

# THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"We have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

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NEXT DOOR TO ROBISON'S STAGE OFFICE.

## TERMS:

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ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

## POETRY.

From the Louisville Journal.

Our readers will see from the following lines that the Spring is giving birth to poetry as beautiful as its own flowers.

### SPRING.

Beauteous Spring! I love thy bowers,  
Thy many hued and scented flowers,  
The glorious dyes  
Of thy sunset skies,  
And the sweet repose of thy moonlight hours.

Musical Spring! how sweet the song  
Thou breathest the flowers and gleams among  
While leaping rills  
And breezy hills  
And rocks and vales the notes prolong.

Bounteous Spring! thou bring'st flowers,  
And freshening dews to the faded bowers;  
Unchain't the rills,  
And o'er vales and hills  
Pour'st down the soft and gentle showers.

While sigh thy gales of rich perfumes,  
And wave thy flowers of fairest bloom,  
O'er those who sleep,  
In slumbers deep,  
In the peaceful rest of the grassy tomb.

Delightful Spring! I kneel to hear  
Thy eloquent song breathed soft and clear  
O'er hill and dale,  
While the balmy gale  
Bears every sound to my listening ear.

Oh! soft is the gentle lullaby,  
And pure and clear the violet sky;  
And the rain-bow wing  
Of the Emerald Spring  
Is fanning my brow as she wanders by.

Oh! here with a glowing heart I bring  
My pure and grateful offering  
Of thanks and love  
To the God above,  
Who made the eloquent, blooming Spring.

SOPHIA.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A SKETCH FOUND IN THE PORTFOLIO OF THE LATE  
TOBY TEMPERANCE, ESQ.

At the close of a fine summer day, at an open window, in a large and elegant mansion in B— street, Boston, sat Louisa Harcourt, her head reclining on her hand, which was partly concealed by her dark chestnut hair, which hung in graceful ringlets over her face. She appeared lost in thought.

At a little distance from the window sat her mother, an aristocratic looking lady, in a rich dress, which, sparkling with jewels, contrasted strangely with her daughter's white muslin dress, and beautiful hair, ornamented only with a golden band.

"Louisa, dear," said her mother, "how dull you are this evening; you have not said a word for an hour. I expect Mr. Palmer every moment, and I hope you will stay and see him."

The young lady raised her head and displayed a most beautiful countenance. Her features were small and very regular. Her skin of alabaster whiteness. Her cheek was pale, and the eyes, which were deep blue, were filled with tears. Rising to leave the room, she displayed a beautiful, slender form, rather smaller than the ordinary height.

Louisa Harcourt was eighteen years of age. When twelve years old, she became acquainted with a young man named Henry Seymour, two years older than herself. Their acquaintance ripened into friendship, from friendship into love.

Henry always met with a welcome at Mr. Harcourt's, until he began to see the course things were taking. About two months previous to the commencement of my tale,

Henry, after passing a pleasant evening at the Harcourt's, had taken leave, and was just closing the door, when a servant stepped up, and said Mr. Harcourt wished to say a few words with him. Entering a room, and closing the door, he began as follows: "Mr. Seymour, I have observed of late, your acquaintance with my daughter has been more intimate than I could wish. With your means, you are not able to support her (if she became your wife) in the style and splendour to which she has been accustomed. I am, therefore, under the painful necessity of requesting you would discontinue your visits for the future. I hope you will not be offended for my asking this of you. I feel it my duty to do it, and I hope your friendship will continue as unbroken as heretofore."

Henry sat for a moment, stupefied. Then starting from his seat without making any reply, left the house never to enter it again.

The night was dark and gloomy. Making his way as rapidly through the street as the darkness would permit—and going which way he knew not—he had unconsciously returned to the house just left. He paused—and while looking up at the window of the room he knew to be Louisa's chamber, a person entered the room with a light. It was Louisa! Coming to the window, she closed the shutters, and all was dark again. Rushing from the place he exclaimed, "Oh God! must I suffer thus! and for the want of money?"

Two days afterward he was at sea, on a voyage to India.

Henry Seymour was an orphan. His mother died when he was about two years old, and at eleven he lost his father. An uncle, the nearest surviving relative, was appointed his guardian, and being a professor in an academy, some miles from Boston, at his request, Henry went there to reside. Here he received a superior education. And it was here he first saw Louisa Harcourt, who, after having finished her education, returned to the city.

