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THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

THE PARTING OF SUMMER. BY MISS DENNIS. There's bearing brim the roses, Glad Summer, fare thee well! Thou art singing thy last melodies In every wood and dell. But ere the golden sunset Of the latest lingering day, Oh! tell me o'er this charmed earth, How thou hast passed away. Brightly, sweet summer! brightly, These hours have glided by, To the joyous fields of the woodland boughs, The rangers of the sky. An brightly in the forests To the wild deer wandering free, And brightly mid the garden flowers, In the happy, murmuring bee. But how to human bosoms, With all their hopes and fears, And thoughts that make them eagle wings, To pierce the unborn years? Sweet summer! to the captive Thou has flown in burning dreams Of the woods with all their whispering leaves And the blue, rejoicing stream. To the wasted and the weary On the bed of sickness bound In swift, delirious fantasies, That changed with every sound: To the exile on the hill-tops, In longings wild and vain, For the glowing fountains and cooling hills, And the homes of earth again. And unto me, glad Summer, How hast thou, flow'd to me? My claimless fond eyes might have kept From thy haunts of song and glee. Thou hast flown in wayward visions, In memories of the dead, In absence from a troubled heart, O'er thy sunny pathway shed. In brief and sudden strivings To bring a wight aside— 'Mid a throng thy melodies have ceased, And all thy roses died. But, Oh! thou gentle Summer! If I greet thy flowers one more, Bring me again the buoyancy Wherever with my soul should soar. Give me to halt thy sunshine, With song and spirit free; Or in a purer air than this, May that next meeting be.

Why Breckinridge should be supported.

We present the following reasons why BRECKINRIDGE should be supported for the Presidency in preference to any other candidate. We do not mean to gain say a single one of them—they are true in every particular and cannot be doubted or disputed. The Democracy all over the country are becoming more and more convinced, every day, that BRECKINRIDGE is the only candidate in the field worthy the confidence and support of the party, and the only one that can save the party from destruction. All who desire to remain Democrats, and all Democrats who desire to perpetuate the glorious principles for which they have so long battled, should earnestly consider the reasons here presented and no longer hesitate to join in support of the only reliable Democratic candidate. The reasons why he should be supported in preference to any other candidate are: Because he is an able statesman, of sound practical views, and is honest and faithful to the Constitution, and will conform to its letter and spirit in the discharge of his duties. Because he is not an office-seeker, and has not involved himself in the entanglements consequent upon a ten years' chase for the Presidency. Because he is one of those generous hearted and patriotic Kentuckians who volunteered at the call of his country, to hazard his life in defence of her right and honor. Because, in every position to which he has been assigned by his country, he has fulfilled every duty devolved upon him with an ability and fidelity unexcelled by any of his predecessors. Because, in his personal intercourse he deposits himself with a dignity and grace befitting his position, but with a mild gentleness, indicating benevolence of disposition and the characteristics of the true gentleman. Because, the record of his past life is without a blemish or a stain, and to which his friends can point with a proud satisfaction. Because, his past career is free from

changing purposes and stultifying inconsistencies. Because, he rides no political hobbies, but walks manfully in the straight line of duty. Because, he has had no agency in schemes of personal aggrandizement which have had such fatal effect upon the Democratic party. Because, he has not two political theories one for the North and West, and another for the South. Because, he is not ashamed of principles and afraid to avow them, so as to permit his countryman knowing what they are—but frankly and clearly makes them known in a suitable and proper way, so that they may be received or rejected by the people. Because, he is a sound unflinching Democrat, as his ancestors, from the revolution down, have ever been—one of them having been a member of Jefferson's Cabinet, and author of the celebrated Kentucky Resolutions of 1798-99. Because, he is a national, and not a sectional Democrat, whose sympathies and judgement go hand in hand in sustaining the constitutional rights of the people in every section of the Union. Because like a good and true citizen, he receives and respects as law the determinations of our enlightened judiciary, and believes it the duty of all to acquiesce in them. Because, he is devoted to the equality of rights of each state and of every citizen and believes that each State should manage its own affairs in its own way. Because, he believes that citizens of each State have an equal right to settle in our Territories with such property as the Constitution of the United States recognizes, and that all such property is equally entitled to protection from aggression or destruction. Because, he believes in general laws protecting all kinds of property, and that one kind shall have no pre-eminence over any other kind. Because, he believes that Congress cannot make laws to drive property, lawfully in a Territory, out, nor any to force it to come in, but feels bound to respect the equal rights of all. Because, he holds that the Territories, in all branches of their government, have such powers only, as Congress authorizes them to exercise; and no more. Because, he believes that the Territories have no sovereignty while they remain such, and receive their Governors, Judges, Marshals, District Attorneys, &c. from the Federal Government, and legislate under a special character conferred by Congress, limiting the sphere of action, and expressly reserving the right to dissent from laws that may be there enacted. Because, he holds that what cannot be done directly, cannot be done by indirection, and consequently that "unfriendly legislation" cannot be resorted to in order to destroy any kind of property, when it cannot be directly done. Because, he does not believe that, in this country, there is any law higher than our Constitution, and the laws enacted in pursuance thereof. Because, like our ancestors, at the revolution, he believes the right of all to be equal, and that depriving the people of any of them, is a just cause of complaint and resistance. Because, like them, he believes the Constitution is everywhere, within our borders the same, and that no one can lawfully set up rights above it without being guilty of flagrant wrong. Because, he is opposed to disunion in all its forms, and will inflexibly sustain our Constitution and laws, at all times and on all occasions, at any and every hazard, and by all possible means. Because, he is opposed to slave codes by Congress, or to demanding anything more for the security of slave property than for any other, but is opposed to any aggressive law upon it or to authorize its destruction. Because, he believes that when a Territory is preparing a Constitution preparatory to admission as a State, they may rightfully provide for permitting or rejecting slavery, and that State sovereignty commences on the adoption of the Constitution and admission as a State of the Union, and that then it will have the same rights of equality as other States. Because, he is opposed to that phase of sectionalism which claims that the fifteen slave States have not the same rights as the remaining ones, but that they must submit to an inequality through unfriendly legislation. Because, he believes this form of section-

