

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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TERMS:

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POETRY.



HARVEST HYMN.

God of the rolling year! to thee
Our songs shall rise; whose bounty pours
In many a goodly gift, with free
And liberal hand, our autumn stores!
No, firstlings of our flocks we slay—
No soaring clouds of incense rise;
But on thy hallowed shrine we lay
Our grateful hearts in sacrifice.

Born on thy breath, the lap of Spring
Was heaped with many a blooming flow,
And smiling Summer joyed to bring,
The sunshine and the gentle shower;
And Autumn's rich luxuriance now,
Thrusting its seeds, the bursting shell,
And golden sheaf, and laden bough,
The fulness of the bounty tell.

No menial throng, in princely dome,
Here wait a titled lord's behest,
But many a fair and peaceful home
Hath won thy peaceful dove a guest;
No groves of pain our fields adorn;
No myrtle shades or orange bowers;
But rustling meads of golden corn,
And fields of waving grain are ours.

Safe in thy care the landscape o'er
Our flocks and herds securely stray;
No tyrant master claims our store;
No ruthless robber rends away;
No fierce volcano's withering shower;
No full simoom with poisonous breath;
Nor burning suns, with baleful power,
Awake the fiery plagues of death.

And here shall rise our songs to thee,
Where lengthened vales and pastures lie,
And streams go singing wild and free,
Beneath a blue and smiling sky,
Where ne'er was reared a mortal throne,
Where crowned oppressor never trod,
Here: at the throne of Heaven alone,
Shall man, in reverence, bow to God.

WHY DO THE FLOWERS BLOOM?

Why do the flowers bloom, mother,
Why do the sweet flowers bloom,
And brightest those we rear'd mother,
Around dear brother's tomb?
'To fill the world with gladness,
My child, were flow'rets given—
To crown the Earth with beauty,
And show the road to Heaven!

'Then why do the flow'rets fade, mother,
Why do the sweet flowers fade,
When winter's dreary clouds, mother,
Earth's brighter scenes pervade?
'My child, those flow'rets that wither
Have seeds that still remain,
That sunshine and the summer
Restore to life again!

'And shall not those who die mother,
Come back to live once more,
E'en as the rain and sun mother,
Those beautiful flow'rets restore?
'Yes—yes my child, such powers
To human flow'rets are given,
Here earth's frail flow'rets may blossom,
But we may rise—in Heaven.'

FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

Melancholy.

Long ago in golden times
Saturn governed Tellus,
Goddesses, then dwelling here,
Called mankind their fellows;
Virtue, wisdom, friendship, truth,
Honest mirth abounded,
Peace abode in every shed,
Love each echo sounded.

No one spoke against to-day,
No one feared to-morrow;
Pleasure was a word well known,
No one heard of sorrow:
To do good, and see it done,
And enjoy the present,
Was the labor and delight,
Of both prince and peasant.

In a cavern deep and dark,
Filled with toads and lizzards,
Where old Satan since has taught
Witches, imps and wizzards,
Melancholy then abode,
Pale as death, and weeping,
Musing still on reptiles vile,
Round, and o'er him creeping.

Pride and Folly, cursed pair,
Using all their power,
Opened his infernal cave,
Once at midnight's hour;
Forth the pallid demon stalked,
Murmuring and sighing,
And began to teach mankind,
They were made for crying.

'Twas he taught them virtue great,
To grieve without a reason,
Told them that to be content,
Was heaven darent treason;
Thousands lent a willing ear,
Learned his whining measure,
And with woeful visage sighed,
'Earth is void of pleasure.'

Many of them, silly souls,
Grieved for want of sorrow,
And lamenting they had smiled,
Vowed they'd grieve to-morrow;
Gravely did they think, 'to laugh
Is to rant and revel'
And 'that every thing like mirth
Comes straight from the devil.'

Goddess forsook the earth,
Cursing Melancholy,
Saying he was worse by half,
Than good humored folly,
And they'd not dwell here, until,
Melancholy's driven,
Far from this once happy earth,
As from earth to heaven.

Yet they secretly still come,
(One's now fitting near me)
Cheerful hours to spend with those,
Loving laughter dearly.—
Worship virtue with the heart,
Spurning Melancholy,
Happiness is every where,
To the foes of folly.

