

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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SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN, A FEW DOORS BELOW MARKET STREET.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Symbol.

UNCLE JONAS AND HIS HEIR.

BY MRS. C. F. ORNE.

Uncle Jonas was seventy years old, and his thick fine hair lay like silver on his temples. His tall form was but slightly bent, and there was a ruddy glow on his healthy cheek. In short, from appearances, Uncle Jonas bid fair to live fifteen or twenty years longer. Now, though this might be very agreeable and pleasant to the old gentleman himself, there were two young gentlemen who were not quite so well delighted with the prospect. Uncle Jonas was rich, and had two heirs, in the shape of two idle, good-for-nothing nephews, named James and Joseph, but commonly called Jem and Joe.

Now how it happened that Jem and Joe considered themselves sole heirs to Uncle Jonas, is not very well known, for there were other nephews besides themselves, and much more deserving, but nevertheless it was so, and Uncle Jonas himself seemed somewhat to favor the idea, but some said it was because he was under the influence of his brother, the father of the young men who ruled him and governed him almost like a child. In fact, his brother's rule had lately become very irksome to Uncle Jonas who at first submitted to it from affection and a certain indolence, and dislike to the exercise of strong will, but, as he found it encroaching more and more every day, he became sensible that unless he resisted soon, he would have no free will left.

It was a fine warm summer day, and Uncle Jonas having returned from a walk over his extensive grounds, entered his cool darkened parlor, and reclining himself in a large easy chair, fell asleep. He was seated near an open window, through whose closed blinds came a soft summer breeze fragrant with the perfume of lilies. What wonder that in this pleasant dream he thought a soft white hand was bathing his forehead with cool odors? The sound of voices at length awoke him, and he listened at first half-asleep, half-dreaming. He seemed in a few minutes, however, to acquire a sudden interest in the conversation, for he started slightly, and listened with an earnest, surprised expression, then rising softly, he peeped cautiously through the the blinds out on the piazza, which running round the main house made a right angle near the window. Here in the shade lounging on the settees which were placed at intervals, were his two nephews, each with a cigar in his mouth.

They were tall, well-formed youths enough, but cunning was the marked expression of their intellectual faces, which possessed youth, health and somewhat regular features, which however, did not quite redeem their sandy hair, white eyebrows and light blue eyes.

"I say, Jem, you needn't trouble yourself," said the younger of the two, "for I saw the old man go down to the Willow Pond an hour ago, and he can't come back without my seeing him."

"I wonder he don't have the kindness to tumble into the Willow Pond; I should think he meant to hang on to all eternity."

"Oh!" answered Joe with a coarse laugh, "he's as tough as pine-wire, but his time

will come at last, and then his money bags will have to sweat, I promise you."

"The first thing I shall do will be to cut down those big trees and have all this great useless green spot planted with potatoes."

"You may do what you've a mind to with this place. I'm content with the house in the city, and then we'll see who'll have the fastest trouter that'll beat Joe Staples!"

"Have you seen Black Charley, Uncle Jonas thinks so much of!" said Jem, knocking the ashes from his cigar. "S'pose we go and take a look at him. He's a fiery fellow, and it's a chance he don't break his master's neck. We should break our hearts at such a distressing event—shouldn't we, Joe?"

"We should be plunged into the depths of affliction," answered Joe in a tone of mock solemnity,—and lighting a fresh cigar, Uncle Jonas' hopeful heirs took their way to the stable.

"Well, well," said Uncle Jonas, throwing himself back with a deep sigh into his easy chair. "So the ungrateful boys already wish I would break my neck,—humph! drown myself in the Willow Pond—humph! So they think I am as tough as pine-wire! Aye, aye! They shall find I am tougher than they expect. They shall find they have missed a figure in their calculations. They may heirs! We shall see, we shall see!" And Uncle Jonas rose up so tall and erect and energetic, you would have thought him ten years younger than when he sat down.