alism, arrayed as it now is in the Northern and Western States, against the South is equally fatal to the peace and welfare of the country and happiness of the people, as when urged openly and frankly in Black Republican form. Because, in principle and effect he sees no difference between Mr. Seward's "higher law" and the squatter sovereignty "higher law" claimed to have been derived from "God Almighty." Because, he has such entire confidence that he is right in principles, that he confides in the intelligence of the people to understand them, and he, therefore remains quietly at home, attending to his private affairs, instead of traveling over the country, trying making electioneering speeches for the Presidency. He leaves to others the business of thus blowing their own trumpets. Because, he is opposed to slavery agitation, come from whence it may, or however disguised, and is decidedly against making it a political issue, when there is no probability of its becoming a practical question during the life of the present generation, and he consents to meet only so much of it as is aimed at the destruction of the equal rights of fifteen States. Because he is no demagogue, and does not seek popularity by resorting to the tricks of some, but leaves the people to choose between him and his competitors, without puffing himself or disparaging others. Because, he has qualifications for the office superior to either of his competitors, and will enter upon the duties untrammelled by those promises or expectations which years of struggling for a nomination and election, are sure to occasion, and which are known to exist in the case of some of his competitors. Because, if elected, he will be free, in the organization of his administration, to select the best men of the nation for places for which they are qualified; instead of being compelled to reward all sorts of men for their efforts in securing a nomination, not voluntarily accorded for personal fitness and qualifications, as well as political merit. Because, he would make a president of whom the nation would be justly proud; who would preserve our high standing abroad, and command the respect and confidence of our own citizens everywhere; who would ever prefer the union and prosperity of the country to his own interests, or that of any clique formed for any purpose whatever; who could be the President of the whole country—the East, West North and South—and not of a section, or a band of partisans; one who is worthy to walk in the foot-steps of his most illustrious predecessors; one whose page in history will be bright and unspotted, devoid of selfish traits, and strongly marked by patriotism and love of our glorious Union, and of the great and enduring principles of equal rights. STRAIGHT-OUT DOUGLASSISM—INDIANA. The defeat of General Foster in Pennsylvania has been attributed by some to his not declaring himself distinctly in favor of Judge Douglas for President. It is argued that if he had done so the result would have been different. Perhaps the result of the Indiana election, which has just taken place, will throw some light on the subject. There the Democratic candidate for Governor, Mr. Hendricks, was an out-and-out Douglas man. He proclaimed his preference everywhere, in season and out of season. That State adjoins Illinois, it is a portion of the great Northwest—part and parcel of Douglas' own bailiwick, where it was said he would carry everything by spontaneous combustion. Well, Indiana has gone by between ten and fifteen thousand majority for the Black Republicans. So it appears that the much-vaunted straight out Douglassism is as weak in the Northwest as it is here. Douglas' last hope is extinguished. When will his infatuated followers be convinced?—Pennsylvanian. A TOAST.—Women: to her virtues we give our love; to her beauty our admiration, and to her hoops the whole sidewalk. Personal beauty is a letter of recommendation written by the hand of divinity but not unfrequently dishonored by the bearer. A Western editor says his voice 'is still for truth.' Evidently his voice for truth is perfectly still. REMBRANDT PEALE, the eminent painter, died in Philadelphia on Thursday in the 83d year of his age.

