

# THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I 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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## TERMS:

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## POETRY.

### SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

A BALLAD.

She wore a wreath of roses,  
The night that first we met,  
Her lovely face was smiling,  
Beneath her curls of jet;  
Her footsteps had the lightness,  
Her voice the joyous tone,  
The token of a youthful heart  
Where sorrow is unknown;  
I saw her but a moment,  
Yet methinks I see her now  
With a wreath of summer flowers,  
Upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms  
When next we met she wore  
The expression of her features was  
More thoughtful than before  
And standing by her side was one,  
Who strove and not in vain,  
To soothe her, leaving that dear home,  
She ne'er might see again.  
I saw her but a moment, yet  
Methinks I see her now,  
With a wreath of orange blossoms  
Upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow,  
No bridal wreath is there,  
The widow's sombre cap conceals  
Her once luxuriant hair;  
She weeps in silent solitude,  
And there is no one near  
To press her hand within his own,  
And wipe away a tear;  
I see her broken hearted!  
Yet methinks I see her now  
In the pride of youth and beauty,  
With a garland on her brow.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Baltimore Monument, for October.

### A FOLLY CURED.

BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

"What care I, maidens though his name  
Be all unmet for song or story!"

New Song.

"Ned! brother Ned! just listen here!—  
Married, at—, on—, Jenkins, Esq. to  
Miss Helen Scott;—Jonas Jenkins! ha!  
ha! who would ever have dreamed that a  
girl of Helen Scott's taste could marry a  
man with a name like that! Jonas Jenkins?  
Mrs. Jonas Jenkins!—how it sounds!"

"Well, Clara, 'what's in a name?'"

"Shocking!—if there's anything I do de-  
test as much as a vulgar name, it is a hack-  
neyed quotation!"

"Humph!—I was going to add, however,  
that your friend Helen has made what her  
circle would call an excellent match. I  
know Jenkins well. He is a man of fine  
person, fine abilities, and, yet more, fine  
fortunes."

"And what of all that with such a name?  
—I would not marry an Apollo, endowed  
with Fortynio's purse if he bore a name  
like that!"

"Ahem!"

"You need not look so quizzical."

"So what?"

"You knew my notion about names, long  
ago, Edward."

"I thought I had cured you of them long  
ago, Clara."

"No, indeed! I don't intend to be cured  
so long as I have reason on my side. Such  
names as Johnson, Jackson, Thomson, to  
say nothing of Smith, Green, Brown, Black,

which can be so readily traced to their sources, are my aversion; they are so very parvenu."

"Parvenu! what a word for an American girl! I suppose, then, that such as Delmont and Mortimer, and Montague, and Fitz this, and St. that, would suit your fancy better?"

"Nonsense! I am not so silly as to go to trashy old novels for names. I would as soon think of selecting Belinda and Dorinda and Melissa for Christian names. I like those that bear something consequential in them,—something respectable,—something—something—"

"Aristocratic,—that's the word you are ashamed to let out; something like Howard, or Sidney, or Herbert would do?—ha! ha! ha!"

"Exactly!" and Clara Calvert ran out of the room to escape her brother's rail-  
lery.

"We must rid her of this foible," remarked Edward, gravely, to his elder sister, Gertrude, who was now at home for the first time after leaving it as a bride, and who sat smiling at the colloquy.

Clara re-appeared.

"I had intended Clara," said Edward, "to invite my friend William Benson to visit me this summer, but am now induced to change my mind."

"You mean the young man who took half the honors from you at college, and who delivered that oration so full of every thing sublime and beautiful, and original, which I admired so much, when I read it?"

"The very same, but I have concluded that his common place name might prevent you from receiving him as he deserves.—Your etymological skill might make the disagreeable discovery through it that one of his ancestors was the son of a man named Ben."

Clara looked a little confused;—"You know I wouldn't mind that in your friend, though."

"Notwithstanding, I shall not submit him to your condescension;" returned Edward, as he left her.

The next evening Clara and her sister were sitting together in the parlor,—

"In dusk, ere stars were lit or candles brought," the latter looking musingly out upon the twilight, and the former thoughtlessly twanging her guitar. "I'll play that old drawl, 'Days of absence' for you Ger." said she; "I know you're thinking about Henry, ain't you?"

