

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"That Government is the best which governs least."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY LEVI L. TATE.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., SATURDAY, OCT. 6, 1849.

OLD SERIES--VOL. TWELVE
VOL. 3, NUMBER 29.



POETRY.

Webster's omission in his Dictionary of the word *Saviour*, gave rise to the following *Impromptu*.

Impromptu.

Oh, by the sweetest ties given
To bind the long lost soul to Heaven,
By the eternal power, which leads
The spirit to the Cross it needs,
The Holy Word, spare, critic, spare,
Nor touch one jot, one tittle there.

It is the loudest, dearest name
That ever woke the minstrel's fame;
No music, since the world began,
E'er spoke like this to ruined man;
Through the dark valley of the dead,
Its echo tells where angels tread.

Though from our classic temples torn,
Time honored relics we may mourn;
Though round Cathedral walls thy hand
Lest not one Ivy-tendrill stand,
Yet this great name should rest forever,
Unmar'd unchang'd—oh! touch it never.

Dearer than life—surpassing word!
In those aerial hymns, first heard,
When Angels left their native skies,
With golden harps from Paradise,
Oh, *Saviour*! let thy grace divine
Dwell in this sorrowing heart of mine.

Though we forget our mother tongue
While Vandals rage—where seraphs sung—
Yet my soul never grieves nor care,
Write but thy name, bless'd *Saviour*, there;
In Him, may I and I bear sway
Though heav'n and earth should pass away.

To the Reformer of England.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

God bless ye, brothers!—In the fight
Ye're waging now, ye cannot fail,
For better is your sense of right
Than kingcraft's triple mail;

Than tyrant's law or bigot's ban
More mighty is your simplest word;
The free heart of an honest man
Than crossier or the sword.

Go—let your bleated Church rehearse
The lesson it has learned so well,
It moves not with its prayer or curse
The gates of Heaven or Hell.

Let the State scaffold rise again—
Did freedom die when Russell died?
Forget ye how the blood of Vane
From earth's green bosom cried?

The great hearts from your olden time
Are beating with you, full and strong;
E' hallow memories and sublime
And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede
Are with ye still in times like these;
The shades of England's mighty dead
Your cloud of witnesses!

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and every tide;
The voice of Nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven itself has wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love—your battle-ground
The fire, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks
The simpl' beauty of your plan,
Nor be from throne or altar shakes
Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts
And bounds beneath your words of power;
The hearing of her million hearts
Is with you at this hour!

And Thou who, with undoubting eye,
Through present cloud and gathering storm
Canst see the signs of Freedom's sky
And sunshine soft and warm—

Oh, pure Reformer!—not in vain
Thy generous trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Thy peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on!—the triumph shall be won
Of common rights and equal laws,
The glorious dream of Harrington,
And Sidney's Good Old Cause.

Blessing the Cotter and the Crown,
Sweetening worn Labor's bitter cup;
And, plucking not the highest down,
Lifting the lowest up.

Press on!—and we who may not share
The toil or glory of your fight,
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the Right!

Family Circle.

The Dead Boy.

His little chair is vacant now,
His playthings put away;
The beauty of this cherub brow
Is vanished where he lay.
The music of his young delight
Is hushed forever more;
The sunny face that gleamed so bright
Has faded from the door.

Yet still we listen through the night
To hear his breathing sweet,
And with the morn's awakening light
His kiss we turn to meet.
And through the loving day we sigh
To catch his beaming smile,
And see that form go bounding by
So beautiful ere while.

In vain, in vain—a shadow flies
Where footsteps used to fall;
The moaning wind alone replies,
When his dear name we call;
The echoes of his steps are fled,
And glance and smile are gone—
And now we know that he is dead,
And we are left alone.

But in each wind that fans our cheek
His own sweet breath is there;
And angel lips in whispers speak
To comfort our despair;
And every star that burns above
His own best image gives,
And tells us that where all is love
Our boy forever lives.

