

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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THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cul'd with care."

From the United States Journal.

AUTUMN.

BY JOSEPH F. BROWN.

'Tho' my being's stream
Gives out no music: I can still drink in
The unshadowed beauties of the Universe,
Gaze, with a swelling soul upon the blue
Magnificence above, hear the hymn of
Heaven in every star light ray, and fid.
Glen, vale, wood and mountain with the
Visions, poured from the deep home of an
Immortal Mind.' George D. Prentice.

I love to hear the lonely song
The winds of Autumn sing,
And see the pale leaves borne along
So rudely on their wing:
I know 'tis sad, but yet to me
It hath a pleasing tone,
Its notes, so mournful, seem to be
Responsive to mine own.

When Summer's robes upon the grove
In emerald folds were flung,
I loved her fields and bowers to rove,
Her blushing bowers among:
But now they have a stronger spell,
A beauty still more dear,
Than when they bore aloft so well
The splendor of the year.

It were unfit that when the gay,
And gladsome Summer reigns,
The lowly heart should pour its lay
Of melancholy strains:
But Autumn—O! how deep and wild
Is wailing trumpet peals,
And thrills the soul, or heaving mild
Upon the sad heart steals!

Now may the mourner turn apart
To the forsaken vale,
And pour the sorrows of his heart
Upon the morning gale;
And feel no bias of scorn come down,
Like blighting mildew there,
No withering taint, no chilling frown,
Upon his humble prayer.

The leafless woods, the fields so bare
I dearly love them all;
And it is music to my ear
To hear the brown nut fall—
To mark the rustling leaves that spread
So richly vale and hill,
The squirrel's chirp, the rabbit's tread,
When all beside is still.

O! these are sounds more sweet to me,
More rich, ten thousand times,
Than woman's softest notes can be,
Or proudest trumpet chimes.—
For they evoke the perished dreams
Enshroud'd with brighter years;
E'er my cheek had felt in lava streams
The bitterness of tears.

I would no Summer day of earth
Might greet my closing eye;
Nor star that glimmer'd o'er my birth,
When I am called to die:
My soul would easier burst the chain
Of Time, as it flits away,
Inspired by strength upon the wane,
And Beauty in decay.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Arthur's Magazine. THE YOUNG MUSIC TEACHER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Concluded)

The attentions of Harly Cleveland soon stirred into inquietude the bosom of Jane Wells. There was every thing about him to interest the heart of a maiden. He was handsome in person, his taste highly cultivated; his mind richly stored, his principles firmly based, and with all, he belonged to a respectable and wealthy family. No wonder that Jane could not withstand such attractions.

It was not long, before the young man became more marked in his attentions. He called at Mr. Hendee's at least once every week, and regularly accompanied Jane to all the concerts and fashionable amusements of the season. One evening he came in and found no one in the parlor but Mary. Jane was dressing to go out with him to a concert. Mary's first impulse was to retire, but this she felt it would not be polite to do. She therefore remained, but did not feel free to make any remarks. This she had no need to do, for Mr. Cleveland readily introduced subjects of conversation, and drew her forth to speak. At first she did so with a reluctant timidity, but what she said inspired the young man with a wish to penetrate deeper into her mind. Unconsciously to herself he led her out, and induced her to give her views on many subjects, which she did with a beauty of expression, and a clearness of thought that charmed him. In the midst of this Jane came in, all ready to walk, and Mary glided from the room, with a strange warmth and tremulous in her bosom. I was nearly two years since she had spent minutes in conversation with a young man of intelligence and winning manners. The sensation was to her new and pleasing. A new chord was awakened in her heart that was not inclined to sleep again.

She retired to her room, and took up a favorite volume. But she could not comprehend the words of the author. Her thoughts returned to the parlor, and to the interesting young stranger with whom she had passed a quarter of an hour of most delightful conversation. At length she became conscious of the folly she was committing in thus allowing this little incident to make so deep an impression upon her. She strove to shut out from her mind the image of Mr. Cleveland, but in vain. She still saw his fine, animated face, his voice still sounded in her ears and the sentiments he had uttered still lived in her recollection. "What young lady is that with whom I was conversing, when you came down?" young Cleveland asked of Jane as soon as they had left the house.

