

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.



"That Government is the best which governs least."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY LEVI L. TATE.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1849.

OLD SERIES--VOL. TWELVE VOL. 3, NUMBER 39.



POETRY.

The Drunkard's Remorse.

BY PROF. LONGFELLOW.

AIR—*In sitting on the style, Mary—*
I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—
Thy bright and trusting smile—
In the morning of thy youth and love,
E'er sorrow came, or guile,
When thine arms were twined about my neck,
And mine locked into thine,
And the heart that throbb'd for me alone
Was nestling close to mine.

I'm thinking of the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips,
To thee I homeward came;
Of the tear was on thy earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved,
Yea a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though thy heart was sorely grieved.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine cup drove me wild,
And I hid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And curs'd thee when they smiled,
God knows I loved thee even then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart
To make my love a bane.

Thou'rt resting in the church-yard now,
Add no stone is at thy head;
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife,
Sleeps in that lowly bed—
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch that brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate.

't he knows not of the broken heart,
I bear within my breast,
' the heavy load of vain remorse
That will not leave me rest:
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thine angel eyes
Look coldly from above.

Thou'rt slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief
Is on thy marble's brow:
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For thy tears of life have dried,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead.

OLD WINTER.
Old Winter is coming again—black!
How icy and cold he is!
He cares not a pin for a shivering back,
He's a saucy old chap to white and black,
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack,
For he comes from a cold country.

A witty old fellow this winter is,
A mighty old fellow for glee;
He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet miss,
The wrinkled old maiden, unfit to kiss,
And freezes the dew of their lips—for this
Is the way with such fellows as he!

Old Winter's frolicsome blade I wot—
He is wild in his humor and free;
He'll whistle along for the want of his thought,
And set all the warmth of our furs at naught,
And rattle the laces by pretty girls bought;
For a frolicsome fellow is he!

Old Winter is blowing his gust along,
And merrily shaking the tree!
From morning till night he will sing his song;
[long.]
Now moaning and short—now howling and
His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong—
A merry old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a wicked old chap I wot—
As wicked as ever you'll see!
He withers the flowers so fresh and green—
And bites the pert nose of the miss of sixteen,
As she triumphantly walks in maidly sheen—
A wicked old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a tough old fellow for blows,
As tough as ever you'll see!
He will trip our troopers, and rend our clothes,
And stiffen our limbs from fingers to toes—
He minds not the cry of his friends or his foes—
A tough old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is Winter they say,
A cunning old fellow is he!
He peeps in the crevices day by day,
To see how we're passing our time away,
And marks all our doings from grave to gay,
I'm afraid he is peeping at me!

It is to SNOW!—A preacher who advised a
drowsy hearer to take a pinch of snuff occasionally
in service, to keep him awake, was advised in re-
turn to put snuff in his sermon

COMMUNICATION.

For the Columbia Democrat.

"At Home in the Evening"

COL. TATE:—

I recently met, in the course of my reading, with the following excellent remarks under the above caption, in a weekly cotemporary, which are so much to the purpose, and so appropriate to the case of almost any country village, in which it is generally the custom for a large proportion of the adult males to spend their evenings away from their own homes, enveloped in tobacco smoke, or some favorite lounging place; while the boys are allowed to "take it as they can catch it" in the streets or elsewhere—that I am constrained to present it to you for publication in your own paper, which I am pleased to find so zealously devoted to the honor and welfare of our own village. I am persuaded that a higher standard of intelligence would soon be attained by us as a village, if the time spent by herds of men and boys in strolling and lounging, were devoted to intellectual culture;—to the delightful and profitable pursuit of well selected reading. No boy who is properly cared for, whose evenings and leisure time is properly occupied, will make one of the crowd—deserted alike of good sense and good manners, which blocks up the doors of our churches, rendering egress after service a difficult and harassing business. A rowdy is not the product of a well ordered family.—Fathers, your place is *at home*, at all those seasons when business does not require your absence from it, and there in the midst of your families, with each re-occurring evening, should you see to it, that your boys are advancing in knowledge and intellectual culture, and fitting for a career of usefulness and respectability.—But to the extract viz:
"One of the grossest neglects of youth, producing incalculable mischief and ruin, is in the improper spending of the evenings. Darkness was created for quiet; home is the place of quiet. Darkness is temptation, to misconduct; suffering the young to be out when the light of day does not restrain them from misconduct, is training them to it. We have already an abundant harvest of this seedling. Riots, mobs, crimes giving fearful forebodings, are the result of youth becoming fit agents of outrages by running uncareful on evenings. What we see in these respects, is deplorable enough, but what is this, compared to what we do not see—multitudes making themselves miserable and noxious in this world:—and what in that to come?
Parents should look at the truth, that evening pleasures and recreations are often dearly purchased;—the price, their own impaired comfort, and the blighted prospects of their offspring, it must be obvious, that in this matter there can be no prescribed rule. There must not be an interdict of all evening recreation—common sense, sound discretion must direct the parent. Heads of families should reflect that the place, best adapted of all others on earth to be a blessing to the rising generation,—is home; and by example and wholesome regulations, they should seek to impress this fact upon all under them. Especially should home during the Sabbath-hours, be consecrated to good influences. Sabbath mornings and evenings are blessed indeed, when they gather the family into the circle of converse and instruction; and parents and children, masters, and apprentices, in the fear of God, attending to the precepts of Divine truth, are instrumental in helping each other on to glory, honor, immortality and eternal life.—Think of these things."

