

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.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1844.

Number 20.]

Volume VIII.]

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT

OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST

TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business must be post paid.

POETRY.



THE FIVE TOASTS.

[The Norwegians have a song called *Gen Fem Skreler* (The Five Toasts.) with which they generally close their festive entertainments, using the violin energetically between the verses. Of this song the following is a translation, which we have been permitted to publish.]

As by five senses we are directed
In all the business and joys of life,
So let five toasts be now selected,
Five glasses quaffed without care or strife:

First fill your glass, and pledge sincerely
To her who's all the world to you;
To her you love, and who loves you dearly,
Whose mind life's sorrows will stire be true:

Next to the Friend who has proved unshrinking
In hours of trial when Fortune frowned,
Who 'mid the cold, proud, and unthinking
With ready hand and warm heart was found.

Third to your Country, the house of childhood,
Pledge round the goblet with right good will;
To foamy river and lofty wild wood,
To busy city, lone glen and hill.

Fourth to the Generous and Open-hearted,
Whose liberal hand relieves distress,
Who feels for those by sorrow smarted,
Whose name the poor delight to bless.

Now give my fifth toasts a welcome greeting,
Fill up each glass till it sparkles bright;
Here's to the Host of this merry meeting,
To him and his a kind good night.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
On Viewing a Picture of Childhood

Play on in childhood's sunny hour,
Ere darkening clouds arise;
Ere yet the beauty of the flower
Is lost 'neath threatening skies.

For when those darker hours shall come,
How oft the thought will stray
Far from the scenes ye listless roam,
To youth's unclouded day.

When wild with glee and winsome mirth,
The fields ye gambol'd o'er;
Plucking the buds still in their birth,
To deck some youthful bow'r.

Laugh on! while all is bright around,
Ere some declining ray
Shall throw its shades on new made mould,
The sunset of thy day. W. T. C.
Fall River, Mass, July 7, 1844.

A GOOD PATIENT.

Malerio, the French physician, observing the anxious punctuality with which a patient look a most nauseous medicine, said to him with infinite gravity—
'Sir, you are worthy to be sick!'

EFFECTS OF PERPETUAL DAY.

The effects of perpetual day upon the mind, feelings and avocations of men, is thus described in the narrative of Buchan's Expedition to the North Pole.

Nothing made so deep an impression on our senses, as the change from alternative day and night, to which we had been habituated from our infancy, to the continued daylight to which we were subjected as soon as we crossed the arctic circle. Where the grounds is but little trodden, even trifles are interesting, and I do not, therefore, hesitate to describe the feelings with which we regarded this change. The novelty, it must be admitted, was very agreeable; and the advantage of constant daylight, in an unexplored and naturally boisterous sea, was too great to allow us even to wish for a return of the alternations above alluded to; but the reluctance we felt to leave the deck when the sun was shining bright upon our sails, and retire to our cabins to sleep, deprived us of many hours of necessary rest, and when we returned to the deck to keep our night watch, if it may be so called, and still find the sun gilding the sky, it seemed as if the day would never finish. What, therefore, first promised to be so gratifying, soon threatened to become extremely irksome; and would, indeed, have been a serious inconvenience had we not followed the example of the feathery tribe, which we daily observed winging their way to roost, with a clock-work regularity, and retired to our cabin at the proper hour, where, shutting out the rays of the sun, we obtained that repose which the exercise of our duties required. At first, it will no doubt appear to many persons that constant daylight must be a valuable acquisition in every country; but a little reflection will, I think, be sufficient to show that the reverse is really the case, and to satisfy a reflecting mind that we cannot overrate the blessings we derive from the wholesome alienations of labor and rest, which is in a manner forced upon us by the succession of day and night. It is impossible by removing to a high latitude, to witness the difficulty there is in the regulation of time, the proneness that is felt by the indefatigable and zealous to rivet themselves to their occupations, and by the indolent and procrastinating to postpone their duties, without being truly thankful for that all-wise and merciful provision with which nature has endowed the more habitable portions of the globe.

DRESSING A GOOSE.

In a case for stealing a goose, the counsellor for the prisoner, examining an irascible old lady, thus began—

'Now, Mrs. Wiggins, remember the oath you have taken and its sacred obligations, upon the virtue of that oath, madam, I charge you to answer me without equivocation, whether the bird, alleged to have been stolen by my client, was a goose or a gander.'

'Why, sir, it is quite impossible for me to say, the goose was cooked—so it would be as hard for me to answer that, as to know whether you, dressed as you are, are an old man or an old woman.'

LITERARY RAT.

