

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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MISCELLANEOUS

From the Saturday Evening Post.

TOO PROUD.

A Sketch from Real Life.

BY JANE WEAVER.

'What do you intend to do?' said Edward Hanson to his brother Frederick, as the orphan boys sat together, about two months after the death of their last parent. 'It is necessary for us to act speedily, for our money is nearly gone, and it will not do to starve.'

'What do you intend to do?' said Frederick, who, though the elder seemed disposed to hear his brother's plans before he announced his own.

'I shall look out for work of some kind, and that, to-day. The truth is, there is no choice. Bread we must have, and wishing won't bring it; so we must labor for it, as better persons have done before us.'

'I don't see that,' said Frederick. 'Father was a lawyer, and the first of his family who stooped to be even that, for all the rest were gentlemen and lived on their estates. What would he think if he was alive, to see his sons hiring out as day laborers, or even going behind a counter. No, I'll never stoop to that—I'll starve first. But there's no necessity for such extremities,' added Frederick, in a less vehement tone, 'for Mrs. Newton, you know, has invited us there, and I shall accept the invitation.'

'What! go where your not wanted!' exclaimed Edward indignantly. 'I am sure, Frederick, you have said when the letter came, that the old lady was barely civil, and gave the invitation merely because she was our nearest relative, and though hard things might be said of her by the consorcion, if she neglected us entirely.'

'Yes, there is no doubt that she would be glad to get rid of us, and that is one reason why I am going there. She was under many obligations to father, when he was wealthy and she only a sort of charity companion to mother. Father got her a rich husband—and now that the tables have turned it is but right she should support us.'

'I am proud to go,' said Edward. 'I would rather work my fingers to the bone—live on bread and water—sleep in a garret—and go shivering, half clad, from December to March, than eat at a table or sleep under a roof where I was not welcome.'

'And I'll reiterate Frederick, 'am to proud to be a base mechanic, and disgrace my ancestry. Surely, Ned, you are not in earnest. You don't mean to go to work like a clod chopper.'

'You use strong terms,' said Edward, with a flushed cheek, 'when you call mechanics base, and stigmatize laborers as clod choppers. It is no disgrace to work! My pride consists in personal independence, in being the hanger on of nobody; yours, in a dead ancestry, who were robber chiefs in dark ages, and live drones in society ever since.'

'Oh! you're leveller,' said Frederick, 'there you no spark of our forefathers' pride—none of the reverence for knightly honor which has ever distinguished the Hansons? You are a scoundrel to our name,' he continued rising. 'I used to think you were in jest, when you praised honest labor. I find my mistake. But you must go your own way. For my part, I still remember I am a gentleman's son, and that the aristocratic hand have never yet been disgraced by labor.'

'But how do you expect to live? Mrs.

Newton has only asked you there for a few months; you cannot expect her to clothe as well as feed you.'

'I shall marry an heiress,' said Frederick, unconsciously looking in the glass at his fine person.

Edward heaved a sigh. His own rigid notions of personal pride, revolted from his brother's plan; but he knew words would be in vain; so he only extended his hand and said,

'Well, do not let us part in anger. We are the only survivors of our family—and though we follow different routes to life, I would not that we should be enemies. I hope you may be happy.'

'You will reconsider your determination,' said the elder brother, 'accepting he pledge of amity. Work is as unpleasant, as it is derogatory, to a gentleman. Your notion of being dependent on no one is, I grant, a romantic one, and apt to beguile the imagination of a man like you; but you'll soon find that to live on coarse fare—to have a hand master over you—and to be thrust continually into the society of bores and coarse mechanics, is a sad damper on your enthusiastic notions. I am older than you, and—take my word for it—you'll repent of your bargain and follow me to Mrs. Newton's.'

Frederick, accordingly, went to Mrs. Newton's; and Edward sought out a place. He soon found a respectable mechanic, a bricklayer by trade, who agreed to take him as an apprentice, and in five years of his minority remained, Edward was bound to Mr. Simpson for that time. His superior education, and his cheerful disposition soon made him both respected and loved in his master's family, and every year increased the esteem with which Mr. Simpson regarded the young man. Mr. Simpson's business was a large and extensive one, and Edward made himself so useful to his master by keeping accounts after his day's work with the trowel was done, that he rapidly acquired a standing which none of the other apprentices obtained. These, at first, laughed at him for laboring with the pen after his day's task was over, and would have persuaded him away to some place of idle amusement; but Edward replied, 'No, I prefer obliging Mr. Simpson, who is so kind to me. For cards, or the theatre I have no taste. Pray, then, excuse me.' When Mr. Simpson heard this, he said, 'Edward is right. He has his fortune to make, and it is not in wasting a moment's time. Constant industry, and a disposition to oblige, is the only way for a man without capital, to rise in the world. Edward will be rich, while some of his fellow apprentices will die beggars.'