S.

A WET NURSE.—A home keeper recently advertised for a wet nurse. A young Irish girl offered herself:
"How old are you Bridget?"
"Sixteen, ma'am."
"Have you ever had a baby?"
"No ma'am but I am very fond of them."
"Then I'm afraid you will not do."
"Oh, please ma'am, I know I'll do, I'm very apt to teach."
—Knickerbocker Magazine.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. Henry Montague, of Exeter, Wyoming county, recently died from the effects of a wound received by the accidentally discharge of a gun, while in his own hands

Family Circle.

The Sweetness of Home.

He who has no home has not the sweetest pleasure of life, he feels not the thousand endearments that cluster around that hollowed spot to fill the void aching heart, while away his leisure moments in the sweetest of life's joys. Is misfortune your lot, you will find a friendly welcome from hearts beating true to your own. The chosen partner of your toils has a smile of approbation when all others refused, and a heart to feel your sorrows all her own. Perhaps a smiling cherub, with prattling glee and joyous laugh, will drive all sorrows from your careworn brow, and include in it the wreaths of domestic bliss.
No matter how humble that home may be, how destitute its stores, or how poorly its inmates are clad, if true hearts dwell there, it is yet a home—a cheerful, prudent wife, obedient and affectionate children, will give their possessors more real joy than bags of gold and windy honors.
The home of a temperate, industrious, honest man will be his greatest joy. He comes to it, "weary and worn," but the music of the merry laugh and the happy voices of childhood cheer him. A plain but healthful meal awaits him. Envy, ambition and strife have no place there, and with a clear conscience he lays his weary limbs down to rest in the bosom of his family and under the protecting care of the poor man's friend and helper.

The following epitaph is said to be on a tomb-stone in Paris, in Great Britain:
"Reader, when in this world, I had a world to do; fretting and sweating to be rich, just such a fool as you."

CURIOUS FACT.—One pint of water, converted into steam, fills a space of nearly 2000 pints, and raises the piston of a steam engine with the force of many thousand pounds. It may afterwards be condensed, and re-appears as a pint of water.

"I GREW THE REED."—A boy 3 years of age was asked who made him. With his little hand levelled a foot above the floor, he artlessly replied God made me a little baby so high, and I grew the reed."

The Last of \$20,000.

On the back of a \$3 bill of the Fairfield County (Conn.) Bank, which passed through our hands the other day, were written the following words:
A little while you have been mine,
No longer can I keep ye,
I fear you'll near be mine again,
Nor any other like ye.

The last of a legacy of \$20,000.
In looking over the list of the members of the House of Representatives, we observe there are six Kings, four Thomsons, three Johnsons, three Harris, two Cadwells, two Batters and two Browns, but not a single Smith.

PENNSYLVANIA IRON.—The Board of Canal Commissioners, at their meeting in this city says the Pennsylvania, yesterday, entered into a contract with the Montour Iron Works at Danville, Columbia county, for the amount of iron rails necessary to lay the track of the railroad to avoid the Inclined Plane. We have not heard the contract price.

The Hagerstown News says that there is a probability of the reconstruction and revival of business on the Franklin Railroad, from Pennsylvania to that place.

STATE LEGISLATURES.—The State Legislatures of Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and Iowa, met at their respective seats of Government—Richmond, Frankfort, Columbus, Indianapolis and Iowa City, on Monday, Dec. 3d.

A BEAR FIGHT.—Mr. Meserve, living in the town of Jackson, New Hampshire, about ten days since, having occasion to go some distance through the woods with his little son, took his gun supposing they might see something worth firing at. He had not gone far before he saw signs of a bear—and on looking about, discovered a monstrous bear coiled away. He had no lead for his gun larger than partridge shot. But nothing daunted—after opening his pocket-knife, and giving it to the lad, to stand ready in the rear—he peeped away into her face; and the bear started to run when he seized his knife and jumped on to her back caught her by the head, threw her over, and cut her throat!

Woman, according to a German poet, is "an exquisite production of nature, between a rose and an angel."

There is said to be one *mf* instrument in every band of music—and that's the base drum.

