Than are dreamed of in their philosophy."

W. L. HORTON.

Woodlawn, Harford, Co.

MOTHERLY LOVE.

Last among the characteristics of woman is that sweet motherly love with which nature has gifted her; is almost independent of cold reason, and wholly removed from all selfish hope of reward. Not because it is lovely, does the mother love the child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore, do her entrails yearn over her willings; her heart beats quicker at his joy; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks, knits him to her. In every uncorrupted nation of the earth this feeling is the same. Climate which changes every thing else changes not that. It is only the most corrupting forms of society which have power gradually to make luxurious vice sweeter than the tender cares and toil of maternal love. In Greenland, where the climate affords no nourishment for infants, the mother nourishes her child up to the third or fourth year of life: She endures from him all the nascent indications of the rude and domineering spirit of manhood, with indulgent all forgiving patience. The negro is armed with more than manly strength when her child is attacked by savage beasts. We read with astonished admiration the examples of her matchless courage and contempt of danger. But if death tobs that mother, whom we are pleased to call a savage, of her best comfort—the charm and care of her existence—

where is the heart that can conceive her sorrow? Read the lament of Nadowasse woman on the loss of her husband and infant son. The feeling which it breathes is beyond all expression.—Herde.

PRINTERS.

A writer in the Mobile Herald, who has been for sixteen years connected with the public press, holds the following deserved complimentary language of the members of the craft. None who have had an opportunity of judging will fail to admit the justness of his remarks. He says:

"In all our experience, (and we have visited in that time four different Governments from the one under which we were borne and educated,) we have always found among printers not only more intelligence, but more liberality of opinion, more of that noble and high minded cast of principle that looks with a forgiving eye as well upon the frailties of erring humanity as upon the jars and contentions that grow out of either religion or politics, than any other class of men, not excepting the teachers of the religion of the Bible themselves, or the Statesmen who thunder in the forum. Printers have a sort of freemasonry with the whole world. Conversant not only with events that are transpiring in their own neighborhood, but over the whole universe, their occupation, and the peculiar province in which they move, all are calculated to bring within the scope of their vision, and

and the feelings of the entire family of man. It is a similar community of interests, and a personal converse with the whole world, man, a friend of his species, in which he meets them. But the printers is his superior in one respect; the field of letters; the garden of science, and the very fountain of learning, are in his range, and measurably under his control. With scarcely an exception, there is not one of the profession that a good man might not be proud to take by the hand as an associate and a friend, or that the statesman might not take into his counsel with satisfaction to himself and benefit to the world."—National Intelligencer.

To those who Cultivate the Soil.—One of the editors of the Chronicle, who is a farmer as well as a scribe, observes that in regard to the subject of deep ploughing, there is much difference among farmers, some contending that the deeper the furrow, the more advantageous it is to the soil, and others having their doubts about such a mode of proceeding. It is a general fault, however, to give less depth to the furrows than is needed for sufficient moisture in a dry season. In preparing the ground for Indian corn, not less than five or six inches should be thought of, if the farmer wishes to provided against a dry summer. For potatoes, it is safe to go deeper; and for carrots, beets, and other too-rooted plants, much deeper still. On old ground that has been long tilled, good judgment is essential to determine the proper depth. Clayey soils require less depth of ploughing than sandy or gravel land. Indeed, there is no danger in ploughing quite deep a soil composed principally of gravel. It is so porous that the sun draws out the moisture to a great depth; and, but little harvest can be expected in a dry season, unless the plough goes deep. It will not answer to plough, when the earth is wet, any other than sandy and gravel soils. If clays or heavy loams are turned up when they are wet, they are liable to become hard, and lumps will remain hard through the summer, in spite of all the harrowing you can give them. It is better, therefore, not to begin to plough till the earth will crumble! For spring planting, clayey soils may be turned in the fall, and only harrowed in the spring, if it be sward land.

EVILS.

An aching tooth, and a crying child in church. Remedy—take them out.