

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.



LEVI L. TATE,
Editor, Publisher & Proprietor.

"To hold and trim the torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth"

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Selected Poetry.

THE SNOW STORM.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)
The cold winds swept the mountain high,
And pathless was the dreary way!
Amid the cheerless hours of night,
A mother wandered with her child;
As through the drifted snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.
And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow,
Her limbs were chilled her strength was gone,
Oh! God she cried in accents wild,
If I must perish save my child.
She stripped the mantle from her breast,
And bore her bosom to the storm,
And round her child she wrapped the rest;
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
Then sank upon her snowy bed.
A drowsy traveller passing by,
As she lay beneath her snowy vale,
The frost of death was in her eye;
Her cheeks were hard and cold and pale,
He moved the robe from off the child,
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

A Merry Sketch.

Love in a Printing Office.
I once heard an old Jour, remark that a printing office was no place for love-making, and I have since experienced the truth of his observation—being now perfectly convinced that the flower of love can never bloom in the midst of types, stands, and printing ink.
It was my fortune once to sojourn for a few days in the village of B—. Directly opposite the office was a pretty white cottage, with rose bushes clambering around the casement, and I was not long in making the discovery that the aforesaid white cottage with the rose shaded window, contained a fair inmate—a flower, whose beauty far outshone the roses that clustered around the window. She was a little, blue eyed, saucy looking creature of some sixteen summers. She was the belle of the village. Her name was Mary—sweet, poetic Mary.
"I have a beautiful passion for the name of Mary,"
It was a beautiful summer morning, and I had raised the window to admit the cool breeze from the flower decked fields, and it was not long before I perceived that the cottage window was also hoisted and the sweet little Mary was seated near it busily engaged with her needle. I worked but little that morning. My eyes constantly wandered towards the cottage window, where little Mary sat, and all sorts of strange and fantastic notions whirled through my fancy—lighted brain, and I began to think I felt a slight touch of what the poets call love, sliding in at the corner of my heart.
A few days passed away, and the chance made me acquainted with Mary. Heavens! she was a sweet creature—she had a form that could have shamed the famous Venus de Medici, a cheek that outblushed the richest peach—and a lip that would have tempted a bee from his hive on a frosty morning. I thought as I gazed on her mute admiration, that I had never looked upon one so exquisitely beautiful. She seemed the embodiment of all that is lovely and bewitching.
Well, time passed on and one day Mary expressed a desire to visit the printing office. Good! thought I, what a chance! I'll do it there, yes, there in the very midst of the implements of mine art—why shouldn't I? Love in a printing office—eh! There was something in that, and I resolved to try it at all hazards.
Well, Mary came to the office, and I explained to her the uses of the various implements of the black art!—the press and the roller; the ink and the stands, and the boxes of the A. B. C's, took an opportunity to snatch her pretty, lily white hand, and she drew it back, knocking a stick full of matter into pie!
"I must have a kiss for that my pretty one," said I; and at it I went. I managed