A young woman on alighting from a stage dropped a ribbon from her bonnet in the bottom of the coach.
"You have left your bow behind," said a lady passenger.
"No I haven't he's gone a fishing," innocently rejoined the dame!

A TRUMPET.—An exchange says—All our experience goes to show that a person who can live in this world without suffering slander, must be too stupid or insignificant to claim attention.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chased by a Catamount.

A SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A PIONEER.

I was once told of a thrilling adventure of the first settler in Paris, Maine, with a catamount. Although I cannot relate it with that lively effect with which it was told me, still I have embodied the facts in this sketch.

I had been on a hunting excursion, and as I was returning I fell in with that old-fashioned personage, 'the oldest inhabitant.' He kindly accosted me, and I gladly entered into conversation with him.

"Young man," said he, "when I first visited this town, there were only three families living in it. You who now live in ease, can never know the hardships and perilous scenes through which the earlier settlers passed. Come with me," he continued, "and I will show you the exact spot on which the first hut ever erected in this town was located."

I followed silently, until the old man reached the bottom of the westside of Paris Hill.

"There," said he, "on this spot was erected the hut. I shall never forget the first time I visited it, and the story that I was told."

"What was it?" I asked.

I will tell it to you. When the first settler moved here his nearest neighbor lived twenty miles distant in the present town of Rumford, and the only road between the two neighbors was a path that he had cut through the woods himself, so that in case of want or sickness, he might get assistance. One spring, I think it was the third season after he had settled there, he was obliged to go to Rumford after provisions. He arose early one morning, and started for his nearest neighbor.

People of the present day would think it hard to make a journey of twenty miles for a bag of potatoes, and on foot, too; but such was the errand of the first settler.

He arrived before noon, was successful in getting his potatoes, got some refreshments, and started for home. But it was not very easy to travel with a load of potatoes; and finally, at sundown he threw off his load, and resolved to make a shelter and spend the night. I have been with him to the exact locality of it; it was situated just the other side of the stream on which are mills, in the village now known as Pinhook in Woodstock. He built a shelter, struck a fire, and took out of his pack a piece of meat to roast. Ah! young man," continued the narrator, "you little know with what relish a man eats his food in the woods; but as I was saying, he had commenced roasting his meat, when he was startled by a cry so shrill, that he knew at once it could come from nothing but a catamount. I will now relate it to you as near as I can in the language of the old settler himself:

"I stepped a moment," said he, "and it was repeated even louder, and it seemed nearer than before. My first thought was for my own safety. But what was I to do? It was at least ten miles to my home, and there was not a single human being nearer than that to me. I first thought of self-defense; but I had nothing to defend myself with. In a moment I concluded to start for home, for I knew the nature of the catamount too well to think I should stand the least chance of escape, if I remained in the camp. I knew, too, that he would ransack my camp, and I hoped that the meat which I left behind might satisfy his appetite, so that he would not follow me after eating it.

"I had not proceeded more than half a mile before I knew by the shrieks of the animal that he was within sight of the camp. I doubled my speed, content that the beast should have my supper; although I declare that I would not have run if I had had my trusty rifle with me. But there could be no cowardice in running from an infuriated catamount, doubly furious probably, by being hungry, and I with nothing that could be called a weapon, save a pocket knife.

"I had proceeded, probably, about two-thirds of the distance home, and hearing nothing more of my feared enemy, I began to slacken my pace, and thought I had nothing to fear. I had left behind me, about two pounds of meat, beef and pork,

which I hoped had satisfied the monster. Just as I had come to the conclusion that I would run no further, and was looking back astonished almost, at the distance I had travelled in so short a space of time, I was electrified with horror to hear the animal shriek again.

"I then knew my worst fears were realized. The beast had undoubtedly entered the camp and ate what he could find, and then had scented my track and followed after me. I was about three miles from my log cabin, and it had already become dark. I redoubled my speed; but I felt that I must die. And such a death! The recollection of that feeling comes to my mind as vividly as though I knew the animal was now pursuing me. But I am no coward, though to be torn in pieces, and almost eaten alive by a wild beast was horrible!

"I calmly unbuttoned my frock, with the determination to throw it off before the beast should approach me, hoping thereby to gain advantage of him by the time he would be in tearing it into pieces.

"Another shriek, and I tossed the garment behind me in the path. Not more than five minutes elapsed before I heard a shrill cry as he came to it. How that shriek electrified me! I bounded like a deer. But in a moment the animal made another cry, which told me plainly that the garment had only exasperated him to a fiercer chase.

"O, God!" said I, "and must I die thus? I can, I must live for my wife and children," and I ran even faster than I had done before, and unbuttoning my waistcoat, I dropped it in the path as I proceeded. The thought of my wife and children urged me to desperate speed for I thought more of their unprotected state than the death I was threatened with, for, should I die, what would become of them?