How to speak to Children.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporeal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, and not by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded—I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied with words so uttered as to counteract entirely its intended effect; or the parent may use language quite unobjectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. What is it which lulls the infant to repose? It is an array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one, in letters, syllables, and sentences. It is the sound which strikes his little ear that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence.—Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner, and boisterous in speech? I know no instrument so sure to control those tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the presence of duty, we are liable to utter ourselves harshly to children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone; instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them.—Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it.

THE DYING CHANGE of the late Alfred Bishop, of Beidport, to his sons was, "*Serve God and your country, and be benevolent.*" The substance of many essays is embraced in this short sentence.

STRANGE BIRTH—A boy in the district of Kirkcaldy, who has a passion for chicken hatching, got a large egg some time ago from some sailors just come from Alexandria, and placed it under a favorite hen, expecting to get a large Egyptian fowl, but his surprise and amazement may be better conceived than described when he found one morning a live crocodile!—*Fifeshire Advertiser.*

Occupation for Children.

The habits of children prove that occupation is a necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, still more to be usefully employed. With some children it is a strongly developed physical necessity and if not turned to good account, will be productive of evil, thus verifying the old adage, that idleness is the mother of mischief. Children should be encouraged, if inclined to do it, or, if not inclined, should be disciplined into performing for themselves every little office relative to the toilet, which they are capable of performing. They should also keep their own clothes and possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should learn to be as independent of the services of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befall them. We know of no rank, however exalted, in which such a system would not prove beneficial.

A sexton out in Iowa was very indignant at a premature announcement of his death, and wrote to the editor, requesting that the error might be corrected, "that his friends might know that he was still alive and digging."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CONCLUSION.

Is there a heart that never sighed?
Is there a tongue that never lied?
Is there an eye that never blinked?
Is there a man that never drank?
If so, head and tongue, and eye,
Must tell a most a confounded lie.

FADING FLOWERS.

The flowers are drooping day by day,
Their charms will soon be fled;
But not before our loveliest,
Our household flowers, are dead!

The cold will blight their fading bloom,
The wind will toss their leaves,
When Heaven has bound their sister buds
With all its golden sheaves!

An Affectionate Spirit.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded with its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families. "A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship and knows the worth of sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in natural scenery, than be robbed of his heart? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his parental affection?"

"Cherish, then, your heart's best affections—Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, fraternal love. Think it not weakness. God is love—love is God—love everybody and everything that is good."

"Teach your children to love—to love the rose, the robin, to love their parents, to love their God. Let it be the studied object of domestic culture, to give them warm hearts and ardent affections—Bind your whole family together by these strong cords."

GREAT CAVERN—At the Scientific Convention recently held at Boston, a paper, written by Prof. Herford, was read, in which an account is given of a cave situated about twelve miles from the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, and supposed to be larger than it. Mr. J. S. Stevenson of Bowling Green, has penetrated it a distance of five miles, and it then seemed still expanding.

Gen. Taylor on Fatigue Duty.

During his campaign in Florida, says the *New York Weekly Despatch*, and subsequently in the war with Mexico, "Old Zack" displayed a roughness and a toughness which Major Bagstock might have envied, but he appears to have wilted down under the oppressive hospitality, the cringes, the fawnings, the all but bendings of the knee which have attended his presidential progress.—The privations of the camp and forced marches through everglades and chapparels, touched not the iron of his constitution, but a journey in which he is waylaid at every stage by an army of gentlemen with axes to grind, is a far more serious affair. President Taylor as we understand it, left Washington in search of recreation and enjoyment. Unhappy decision! He has been made a show of as much as if he had been a menagerie lion. To prove how much they loved him, the office-seekers have nearly shaken his right arm off, while batteries of speeches have been opened upon him, doubtless more annoying to the plain old soldier than the Mexican guns in "the slippery streets of Monterey." We regret deeply that the brave old man is ill, but we do not wonder at it. The atmosphere which syncephaly pollutes is not wholesome for honest men. Heaven send him a speedy deliverance from his sickness, and the cause of it. Nearly his whole life, like that of Otello, has been passed in the tented field; but he now realizes the fact that all the arts of military strategy and defence are no protection against the voracity of trained politicians.

