

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.



"That Government is the best which governs least."

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BY LEVI L. TATE.

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ORIGINAL.

Random Shots.—No. 1.

BY NONDESCRIBT.

Titles in America.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

BURNS.

There is a strange propensity in many of our country-men, for giving titles. Our plain Republicans, who profess a passion for our institutions, do notwithstanding, run after a live Lord or capering count, as if following a "will o' the wisp" through a bog on a misty night. Fairly dazzled by the glare, they flit about them like moths, poor silly things—around candles. Who pities them when their wings are singed? I would not give a snap for such hangers-on of royalty.

Did it ever enter into the heads of many of those who are stricken with this monomania, that they are already sovereigns? We are fast getting to be an aristocratic people. There is most certainly nothing positively wrong in titling our professional men. Our Judges, Representatives and those placed in authority over us; but seriously I do object to such an anti-republican manner of address.

The leveling principle of this country is that of levelling up instead of down. Instead of all becoming citizens, as under the new regime in France, if I may be allowed the expression; we here all become gentlemen. Respect to those in dignity and power is natural and right; but a fawning sycophancy, such as some are guilty of, is contemptible. No; long since, there appeared in one of our newspapers a notice, in the following strain, (I quote from memory,) "yesterday his excellency the Honorable Washington Irving Minister Plenipotentiary and consul general, &c., passed through this place, &c."

Now in all conscience, what is the use of all this flummery? Would not plain Washington Irving be more American and less English? Is, it not honor enough to be one of the sovereign people in this country? "Way, way, for the servant of the people," said one of these hangers-on, in a crowd, endeavoring to get a speaker to the chair. "Stand back!" shouted one of the crowd "and make room for the people themselves!"—This is the feeling, this is the principle, which should actuate every true American.

Many of these lawning fools are so lost to every feeling of self respect as to become the mules and asses of his excellency—, and haul him through the streets of New York, or Philadelphia, or Boston; the horses having been first detached from the vehicle! such men are beneath our contempt, they excite our pity. There is nothing I so much detest as an unattractiveness of feeling—a morbid passion for everything foreign—a hankering after every thing English or French merely because it is such, a derogatory idea of all things American whether literary, scientific or military, and an exalted opinion of all the statesmen, and warriors of the old world. I shall have more to say on this subject in a subsequent No.

Another class of our citizens, who are remarkably fond of dealing in titles, are those literary drones who are a curse to the country—novelists, creating false tastes and impressions in the minds of all the young who read their tawdry and tinsel stuff! They cannot, at least do not write a strong and vigorous, national and republican work; but deal entirely in Lords and Ladies, Counts and Countesses.

There are some exceptions it is true, but really, it is at best a deplorable state of things. Instead of laying open the deep and almost interminable labyrinths of the heart, and painting strong, high and national character; they revel in the dungeon halls and secret chambers of some Gothic castle, and depict some larch-daisied Lady or libertine Lord. Instead of reveling in the glorious sunshine of our own country and institutions, painting our own rivers, lakes and mountains, nothing will do but foreign governments, and foreign scenery.

Thus wrong tastes and feelings are implanted in the minds of the young and rising generation.—They lose that national tone and spirit which should be so sedulously cultivated, and imbibing the most outrageous notions and opinions. As is best the twig so inclines the tree, and thus when they grow up this opinion is settled and the mind formed—and they are just fitted for the fawning sycophants of his excellency and his honor.

For the Columbia Democrat.

COL. TATE.—

May I be permitted, briefly to address, through the Democrat, that interesting portion of our citizens—the rising youth of this present day.

Being engaged in the arduous duties of an instructor of youth, my experience, and opportunities for observation and reflection, give me some advantages, perhaps, over some others, much better qualified otherwise for the task. We not unfrequently hear many of our contemporaries, now in an advanced stage of life, recur with much apparent regret, to their very limited opportunities of acquiring a liberal education; and upon a retrospective view of the difficulties incident to their youth, in the early settlement of our country—the absence of facilities, &c., it is rather matter of surprise that they succeeded in acquiring the limited education that most seem to have attained, under many hardships and privations—

With our predecessors, and many of our contemporaries, an opportunity of attending school, under the most unfavorable circumstances, in by gone days, was doubtless embraced with avidity, and improved to the best advantage.—The lapse of a few brief years, have, in the gradation of events, produced a wonderful change in our Country; doubtless, mainly attributable to our free institutions, the liberal and enlightened policy of our government, and the industry and enterprise of our Citizens.

