

# COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.



"That Government is the best which governs least."

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## POETRY. DEMOCRAT.

BLOOMSBURG.

SATURDAY MOR., NOV. 3, 1849.



For the Columbia Democrat.

### Haying.

Hark! Tom, the birds are singing,  
See the sun peep o'er the hill,  
All around its bright rays flinging,  
While we sweetly slumber still.

Yes, 'tis pleasant, in the morning,  
When throughout the sultry night,  
Fleas, gnats, bed-bugs, round were swarming,  
To steal an hour from buzz and bite.

But, dear Tom, we must be hurrying,  
Breakfast o'er, away we run,  
And the new mown grass striding,  
Make the hay while shines the sun.

O'er and o'er the light grass turning,  
As if both in playful mood;  
While above, the sun is burning,  
And its heat is scarce withstood.

And there stands the old oak tree, Tom,  
Casting round its grateful shade;  
To whose spring, how often we, Tom,  
Have a joyful errand made.

Then at evening, home returning,  
Each gallant a chosen maid;  
With his bosom inly burning,  
And his silent love repaid.

By the clasped hand's gentle pressure—  
By the silent, gentle kiss;—  
How the heart doats on its treasure!—  
How it owns the magic bliss!

Don't you recollect those days, Tom?  
Yes, I know, 'tis long since then;  
We have seen the world's rough ways, Tom,  
We were boys, but now are men.

We have seen low vice rewarded,  
Virtue sink beneath her load;  
But though here she be discarded,  
We know her Patron to be God.

### The Angel of Our Home.

BY C. H. HUTCHINGS.

"There is not an angel added to the Host of Heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here."—DICKENS.

There comes an angel day by day  
Into this home of ours;  
And if we chance abroad to stray,  
'Tis there among the flowers  
Its low, and gentle voice is heard  
By night about our bed,  
In many a dear familiar word  
That minds us of the dead.  
It brightens all our happiness;  
And when dark sorrows come,  
Speaks comfort to our hearts, and is  
The Angel of our Home.

When first we learned to speak of Death  
We felt it by our side—  
While, blessing us with parting breath,  
Our own sweet mother died,  
It stay'd our unavailing tears,  
And kiss'd our pale cheeks dry;  
Brought hope to soothe our faithless fears,  
And pointed towards the sky,  
Since then, in all our happiness,  
And when dark sorrows come,  
'Tis ever by our side, and is  
The Angel of our Home.

And all our love, so great before,  
Since that sad hour hath grown—  
Our Angel bids us love the more  
The more we feel alone.  
It will not suffer in our mind  
One selfish thought to stay—  
One envious wish, or though unkind,  
Since our bereavement day,  
Still may it bear us company,  
Through all our years to come—  
Sit ever in our hearts, and be  
The Angel of our Home.

### John Alcohol, My Joe.

John Alcohol, my Joe John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
I'd money in my pockets, John,  
Which now I know there ain't;  
I spent it all in treating, John,  
Because I loved you so;  
But mark me, how you've treated me,  
John Alcohol, my Joe.

John Alcohol, my Joe John,  
We've been too load together,  
So you must take one road, John,  
And I will take the other;  
For we may tumble down, John,  
If hand in hand we go,  
And I will have the bill to foot,  
John Alcohol my Joe.

### The Season.

We have, at present, the most beautiful weather imaginable. The fall is at any rate our favorite season. Generally warm enough to be comfortable, and cool enough to be healthy and bracing; it mingles the pleasant breeze of summer, with the chilling blast of winter. It is also, in the main, more free from sudden and uncomfortable changes, than the spring. The smiles and tears of April, are seldom found in any of the fall months; and the blows and snows of winter, do not encounter us, at least in this latitude, till winter has fairly set in.

We are also, more especially, in this season of the year, free from muddy roads; the ground having become hard, compact and solid, during the summer; both on account of a less amount of moisture, and also on account of its more rapid evaporation. True, fall has also, in some things, its disadvantages; but compared with its companions in the track of Time, we think it is still in the advance.