We say so.—Caterpillars emerge from the chrysalis state and become butterflies; but when our butterfly girls get married, they go into the chrysalis state, and become caterpillars. Old Bachelors are mere grub worms; the same to day they were yesterday, and will be the same to-morrow they are to day.

Modern Appetite.—Mrs. Sprigs will you be helped to a small bit of the turkey? 'Yes my dear Mr. Wilkins, I will.' 'What part would you prefer, my dear Mrs. Sprigs?' 'I will have a couple of the wings—a couple of the legs—some of the breast—the sidebone—some filling and a few dumplings, as I feel very unwell to day.'

An eccentric divine in speaking of the avaricious and grasping disposition of man, remarked:—'If a farmer possessed the whole world, he would want a little piece of Venus for a potatoe patch.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Miner's Bride.

Translated from the French, for the Boston Evening Gaz.

—'No shadow of decay
Had touched those pale bright features, yet
he wore
A mien of other days, a garb of yore,
Who could unfold that mystery?'
Mrs. Hemans.

In one of the villages of the north of France, in the midst of a population entirely occupied with the labors of the mines, dwelt Pierre and Margaret. Pierre was the son of a miner. His little feet could scarcely bear him when he ran to the mines. He descended into them, and by his playfulness and frolic lightened the labors of his father. And after that, when the fair traces of childhood were effaced by those of youth, Pierre became a good workman, and next to his father, it was he who could best direct miners in their toil.

He knew the place which the laborer could strike with safety; he had wandered through the subterranean galleries, and fearless of the dark, he would explain gaily, and by natural causes, the mysteries which affrighted his companions.

One night when the father of Pierre was returning from a neighboring village he heard a low moaning; he stopped, he searched the brush that skirted the sides of the road he was travelling. What was his surprise! an infant, covered with a few rags, moved in the grass and lifted its little hands to Heaven, as though imploring succor. Tears were on its cheek, and the hoarse sound of its voice announced that either by chance or wickedness, it had been for some time abandoned to the pity of the passing traveller.

The old miner's heart was softened at the unexpected sight. He thought of his son, of his dear Pierre, and he knelt down towards the little one.

As if his words could comfort it, he asked to it; he promised it his aid, and endeavoring to soothe it, he gathered up the shreds that protected it from the cold air, he wrapped it in his leather apron, and carried it with him—kissing it to quiet its sad moaning.

'Wife,' said he, as he opened the door of his house, 'guess what I have brought you; Providence has chosen us, of all the inhabitants of the village, to do good to one unfortunate, I am sure, for I know your heart.'

For her only answer, the mother of Pierre extended her hand towards her husband.

She heard by what strange chance a pretty little girl had entered the house; she regarded it as her own child. Thus it was that Margaret was restored to life and a home; she who had lost all, and seemed destined to become the prey of the wild animals that range the woods and fields.

The two children grew up together, and as they thought only of each other's happiness, they soon loved each other tenderly. To the names of brother and sister succeeded those more dear. Their hearts were mingled and they dreamed only of a happy future. Pierre asked Margaret of his father—for his bride.

The good parents wished it. How did their young hearts beat when the father of Pierre said to them—'fix upon a day to complete your happiness.'

And that was not a distant day—they were so much beloved, and merited so well to be so, that the day appointed for their wedding was a festival for all their neighbors. They left their work, the tables were deserted, the tables were spread, bouquets adorned the bosoms of the girls and the coats of the young men. All around were heard cries of joy, and the music of instruments, which regulated the movements of the dancers on the green.

In the midst of the fete Pierre was seen to embrace his pretty bride. Then he said mysteriously to his young companions. 'Keep her here, now is the time for the surprise! Now I will get presents.'

He went away, smiling, placing his finger on his mouth as though to enjoin secrecy, and passing around the house, appeared to take a crooked path which led to the mines. They saw him no more.

He did not return that night, he came not on the following day. They searched for him, they called him, they waited for him! Three days, four days, eight days, a month, a year passed away, and Pierre returned not!

On the day of the wedding, as soon as his long absence was perceived the sports were suspended. The bride wept and wrung her hands. The miners, led by the father, searched through every passage in the mines, leaving no passage where a man could be, unexamined—but nothing gave them any hope of discovering the remains of the companion of their friend.

