

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. WBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE GARLAND.



—With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens cull'd with care.

The German Watchman's Song.

FROM THE SOUVENIRS OF A SUMMER IN GERMANY.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of eight, good sirs, has struck.
Eight souls alone from death were kept,
When God the earth with deluge swept—
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord! though time all prevailing might
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of nine, good sirs, has struck.
Nine lepers cleansed returned not,
Be not thy blessings, man, forgot.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of ten, good sirs, has struck.
Ten precepts show God's holy will,
O! may we prove obedient still.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of eleven, good sirs, has struck.
Eleven apostles remained true,
As we be like that faithful few!
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of twelve, good sirs, has struck.
Twelve is the time of boundary—
Man! think upon eternity.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of one, good sirs, has struck.
One God alone reigns over all,
Naught can without his will befall.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of two, good sirs, has struck.
Two ways has man to walk been given,
Teach me the right—the path to Heaven.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of three, good sirs, has struck.
Three Gods in one—exalted most,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
The hour of four, good sirs, has struck.
Four seasons crown the farmer's care,
Thy heart with equal toil prepare—
Up—up—awake! nor slumber on,
The morn approaches, night is gone!
Thank God, who by his power and might
The watchman's duty doth sustain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.

CONSTANCE WEBER.

OR, THE MUSICIAN'S WOOING.

BY 'ENNA,' AUTHORESS OF 'THE OPAL BRACELET,' 'GERALDINE,' ETC.

One evening in the winter of 177— some young men were lounging through the streets of Vienna, endeavoring to amuse a youth, who appeared to be an object of great interest to them. This youth was Wolfgang Mozart, who for many years had excited great wonders and admiration throughout all Europe. During his childhood, he had displayed such rare exhibitions of genius and skill, that at times his auditors, entranced by his exquisite strains, imagined that the ring on his fore-finger must be possessed of magical power. Queens and princesses overwhelmed with caresses this surprising child, and all had looked forward to the maturity of his wonderful genius with anxious expectation.

At the time of the event which we are about to relate, he was just arrived at manhood. He had been residing for some time in Paris, at which court his family had hoped he would accept a permanent situation as composer. But he had the misfortune while there to lose his idolized mother, which event caused that gay capital to be a place of wretchedness and gloom to his easily excited feelings. A listless sadness took possession of him—all interest in his studies seemed gone, and his friends feared that the deep sorrow which this loss caused him would dim the bright promise his youth had given. Soon after the death of his mother, he received a summons from his sovereign, the Emperor, to repair to Vienna—which summons, though prompted merely by a momentary desire of the monarch to have the young genius at his own court, was probably the unexpected cause of his future celebrity.

Upon his return to Vienna, his young associates surrounded him, and exerted themselves to dissipate his languid despondency. On this night all their efforts failed to arouse him. 'Come,' said one of his companions as they approached the Theatre of Carinthia, 'let us go into the play, and see what effect the charms of our beautiful actress will have on you, Signor Peneoso.'

'What actress?' inquired Mozart, carelessly.
'How!' exclaimed they, 'have you never heard of Mad'le Weber, with whom all Vienna is enraptured—the queen of beauty and empress of hearts? But, aloof proud and disdainful to those who sigh for a smile from her. Indeed, you must behold our wonderful charmer!'

They entered the theatre. The performance had commenced, but the beautiful Constance Weber had not yet appeared. He looked around him, and beheld the assembled nobility of Vienna awaiting anxiously the appearance of a simple girl. A smile of contempt was passing over his countenance, when a sudden burst of applause rang through the house. He turned, and on the stage was a lovely woman, acknowledging the flattering plaudits bestowed up on her. She was just above the middle height, admirably proportioned, and a gentle dignity was displayed in her manner. Her head was most classically formed—and the dark auburn hair, braided and in ringlets, was of that peculiar hue which in childhood is a rich golden, but all womanhood assumes a mellow, darker tint. Her complexion, blooming and transparent, told her birth. Every movement of this lovely being displayed new beauty. At one moment would the enraptured Mozart gaze delightedly at her fine profile, her delicately turned chin and mouth, exquisitely chiselled as on a gem, seemed.

'The lips just half apart,
A monument of Grecian art.'

Then would her full face call forth new rapture. The deep bright eyes changing in expression as the pathos or energy of the character she was personating required.

voice round, full, and beautifully modulated, musical in its high tones, thrilling and touching in its low, entranced the young enthusiast.

