

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.

TERMS:

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

TWO ACTORS FOR ONE PART.

CHAPTER I.

A Rendezvous in the Imperial Garden.

It was near the end of November—the Imperial Garden at Vienna was deserted; a sharp breeze agitated the brown leaves which remained on the trees, and the rose bushes, melancholy and neglected, trailed along the ground. The principal walk, thick with the sand with which it was carefully strewed, was still dry, and even at the season, had an air of sad beauty. The view in the distance extended to the Prater and the Danube, whilst a succession of hills bordered the horizon.

A young man was walking up and down as if awaiting some one. He was dressed in a theatrical looking coat of black velvet bordered with fur, and ornamented with gold frogs; his boots came up to the knee, from which hung a tassel. He was apparently twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age. His features were pale and delicate, whilst a student's cap on his head, and an ironical smile at the corner of his mouth, showed him to have shone in the ranks of Foxes and Furber.

Before long, a young girl appeared at the end of the walk—accompanied by a little black spaniel.

"Oh, Heinrich," said she as she took his offered arm, "I have been a whole hour dressed and ready to come out, and my aunt has kept me there all the time, lecturing me about the dangers of waiting and the recipe for a Christmas cake. At last I made a pretext of wanting some garters, which I do not want at all. It is for you, Heinrich, that I tell so many stories. I am always sorry for them and yet I do the same thing again. But why will you go on the stage? Was it for this you studied theology so long at Heidelberg? My relations used to like you so much, and we should have been married by this time, and instead of secret meetings in the Imperial we should be comfortably seated in a nice little parlor, near a fine Saxony stove."

"Indeed, Katy, that would be delightful, but an insensible impulse drives me. I dream of it by night and I think of it by day. It seems to me that I have twenty existences. When I am, my part, I feel it. I am myself. I am Hamlet, Othello, Charles de Moor, all by turns, and with such feelings how can I sink into a humble village-pastor?"

"But, Heinrich, they will never let me marry a actor!"

"No, certainly not an obscure actor! the taste of the directors and the public. But a great comedian, covered with glory and fame, harsh as they are, they will not object to.—When I come for you some day, in a splendid yellow carriage, the varnish of which will be so bright that the astonished neighbors can see themselves in it, and grand livered servants will let down the steps, will they refuse me then, Katy?"

"I should think not! But will that time ever come Heinrich? You have talent, but talent is not enough, and suppose you do succeed in your aspirations after fame, in the mean time, the best part of our youth will have past away."

"That time is nearer than you think Katy. I have now a very advantageous engagement at the theatre of St. Corinthie the director is so well pleased with me, that he has already given me 2000 thalers."

"Yes," replied Katy in a mournful tone, "that new piece where you act that part of the Devil! Oh! Heinrich! I cannot bear to see a Christian, assume the appearance of the enemy of the human race & pronounce such blasphemous words. The other day when we were at the theatre to see you act, I was very unhappy and when you were surrounded by that fire of spirits of wine, I really was afraid that you would be, in reality swallowed up by the flames. Oh! that night I had such frightful dreams!"

"What foolish notions, my dear Katy—but I will tell you for your satisfaction, that tomorrow will be the last representation of that piece, and I shall never, after that appear in the black and red dress which distresses you so much."

"I am very glad, for, although that role may be profitable to your temporal welfare, I am afraid it is injurious to you spiritually. Dear Heinrich, do you still say your prayers and that little cross I gave you, have you it yet?"

Heinrich unfastened his coat and displayed the little cross in its accustomed place.

So saying the lovers arrived at the shoe-store. Katy went in to purchase the garters she did not want, and Heinrich, after vainly endeavoring to get a last look at her through the window, filled with rows of shoes and garters, walked off quickly to the Inn of the Eagle with two heads.

CHAPTER II.

The Singular Stranger at the Inn

There was a numerous company that evening at the Eagle with two heads. Stout Germans, with frogged overcoats; Partars, with their little Chinese-like eyes, and copper-colored Bohemians, presented a motley assembly, and filled the air with clouds of smoke. The room was filled with tables, on which the company rested their elbows as they ate. Henry penetrated the thick cigar smoke, and advancing to the end of the room, seated himself at a table where some merry fellows were already.