Henry being deprived of her society, and not relishing the duties of teacher, for which his uncle had intended him, requested him to obtain a situation for him, in some store in the city. A merchant from Boston being in that town, Henry applied to him for information.—Pleased with his manners he proposed taking him into his own store, on trial, which proposition was accepted, and the next week Henry was installed clerk in a dry good wholesale store in Kilby street. By his correct deportment and strict attention to business, he gained the love and esteem of his employers, and on his twenty-first birthday, was to have become a partner in their establishment. Instead of which, he was on his way to India, where we will now leave him for the present and return to the Harcourts.

On the afternoon of the day following Henry's unceremonious dismissal, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt with their daughter were sitting by the fire—Louisa reading a new work which Henry had left with her the evening before. She had not been informed of the state of things—when just as Mr. H. was about to tell her, the servant announced Mr. Palmer. "Show him up immediately," said Mr. Harcourt. And in walked Augustus Palmer, Esq. the rival of Henry Seymour.

He was rather short and slim. Hair dark, and a pair of whiskers adorned his face, which, if they really belonged there, must have had more time to grow than himself. He was dressed in a green frock coat—light colored pants—and was, on the whole, a complete dandy, with a sort of what-do-you-want-to-know-for look, which rendered him very disagreeable.

Mr. Harcourt received him with great cordiality. Mrs. H. was all smiles. But Louisa scarcely lifted her eyes from the book, to say "Good afternoon, sir."—and then continued reading, as if no person beside herself was in the room.

"What is the matter with your friend Seymour?" asked Mr. Augustus Palmer. "As I passed his house this morning, a truckman was carting away some furniture which I took to be his. I sent my servant to inquire; he returned bringing me word it was Mr. Seymour's, who was to leave for Canton in the ship Leo, at twelve o'clock."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Louisa, laying down her book and looking at Mr. Palmer, to see if he was not trifling with her feelings.

"Impossible!" observed Mr. Palmer, taking the evening paper from his pocket, and read: "Passenger in the ship Leo, cleared for Canton this morning, Mr. Henry Seymour of this city."

Miss Harcourt sprang from her seat. Taking the paper, she read the paragraph, and sank motionless into her mother's arms. Mr. Palmer took his leave. In a short time Louisa revived. She asked her father

er if Henry had said any thing about it. Mr. Harcourt then told her of his interview with Henry, and of his leaving the house without returning any answer.

That night Louisa was seized with a violent fever, which threatened to prove fatal—but in the course of a month she was able to leave the room.

From that time she refused to see any one, and never went abroad; her longest walks were in the garden back of the house.

Augustus Palmer, after repeated visits without once seeing Louisa, was heard to say (when leaving the house for the fifty-sixth time unsuccessfully) that "Miss Harcourt must be a vulgar young lady not to appreciate the worth of a young gentleman that half the girls in Boston were running after."

Things continued thus about two years, till one evening, Louisa and her mother were waiting for Mr. Harcourt. It was some hours behind his usual time of leaving his business.—Mrs. H. had thought of and told every reason for delay, that her imagination could suggest and was on the point of sending a servant to ascertain the cause, when the door was opened violently and Mr. Harcourt rushed in, threw himself on the sofa, and exclaimed,

"I am a ruined man! a bankrupt! a beggar!" Mrs. Harcourt nearly fainted. As soon as she was composed enough, Mr. H. stated the circumstances. He had risked his fortune in one great enterprise. All he was worth was in a ship at Canton, about to cross the ocean, and on which he could not effect an insurance. She sailed in company with another vessel. When five days out, they were attacked by pirates, who are numberless in that part of the ocean. The other escaped. On her return, the captain waited on Mr. Harcourt and informed him that his ship was set on fire about three hours after the capture, and from the long continuance of the light, must have been entirely destroyed.

But how did Louisa meet the dreadful tidings? Far different from either father or mother. When Mr. Harcourt had finished speaking, those features that had not been seen to smile for two years, were now radiant with joy. "Thank heaven!" she exclaimed, "I too am poor. Thy cannot deny Henry admittance now!"

From that moment it was evident her health was restored. The feeble step was exchanged for one proud and firm, which indicated anything but a fall from wealth to poverty. The next day all their remaining property was taken. They were obliged to leave their elegant mansion for a small house in the obscure part of the city.

Louisa must now work to obtain a livelihood. Was she ashamed of it? No! With a heart full of joy she applied (under an assumed name, which Mr. Harcourt insisted upon) to an establishment for the employment of female poor, and obtained work for her needle. By her industry they were enabled to live comfortably, and even happy.

