

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.



"That Government is the best which governs least."

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POETRY.

FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"The following sublime ode to the Supreme Being," "is translated from the Russian. It was written by one of their distinguished poets, Derzhavin. The ode is said to have been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on silk, and suspended in the imperial palaces at Peking. The emperor of Japan had it translated into Japanese, embroidered in gold, and hung up in the temple of Jeddo."

God.

O, thou Eternal One! whose presence bright,
All space doth occupy—all motion guide—
Unchanged through time's all-devasting flight,
Thou only God! There is none beside.
Being above all things! mighty one!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being, whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays—but God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can
mount
Up to thy mysteries; brightest spark,
Thou, kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so
high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First, chaos, then existence—Lord, on thee
Eternity has its foundation; all
Sprang forth from thee; of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin—all life, all beauty, thine;
Thy word created all, and doth create:
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be, glorious!
great!
Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate!

Thy claim the unmeasured universe surround;
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath,
Thou the beginning, with the end hast bound.
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So souls are born, so worlds spring forth from
thee.

And as the sprangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.
A million torches lighted by thy hand,
Wander, unwearied, through the blue abyss;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal
light?

A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lightning systems with their joyous
beams?
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea.
All this magnificence in thee is lost—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what art thou? Heaven's unnumbered
host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weight'd
Against thy greatness—is a cypher brought
Against infinity: what art thou? nought.

No!—but the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too!
Yes, in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
No!—but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards thy presence: for in thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell: I lift my eye
Even to the throne of thy divinity:
I am, O God, and surely thou must be!

Thou art—directing, guiding all, thou art!
Direct my understanding thou to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though I am something fashion'd by thy hand—
Still I am something 'midst immensity,
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth—
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their
birth;
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land.

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning and am dust!
I am monarch, and a slave; a worm, a God!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this cloud
Lives surely through some higher energy?
For from itself alone it could not be.

Creator! Yes—thy wisdom and thy word
Created me!—Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord:
Thou spirit, thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Fill me with an immortal soul, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Thought worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadow'd image fill our breast,
And wait its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek thy presence—being wise and good!
Thy vast wonders, admire, obey, adore!
Mist thy vast wonders, admire, obey, adore!
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
A soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

Family Circle.

What thou doest, do quickly.

Quick young men! life is short. A great work is before you, and you have no time to lose. If you would succeed in business, win your way to honor, and save your soul, you must work quickly. The sluggard dies. The wheels of time roll over him while he sleeps. Aim high and work hard. Life is worth the living, death is worthy the dying, because worth gaining.

Life is the time to learn,
Deep though the lesson be,
And largely fraught with all things stern—
The soul's eternity;
Then, Oh! beware to waste the hours,
Which warm to life thy lofty powers.

Quick, ye men of might in the road of life!
Your life is more than half gone already. You are going down the hill, and the shadows begin to fall around you. If you have ought to do before you die, do it quickly. The morning has fled, mid-day has passed, and the night cometh. Ye, who in the field of human life quickening seeds of wisdom vain would sow, Pause not for the angry tempest's strife. Shrink not from the noontide's fervid glow,— Labor on while yet the light of day Sheds abroad its pure and blessed ray.

For the night cometh!
Quick, ye aged men, quick. Once you thought three score years to be endless time and that they never could pass away.— They have come, they have gone—men, what have they left? The days of pleasure have past, and the days of darkness are here. Have you left any work undone? Have you come to infirmities and trembling and no preparation for death? Ah, quick ye aged fathers and grey bearded sires,— Already the messengers of death are beginning to render their services to bring you to the sepulchres of your fathers.— With the feeble remnant of existence struggle for heaven. Work, pray, seek while life lasts, mercy waits, and God is gracious.

How many years may we hope to dwell
Here in the world of men!
He lives long whose years can tell
Three score years and ten.

A Gentle Whisper in the Husband's Ear.