After the first bewilderment of passion had passed, he became no less enchanted with the intellectuality of her acting than he had been at first with her beauty, and left the theatre, filled with love for the fair, but cold actress. He sought and gained an introduction to her, and most strange it seemed to every one, that in a few weeks the eccentric young musician obtained more favor in the fair Constance's eyes than any of high born and handsome young Germans who had sighed at her feet for months. Mozart adored her—he watched her slightest movements with the intense gaze of love, and she, so proud and reserved to other admirers, seemed another being in his presence—soft, gentle and loving.

But the character and worldly affairs of the young musician were not such as to satisfy the relatives of his mistress. He had given evidence of his rare and wonderful genius, but even his most partial friends began to fear he had wasted and trifled it away. At the early age of nineteen, he had procured a reputation to be envied by the oldest musician of composer in Europe, but since he had reached manhood, his hours had been given up to the wildest dissipation. Various were the opinions entertained as to his future career, and the envious and unkind declared that the genius so precocious had burnt itself out in youth, leaving but his ashes for the fulfilment of those brilliant expectations. His extreme grief for the loss of his mother might have been urged as an excuse for his unsettled habits at the present time, but unfortunately she past presented no better light, for before her death he had been as idle, wayward and reckless. The fair Constance listened to the tales of the world, however, with the ears of love. 'That he was wild and impetuous, she believed, but love in a woman's heart hopes all things.' The young German had deemed herself heart-proof until the appearance of Mozart as a lover—then she felt that life would be dark without him. The precious qualities of his mind and the better parts of his nature she quickly perceived, and her love belonged to them. To her he was frank and confident, acknowledging his faults, but renouncing them all.

Constance Weber was an orphan, her mother had died during her infancy, and her father at his death, which occurred while she was yet young, left her to the care of his only brother. Her uncle discovered in her, at an early age, the germs of that talent by which she acquired such celebrity. He used every means to store and cultivate her superior mind, taking infinite pleasure in watching its gradual unfoldings, and fitting her for the profession. Belonging himself to the theatre, he had an opportunity of bringing her forward when he thought his work completed. She had made her debut a year previous to her meeting with Mozart. Then the fond, proud hopes of her dotting uncle were fully realized. The effect she produced on her German audience was truly wonderful. Plegmatic as they were, they became infatuated with her: She appeared before them a finished actress. Her beauty captivated the young nobility, while the truth and good taste of her acting secured the applause of the critics. Daily she saw herself the object of admiration, receiving homage that would have bewildered a girl possessed of less strength of character. But she was cold, dignified, and received this intoxicating admiration with pride and dignity. A though conscious of her merits, she was also keenly alive to her faults, and most mild and yielding was she to her near relatives. A pure and guileless spirit did possess, this highly gifted girl—a spirit worthy to inhabit so fair a form. Mozart was proud of his brilliant niece and witnessing the attention she received, hoped to have her married and see her take a distinguished place amongst the noble matrons of the land. Foolish old man! if she, stamped with the nobility of nature, would have loved and feeling for the wealth and

position of art! She had hitherto met with a decided and firm denial every offer made to her through him, however advantageous, and the great confidence he had in her judgment reconciled him to these rejections, but when Mozart appeared in the lists, poor old Mons. Weber was sorely perplexed, & more so when he saw that the effect of his niece were soon given to this unsexed youth for he had sufficient knowledge of her to feel convinced that, where her love was once bestowed, it could not easily be recalled. It seemed to him little short of madness to marry her to this changeable, erratic young musician. Her other relatives united their remonstrances with his, but to their invectives against her lover, her only reply was that they knew not Mozart as she did. Her gentle nature could not, however, oppose her uncle, whose darling she had been from childhood. She assured him that, until he gave his willing consent, she would never marry Mozart, and moreover, that she would bid him farewell, which she did with a trembling lip and a saddened heart. Mozart received her resolution with fearful anguish. He mingled reproaches and entreaties, but she was immovable; and they parted in sorrow and tears—anger and despair.

She performed nightly her accustomed duties, but every one noticed that her step was less buoyant, and her merry ringing laugh that had gladdened every heart was never heard. Those characters which required depth and intensity of feeling she personate with painful truth. The thunders of applause she had obtained for her impassioned acting during the days of her light-heartedness, were now increased. At times the whole audience would be thrilled and silenced with the extreme beauty of some burst of passion from her, and a stillness would reign throughout the theatre, as though they feared to disturb the beautiful phoebness before them, and not until she would be borne off, half fainting; would the spell be broken, then peal applause would testify their admiration.