to twist my arm around her waist, and in struggling to free herself, she upset a galley of editorial, a long article on the Oregon question. Nothing daunted, I made at her again. This time I was more successful, for I obtained a kiss. By St. Paul! it was a sweet one, and the little witch bore it like a martyr, she never screamed once; but as I raised my lips from her's, she lifted her delicate little hand, and gave me a box on the ears that made me see more stars than ever were viewed by Herschel thro' his big telescope. Somewhat nettled, and my cheeks smarting with pain, I again seized her waist and said, "Well, if you don't like it just take back the kiss." She made a desperate struggle and as she jerked herself from my arms, her foot struck the leypt, and over it went! Another galley of editorial was sprinkled over the floor, and in her efforts to reach the door, her foot slipped and she fell and in the effort to sustain herself, her hand—lily-white hand—the same little hand that had come in contact with my ears—oh, horrible!—was stuck up to the elbow in the ink keg. Shado of Franklin! what a change came over the beauty of that hand! She slowly drew it from the keg, dripping with ink, and asked me what use I made of that! I began to be seriously alarmed, and apologized in the best manner I could, and to my surprise she seemed rather pleased than angry; but there was mischief afoot. As I stood surveying the black covering of her hand scarcely able to suppress a laugh at its strange metamorphosis, she quickly raised it on high, and brought it down "ker slap" upon my cheek! Before I could recover from my surprise, the same little hand had again descended, and again left its indelible imprint on my cheek.
"Why, Mary," I exclaimed, "what are you about?"
"I think you told me you rolled ink on the face of the form," with a laugh, and again her hand bit upon my face, raking me a broad slap in the very middle of my countenance, and most wofully bedaubing my eyes. With a step and a merry peal of laughter, she skipped through the door. She turned back when beyond my reach, and with her roguish face peering in at the door way, shouted back.
"I say, Charley, what kind of a roller does my hand make?"
"Oh," said I, "you take too much ink."
"Hi! hi!" she laughed, "well good bye Charley,—that's my impression, ha! ha!"
I went to the glass and surveyed myself for a moment, and verily believe I could have passed for a Guinea negro without the slightest difficulty.
"And so, said I to myself: this is love in a printing office. The devil fly away with such love!"
The next morning when the editor came to the office, "I rather calculate" he found things a little topsy turvy. However, that made no difference to me—for I "mizzled" long before daylight.
I bore marks of the scenes for many a day, and now whenever I see a lady enter a printing office, I think of little Mary, and keep my eye on the ink keg—and though she were as beautiful as Hebe, I would not venture to touch her with a ten foot pole.
Talk about love in a boudoir—love on a spring seat sofa—love by moonlight, starlight, lamp light or any other kind of light, and I am with your heart and soul—but I pray you by the ghost of Faust, never to talk to me about love in a Printing Office.

The Tomb of Juliet.

An Italian correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, in narrating his experience in Verona says:—
I went on a Shaksperian research to see what is shown as the tomb of Juliet. It is not a mausoleum, but merely a coffin or trough of stone, whose authenticity is perhaps as good as many other relics which have received high sanction. Even the house of the capulets is pointed out, not omitting the very window where the impassioned Romeo beheld the star of his adoration:
"But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun."
Who wishes to be told that Romeo is only an invention, and the gentle Juliet but a poet's dream? How real, after all, are the beings of imagination, and how much deeper the impression which the scenes they moved in make upon the mind than the dull ordinary relations of life.
A culprit being asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be recorded against him replied: He had nothing to say, as too much had been said about it already.

Shun the Intoxicating Bowl.

The fate of the gifted Haskell, of Tennessee, should be a warning to all young men. He passed through Louisville last week, in charge of friends, on his way to the Lunatic Asylum at Lexington. While on the Frankfort cars he arose, and in the most eloquent and pathetic terms appealed to the gallant Kentuckians, among whom he was, to protect him from the relentless enemies he imagined were pursuing him. He became so excited and violent that his friends were forced to confine him. The career of this gifted but unfortunate son of genius should be known for the lessons which it teaches. From his earliest boyhood, says the Nashville Banner, he has shown himself possessed of the highest order of talent. While at college he distinguished himself as a poet and an orator. His graduating speech is spoken of by those who heard it as worthy of the immortal Prentiss in his palmist days. He served his country on the battle field and in the halls of Congress. It was his residence at Washington that confirmed upon him those unfortunate habits which finally blasted his intellect.
He at one time broke the fiery serpent from his hands and dashed it to the earth. To make his own reformation complete, and aid in lifting up others who had fallen like himself, he went through the State lecturing on temperance. The tour was an eminently successful and brilliant one; his lectures being fully equal to those of Gough, whose eloquence has electrified thousands in this country, and in England. But his old habits gained the mastery of him again, and his subsequent life has been but a fearful struggle between his appetites and his ambition—a struggle in which it must be confessed, his appetites have generally triumphed. So great, indeed, was his craving for artificial stimulants that even while delivering his temperance lectures, he made use of drugs, sufficient in quantity and potency to burn out the vitals of an ordinary man. There was no subject whether ancient or modern, grave or gay, upon which he did not converse with fluency and eloquence. He passed, with the most careless ease, from the profoundest disquisition upon the doctrines of the Bible, the religion of Confucius, or the Baconian philosophy, to the lightest literature of the day.
VALUE OF TIME.—When the Roman Emperor said, "I have lost a day," he uttered a sadder truth than if he had exclaimed, "I have lost a kingdom." Napoleon said that the reason why he beat the Austrians was that they did not know the value of five minutes. At the celebrated battle of Rivoli, the conflict seemed on the point of being decided against him.—He saw the critical state of affairs and instantly took his resolution. He dispatched a flag to headquarters, with proposals for an armistice. The unwary Austrians fell into the snare—for a few minutes the thunders of battle were hushed.—Napoleon seized the precious moments, while amusing the enemy with mock negotiation, re-arranged his line of battle, changed his front, and in a few minutes was ready to renounce the farce discussion for the stern arbitrament of arms. The splendid victory of Rivoli was the result. The great moral victories and defeats of the world often turn on five minutes. Crisis come, the not seizing of which is ruin.—Men may loiter, but time flies on the wings of the wind, and all the great interests of life are speeding on with the swift and silent tread of destiny.