It always struck us that this was the time for marrying. It is true that many pretend to prefer rosy May or June, but we think their reasons good for nothing. Flowers are pretty enough, we have no objection to them; but we prefer something more substantial; and this is the season to lay up beef and Pork, apples and cider, make apple butter, preserves, jellies, pickles, sour-crust, &c. &c., which are procured easier and cheaper now, than in the spring, and by the time it arrives, you have a start in the world. Beside all this, which is of much importance, it has other advantages. For instance two blankets in a cold night are better than one.

### Mind your own Business.

We very often hear the remark that, "if a man don't mind his own business, nobody else will mind it for him." Now, it being some time since we read Solomon's Proverbs, we don't just exactly recollect, whether he ever made an observation similar or not, but if he didn't, it's a wonder. In any case however it is a saying worthy of all acceptance. We are in favour of its application in all cases whatsoever, and assert upon the best authority, that it has the most magical effect upon every possible occurrence, relation, and business in life.

Some people delight in ruining countries to every thing. Signs, omens, and Proverbs, are their utter detestation; and, accordingly, numbers are daily found, disregarding the maxim contained in the quotation, at the beginning of this article; and attending to every body's business but their own. The advice contained in our caption, has often been most freely given, to many belonging to this tribe of nuisances; and nothing asked in return, but a compliance, yet, however, although, nevertheless, notwithstanding; they have seen their fences rot down, while they, dear good souls, were taking care of the character of a neighbor.

We wish we could relieve some of these philanthropic mortals of their honorous labors. For that purpose we write this editorial, and assure them, that these men will take care of themselves. They are no doubt obliged to you, for all you have said of them, to A. B. & C. and wish you not to trouble your selves any further. How would you like some one to go round, making your character and concerns a common topic of conversation? Are you, who mind other's business, free from defects? If not let charity begin at home.

EDGAR A. POE'S DEATH.—Speaking of the death of poor Poe, (for with all his faults, we loved him for his transcendent genius,) a correspondent writes, that he had just concluded a successful tour through Virginia, where he delivered a series of able lectures. On last Wednesday, election day, in Baltimore, he was found near the Fourth ward polls laboring under an attack of mania-a-potu, and in a most shocking condition. Being recognized, he was placed in a carriage and conveyed to the

Washington Hospital, where every attention was bestowed on him. He lingered, however, until death put a period to his existence. His last days were spent in the same institution where Dr. Loplund, the Milford Bard, spent so many of his latter years, laboring under the effects of the same sad disease.

FATE OF GENIUS AND TALENT.—We learn with extreme regret that CHARLES F. HOFEMAN, is now confined in the Baltimore Hospital, laboring under a malady which destroys so many of our most distinguished men of genius. It is so very remarkable that individuals gifted with the highest order of talent, favored with a superabundance of sense and learning, and who, year after year, are heaping volume upon volume upon our centre-tables and upon the shelves of our libraries, which contain the sweetest effusions of mind highly cultivated, taste accurately defined, should not possess sufficient courage to resist the insidious foe to their health and life. When we peruse the pages of some of our gifted writers, and are carried irresistibly along in fancy's flight amid visions of happiness and felicity, it seems often as if their pens were dipped in ethereal liquid, and directed by minds imbued with inspiration. That men, intelligent, and favored with such high order of Nature's gifts, should forswear all the morality they ever inculcated and abandon themselves to the allurements of the foul demon of certain destruction, is a mystery to all the world beside, as it certainly is to them. The clouds of the valley are yet fresh over the remains of poor EDGAR A. POE, and now his compatriot in genius, HOFEMAN, is following him so closely, a miserable, unfortunate, pitiful, raving desperate maniac! Alas! is it true that

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth from earth to heaven  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name?"

We notice the death of Edgar A. Poe, with feelings of peculiar sorrow. He was one of those, whose eccentricities of mind, were the admiration of our boyish fancy. His story of the "Black cat," we think it was called, and the "Raven" and many others, wrought upon our half-superstitious feelings a kind of pleasing terror. And we have often laughed over the satire and ridiculing critique, of some story or Poem.—Poor Poe! he has run the course of most literary men—neglect, want, fame, the hospital! He will be missed in the literary world, but he will not be forgotten. Our libraries will contain the records of his genius, and though others may rise, they will not displace him, but will take their stations at his side.