Frederick found but a cold reception at Mrs. Newton's but he was resolved, for the present at least, to see no slight. He was three years older than his brother, and already something of what is called a man of the world. He purchased fine clothes on credit, which his living at the rich Mrs. Newton's enabled him to do; and with the same passport he soon worked his way into the best society of the place. He was really a handsome young man, possessed courteous manners, and was known to be the descendant of a once illustrious line. Thus he soon became a favorite. But Frederick could not shut his eyes to the fact that he was only a favorite to a certain extent, he was welcome at dinner parties, was invited to soirées where he could be made useful, and was allowed to promenade with the elder females occasionally. But he saw that no mother permitted him to become intimate with her daughters. Rich fathers eyed him suspiciously. In a word, he was regarded as a pleasant hanger-on, but nothing more. 'A deuced fine fellow,' said the sons of rich families with whom he associated, 'but poor as a rat. Sisters' mind; this was addressed to the sister where the young man had any, 'you may flirt with him to please others, but don't be such fools as to fall in love with him.' Nor did the sisters seem disposed to disregard this prudent advice.

How Frederick lived was a miracle to many of his acquaintances. He still resided with Mrs. Newton, who found him useful to deliver messages among her fashionable acquaintances; the office really of a footman, whose wages Mrs. Newton thus saved, though the proud blood of Frederick Hanson would have boiled at an insinuation of the truth.

But he required more money occasionally, and at first it was a serious affair for him to obtain it. At length he discovered that many gentlemen men did not despise occasionally plucking a pigeon at a game of billiards; and Frederick learned accordingly, as he was a good player, to meet his tailor's bill by this method. Now and then he borrowed ten or twenty dollars for a day or two of his rich young acquaintances; and it came at last to be a standing jest, that Fred. Hanson's borrowing was the new way of pocket picking. To this state of degradation he was reduced because he was too proud to labor honestly for a living. He thought it a disgrace too to be a mechanic, but considered it no stigma to impose on an acquaintance.

While Frederick was thus sinking lower in the estimation of honorable men, and even had become a by word among his fashionable acquaintances of both sexes, Edward was slowly but steadily advancing in the esteem of his employer, and establishing a valuable character for enterprise, industry and rectitude. He had, moreover won the affections of Mary Benson, one of the loveliest of her sex. She, like Edward, was poor, but they relied on Providence and comforted themselves with the reflection that their mutual love would smooth an otherwise thorny and difficult path. But their future was as dark as imagined. Edward was now approaching his twenty first year, and as he thought how soon he would be left to depend entirely on himself, his brow occasionally became clouded with those fears of the future which even the most sanguine experience.

'What is the matter, Edward?' said Mr. Simpson to him one day. 'You have, at times lately, looks I care would do anything to weigh on your mind? Edward hesitated a moment but there was an expression of such kindness in Mr. Simpson's face, that he resolved to make a confident of his master.

'I have done,' he said, 'what you will probably consider a very foolish thing. I am engaged to be married, and to one as poor as myself. She is I am sure, just what I could desire in a wife; and it is best, perhaps, that a young man should be early settled in life, but I fear I may have been too precipitate, for if I should fall sick; what will become of my family? A journeyman mechanic makes enough to live comfortably, I know; but she who shall insure me against sickness on my own part, or that of my wife, both equally expensive. Yet perhaps, those very tears which many would call prudence, are sinful. Should we not trust in God for all things?' he continued, looking up at Mr. Simpson, with a more cheerful expression.

'You are a noble young man,' said Mr. Simpson, with warmth. 'Nay, do I know that you have petted wrong in brooding yourself. The heart is generally more to be trusted in such affairs than the head; and you especially would be the last person to set against the dictates of reason. Pray, who is the lady?—Mary Benson?—The very one I would have chosen for a son had I one of your age. No Edward, you have done right. A good wife is a treasure not to be obtained every day.'

