

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

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.



FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

The Album's Address to a lady.

Here long neglected have I lain,
And time my beauty has effaced,
And not a mark, a spot, or stain,
Upon my bosom hast thou traced.

No act of kindness hast thou shown,
No word of tenderness spoken;
I have forgotten and unknown,
And neglect my heart has broken.

But in my faded beauty see,
Of thy own form an emblem bright,
Time, too, will lay his hand on thee,
Death seal thine eyes from earthly light.

As leaf by leaf time steals away,
And this diminishes my size,
So health and beauty soon decay,
The best of youth the fair one's prize.

Then seize the moments as they pass,
Let usefulness thy life employ;
Then when the sands sink in thy glass,
Thy soul shall rise to endless joy.

NUMA.

God Omnipotent.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The Lord, the high and lofty One,
Is present every where;
Go to the regions of the sun,
And thou wilt find him there!

Go to the secret ocean caves,
Where man hath never trod,
And there beneath the flashing waves,
Will be thy Maker, God!

Fly swift on the morning wing,
To distant realms away,
Where birds, in jewelled plumage sing
The advent of the day,

And where the lion seeks his lair,
And reindeer bounds along—
God's presence makes the desert fair,
And cheers the frozen zone.

All nature speaks of Him who made
The land, the sea, and sky;
The fruits that fall, the leaves that fade,
The flowers that bloom to die;

The lofty mount and lowly vale,
The lasting forest trees,
The rocks that battle with the gale,
The over-rolling seas.

All tell the Omnipotent Lord,
The God of boundless might—
In every age and clime adored,
Whose dwelling is in light.

LOVE AND LIGHTNING.

A lady, who her love had sold,
Ask'd if a reason could be told
Why wedding rings were made of gold?
I ventured thus to instruct her:
Love, as 'am, and lightning are the same—
On Earth they glance, from Heaven they
come;
Love is the soul's electric flame,
And gold its best conductor!

Spring is coming o'er the earth,
Nature's soul is full of mirth.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Michigan editor complains bitterly of one of his subscribers, who not only refuses to pay his subscription list, but threatens to set his dog on him should he stop his paper. What an ungrateful wretch he must be.

A seaman, who had escaped one of the recent shipwrecks, was asked by a lady how he felt when the waves dashed over him! "Wet, madam, quite wet."

Fancy is flighty—so are fleas;
Truth is Mite y—so is cheese.

John come up with your lesson: What does g-l-a-s spell?
"Well, I know once—but I'm darned if I don't for get now."

"Pshaw! what is in your mother's window shades?"

"There's so many things, that god-damn me if I remember 'em all! Let me see: That's the boss blanket in one place; brother Job's white hat in another, sister Patience's bonnet in another, and dad's old trousers in the smash that Zeb and I made yesterday."

"That'll do, Johnny; you may go and play a little while."

Buying the time.—A wagish apprentice up town the other day, after dinner, deliberately stepped up to his master, and asked him what he valued his services at per day?

"Why about sixpence," said the master. "Here's three cents," said the boy, putting his hand into his pocket and drawing out some coppers; "I'm off on a bender the rest of the day."

The young wag slid, and the master laughed heartily at the joke.

A gentleman with a glass eye was about to exercise the right of suffrage a short time ago, when he was accosted by a political opponent, with, "I say, master, what are you doing here? You can't vote, you're not natural eyes'd." The joke was taken in good part and created general merriment.

A Tall One.—An old sailor told us the other day that during one night last summer when he was sailing on the Atlantic, the rain poured down in such torrents, that the ocean rose six inches. "There is no mistake," said he, "because the captain kept a mark on the side of the vessel."

CULTURE OF THE CUCUMBER.

I will state a fact relative to the planting of cucumbers which is worthy of being known. I shall at least, give a further trial myself of its reality; though I cannot conceive there is a doubt remaining on the subject. Last spring a friend of mine and myself were planting cucumbers at the same time. I was planting mine as is usual in gardens, mixing a small portion of table manure with the earth, and raising the hill an inch or two above the surface of the ground. Observing it, he jocosely remarked, "Let me show you how to raise cucumbers." Never having much luck in raising them, I cheerfully agreed to his proposition. He commenced making holes in the earth at the distance intended for the hills, that would hold about a peck—then filled them with dry leached ashes, covering the ashes with a small quantity of earth. The seeds were then planted on a level with the surface of the ground. I was willing to see the experiment tried, but had no expectation of any thing but a loss of labor, seed and soil. But imagine my astonishment, notwithstanding a drier season never was known, almost a universal failure of garden vegetables, when I beheld my vines remarkably thrifty, and as fine a crop of cucumbers as any one could wish to raise, and they continued to bear for an unusually long time. I will not philosophize on the subject—but say to all try it; and instead of throwing your ashes away, apply it where it will be of use, and you will reap a rich reward.—Ohio Farmer.

