

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."

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POETRY.

SPRING IS COMING.

BY JAMES SACK.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Birds are chirping, insects humming;
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping,
Streams are cooing from winter's keeping,
In delighted freedom rushing,
Dance along in music gushing,
Scenes of late in desolation saddened,
Smile in animation gladdened;
All is beauty, all is mirth,
All is glory upon earth!
Shout we, then, with nature's voice,
Welcome spring! rejoice! rejoice!

Spring is coming; come, my brother,
Let us rise with one another,
To our well-remembered wild-wood,
Flourishing in nature's childhood;
Where a thousand flowers are springing,
And a thousand birds are singing,
Where the golden sunbeams quiver
On the venture and the quiver,
Let our youth of feeling out
To the youth of nature shout,
While the waves repeat our voice,
Welcome spring! rejoice! rejoice!

INTERESTING TALES.

FIRST LOVE:

Or, Constancy in the Nineteenth Century.

The assertion that "What is every body's business is nobody's," is true enough; but the assertion that "What is nobody's business is every body's," is still truer. Now, a love affair, for example, is of all others, a thing apart—an enchanted dream, where "common griefs & cares come not." It is like a matrimonial quarrel—never to be benefited by the interference of others; it is a sweet and subtle language, "that none understand but the speakers;" and yet this fine and delicate spirit is most especially the object of public curiosity. It is often opposed before it exists; it is taken for granted, commented upon, continued and ended without the consent of the parties themselves; though a casual observer might suppose that they were the most interested in the business.

Attention; but never was so much attention bestowed as in the little town of Allerton, upon that progressing between Mr. Edward Rainsforth and Miss Emily Worthington. They had been a charming couple from their birth—were called the little lovers from their cradle; and even when Edward was sent to school, his letter home once a quarter always contained his love to his little wife. Their course of true love seemed likely to run terribly smooth, their fathers having maintained a friendship as regular as their accounts. Mr. Worthington's death, however, when Emily was just sixteen, led to the discovery that his affairs were on the verge of bankruptcy. Mr. Rainsforth now proved himself a true friend; he said little, but did every thing. Out of his own pocket he secured a small annuity to the orphan girl, placed her in a respectable family, and asked her to dine every Sunday. With his full sanction, "the little" became the "young lovers;" and the town of Allerton, for the first time in its life, had not a fault to find with the conduct of one of its own inhabitants.

The two old friends were not destined to be long parted, and a few months saw Mr. Rainsforth carried to the same churchyard whither he had so recently followed the companion of his boyhood. A year passed away, and Edward announced his intention of (pray let us use the phrase appropriated to such occasions,) becoming a votary of the saffron god. The whole town was touched by his constancy, and felt itself elevated into poetry by being the scene of such disinterested affection. But, for the first time in his life, Edward found there was another will to be consulted than his own. His trustees would not hear of his marrying till he was two-and-twenty, the time that his father's will appointed for his coming of age. The rage and despair of the lover were only to be equalled by the rage and despair of the whole town of Allerton. Every body said it was the cruellest thing in the world and some went so far as prophecy that Emily Worthington would die of consumption before the time came of her lover's majority. The trustees were declared to have no feeling, and the young people were universally pitied. The trustees would not abate one atom from their brief authority; they had said that their ward ought to see a little of the world, and they were both of them men of their word.

Accordingly, it was settled that Edward should go to London for the next three months, and see how he liked studying the law. He certainly did not like the prospect at all; and his only consolation was, that he should not leave his adored Emily exposed to the dissipations of Allerton. She had agreed to go and stay with her aunt, some forty miles distant, where there was not even a young curate in the neighbor-

hood. The town of Allerton was touched to the heart by the whole proceeding; no one spoke of them but as that romantic and devoted couple. I own that I have known greater misfortunes in life than that a young gentleman and lady of twenty should wait a twelve month before they were married; but every person considers their own the worst that ever happened, and Edward and Emily were miserable to their hearts content. They exchanged locks of hair; and Emily gave him a portfolio, embroidered by herself, to hold the letters that she was to write. He saw her off first, under the care of an old servant, to the village where she was to stay. She waved her white handkerchief from the window as long as she could see her lover, and a little longer, and then sank back into a flood of "falling pearl, which men call tears."

