

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.



"That Government is the best which governs least."

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POETRY.



FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

SYMPATHY.

There's a language that's mute, that no silence can speak;
There's a something that cannot be told;
There are words that can only be read on the cheek,
And thoughts that the eyes can unfold.
There's a look so expressive, so timid, so kind,
So conscious, so quick to impart,
Though dumb in an instant it speaks out the mind
And strikes as in lightning the heart.
This eloquent silence, this converse of soul,
In vain we attempt to suppress;
More prompt it appears from the wish to control,
More apt the fond truth to express.
And oh! in the features that shine,
The raptures in bosoms that melt,
Who, blessed with each other, this converse divine
Is mutually spoken and felt.

FROM THE BLOOMSBURG SPY.

Family Jars.

Jars of jelly, jars of jam,
Jars of ported beef and ham,
Jars of early gooseberries nice,
Jars of mince-meat, jars of spice,
Jars of orange marmalade,
Jars of pickles, all home-made,
Jars of cordial elder wine,
Jars of honey superfluous.
Would the only jars were these,
Which occur in families.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"The friends of my youth, where are they?
And echo answered: 'Where are they?'
"All scattered--all scattered by mountain and wave,
And some in the silent embrace of the grave."
Mr. Editor:

Such too was my exclamation, after having been for a long time engaged in perusing a pack of old letters that had been preserved for years--How the talisman memory brings up the visions of the past, as we read over what has long since been passed by a friend. An old letter is a sacred relic of former days. It speaks volumes. It carries us through all the various changes that have been made by the weak of years, and the some of the change may cause a melancholy feeling to steal over the heart, yet his sweet to cherish the recollection of our friends. A letter long since penned by the hand of friendship, is as dear as the loved ones we cherished in our childhood. I love to trace the different characters of those with whom in happy days I held sweet converse, and as I read I mark their different lots.

I follow them as they go out into the busy scenes of life, and watch the caprice of Fortune's dealings. On those whom she cradled in Hope, and on whom in childhood she lavished her gifts profusely, in future years she frowned upon every opening promise, blasted the flower while in the bud, and left the signet of despair where was wont to be the sunny smile. They moved through the busy crowd with a kind of an unwelcome fatality ever following them. There are some however, for whom Fate twined the garland wreath in youth who still wear the shining gift, move on in prosperity's gilded car, as if in the splendor of their noonday sun. Some have given heed to that holy injunction, "Go, defend my gospel," and with the sacred word as a defence, are proclaiming peace to the drooping heart of the christian, while to the impenitent the threatenings of his word are "portrayed in burning living characters" that cannot be misapplied. Some too, have gone to distant lands, to repair a broken fortune, and to obtain that asylum from care that only can be found elsewhere. Last but not least in number are those who have been marks for Cupid's arrows and have allowed themselves without a struggle, to become entangled in the meshes of Hyacinth.

Among my childhood's friends, there was one, whose character it would be injustice in me to pass unnoticed. An infant, we wandered along the banks of the Susquehanna; together we climbed the crazy rocks and stooped to pluck the wild flower that there bloomed in solitary solitude. Her's was a noble heart. She possessed every quality that makes a friend amiable. We were happy and joyous in our friendship, but a change came over the spirit of our dream. There was a chance for a speculation in the then uncharted region of Texas, her parents improved it and she sailed. It was on a sunny day in October. The lingering rays of the bright sun were shed the pleasant valley of Wyoming; to their eyes he last time leaving to ray of hope that she never again revisit her childhood home--and been speaking of the various changes that had taken place--of the improbability of our ever meeting again on earth, when a sudden ray of light on her saddened countenance, and in a voice of accents, she half-articulated, "I'll be in Heaven." I frequently heard from her of her succeeding years--but her's was

a thorny path. "A tie dearer than friendship bound her to a chosen one, and the last intelligence I had was that they had both been consigned to the narrow house of death appointed for all living. Oh her, 'tis sweet to think she chose that 'better part' and left the assurance 'We'll meet in Heaven.'"

Another letter brings up the recollections of one, on whose brow was stamped the seal of high aspiration, and noble intellect. Every hope was high as Heaven. The low and sordid covetings of earth could not satisfy the cravings of his mind. They were like husks to his immortal appetite. Sometimes in Poey's wild and airy regions, he built him a splendid castle, but it was only to be wrecked. While health was his, his achievements in Science great. But stern disease that Hydra, that crushes the proudest spirit, laid its iron grasp upon him, and he too fell a victim to death, leaving a large circle of friends to feel that "Death leaves a shining mark."

I might thus trace the character of many who commenced life with buoyant hopes and auspicious omens, and the prospect of a safe voyage, who were shipwrecked on the shoals of bitter disappointment. I might pursue the subject further and tell how "Friendship" proved "but a name," and "Love an empty sound," but for the present, I leave it, with many a tale untold. Yet an old letter--I love it; I cherish it as memory's chart--and dear as the hearts I loved in my childhood.

