

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.

Volume IX.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1845.

Number 18

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.

THE GARLAND.



—With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens called with care.

SIMILE.

You know, sir, once a wit 'n' low'd,
A woman to be like a cloud,
Accept a simile as soon
Between a woman and the moon;
For let mankind say what they will,
The sex are heavenly bodies still.

Grant me to mimic human life—
The sun and moon are man and wife;
What'er kind Sol affords to lend her,
Is squander'd upon midnight splendour,
And when to rest he lays him down,
She's up, and stares at through the town.

From him her beauties close confining;
And only in his absence shining.
Or else she looks like sullen tapers;
Or else she's fairly in the vapours,
Or own at once a wife's ambition,
And fully glares in opposition.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently!—it is better far
To rule by love, than fear—
Speak gently—let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently!—Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild:
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Give not the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard!
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know,
They must have sinned in vain;
Perience unkindness made them so,
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently!—He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, 'Peace, be still.'

Speak gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropt in the heart's deep well,
The 'good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

A shrewd observer of human nature, who has got out a patent dictionary, defines modern love as 'composition of one part of affection to nineteen parts of gold.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

Col. Burr and Gen. Hamilton.

The Knickerbocker contains an original anecdote concerning these celebrated personages, which is peculiarly interesting from its authenticity. It was related to the Knickerbocker's correspondent by the late Judge Bowen, of Kentucky—a gentleman of distinguished renown as a jurist, and who filled at various times the offices of Judge of the Court of Appeal, Secretary of State, member of the Legislature in his own State, which he also represented with marked ability in both Houses of Congress. In relating the anecdote, the Judge said he remembered the exact words of the parties, and that he was the only living recipient of them. But four persons had ever had cognizance of them, these were Gen. Hamilton, Col. Burr, their mutual friend Gen. —, who bound him to secrecy during his life-time. The injunction was removed by his death, and after forty years silence he felt at liberty to speak. Judge Bowen is now dead also.

In relating this anecdote, Judge Bowen who was a man of wonderful colloquial powers, prefaced it by saying:

'Gentleman,' said he, 'this one circumstance filled up, in my mind, the outlines of these two celebrated men: I want no other history of them. You may write ponderous tomes, eulogistic of one and denunciatory of the other, but I have a fact in my head, and it is the centre of my opinion. Col. Burr, when arraigned for his trial, did me the very great honor to invite me to become his counsel and advocate, but I remembered the fact, and refused.'

'It was at that period in our history when the Confederation, having cast off the iron hoop of war, seemed to have no other bond of strength.—Men's minds were unsettled; here was no gravitation of principle—no unity, of purpose—no centre of motion. Patriotism had expended its enthusiasm; liberty had lost its vitality, and forbearance was subordination. Burr believed that the staggering elements would fall in confusion; write for a season in anarchy and emergency monarchy. He believed that the fermentation, if allowed to take its course, would froth and effervesce, and recede by crystallizing, the desire to put Washington on the throne. He thought, however, that there was a shorter way to 'stability,' by intrigue by the conjuration of adverse influences, a way less sinuous to his own advancement. He believed that there was no man without his price, while his acute discernment told him that Hamilton's was a character which even his own partisans would turn to in despair, and prefer it to his, in testing an experiment or trying a theory. He had a proposition to make to Gen. Hamilton, it was patriotic or it was treasonous, it was full of meaning; overreaching the words, balancing the ambiguity nicely, but searching enough to find the weakness, had it existed. He knew he would be understood, without being committed, answered, without being betrayed. There was treason in it, but it was in the occasion, the manner, the words, if you please, and yet it was no where, if he chose to disclaim it!—He had a proposition to make, but he would not write it! Mark the man, he could not be prevailed on to put it upon paper. He gave his friend the words, and the emphasis, and made him repeat both, until they told right to his own ear. These were the exact terms.

'Col. Burr presents his compliments to Hamilton. Will Gen. H. seize the present opportunity to give a stable government to his country and provide for his friends?'

Gen. Hamilton did not hesitate a moment, this was his answer: 'Gen. Hamilton presents, in return, his compliments to Col. Burr, Col. B. thinks Gen. H. ambitious, he is right, Gen. H. is one of the most ambitious of men, but his whole ambition is to deserve well of his country.'

'There is an answer,' continued the narrator, 'which would have defied a Roman; there is the first of the offences which he expiated at Weehawken.'

REMARKABLE FACTS.

General Dearborn, of Massachusetts, in a lecture delivered the last winter before the members of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, declared that ninety seven out of every hundred persons who obtained their livelihood by buying and selling, failed or died insolvent. He was contrasting agricultural with mercantile pursuits, and said that rich men should insist into themselves a love of agriculture.—He declared that he would prefer a cottage in the country, with five acres of ground, to the most splendid palace that could be erected in the city, if he must depend upon the success of merchandize to support it. He then went on to say, that having been for some fifteen years in the Custom House in Boston, he was surprised to find, at the close of his term, an entire new set of men doing business there.