"She gives lessons in music to my cousins," was answered, after a moment's hesitation.

"Ah!" was Cleveland's only reply, there was disappointment in the tone of his voice.

"Three weeks elapsed, during which both the young man and Mary found it very difficult to keep from thinking about each other. He had called several times to see Jane, with the secret hope in his mind of again meeting the interesting young music teacher. But she did not happen to be present. At last, however, he could no longer conceal himself the pleasure he felt; on being shown into the parlor and finding no one there but Mary, he involuntarily, she rose and made a movement to leave the room. Jane had spoken rather sharply to her for her former indiscreet act, as she called it.

"You will not leave me here alone," Cleveland said, in a respectful, half familiar voice.

Mary paused, and resumed her seat, her heart beating with a quick irregular motion. The conversation which the young man had previously held with her, gave him some idea of the character of her mind, and guided him at once into the selection of equitable themes. He soon succeeded in

again drawing her out into an expression of her opinions upon the topics under review, which she did with a soundness of thought & a beauty of expression that again charmed him. "Can this be only a music teacher?" he could not help asking himself. It so happened, that the servant who admitted Mr. Cleveland, mistook Mary, who was in the parlor, for Jane, and therefore did not go up to the room of the latter to notify her that there was a visitor below. On this account Cleveland and Mary spent half an hour together, when the latter, recollecting herself, said,

"The servant must have omitted to inform Jane that you were here."

As she spoke, she arose quickly and left the room. In a few moments Jane entered the parlor, and apologized for having kept her waiting, on the ground that she had not been informed of his presence.

"As some compensation," he replied, "I have been quite agreeably entertained by your young music teacher you have in the family. She seems as shy as a fawn, and I had almost to compel her to remain in the parlor. But, when she had forgotten herself, she proved to be a most interesting companion. She cannot, certainly, be moving in that sphere, for which education, and taste have fitted her."

To this Jane made some evasive reply. Her manner of doing so was noticed by Cleveland; who did not altogether like it. It implied contempt for the interesting girl, who, as he supposed, held, in the family, the subordinate position of an instructor in music. From that moment, the charm that had been thrown around Jane Wells, gradually passed away. As it did so, the image of the quiet, intelligent, refined, and delicate stranger he had met at Mr. Hendee's took possession of his mind. "Who is she? What is she?" were questions often asked. Though he called nearly as often as before, upon Jane, it was really with the hope of again falling in with the music teacher. But this fortunate occurrence did not again happen.

One evening he met Mr. Hendee in the parlor, alone. The ardent desire he felt to learn something certain about the individual who had interested him, caused him to say, during a pause in the conversation—

"Pardon me, Mr. Hendee, for the seeming intrusiveness of the question I am about to ask. You have a young lady in your family, employed as music teacher—?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Cleveland," Mr. Hendee said, interrupting him,—but you are under some mistake. There is no such person in my family as you allude to."

Cleveland looked confounded.

"I certainly must be under some mistake, then," he replied. "But I have twice met in your parlor a very interesting young lady, who, as I have understood, an instructor of music to your children."

"Oh! you mean my niece," Mr. Hendee said, with a smile.

"Your niece?"

"Yes, Mary Wells, the sister of Jane. I thought you knew her."

"No, sir," was the grave reply. "I have twice fallen in with her by accident. Then, as soon as any one entered the parlor, she glided away. No one introduced her to me."

"Not even her sister?"

"No."

Mr. Hendee looked upon the floor thoughtfully.

"Why does she keep herself so secluded?" at length asked young Cleveland. "She is certainly fitted to shine in any circle."

"That she is, a lovelier girl I have never seen. But it is her real worth that excludes her. Society, as it is now constituted, is not worthy of so noble minded a creature."

"Your words puzzle me," the young man said.

"I will then give you fully her history, and let you judge her by the best and truest standard—her own life as it stands forth in Doric beauty."

Mr. Hendee then related, with the warmth his deep admiration of her virtues, gave to his words and manner, the noble conduct of Mary Wells. Mr. Cleveland listened with intense admiration.

"Noble girl!" he exclaimed, as soon as the courage to go through the trying ordeal narrative had been finished.

"Yes, she is nobleness itself," was the earnest response of her uncle.