Edward was as wretched, and he was also exceedingly uncomfortable, which helps wretchedness on very much. It was thought a wet day—all his things were packed up—for he himself was to start in the afternoon when the mail passed through—and never was young gentleman more utterly at a loss what to do with himself. In such a case an affair of the heart is a great resource; and young Rainsforth got upon the coach-box looking quite unhappily enough to satisfy the people of Allerton. It must be owned that he and the weather equally brightened up in the course of a couple of stages. To be sure, a cigar has a gift of placidity peculiarly its own. If I were a woman I should insist on my lover's smoking; if not of much consequence before, it will be an invaluable qualification after the happiest days of one's life.

In these days roads have no adventures—they might exclaim, with knife-grinder, "Story! Lord bless you I have none to tell!"—we will therefore take our hero after he was four days in London. He is happy in a lover's good conscience, for that very morning he had written a long letter to his beloved Emily. "I have been like a totum all in a twirl," he had been forced to neglect that duty, so sweet and so indispensable to an absent lover. He had, however, found time to become quite domesticated in Mr. Alfred's family. Mr. Alfred was of the first eminence in his profession, and had two or three young men under his charge; but it was soon evident that Edward was a first rate favorite with the mother and two daughters at all events. They were fine looking girls, and who understood how to look their best. They were well dressed, and it is wonderful how much the hair "done to a turn," ribands which make a complexion, and an exquisite *chaussure*, set off a young woman. Laura taught him to waltz, and Julia began to sing duets with him. The heart turns round, as well as the head sometimes, in a *sautouse*, and then it is difficult to ask these tender questions appropriate to duets, such as "Tell me, my heart, why wildly beating?" "Canst thou teach me to forget?" &c. without some emotion.

A week passed away, and the general postman's knock, bringing with it letters from his trustee, who, as an item in his accounts, mentioned that he has just heard that Miss Emily Worthington who was quite well, put him in mind that he had not heard from her himself. Oh! how ill-used he felt; he had some thoughts of writing to overwhelm her with reproaches for her neglect; but on second thoughts, he resolved to treat her with silent disdain. To be sure, such a measure took less time and trouble than writing four pages to express it would have done. That evening he was a little out of spirits, but Julia showed so much gentle sympathy with his sadness, and Laura called him so pleasantly upon it, that they pursued the subject long after there was any occasion for it. The week became weeks—there was not a drawback to the enjoyment of the trio, excepting now and then "some old friend of papa, to whom we must be civil; not," said Laura, "but that I would put up with one and all, excepting that odious Sir John Belmore."

Edward had been in town two months and a fortnight, when one evening, Julia—they had been singing "Meet me by moonlight alone"—asked him to breakfast with them. "I have," said she, "some commissions, and papa will trust me with you." He breakfasted, and attended the blue-eyed Julia to Swan & Edgar's. "Now I have some conscience!" exclaimed she with one of her own sweet, languid smiles. Julia had an especially charming smile—it so flattered the person to whom it was addressed. It was that sort of smile which it is impossible to help taking as a personal compliment. "I have a little world of shopping to do—bargains to buy—netting silks to choose—and you will never have patience to wait. Leave me here for an hour, and then come back—now be punctual. Let me look at your watch—ah! it is just

eleven. Good-bye, I shall expect you exactly at twelve."

She turned into the shop with a most becoming blush, so pretty, that Edward had half a mind to have followed her in, and quoted Moore's lines:

"Oh! let me only breathe the air
The blessed air that's breathed by thee!"

but a man has a natural antipathy to shopping, and even the attraction of a blush, and a blush especially of that attractive sort, one on your own account—even that was lost in the formidable array of ribands, silks, and bargains—

"Bought because they may be wanted,
Wanted because they may be had."