This induced him to look into the subject and he ascertained, after much time and research, that ninety-seven out of every one hundred who obtained their livelihood by buying and selling, failed or died insolvent. He then submitted his calculation to an old merchant of great experience, who confirmed it in every particular. The statement, however, appeared to me so startling, so appalling, that I was induced to examine it with care, and I regret to say I found it true. I then called upon a friend of mine, a great antiquarian, a gentleman always referred to in matters relating to the city of Boston, and he told me that in the year 1800, he took a memorandum of every person on Long Wharf and that in 1840 (which is as long as a merchant continues business) only five in one hundred remained. They had all in that time either failed or died destitute of property. I then went to a very intelligent director of the Union (a very strong bank) who told me that the bank commenced business in 1798 that there was then but one other bank in Boston, the Massachusetts Bank, and that the bank was so overrun with business, that the clerks & officers were employed until twelve o'clock at night, and all Sundays they had occasion to look back a year or two ago, and they found that of the one thousand accounts which were opened with them at starting, only six remained, they had the forty years either all failed or died destitute of property. Houses whose papers passed without a question have all gone down in that time. Bankruptcy, said he, like death, and almost as certain, they fall single and alone, and are thus forgotten—but there is no escape from it, and he is a fortunate man who fails young. Another friend told me that he had occasion to look through the Probate Office a few years since, and he was surprised to find over ninety per cent of all the estates settled were insolvent. And within a few days I have gone back to the incorporation of our banks in Boston. I have a list of the directors since they started. This is, however, a very fair way of testing the rule—for Bank Directors are the most substantial men in the community.—In the old bank, over one third had failed in forty years, and in the new bank a much larger proportion. I am sorry to present to you so gloomy a picture, and I trust you will instil into your sons as Gen. Dearborn recommends, a love of agriculture, for in mercantile pursuits they will fall to a dead certainty.

A GOOD CHARACTER.

A good character is to a young man what a firm foundation is to the artist who proposes to erect a building on it, he can build with safety, and all who behold it will never be wanted—but let a single part of this be defective and you go at hazard, amidst doubting and distrust, and ten to one it will tumble down at last mingle all that was built on it in ruin. Without a good character, poverty is a great curse—with it, it is scarcely an evil. Happiness cannot exist where a good character is not. All that is bright in the hope of youth, all is calm and blissful in the sober scenes of life, all that is soothing in the scale of years, centres in & is derived from a good character. Therefore acquire this as the first and most valuable.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Mrs. Child, in her 'Letters from New York,' relates the following. It occurred in the family of the authoress when the yellow fever raged like a pestilence in Boston, many years ago:

'One of our father's brothers, residing in Boston at that time, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended to him. These arguments made no impression on her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a life long satisfaction to her to know who attended upon him, if he did not. She accordingly staid and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse, and worse, and finally died. Those who went round with the death-carts had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me that she never knew how to account for it, but thought he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it. The half-hour again came round, and again was heard the solemn words, 'Bring out your dead.' The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one; but the health of the city, required punctual obedience to the orders they received; if they expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in agony of tears, continually saying, 'I am sure he is not dead.' The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but finally overcome by her tears, again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreadful half hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances she answered, 'If you bury him, you shall bury me with him.' At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise, that if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal. Having gained this respite she hung the watch up on the bedpost, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half-hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently; and the hartshorn she had holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally, the position of the head became lightly tipped backward, and a powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death-men came again, they found him sitting up in the bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health.'

PUTTING HIM DOWN.

'I wish you would put me down for a puppy,' said a young sportsman the other day to practical amateur in canine flesh, who had recently had an accession to his 'domestic circle' in his dog-butch. 'I set you down for one long ago,' was the tart reply.

THE WORKING CLASSES OF ENGLAND.

Mr. Willis, in his first letter to the Mirror, gives the following account of the working classes of England:

'During the four or five hours that I was playing the hanger on to a vulgar and saucy custom house officer at Liverpool, one of two contrasts crept in at my dull eyes, contrast between what I had left, and what was before me. The most striking was the utter want of hope in the countenances of the working classes, the look of dozed submission and animal endurance of their condition of life. They act like horses and cows. A showy equipage shows by, and they have not the curiosity to look up. Their gait is that of tired donkeys saving as much trouble as leg-lifting as possible. Their mouths and eyes are wholly sensual, expressing no capability of a want above food. Their dress is without a thought of more than warmth and covering; drab covered with dirt. Their voices are a half-tone above a grunt. Indeed, comparing their condition with the horse, I would prefer being an English workinghorse than a man. And you will easily see the very strong contrast there is, between this picture, and that of the ambitious and lively working men of our country.'