Margaret came near to death! She returned to life to consecrate it to the father and mother of Pierre. They had so much to weep for! and she also, but gratitude endowed her supernatural courage. She took off her bouquet and her bridal wreath, and kissing them said:—

'I will wait his return.'
Sixty years after this terrible and singular adventure, many changes had taken place in the village.

Margaret had closed the eyes of her benefactors. Nearly all those who had been present at her wedding had disappeared from the earth. The children who leaped for joy as they accompanied the bride, had become old men. A new generation had arisen, and the recollection of the adventure of Pierre, and of his sudden disappearance, existed only as those traditions, which passing from age to age, furnish food for the reflections and dreams which superstition inspires in the minds of the unenlightened.

They spoke of Pierre as of a supernatural being. He was accused of having made a compact with evil spirits. During the cold season, when the winds chased the hoar frost through the air, and made the dry branches of the elms and beeches crack, or when roaring in the chimneys, they seemed to resemble a melancholy groan, the old women pretended that it was Pierre, who came to ask for prayers and a last asylum.—They could hear his voice in the rumbling of the thunder storm when the snow had left the smiling fields and the sun ripened the grain, or tinged the vine leaves on the hills.

In the heat of the summer when a light vapor brightened in the air, they thought it was a shooting star, which announced the torments of the soul of Pierre.

The cry of the night bird, the rustling of the leaves, the adler darting through the thick grass, the far off howl of the wolf, all brought terror to the heart of the villagers, when they were obliged to quit their homes. The men at the sounds of ill omen, hastened their steps, knit their brows and cast uneasy looks around them, as if they thought the cold hand of Pierre was stretched over them and threatened their innocent ones.

Pierre was every where. Prayers were addressed to him, and wax tapers burned in honor of him. The terrified imagination of the villagers made them regard as one intent of injuring them, the shade of him who during his too short career had only thought of doing good to his fellow creatures.

At length it happened, after having exhausted all the veins of the mine, and explored all the old pits, it became necessary to dig new pits in another place. The proprietor came upon the grounds, and his arrival was the signal for rejoicing. He was humane and beloved by all the miners.

For four days they had labored; the ladies and the gay cavaliers, who had come with the proprietor to assist in the festival of the opening of the mines, and who danced under the spreading branches, had returned to the city; none remained but the engineers and those interested in the mines.

On a sudden a strange noise was heard. It was a low murmuring like that which announces the distant thunder storm. It was a cry of voices in distress. The ground trembled; the bells sounded loudly, every cord was in motion. He wished to leap into one of the baskets to go to the relief of the wretches whose death he thought inevitable. All had assembled, the terrified miners were pale and trembling, cold drops of sweat hung upon their brows.

'What is the matter?' cried the proprietor, as pale, as trembling, as those inanimated spectres.

'A man! an apparition! a miracle of death!'

Such were the exclamations that escaped from the mouths of those whom fright made almost cold and powerless. Soon, however, the proprietor was enabled to collect together a few words and formed an intelligible sentence out of all these exclamations of terror.

In endeavoring to open a communication between the new mines and the old ones, the laborers had discovered a place that was less difficult to work than before. The stones and the earth did not form thick masses, and the strange substances which were found seemed to prove, that at some time long previous, an immense caving in of the earth had happened at this place. The labor was not hard. With a single blow of the pick the miners brought down large quantities of earth. They had advanced some distance; all at once a portion which was unsupported, fell down of itself; a gas rushed out and became a flame; and what was the surprise of the workmen when by the brightness of this sudden light they saw descend on this strange couch, a young man, who seemed to be a sleep!

His brow is calm, his cheeks fresh, and even rosy, but his mouth and eyes are motionless. Instead of approaching him, instead of endeavoring to assist him, for perhaps he needed assistance, the miners fled with precipitation from his unexpected apparition. Fear, during the short space they had to traverse to join their comrades, had already caused them to exaggerate their story.

It was not a man, it was a spirit which had appeared to them in the midst of thunder and lightning; it was the spirit of the mines! His form was colossal. They had seen him rise up and stretch forth his fearful arm.

The proprietor listened to these tales of terror, his face became calm. He cast a look around him. The miners had all left the mine and their eyes were fixed on him as if in a fright seemed to await his decision—what course to pursue.

'To the mine!' And after having spoken in a low voice to the engineers and friends who surrounded him, he rushed forward.

Soon the truth was known, the bright light of day explained this extraordinary scene.