"Here is Heinrich!" exclaimed one of them, "the new actor! Fancy him the merriest amongst us and the greatest beer-drinker since a part so terrible that the whole house shudders."

"That is what constitutes the glory of an actor," said another, "to perform in one's own character would be nothing at all."

Heinrich sat modestly down, and pouring out a glass of wine made no reply to the compliments lavished upon him.

"If the great Wolfgang Goethe had only seen you Heinrich!"

"Let us see your feet, Heinrich."

A military-looking figure sat at a little distance, who took no part in the general enthusiasm. His dress was that of a Rensselaer; his grey eyes, as they rolled from side to side, seemed to have a tinge of green; his teeth, as they showed occasionally were white, very pointed, and very sharp.

His nails which were long and curved gave to his hands the appearance of claws whilst a contemptuous "humpf," which escaped him every now & then, showed how different were his feelings from those of the rest of the company.

Atmayer the youngest of the band of Henry's admirers, could not endure so cold and disdainful a man and addressing himself to the singular stranger—

"Is it not true sir that no one has ever acted the part of Mephistopheles as well as Heinrich?"

"Humpf!" answered the person addressed—"Mr. Heinrich is undoubtedly a young man of talent but as to the part of Mephistopheles many things are yet wanting. Then turning round, "Have you ever seen the devil Mr. Heinrich?"

This question was asked in a tone so contemptuous and sneering that a shudder passed over the whole company.

"I was at the theatre the other night," continued the man, "and I was not all satis-

fied with your laugh. This is the way you should laugh Mr. Heinrich."

And thereupon the unknown, as if to give him an example gave vent to a burst of laughter so sardonic and so terrible that the music stopped at once the window panes rattled, and every one trembled yet at the same time every one laughed as if in imitation of him.

When Heinrich recovered from his laughter, the ceiling echoed the last notes of the frightful laughter, and the unknown was no longer there.

CHAPTER III.

THE THEATRE OF SAINT CORINTHIE.

Some days after this incident, when Henry had nearly forgotten it, he again acted the part of the demon in the new piece.

On the front bench of the pit was the unknown. At every word pronounced by Heinrich, he clenched his hands, and gave evident signs of the greatest impatience, muttering *bad, bad*, between his teeth, whilst those around him applauded with all their might. At the end of the first act, the unknown got up and disappeared through the little door leading from the orchestra to the interior of the stage department.

Heinrich was alone on the stage, awaiting the rising of the curtain, when he was to resume his part. What was his astonishment, on turning suddenly round, to behold a figure close behind him dressed exactly as he himself was, and looking at him with those greenish piercing eyes. Henry immediately recognized his acquaintance of the Eagle with two heads—or rather the devil himself, for it was he.

"Ha! ha! my little gentleman. You want to act the Devil. That first act was very bad. You give but a poor idea of me to those good people of Vienna. Allow me to take your place this evening."

Heinrich mechanically placed his hand on the little cross of Katy's and tried to remember a form of exorcism, but terror overcame him. The Devil laid a heavy hand on each of Heinrich's shoulders, and giving him a gripe, forced him on of the way, and entered himself upon the scene.

"The second act was rapturously applauded."

"How well Heinrich acts to-night," said all his friends.

But what produced the greatest effect upon the wondering audience was the strange laughter, sharp as the edge of a saw; it was exactly like the laughter of a lost soul working at the jaws of Paradise. The whole house was in wonder. Some laughed and some cried. By degrees, phosphoric sparks showed themselves at the ends of the actor's fingers—flames played round his feet—the foot lights grew dim—a sulphurous smell spread over the whole house!

The new Mephistopheles substituted verses of his own to the real text, and drew down thousands of applause.

Katy, who was in the house that evening was in a state of great inquietude. She saw that it was no longer her own Heinrich, and forebore evil.