Henry Seymour reached Canton in safety; and immediately commenced trading and speculating. In all his undertakings success attended him. His small capital greatly increased. A chance for a large speculation presented itself; Henry embarked his all, was successful. He realized a fortune.

A vessel was to leave for his native country. He immediately took passage. It was Harcourt's ship. As has been stated, they were captured by pirates, who after leaving their own vessel set fire to it.

Having confined the crew of the ship below, they began to examine their prize, and finding a barrel of rum, they drank to intoxication. For several hours the air was rent with their cries. At last all was still. Presuming the pirates were in a state of insensibility, the crew broke through the hatches, and found them stretched around the deck, about forty in number. Placing them in the boats, they lowered them into the water, and cutting the rope sent them adrift. Hoisting all sail they steered for home. But adverse winds and bad weather kept them two months beyond the time in which a passage is usually made, and immediately on his arrival at New York, Henry left for Boston. He reached the city about dark, and proceeded to the house formerly occupied by the Harcourts. He rang the bell. An Irishman came to the door.

"Does Mr. Harcourt reside here?" "Maister Harcourt?" asked the Irishman. "Yes."

"No indeed, not he," was the reply. "What does the gentleman want Patrick?" said a little boy, coming to the door.

"Mr. Harcourt. He resided here about two years ago."

"Yes sir, but father said he has failed. He had a ship taken by pirates, and burnt. That made him fail two months ago—and he has not been seen since."

The truth now flashed on Henry's mind.

"He no doubt thinks"—said Henry to himself as he left the house not knowing which way to go—He no doubt thinks the ship is lost and himself ruined. Oh God! what can have become of Louisa: perhaps this moment suffering for want, among strangers. The thought maddened him. "I must find her—I will find her, now!" he exclaimed, still pursuing his way in any direction he happened to take. A plan occurred to him. He would go to the crier and have it declared throughout the city, that the ship C— supposed to have been burnt by pirates had arrived safe at New York. The Harcourts, if they were in the city, would hear of it, and all would again be right.

Turning down — street, he observed a young lady come out of a house, on which was a large sign, "Employment given to Female Poor." From the slight glance he obtained of her face, he thought it was Louisa. He followed her; she turned up a court and entered a small wooden building; a few moments afterwards Henry knocked at the door. It was opened by Louisa Harcourt. She did not recognize him, he was so altered.

"Do you not know me, Louisa? Have you forgotten Henry Seymour?"

She made no answer, but faintly and fell into his arms; he called for assistance; Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt came; Henry gave Louisa to Mrs. Harcourt, and requested to speak to Mr. H. They entered a room; Henry made himself known, communicated the joyful intelligence; and concluded by saying, "I have now one favor to ask. Permit me to visit your family as one friend visits another." Mr. Harcourt seized his hand. "Henry, we will never part. Take my daughter for your wife, if you think her worthy of you. Try to forget all that has passed, and it will not be my fault if we are not happy."

Louisa and her mother entered the room; all was explained. Henry passed the evening relating his adventures, and returned to his lodgings the happiest being alive, with the exception of the Harcourts.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Pryer, (one of two ladies who had been coining scandal all the morning,) "I wonder who is to live in that elegantly furnished house in M— street?"

"Don't you know?" said Miss Findout.

"Why you know Harcourt, who failed about three months since?"

"Yes, we are intimately acquainted," replied Mrs. Pryer, who had never been inside their house.

"Well they are to live there. Young Seymour, who went to Canton two years since, has married their daughter, and is to stay with them."

"Indeed! I thought they refused him because he was poor."

"They did. But he made a fortune while in Canton."

"How some folks get rich," said Mrs. Pryer, taking leave of her friend. "Farewell Mrs. Findout."

FAREWELL READER!

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The following beautiful extract is taken from "Wilson Conworth," in the last number of the Knickerbocker Magazine:—

"The land of William Penn is the only soil not purchased by the blood of the natives. A feeling of peace came over me, as I thought of this, and called to mind the scene where he is represented as treating with the Indians. The design is magnificent.

How firm must have been the principles of that man! What a religion that must be, which fortifies a man to go without armour or shield into the midst of an Indian tribe, relying on the efficacy of his own purity of purpose, and the dignity of his sentiments to protect him! How much is heroism beyond the daring of the warrior! The one is moral the other is physical courage. Is there in all history a character that approaches nearer to the character of Christ than his? His weapons were weapons of meekness and love; he went about doing good, he endured adversity with patience, and would have suffered martyrdom for his faith. His fame is the purest fame; there is not a blot upon his character. His principles of peace, which are getting to be the principles of the whole civilized world. Thus much he was in advance of the age. As I touched the soil of Penn, I determined to seek out a home in some community of Friends."