About five miles from where Uncle Jonas lived, away up a cool green lane, was a small black cottage with a sloping roof that ran down so far behind that it almost rested on the green bank around the house. I was an humble, rural abode as you would like to see in riding through the country, and there would have been nothing attractive about it, if it had not been overhung by an immense elm tree, which cast its grateful shadow far and wide before the cottage-door. All was very still around this lowly dwelling. The murmur of the bright little brook, that went dancing and sparkling over the stones, was mingled with the low hum of a busy wheel, beside which sat a blooming young girl of twenty-two or three summers. She was neatly attired in a short white gown, and a black skirt, from beneath which peeped a well-shaped foot clad in snow white hose. Pretty Mary Miller was wont to sing as she plied her wheel; but to-day her sweet voice was silent, and now and then a bright tear glistened on her eyelid. Mary had seen sorrowful days since the death of her father, and now as their little property diminished rapidly, she dreaded lest she should be obliged to leave her poor mother, and her humble but happy home, and seek her fortune in the wide world. So while her hands wrought mechanically at their task, her mind was busy shaping out future scenes. Suddenly the rapid tread of a horse's foot aroused her, and looking up she beheld a fine looking man, mounted on a proud black steed, reining up before her.

Mary sprang from her wheel, and hastened to welcome her old friend, Uncle Jonas. Good Mr. Staples! who had been a friend to them in all their trials. He was always welcome. Uncle Jonas declined entering the cottage, so Mary brought out another chair, and a bowl of her richest milk, for her visitor, and her dark eyes sparkled with pleasure as her benevolent friend received it with a smile and kind thanks.

After a few enquiries about her mother and how things were going on, more rather an absent manner to be sure, Uncle Jonas moved his chair nearer Mary, and with the air of a man who has made up his mind, he took her hand in his, and said simply and candidly,—

"My dear Mary, I am old, and you are young, and the world might perchance laugh at what I am going to say, but you are a sensible girl, and will view it rationally."

A rich glow crimsoned Mary's cheek, as she fixed her eyes on Uncle Jonas, with a glance of surprise and expectation.

"I cannot offer you youth or beauty," continued Uncle Jonas, smiling a little, "but I can promise you a comfortable and I trust a happy home, both for yourself and your mother, if you will be my wife. You need not answer me now Mary, but in a day or two I will ride over, and you can tell me then what you may think best."

And good Uncle Jonas, as he spoke, laid his hands on Mary's bright dark hair, as if he would ask a blessing on her. After a few moments, during which little was said, Uncle Jonas mounted Black Charley and rode slowly away. Mary sat by her spinning wheel, but did not spin, till the voice of her mother, returning from a neighbor's, reminded her that it was nearly sunset.

It was some three weeks after the above event that the thin, spare form of Mr. Joshua Staples might have been seen rapidly crossing the green lawn before his brother's dwelling. His sharp features wore an angry expression, and his little piercing gray eyes shot fire from under the cover of his overhanging brows. In his hand he grasped a small piece of written paper, and he uttered some inaudible words as he hastened on. There was a quiet smile on Uncle Jonas' face as he watched his brother from the window, but he turned to meet him as he came into the room in precisely his ordinary calm manner.

Mr. Joshua Staples without any useless ceremony plunged at once in medias res.

"What does all this mean, brother Jonas?" said he. "What set you to go and make a fool of yourself at your time of life?" and Mr. Joshua shook the crumpled piece of paper in his brother's face as he spoke. "I is well you have me to take care for you or you would plunge headlong into ruin."

"What is the trouble, brother Joshua?" said Uncle Jonas, very mildly. "What is in the paper?"

"Take it," said Mr. Joshua thrusting it upon him, "and thank heaven that I have saved you from such disgrace!"

Uncle Jonas smoothed the crumpled paper and read—his own marriage notice.

An angry spot burned in his cheeks, and his eye flashed but he subdued himself in a moment, and answered mildly,—

"So you think I have done wrong, brother Joshua?"

"To be sure I do, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to go and set up a poor beggary hussy over your own flesh and blood."

"Nay, brother; you forget yourself, Mary Miller may be poor, but she is no beggar."

Mr. Joshua saw he had gone too far, and softened his tone a little. "That may be, continued he, "but what she must be to have entangled a man of your years into such idle folly!" Uncle Jonas bit his lip but said nothing.

"Come," said Mr. Joshua more calmly "if you are lonely in your castle of a house, James and Joseph shall make you a visit; they desire nothing further than to make you happy and add to your enjoyment."

"Very well brother," said Uncle Jonas "do as you please."

Uncle Jonas said this in so apparently submissive a manner as if in deference to his brother's superior judgement, that Mr. Joshua was satisfied and talked and laughed as if nothing had happened.

The next day brought Jem and Joe apparently for a friendly visit to their uncle, but in reality as spies upon Uncle Jonas' movements.

Everything went however the same as usual; Uncle Jonas appeared to have wholly given up his idle folly as his brother called it and Jem and Joe grew more confident and bolder than ever and more idle and luxurious.