Accordingly, he lounged into his club, and the hour was almost gone before he arrived at Swan & Edgar's. Julia told him she had waited, and he thought—what a sweet temper she must have not to show the least symptom of dissatisfaction; on the contrary, her blue eyes were softer than usual.—By the time they arrived at her father's door he had also arrived at the agreeable conclusion that he could do no wrong.—They parted hastily, for he had a tiresome business appointment; however, they were to meet in the evening, and a thousand little tender things which he intended to say, occupied him till the end of his walk.

When the evening came, and after a toilet of that particular attention which in nine cases out of ten one finds leisure to bestow on oneself, he arrived at Mr. Alfred's house. The first object that caught his attention was Laura looking, as the Americans say, "dreadful beautiful." She had on a pink dress, direct from Paris, that flung around its own atmosphere *de rose*, and nothing could be more finished than her whole ensemble. Not that Edward noted the exquisite perfection of all the feminine and Parisian items which completed her attire, but he was struck by the general effect. He soon found himself he did not seem to be devoted to her; and his vanity was flattered, for she was the belle of the evening.

It is amazing how much our admiration take its tone from the admiration of others; and when to that is added an obvious admiration of ourselves, the charm is irresistible. "Be sure," said Laura, in that low, confidential whisper, which implies that only to one could it be addressed, "if you see me bored by that weariful Sir John Belmore, to come and make me waltz. Really, papa's old friends make me quite unwell!" There was a smile accompanying the words which seemed to say, that it was not only to avoid Sir John that she desired to dance with himself.

The evening went off most brilliantly; and Edward went home with the full intention of throwing himself at the fascinating Laura's feet the following morning, and, what is more he got up with the resolution. He hurried to Harley street, and—how propitious the fates are sometimes!—found the *dame de ses pensées* alone. An offer is certainly a desperate act. The cavalier—

"Who shall school the hearts affection?
Who shall banish its regret;
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh! teach me to forget!"

She entered, looking very pretty, but extremely pale. "Ah!" thought Edward, "she is vexed that I allowed myself to be so engrossed by her sister last night."

"So you are alone," exclaimed she; "I have such a piece of news to tell you! Laura is going to be married to Sir John Belmore. How can she marry a man she positively despises?"

"It is very heartless," replied Edward, with great emphasis.

"Nay," replied Julia, "but Laura could not live without gaiety. Moreover, she is ambitious. I cannot pretend to judge for her; we never had a taste in common."

"You," said Edward, "would not have so thrown yourself away!"

"Ah! no," answered she, looking down, "the heart is my world." And Edward thought he had never seen any thing so lovely as the deep blue eyes that now looked up full of tears.

"Ah, too convicting, dangerously dear,
In woman's eyes, th' unanswerable tear."

Whither Edward might have floated on the tears of the "dove-eyed Julia" must remain a question; for at that moment—most unusual occurrence in a morning—Mr. Alfred came into his own drawing-room.

"So, madam," he exclaimed, in a voice almost inarticulate from anger, "I know it all. You were married to Captain Darce yesterday; and you, sir," turning to Edward, "made yourself a party to the shameful deception."

"No," interrupted Julia; "Mr. Rainsforth believed me to be in Swan and Edgar's shop the whole time. The fact was, I only passed through it." Edward stood aghast. So the lady, in-

stead of silks and ribands, was buying, perhaps, the dearest bargain of her life. A few moments convinced him that he was *de trop*; and he left the father storming, and the daughter in hysterics.