A Good Dialogue. [The scene of the following interesting Dialogue is that of two farmers on opposite sides of a fence. Mr. Smith, who has beside him a basket of very small potatoes, is leaning on the fence looking wistfully over at Mr. Jones, who is digging a splendid crop of big Potatoes. A picture of the scene was prepared with the original dialogue, and should be here, but we have not the engraving at hand. The dialogue is pleasing and instructive, and should be read by every one.] "The Potatoes, they are small, Over there, over there."—Old Song. Mr. Smith—How is it, neighbor Jones, that your potatoes are so large and fine, while just over the fence, on similar soil, mine are as small as pullets' eggs, and precious few at that? Mr. Jones—I manured this field with brains. Mr. Smith—Pshaw.—All the Cincinnati hog-killers couldn't supply brains enough for this ten-acre field. Mr. Jones—I used human brains, of which there are plenty. Mr. Smith—Nonsense.—Now don't make fun of me because I'm unucky, and Providence has sent you a good crop. Mr. Jones—Providence helps those who help themselves. I used my own brains on this field. Mr. Smith—So did I mine, and they are as good as anybody's. Mr. Jones—Ah! There's the trouble. You know it all yourself: I don't, and so I get all the outside help I can. I've been collecting other men's brains for my land for twenty years, and you see one result in this crop. Mr. Smith—Yes, I see the result, but I don't understand it. Mr. Jones—Well, we began here 20 years ago, I thought myself a good farmer, but I believed others had good ideas, too, and I made it my business to get at their thoughts; some I found in agricultural books and papers, others I picked up at the County Fairs, by asking how the big things were raised, and often I've got a good hint from a neighbor. Mr. Smith—I've always been down on this "book farming," but your crops stagger me, they're real knock down arguments. I'm sick of the poor show I get for all my work, and am desperate enough to try anything for improvement. Mr. Jones—I'll give you my experience; it may aid you. About nineteen years ago I heard that some men who had been brought up on farms had clubbed together, and one of them was going to publish a paper, which should consist mainly of accounts of how different farmers cultivated various crops, and such like matters. I sent for the paper and have done so ever since, and now I have nineteen large volumes, every page of which I have read, a little at a time, and the whole has cost the produce of a single acre. Why I am astonished when I think over the ten thousand 'tots, and hints, and suggestions I have thus gathered. What a blank would be left in my head, if these thoughts were taken away. Mr. Smith—But does the practice of farmers on other kinds of soil and with a different climate, suit your wants? Mr. Jones—Why no, not exactly, perhaps. But then, every thought I get from another, starts a new thought in my own mind, and thus I am constantly improving my own skill and practice. You see, I get all the brains I can from other men's heads, and compost them well in my own head with a mixture of common sense, and then make the application to my fields. In that way, I have manured this crop of potatoes with plenty of brains. The editor called here last week on his Western tour among farmers, and seeing my good crops he asked me to write out how I have treated this field for years past, and I promised to do it as soon as my crops are gathered. He will probably print it, as he constantly prints all such practical matters, and perhaps a hundred thousand persons will read it; and though nobody else may do just as I do, many will get a new hint, and improve upon it. You may read it if you will. Mr. Smith—I would like to borrow your paper. Mr. Jones—Better take it yourself, for then you will be more likely to read it.—You will find hundreds of plain talks about various kinds of crops, during a single year. One hint gave five bushels of corn on each acre of a large field in a single year. Mr. Smith—I can't afford to take it this year. Mr. Jones—You would think nothing of spending two cents a week for extra tobac-