Upon the foregoing the editor of the Maine Cultivator says—"We last season made trial of the above plan and found it to succeed admirably."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"From Tom Burke of Ours."

A STORY OF NAPOLEON.

BY DR. LEVER.

I believe I have already told you, Burke, that my family were most of them royalists. Such as were engaged in trade followed the fortunes of the day and cried "Vive la Republique," like their neighbors. Some, deemed it better to emigrate, and wait in a foreign land, for the happy hour of returning to their own—a circumstance, by the way which must have tried their patience—were this; and a few, trusting to their obscure position, living in out of the way remote spots, supposed, that in the general uproar, they might escape undisturbed, and with one or two exceptions, they were right. Among these latter was an unmarried brother of my mother, who having held military command for a great many years in the Ile Bourbon, retired to spend the remainder of his days in a small but beautiful chateau, on the sea side, about three leagues from Marseilles. The old viscount, (we continued to call him so among ourselves, though the use of titles was proscribed long before) had met with some disappointment in love, in early life, which had prevented his ever marrying, and turned all his affections towards the children of his brothers and sisters, who invariably passed a couple of months of each summer with him, arriving from different parts of France for the purpose, and truly it was a strange sight to see the mixture of look, expression, accent and costume, that came to the rendezvous—the long featured boy, with blue eyes and pointed chin, cold, wary, and suspicious—brave, but cautious, that came from Normandy; the highspirited, reckless, young from Bretagne; the dark-eyed girl of Provence; the quick tempered, warmhearted Gascon; and stranger than all, from his contrast to the rest—the little Parisian, with his airs of the capital, and his contempt for his rustic brethren, nothing daunted, that in their boyish exercises, he found himself so much their inferior. Our dear uncle loved nothing so well as to have us around him, and even the little ones, of five or six years old, when not living too far off, were brought to these "re-unions," which were to us the great events of our lives.

It was in June of the year 1794—I shall not easily forget the date—that we were all assembled as usual at "Le Luc." Our party was reinforced by some three or four new visitors, among whom was a little girl of about twelve years old, Annette de Noailles, the prettiest creature I ever beheld. Every hand had its own trait of birth distinctly marked. I don't know whether you have observed that the brow and the forehead are more indicative of class in Frenchmen, than any other portion of the face—hers was perfect, and though a mere child, conveyed an impression of tempered decision and mildness, that was most fascinating; the character of her features was thoughtful, and were not for a certain vivacity in the eyes, would have been sad. Forgive me, if I dwell—when I need not on these traits—she is no more. Her father carried her with him in his exile, and your lowering skies and gloomy air soon laid her low. Annette was the child of royalist parents. Both her father and mother had occupied places in the royal household, and she was accustomed from her earliest infancy to hear the praise of the Bourbons, from lips which trembled when they spoke. Poor child! how well do I remember her little prayer for the martyred saint, for so they styled her murdered king, which she never missed saying each morning, when the mass was over at the chateau. It is curious fact, that the girls of a family were frequently attached to the fortunes of the Bourbons, while the boys declared for revolution, and these differences penetrated into the very core, and spoiled the happiness of many, whose affection had stood the test of every misfortune, save the uprooting torrent of anarchy that poured in with the revolution. These party differences entered into all the little quarrels of the school-room and the nursery; and the taunting epithets of either side was used in angry

passion, by those who neither guessed nor could understand their meaning.—Need it be wondered, if in after life these opinions took the tones of intense convictions, when even thus in infancy they were nurtured and fostered? Our little circle at Le Luc was, indeed, wonderfully free from such causes of contention, whatever paths in life fate had in store for us afterwards; then, at least we were of one mind. A few of the boys it is true, were struck by the successes of those great armies, the revolution poured over Europe; but even they were half ashamed to confess enthusiasm in a cause, so constantly allied in their memory with everything mean and low-lived. Such, in a few words was the little party assembled around the supper table of the chateau, on one lovely evening in June. The window opening to the ground, let in the perfumed air from many a sweet and flowery shrub without, while already the nightingale had begun her lay in the deep grove hard by. The evening was so calm, we could hear the splash of the breaking tide upon the shore, and the minute peals of the waves smote on the ear, with a soft and melancholy cadence that made us silent and thoughtful. As we sat for some minutes thus, we suddenly heard the sound of feet coming up the little gravel walk towards the chateau, and on going to the window, perceived three men in uniform leading their horses slowly along. The dusky light prevented our being able to distinguish their rank or condition; but my uncle, whose fears were easily excited by such visitors, at once hastened to the door to receive them.