On his arrival at his lodgings, he found a letter from his guardians, in which he found the following entered among other items:—"Miss Emily Worthington has been ill, but is now recovering." Edward cared at this moment, very little about the health or sickness of any woman in the world.—Indeed, he rather thought Emily's illness was a judgment upon her. If she had answered his letter, he would have saved all his recent mortification. He decided on abjuring the flattering and fickle sex forever, and turned to his desk to look over some accounts to which he was referred by his guardians. While tossing the papers about, half-listless, half-fretful, what should catch his eye but a letter with the seal not broken! He started from his seat in consternation. Why, it was his own epistle to Miss Worthington! No wonder that she had not written; she did not even know his address. All the horrors of his conduct now stared him full in the face. Poor, dear, deserted Emily, what must her feelings have been! He could not bear to think of them. He snatched up a pen, wrote to his guardians, declaring that the illness of his beloved Emily would, if they did not yield, induce him to take any measure, however desperate; and that he insisted on being allowed to visit her. Nothing but his own eyes could satisfy him of her actual recovery. He also wrote to Emily, enclosed the truant letter, and the following day set off for Allerton.

In the meantime, what had become of the fair desolate? Emily had certainly quite fulfilled her duty of being miserable enough in the first instance. Nothing could be duller than the little village to which was assigned the *Ariadne* of Allerton.—Day after day she roamed—not along the beach, but along the fields towards the post-office, for the letter which, like the breeze in Lord Byron's calm, "came now." A fortnight elapsed, when one morning, as she was crossing the grounds of a fine but deserted place in the neighbourhood, she was so much struck by the beauty of some pink May, that she stopped to gather it;—alas! like most other pleasures, it was out of her reach. Suddenly, a very elegant looking young man emerged from one of the winding paths, and insisted on gathering it for her. The flowers were so beautiful, when gathered, that it was impossible not to say something in their praise, and flowers lead to many other subjects. Emily discovered that she was talking to the proprietor of the place, Lord Elmsley, and, of course, apologized for her intrusion. He equally, of course, declared, that his grounds were only too happy in having so fair a guest.

Next they met by chance again, and, at last, the only thing that made Emily relapse into her former languor was—a wet day; for then there was no chance of seeing Lord Elmsley. The weather, however, was, generally speaking, delightful—and they met, and talked about Lord Byron—may, read him together; and Lord Elmsley confessed that he had never understood his beauties before. They talked also of the heartlessness of the world, and the delights of solitude, in a way that would have charmed Zimmerman. One morning, however, bro't Lord Elmsley a letter. It was from his Uncle, short and sweet and ran thus:—"My dear George.

"Miss Smith's guardians have at last listened to reason—and allow that your rank is fairly worth her gold. Come up, therefore, as soon as you can, and preserve your interest with the lady. What a lucky fellow you are to have fine eyes—for they have carried the prize for you! However, as women are inconstant commodities at the best, I advise you to lose no time in securing the heiress. Your affectionate uncle. E."

"Tell them," said the earl, "to order post-horses immediately. I must be off to London in the course of half an hour." During this half hour he despatched his luncheon, and—for Lord Elmsley was a perfectly well-bred man—despatched the following note to Miss Worthington, whom he was to have met that morning to show her the remains of the heronry;—"My dear Miss Worthington.

"Harried as I am, I do not forget to return the volume of Lord Byron you so obligingly lent me. How I envy you the power of remaining in the country this delightful season—while I am forced to immerse myself in hurried and noisy London. Allow me to offer the best compliments of your devoted servant, ELSLEY."

No wonder that Emily tore the note which she received with smiles and blushes into twenty pieces, and did not get up to breakfast the next day. The next week she had a bad cold, and was seated in a most dis-

consolate-looking attitude and shawl, when a letter was brought in. It contained the first epistle of Edward's and the following words in the envelope:—"My adored Emily,

"You may forgive me—I cannot forgive myself. Only imagine that the inclosed letter has by some strange chance remained in my desk, and I never discovered the error till this morning. You would pardon me if you knew all I have suffered. How I have reproached you! I hope to see you to-morrow, for I cannot rest till I hear from your own lips that you have forgiven your faithful and unhappy "EDWARD."