ELNORA.

Random Shots--No. 20.

BY NONDISCRIT.

Husband and Wife.

"The kindest and the happiest pair,
Have each occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live,
To pity--and perhaps forgive!"
To pity--and perhaps forgive!"

Can there be any good and sufficient reason assigned, why there should not be the same, if not a greater degree, of kindness and consideration shown by the husband and wife to each other, after as before marriage? Is there any reason why a man should help his lover, (I use the word in both sexes,) carefully out of a boggy or over the fence and let his wife of a few months standing, take care of herself? Is it right that Lovers should greet each other upon meeting with a smile and a caress? Is it right that during courtship, every art of dress and manner and conversation should be brought to bear upon the object of our attachment?

It is hardly necessary that I should proceed, categorically, to answer these questions. Neither will I do so, but leaving each one to answer them as he or she sees fit; shall proceed to ask a few more, predicated upon no reason can be assigned, in answer to the first question; why is the change so universal and so marked? A very short time will show an alteration in the manner and behaviour of both parties. Those who have entered into that relation to wit, husband and wife, should remember that in their own hands they hold the alternatives of happiness or misery. From their behaviour to one another, will flow all the felicity and all the misery of their delicate and responsible station.

Should you not behave kindly to one who has given up all to you and for you? Your joys are hers, your griefs she shares. Your prosperity or your adversity gladden or sadden, also, the heart of your wife. When her interests are so closely and firmly linked with yours as to be inseparable, think you she would in deed or in thought injure you?

If then you know that in the ordinary course of nature, the chain that binds you will hold for years; why not consult the wishes and welfare of each other most faithfully, from the beginning? I have seen much of this world's unhappiness and have noted its folly. 'Tis woman's nature to forget and forgive. She will cherish no hatred to the man she loves, no matter how inhuman his usage. Love is woman's whole existence. Some wives are bad no doubt, but nine cases out of ten, it is the fault of the husband.

I make this assertion without fear of successful contradiction. In the great majority of cases the fault is in fault-kindness will never fail. Even the brutes acknowledge its power. There is no necessity in a woman having her own way. She should not have it. She will not want it, if her husband is a man of sense. Show your wife that you respect her, esteem her,

love her, and she will try to deserve and retain your good opinion, in every possible way. If the wife is unreasonable or the husband exacting, judge each other not harshly, but

"Be to their faults a little blind,
Be to their virtues very kind."

People are apt to imagine that they alone are perfect. And not only that, but also to think their wives or their husbands the greatest barbarians living. This is all wrong. You must live together, of what use then, is this constant bickering? Both husband and wife, mutually think their companion sympathises not with them. This is also wrong--bear ye one another's burdens. Recollect ye are now one flesh. Ye are companions for life--make the journey pleasant.

Look back upon the days of courtship! Think of the vows made to yourselves and to one another! Reflect how kindly ye bore with little faults of omission or commission! Can you not read and converse as of old? Are you ashamed to endeavor to make each other happy? Much depends upon you. I will add no more. Think upon what I have said.

And here kind reader, for the present, I labor closes. If you have read all that I have written, you are perhaps equally pleased with myself. Let us then end the scene and not prolong the leave taking.

The Marriage Altar.

Dr. J. Chariton, in a recent eloquent address before the Young Men's Library Association at Augusta, Ga., thus sketches the marriage scene:

I have drawn for you many pictures of death: let me sketch for you now a brief, but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar a lovely female clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has just pledged her faith, to whom she has just given up herself forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me, if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth. See the trusting, the heroic devotion, which impels her to leave country and parents, for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she blundered over her happiness and doom for this world to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector, bears a noble heart. Oh, woe to him that deceives her! Oh, woe to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

Her wing shall the eagle flap,
O'er the false-hearted.
His life-blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere his life be parted;
Shame and dishonor all,
On his grave ever;
Blessing shall follow it,
Never! Oh, never!

We have all read the story of the husband, who in a moment of hasty wrath said to her who but a few months before had united her fate to his--"If you are not fully satisfied with my conduct, go, return to your friends and to your happiness." "And will you give me back that which I brought to you?" asked the despairing wife. "Yes," he replied, "all your wealth shall go with you--I covet it not." "Alas!" she answered, "I thought not of my wealth--I spoke of my maiden affections--of my buoyant hope--of my devoted love--can you give these back to me?" "No!" said the man, throwing himself at her feet. No! I cannot restore these; but I will do more--I will keep them unsullied and unshared. I will cherish them through my life, and in my death and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and to cheer her who gave up to me all she held most dear." Did I not tell you that there was poetry in a woman's look--a woman's word? See it here! the mild, the gentle reproach of love winning back from his harshness and rudeness, the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah, if creation's fairest sex only knew their strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fiercest battles would be unthought--how much of unhappiness and coldness would be avoided!