His absence was not of many minutes duration, but even now I can remember the strange sensations of dread, that rendered us all speechless, as we stood looking towards the door, by which he was to enter. He came at last, and was followed by two officers, one, the elder and the superior, evidently was a thug; the other of about thirty, was a stout but stern countenance, in which a haughty expression predominated, the other was a fine soldier-like frank looking fellow, who saluted us all as he came with a smile, and a pleasant gesture of his hand.

"You may leave us children," said my uncle as he proceeded towards the bell.

"You were at supper, I'm mistaken," said the elder of the two officers with a degree of courtesy in his tone, I scarcely expected.

"Yes, general, but my little friend—"

"Will, I hope, share it with us," said the general interrupting, and I at least am determined, with your permission, that they shall remain. It is quite enough that we enjoy the hospitality of your chateau for the night, without interfering with the happiness of its inmates, and I beg that we may give you a little inconvenience as possible in providing for our accommodation."

Though these words were spoken with an easy and kindly tone, there was a cold, distant manner in the speaker, that chilled us all, and while we drew over to the table again, it was with silence and constraint. Indeed, our poor uncle looked in the very picture of dismay, endeavoring to do the honors to his guests and seem at ease, while it was clear his fears were ever uppermost in his mind.

The aid-de-camp, for such the young officer was, looked like one who could have been agreeable and amusing, if the restraint of the general's presence was not over him. As it was, he spoke in a low, subdued voice, and seemed in great awe for his superior.

Unlike our usual ones, the meal was eaten in a mournful stillness—the very youngest amongst us feeling the presence of the strangers as a thing of gloom and sadness.

Supper over, my uncle, perhaps hoping to relieve the embarrassment he labored under, asked permission of the general for us to remain, saying, "My little people, sir, are great novelties, and they usually amuse me of an evening by their stories: Will this be too great an endurance for you?"

"By no means," said the general gaily; "there's nothing I like better, I hope they will admit me as one of their party. I have something of a gift that way myself." The circle was soon formed, the general and his aid-de-camp making part of it; but though they exer-

ted themselves to the utmost to win our confidence, I know not why or wherefore we could not shake off the gloom we had felt at first, but sat awkward and at ease, unable to utter a word, and even ashamed to look at each other.

"Come," said the general, "I see how it is, I have broken in upon a very happy party; I must make the only amends in my power, I shall be the story teller for this evening." As he said this he looked around the little circle, by some seeming magic of his own, in an instant he had won us every one. We drew our chairs closer towards him, and listened eagerly for his tale. Few people save such as live much among children, or take the trouble to study their tone of feeling and thinking, are aware how far reality surpasses in interest the force of mere fiction. The fact is, with them, far more than all the art of the narrative and if you cannot say "this was true," more than half of the pleasure your story confers is lost forever. Whether the general knew this or that his memory supplied him more easily than his imagination, I cannot say, but his tale was a little incident in the siege of Toulon, where a drummer boy was killed, having returned to the breach, after the attack was repulsed, to seek for a little cockade of ribbon his mother had fastened on his cap that morning. Simple as was the story, he told it with a subdued and tender pathos that made our hearts thrill, and filled every eye around him. "It was a poor thing, it's true," said he; "that knot of ribbon, but it was glory to rescue it from the enemy—his heart was on the time he should show it, blood-stained and torn, and say I took it from the ground amid the grape-shot and the musketry. I was the only living thing there, that moment, and see I bore it away triumphantly." As the general spoke he unbuttoned the breast of his uniform, and took forth a small piece of crumpled ribbon, fastened in the shape of a cockade. "Here it is," said he, "and this is the story of it, was for this he died." We could scarce see it through our tears. Poor Annette held her hands upon her face, and sobbed violently.

"Keep it my sweet child," said the general, as he attached the cockade to her shoulder; "it is a glorious emblem, and well worthy to be worn by one so pure and so fair, as you are."