By the time Gen. Taylor has made one-third as many political tours as Henry Clay, he will estimate at their true value the fine things addressed by ambition and cupidity to present or prospective authority. He will understand that men who make a business of politics always worship the rising or the risen sun—that their pole star is their interest—and that they would walk over the prostrate body of the greatest of statesmen and patriots, if that were the shortest cut to office and emolument. How often have men of this class tossed their caps for "Harry Clay."—How basely they deserted him, let history tell.—He understands them now, and as he passes through the country, either refuses to have an interview with them, or answers their protestations of respect and affection with a curled lip and contemptuous words.

General Taylor will comprehend the true value of his partizan professions after he has mingled a little longer in civil life. He is too acute and penetrating to be long in making this discovery. Possibly he has made it already, as is indicated with disgust.

A noble heart, like the sun, shows its best countenance in its lowest estate.

A Tariff Fact.

We wish the Tariff croakers, which are now making themselves hoarse, and their names a by-word and a stench, by their continuous howling, to read the following paragraph which we clip from the *Harrisburg Union*. It is but a few lines in length; but it is infinitely more weighty and important to those whoseok truth upon that question, than volumes of such senseless twaddle as disgraces the columns of the *Daily News* and its kindred prints, day after day:

"AMERICAN RAILROAD IRON.—The Harrisburg and Lancaster railroad company are now having delivered at our wharves, and along the line of their new road, some two thousand tons of Danville T railroad iron, for which we learn they pay \$50 per ton at Danville. This company purchased lately one thousand tons of English iron, at about \$45 per ton, but upon a comparison with the Danville iron which they had formerly used, they determined that in the end the American iron at \$50 per ton was decidedly the cheapest article to the company. A great portion of the English iron now brought into this market is as brittle as cast iron, whilst the American railroad iron is so tough that it cannot be broken."

"The apportionment of the Legislature is a matter of the utmost importance; for it will determine, in a great measure, the political complexion of the Legislature for seven years to come."—*Daily News*.

Were there anything necessary to stir up the Democrats of Pennsylvania to activity and zeal during the time now intervening between this and the election, the above, we should think, would be amply sufficient. It shows two things beyond doubt or cavil, namely that the Whigs are making the most extraordinary exertions to carry the Legislature this fall, and that if successful in their efforts, they design to apportion, district or gerrymander the State so as to secure a majority of Whig districts, in the face of a clear Democratic majority, for seven years to come. Let every Democrat, then take warning by this intimation of their designs, and be animated by more than ordinary zeal in the support of the nominees of his party.—*Montrose Democrat*.

A son of the Emerald Isle, meeting a countryman whose face was not perfectly remembered, after saluting him most cordially, inquired his name. "Walsh," said the gentleman. "Walsh—Walsh," responded Paddy, "ere ye from Dublin? I know two cold moids of that name, are either 'em your mother?"

LIFE IS THE WEST—That was a rather forcible illustration of life in the west which we heard the other day from a friend residing in that region. A man coming into the settlement, and seeing a collection of by standers round three or four pairs of raging combatants, began to "peel" off his coat and waist coat, asking simply, "Is this a free fight?" and being answered to the affirmative, rushed into the melee. Presently he came out with his "peepers" closed, his face variously cut, and streaming with blood. "That's a lively place in there," said he, gathering up his "toggery"; "slim chance o' good hittin' among my many boys!"—and off he went. One would think that a main, arising from a fight of this sort, would be a thing to be somewhat especially remarked, but it seems not, particularly by the victim. "What has become of your ear?" said an exoteric friend to a combatant of this description, in one of the fighting towns of the west. "I don't know where it is; I've been looking for it since the fight, but I can't find it!" replied the other. The supposition that the inquirer couldn't have meant to ask how his ear came to be off, but only where it was, is a ludicrous evidence of the manner in which such things are regarded at the west.

A SENSIBLE GIRL—A preacher was one day struck with surprise on beholding a beautiful set of curls on the head of a lovely maid, a member of his flock, whose hair had been very plain. "Ah, Mary," said he, "you should not waste your precious time curling your hair; if God intended it to be curled he would have curled it for you." "Indeed!" said the witty maid, "I must differ with you. When I was an infant he curled it for me, but now I am grown up he thinks I am able to do it myself."