"Cato said, 'The best way to keep good beds in matrimony, was to refresh them with new sheets.'"

Miscellany.

Jess Bryan's Bear Fight.

The following clever story, showing how a "native" came to over a bear-man, is copied from the West Albanian. The dog "Cash" is "some in a bar bite," as will be seen.

Every man, woman, and child in Pickens county knows Jess Bryan. And to those whose circumstances unfortunately compel them to live elsewhere, we would say that Jesse is the present sheriff of the county aforesaid. And furthermore we have the authority of the present Secretary of State for saying, that he was the finest looking sheriff who carried the returns of the last presidential election to Montgomery.

On reaching Montgomery, Jess went to the Capitol, and was introduced to the Secretary: "I am happy to know you, Mr. Bryan, said the affable Col. Farret."

"I am happy to find you do," replied the sheriff, "for since I put on these blacked, I hardly know myself."

Jess is our crack story-teller, and many side-acts have the boys had from laughing at his nubbin Ridge and Sourwood stories. One of his we will now give, premising that the gist of the story consists in his rich manner of telling it, and that it must less much by being read.

Some years ago, before I got to be Sheriff of this county, I was in Mobile, and one day I saw a crowd moving out toward the Orange Grove; I joined it, and found that a match fight was about to come off between Jim Burgess's bull dog and a same bear, for five hundred dollars aside, one hundred for it.

As soon as the ring was formed, the dog was turned loose at the bear, and after one round he stayed home--no sort of talk could make him elude again, and Burgess paid the forfeit and drew off the dog.

Just as the crowd was to disperse, a tall raw-boned native, from Chickasaw, who was residing in the ownership of a big, heavy, stump-tailed bulldog, came out and said, "I'll bet I can take that dog."

"What will you bet of that?" said the owner of the bear.

"I'll bet my pile, said raw-boned, and drawing out the foot of an old stocking, he shelled out twenty dollars. The bear man covered that twenty with the ring was again formed.

"We, gentlemen," said Chickasaw, "I wish to see you, and to see whether you will take this ring bet me?" each on the bar, and nobody set out to speak or touch but me?"

This was agreed to, and the bear being unmuzzled, the word was given.

"Look out, Cash; mind your eyes! Watch him, Cash!" cried raw-bones, as Cash, with a prudent regard for his own interests, kept at a respectable distance; his bristles standing up like the teeth of a saw. As soon as Cash had taken a position a little in the rear of his foe, and out of the range of his jaws, his master shouted, "Take him, Cash!"

With one bound Cash seized the poor bear by the point of his ear, keeping his body side by side with his enemy, so that the latter could not possibly strike him.

"Keep open this ring, gentlemen," cried the owner of Cash. "Bring him here, Cash!" Cash by main force, dragged the bear half around the ring, without once exposing himself to the furious blows of the animal.

"Shake him, Cash!" Again the brave dog shook his foe until the bear's teeth chattered with pain and rage. Still Cash, by keeping yard-arm and yard-arm, with the bear, was as safe as if he had been in his master's cabin.

The owner of the bear seeing that the bear could not bring his arms to the bear, could not but see Cash bear the bear in such a bare-faced manner, and gave up the day.

"You give it up," said our man. "Well, then, gentlemen, let the ring--Cash leaves when he leaves 'em. Hold him, Cash! You say it's my money, no discounts, no nothing? Watch your time, Cash! Let go, Cash!"

With a single swing, Cash was ten feet beyond the reach of the bear's paw.

"That's a right partner," said raw-bones, "but he's not high such a one as me and Cash has run. We got one this fall as measured nine feet from snout to tail tip."

"That's a lie," said the discomfited owner of the bear, "you never saw a bear that large in your life."

"I want! Well, I'll go you these here two twenty dollars on that branch of the subject." "It's a bet," said the bear man.

"Well, come down to George Davis's, and we'll try the case."

The crowd all accompanied the parties, and we soon reached George Davis's store.

"George let me see that biggest bar-skin I let you have a week ago," said our man.

Birge for a Young Girl.

Underneath the sod low lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
Sorrow here.

Yes, they're bending o'er her,
Eyes that weep;
Forms that to the cold grave bore her,
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved in tears are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace thou gentle spirit,
Thru'd above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love!

Be Polite.

Ah, be polite, even to our meanest neighbor. It costs nothing to speak a pleasant word as you pass by, or to make a graceful bow. Every body speaks well of our collector--Why? Because he treats everybody with respect. A boot-black will not fear to bid him good morning. Many a poor man have we seen smiling pleasantly as he passed along, because he was noticed by the Collector.