Charles Fenno Hoffman, is following him closely, laboring under the same disease, suffering in the same city, confined in the same hospital. There died Loplund, there Poe, spent his last hours, and there now raves Hoffman! Sad! sad are the records of genius. To those whose evenings have been shortened by Hoffman's volumes, this information will come with a perplexing sorrow. The favorite of so many of the reading public, is now as it were, dead to the world. No more will the creations of his fancy, or the pictures of his imagination, warm their hearts or instruct their minds. What may now be the ravings of that gifted mind, no one can tell; for,

"The Lunatic, the Lover, and the Poet,  
Are of imagination all compact."

Nuts for the Coons.  
Cracked by GEN. BOWMAN, of the "Fed. Gaz."

Arguments of Whiggery day before "Lection!"

"Our friends in the County go into the contest under unusually favorable auspices, and their vigorous and united action cannot fail to carry Mr. Rothermel into the Sheriffship. They must elect him, and with him, all the rest of the candidates in the county."—North American.

After all the bluster, would it be believed that Mr. Rothermel has been defeated in Philadelphia to the tune of 1000 majority, and the "rest of the candidates" knocked into the middle of next year? Such is the fact. Funny things are Taylor calculations!

"The great issue then before the State is simply this; shall the Tariff of 1846 be preserved as the Locofoco desire, or shall it be repealed and substituted by the principles of the Tariff of 1842, as the friends of the National and State administrations intend?"—North American.

Here was a direct issue between the Tariff of 1842 and that of 1846, and the people have decided, in language not to be misunderstood, in favor of the latter. This should put to rest forever the slang and lumbog of the federalists about the "Tariff of '42"—and it will if they have any regard to the popular voice.

"Not one dollar was added to the State debt during the administration of Gov. Ritner."—North American.

"We assert with confidence that, for every Whig who votes for Jones, there will be two Democrats who will vote for Gilpin. We are content to swap all the year round on such terms."—Daily News.

In the face of all this bragging, Jones, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, has triumphed over all opposition, and Mr. Gilpin has leave to retire. A few more such "swaps" will render Whiggery extinct in the city of Philadelphia.—The balance is on our side.

"The State needs a legislature which will enable Gov. Johnson to carry out his excellent system of public measures."—North American.

Not true. The State needs and has got a Legislature which will prevent this unscrupulous demagogue from fastening any more of his infamous measures upon the people. He ought to go home to his mammy.

### Letter from Grace Greenwood.

We copy from the New York "Globe and Democratic Union," the following extract from a letter by Grace Greenwood. After speaking of Frederika Bremer, coming to New York and saying that by the women of America she must be welcomed, she proceeds:—

But to the men of America comes one whose very name should cause the blood to leap along their veins—he, the hearer's brother of freemen all over the world—the patriot, prophet, and soldier, the hero of the age—Kossuth, the Hungarian!

How will he be received here? How will the deep, intense, yet mournful sympathy, the soul felt admiration, the generous homage of the country, find expression! Not in parades and dinners, and public speeches, for Heaven's sake! Would you feast and fete a man on whose single heart is laid the dead, crushing weight of a nation's sorrow—about whose spirit a nation's despair makes deep, perpetual night?

I know not how my countrymen will meet this glorious exile; but were I a young man, with all the early love and fresh enthusiasm for liberty and heroism, I would bow reverently, and silently kiss his hand. Were I a pure and tried statesman, an honest patriot, I would fold him to my breast. Were I an old veteran, with the fire of freedom yet warning the veins whose young blood overflowed in her cause, I should wish to look on Kossuth, and die!

