

"I have sworn upon the Alter 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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MISCELLANEOUS.

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THE MECHANIC HERO OF BRANDYWINE.

From the Lecture of George Lippard, Esq. delivered before the William Wirt Institute, being the first of a series on "the Romance of the Revolution."

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THE GARLAND



"With sweetest flowers garnish'd,
From various gardens call'd with care."

TWENTY Years Ago.

I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground, which
Sheltered you and me.
But none were there to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know.
That played with us upon the green
Some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bates
Panted boys at play.
Were sprouting just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay.
But the 'Master' sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, just
Twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered
Some ; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our
Pen-knives had detested.
But the same old bricks are in the wall,
The bell swings to and fro—
It's music's just the same, dear Tom,
Twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old
Game, beneath that same old tree;
I do forget the name just now—you've
Played the same with me.
On that same spot ; 'twas played with
Knives, by throwing so and so;
The loser had a task to do—there
Twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still ;
The willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom, the
Stream appears less wide—
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now,
Where once we played the bean,
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls,
Full twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill
Close by the spreading beach
Is very low—'twas once so high that we
Could almost reach—
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear
Tom, I started so,
To see how much that I have changed
Since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm,
You know I cut your name—
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom and
You did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch had peeled the
Bark; 'twas dying sure—but slow,
Just as that one whose name you cut, die!
Twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but
Tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well—those
Early broken ties.
I visited the old church-yard, and took
Some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some
Twenty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid, some
Sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of that old class, excepting
You and me.
And when our time has come, Tom, and
We are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played,
Just twenty years ago.

The more honest a man has, the less
he affects the air of a saint; the affecting
of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

an awful agony stamping those plain features—there was an awful agony flashing that cherry tree! Dye see from those dilating eyes—there was a dark drag man of my build up thar! Place and terrible mystery speaking from those me that; give me a powder horn, three rifle thin lips, that moved and moved, but made no sound.

For a moment that farmer tried to speak the hoar that convulsed his feature.

At last forcing the blacksmith along the brown gravelled walk, now strewn with cinders, he pointed to the smoking embers. There, there said that heap of black and smoking ruin, the blacksmith beheld a dark mass of burnt flesh and blackened bones.

"Your wife!" shrieked the farmer, as his agony found words. The British they came in the night, they"—and then he spoke that outrage, which the lip quivers o' think on, which the heart grows palsied to tell—that outrage too foul to name!

"Your wife," he shrieked, pointing to the hideous thing, amid the smoking ruins, the British they murdered your wife, they dung her dead body in the flames—they dashed your child against the hearthstone!

This was the farmer's story,

And there, as the light of the breaking day fell around the spot, there stood the husband, the father, gazing upon that mass of burned flesh and blackened bones—all that was once his wife.

Do you ask me for the words that trembled from his white lips? Do you ask me for the fire that blazed in his eye?

I cannot tell you. But I can tell you that there was a vow going up to Heaven from that blacksmith's heart; that there was a clenched hand, praised, in the light of the breaking day!

Yes, yes, as the first gleam of the annual dawn broke around the spot, as the first long gleam of sunlight streamed over the peeled skull of that fair young wife—she was that last night—there was a vow going up to Heaven, the vow of a maddened heart and anguished brain.

How was that vow kept? Go there to Brandywine, and where the carnage gathers thickest, where the fight is most bloody here you may see a stout form standing on a huge hammer head—light—where that hammer falls, it kills—where that hammer strikes, it crushes! It is the blacksmith's form. And the woe that he shouts! I in a malady of vengeance—half howl, half roar! Is it a fierce yell, breaking up from his heaving chest?

Is it the name of—MARY! It is the name of his young wife!

Oh, Mary—sweetest name of woman—so soft, so rippling, so musical—name of the Mother of Jesus, made holy by purity and religion—now strangely did your syllables of music ring out from that blacksmith's lips, as he went murdering on!

"Mary!" he shouts, as he drags that red-roasted trooper from his steed: "Mary!" he shrieks, as his hammer crashes down, laying that officer in the dust. Look!—Another officer, with a gallant face and form—another officer, glittering in those clasps that blacksmith by the knees, and begs mercy.

"I have a wife—mercy! I have a wife in England—spare me!"

The blacksmith, crazed as he is, trembles—there is a tear in his eye.

"I would spare you, but there is a force before me—the form of my dead wife! That form has gone before me all day! She calls on me to strike!"

And the hammer fell, and then rang on that strange woe—MARY!

At last when the battle was over, he was found by a woman, who had at least shouldered a cart whip in his country's service—he was found slaying by the roadside, his head sunken, his leg broken—the life blood welling from his many wounds.

The wagoner would have carried him from the field, but the stout blacksmith refused.

"You see, neighbor," he said, in that voice husky with death, "I never meddled with the British till they burned my home, till they"—he could not speak the outrage, but his wife, his child, were ever before his dying eyes—till now I've but five minutes' life more. I'd like to give a

COUNCILS FOR THE YOUNG.