Husband, think of the good qualities of your beloved, not of her bad ones; think of her good common sense, her industry, neatness, order; her kindness, affability, and above all, her ardent piety, her devotedness to things heavenly and divine. Suppose you had a slattern for a wife, a slipshod hussy, a gossip, a real termagant, whose tongue was not merely a triphammer, but as the forked lightnings! so that even the house top would be a thankful retreat from her unmitigated fury! Suppose all this, and still more, then say has not God dealt very kindly, graciously, mercifully, in giving you such a wife as he has? God has dealt infinitely better than your deserts.

"But she is not all I could wish."
Marvelous, wonderful! And are you, think all she could wish? Turn the wallet. Suppose you cast an eye within and without, view your own ugliness, and crookedness, and blackness!— How many things does your beloved wife see in you that she has reason to hope as mean, selfish, miserly, grovelling? Are you all that she could wish? far from it. But this prying into and scanning each other's faults hypocritically, is altogether wrong, and will always keep you on the hatched, fidgety and rickety. Better a thousand times, study each others' graces and good qualities endeavoring to correct the faults of one another in the spirit of meekness and love. The cause of all this bickering, and sparring, and jarring, and splitting, and twisting, and hitching, is want of love. Love covereth a multitude of blemishes. Let the heart be filled with love, and the little faults which now appear mountains, will be swallowed up, or become as mole-hills. A husband who is always complaining, and growling, and snapping, and snarling, is enough to crush a heart of steel, to sour the mind of an angel. The female heart is tender, sympathetic, lovely. Use hands, speak kindly to your beloved—

Speak kindly to her. Little doest thou know
What utter wretchedness, what hopeless woe
Hang on those bitter words, that stern reply;
The cold demeanor, and reproving eye.
The death steel pierces not with keener dart,
Than unkind words in woman's trusting heart.
The frail being by thy side is of finer mould;
Keener her sense of pain, of wrong, greater her love
of tenderness. How delicately tune her heart,
each ruder breath upon its strings complains in lowest
notes of sadness, not heard, but felt. It weaves
away her life like a deep under-current, while the
fair mirror of the changing surfaces gives not one
sign of woe. Man, put away unbelief, banish that
sourness, moroseness, and sullessness, and mulish-
ness; put on a smile of sweet affection; exhibit
kindness, tenderness, sympathy and love; and

rest assured, your wife, if not a real termagant, will reciprocate, clap you to her bosom in affection's grasp. Your mouth will be filled with laughter—your domestic fireside, instead of a pandemonium, will be a little paradise. Your little ones will gather around you as Olive plants— blooming sweetly in all the beauty and freshness of spring. Man, try it.—Golden [Ky.] Rule.

(From the Easton Sentinel.)

A Sabbath Convention.

Has recently been held in Northumberland, the proceedings of which we find in the Columbia Democrat.

Among other proceedings had, we find a Memorial addressed to the Senate and House of Representatives, of this State, in which the right of petition is discussed at some length. They claim that it is not enough that a petition, couched in respectful terms, should be read and referred, or laid on the table. That the right of petition implies a corresponding right to expect, that where wrong exist, they should be redressed, in all matters affecting their persons, their interests, and their conscience.

They represent that if the agents of the Public Works require the Collectors and those who have charge of the locks, and the Officers and Subordinates on our other public works, to perform their ordinary duties on the Lord's day, they will thus exclude all those who wish conscientiously to observe the Sabbath from public employment.— That an odious monopoly is thus established, and the emoluments of public employment are made the reward of a disregard of the laws of God and of the Commonwealth.

The memorial is well prepared, and deserves consideration at the hands of our Legislative authorities. This question in all its importance, has heretofore been presented to our Legislatures, by large and respectable bodies of men, and to us it seems strange that a people so highly moral in feeling, should for so long a time, be represented in their State Legislature by a body of men, who have never yet, when it was presented to them, deemed to give the subject anything like a respectful consideration. Strange, indeed is it, that a people professing to be governed by moral and christian principle, should have so long continued in open violation of one of the most direct and explicit injunctions of the Bible, "Thou shalt not do any work" &c. This command we suppose was directed to individuals, but it is equally applicable to governments. Governments are composed of individuals, and if individuals have not a right to do any work on the Sabbath, they cannot delegate it to others.