Winter.

Winter is the season of abundant snow and all the intensity of frost. Yet Winter, even in its severest forms, brings so many scenes and circumstances with it to interest the heart of the lover of Nature and of his fellow-creatures, that it never ceases to be a subject of delightful observation and monotonous as it is frequently called, the very variety of the weather itself presents an almost endless source of novelty and beauty.
Come in and close the luted door,
And shut the cold without;
And gather in your wanted fire,
The warm fire-side about.
"Tis pleasant through these winter nights
While winds are piercing cold,
To gather round our warm fire-side,
While merry jokes are told.
There are three sorts of nobility—
divine, worldly and moral—the divine depends upon the powers of God, the worldly upon the greatness of our birth, the moral upon the liberty of our mind.
Always doubt the sincerity of a girl's love when you see her wipe her mouth after you kiss her.
Every man that is capable of doing a secret injury, is a coward.

Cruelty of the Pope.

The Pope of Rome has a prison called Fort Urban, in which he confines political prisoners. It is built on a small hill in the centre of a pestilential marsh, and the site appears to have been selected as the most disagreeable and unhealthy to be found. Of the cruelties perpetrated in this hell upon earth, where God's viceregent tortures men supposed to be his enemies, the correspondent of the London Daily News gives some horrible details.
"At present there are eight hundred prisoners here, of whom two hundred are detained without having been tried, and on the mere suspicion that if they were at liberty they might commit some political crime. Many of these poor creatures have been confined for years, and although the greater portion of them belong to the best families of Bologna.
"In each of the square rooms is a sort of skylight, and as they are only ventilated above from this narrow corridor, one can imagine what a suffocating temperature there must be, which is not improved by German sentries patrolling through the whole night. These sentries parade past the doors of course prevent the prisoners sleeping. Spielberg was very bad, but it is said that this prison of the Pope's is far worse. It was in this prison that the cholera made such fearful ravages. The medical men acted properly, and pointed out how the disease might be easily mitigated; but instead of this the governor of the prison actually deprived political prisoners of light and air. They wear the same dress as the convicts, and are chained in a similar manner. They have chains on each leg, and in the centre is a ring; and when they go to bed, through the ring is put a chain, and then the chain is locked to the bed.
"To one visiting, after long years of absence, the village he left in childhood, everything seems to have grown little with years; its old, magnificent proportions have dwindled away; the top-drawn avenue or divided dway, appears to have been shut together like a telescope, and the village has shrunk in its valley, like a dried fig in its shell. The village creek—for what old hamlet was without it!—is strangely narrowed, and he wonders if the world has indeed grown so very old, that its very veins are running dry; and he fancies they have been 'setting' the world over in 'minion,' that Nature stereotyped in 'great pieces,' and so now there is a pocket edition of the village and the vale.
AMERICAN FARMERS.
There is one class of men on whom we can yet depend. It is the same class that stood on the little green at Lexington, that gathered on the heights of Bunker Hill, and poured down from the hills of New England, and which were the life blood of the nation, I mean the farmer. They were never found trampling on law and right; were I to commit my character to any class of men, such as the world never saw for honesty, intelligence and Roman virtue, sweetened by the gospel of God.—And when this nation quakes, they and their sons are those that will stand by the sheet anchors of our liberties, and hold the ship at her moorings till she cut rides the storms.—J. K. Paul.
A few days since a boy was passing through the cars on the Cleveland and Erie Railroad, handing out advertisements of "Nothing to Wear," illustrated. A lady remarked to a gentleman, "That takes off the ladies, I suppose."
"No," said her friend, "it only takes off their dresses."
"Then," replied the lady, "it is proper that a strip-ling should sell it."
A Man, whose appearance indicated that he was staggering from the excessive weight of a brick in his hat, being asked if he was a Son of Temperance, replied—
"He no—no relation—not even an acquaintance."
BEFORE marriage, the man is very much struck with the woman, and afterward the woman is very much struck by the man.—Punch says it is a striking piece of business all through.
John the barber is a bit of a philosopher. The other morning, while shaving one of our merchants he allowed that he would not need his head scratched, as he could do enough of that himself these hard times.
Every man that is capable of doing a secret injury, is a coward.