As she spoke, Edward ushered a gentleman into the room, introducing,— "My sisters Mrs. Huntley and Miss Calvert,—my friend Mr. Demijohn."

Clara sat for a moment as if thunder-struck, and then gave a nudge of unmistakable import to Gertrude, who with her usual lady-like composure had commenced addressing the stranger. "I wonder what he can look like," thought she; "his voice at all events, does not sound as if it came out of a demi-john." It was very melodious, and his reply to her sister particularly graceful, yet still she feared to speak lest a word might bring her ill-suppressed laugh altogether out with it.

At length the lamps were lighted and Clara eagerly surveyed the visitor. He was what her young lady friends would have pronounced, "decidedly a very elegant looking fellow;" a phrase of course too hackneyed to be taken up by her fastidious lips.—His features were remarkably handsome, and wore an expression which proved the bumps of mirth conspicuous on his well developed forehead by no means misplaced, and which could not fail to be attractive to a damsel as vivacious as the one engaged in the scrutiny.

The conversation of the visitor was so fascinating that Clara's risibility soon yielded to it, and before an hour, she caught herself wishing from the bottom of her heart that there should have been cause so just to give it rise. "Poor man! how much he is to be pitied!" she said to herself; "with conceptions and sensibilities such as he must have to talk as he does, how well he must be aware of the ludicrousness of his name,

and how keenly he must feel it!" and when he had taken leave for the night, her compassion would not allow her to finish the jest she had thought it necessary to attempt at his expense.

The gentleman called again the next morning, and Clara was yet more pleased with him by day light than she had been the evening before, and by no means dissatisfied when her brother told her that he had invited his friend to pass a few days in the family. "He is a very interesting man," said she, and she fell into a deep study. A ray of hope shot across her mind. Perhaps his first name might be more agreeable. She questioned Edward accordingly. "Name again!" returned he raising his finger.

"I am sure I have an excuse for it now;" replied Clara, almost seriously.

"Well, here is his card." Clara snatched it eagerly; "John M. Demijohn! forgive me, Edward but,—really,—I can't help—laughing? it is such very absurd name—I—you must confess that yourself!"

Edward and Gertrude both smiled.

Mr. D——, for so Clara arranged his name in her reveries; soon became domesticated among them. Edward, a competent judge in matters of that kind, held his talents and attainments in high estimation.—Gertrude believed him to be as superior in character as intellect, and Clara herself thought him the most polished gentleman she had ever seen. He accompanied her music to her utmost satisfaction; read exquisitely, was an admirable horseman,—in short he possessed innumerable attractions, and with these in view, the consequences may be guessed.

Mr. D——'s visit had been lengthened to better than a month when one morning when he had been idly screwing the keys of Clara's guitar for some minutes whilst she sat working near him, he stopped suddenly, and announced his intention of making his departure the next day.

Clara started and endeavored to raise her eyes to his face but they would not obey her, and then as ineffectually she attempted to speak.

The gentleman arose, struck the guitar against the table till the strings vibrated; picked up a sheet of music and threw it down again; opened his lips as if there was something to be said, but did not succeed in getting it out and abruptly hurried from the room.

"Oh! how I wish Gertrude were here!" half sobbed Clara. Gertrude has left the week before.

Edward entered. "Why Clara, child," exclaimed he, what's the matter? Look up here; why, upon my word, your eyes are quite red!—how could you have so little taste as to sit with a gentleman, in that trim!—let's hear what ails you?"

"Nothing, brother Edward."  
"Is that all? Oh then! I need not concern myself about you;—I have reason to do so about something else though;—Demijohn intends leaving us to-morrow—did he tell you so?—really, Clara, you seem as much agitated at my news as any young lady could be who had serious aspirations to become Mrs. John M. Demijohn!"

Clara burst into tears.  
Edward paused a moment, and then went on;—"You don't usually let my teasing distress you so, Clara, I beg pardon. But to our subject. I have not asked him to prolong his stay; I think it best to allow the poor fellow to go whilst he has a little remnant of his heart to take with him, which would certainly not be the case if he remained much longer with you. As it is, I found it necessary to give him a hint of your prejudice about names, and left him to infer that, of course, his cause would be hopeless."