We believe that the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, is the only portion of the State improvements upon which labor is entirely suspended on the Lord's day, and it is certainly matter of gratulation, to every lover of good order and sound morals to know, that it pays a larger percentage upon its cost than any other branch of our State works.

Washington's Marriage in 1759.

We learn that Mr. J. B. Stearns, a distinguished artist of New York, and lately from Europe, has been for some days since at Arlington House in that vicinity, engaged in making very beautiful and successful copies from the original pictures of Col. and Mrs. Washington, the one the date of 1772, by Peale, and the other of 1759, by Woolaston, with a view to the painting of a large picture of Washington's marriage found in the Custis collection, and private memores of the life and character of Washington.

The scene is laid in the ancient parish church of St. Peter, county of New Kent, a colony of Virginia; time, 8th of January 1759.

In the foreground, and near the altar, appears the Rev. Dr. Mossom, the officiating clergyman, in full canonicals; he is about to present the marriage-ring. The bridegroom is in a suit of blue and silver lined with red silk, embroidered waistcoat, small-clothes, gold shoe and knee-buckles, dress-sword, and hair in full powder.— The bride, in a suit of white satin, rich point lace ruffles, pearl ornaments in her hair, pearl necklace, ear-rings and bracelets white satin high-heeled shoes with diamond-buckles; she is attended by a group of ladies, in the gorgeous costume of that ancient period. Near to the bridegroom is a brilliant group, comprising the viceregal Governor of Virginia, several English army and navy officers, then on colonial service, with the elite of Virginia chivalry of the old regime. The Governor is in a suit of scarlet, embroidered with gold, bag wig and sword; the gentlemen in the fashion of the time.

But among the most interesting and picturesque of the personages in the various groups, is Bishop, the celebrated British servant of Braddock, and then of Washington,

with whom he ended his days, after a service of more than forty years.

This veteran soldier of the wars of Geo. II., forms a perfect study in the picture.— His tall, attenuated form, and soldierly bearing, and with folded arms and cocked hat in hand, respectfully he has approached the bridal group, giving a touching interest to the whole scene. He is in a scarlet coat, and is bowed and spurred, having just dismounted, and relinquished the favorite charger of his chief to a groom.

Through the large folding-doors of the church is seen the old-fashioned coach of the bride, drawn by six horses; also the fine English charger bequeathed to Washington by Braddock, after the fatal field of Monongahela.

From the account of the marriage, handed down from those who were present at its celebration, it appears that the bride and her ladies occupied the coach, while the provincial colonel rode his splendid charger, attended by a brilliant cortege of the gay and the gallant of the land. Such was Washington's marriage, in 1759

Pearful Encounter With a Snake.

A SCENE IN THE EAST INDIES.

We had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stake had been gold mohur points, and twenty on the rubber. Maxey who is always lucky, had won five successive bumpers, which lent a well satisfied smile to his countenance, and made us the losers, looking any thing but pleased, when he suddenly changed countenance, and hesitated to play; this the more surprised us, since he was one that seldom pondered, being so perfectly a master of the game that he deemed a long consideration superfluous.

"Play away Maxey what are you about impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body guard.

"Hush," replied Maxey, in a tone which went through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

"Are you unwell?" said another, about to start up, for he believed our friend had suddenly been taken ill.

"For the love of peace sit quiet," rejoined the other, in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his cards.—If you value my life move not.

"What can he mean?—has he taken leave of his senses?" demanded Churchill appealing to himself.

"Don't start, don't move. I tell you! in a sort of a whisper I never can forget, uttered Maxey—If you make another sudden motion I am a dead man."

We exchanged looks. He continued, remain quiet, and all may yet be right. I have a Cobra Capella around my leg."

Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs, but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although well aware that should the reptile transfer but one fold, and attach himself to any of the party that individual might already be counted as a dead man, so fatal is the bite of the deadly monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India—namely in breeches and silk stockings; he therefore the more plainly felt every movement of the snake. His countenance seemed a livid hue, the words seemed to come out of his mouth without the feature of altering its position, so rigid was his look, so fearful was he lest the slightest movement should alarm the serpent, and hasten the fatal bite. We were in agony little less than his own during the scene.

"He is coiling round! murmured Maxey. 'I feel him cold—cold to my limb; and now he tightens!—for the love of heaven call for some milk!—I dare not speak loud! let it be placed on the ground near me, let some be spilt on the floor.'

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped out of the room.

"Don't stir—Northcote you moved your hand. By everything sacred do not so again. It cannot be long ere my fate is decided. I have a wife and two children in Europe; tell them that I died blessing them, and that my last prayers were for them; the snake is winding itself around

my calf: I leave them all I possess—I can almost fancy I can feel his breath—Great Heavens! to die in such a manner!"

The milk was brought and carefully put down; a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the affrighted servants drew back. Again Maxey spoke:

"No—no! It has no affect! on the contrary he has clasped himself tighter—he has uncurled his upper fold! I dare not look down, but I am sure he is about to draw back and give the bite of death with more fatal precision. Again he pauses. I die firm; but this is past endurance; ah!—he has undone another fold, and looses himself. Can he be going to some one else?"

We involuntarily started.
"For the love of Heaven, stir not! I am a dead man; but bear with me. He still looses—he is about to dart! Move not but beware! Churchill, he falls off that way—oh, this agony is too hard, too hard to bear! Another pressure and I am dead! No! he relaxes!"

At that moment poor Maxey ventured to look down; and the snake had unwound himself; the last coil had fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk.

"I am saved! saved!" and Maxey bounded from his chair, and fell senseless into the arms of one of his servants.

In another instant, need it be added, we were all dispersed; the snake was killed, and our poor friend carried more dead than alive to his room.

That scene I can never forget; it dwells on my memory still, strengthened by the fate of poor Maxey, who from that hour pined in hopeless imbecility, and sunk into an early grave.

SCRAPS.—This world is a fishing pond, full of slippery eels and suckers. Some men are wise and some are otherwise. In nothing consists the true dignity of man more than in self-government. It takes three spring to make one leap year. He that turneth one sinner from the error of his ways, shall shine as the stars forever.

The climax of human indifference has arrived when a woman don't care how she looks. The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be really what we appear to be. Beauty eventually deserts its possessor, but virtue and talents accompany him even to the grave. Men are like bugs, the more brass they contain the further you can hear them.

Ladies are like violets, the more modest and retiring they appear the better you love them. So long as we are among men let us cherish humanity, and so live that no man may be either in fear or in danger of us. One reason why the world is not reformed, or revolutionized, is because every man would have others take a start, never thinking of himself. Wise man are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity, and the best by nature.

"What is the matter, John?" "Sam have a Bible at me and hit my head." "Well, you are the only boy of the family on which the Bible ever made an impression—cry as long as you please."

"I'll take my pay in advance, said a landlady who lodged her friends on straw bed. 'No, you don't said Jim; I always sleep on tick."

Dr. South says: "The tale bearer and the tale hearer should be both hanged up, back to back, only the one by the tongue and the other by the ear."

The Virginia wheat crop has been secured in good condition. It is generally abundant and of excellent quality. The same may be said of the crop of Maryland.

The reason why short women should be the soonest married, is because there is more need of their getting spliced.

Evening.

'Tis a holy hour. Bright clouds have cast their glory for a while on earth, but have vanished like the gentle dew before the rising sun. And yet their loveliness was like the things above, too pure, too soft, too beautiful to fade. They have seemed sometimes to float around our earth in all their loveliness, until they came so near us, as to feel the withering touch which sin has brought; and fading by degrees, at last they sink to be among our streams of joy that lie for back in time's unchanging past.

The World in a Nut-Shell.

"A Snapper Up of Unconsidered Things."