With the facilities now afforded our youth, of all ranks and degrees, in almost every section of our Country, for acquiring a thorough English education, it is matter of much regret to every well wisher of his Country and his species, to see many parents, and heads of Families in some districts, bringing into action, all their zeal and influence, both by example and precept, to throw obstacles in the way of the advancement of our youth, in scientific attainments; to their great discouragement, and consequently, to their future happiness, usefulness, and respectability in society.

As this article is designed principally for the benefit of the youthful readers of the "Democrat," I would, with feelings of affectionate solicitude for their future well being, as well as rational enjoyment of the pleasures resulting from an enlightened and cultivated mind, encourage such of our youth as find themselves placed under the adverse circumstances alluded to, and at the same time panting for the "waters of the puerian spring," to persevere with unremitting assiduity to improve to the best advantage, the small portion of time vouchsafed at present; and even though it be inadequate to the satisfying your laudable ambition in the pursuit of knowledge, the time will soon arrive when the power of those, whose volitions at present control your pursuits, will become impotent; and although, reverence to parents is an indispensable requisite in the formation of the character of every virtuous minded youth; yet, when the time arrives that you are legally beyond their control, endeavour with affectionate tenderness, to convince them, if possible, that you consider it a duty, you owe to yourself, to your fellow-citizens, and to your Country, to avail yourself of the opportunity yet within your reach, under our present excellent system of Public Schools, to pursue your studies until you shall have acquired a competent English education; and you will never have cause to regret the sacrifice of mere trivial and unimportant youthful amusements for the acquisition of useful and substantial learning, which will be found through succeeding years an inexhaustible treasure, and even in the decline of life, when sensual gratifications shall pall, and all the pleasing sensations arising from visible objects lose their charms; the well educated mind will find sources of refined and rational enjoyments, far more valuable and consolatory than any that the vanities, the riches, or the honours of this world can afford.

I may perhaps, in a future number (by way of encouragement to the youth) advert to the increase, or gradual arising of light and knowledge in our day, the rapid progress of improvement in the intellectual and moral condition of man throughout the civilized world, &c., with a hope that the youth of our own country, and especially of our own school district, will not, through a love of ease, or supine negligence, fall so far behind the less favoured portion of their countrymen, as to merit, at a more advanced period of life, the unenviable distinction of being pointed at, as, behind the spirit of the age.

VERITAS.

The Great First Cause.

JOHN MASON GOODE, author of the Studies of Nature, and the Translation of the Book of Job, has in four stanzas stated the argument in favor of an intelligent first cause—the wise contriver of all the arrangements of this material world, as strikingly as it could be stated in a whole volume:

The Daisy.

Not words on words, in phalanx deep,
Nead we to tell a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

What power, but His who arch'd the skies,
And pour'd the day-spring's purple flood,
Wondrous alike in all it tries,
Could raise the daisy's curious bud;

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem
That set in silver, gleams within;

And fling it with a hand so free
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, wherever he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God?

Purity of Feeling.

A life of duty is the only cheerful life—for all joy springs from the affections; and it is the great law of nature, that without good deeds, all good affections die and the heart becomes utterly desolate. The external world then loses all its beauty; poetry fades away from the earth; for what is poetry but the reflection of all pure and sweet, all high and holy thoughts?

Mrs. Farrington, in allusion to the many advertisements headed "Ho! for California," thinks a spade would be more useful than a hoe, to the diggers.

Things in General.

General Taylor's Inaugural Suit.—The papers tell us, that Ackerman and Mixen, of the city of New-York, have received an order for it; having just sent to order to Baton Rouge a box of clothing for Major Bliss and other members of the General's suite.

Charge of Horse Stealing. The Mayor of Philadelphia, last Saturday morning, committed, to await the requisition of the Sheriff of Montgomery county, James Geisser, charged with stealing a horse valued at \$700, belonging to Franklin Wyant, of the said county.

The London Times says that there has never been a time since the accession of Queen Victoria, when English intercourse with other nations had been in so bad a position as at present. Reason, the Ministry is opposed to the conservatism of the Times!

The German Minister: The National Intelligence announces the arrival in Washington of Baron Roenna, Minister of the German Empire to the United States, and his reception in that capacity, on Friday last, by the President of the United States.