Who can say this man lived in vain?—Though it was not his to strike the shakles from his beloved land, till she should stand free and mighty before heaven, has he not struggled and suffered for her? Has he not spoken hallowed and immortal words—words which have gone forth to the nations, a power and a prophecy, which shall sound on and on, long after his troubled life is past—on and on, till their work is accomplished in great deeds—and the deeds become history, to be read by free men with quickened breath, and eyes that lighten with exultation! And it is a great thing that Europe, darkened by superstition and crushed by despotism, has known another hero—a race of heroes, I might say, for the Hungarian uprising has been a startling and terrific spectacle for kings and emperors. And "the end is not yet." There must be a sure, a terrible retribution for the oppressors—a yet more fearful finale to this world-witnessed tragedy. While the heavens endure, let us hold on to the faith that the right shall prevail against the wrong, when the last long struggle shall come, that the soul of freedom is imperishable, and shall triumph over all oppressions on the face of the whole earth.

Yours, truly,  
GRACE GREENWOOD.

SLAVES IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.—The following is said to be a correct estimate of the slaves in the following countries, to wit:

United States,	3,095,000
Spanish colonies,	990,000
South American Republics,	340,000
Brazil,	3,250,000
Dutch Colonies,	85,000
African Settlements,	30,000
Total number of Slaves,	7,000,000

### Autumn—A Literary Gem.

The *Luzerne Democrat*, occasionally presents its readers with some splendid gems of refined literature, one of which, and perhaps the most sublime we have ever perused, will be found below and to which we invite the attention of our literary readers:

"We are now enjoying the most delightful season of the whole year—the October Indian Summer. The days are warm and sunny, the nights cool and clear, the skies bright, and the hills variegated with every hue and shade, whilst over all the earth is thrown a light veil, that delicious autumnal haze which seems to screen us from the too fervid sunshine, and to soften the light into a golden mellowness which invests and pervades all things, and even seems to cast a shadow upon the human heart, and makes one feel as though he were in some great universal church on a calm sabbath day, and the sweet sunlight falling in upon him through stained glass windows. It is a season of beauty, of rich and changing beauty. Dame nature seems to have disrobed herself of her gay summer holiday costume; and to have put on a many colored *undress*—a sort of invalid robe, both gaudy and sober. 'Tis a season which reminds us all of change.

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set; but all—  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, Oh Death!"

The fading leaves and the withering flowers are truly emblematic of human life and human hopes, and it is truly said that

"Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers"  
Things that are made to fade and fade away,  
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours."

And "we all do fade as a leaf." Man is but a leaf of mortality, that springs, and grows for a season, perhaps admired, perhaps unnoticed, lives his little life, and then droops and dies, and is forgotten. We look upon the green leaves in the glad spring time, when in their freshness they fill the very atmosphere with their profusion, as bright hopes and fond anticipations fill the heart of youth. We see them again in the summer time when they have their full growth and beauty, and the hopes of manhood which have been cherished for years are no less green and promising, and seem just on the verge of fruition. But the unlooked-for frost and bitter disappointment cast their blight upon them all, and the green leaf and the buoyant heart turn into the "sere and yellow," and droop, with still enough of life and beauty left to remind us of what they were, whilst the ever deepening tinge but too truly shadows forth what, in time, they both must be,—withered, dead.

And it is the season of sadness too, sweet but melancholy. We look upon the falling leaves and we

"—remember all  
The friends so link'd together,"  
whom we have seen pass away, and a feeling of sad loneliness comes over the heart. We remember the beautiful and beloved whom we have seen fade, and droop and die, like the summer flowers and the autumn leaves, casting their beauty in the dust. And why should we not be sad?—The trees shall again be clothed in their beauty, and the flowers that scatter their fragrance upon the earth shall bloom again; but the friends we have loved and lost—alas! live but in our memory."

### Triumph of Learning.

Mind constitutes the majesty of man—virtue his true nobility. The tide of improvement, which is now flowing through the land like another Niagara, is destined to roll on downward to the latest posterity; and it will bear them on its bosom, our virtues, our vices, our glory or our shame, or whatever else we may transmit as an inheritance. It, then, in a great measure, depends upon the present, whether the moth of immortality, of ignorance, and the vampire of luxury, shall prove the overthrow of the republic; or whether knowledge and virtue, like pillars, shall support her against the whirlwind of war, ambition, corruption, and the remorseless tooth of time.