Conundrums.

Q—What faction gives us the most delight?
Ans—*Satis* faction.
Q—Why is every weight like a thief?
Ans—Because it has no scruples.
Q—What kind of a dagger is it lawful for a lover to plunge into his mistress's bosom?
Ans—A dagger-type, (daggerrest-type.)
Q—Why are fowls the most economical things farmers keep?
Ans—Because for every grain of corn they give a peck.
Q—Why is it dangerous to approach a party of whist players who hold the four highest cards?
Ans—Because they are men-acing.
A Lawyer— "I say, Bob, you have been to Canton, haven't you?"
"Yes."
"Well, can you speak China?"
"Yes, a little; that is, I speak broken China."

CLIPPINGS.

As the smallest planets
Are nearest to the sun,
So are little children
Nearest to God.

Q—When Lord Erskine made his *début* at the bar, his agitation almost overcame him, and he was just going to sit down. "At that moment," said he, "I thought I felt my little children tugging at my gown, and the idea roused me to an exertion of which I did not think myself capable."

Q—THE CHINA TRADE OVER THE Isthmus.—The first package of tea from Canton by way of the Isthmus of Panama was received last week in New York. In a few years it will be a common thing for the products of China to be taking that route.

Q—A brace of curiosities, carefully wrapped up and labelled as follows, has been recently sent to the National Museum:—"The rope with which Jacob 'lit up his voice';" a few stitches taken by a tailor in a coat of paint; a little perfume from the flower of the army; a minute quantity of jelly, made from the current of the Mississippi; a few soaked logs from the drift of a discourse and a thimble full of steel-dust, supposed to have been made when Mathew 'filed his mind'."

Q—It is said tomato vines taken up before being frosted, put in pots, treated as house plants, and set out in the Spring, will bear earlier and richer fruit for several successive years.

Q—We notice as an indication of the character of the population of Minnesota, that by a resolve of the Legislature, the message of Governor Ramsey is to be translated into French.

Q—An advertisement in the weekly papers announces "A Plea for Phonetic Spelling." Of course the "Plea" put in is that of "Insanity."

Q—Why is a girl who loves a Delaware River fisherman devoted to wealth? Because she worships a shad-er.

Q—The only British sovereigns that have visited Ireland, in peace or war, were Henry II., John Richard II., James II., William III., and George IV. Her Majesty is the first British Queen that has visited that country.

Q—The citizens of the Great Basin had held a meeting and agreed to establish a Provisional Government. They call their abode the State of the Desert.

Q—Dr. W. T. Blodson, of Franklin, Howard County, Missouri, owns a mule three years old, which stands seventeen hands high, and weighs 1,100 pounds.

Home.

The pain that is felt when we are transplanted from our native soil—when the branch is cut from the native tree, is one of the most poignant that we have to endure through life. There are after griefs, which would more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced—which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart—but we never feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, and the sense of utter desertion, as when we first leave the heaven of home, and push off upon the stream of life.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR—Dr. Fisher, formerly editor of the *New York Albany*, and more recently government printer at Quebec, died on board the steamer *Sarah Sands*, on her late trip from Liverpool.

Q—Bulwer, in one of his philosophical dissertations, says, "Society has erected the gallows at the end of the lane, instead of guide posts and direction-boards at the beginning."

SPICIES IN NEW YORK—The amount of specie in the New York Bank vaults, is stated by the *Journal of Commerce* to be over \$5,000,000, and in the Sub-Treasury \$3,000,000. Total 11,500,000 dollars. An amount which, if we mistake not, is unprecedented.

MAKING THE BEST OF ONE'S RELATIONS—The father of a young man who was struck dead by lightning in London, exhibited the blackened corpse of his son to the populace at a penny a head, and it is said that he realized a considerable sum by the indecent exhibition.

A PUBLIC DUEL—In the French West India island of Gaudaloupe, lately 1,000 persons assembled to see a duel between an editor and one of the partisans of the opposing faction. The disturbance ensuing were quite serious, and the mob shouted "*our barricades*." The governor had to issue a proclamation on the subject.