Edward crimsoned with pride and pleasure while Mr. Simpson continued; 'The worldly wise my dear boy would say you and she ran a great risk in marrying with such means or rather with no means at all. But happiness does not depend on money; it springs from other and better causes; and love can sweeten many a privation and nerve us for many a difficult task. I only speak thus to convince you that you have mistook me in fancying that I was too old & calculating to disapprove of your engagement. Now to come to business, I have been thinking of your approaching majority and have felt that I could ill afford to lose you. When a man gets to be fifty as I am he naturally wishes for respect and I would, therefore, have some capable person to take the chief business off my shoulders. You are just the person I desire. Become my partner, with one fourth of the profits now, and a third after two years; I will present you with a thousand dollars to furnish a house and then you and Mary can be married at once. What do you say?'

What could Edward say? His eyes filled

with tears and his voice refused its office; he could only press Mr. Simpson's hand and look his thanks.

Years passed, happily married to a woman he adored and who returned his affection devotedly, prosperous in business esteemed by society, and conscious of a life well spent Edward Hanson the once poor boy was a living example of what industry enterprise and honesty can achieve in a free country like this. He is now a large proprietor of real estate and has long retired from active business Mr. Simpson his kind patron having been dead many years. Edward has purchased back the estate that once belonged to his family and resides there part of the year. His intelligence wealth and comprehensive views give him the first station in whatever society he chooses to mingle. Several times the people of his native country have solicited him to be their representative in Congress, but he is of opinion that he can do more good at home educating his children and attending to works of beneficence. In both these his wife ably assists him; and their progeny reward this care, by being the best behaved and most intelligent of the neighborhood.

Frederick never succeeded in marrying an heiress. After the death of Mrs. Newton, which happened many years since, he would have been without a home, if his brother already rising in the world had not come to his aid. As Edward had children to educate, he did not care to have a man of his brother's character about his house; so he tendered Frederick an allowance sufficient for the comfort though not the superfluities of life on condition that he abandoned gambling. To this elder brother submitted, Frederick boards at one of the most aristocratic houses in the city and manages with strict economy to dress in good style. But as most of his allowance was thus expended on show he has nothing left for other comforts. The old habits of his life still cling to him. He is noted for drinking other people's wine riding in other people's carriages, and occasionally indulging himself as a self-invited guest at other people's country houses. As he lived so he will die thoroughly selfish. He often talks of the antiquity of the Hanson family & now & then insinuates that there is royal blood in their veins.

Thus while the younger brother is every where esteemed the elder brother is everywhere a laughing stock. Reader! it does not answer to be too proud.

VIOLATING THE TREATY.

Among the applicants for justice at the Recorder's office yesterday, Damon Dunder, an old Edinburi, whose wood-saw was hung on his shoulder, like the gunner of a troop-doubt ere the days of chivalry had gone by. Damon looked about as wise as an owl in daylight; he appears to have borrowed for the occasion, the delapidated hat of Jacques Strap, and the remainder of his wardrobe seemed made to trench. His hair was a grizzly grey, and his face wrinkled and pockey, like a postilion's boot.

'I want to hie the're business settled, massa 'Corder, degreable to de consurshun.'

'What business is that?' said the Recorder.

'Ho, you sees, massa 'Corder, dis ere nigger has violated de treaty after de boundary line was 'greed to 'ween us.'

'Dis 'ere nigger,' to which Damon alluded, was a big, burly black, with teeth enough to form the stock in trade of a dentist, and a pair of eyes that curved about in their sockets like the revolving lamp of a light house.

'I can't get nothin' at all,' said the fellow with a mouth full of bones.

'Well then let us hear you,' said the Recorder.

'Wal, it's you's dis, massa,' said Damon;

'you sees dis chil' is an old squatter and no mistake. I's had what you may call de pre-emption right to de cuttin' ob all de wood 'tween Canal & Customhouse streets. I doesn't know how long, wal, dis 'ere nigger comes and he cuts into my customers' wood, and he cuts me out, for he interferes wid my westered rights. Wal, massa, you sees I speak to him like a book, or jus' as massa Buchannan did to massa Packer-ham and I convinces him right up and down dat he ain't no right to 'trude on my boundary.'

'Guess, ol' fella, I knows de science of wood sawin' well as you do,' said the big negro, 'dere ain't nothin' in de consurshun to perwant me, neider.'

'Silence, sir,' said the Recorder, and silence having prevailed, Damon continued—

'Wal, as I was sayin', massa Judge, when I showed him my exclusib' privileges, he tho't he come de diplomaties ober me, but he couldn't shine no how so finely he 'greed not to cut wood within my limits—no way, no somedever.'

'I didn't sign no document,' said the big negro.

'You pledged de word ob a wood-sawyer and a dacker dat you wouldn't,' said Damon, 'and now I catches you at it every day.'

'Did he commit any assault and battery on you,' said the Recorder.