They brought up and placed upon the grass plot which surrounded the entrance to the pit, the cold and damp body of a young man.

His clothing indicated other times and other fashions. It was tasteful and even seemed to have been worn on some festive occasion. A small box was dug out near the body, which on being opened was found to contain jewels, a gold cross, a chain, a medalion, on which a cypher was engraved, but time had blackened these tokens which love had perhaps destined for some adored mistress.

All the villagers ran to the scene, and while the authorities of the village were lost in conjectures, each inhabitant so't in his memory for some means of arriving, at the truth, but all in vain.

'Margaret!' cried a young girl with a voice which indicated astonishment at the sight of an old woman, who advanced slowly towards this immense circle which awaited with anxiety the explanation of the mystery.

'Room for Margaret!' said many of the young people at once.

And the old woman approached where the authorities and the proprietors were assembled. She gave no attention to the crowd that surrounded her, and scarcely thanked those who opened her passage. Her face, ordinarily pale, had become very bright, her eyes were flashing, and it could be seen the something strange was passing through her mind.

She pushed aside the proprietor, who was before her, with a violent and convulsive movement. She stooped down, and fell upon her knees by the side of the body.

'Pierre,' cried she, and her feeble hands, grown thin with age, were passed over the face of the dead man.

She parts the damp hair, she imprints a kiss upon the forehead, which for sixty years had been buried in the earth, and which owed to his premature burial the appearance of youth on a body which age would have bent and wrinkled.

'It is Pierre,' cried she, 'it is the friend

of my childhood, it is my betrothed; and tears, which seemed now of joy, and now of grief, inundated her faded cheeks. 'I have waited for thee. On, I could not have died without seeing thee, without embracing thee for this last time.'

They tried to lead her away, to tear her from the horrid spectacle on which she gazed with a joy which weakened her strength, which killed her; but in vain. She clung to the body of Pierre, she pressed him in her feeble arms, she wished to die upon that heart which she could not reanimate, but which in life had beat for her alone. Then all these mysteries were explained. Poor Pierre; he had wished to surprise his betrothed, and had doubtless hidden the presents which he had intended for her, not far from where he usually worked. How horrible must have been his long agony. What a frightful end. His thoughts perhaps carried him back to the sports that were going on so near him, to the side of his anxious bride, of his father and his mother. And he could see them no more, his last groans could not be heard; he was suffocated full of life and strength, beneath a whole mountain of earth.

'Margaret had well said, 'Pierre, I shall await thy return;' for she did not survive the violent emotions which she experienced. She passed away murmuring the name of Pierre. But doubtless when she made that vow she did expect that her bridal bed would be the cold bier, she did not think that the icy hand of her lover would be placed in her's only when she should have ceased to live.

Printers Proverbs.—Never enquire the opinion of the printer of the News, for he holds it is his duty at the appointed time to give it unto thee without asking.

It is not fit that thou shouldst ask of him who is the author of an article, for his duty requires him to keep such things unto himself.

When thou art in the Printing Office have a care to thyself thou dost not touch the types, for thou mayst cause the printer much trouble.

Look not at the Copy which is in the hands of the compositor, for that is not meet in the sight of the Printer.

Neither peep over the *cut-side* while it is being worked off, or look over the shoulders of the Editor while he is reading proof.

A Printing Office.—The bunker Hill Aurora, with much truth says, a well regulated printing office, is the highest school of learning, and the best seminary of literary experience in the world. Graduates from this college—with minds well disciplined, Judgments well matured—are among the best practical men in any community.

I Would.—If I possessed the most valuable things in the world, and was about to will them away, the following would be my plan of distribution:

I would will to the world truth and friendship which are very scarce.

I would give an additional portion of truth to lawyers, traders and merchants.

I would give to physicians skill and learning.

I would give to printers their pay.

To gossiping women, short tongues.

To quacks, a peck of their nostrums.

To young women, good sense, large waists, natural teeth, all the brand.

To young sprouts or dandies, common sense, little cash, hard work.

To old maids, good tempers, smooth faces, little talk and good husbands.

To old bachelors, a love for virtue, children and wives.

And lastly, if I had a hundred votes to give, I would give them to Polk and Dallas.

Talking.—The best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.

Pity and Scorn.—He that hath pity on another man's sorrow, shall be from it himself; and he that delighteth in and scorneth the misery of another shall one time or other fall into it himself.