A FLANK ARGUMENT—Not many years since, in a handsome mansion not a thousand miles from Cincinnati, a young lady, who has "high notions" of what constitutes respectability, expressed astonishment to her mother that a young lady of their acquaintance, of considerable wealth, should receive the attentions of a young carpenter and joiner.

"He is an upright and intelligent young man. I can see no objections," replied the mother. "I don't care," returned the daughter. "I would not be seen on the street with him."
"Would you be ashamed to be seen with your father on the street?" inquired the mother.
"Why do you ask that, mother?"
"Because, I can well remember when he pushed a plane," was the mother's reply.

From the Boston Herald.

Father Mathew's Blessing.

After having administered the pledge Father Mathew is accustomed to bless those who receive it. This blessing seems to be prized by his countrymen as the main virtue which enables them to keep it—it is as follows:

"May God bless you and grant you grace to keep the pledge. May God grant you peace and prosperity here, and eternal happiness hereafter."

"Come on, my friends! come kneel down!"

This he is accustomed to say previous to giving the pledge. He says this in a bland, and almost irresistible tone, which few of his countrymen who hear it pretend to resist. It has a magic about it, which, when coupled with his name and the love borne him by the Irish people, accounts, in a great measure, for his wonderful success.

"There is no slavery," says the Rev. Father, to a squad upon their knees, "like that of strong drink, and you should do all you can to rescue your fellow-man, the drunkard who is a curse to society, and a curse to himself."

"I have no object, my friends, but your happiness; happiness without alloy will be yours in becoming a total abstinence man."

"I entered the public schools of this city on examination day, and was proud when I recognized the name of an Irishman's son; there was the best blood of Ireland there. Oppressed by poverty, and obscured by ignorance, all the blessings of this great and glorious country are within reach, and well may I say unto you who are oppressed by the yoke of intemperance, that the burden of temperance is light. Which of you can flee from the wrath to come? why will you die? Taste, handle not the cup. Now is the accepted time. I can't be long with you, I took a long voyage to see you, all for your own benefits; to enable you to prosper in the world; to enable you to become great men in the land. I despise the man who keeps his children from school. The world must be onward! onward!—Don't expose yourself to temptations. I don't care anything about the rum-sellers; 'tis you who keep them thriving; stop drinking, and they will stop selling."

"The Irish people, during the famine, consumed more liquor than would pay to supply the whole people of Ireland with food. They were the murderers of those who fell by the famine, and the Almighty will demand the lives of the people at their hands."

"Come, my friends, take the pledge for the sake of your children; you will lay the foundation of your own prosperity, and I promise you, you will never regret it.—The wheel of fortune is always going round, and the poorest may rise to the top if he is sober, but it leaves the drunkard in the rum-shop, and passes him by."

Such were the remarks of Father Mathew, while administering the pledge.

CURIOUS STATEMENT—A recently published pamphlet on emigration contains the following curious statement:—"That in, on an average, one human being stood on one square foot of land, and all other races of men were annihilated, the descendants of the British and Irish people would cover the whole earth in about 2,000 years; our population to go on as now, doubling itself every forty years."

A COME-OUTER—We learn from the *Indiana State Sentinel*, that BERT F. WALLACE, Esq. (brother of Ex-Governor Wallace) who edited a Taylor campaign paper last summer, called the "Rough and Ready Banner," at Marion, Ind., now publishes an address to the public, in which he recovers whiggery, and comes out a Democrat. A very sensible thing; and one which we have no doubt his good sense dictated long ago.

FROM CANADA—A Bloody Conflict.—The *New York Sun* has the following despatch, giving an account of a terrible conflict between the two opposing parties in Bytown, Canada:

MONTREAL, Sept. 26.
I hasten to inform you that news has just reached here that the riots at Bytown have been renewed. The two parties have met and a terrible conflict ensued.—Numbers have been dreadfully wounded, and eight lives are already reported to be lost. The greatest excitement is breaking out in this city, and as we have not yet obtained details of the unfortunate collision, we fear that much worse results are yet to follow. I will send you a dispatch with fuller intelligence, as soon as it is obtained. We fear the worst, but may God preserve us from more bloodshed.