Her poor uncle was filled with affliction and almost regretted the promise he had enacted. She vainly essayed to struggle against the influences of her unfortunate love, and to hide her anguish from his eyes, but it was betrayed in her failing step and sad countenance, and day by day she faded as a broken flower. 'I will take her from Vienna,' said he to himself, 'where every object reminds her of Mozart.' But the change of place was of little avail to the heart-sickened girl.

They visited Switzerland, but its sublime mountain passes, its glaciers and seas of ice, so terrible in their frozen beauty, were but as types to her of his wild enthusiasm. The classical land of Italy, whose atmosphere breathed song, reminded her sickened hopes of his beautiful airs. And the sound of music called forth painful tears, which she vainly essayed to check. The quiet little village they passed by, with its clustering picturesque cottages—the flocks peacefully feeding on the verdant sides of the hills—the carol of the bird joined with the musical note of the shepherd's pipe—all this beautiful content of Nature, was a painful contrast with the tumult, in her bosom, of disappointed love.

'Ay!' thought she, when catching the bright glances of some dark-eyed, laughing peasant girl. 'Ye know not how ye are to be envied happy children of Nature! Far happier would I have been if fate had placed me without Mozart in one of these peaceful vales.' And the griefed girl would turn away, with a tearful eye, from the scenes that only told of happiness in Nature while she was wretched. Who would have recognized in this tender, love-sick creature, the cold, haughty woman that, one short year before, was so untouched by love that many deemed her heartless? All the soft, poetical sentiments of her German nature were awakened—Mozart had called them into being, and that inner spirit only spoke of Mozart—his creator—to her thoughts! Admiration and applause greeted the beautiful and distinguished actress where'er she appeared, but what was it all compared with the low, passionate accents of Mozart's love-murmurs, or

the intense gaze of his soul-lit eye? And a decided and firm denial every offer made to her through him, however advantageous, and the great confidence he had in her judgment reconciled him to these rejections, but when Mozart appeared in the lists, poor old Mons. Weber was sorely perplexed, & more so when he saw that the effect of his niece were soon given to this unsexed youth for he had sufficient knowledge of her to feel convinced that, where her love was once bestowed, it could not easily be recalled. It seemed to him little short of madness to marry her to this changeable, erratic young musician. Her other relatives united their remonstrances with his, but to their invectives against her lover, her only reply was that they knew not Mozart as she did. Her gentle nature could not, however, oppose her uncle, whose darling she had been from childhood. She assured him that, until he gave his willing consent, she would never marry Mozart, and moreover, that she would bid him farewell, which she did with a trembling lip and a saddened heart. Mozart received her resolution with fearful anguish. He mingled reproaches and entreaties, but she was immovable; and they parted in sorrow and tears—anger and despair.

After the first bursts of his grief were over, a profound melancholy took possession of him. Music lost all charms; and throwing aside every restraint, he would plunge into the depths of the forest, as if to seek in the silence of Nature repose and calm for his wearied heart. His medical attendants were almost hopeless. Sad, indeed, did it seem to see one so young and full of intellect sinking rapidly to the tomb.

One day, a courier arrived at Salzburg, bearing a request from the Elector of Bavaria to the young Mozart. This prince desired to have an Opera composed of the highest order, and had selected Mozart from all the composers of Europe, as the most capable of producing that which he wished. This was a distinguished compliment, for the Theatre, belonging to the Elector at Munich possessed the finest Orchestra and an Opera Corps better trained than any in Germany, but his family feared that the time had gone for ever, when he would have taken pleasure and pride in complying with the flattering request. To their surprise and delight however, the message aroused him. His countenance expressed some of its former vivacity and fire as he listened to the courier's new impulse seemed given to the springs of life. He departed instantly for Vienna, and sought an interview with Mon. Weber.

It was at this time that Constance and her Uncle had returned, the one in sadness and the other discouraged. A few short months before, and Mon. Weber would have thought of an union with Mozart as almost equal to her death; but now, when he gazed on her languid, drooping form, and the possibility of losing her presented itself vividly to his senses—terrified—he bitterly repented his opposition. The application of Mozart was therefore received under more favorable auspices for the success of his suit, than he cared to imagine.