The representation was over, the curtain fallen, and the audience called out loudly for the actor, who was sought for in vain. Heinrich, however, was discovered in a back room, in a fainting fit; he was carried home and undressed, and it was discovered with surprise, that he had great scratches on each shoulder, as if wounded by the claws of a tiger.

It only remains to add, this was the last time Heinrich appeared on the stage. He returned to his proper pursuit of Divinity, which removing all objections to the union of the lovers, they were shortly after made happy.

A gentleman travelling on an unfrequented road in Maine, and passing a solitary shanty, or shingle shop, his attention was arrested by a loud outcry of—"Holloa there! I say, murder! fire! holla! gridoons! brimstone! holla!" and a man was seen rushing in great haste, wearing a leather apron, but without his coat, and approaching the traveller. "What's the matter?—what's the matter?" inquired the traveller. "Oh," replied the settler, "I'm out of tobacco, got my about you!"

From the Boston Cultivator.

CANNOT.

Is a word that should not be suffered to have a place in a young man's vocabulary. His success in the world will, in a great measure, depend upon his practical construction of this term.

If he allows it to have the ascendancy in his mind, and is guided by its suggestion, he may rest assured that whatever he accomplishes while under its influence will not be very stupendous.

If he is about to enter upon a course in order to store his mind with useful knowledge, his success will altogether depend upon the rejection of this effeminate idea—*Cannot*. Nothing great or good will be effected by him who suffers it to have place in his mind. If he has energy to fill they will remain empty as long as *cannot* is his motto.

If his object is to accomplish something, he will see the propriety of entering upon it with a determined resolution and full intent and purpose of heart?

Does any one suppose that Washington ever endeavored to encourage his men by suggesting to them the idea that they could not achieve the independence of the colonies by repelling the royal forces from our shores.

I am inclined to the belief that if such an encouragement had been held out to that furnished band by their distinguished leader, there would have been a sufficient reason to have warranted different issue. Do you suppose this idea presented itself to the august mind of Franklin when about to snatch the lightning from its wotted sphere? I such was the case, we doubt not but that it was repelled with that energy which was so eminently characteristic of the mind of the greatest philosopher that Columbia ever produced. And lastly will one venture to conjecture that Hercules ever bartered his material heroism, a strain similar to this? My brave fellows, we never can cease those lofty Alps, and we never shall find ourselves planted upon the sunny plains of Italy, therefore we might as well make a precipitate retreat as possible.

Therefore I think that if the various enterprises of life were entered upon with all the energy of our nature, and with a determination to succeed if possible, not so many engagements which are now abandoned for want of a sufficient determination to succeed, would be given up as beyond the power of consummation.

Ego.

Dress and Demeanor of Ladies.

If so-called *etiquette* is culpable in a man, how utterly inexcusable it is in a woman! No female that has regard for her personal appearance. It is true there is danger of running into the opposite extreme of attaching too much importance and giving too much time to dress, but it is easy to hit a happy medium in this respect, and do perfect justice to the toilet in the same time, that no mortal, social, or intellectual duty is slighted. There are few members of the sex of deficient comeliness of face or figure, that by an appropriate and artist like style of dress, they may not appear to advantage to all capable of appreciating the agreeable and the beautiful in art. To be appritte it does not follow that a dress need be extravagant. There is a nameless charm about their style of dress with some women, which seems a part of their character it is so indiscriminate. It is not in costliness of material nor in brilliancy of colors, but in the felicity of adaption of color, style and manufacture. The dress seems so naturally a part of them as their hair. We feel that any other costume would be inappropriate. The 'Cynthia' of the minute seems to have lent her zone. A lady should study the style of dress

most appropriate and becoming to her. LOVE LETTER.—My Charms and follow it, unflinching by the pal-luce.—I take this opportunity to let try ambition of leading off a fashion, or you know that I am desperately in love hunting in expensive robes. We all know that different colors suit different complexions, and different styles, different figures. Every lady should have that degree of artistic cultivation to be able to decide for herself on the fashion most suitable to her person. In the lack of this accomplishment let her consult a competent judge.