Doings of the Gold Mania: The latest case of absence of mind reported, is that of a man deeply involved in debt, who went on board a vessel bound for California, to take leave of his friends, and forgot to come ashore again.

Slavery in Kentucky: An address has been issued by Chancellor Nicholas and others to the people of Kentucky, urging that the constitution proposed to be formed should provide for the gradual abolition of slavery in the State.

Colored Union: At the State Convention of colored men, held at Harrisburg recently, a political association was formed, having for its object the obtaining of citizens' rights for the colored men.

A Man Advertises in New-York to put up "iron cottages" in three days' notice, for California use. They are portable and easily packed on ship board. Shrewd and screwed idea.

Getting Punished: A man named Robert Owens was so badly injured in a prize fight in Liverpool, that he died in a few days. His opponent was arrested for manslaughter.

Judicial Resignation. Hon. William N. Irvine, President Judge of the York and Adams Judicial District, has made known his intention to resign his office. His term does not expire until 1850.

James Cummings, of Austin, Mo., accidentally killed his wife a short time since, by the discharge of a gun, the lock of which he was repairing. The ball passed through her heart.

The Way They Live. Fifteen members of the United States Senate and 92 members of the House of Representatives, have their families with them at Washington, and board "at home."

Mr. Benton, it is said, will accompany his daughter and Mrs. Benton to the other side of the isthmus, on their way to California, soon after the adjournment of Congress.

Another History: It is stated that Col. Bliss is engaged in preparing a history of the campaign of Gen. Taylor in Mexico, in all which he participated. That will be a book, no doubt.

Fires in Boston: There were twenty-four fires in Boston during the month of January, the estimated amount of loss from which was \$31,420; the whole of which was covered with insurance.

For the Boys.

- Seven classes of company are to be avoided:
1. Those who ridicule their parents, or disobey their commands.
 2. Those who profane the Sabbath or scoff at religion.
 3. Those who use profane or filthy language.
 4. Those who are untruthful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness.
 5. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper, and are apt to get into difficulty with others.
 6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.
 7. Those who are of a cruel disposition; who take position in torturing and maiming animals and insects, robbing birds of their young, &c.
- All these classes of companions are to be avoided; for, if you associate with them, they will soon make you like themselves.

Advertising.

The advertising press is of great use to the country; it spreads one's wants before the public eye, and is very sure to bring the desideratum.— And with the impression that it is every one's privilege thus to make known his wants, a man advertises in the following manner:—

WANTED.—An able-bodied person to hold my wife's tongue; she and I being unable to keep it still.

Now we wish to inform the gentleman advertiser that we know an "able-bodied" man who understands perfectly the management of "wives' tongues." He is not out of employment, and would like the job proposed, if the compensation be adequate. Inquire at this office for further particulars.

FORGONE.

We seek for shores for previous ones?
To me the case is clear—
We needn't roam at all from home,
We've hoist of crosses here.

Agricultural.

Treatment of Horses.

An English writer, speaking of the treatment of horses brought in hot from a journey or from any hard labor, says: "On taking off their saddles, bridles, or other harness, turn them into a field, and let them, for fifteen or twenty minutes, roll and amuse themselves at pleasure. After this take them to the stable, and rub, curry, and groom them in the usual manner. By observing this method you will find your horses much sooner dried, and much less liable to break out into fresh sweats or to catch colds, than if at once taken into the stable. I tried it with my own horses—saddle coach and farm—for more than twenty years, and therefore speak from my own knowledge on the subject."

Weight of Grain.

A bushel of wheat weighs	60 lbs.
do Rye weighs	56 lbs.
do Barley weighs	48 lbs.
do Oats weighs	33 lbs.
do Peas weighs	60 lbs.
do Beans weighs	63 lbs.
do Clover seed weighs	60 lbs.

An Editor's Farm.

The Maryland Montgomery County Journal, gives the following particulars in relation to the farm of F. P. BLAIR, Esq., Editor of the Washington Globe—

"F. P. Blair, Esq. of this county, states in the Globe, that his farm now produces eighteen barrels or ninety bushels of corn to the acre. A few years ago, Mr. Blair's farm was as unsightly a looking place as could be seen in our country—poor and barren enough. Mr. Blair has just done what many others, owning poor lands in this county, can do, if they will make the effort. It has been ascertained by actual experiment, which has not in a single instance failed, that our exhausted and worn-out lands can be readily reclaimed at a comparatively trifling expense. A little capital, with a smart sprinkling of industry and perseverance, is all that is required."