'I know,' exclaimed the impetuous youth during the interview. 'I know I am unworthy of Constance, but her pure love for me will cancel the sins of my past life and be a guiding star for my future. Grant unto me even the most distant hope of possessing her and I will be all that your ambition can desire. I feel the sleeping spirit within me, you, Mons. Weber, possess the awakening power. Will you, can you, deny, it the light of existence, and take from me every hope of future distinction? Mark out some limit to your opposition, and life will be no longer dark to me.'

The old man was touched;—the attenuated frame—the wildly burning eye and trembling lip of the musician expressed more powerfully than words his intense suffering, and Mons. Weber's judgment yielded to the impulses of his heart. He granted Mozart's request. 'Show yourself worthy of Constance my young friend,' said he, 'and I will no longer withhold my consent.'

These words aroused his lethargic genius, that had slumbered almost to death. With redoubled zeal he had applied himself to the studies he had thrown aside for months. Day and night he labored un-

creasingly, scarcely taking time for repose, and great was his exultation as he saw the result of his studies gradually taking form and shape—most beautiful and imposing—in the Opera, 'Idomeneo.' Never had his fancy seemed so prolific, or his imaginations so filled with grandeur; and the low strains were more touchingly, more tenderly beautiful than any he had ever before composed. The image of Constance, always present to his imagination, was his inspiration. Her gentle spirit seemed hovering near him, and he would exclaim—'Tis to thy sweet influence, my own Constance, that I owe my love lays. The blessed anticipation of possessing thee, would make me capable of producing even such music as Apollo might breathe.'

At length his work completed, he sank exhausted, and for a while his life hung on a thread, but love triumphed over death. When he returned to consciousness, all Germany was ringing with his genius. 'Idomeneo' had established his reputation. The world now believed that the spirit had inspired his childhood still dwelt with him when they listened to his mystery production. This Opera had obtained for him a position to be envied by the greatest composer in Germany. Nay! it had proved him the greatest maestro in Europe. Congratulations and brilliant offers poured in from all sides, but the happiness arising from all this applause and distinction, was as nothing compared to the rapture he felt when he received, from the delighted Mon. Weber, the trembling hand of his loving Constance, and he could fold her to his heart, as his own, his nobly won bride.

Pleasant 'tis to record the future of his love. The impetuosity excited by opposition had not exhausted the pure fountains welling up within their hearts. The distinguished actress was forgotten by the world. New candidates for favor received intoxicating applauses of the multitude which she had renounced, for the adoration of one loving heart, and Constance Weber was remembered only as a dream of the past.

But was she happy? Did she, in her quiet home circle, pine for the exciting admiration, so dear to a woman's vanity, which she had formerly obtained? Ah! no! each year her happiness increased. Her gentle spirit soothed and calmed the impetuous feelings of her husband, and shed beauty over their household pain. His eye dwelt tenderly on her graceful figure as it hovered around him performing kind offices of love, and each succeeding year endeared them more closely to each other.

A WESTERN PL ACE HUNTER.

A friend writing from Washington early in March, give us this pleasant sketch of a 'Sucker' office-seeker:—Dickens might draw some laughable caricatures from the live specimens of office-hunters now on hand here. The president has advised them all to go home and leave their papers behind them, and such a scattering you never saw! One fellow came here from Illinois and was introduced to a wag, who he was told had great influence at court and who although destitute of any such pretensions, kept up the delusion for the sake of the joke. The Sucker addressed the man of business something in this wise: 'Now, stranger, look at them papers. Them names is the first in our town. There's Doan Sibley, their aunt a pious man in all the country; and there's John Rogers, our shoe maker he made them boots and a better pair never tramped over these diggings. You wouldn't think them sides had walked three hundred miles of Hoosier mud, but they have though, and are sound yet.—Every body in our town knows John Rogers; just you go out to Illinois and ask him about me, you'll find out how I stand. Then you ask Jim Turner our constable, what I did for the party he'll tell you I was scrawled at the polls.—Now I've come all the way from Illinois, & on foot too, most of the way, to see if I can have justice. They wanted me to take a town office to home, but I must have something that pays before-hand; such as them charges as they call 'em. I hant got but 7 or 8 dollars left, and I can't wait; just get me out of them charges, will ye? Tell the man how 'tis—he'll do it. Fact is, I must; I've aint the office, d—d if I hant!'