A short time since, a gentleman who was requested to value the books of a deceased clergyman, found, to his surprise, that many of the most valuable works were imperfect, having leaves torn out. Upon asking a servant who had lived with the divine some years, if he knew anything of the circumstances, he replied, after some hesitation:

'Why, to be sure, sir, I did now and then tear a leave out, but I never went twice to the same book, so it could't be of much consequence.'

SUBLIME.

'You know, madam, that you cannot make a purse out of sow's ears.'

'O, sit, please fan me; I have imitation of a swoon. When you use that pedious specimen of vulgarity again, why don't you clothe it in more refined phraseology? You should have said, 'It is impossible to fabricate pecuniary receptacle from the auricular organ of the softer sex of the genus *homo*.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies' Companion.

MARRIAGE AT A MASQUERADE.

CHAPTER I.

It was the gay season of the Carnival. The streets of Vienna were thronged with motley processions, and music, and the merry laugh, and the voice of pleasure were substituted for the hum of commerce the serious tones of business, and the brow of care. The city had put on its holiday suit, and mirth and revelry reigned from hall to hovel. Night came on and the streets were filled with maskers on their way to various places of amusement. The gorgeous hall of the Hotel de l'Empereur was lighted up with the splendor of noon, and its avenues were crowded with carriages and caresses of the elite; and graceful and stately women in mask, and noble appearing men, in rich costumes alighted from them and ascended the broad stairs to the hall, to which they were directed by the sounds of music and revelry that reached the ear.

Beside the door stood marshals to receive the swords of the gentlemen; at the same time, according each as he passed into the hall to lift his or her mask. The object of the first being to prevent blood-shedding in any chance quarrel, that of the latter to see that no improper person entered.

'Nay, sieur marshal, thou shalt not have my sword, nor, by mine honor, will I lift my mask at any man's bidding.'

These were the words spoken by a tall but evidently youthful masker, representing a Venetian cavalier. The elegant and graceful costume displayed his fine person to advantage, while his lofty and haughty carriage gave an air of truth to the assumed character; for never a cavalier of Venice carried himself with nobler bearing. He wore a slender rapier at his thigh, and his face was closely concealed in a black silk visor. A snowy plume depending from his velvet cap, swept his left shoulder, from which his scarlet mantle, allvered with embroidered flowers fell gracefully as low as his breast. On his arm hung a graceful female figure, slight of form, but with proud carriage. She wore the costume of a noble Venetian lady, and was masked in a half visor of silk, which left exposed a chin and throat of the most exquisite beauty.

The voice of the cavalier, as he answered the marshal, was arrogant and defiant. The corridor without was thronged with maskers awaiting to enter, and regarding with surprise and curiosity the extraordinary scene.

'Nay, then, monsieur,' replied the marshal, placing his sword across the entrance, 'thou shalt not pass.'

'I will not be stayed by a servitor of the hall! Stand aside, marshal,' answered the cavalier, fiercely; and he drew his sword and struck down the weapon that opposed his passage.

'Ho! Les gens d'armes! Ho! the guard!' shouted the marshal and the crowd without.

'Arrete vous, monsieur,' challenged a second marshal within the door placing the point of his sword at his breast.

But the bold cavalier struck it aside and passing into the hall, mingled with the throng of maskers before he could be arrested, and, when the gens d'armes arrived, he was not to be discovered with the strictest search.

Half an hour elapsed and a monk of the Capuchin order came to the door of the hall and applied for admittance. His cowl was down and his features invisible.

'Lift your mask good father,' said the marshal.

'Nay, the rule applies not to me; masks only are to be lifted,' answered the Capuchin.

'But dost thou not call thy cowl a mask?'

'It surely is, or thou art a true monk, and as such, can have no business here.'

'I have business here, and cannot be delayed; stand aside, son.'

The marshal, awed by his voice and manner, instinctively drew aside, and the monk entered and was lost to the eyes of the bewildered marshal in the crowd of maskers.

CHAPTER II.

The scene is in the imperial pal-

ace. The Emperor is alone in his audience chamber, about the hour of the masquerade. His brow is troubled, and he forebodes up and down the apartment with his hands behind him. He suddenly stops, held her heart.

'Send M——hither,' The order had hardly been issued and the page had not quit the presence, when his minister sent in requesting an audience.

'Admit him. Well M——, what now? he said, when the page departed, and closed the door leading into the ante-room. Your manner indicates haste! And more of this mad youth's pranks? I am sorry to say that he is again the subject of my visit to your imperial highness.

'Out with it. I have lost all patience with him. If he escape again he shall be shot. I will give the soldiers instructions to shoot upon him!'

'This would be impolitic, your highness and bring the censure of all Europe upon you.'