co, or a cigar, or candy, and that's all the paper will cost. How little a week it costs to supply yourself and family with a large amount of information through any good paper. Mr. Smith—What are the politics of that paper? Mr. Jones—It doesn't touch politics. It is devoted to such subjects as Field and Garden crops, Animals, etc., and has, besides, a good deal about Woman's Work, which my wife says is worth more than ten times the few pounds of butter it costs to pay for the paper. Then there is also a department for the young folks containing many things which please the children—not mere trashy stuff, such as is too often printed for them, but information that will have a good influence on them. I would sell a dozen bushels of wheat to have my young people get the good reading in that paper, but the average price of one bushel will pay for it a year. My John says he can pay for it easy with the eggs from two or three hens. If I was a mechanic or merchant and had only a little garden, I should take the paper to tell me how to make the best use of the little plot; and if I had not a foot of land I should still want it for my wife and children. Mr. Smith—Does the editor know anything about farming? Mr. Jones—The editor who owns and publishes the paper was brought up on a farm, where he learned to work. He has studied all the books on farming, and experimented for years in the laboratory, and has besides, traveled all over the country to see what was doing. Then he has several associates—Farmers, Gardeners, and Housekeepers, who know what they write about, and among them all they gather up a wonderful lot of information every year. The language, too, is so plain, so like talking with you, that I enjoy reading it.—Then, too, every paper has engravings, which show one exactly how animals and plants, and implements, and household furniture look, much better than words could describe them. Among these are plans of buildings, that help one to plan others; and also many very fine large pictures, which are worth more than the cost of a whole volume. Mr. Smith—I suppose those engravings and descriptions are partly to help the editor sell implements or fertilizers. Mr. Jones—Not at all. The editor keeps nothing of the sort to sell, so that he may be perfectly free to praise or condemn anything, according as it may be valuable or worthless to his readers. You would laugh to see how he comes down on poor inventions, patent manures, and all kinds of humbugs. Mr. Smith—Is the paper adapted to our part of the country? Mr. Jones—Exactly. Soils and crops, and climates differ, but the general principles of cultivation are the same everywhere, and here is the benefit of a paper published for the whole country. Every reader gets new ideas by learning what is done somewhere else; and further, I find that the paper has letters from every part of the country, and one or more associate in different sections, so that we get information from many regions and our own too. One thing I must mention particularly.—The editor is constantly warning his readers against humbugs, telling how sharpers take the advantage of people. Why, I was just going to send a dollar for an article advertised in glowing colors, when I found it shown up as a humbug in this paper. But I cannot stop to talk more now—I have such a lot of potatoes to harvest. Mr. Smith—I wish I had. I must try that paper a year, and see what there is in it. I can manage to save two cents a week. Mr. Jones—Never fear.—If you don't find it pays, I'll buy your copies at cost, for my boys to keep. Mr. Smith—What did you say the paper is called? Mr. Jones—The American Agriculturist. It is published in New York City.—The editor, though one of our country farmers, and living in the country, finds he can publish it cheaper there, where printing, and paper, and mailing facilities are all convenient. Mr. Smith—How shall I get it? Mr. Jones—Simply inclose a dollar bill in a letter, giving your name, Post Office, and State plainly, and direct to ORANGE JUDD, 41 Park Row, New York City. Mr. Smith—When does a volume begin? Mr. Jones—The twentieth volume begins January 1st, but all who send in the remaining numbers of this year, in addition to the whole of next year's. So if you subscribe now, you get fourteen month's

papers. The proprietor also offers some valuable premiums to those who get up lists of subscribers. Send for the paper, and you may afterwards find it well worth while to make up a club. Some 1700 persons have got good premiums in this way during two years. Some of your German neighbors would join you, perhaps, for the Agriculturist is printed separately in German. I did intend to start a club myself, but I have so many potatoes to dig, I can not get the time. My sister-in-law in Iowa, got up a club last year, and received a premium of a \$50 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine; an old acquaintance in Wisconsin got two or three good farming implements, and a young nephew of mine in Ohio got a beautiful copy of Webster's great Dictionary. These things only cost them a little time, showing the paper evenings and election day.—Send in your subscription and the first paper will tell you all about the premiums.—I forgot to tell you that every year the publisher also sends out to all his subscribers who want them a lot of choice garden and field seeds. Mr. Smith—What does he charge for them? Mr. Jones—Nothing; they are sent free except the postage. They are of the best kind and one single parcel I got last year was worth more to me than the price of the paper. Mr. Smith—I'll try it a year, any way; if half what you say is true it will be a good investment. Mr. Jones—You'll find every word I have said true. Mr. Smith—I'll send this very night, while in the spirit of it. Mr. Jones—Do it, and you'll always thank me for this talk. Good day, I must hurry up digging my potatoes, I've such a lot of them—thanks to a hint in the Agriculturist. Mr. Smith—How did you say I should direct the letter containing the Dollar? Mr. Jones—To Orange Judd, 41 Park Row, New York City. A Lake of Fire. A correspondent of the Alta Californian gives the following incidents of a visit to the volcano, Kilauoa, in the Sandwich Islands, thirty-six miles from Hilo. After saying that the crater of this volcano is in a vast pit in the midst of an immense plain, having only a gradual rise up to the centre—and that within near a quarter of a mile is the entrance to a great cave, which he and his guides explored—he says: Suddenly we came to a high bank, and looking down we beheld the lake of fire beneath us about seventy-five feet. This lake is something more than a mile in circumference.—There, in full view, were real or liquid fire, of a bright red color, spluttering and splashing like ocean waves! A little island of hard lava stands in the middle of the lake, against the black sides of which the waves of fire dashed with tremendous fury, and breaking on the jagged cliffs, they would cast their red spray high in the air. The sides of this lake are solid walls of fire, glowing with fearful intensity. We were standing on the windward bank, with a strong cold wind blowing down, yet the heat was so intense we could only look a minute at a time, and then turn away to catch the refreshing influence of the cool breeze. In addition to the hideous roaring and hissing of the lake, was heard, at short intervals, sounds much resembling that of a steamer blowing off steam only infinitely louder, and ominous growling of pent up forces struggling in subterranean caverns, at which the very earth seemed to tremble. Occasionally, large masses of the cooled lava on the edge of the lake became detached, and falling into the boiling cauldron, are instantly reduced to a liquid state. After a few minutes' silence, disturbed only by an occasional hissing and murmuring, I was startled by that awe inspiring sound of escaping steam. In an instant a faint glimmering of red, like a sheet of lightning, shot out from under the overhanging brink, where I was standing, and ran across the lake. This was a signal for a change in the whole programme. Immediately the whole lake became of a bright red color, and four fountains burst up in different parts of the lake. My eyes followed these with amazement, as one after the other they cast up great quantities of pure vermilion colored liquid. These were followed by two others, in rapid succession, one which burst up near where I was standing. Running back, I cowered under the upper banks and witnessed the grandest pyrotechnical display of which it is possible to form any conception. These