"May I beg to be introduced to one for whom I now feel a respect amounting almost to reverence?" asked the young man.

The bell was rung, and a servant entered.

"Tell Mary that I wish to see her in the parlor."

The servant left the room, and in a few moments Mary entered, dressed in simple but neat attire.

"Come, my dear, let me introduce you to my excellent young friend Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Hendee said, taking Mary's hand, and leading her forward.

The color deepened on Mary's cheek when she met the steady, admiring gaze of the young man, but her self-possession remained.

"My niece excludes herself for too much. She is 'too modest, worth' peculiar fault," is Goldsmith. I believe, has it," Mr. Hendee added, as Mary took a seat on the sofa.

At that moment Jane entered and came forward.

Mr. Cleveland met her with a manner more formal than usual. She was no longer beautiful or interesting in his eyes. The superior loveliness of Mary had altogether eclipsed her. The surprise and displeasure she felt at seeing Mary in the parlor, and in conversation with Mr. Cleveland, tended in no way to give additional charms to those already surrounding her. He saw clearly her state of mind; and took away all the admiration, and even warmer feelings, he had ever felt for her.

He conversed by the admiring young man, Mary shone through the evening with a lustre that surprised, while it delighted Mr. Hendee.

From that time, Cleveland became a stranger. He would not listen to Mary's remonstrances any longer in solution, & much against her will, almost compelled her to attend a large ball given up by the exclusives. She dressed herself in pure white, and presented a sweet contrast with the gaudy attire of the belles who flouted about, and sought the admiration she unconsciously won.

"What lovely creature is that on the arm of Cleveland?" asked a young man, coming up to his sister, who was among a bevy of half a dozen young girls.

"Where? Who?"

"Look! Don't you see—that pillar?"

"Oh! yes. That? Why, as I live, that is Mary Wells, my old music teacher! What in the world is she doing here, and with Harly Cleveland? He cannot know the company he is keeping."

This little bit of news quickly spread through the company, and Cleveland soon found both himself and Mary the subject of observation and remark. And not only so, but actually proscribed, in endeavoring to make up a coalition in which he proposed to dance with Mary, the attempt failed, only two or three couples consenting to take the floor.

Deeply incensed at this, he withdrew from the room with Mary Wells, and left the house. Jane was also at the ball, and saw all this—not without a feeling of pleasure, for now she hoped to regain the attention she had lost. But she was in error. On the way home, Cleveland offered Mary his hand; which after reflection and consultation with her uncle and aunt, she accepted.

The wedding party was the largest and most brilliant that had been given for two or three years. The young ladies who had refused to dance a coalition with the music teacher some how or other, forgot the circumstances, and carried the bride most affectionately. Even Jane could begin to see her real worth, now that it was perceived and acknowledged by others.

The true history of Mary became a subject of general conversation, and those who had looked down upon her as a humble music teacher, now that her real character was seen, lauding her conduct to the skies. We can admire and love virtuous self-denial in others; though we have not the moral

HOW DO YOU MANAGE YOUR CHILDREN?

It is usual to attempt to manage your children either by corporal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, or by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which is seldom regarded. I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied by words so uttered as to counteract entirely its intended effect. Or, the parent may use language in the correction of the child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence.

We are by no means aware of the power of the voice in swaying the feelings of the soul. The anecdote of a good lady in regard to her minister's sermons, is to the point. She heard a discourse from him which pleased her exceedingly. She expressed to a friend the hope that he would preach it again.

"Perhaps," said her friend in reply, "he may print it." "Ah!" said she, "he did not print it in the holy tone." There is a tone in the pulpit, which false as is the taste from which it proceeds, does indeed work wonders. So there is a tone in our intercourse with children, which may be among the most efficient aids in their education.

Let any one endeavor to recall the image of a fond mother long since departed to her rest. Her sweet smile and ever clear countenance are brought vividly to recollection. So also is her voice; and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance. What is it which lulls the infant to repose? It is no array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one in letters, syllables, and sentences. His mother and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, uttered in a soft tone are found to possess magic influence. Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No, it is diffused over every age, and assues not while the child remains under parental roof. Is the boy growing up in manner and boisterous in speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tone of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly, does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging fire.