They were seldom up in season for breakfast and one morning they came down later than usual. As they sauntered indolently into the breakfast room they observed that Uncle Jonas had preceded them. This was not however a very uncommon event, and they took but little notice of it. Their breakfast was as well served as they could reasonably expect, yet they took the liberty of finding fault with everything, and using improper language to the servants.

"I wonder where that stupid old fool of Thomas is," said Jem as he rung the bell violently a second time with a jerk that broke the pull in pieces.

No Thomas came; but there seemed to be an unusual bustle and confusion in the hall and in a few moments there entered Uncle Jonas with a happy smile on his benevolent countenance, and with him a lady, young and handsome, whom he introduced to his astonished nephews as his wife.

Surprise and anger really imparted animation to their dull conceited countenances as Jem and Joe started up at this unexpected announcement.

"Do not let us interrupt your breakfast, gentlemen, pray be seated and feel yourselves at home," said good Uncle Jonas with a slightly malicious emphasis on the last words.

Jem and Joe looked first at their uncle and then at each other, in evident embarrassment. Their first impulse had been to seize their hats and rush out of the house, but second thoughts said, "Put a good face on the matter, you may be heirs yet. Who knows?" So they saluted their new aunt with all the politeness they could muster, and she received their attention graciously.

As soon as they were by themselves, however, the pent up anger exploded in bitter execrations against themselves for having been outwitted. Most bitter were they against their father, for said they,—

"If he hadn't mewed us up here we should have gone round to the different churches and given Uncle Jonas no chance being published."

"It's no use our staying here any longer," grumbled Joe. "We shall serve our ends best, to my thinking, by taking ourselves off to a while."

"One thing I know said Jem doggedly, "I have got to have some money from somewhere, and if I can't get it out of Uncle Jonas, father 'll have to lighten his purse."

"You won't get it now, you may depend upon that, he'll be so mad at our letting the old man get a start of us. We have got the laugh on us completely now. Bixley, and Stephens and Brown will have us for a byword; they'll never be done making fun of us. We shall get the nickname of 'The Heirs,' and he looked crestfallen enough as he thought of the ridicule of his dissipated companions.

"Oh come, it's no use talking so, Joe, we must put a bold face on, and laugh with them, and keep friends with Uncle Jonas, and get what we can out of him, ha! ha! We may be heirs yet, and there was a cold glitter in Jem's light blue eyes as he spoke, which was the nearest approach to warmth they ever manifested.

When Mr. Joshua Staples found that his brother had broken from his rule, he was at first violently angry, but feeling it to be useless, he fell into the policy of his countenance and quietly for a time.

One day, after the lapse of two or three summers, as Mr. Joshua and his hopeful sons were sitting smoking after dinner, the servant handed in a note, which Mr. Joshua opened and read as follows:

"My dear brother and nephews, I have the pleasure of announcing to you the joyful intelligence that Mrs. Staples has this day presented me with a son and heir."

Mr. Joshua dropped the note as if he had burned his fingers with a red hot coal, and in the surprise of the moment a naughty word bolted out of his mouth.

Joe picked up the note and finished reading it.

"I have no doubt the intelligence will be very gratifying to my nephews, as they need feel no further anxiety lest I should fall into the Willow Pond or break my neck with Black Charley."

"What in the name of common sense does he mean by that!" asked Mr. Joshua stupidly, looking at his sons.

Jem and Joe looked foolishly at each other. They saw they had lost all chance of being Uncle Jonas' Heirs.

From the N. O. Delta.

THE COUNTRY HEIRESS.

A SCENE IN A FASHIONABLE BALL ROOM.

No let the eagle change his plume, The leaf its hue—the flower its bloom; But ties around the waist were spun That could and would and were undone.