Good News.

No poverty there! Millions of good men have left the earth poor; but never has one entered Heaven poor. Lazarus, the moment before he died, was a beggar at the gate, but in a moment after his death his estate had grown so vast that the haughty worldling, still surviving in all his affluence in comparison with him was a penniless pauper. O, poor believer! rejoice in prospect of your grand inheritance! It is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away. It is really immense, inestimable, unspendable. Has it not been your endeavor to "lay up, for yourself, treasures in Heaven?" Why not often think of results there? Fear not. There is "good news from that far country." Unsuccessful as you may have seemed on earth, your heavenly schemes have all prospered.
The treasury of God overflows with your wealth. And it is safe—perfectly safe.—Neither "moth nor rust" corrupts it; nor can thieves break through to steal it.—Moreover, it shall increase—forever increase. As long as you live on earth, you may add to the principal, and its interest will multiply, beyond all computation, to all eternity. Crossus was rich, Solomon was rich, Luculus was rich, and the Rothschilds are rich; but the humblest heir of God is richer far than all. It may be that the stores you have already accumulated in Heaven would buy this town, buy the district, buy our country, buy the world—and still be comparatively untouched.—Nay, think not this extravagant! I would not barter the heritage of the most destitute of Christians for the whole globe and all its improvements. Lift up your heart; let it expand, and fill and overflow with bliss. At the close of the short journey through time, you will see eternity open before you, all radiant with the variety of your boundless and endless possessions.—Be not proud, indeed—alas, for the folly of all pride—but be grateful, thankful, hopeful and happy.—Stockton's Sermons.
MONEY AND OBEDIENCE.—It has been stated in Boston papers, that Messrs. Chickering & Sons, the extensive pianoforte-makers, employ some three hundred mechanics and many laborers; that on a late pay-day, in consequence of the non-arrival of funds due at a distance, they were obliged to expend the funds in hand in the redemption of matured paper, and had to forego paying their hands their accustomed weekly allowance; that the men thereupon met, consulted together, passed resolutions expressing sympathy with and confidence in their employers, and tendered to them a loan of six or eight thousand dollars, the proceeds of their own savings.
GENIUS.—Intellect can't bear fashionable refinement, and dies under it in one or two generations. If you would select a youth who is likely to make his mark in the world, take one who is carting mud in a slem-shell wagon, or building houses in the sand—and not the delicate baby who is fondling a china lap dog on the parlor carpet. Daniel Webster's father made a cradle for little Dan out of a pine log with an axe and auger; Lewis Cass was rocked by his staid New Hampshire mother in a second hand sugar-trough. The great architects for the manufacture of genius are Poverty and Democracy.