six fountains threw up jets from thirty to sixty feet high. The fountain from the spray of which I so hastily retreated, made large deposits of molten lava on the bank where I was standing, and when it ceased I procured some very good specimens. A short period of inactivity ensued, and then the waves of the fire commenced to roll and dash against the little island, as we a first saw them. Native tradition say that this crater has been burning from time immemorial. The most wonderful and mysterious phenomenon we witnessed was on the second day of our visit to the crater. It was noon, and we were sitting on a high bank at lunch. I had turned my face in the wind, to avoid the intense heat of the lake. I was startled by a noise like the rushing together of vast bodies of water. The natives jumped up instantly, and raising an unearthly shout, scampered off in an opposite direction. Turning towards the lake, I beheld a scene which I shall never forget. I, too, had to run off some distance to escape the great heat. The whole surface of the lake was in a state of the wildest commotion. Wave clashed on wave, and all was confusion. Tremendous billows of fire rolled from every side of the lake into the centre, and meeting in fierce conflict around the island in the centre, broke with fury over its black sides. Then, after receding again, they rushed to the onset once more, with increased force, and meeting together, shot up into the air perhaps one hundred feet—one vast spiral body of red liquid lava, which finally combed over and then fell in graceful spray back into the lake again. A Wolf Story. The settlers of Maine found, beside its red-faced owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger. The majestic forests, which then waved where now is heard the hum of business, and where now a thousand villages stand, were the homes of innumerable wild and savage animals. Often at night was the farmer aroused from sleep by the noise without, which told that bruin was storming the sheep pen or pig-sty, or was laying violent paw upon some unlucky calf—and often, on a cold winter evening did they roll a large log against the door, add with beating hearts draw closer around the fire, as the dismal howl of the wolf echoed through the woods. The wolf was the most ferocious, blood-thirsty but cowardly of all animals, rarely attacking man, unless driven by severe hunger, and seeking his victim with the utmost pertinacity. The incident here related occurred in the early history of Biddeford. A resident of that place, Mr. H—, was one autumn engaged in felling trees some distance from the house. His little son, eight years old; was in the habit, while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the field and woods around the house, and often going where his father was at work. One day after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual and started home. Just on the edge of the forest he saw a pile of leaves—without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment, to find his own darling boy lying there sound asleep. 'Twas but the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, carefully replace the leaves, and conceal himself among the bushes to watch the result. After waiting there a short time, he heard a wolf's distant howl quickly followed by another, till the woods seemed alive with the fearful sounds. The howls came nearer and in a few minutes a large gaunt, savage looking wolf, leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly on the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction. Soon as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of most abject fear. He sprang back cowed to the ground, and passively awaited his fate; for the rest, enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him to pieces, and devoured him on the spot. And when they had finished their comrade, they wheeled around plunged into the forest, and disappeared, within five minutes of their first appearance not a wolf was to be seen. The excited father pressed the child to his bosom, and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy. The boy after playing till he was weary, had laid down and fallen asleep, and in that situation the wolf had found him and covered him with leaves, until he could bring his comrades to the feast; but himself had furnished the repast.