That very morning Emily left off her shawl, and discovered that a walk would do her good. The lovers met the next day, each looking a little pale. Emily returned to Allerton, and the town was touched to the very heart by a constancy that had stood such a test.

"Three months' absence," as an old lady observed, "this is a terrible trial." The guardians thought so too—and the marriage of Emily Worthington to Edward Rainsforth soon completed the satisfaction of the town of Allerton. During the Bridal trip, the young couple were one wet day at an inn looking over a newspaper together, and there they saw—the marriage of Miss Smith with the Earl of Elmsley—and of Miss Alfred with Sir John Belmore. I never heard that the readers made either of them any remarks as they read. They returned to Allerton, lived very happily, and were always held up as touching instances of first love and constancy—in the nineteenth century. L. E. L.

SPRING.—Of all coquets which were ever courted, no other surely can vie with the nymph spring. We frequently meet her in February, smiling, bland & flattering. You feel her blandishments enter your heart—the next morning her mother winter meets you in all the frigid vindictiveness of her nature—your blood runs cold in your veins, and so stern is the parent that you dare not even enquire for her daughter.

March comes, and so does again Spring, just as coaxing, deceiving and faithless as in February; but who can resist the smile of spring. None. Her train is as long as before, and altogether as changeable as her favors. Hush! What sound is that? It comes fitful from the region of the north-west. A chill passes over our veins. We look fearfully around, & exclaim anxiously, "Where is Spring!" A rude blast stops, and our whole frame feels again the icy glance of Old Winter.

April arrives, but accompanied by the now old & decrepit winter. We see Spring weeping and lingering behind; and on the face of her daughter, we now see more of sincerity. Her smiles are softer, sweeter, and more of the sister is in her mien.—Throughout this month, the lingering mother seems reluctant to lose her power, & envious of the increasing favor of her daughter. Nature must, however, be obeyed, and as the bloom deepens and the fragrance of Spring spreads over the earth, old scowling winter vents more and more faintly her evil temper and regrets, still breathes.

May opens her portals and Spring, now ready to enter on her inheritance, like all other heiresses, is followed by crowds of admirers, who are yet from time to time startled with the dying groans of winter; but Spring scattering garlands on every side, forgets and causes her mother to be forgotten. On the first balmy morning of June, none inquires for winter. All is now Joy and Promise, and Spring, now the uncontrolled mistress of immense domains, sits in all the majesty of a Queen.

To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some virtuous and amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart and guard it on from the pollution which besets it on all sides. Nevertheless, I trust that your fondness for the company of the ladies may not rob you of the time which ought to be devoted to reading, and above all that it may not acquire for you the reputation of a Dangler, in itself bordering on the contemptible, and seriously detrimental to your professional character. A cautious old Squareroe, who might have no objection to employing such a one at the bar, would perhaps be shy of introducing him as a practitioner in his family, in case he should have a pretty daughter, sister or niece; although all experience shows that of all male animals, the Dangler is the most harmless to the ladies, who quickly learn, with the intuitive sagacity of the sex, to make a convenience of him while he serves for a butt also.

AMERICAN BOYS.—An American of ten or twelve years of age is as much of a young man as a European at sixteen; and when arrived at that age, he is as useful in business and as much to be relied on, as a German at 24, or a Frenchman at 50.—Something similar to it may also be found in England; but neither climate nor education promote it to the same extent as in America. From the earliest period of his life a young American is accustomed to rely upon himself as the principal artificer of his fortune. Whatever he learns or studies is with a view to future application, and the moment he leaves school he immerses into active life. His reputation, from the time he is able to think, is the object of his most anxious care, as it must affect his future standing in society, and increase the sphere of his usefulness.—*Grand on America.*

Education is a better safeguard for liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise the wages of the recruiting sergeant. [Speech of Edward Everett.]