Independence of Editors.—As a general rule, it is expedient, and even necessary, for an editor to enrol himself under the banner of party. But he may do this without becoming strictly, and in the fullest sense of the term, a partisan, or the slave of the party, or bowing its knee to Baals. He may deserve and gain the support of the honest and liberal of a party, without losing his moral independence.

Schenectady Reflector.

From the Meadville Democrat and Courier.

## A SIMPLE CURE FOR ASTHMA.

To the editor,

Dear Sir—The following simple remedy for the Asthma, as related by Doct. Monroe, professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburg, I give you for publicity, should you think it worthy a place in your paper. I am moved to this act from the consideration that some whom I respect in this borough and neighborhood, are much afflicted with that distressing complaint.

N. WEST

The late Dr. John Hume, one of the Commissioners of the sick and hurt in the Royal Navy, was for many years violently afflicted with the Asthma. Having taken many medicines without relief, he at last resolved to try the effects of honey, having had great opinion of its virtues as a pectoral. For two or three years he ate some ounces of it daily, and got entirely free of his asthma, and likewise of a gravelly complaint, with which he had recovered his health, when he was sitting one day in his office for the sick and hurt, a person laboring under a great difficulty of breathing, who looked as if he could not live many days, came to him and asked him by what means he had been cured of his Asthma. Dr. Hume told him the particulars of his cure. For two years the Dr. heard nothing of this person, who was a stranger to him, and had seemed so bad that he did not imagine that he could live very long, and, therefore, had not even asked who he was. However, at the end of that period, a man in perfect health and decently dressed, came to the office of the sick and hurt, and returned Dr. Hume thanks for his cure, assuring him that it had been brought about by the free use of honey. Let every one, therefore, afflicted with the Asthma, whether the disease be of the dry or humid character, give honey a full and fair trial by eating as much of it daily, especially morning and evening, as will amount to 3 or 4 ounces per day.

From the Southern Post.

## SAMMY DARBY'S COURTSHIP.

Good afternoon, Squire Jones! "Good afternoon, friend Darby 'come walk in!"

"Well, how is your lovely darter, Sal, today, and the rest of the family?" "Why, they are all up and about, particularly Sal, she is very hearty, has a good appetite and eats a right smart chance, and the way she smokes her old pipe is the right way, and sings—lord man, she sings like a martingale; oh, she is a burster!" "Well, Squire, I'm glad to hear so much in praise of Sal, for I love her mightily, and mean to court her, too."

"Why, that's plain, honest and clever—I'll go and call Sal." "Sure enough he did, and she soon made her appearance.—"How are you, Sal?" says I. "Oh, sorter middling; how do you feel, Mr. Darby?" "Why, Sal, I aint well, I'm love sick."

"Oh, hush, you don't say so—well do tell me who she is?" With that I sorter sidled up to Sal, and Sal she kinder sidled off.—"Says I, 'Sal, don't be so tarnation skitterish, for you are the very gal I'm after.'—"Geet out, you don't say." "Yes I do, and I'm in as hard earnest as ever my old dog Lion was at a Coon."

"That pleased Sal mightily, and she kinder tasted her head and looked as proud as some of your town gals do when they get in a ball room. Says I, 'Sal, will you have me?' 'I reckon as how I will, you don't catch this child refusing to do that thing when she has so good a chance.' So off we went to the Parson's, and Sal and I got married, and now we live kinder happily together as can be, only sometimes she hawls out to me, 'Mr. Darby, don't be spitting your tobacco juice on the fire dogs, and sticking your feet on the fender; may I be burnt if I can keep any thing decent for you; plague take all tobacco chewers, I say; that are as nasty about it as you are.' And the way she raps my toes with the toigs when she sees my feet on the fender, is no ways common. I tell you, however, I live as happy as I can expect with a woman—that's the fact.

Knowing your man.—The following capital anecdote is from the Boston Times:

The recent tragic affair at Washington, which should fill the mind of every one with indignation and sorrow, reminds me of a little anecdote of the late Judge Thatcher, of Maine, who was for many years a member of Congress and associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. He was challenged on a certain occasion by, I think, a member of Congress. The Judge was not deficient in true courage, but his principles were decidedly opposed to duelling. "I will go and consult my wife," replied he, "and if she will consent, I will fight you." "You are a coward." "Very well," said the Judge, "you knew I was, or you never would have challenged me."