Observance of the Sabbath, The Sheriff of London repeats an old maxim of a puritan divine, that, "if the Sabbath is well hemmed, it will not unravel during all the week." He has learned from the confessions of most of the prisoners, that their crimes originated in Sabbath breaking.

Sunday in Paris, The minister of public works of Paris has invited all citizens to refrain from work on the Sabbath, and has prohibited labor on the public works on that day. The religious journals applaud it, and some of the secular papers are well pleased with the effort.

The Locusts of Egypt, There are over 3 thousand princes in Germany, great and small, who receive annually from the people over two hundred millions of dollars; while a laborer works eighteen hours out of twenty-four for seventy-two cents per week.

Eliza Clemeat, now Madame Gallot, has been tried and acquitted at New-Orleans on the 7th, of the charge of forging a note in April last, to the amount of \$10,000, on Antoine Michaud, with a view of purchasing a husband with the money.

That Monster Company, The stocks in trade of the Hudson's Bay Company, is \$2,000,000.— The profits are often half a million a year. They sell a gun which costs \$5, for skins worth \$10.— A pint of rum worth 5 cents, is sold for \$7.75.

Victims in Mexico, The Mexican minister of war in his late report to his government, states the number of Mexican women and children annually captured and carried off by the hostile Indians, to be upward of six hundred. It is the practice of the savages to murder the men, and hold the women as captives.

Remarkable Coincidence and Longevity.— Mrs. Sarah Pellett died in Princess Anne county, Md., on Wednesday last. She was born on the 4th of July, 1746, and died on the 4th of July, 1849—having numbered precisely 103 years.

Prolific Yield, On Capt. Brooks' farm, Maryland, three single grains of wheat produced as follows: one grain of New-York Eld and 1070 grains; two grains Pennsylvania Blue Stem respectively 1326 and 1132 grains.

Tragedy in Hoboken, A man named John Dunne, of Hoboken, killed his wife last week.— He had good reasons for doubting her fidelity, and in his rage at his discoveries, killed her with a clothes iron.

Death of Charles Albert, The ex-king of Sardinia died almost immediately on his arrival in Portugal, June 9th, of indisposition, which, though regarded as slight at first, terminated suddenly in death.

Punch says there is no man, however high, but who is jealous of some one; and there is no man, however low, but who has some one who is jealous of him! Punch in his fun, sometimes speaks grave truths.

Lucky Fellow, Charles W. Fenton, publisher of the National Whig at Washington, has been appointed Consul to Cows. He was formerly foreman in the office of the American Sentinel, Philadelphia.

The Peace Convention, Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, at a peace convention held at Painesville, Ohio, was appointed a delegate to the peace convention to be held in Paris in September next. He is going.

The Homoeopathic Physicians of New-York, report separately their cases of cholera to the Board of Health. They claim great success in their practice. Out of 93 decided cases they say they lost only 13.

Singular Fact.—It is announced as a singular fact, in a dispatch from St. Louis, that the mortality among middle aged married ladies is greater than in any other portion of the community in proportion.

Just like Them.—The down-yasters having their market for leibsters spoiled by the cholera, are packing them in ice, and shipping them to Barbadoes, where they have quick sales and good prices.

Safety of Railroads.—More than 17,000,000 passengers passed over the railroads in Massachusetts during the past three years. Only fifty six persons were killed, and sixty-five were injured.

Coll's Pistol.—One hundred men are employed in making these instruments at Hartford.— They turn out one hundred and twenty a week, and the demand is almost as many for each day.

The Mexican Congress have passed a bill authorizing the construction of a railroad from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico.

The Russian Fortress of Jotepa, being a large military depot on the Black Sea, has been stormed by a corps of 12,000 Circassians and 1,200 russians were put to the sword.

Tracts.—At the recent fiftieth anniversary of the London Tract Society, it was stated that it had issued five hundred millions of publications in one hundred and ten different languages.

Green Corn has made its appearance in the Cincinnati market, but few green enough to purchase it.—Maj. Fraz.