SOUL TOUCHING WRIT.—The Inquirer has the following:—A lady residing in England, who had a number of female servants in her family, and to whom she on one occasion, gave each a pair of cast-off half-worn shoes, found the following impromptu on her chamber mantel, the succeeding morning:

"How careful should our mistresses be,
The narrow path to choose,
When all the maids within the house
Are walking in her shoes."

HOURS OF SLEEP.

Nature requires five,
Custom's given seven!
Laziness takes nine,
And Wickness eleven.

Throw a crust of bread to a dog, he takes it open-mouthed, swallows it whole, and presently gapes for another. Just so men receive the gifts of fortune; down they go without chewing; and we are immediately greedy for another clasp.

Laconics.

Grief, after all, is like in a damp country—what was at first necessity becomes afterwards an indulgence.

An apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence.

The history of most lives may be briefly comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes.

There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of profligacy by the by—for such wisdom is wholly wasted.

Marriage is like money—seem to want it, and you never get it.

Alas, for the vanity of human enjoyment!—we grow weary of even our own pretensions.

Attention is always pleasant in acquaintances till we tire of them.

The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster.

Stealing Song.

BY JAMES T. FIELD.

O! swift we go o'er the fleecy snow,
When moonbeams sparkle round;
Whose boots keep time to music's chime,
As merrily we bound.

On winter's night when hearts are light,
And health is on the wind,
We loose the rein and sweep the plain,
And leave our cares behind.

With a laugh and song we glide along
Across the floating snow,
With friends beside, how swift we ride,
On the beautiful track below.

O! the racing sex has charms for me,
When gale and tempest roil,
But give me the speed of the foaming steed,
And I'll ask for the water no more.

SERMON TALKS.

The Midnight Assassin

I was on my way to P—, in the fall of 18—; it was towards the cold evenings in the first fall month, when my horse stopped suddenly before a respectable house about four miles from N—.

There was something strange and remarkable in this action of my horse, nor would he move a step in spite of all my exertions to move him on.

I determined to gratify this whim, and at the same time a strange presentiment which came over me, a kind of supernatural indescribable feeling, seemed to urge me to enter. Having knocked and requested to be conducted to the lady or gentleman of the house, I was ushered into a neat sitting-room, where sat a beautiful girl of about twenty years of age. She rose at my entrance, and seemed a little surprised at the appearance of a perfect stranger.

In a few words I related to her the strange conduct of my horse, and his stubborn opposition to my mind. "I am not," I observed, "superstitious, nor inclined on the side of the metaphysical doctrines of those who support them; but the strange, unaccountable feeling that crept over me in attempting to pass your house induced me to solicit lodgings for the night."

"We are not," she replied, "well guarded, 'tis true; but in this part of the country we have little to fear from robbers, for we are surrounded by good neighbors, and I flatter myself we are at peace with them. But this evening, in consequence of my father's absence, I felt unusually lonesome, and if it were not bordering on the superstitious: I might reason as you have, and say I consent to your staying; for similar feelings had been mine ere you arrived; from what cause I cannot imagine."

The evening passed delightfully away; my young hostess was intelligent and lovely; the hours flew so quickly, that on looking at my watch, I was surprised to find that it was eleven o'clock. This was the signal for retiring and by twelve every inmate of the house was probably asleep save myself. I could not sleep—strange visions floated across my brain, and I lay twisting on my bed, in all the agony of sleepless suspense. The clock struck one; its last vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter, and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments, convinced me some one was entering the house. A noise followed as of a person jumping from the window-sill to the floor, and then followed the light and almost noiseless step of one ascending the staircase.

I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady; mine was next to the staircase, the step came along the gallery, slow and cautious. I had seized my pistol and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to watch or listen to the movements seemingly mysterious or suspicious: the sound of the steps stopped at my door—then followed one as if applying the ear to the keyhole, and a low breathing convinced me the villain was listening. I stood motionless, the pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle moved, not a nerve was slackened, for I felt as if Heaven had selected me out as the instrument to effect its purpose.

The person now passed slowly on, and I cautiously approached the door of my bed-chamber.