'Another contrast strikes, probably all Americans on first landing, that of female dress. The entire absence of the ornamental, of any thing, indeed except decent covering, in all classes below the wealthy, is particularly English and particularly an American. I do not believe you would find ten female servants in New York without (pardon my naming it) a 'bustle.' Yet I saw as many as two hundred women in the streets of Liverpool, and not one without a bustle! I saw some ladies get out of carriages who wore them, so that it is not because it is not the fashion, but simply because the pride (of those whose back form but one line) does, not out weigh the price of the bran. They wore thick shoes, such as scarcely a man would wear with us, no gloves of course, and their whole appearance was that of females in whose mind never entered the thought of ornament or week days. This trifling exponent of the condition of women in England, has a large field of speculation within and around it and the result of philosophizing on it would be vastly in favor of our side of the water.'

DURABLE VIRTUES.

Let me see a female possessing the beauty of a meek and modest deportment—on my eye that bespeaks intelligence and purity within—of the lips that speak no guile, let me see in her a kind and benevolent disposition, a heart that can sympathize with a distress, and I will never ask for the beauty that dwells in ruby lips, or flowing tresses, or snowy hands, or the forty other et ceteras upon which our poets have harped for so many ages. Those fade when touched by the hand of time, but these ever enduring qualities of the heart will outlive the reign of those, and grow brighter and fresher as the ages of eternity roll on.

ARISTOCRACY.

A contemporary truly says:—Which of our aristocratic families can look back a few years, without encountering the ghost of some worthy mechanic! How many of the fortunes, which now inspire their possessors with giddy notions, have been earned by the trowel, the jack plane, over the counter of some inconsiderable shop, or by some other humble occupation! Yet their successors are too proud to acknowledge their humble origin, and like most of those who do nothing, and could have done nothing to lift their families from the dust, are the most pertinacious of their acquired and spurious aristocracy.

WOULD NOT HAVE BELIEVED IT.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Evening Post says that a witness, in a Parisian court of justice, in testifying to the apparent affection of a husband for his wife, said with perfect gravity, 'he loved her so well, that you would not have believed she was his wife.'

As nothing is so honorable as an ancient friendship, so nothing is so scandalous as an old passion.

AN IRISH PILOT.

As the ship 'Jolly Mariner' was going up Dublin Harbor, the captain said to the pilot—

'Are you well acquainted with all the rocks and shoals in this bay?'
'Yes,' said the pilot, who, by the way, was an Irishman; 'yes, by the piper that played before Moses, an' I am—I've done this business long enough to know 'em all. At this moment the ship thumped heavily on the rocks.'
'There,' said the pilot, 'we're right over one now.'

YOUTH.

Youth is a flowing stream, on whose current the shadow may rest but not remain; sunshine is natural to its glad waters and the flower will spring upon its banks despite of the wintry storm and chilling wind. A year in youth is life a month in spring, it is wonderful to observe the rapid alteration that is brought by the general and vivifying influence of these few fleet days, the germ expands into a leaf and the bud into a flower, almost before we have marked the change.

BOOK-KEEPING ITEM.

'You have been a good scholar in your day, Ned; go to conversant with book-keeping, I presume?'
'No, sir, I can't say that I am; but what the duce makes you ask such a question?'
'But! Because I know to my sad experience; for you have no less than a dozen of my books, and, alas! not one of them returned—allowing to your book-keeping abilities.'

A good man shines antipathetically through all the obscurity of his low condition, and a wicked man is a poor little wretch in the midst of all his grandeur.

PROOF OF FIDELITY AND ATTACHMENT.

In Africa, a young woman, an intended slave, brought a little water in a calabash, and kneeling down before her master, offered him to wash his hands; when he had done this, the girl, with a tear of joy sparkling in her eyes, drank the water. This was considered as the greatest proof of her fidelity and attachment.

A CAUTIOUS MOTHER.

The Boston Times knows of a mother in that city who will not let a tailor come near her children, for fear he will give 'em fits.'

THE PRINTER'S KISS.

Print on my lips another kiss,
The picture of thy growing passion;
Nay, this won't do—nor this—nor this—
But now—aye! there's a proof impression!

Some men are courageous, and some are not; but we should like to see the man who would deliberately allow a woman to catch him making mouths at her baby.

'I'm very much pressed for time,' as the man said when his wife urged and kissed him, to coax a gold watch out of him.

FORGETFUL LAWYER.

A lawyer, who was sometimes forgetful; having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying,

'I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a consummate and impudent scoundrel.'

[Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately added:]

'But what great and good man ever lived who was not miscalculated by many of his contemporaries?'

A low bred Woman.—One who stays at home, takes care of her children, and never meddles with the business of her neighbors. Species almost extinct.

ART OF MINIATURE PAINTING.

'Pray, Mr. Hopper,' said Lady C., how do you limners contrive to overlook the ugliness, and yet preserve the likeness?'

'The art, madam,' replied he, 'may be conveyed in two words; where nature has been severe, we soften, where she has been kind, we aggravate.'