'I would not care so he were of it! But what have you now?'

'He has again eluded the vigilance of his keepers, and has fled from the gardens, but not left the city. I have made every inquiry, and parties are on the search.'

'I will have Colonel——shot for his neglect. How happened this?' demanded the Emperor, in a fierce tone of displeasure.

'He was suffered to walk in the grounds as usual, at four this afternoon, with the usual precautions of a soldier following him, and a porter-sentinel. By some means he suddenly vanished from the eyes of the soldier and sentinel, as if he had dissolved into air. The men hastened to the spot, pursued every avenue, and hunted the whole inclosure in vain. One of them, satisfied of his prisoner's escape, turned his musket upon himself, and blew out his brains.'

He did wisely, and anticipated with his own hand what another would have done done.

'He came trembling to Colonel—— and told the truth, that no further time should be lost in the search after him. He was placed under arrest, and Colonel——reports that at once every means were set on foot to catch the fugitive.'

'And without success?'

'Not wholly, your majesty. After night closed in, and Colonel——could yet learn nothing of him, he waited on me with his report.'

You placed him under arrest?' said the Emperor sternly.

No your highness; his liberty was necessary for the present, to aid in prosecuting the search.'

'As soon as you leave me issue an order of arrest?'

'Your majesty shall be obeyed. But may I please your highness to hear me further. When he was with me a person announced, who came in guarded by two soldiers, who had reported in the streets that he saw a man descend the garden wall by means of a grape vine, where a Capuchin friar met him and hurried him away.'

'A Capuchin! I will raise their monastery for this treason. What said the fellow further?'

'Nothing that we could act from with any certainty. I then made no delay but hastened to acquaint your majesty with what had occurred.'

'And you have done it quietly as if you had come to tell me the young squirrel had broke its cage and taken flight. This is no light matter.'

'I am aware of the importance attached to the safe custody of this young man.'

'The peace of Europe, nothing less. How now sir page?'

'General, the Count——, desires an audience with your majesty on a matter of moment.'

'This may touch this affair M. Admit him. But how can he have heard of this escape? If it is known that he has escaped, and is still in the city, there is such a romantic sympathy for him that half the hiding closets in Vienna will be open for him. Let it be kept among the soldiery on duty. Good even, count! What tidings bring you that you come at this hour, and in this hurried guise, into our presence?'

'I beg your majesty's pardon; a father's anxiety, which can give him little leisure to pay deference to time and costume. I come hither to solicit your majesty's aid to finding my daughter, for she cannot yet have quit the city. Du-

ring my absence from home, two hours ago, she fled, leaving this note, that bears His brow is troubled, and he forebodes up and down the apartment with his hands behind him. He suddenly stops, held her heart.'

'Then 'twill be a happy bridal! But I will not jest with thy grief, for we have ours also. Saw you one the flight? Suspect you no one?'

'I did not, your highness. She never had an attachment, for she is very young, save for one person and he it cannot be.'

'And who was he?' demanded the Emperor, quickly.

'The youthful French prince, your majesty's protegee! They often met in childhood, and occasionally since.'

'And he, and no one else has run away with your daughter!' cried the Emperor. 'We have just had intelligence of his escape. It is plain enough that Colonel——has been outrageous. Love and a woman!—If thy daughter be taken, she stands a chance of being arrested as a traitor, count.'

CHAPTER III.

We will now go back to a period still prior to the night of the carnival. The cruel imprisonment of young Napoleon, by the Austrian government, is well known to the world, and has, perhaps, more deeply moved the sympathies of the young of all nations than the fate of any other living personage. During this imprisonment, when at the age of seventeen, he was detained for some weeks at a monastery, the garden of which adjoined that of the castle of General Count——, who had so only daughter of the age of fourteen, who often came to the barrier, and, by the indulgence of his keepers, talked with the prince; for she knew his story and felt for his sad fate. They thus became acquainted and the prince from being deeply enamored with the beautiful generous hearted girl, who in many ways secretly tried to soften the rigor of his imprisonment. After the prince was removed, on this very account, to close quarters in the city, this young maiden deeply interested her confessor in his fate; three years passed on, during which interval, by accident; she had witnessed the young Napoleon, and they had interchanged glances. It was enough. Each felt that they were beloved. At length the maiden resolved to make a bold effort to effect his escape. Father——, she knew to be her firm friend also of the unfortunate prince, for he had been in Bonaparte's army.—To him she committed her plans.—True to her confidence in him he promised to second her wish. He succeeded in corrupting the prince's confessor so far as to make him the medium of correspondence between the two lovers. This correspondence continued for some time, when the prince declared his passion & his desire to be united with her. He was now twenty one, she seventeen, and both were beautiful!