In the pressure of duty we are liable to utter ourselves hastily to our children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone. Instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit that produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, there, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone with which we address him.

There is nothing more desirable in a laughter than intelligence joined to a gentle spirit. The mind is fashioned and furnished, in main, at school. But the character of the affections is derived chiefly at home. How inestimable is the confidence of that mother in producing kind feelings in the bosoms of her children, who never permits herself to speak to them with a loud voice, and in harsh, unkind tones!

I have heard a father who, when his children became engaged in a dispute would at once require them to unite in a song. The blending of their voices in harmony was soon found to subdue their angry and contentious feeling. There is a native, spontaneous unsung music. It consists in the tones which issue from her who is overflowing with human love. While then, I would advise the mother to the culture of pleasant voice, and warn her of the evil of addressing her children harshly, would still more earnestly counsel her to discipline her heart. Out of a kind heart, come, naturally, kind feelings. She who would train up her family in the sweet spirit of love, can succeed by and most enduringly of all, by cherishing such sentiments as shall seek their own unbidden expression in gentle, yet powerful tones.

"Laying down the Law," as the Englishman said when he knocked down the judge.

GREEK MAGIC.

The history of these amusements runs back into the remotest ages of antiquity. Herodotus notices the introduction from Egypt of puppets moved by springs. The string upon a wheel during its rapid revolutions, is told on the authority of Xenophon, and may be compared with the famous description of sitting upon nothing, in China. The emission of fire from the mouth—one of the commonest tricks of our country fair—is also ascribed to the women, by Athenians; The terrible riggers of Elysium are likewise clearly anticipated. Some of the performances of the Greek jugglers were sufficiently ingenious; but classical antiquity offers us no feats to contest the crowns with the modern Indian basket fraud, or the sudden growth and blossoming of the plant in the hand of the same performers. We have frequently listened to descriptions of these tricks from an intelligent spectator, who confessed his inability to offer the slightest clue to the mystery. The wonderfulness of the exhibition is greatly increased by the fact of its taking place in private houses, and where all probability of collusion is removed. Yet the woman who, having been placed under the basket, has been heard to groan, and gradually sink away beneath the repeated sobs of her accomplices, is, in a few minutes, seen to walk in at the door, perfectly uninjured, while the basket, being lifted is found to be empty; and this is done in the presence of twenty or thirty of the most acute and watchful officers and scholars of Europe. The same may be said of the flowering of the plant, which seems to be the very poetry of juggling. —Froze's Magazine.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Some seven, just before sunset, a few days ago, (says the Boston correspondent of the N. Y. Star,) one remarked to the other, "I'll bet you a Leavy that I will catch you before you can get to the church on the corner, (two hundred yards off) and give you half the distance ahead." "Done," cried the other, and half the distance being walked off, the runner cried "ready," and started like a streak of lightning for the goal.—"Stop thief!" stop that long-legged thief," was uttered in a voice of thunder. The runner saw through the trick, but still kept on, hoping to win, before his arrest; but "stop thief!" turned every person ahead of him round, and his further progress was checked. The joker came up, believed the person he had caused to be made a prisoner so unceremoniously and the two walked off arm-in-arm. The winner not only generously refuses her hat but declares that he will present his friend with a superb castor, for the good nature with which he submitted to the joke.

The Montreal Cathedral contains 13,533 pews, and is capable of holding 15,000 persons. It will cost when finished about \$600,000; and yet some parts of the interior give little evidence of great expense or superior design. Some of the pictures are truly magnificent. The ascent to the tower, a distance of 215 feet, is by 285 steps. It affords a fine view of the surrounding country, of the convent, the gardens, river, &c.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

I dig, I hoe;
I plow, I mow,
I gets up wood for winter;
I reaps, I sows,
I taters grows,
And for all I know
I'm deb'ted to the Printer.

I do suppose
All knowledge flows
Right from the Printing Press;
So off I goes;
In these 'ere clo's,
And settles up—I guess.

Some wag says that the only borrowed rifle he ever returned promptly was a kiss from a pretty girl's lips. Of course, he returned it on the spot.

A love-touched dandy, writing to a girl, says:—Co-whap me, Johnny things don't look all fired slick down here. Taters is up and the old pigs are doing well.