The Cincinnati Advertiser relates the following queer story:

The brave Col. Wm. O. Butler, of Kentucky, lately appointed a Major General of Volunteers, is, I believe, a nephew of Gen. Richard Butler, who distinguished himself in the revolutionary war & was mortally wounded in the disastrous fight known by the name of St. Clair's Defeat. The family has been always highly in the military history of the United States. James Butler son of Richard, during the war of 1812, commanded that fine company, the 'Pittsburg Blues,' which bore a distinguished part in the battle of Massiesinewa and the defence of Fort Meigs. Another uncle of Col. Butler was in St. Clair's engagement, and escaped with his life, although, like most of his comrades wounded several times. He was a Major in the U. States regular service, and under Gen. Wilkinson's command at a later date. Wilkinson had a prejudice against queues, and issued a general order that every officer and soldier in the army should wear his hair short. This struck old Maj. Butler with astonishment, he loved his queue; it had been his companion in many a stormy day, and he loved it as an old salt loved his tail, and loudly swore he would not part with it. Wilkinson had him arrested, and the court martial convened at Nashville; unfortunately the gallant old soldier, pending the trial, was taken sick, and when in *extremis* he made his will, and gave directions for his funeral.—Among the directions for the last honor was the following sentence: "Let a horse be bored at the head of my coffin, so that my queue may stick into the world without asking his leave, I shall take it out contrary to his orders." His orders were literally complied with.

HOW TO GET RICH.

'Tis the simplest thing in the world if any one has a mind to pay the price demanded for it, as the following, from the Portland Bulletin, will prove to you:

B-friend nobody. Never lend a four pence half penny, even to your sick brother. Screw down every body you can to the lowest mill, when you make purchases; never spend a dollar that will not yield fourfold—keep at it—work and dig from daylight till dark. Spend nothing for pleasure or amusement, and you will grow rich. There is no mistake about it, Grasping riches, and buried in gold, how consoling must be the whisper in your ear—"This night thy soul is required of thee." How true will the language of the poet in your case—"Starved in this world and damned in that to come."

A Political Parson.—A minister, who was a little too much tinctured with politics for one occupying his station, one Sabbath morning during his prayer, expressed a desire that he and his congregation might imitate the holy example of Abraham, David and Polk. He intended to say Paul, and was not aware of his mistake till he inquired, the next morning, why three or four of the church left the house during his prayer.

Poor Pay.—"What's the matter, uncle Jerry?" said Mr. —, as old Jeremiah K. was passing by, growling most ferociously.

"Matter!" said the old man, "Why, I've been luggin' water all the mornin' for Dr. C.'s wife to wash with, and what she 'sposed I got for it?"

"About ninnence."

"Ninnence!" She told me the Doctor would pull a tooth for one some time."

A GREAT RECITATION.

The following, from the N. O. Crescent City, is the best thing of the kind we ever read:

"The schoolmaster was in a great hurry—he had received a note from his disciples, and the 'geography' class was disposed of in double quick time.

Polynesia, where situated, what are the products, the inhabitants, latitude, longitude, &c., how bounded?" shrieked the little pedagogue, to a huge red-headed boy, whose face bore the expression of a turkey's egg, with feet like hattering rams.

"Polynesia is an independent group of islands in the anterior of the desert of Serashars, on the coast of Corn wall. Its products is bilia springs, cucumbers, tortoise shells, cannibals, and sometimes women and children.—The inhabitants for the most part Kistmic Tartars, and tothers in Shakers and Injuns. It is bound on all side by the Chinese wall which was erected to prevent the nocturnal visits of the equator into the Caspian sea, and on the Spsterrib bean ishamushes; and the promotories which is uncommonly kivered at high water mark with Shetland ponies and other animals of the same class. The religious is like the products, intolery ance and idle worship."

"Well, Molly—two happy events in one day. You have married, I trust a good husband. You have something else—but first let me ask you where you have locked up your lottery tickets?"

She thinking that her master was only bantering her upon the old point; cried, "Don't ye say no more about it. I thought how it would be, and that I never should here the end on" so I sold it to the baker of our village for a guinea profit; so you need never be angry with me again about that."