Many evenings have not elapsed since music, with its voluptuous swell resounded in one of our public saloons, and

Bright lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

Aye, women as fair and men as brave as ever assembled to pay court to Dame Terpsichore. It was on the occasion of one of our public balls that gayety and variety prevailed which are so peculiarly characteristic of elegant intercourse and society in New Orleans. In that set danced the dark-eyed Creole, graceful as the undulations of the wave at eve time in summer; in this, the blue-eyed girl of the North with auburn locks and angel motion. As a general rule the dresses were faultless; at least they were fashionable, and a great taste was bestowed on the dressing of the hair. Of the male members present it is unnecessary to speak at length; they were as neat and as spruce as polished patent leather shoes, kid gloves and white vests could make them. But among the fairer portion of the party, there was one whose evident unacquaintance with city life, an apparent unsophisticated artlessness, attracted the attention of more than one 'looker on in Vienna.' She was still in her teens,—just verging into womanhood—

A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

Her dress was such as a Paris modiste would not turn out; and though somewhat awkward, she danced not ungracefully, the fact is, she came in from the eastern part of the State to pay a visit to some city cousins, and they, without much making up for the occasion, prevailed on her to accompany them to the ball, for which they had tickets of invitation. Native beauty she wanted none, though she certainly stood in need of that easy elegance of manner, which intercourse with society alone teaches. A proud, pennyless, would be member of the 'upper ten thousand,' noticed her in a dancing and looking at her through his quizzing glass, had he ungallantry to remark in an audible tone of voice, "that although tolerable good looking, she is most ignorant, awkward creature I have ever seen."

"Hush," said the person to whom he spoke, "that is Miss—, from—, the only child of the richest planter in the State."

"Aw," said the empty purse, "that always the case. I should not have any objection myself to mow a plantation and a hundred negroes. D—m me, I shall engage her for the next set."

When Miss— had finished her dance and taken her seat, this gentleman in search of a wife went over to her, after making the most obsequious of his thought, polite bow, he asked her if he could have the pleasure of dancing with her in the next set.

She replied with much ingenuousness "certainly," for in truth she seemed to like the amusement.

Places were ordered to be taken for the next set, and he led out the unsophisticated heiress. She danced with great spirit until about the middle of the first figure, when she abruptly and precipitately retired to her seat, leaving her partner alone in his glory.

He was thunderstruck, could not account for such conduct; for little as he

gave her credit for knowing, he had not anticipated that she would serve him such a trick as that. Following her over to where she sat, he addressed her in a tone of displeasure, saying "Madam, what may I attribute conduct such as you have been guilty of! You accept me for a partner, and then in the very middle of the dance, wun off and leave me standing in the middle of the room, a mark for the sneers and laughter of every one in the room!"

"Hush," said she, "hush" putting her hand up to his mouth, my bustle has all hitched round on one side."

THE INFLUENCE OF HABIT.
Habit, it is commonly said, is a second nature, and there is much truth in the aphorism, for by habit all our primary tastes may be strengthened or contracted. It is by habit that the palate can be brought to relish such nauseous substances as tobacco, or even the train oil, which is one of the Greenlander's chief luxuries and the moral and intellectual tastes are quite as completely under its control as the physical ones. Whatever act, whether good or bad, is done once, is easier done a second time, whereby an additional incentive is given to the doing of it again, and continual repetition of the practice so interweaves it with our nature as to make it a part of our being: There is nothing respecting which young persons ought to be more vigilant than of the habits they may acquire, and before yielding to any propensity they should put to themselves the question—Do I wish to become more inveterate? If not, resistance should be made at the moment, for it is then easier and more sure than it can be after the propensity has once more been confirmed and strengthened by a further gratification. Every new indulgence strengthens those bonds by which the soul is enslaved, and how can its deliverance be hoped for as its fetters have been made ten-fold stronger; if even at the present moment it is almost too hard to accomplish? There is no delusion more imminent or more fatal, than the idea that we can shake off our evil habits when we please; that we can cease to do evil and learn to do well, by merely willing it, and that we can daily for a season with the varieties of the world and then dismiss them, as though they had never been tested. This vain confidence in our strength has been the ruin of thousands, and the best way for a man to secure himself of his weakness is to wage immediate war upon the habits to which he is addicted. He will then find with what difficulty the victory must be won, and whether he fails or succeeds, he will, at least, cure himself of the infatuation that his will is the only power that sways his actions.

Don't You do It—When a petulant individual politely observes to you, 'you had better eat me up had'nt you?' don't you do it.

When a clique of friends want you to start a paper to forward a particular set of views, and promise you a large quantity of fortune and fame to be gained in the undertaking—don't you do it.

When you have any business to transact with a modern financier, and he asks you to go and dine with him—don't you do it.

Should you happen to catch yourself whistling in a printing office, and the compositor tell you to whistle louder—don't you do it.

On an odd occasion your wife should exclaim to you, 'now tumble over the cradle and break your neck!'—don't you do it.

When a horse kicks you, & you feel a strong disposition to kick the horse in return—don't you do it.