'He didn't,' said Damon, 'but you sees massa Judge, he's a strange nigger, and I axis on you to persect home industry. I wants you to gess for what massa Corder calls de 'Mexican system.'

The Recorder assured Damon that he would do all in his power to protect home industry; and to support the American system, but that he could not interfere with his rival in business, or prevent his sawing wood within the imaginary boundary line which he (the plaintiff) seemed to set up as prescriptive right.

The case was dismissed. Damon shouldered his saw, and pledged himself to bring the case before a higher court.

SPRING.

We know not who is the author of the following, but it is exquisitely beautiful:

In all climates spring is beautiful. In the South it is intoxicating, and exerts a power beside himself. The birds begin to sing, they utter a few repleurous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. These green coated musicians, the frogs, make a holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of Nature, whose vast theatre is again opened through the doors have so long been bolted with icicles, and scenery hung with snow and frost-like cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the rising of the broad green curtain. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth, the sap through the veins of the trees, and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in spring time! What a joy in being and moving! Men are a work in gardens and in the air there is an odor of the first earth. The leaf buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow flakes, and ere long our door neighbors will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are led loose in the fields and gardens. They hold buttercups under each others' chin to see if they love better. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions—pull out the yellow leaves to see if the school boy loves them, and blot them down from the leafless stricks to find out if their mothers want them at home. And at night in cloudless and so still, not a voice of living thing, not a whisper of leaf or waving bough, not a breath of wind, not a sound upon the earth or in the air. And overhead bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiat with innumerable stars like the inverted bell of some bono flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and burning brightly. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain, but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep, but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dripping rain.

A LOVE STORY.

A young farmer loved, at the same time two young women, and though strange enough, loved both with as nearly as possible the same affection, and they both of them warmly returned his passion. But one of them allowed for him an almost boundless devotion, and perhaps this might be the cause that at once with more determined sentiment he turned towards the other, but she answered him, 'I will not be married amid the sighs of any unhappy one and it is now thy duty to wed Kirsten. To me thou wilt ever remain dear, but now must we part.'

What a field there would be here for the French romantic! What agony ragnings, explosions and explications without end! Here had been sacrifices and poisonings and at last three corpses. But how simply did the genius of the Dal people resolve this nobby point! The young man obeyed that of duty he married Kirsten and as they were both truly and excellent people, they were happy together.

They had lived happily together for 4 years, and had three children, when the wife died. But as she lay on her death bed she said to her husband I would ask one thing of thee and that is that thou after my death will marry Anna who was once and is still dear to thee and who I know still loves thee and that thou makest no other the mother of my children.'

The husband mourned sincerely the loss of his wife, but when the customary period of mourning had expired it was not difficult for him to endeavor to fulfill her last prayer. He went to the still unmarried still beloved Anna and told her the wish of his late wife and his own.

'Thou art still as dear to me as formerly said she and willingly would I be thy wife but I fear for thy children. I fear that I could not be to them such a mother, that I could not answer it to my conscience and to the dead and that would make thee dissatisfied with me.'

And by that reply Anna stood fast spite of all arguments of love and reason that were employed to move her. Quite distracted came the young man one day and implored my counsel and begged me to talk with the girl and to endeavor to persuade her to become his wife.

'To seek to persuade her I cannot promise thee' I said for in so solemn an affair a woman should make a resolve in freedom; but speak to her I will and tell her what I think advise in the matter.'

I sent for the young woman talked with her of her future duties and succeeded in pacifying her to sensitive conscience. Soon afterwards I had the pleasure of uniting the two lovers. A few years afterwards I came on an official journey into the district where they resided. It was a dark autumn evening and cold and dull without but when I entered their room the fire blazed cheerily and by its light on the floor played four children, full of pleasure. Husband and wife arose to meet the enterer but when they recognized me again they became deeply moved and began to weep.

Ask her ask her' said the husband and pointed to the wife whether she be not satisfied with me? But I did not ask her—I saw warms and happy tears already speaking.

EXPERIMENTAL TODDY.

You've had five gin toddies already this morning' said a barkeeper the other day to one of his hardest customers who had called for a sixth.

'Have I?' inquired the chap.

'Yes you just have. Don't you think another will get you drunk?'

'Well I don't know—make me one and we'll see. It's always best to be trying experiments.'

GOOD CREDIT.

The members of a certain society having become somewhat remiss in their attendance it was proposed to pay their debts and dissolve the concern.

'Pay our debts indeed!' said a wag let us postpone now while we can do so with credit.'