Her, tall and manly, she, lovely as womanhood in its first spring time.

But how could he escape? how should they meet? how should they be united? how should they afterwards fly?

These were obstacles indeed, but love is powerful and will prevail. A length circumstances favored them. A masquerade was to take place the third night of the carnival, and this suggested an idea to her mind. She sought her confessor, and, through him, her plans were made known to the prince, who, the day before, in a note, written, whenever you can find a shelter for me without, I feel confident of being able to escape from the garden as to elude my sentinels. It is not so difficult to escape from the garden as to elude observation in the street. My person is known to every soldier in the city, for once a month my good relative, the Emperor passes them in review, or rather me in review before them at my balcony. I have discovered a tree which I can easily ascend, having been practising it, seemingly for exercise, from which extends a lateral limb which touching another growing from another tree. Along this I can reach the branch of a third tree, and so a fourth and fifty, till the last limb brings me within reach of the wall, which is a hundred feet distant from the first tree. I can pass along these limbs, if I can leap unobserved into the tree, entire concealed by the foliage. This way if any affords me the means of escape.'

It has been seen that he availed himself of it with singular success. This is the note in reply to his which induced him to make the attempt.

'My noble friend will avail himself of the means he has explained when he next walks into the garden, at four P. M.; a Capuchin will receive him and conduct him to his monastery which is close at hand. There he will ascertain what further touches his safety.'

'The prince on letting himself down from the wall, was hurried by the monk into the court of the monastery, and conducted to his cell. There, to his surprise, the prince beheld the disguise of a Venetian cavalier, which a monk from the daughter of Count——despatched him to assume. He obeyed, and then looked to the monk for further instructions.'

'Is it your highness' desire to be wedded to the maiden who has facilitated your escape?' asked the monk.

'This would only complete the happiness of this hour of freedom,' he answered, warmly. 'Our hearts are one; father; why may not our hand be?'

'Then hear the plan arranged for the consummation. To night is the great masquerade at the Hotel de l'Empereur. It is planned that you accompany the young Countess——hither, she is in the costume of a noble Venetian lady. There I shall be present, and during the various scenes that take place there for the amusement of the guests, you shall come up to me, and gainly propose to be united to the lady for the entertainment of the company. I will then proceed, and go through the marriage ceremony which shall solemnly unite you.'

'This is well conceived, and may succeed,' said the prince; 'but how shall I meet with the fair Countess Nitende?'

'Come with me,' answered the Capuchin leading the way along the shadow of the corridor to a postern, which he opened and passed through.

A few minutes' walk through the streets which were filled with maskers, among whom they attracted no particular attention, brought them into a lane in the rear of the gardens of the General Count——.

'Wait here a few moments, your highness said the Capuchin, unlocking a private gate and disappearing in the garden.

Before the prince had time to grow impatient the monk re-appeared, leading the Countess Nitende, whom young Napoleon readily clasped to his heart, in a muffled afterwards, carriage which she had provided, came up; and getting into it they drove to the hotel de l'Empereur, leaving the monk who said he would soon follow.

'Your highness will not remove your mask during the evening,' said he to the prince as he took his leave.

'No,' answered the prince firmly.

CHAPTER IV.

'There is to be a mock marriage in the other part of the saloon,' said several of the maskers; and a general movement of the crowd was made towards that quarter to witness it. In the midst stood the Venetian cavalier and the lady, both masked, but both striking from the grace and dignity of their person and carriage.—Near them stood the Capuchin. A matre pedesal was converted into an altar, by placing upon it a crucifix, the candles snatched from the candle-sticks.

'Kneel children!' said the Capuchin solemnly. They knelt, and the monk proceeded to go through the service, while all the crowd stood around observing it as they would a scene in play.

CHAPTER V.

The Emperor and his minister, Metternich, and General, the Count——, were still together, when a messenger entered and announced an officer of the guard. He was admitted.

'Pardon, your majesty, but, if the Prince Napoleon has not escaped, there is in Vienna a person whose voice and carriage are his own.'

'What mean you? Of whom do you speak?'

'A mask, attired as a Venetian cavalier, who entered the hall a few minutes since, as I was loitering near. He refused to lift his visor & forced his way in with a lady on his arm, as masked & habited as a Venetian.—His resemblance in voice and air to the prince induced me to hasten hither to inform your majesty.'

'You have done well, Colonel Metternich. I give you my command to take with you sufficient means and arrest & bring before me this cavalier.—Have and return soon with him and the lady in custody. Metternich, you will also accompany him. It must be our flown bird.'

'And he is as silly as a bird to appear