A Sister's Love.

More constant than the evening star
Which mildly beams above—
"Than didem—Oh! dearer far
A sister's gentle love!
Brighter than dew drops on the rose,
Than nature's smiles more gay—
A living fount, which ever flows,
Steeped in loves purest ray.
Gem of the heart! Life's gift divine,
Bequeathed us from above,
Glad offering at affection's shrine—
A sister's holy love!
A young lady inquired of a sailor, why a ship was always called she? Because, replied Jack, the rigging creaks a thunderin' sight more than the hull.
Honesty is a term formerly used in the case of a man who paid for his newspaper and the coat on his back.
What causes a girl the most pleasure, to hear yourself praised, or another girl run down?
Why is a chicken-pie like a gunsmith's store? Because it contains forty-two pieces.
To ascertain the weight of a horse. Put your toe under the animal's foot.
What kind of garments did they have in the Ark? Preserved Pairs.

The Sabbath.

Let us thank God for the Sabbath—the calm, quiet, soothing day of rest—the poor man's holiday from toil—the world's monitor of Heaven. It is the interest as well as the duty of every one—the poor especially—to keep the Sabbath. The institution is a wise and beneficent one, and all should observe it with circumspect.
Let us give thanks, with grateful soul,
To him who made the planets roll,
And sent a "sparrow fall."
Though grief and sorrow dim our joys,
And care and strife arrest
The sun, 'tis often, that enjoy
The love of Maker's bliss;
While sunlight lights the boundless sky
And dew drops feed the sod—
While azure and rainbow live on high—
Let us give thanks to God.
A WORD FOR THE EAR OF SINGLE MEN.—It strikes us that there is a "world of wisdom" in the following quotation—brief as it is:—
"Every school boy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down. It is just so with life. The man who is tied by a half dozen blooming responsibilities and their mother, will make a higher and stronger flight than the tangle-ator, who, having nothing to keep him steady, is always floundering in the mud. If you want to rise in the world, tie yourself to somebody."
SITTING UP WITH THE SICK.—The presence of strangers in the sick chamber is always unfavorable to the repose of the patient, and the burning of lights renders anything like natural rest or sound sleep impossible. Next to the absurdity of dosing a sick person with some nauseous drug, every two or three hours, is that of preventing his rest by watchers; and when two persons watch together in a sick-room, their conversation or whispering is often worse for the patient than the disease itself.
A woman's life was curiously preserved by her husband, in Staffordshire, lately, by the process of transfusion. She lay at the point of death, when as a last resource, a vein was opened in her arm, and one in the arm of her husband, and as the blood flowed from the latter it was transmitted by suitable apparatus in the veins of the wife. After seventeen ounces had been thus injected, the pulse became perceptible, the colorless lips reddened, the glassy eye brightened, and she thankfully said, "I am better." The case has progressed very favorably, and the woman is recovering.
A GENEROUS ACT.—The Boston Press says:—A fact just came to my knowledge worth relating in these hard times. A merchant in Maine was some years since assisted by a merchant of this city, and was thus enabled to secure a handsome little fortune, which he had carefully invested.—Hearing a few days ago of the failure of his old friend, he posted up to Boston, with deeds, mortgages and other property in his hands, and offered the whole to relieve the friend who had helped him. Truly, the business world is all selfishness.
INFANCY.—Is there anything so lovely, so innocent and pure, as the smile of infancy? It is the good spirits which manifest their presence by the heavenly expression on the divine image. They act through the pure and innocent medium. And oh! how more than happy if in after life the engrossment of material things did not drive them away, that we would always smile as innocently as in infancy.
Musliman writers speak of an ignorant Arab, who, being asked how he knew anything about the existence of a God, replied: "Just as I know, by the tracks in the sand, whether a man or beast has passed there, so, when I survey the heavens, with its bright stars, and the earth, with its productions, do I feel the existence and power of God."
The New York papers caution persons in quest of work or situations of any kind against going to that city before next Spring. They say, there is not employment for those that are there now, and estimates that on the first of December there will be 100,000 persons in the city who will be unable to obtain anything to do.
Why is a person approaching a candle like a man getting off his horse?—Because he is going to a light.
An honest farmer thus writes to the chairman of an English agricultural society: "Gentlemen, please put me down on your list of cattle for a bull."
It has been said that grain is treated like infants. When the head becomes heavy it is cradled—and it is generally well thrashed to render it fit for use.