Annette looked up, and as she did her eyes fell upon the tricolor that hung from her shoulder—the hated despotic tricolor—the badge of that party, whose cruelty she had thought of by day and dreamed of by night. She turned dead pale, and set with lips compressed, and clenched hands, unable to speak a stir.

"What is it, are you ill, child?" said the general suddenly.

"Annette, love—Annette, dearest," said my uncle, trembling with anxiety; "what is the matter?"

"It is that," cried I fiercely, pointing to the knot on which her eyes were bent with a shuddering horror, I well knew the meaning of, "it is that!"

The general bent on me a look of passionate meaning, as with a hissing tone, he said, "Do you mean this?"

"Yes," said I, tearing it away, and trampling it beneath my feet; "yes! it is not a Noailles can wear the badge of infamy and crime, the blood stained tricolor will find slight favor here!"

"Hush boy—hush, for heaven's sake!" cried my uncle, trembling with fear.—The caution came too late. The general taking a note book from his pocket, opened it leisurely, and then turning towards the Viscount, said, "This youth's name, is?"

"Duchesse; Henri Duchesse!"

"And his age?"

"Fourteen in March," replied my uncle, as his eyes filled up; while he added in a half whisper, "if you mean the conscription, general, he has already supplied a substitute."

"No matter if he had sent twenty, such defect of education needs correction; he shall join the levies at Toulon in three days—in three days, mark me.—Depend upon it sir," said he, turning to me, "you shall learn a lesson beneath that tricolor, you'll be somewhat long in forgetting, Dumolle, look to this!"

With this direction to his aid-de-camp, he arose—and before my poor unhappy uncle could recover his self-possession to reply, had left the room.

"He will not do this, sir—surely, he

will not!"—said the Viscount to the young officer.

"General Bonaparte does not relent, sir; and if he did he'd never show it," was the cold reply. That day week I carried a musket on the ramparts of Toulon; here began a career I have followed ever since—with how much enthusiasm I leave you to judge for yourself."

As Duchesse concluded this little story, he paced the room backwards and forwards with rapid steps—while his compressed lips and knitted brow showed he was lost in gloomy recollections of the past.

"He was right, after all, Burke," said he, at length; "personal honor will make the soldier, conviction may make the patriot. I fought as stoutly for this same cause, as though I did not loathe it; how many others may be in the same position? You, yourself, perhaps."

"No, no; not I."

"Well, be it so," rejoined he carelessly. "Good night!" and with that he rolled negligently from the room, and I heard him humming a tune as he mounted the stairs towards his bedroom.

GOOD NATURE AND PATIENCE.

This is a world of ups and downs, of crossness and contradictions. Every day turns up something to disturb the equilibrium of one's temper. But it is worse than useless to fret. Fretting is like a caustic applied to a sore. It inflames but never cures. A fretful spirit is never happy, and it drives happiness from all other spirits with which it comes in contact. We say, then, if the world goes wrong, and it does that pretty often, don't fret. If a man cheats, and then laughs at you for a verdon one, make the best of it, and keep cool.—If you break your leg, or find your favorite seat at the Lyceum occupied, if the cook spoils your dinner, or the musician's servant mis delivers an important message; if the dear image of its beautiful mother; repays your caresses by thrusting its tiny fingers into your plate of soup and wiping them on your "snow-white" shirt bosom; if banks fail and States repudiate, keep your temper. Repeat the alphabet, read the one hundred and nineteenth psalm, do and say anything, lovely and of good report; but as you value quietness of mind and the good temper of others, don't fret. It is marvellous how much good nature and patience will do toward curing the ills to which flesh and spirit are heirs.

WHICH WILL YOU DO?

One of two things must be done in this country. Parents must expend money to educate children or they must pay taxes to build penitentiaries and to punish crime.—There is a great mistake about what is called education. Some suppose every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. That man is educated who knows himself, and who takes accurate common sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men, now, are the greatest fools in the world; and the reason is They are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving us power of acquiring the discipline which when properly managed it gives the mind. Some of the greatest men in the world were not overstocked with learning, but their actions proved they were thoroughly educated. Washington, Franklin, Sherman, were of this class, and similar though less striking instances may now be found in all countries. To be educated a man must be able to reason, compare and decide accurately. He may study metaphysics till he is grey, and if he is nothing more, he is an uneducated man.—There is no class in the country who have a stronger interest in the proper education of children than farmers, and the subject should receive from them the attention it deserves.

In settling an island, the first building erected by a Spaniard will be a church; by a Frenchman, a fort; by a Dutchman, a ware house; and by an Englishman, an almshouse.