I now went by instinct, or rather by the conveyance for as soon as I heard his hand grasp the latch of one door, mine seized on the other—a deep silence followed this movement; it seemed as he heard the sound, and waited the repetition; it came not—all was still; he might have considered it the echo of his own noise.—I heard the door open softly.—I also opened mine, and the very moment I stepped into the entry, I caught a glimpse of a tall man entering the lighted chamber of the young lady.

Hardly stepped along the entry, approached the chamber; through the half-opened door I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible save the intended victim to a midnight assassin, and he, gracious heaven!—a negro!

For at that moment a tall, fierce-looking black man approached the bed; and never wore Othello and Desdemona more naturally reposed: at least that particular scene of the immortal bard's conception.

I was now all suspense: my heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation, my eyes to crackling, as I made a bound into the room.

The black villain had ruthlessly dragged part of the covering off the bed when the sound of my foot caused him to turn. He started, and thus confronted, we stood gazing on each other a few seconds: his eyes shot fire—fury was depicted in his countenance. He made a spring towards me, and the next moment lay a corpse on the floor!

The noise of the pistol aroused the fair sleeper: she started in the bed, and seemed an angel of the white clouds emerging from her downy bed to soar up to the skies.

The first thing that presented itself to her view was myself standing near her with a pistol in my hand.

"Oh, do not murder me!—take all—you cannot, will not kill me, sir!"

The servants now rushed in—all was explained.

The wretch turned out to be a vagabond supposed to be a runaway slave from Virginia. I had the providential opportunity of rescuing one from the worst of fates, who, in later years, called me husband, and related to our children her miraculous escape from the bold attack of a midnight assassin.—*Spirit of the Times.*

An Attachment.

The following capital story is told of an Alabama Sheriff and a pretty widow:

Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business, which crowded upon him at term time, he stopped at the door of a beautiful widow on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances upon the Sheriff forefaded. He was admitted and soon the widow appeared. The confusion and delight which the arrival of the visitor had occasioned, set off to greater advantage than usual the captivating charms of the widow M. Her cheeks bore the beautiful blended tints of the apple blossom, her lips resembled roses; and upon which the morning dew yet lingered; her eyes were like the dew-drops of Cupid, the glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled resembling arrows that only wanted a fine bow (parlon the pun) to do full execution.—After a few common place remarks:

"Madam," said the matter of fact Sheriff, "I have an attachment for you." A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheeks of the fair widow—with downcast eyes whose glances were centered upon her beautiful feet half concealed by the flowing drapery; gently patting the floor, she, with equal candor replied:

"Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

For some time the Sheriff maintained an astonished silence; and at last he said—

"Madam, will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court?" replied the lady, with a merry laugh; then shaking her beautiful head, she added: "No Sir! though this is leap year I will not take advantage of the license therein granted to my sex, and therefore greatly prefer that you should proceed to court!"

"But madam, the Justice is waiting."

"Let him wait, I am not disposed to hurry matters in such an unbecoming manner; and besides sir, when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I prefer a minister to a justice of the peace."

A BANK NOTE which was handed into our office the other day, says the Quaker City, bore this graphic inscription on its back: "My father was a bank director. He failed, and retired on a fortune, leaving ten thousand a piece to his children. This is the last of my ten. Illegot—quick gone! and so, here's off for California!"

Indians at Washington.

The National Intelligencer, of Thursday last, says that the Chippewa chiefs and warriors now here, paid a visit to the Capitol on Friday. They were overwhelmed with wonder and admiration at the magnificent objects that met their eyes—for the first time beheld—and surpassing far, we suppose, anything that had ever been thought of in their rude imaginations. The Capitol, with its magnitude and its decoration, its paintings, its statuary, &c., offers certainly a strong contrast to an Indian wigwam and its accompaniments, as does the civilized, educated, polished Anglo-American to the unsophisticated and uncivilized son of the forest.

Upon visiting the statue of Washington that faces the eastern front of the Capitol, one of the chiefs, O-SKA-BA-WISS, addressed it as follows, the address being faithfully interpreted by Major MARFELL, the agent and interpreter of the visitants:

"My Great Father, we all shake hands with you; we have traveled a long way through the great country that you acquired for your people by the aid of the Great Spirit. Your people have become very great—our people have become very small; may the Great Spirit, who gave you success, now protect us and grant us the favor we ask of our Great Father, who now fills the high place first occupied by you."