The cynic may smile at the idea, but there is perhaps many a germ of genius now in America, destined to rise to the pinnacle of human glory.—Go search the records of renown. It is not to colleges alone we are to look for great and good men. The Saviour of mankind chose his companions from the fishing boat; and many of the most illustrious characters that ever illuminated the world rose by the aid of some humble means.—

Dr. Henschel, who, with the eye of a philosopher searched out and added another word to the solar system, was a fiercer boy in the string; Ferguson, the very sun of science, was a poor weaver, and learned to read by hearing his father teach an elder brother. Search the records of our revolution, and the names of Sherman, Franklin and many others, may be adduced as evidences of this position. Active education is ever on the increase, like money, its interest becomes compound—doubles, and in the course of years a vast national treasury. Give your children fortune, without education, and at least half the number will go down to the tomb of oblivion, perhaps to ruin.—Give them education, and they will accumulate fortunes; to themselves and to their country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold; for it buys honor—they can never spend nor lose it,—and through life it proves a friend—in death, a consolation. Give your children education, and no tyrant will trample over your liberties. Give your children education, and the silver-shod horse of the despot will never trample in ruins the fabric of your freedom.

RATTLE SNAKE HUNTER.—Among the wilds of Lake George, in the Northern part of this State, there is an old man who makes his living by catching rattlesnakes, pulling the teeth of these he wants to sell to shoemen, and making oil out of others—an oil which ignorant people have been quickened to believe in its superior virtues for rheumatism and sprains. To catch them he employs a strong leather loop or noose attached to the end of a pole eight or ten feet in length.—With this pole he cautiously approaches the den, in front of which the snakes bask in the sun, placing the noose over the head and neck—the noose being so constructed that when the snakes struggle the tighter he is held, rendering escape impossible. When the old fellow wishes to take them and render them harmless he extracts their fangs in the following manner: He lays the head across a log of wood, he then places his foot on the neck, pressing it until his sunbleep throes back his upper jaw—the made in which they bite; he then applies a pair of pincers, and with the coolness of an experienced dentist pulls out the fangs one by one.—Sci. American.

McMAKIN'S SATURDAY COURIER this week contains a curious and comical article it has translated from a French journal. A young man was engaged by his father to marry a lady he did not love. She mistook his melancholy for passion and so loved him. When asked by the Mayor, at the wedding ceremony, if he would take this lady, &c., the young man answered, "No." Imagine the lady's consternation. He ran off. She pursued him. She found him at a hotel in Paris, and with pistol in hand entered his room as he lay in bed reading. She insisted that he should rise, go with her to the Mayor, have the wedding ceremony go on, say "Yes" when asked, and permit her to say "No," when her honor would be satisfied. So they went to the Mayor arrayed for the wedding. "Do you take this lady," &c., asked the Mayor, "Yes," said the young man. "Do you take this gentleman to be your husband," &c. To the astonishment of all "Certainly I do," said the lady.—Queerly enough, the parties are living very happy together. We are sorry we have not room to give the story in full in McMakin's happy manner.

### Longing for the Heavenly City.

Let us advance on the way of life and return to the heavenly city, where we shall be fellow-citizens, and of the household of God. Let us gaze on its glory so far as we can with mortal vision. It stands written of it, that sorrow and sighing shall flee away. There is no age, nor toil of age, for all have come to the stature or perfect men in Christ. What can be happier than such a life, where there is no poverty to fear, no sickness to suffer, where no one will hurt, none is angry, no impure passion excites, no hunger gnaws, no ambition torments, no devil terrifies, no hell threatens. Evil and strife are far away. Peace and joy evermore reign. The night is far spent, the clouds scatter, an illustrious day is breaking, for that city needs no sun, nor moon, but the glory of the Lord shall enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light of it. Why do we not hasten in faith and love to our native land? A great multitude there awaits us. What joy, what jubilee for them and for us, when we can again see and embrace them! Well, then, let us look unto Christ. He is the Author of salvation, and Prince of light, the source of joy.