"In a moment the whole events of my life crowded through my brain. The hot blood coursed through my veins with torrent force! The catamount shrieked louder and louder, and fast as I was running, he was rapidly approaching me.—Nearer and nearer he came, until I fancied I could hear his bounds. At last I came to the brook which you see yonder, and it was double the size which it is now, for it was swollen by recent freshets, and I longed to cool my fevered brain in it: but I knew that would be as certain death to me as to die by the claws of the beast.—With three bounds I gained the opposite bank, and then I could clearly see a light in my log cabin not a hundred rods distant.

"I had not proceeded but a short distance, before I heard the plunge of the catamount behind me. I leaped with more than human energy, for it was now life and death. In a moment, the catamount gave another wild shriek, as though he was afraid he should lose his pray. At the same instant, I yelled at the top of my lungs to my wife. In a moment I saw her approach the door with a light.

"With what vividness that moment comes back to my mind! The catamount was not so far from me as I was from the house. I dropped my hat, the only thing I could leave to stay the progress of the beast. The next moment I fell prostrate in my own cabin.

"Here the old settler paused, and wiped the big drops from his brow ere he continued:
"How long I lay when I fell I know not, but when I was restored to consciousness, I was lying on a rude couch, and my wife was bathing my head with cold water, and my children were gazing anxiously at me. My wife told me that as soon as I fell she immediately shut the door and barred it, for she knew that I was pursued; but by whom or what she knew not, and that as soon as I had fallen and the door closed, a fearful spring was made upon it: but the door was strong and well barred, and withstood the spring of the beast.

"AS SOON AS I fully recovered, I knelt and offered the most fervent prayer to the Almighty that ever passed my lips, or ever will again. My family and myself shortly retired; but no sleep visited me that night. In the morning, when my little son six

years old, told me that he saw the eyes of the cat looking in at the window in the night. I knew the catamount had been watching to gain admittance; but our windows, you will perceive, are not large enough to permit a catamount to enter.

"When I looked into the glass next morning, I was horror struck at my altered appearance. My hair which was the day before black as midnight, was changed to the snowy whiteness you now see it; and although I have enjoyed very good health since, I shall never recover from the effects of the fright I experienced on being CHASED BY A CATAMOUNT

Woman's Love.

A CHARMING STORY.

One of the editors of the *New Orleans Picayune*, in a recent article on the moral culture of the affection, relates the following pretty story:

In the course of our peregrinations, we were once introduced to a family consisting of a widow lady and two daughters.—The elder was about twenty, and exceedingly interesting girl, well educated, and of considerable personal attractions. In the general demeanor of the sisters there was a striking contrast; the youngest was all gaiety, with a transparent candor on her features that enabled you to read her very heart. Every word, every move, of the elder, evinced some predominant idea—that she habitually "chewed the bud of bitter melancholy." What that idea was, in a young girl, of course every body might divine. After a time, a little intimacy having sprung up between us and the widow, the cause of the melancholy in her eldest daughter was explained to us. She had been brought up near a family where there was a youth of her own age, and a reciprocal affection was the result of long years of intimacy between them. The mother only became aware of the state of her daughter's feelings by the demand for her hand made by the lover. The position of the young couple was such, in regard to worldly affairs, as to render their marriage imprudent in the extreme. The widow, therefore, pointed out to her child all the evil consequences which it would entail on her, and the latter, like a sensible young woman, concurred in the mother's views. It was then agreed on between them to remove from the scene of danger, and the family accordingly established themselves at a spot forty miles off, where we first saw them, the young lady promising to hold no correspondence with the gentleman.

Circumstances shortly after called us to another part of the country, but about nine months subsequently we were again thrown into intercourse with the family at the same place. Somewhat to our surprise, we found the widow with the youngest daughter only; the elder had left her home forever.—The explanation was readily given us.

It appeared, that, notwithstanding every effort on the part of the young lady, the passion she had conceived for the companion of her infancy could not be eradicated. Her gloom and despondency daily, hourly increased. She uttered no complaint, but it was plain that memory, "like a worm in the bud" preyed on her young heart.—Riding one evening in a carriage with her mother in the outskirts of the village where they lived, whilst the latter was endeavoring to rouse her from her melancholy, by descending on the beauties of nature, she suddenly broke from her torpor and exclaimed—

"Look, ma, at yonder oak alone in the middle of that ploughed field! I would rather be Morton's wife, and live upon acorns beneath that tree, than be the bride of a prince!"

Struck almost speechless by her daughter's unaccustomed energy, the poor widow looked at her a moment, and burst into tears.

"Do you really mean that, Hetty? Then as there is a living God, you shall have him! I am too much of a woman not to understand you, and will no longer oppose your wishes.

The two were in an instant locked in each other's arms, weeping tears of love and gratitude. They returned home instantly; a letter was forthwith addressed to the lover, and the wedding of the young couple was duly solemnized, within a month from that day.