The Gopher silenced.

BY REV. C. H. SEURSON, OF LONDON.
Let me tell you a story. I have told it before; but it is a striking one, and sets out in a true light how easily men will be brought, in times of danger, to believe in a God, and a God of justice too, though they have denied him before.
In the backwoods of Canada there resided a good minister, who one evening went out to meditate, as Isaac did, in the fields. He soon found himself on the borders of a forest, which he entered, and walked along a track which had been trodden before him; musing, musing still, until at last the shadow of twilight gathered around him, and began to think how he should spend a night in the forest. He trembled at the idea of remaining there, with the poor shelter of a tree into which he would be compelled to climb.
On a sudden he saw a light in the distance among the trees, and imagining that it might be from the window of some cottage where he would find a hospitable retreat, he hastened to it, and to his surprise saw a space cleared, and trees laid down to make a platform, and upon it a speaker addressing a multitude. He thought to himself, "I have stumbled on a company who in this dark forest have assembled to worship God, and some minister is preaching to them at this late hour in the evening, concerning the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" but to his surprise and horror, when he came nearer, he found a young man declaiming against God, daring the Almighty to do his work upon him, speaking terrible things in wrath against the Most High, and venturing most bold and awful assertions concerning his own disbelief in a future state. It was altogether a singular scene; it was lighted up by pine knots, which cast a glare here and there, while the thick darkness in other places still reigned. The people were intent on listening to the orator; and when he sat down, thunders of applause were given to him, each one seeming to emulate the other in his praise.
Thought the minister, "I must not let this pass; I must rise and speak; the honor of my God and his cause demands it."—He feared to speak, for he knew not what to say, having come there suddenly; but he would have ventured had not something else occurred. A man of middle age, hale and strong, rose, and leaning on his staff, he said, "My friends, I have a word to speak to you to-night. I am not bound to refute any of the arguments of the orator; I shall not criticize his style; I shall say nothing concerning what I believe to be the blasphemous he has uttered; but I shall simply relate to you a fact, and after I have done that, you shall draw your own conclusions. Yesterday I walked by the side of yonder river; I saw on its flood a young man in a boat. The boat was unmanageable; it was going fast down the rapids; he could not use the oars, and I saw he was not capable of bringing the boat to the shore; I saw that young man wring his hands in agony; by and by he gave up the attempt to save his life, knelt down, and cried with desperate earnestness, 'O God, save my soul! If my body cannot be saved, save my soul!' I heard him confess that he had been a blasphemer; I heard him vow that, if his life was spared, he would never be such again, I heard him implore the mercy of heaven, for Jesus Christ's sake, and earnestly plead that he might be washed in his blood.—These arms saved that young man from the flood; I plunged in, brought the boat to shore, and saved his life. That same young man has just now addressed you and cursed his Maker. What say you to this, sirs!"
The speaker sat down. You may guess what a shudder ran through the young man himself, and how the audience in one moment changed their notes, and saw that after all, while it was a fine thing to brag and bravado against Almighty God on dry land, and when danger was distant, it was not quite so grand to think ill of him when near the verge of the grave. We believe there is enough conscience in every man to convince him that God must punish him for his sin, and that in every heart the words of Scripture will find an echo. "If he turn not, He will smite his sword."
The amount of specie in the United States at the present time is estimated at \$300,000,000, or equal to \$12 in coin for every man, woman and child in the country.