Never be cast down by trifles. If spider breaks his thread twenty times twenty times will he mend it again.—Make up your mind to do the good you will do it. Fear no troub's comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

Troubles never stop forever.

The darkest day will pass away. If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the stars don't keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or a child may be useful.

Never despair when fog's in the air. A sunshiny morning will come without warning.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst or a firework that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling that will stay.

When gold and silver fly away. Fight hard against hasty temper. Anger will come, and resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that revenges knows no rest.

The mock possesses a powerful breast.

If you have an enemy, set kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little, great things are completed.

Water falling day by day.

Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped in school never learns his lesson well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves, is earnest and sings while he works, is the man for me.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick;

A grumbler in the mud will sink.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The earth is full of good thoughts, that however, find no room to enter.

Lean on your guard, and strive and pray To drive all evil thoughts away.

WESTERN CHESTERFIELD.

Hang your hat on the harp, and lay your sick on the piano.

Rob your books all well upon the rug, and be sure to take possession of the old arm chair.

A good way to display ease and elegance is to pull out your pen-knife and strip your finger nails.

If a lady sings, hum the music along with her—she, as well as every body else present, will be astonished at your knowledge of music.

If you should conduct to make in sacrifice of not chewing while in the room—you can step to the front window, and pull aside the curtain, throw up the sash, and drag your quiet to the street.

Stroll about the apartment and hang the ornaments. If you can't reach a pitcher get upon a chair and take it down.

If you dig over a small knot discussing a scientific subject, break it upon them and relate all you know about it. You will observe immediately by the silence of every body, how delighted they are to listen to you.

You must consider that every body present is desirous of your attention, and anxious to engage your interest. This establishes self-confidence, and you may then be as bland and condescending as you please.

Pull out your watch often, and the lecture that an engangement compels your absence. If you observe these rules you can pass.

Among the curiosities of Apsley House is the tricke bed on which the Duke of Wellington sleeps.

Why it is so narrow, observed a friend, there is not even room to turn in it.

"Turn in it!" cried his Grace—"the man begins to turn in bed, it is time to turn out.

A GOOD APPETITE.

Travelling in the wilderness and enduring all manner of privations, gives a person a very keen appetite without being particularly nice or dainty about food. The Indians near Fort Laramie, highly pleased with the enterprise of Captain Fremont, determined to pay him a high compliment by inviting him to a *dog feast*. Accordingly the Captain went in the state to the Wigwam where the women and children were assembled, and took his place at the Buffalo robe. The dog was in a large pot over the fire, in the middle of the lodge, and immediately on their arrival it was dished up in large wooden bowls, one of which was handed to each person. The flesh appeared very glutinous, with something of flavor and appearance of mutton. Feeling something move behind him, (says Captain Fremont,) I looked around, and found that I had taken my seat among a litter of fat puppies. Had I been nice in such manner, the prejudices of civilization might have interfered with my tranquility; but fortunately, I am not of delicate nerves, and continued quietly to empty my platter.

THE SLANDERER.

Of all that's low and mean, despicable—of scorn and hate, and the utter treacherousness of the good and virtuous, the vile slanderer stands first and foremost. We shun him as we do a serpent although he may have the form and visage of a man he has neither the heart nor the soul, nor the feeling of a man. No there is nothing just, nor manly, nor noble, nor honorable, about him. He is hardly on a level with the brutes—and is far below the smallest specimens of humanity that ever existed. His heart is harder than steel. He is unfit to live in civilized society. No one should associate with him. All should void him as they would a tiger or hyena—or as they would the pestiferous or of an infested city, where some frightful malady is sweeping off its victims by thousands. There is something poisonous and contaminating in the very breath of the slanderer. The ignoble wretch who is guilty of the crime of slander—he who wantonly and maliciously assails the character of his fellow man—ought to receive the contempt, the hatred, and the curses of the whole world.

MECHANICS' WIVES.

Speaking of the middle ranks of life good writer observes:

There we behold woman in all her glory; not a doll to carry sticks and jewels, not a puppet to be flattered by profane adoration, reverenced to day, despised tomorrow; always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality, or by contempt, admired but not esteemed; ruling by passion not affection; impeding her weakness not her constancy; to the sex she could exalt, the source and mirror of vanity? we see her a wife, partaking the cares and cheering the anxiety of a husband, dividing his tools by her domestic drudgery, spreading cheerfulness around her, for his sake sharing his decent raiment of the world, without being vain of them, placing all her joys and happiness in them and loves. As a mother, we find the affectionate, the ardent instructor of the children whom she has tended from their infancy; training them to thought and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings, preparing them to become men and women in their turn. Mechanics' daughters make the best wives in the world.

Generally—as a general rule it is perfectly true; but there are exceptions.—We have some Mechanics' daughters who are too fond of aping the worthless classes who do nothing, and who never learned to do anything, ever to make good wives.

Faith is spring of all energetic action. Men throw their souls into objects only because they believe them to be amiable and worth pursuit.

Good manners are the blossom of good sense, and it may be added, of good feeling too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to the disinterestedness in little as well as great things—hat desire to oblige, a disposition to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.