And you, young man, pompous, proud, and self-sufficient--what have you to boast of? Why hold your head so stiff? Why is it an effort for you to bend your body? Had you a thimble full of brains, we know you would not act so much like a hog, and shin off, when you meet a poor laborer. We would not give you a brass farthing for all the good you will ever accomplish, while dashing about, looking more like a dressed ape, than an accountable, human being--Olive Branch.

Pay for your Papers.

There are some persons so desperately wicked as not to pay for their newspapers, which evinces a degree of depravity very nearly akin to total. But such persons had better take care how they become insolvent, if they have any wish to "get through chancery." The press must be protected, and any man who takes newspaper and neglects to pay for it, must stay in the "lock-up," till he gives practical evidence of repentance. For this important decision we give first-matters of law: The London Globe says that one of the Commissioners of the Insolvent Court, Ireland, remanded a petitioner because he had refused to pay his subscription to the Cork Reporter. The Commissioner stated that a newspaper was a luxury, which no one should enjoy unless able to pay for it. That looks about right; but we advise our readers not to look at this article, because, if they do, we may have a greater rush to pay up, than we can possibly attend to--that is, we should have, if there was any danger of our subscribers becoming insolvent.

Glancy Jones, Esq., P. C. of Montgomery Lodge, No. 59, has been appointed by the Grand Lodge of the I. O. O. F., of Pennsylvania, Deputy District Grand Master for Berks co.

A Terrible Result--The Snow Hill (Md.) Shield states, that the unfortunate wife of Reverend Thomas J. Burrows, tried at the late term of Worcester county court, for the homicide of Bishop, became completely deranged since her husband's acquittal and return to his family at Chestertown. She is now an inmate of the Maryland Hospital, and he has returned to Dorchester county his native place. The committee appointed by the late Conference of the M. E. Church to investigate the case of Mr. Burrows, have ordered him to that place for trial. The Shield is not advised as to the time the church trial will take place, but says that Dr. Durbin, is the chairman of the committee.

Cholera.--The Asiatic Cholera seems to be on the increase in Philadelphia. Twenty cases were reported on the 25th ult., eight of which proved fatal. From the weekly statement of the Board of Health, however, it appears that the mortality of the city is not so great as at this time last year.

N. P. Willis bought a pair of gaiters at a German fair, painted in imitation of a wreath of flowers with a verse inscribed on them, which he translates as follows:

When day with morning fingers,
And with your petty fingers,
Clasp this about your knee.

When day with eve repeats,
And stars begin to see,
Thrust up this head of roses,
And, dearest, think of me.

A Chincz.--"What are you doing, my son? I see a fencer to his boy Billy. 'Smoking a sweet feed cigar, father; I made it myself.' 'How it away this minute, don't you know that one who smokes sweet feed will smoke tobacco, and if he smokes tobacco he will drink rum, and if he drinks rum he will be ill, and if he is ill he will steal, and if he steals he will murder, and if he murders he will be acquitted.'"

Advertisements in Lovell's--In one of the Charleston papers, Father Time, one of the characters, of the 19th century, is the following: "The time shall come, when the people will know, when the time shall be made known, and the eyes be open."

Selections:

Sudden death of Rev W B Tappan.

This excellent gentleman so well known to thousands in this city and elsewhere, says the Boston Olive Branch, has been suddenly called from labor to rest. It seems he preached the day before his death. The particulars we copy from the Traveler of Tuesday:--

We are pained to announce that our excellent friend and fellow citizen, Rev. W. B. Tappan, departed this life, at his residence in Granville, this morning at 3 o'clock, after a sickness of about eleven hours. He preached last Sabbath at Mattapoisett, returned to the city yesterday morning, and spent the forenoon at his office, and returned home in the cars at 2 P. M. At 4 o'clock, he complained of slight indisposition, and took some medicine. Soon after, he was seized with spasms, accompanied with clammy sweat, cold extremities and feeble pulsing, which continued with increasing violence, until he expired, at 3 this morning, his frame constitutionally feeble, sunk under it. He was sensible of his situation, from the first, and expressed quiet resignation. During the spasms, his sufferings were very great; but when an involuntary groan escaped him, he would say, "Understand, I don't complain, it's all right." His sight and hearing were affected, and he complained of burning thirst, and when his attendants touched his flesh, cold as marble, he would say, "Oh, you burn me." His end was peace; and the memory of the just shall be blessed." The attending physician pronounced the case one of spasmodic cholera.

Dubious Heels.

There was a "little heeler" in our city, says the Arkansas Intelligencer, who had such long heels that a wit observed that "he was ten years old before it was decided that which was the fellow would walk."

My--A modest young lady, desiring a leg of a chicken at a table, said "she would take that part which ought to be dressed in gaiters." A young gentleman usually immediately called out that part which usually wears the heels.

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