"Oh! Edward! how could you!"—interrupted Clara with a sob; don't I beg, think of my folly any more!"

"I must, and will, Clara, till I know you are cured of it."

"So I am, indeed,—altogether."

"Are you sure?—quite sure?"  
"Dear Edward, for pity's sake don't jest now."

"Well I have no objection to believing you, but there are others to be convinced of it besides myself," said her brother beckoning through a window to his guest, who immediately joined them;—"and first of all, Benson, here,—my old friend, William Benson;—don't get so pale, Clara,—why,—what frightens you?—this name is surely not more terrible than John M. Demijohn, is it? You may debate that point between yourselves, however, and in half an hour or so I will be in again to hear your conclusion."

A week or two after, Gertrude received a letter from Edward, of which a passage ran thus:—"And lastly, dear Ger, our plot succeeded admirably.—Benson endured the sobriquet until I was convinced she would gladly have shared it with him, and now, though of course she is not sorry that he is rid of it, as who would be? I think the whim is pretty fairly eradicated. You and Henry must hurry back, as soon as possible to instruct the young folks in the duties of married life, for B—— is urgent to assume them, and, in spite of my wiser judgment, has persuaded our little Sis, that at eighteen she is quite advanced enough in reason and years for their comprehension and fulfilment."

## FEMALE FIDELITY.

From the diary of a country Physician.

"Twas on a Sabbath morning in the month of June, eighteen hundred and twenty eight; I was summoned to visit a young Lady, residing a few miles distant from the beautiful village of Port Elizabeth, New Jersey, in which place I then resided.

She was one whom I had known from infancy and had long been intimately acquainted with her family. She was her father's only child, the idol of his aged heart, and the hope and solace of his latter days. Just entering her seventeenth year with a mind highly cultivated, and a sensibility alive to every amiable impression, she became a fit object to love and be beloved. Her youth had been passed in quietness and seclusion in a celebrated Female Seminary at Burlington. Grief and sorrow were unknown to her, and she knew not of the trials and troubles of this weary world of woe. Because Mary was innocent.

The communication I received, strongly excited my apprehensions;—that without immediate haste, my presence or services would be entirely unavailable. Accordingly, without delay, I was soon fast approaching the object of my visit. The light of another day had just begun to dawn upon the world. The calm and quiet hour of morning twilight, when the dark shadows of night are fast mingling with the rays of approaching day. It was bewitching and enchanting period of time, when all creation seems to feel, and acknowledge the supreme and overwhelming power of Omnipotence. All nature, smiling in reanimated beauty, paying homage and adoration to Him who is its great Divine Creator. Whether the high mountain peak that mingles with the clouds clothed with eternal snows of the low sequestered glen beneath, carpeted with the verdure; whether the tall sturdy towering oak that decks the forest, or the tiny bird that warbles among the branches; all eloquently proclaim the wisdom and power of that hand which has been the author of them all.

A thousand reflections hurried through my mind as I travelled along the lonely road which led to the abode of Mary and her aged parents. Can it be possible, thought I again and again,—that she whom I had seen so recently, flushed with health and beauty—the charm of cheerfulness upon her family was now the victim of disease and probably death? Relentless, cruel Spoiler! how dost thou love to revel and riot among the charms of female loveliness withering like an early blight the rose that blooms on beauty's cheeks; dashing at one fell blow to the grave, all their hopes and expectations here; there to lie and fade and

perish! How dost thou with thy sturdy foot love to trample over the fair fragile forms of those we once loved, but now can love no more for ever.

Indulging in this sad train of melancholly musings, I found I had approached the house without being conscious of the distance passed over. I was ushered into the chamber of the sick. There lay the wreck of one, who but a short time since was glowing with health and vigor, exulting in the buoyancy of youth, and the "consciousness of existence." Death's dings were depicted on her countenance. I advanced to the bed,—she seized my hand with a convulsive grasp (which I can never forget) pressing it with a power as if all her expiring energies at that moment were concentrated in her fingers; she exclaimed, "Doctor, am I not dying? I have not sent for you professionally."

I well know it is now too late to derive any benefit from your skill. I have sent for you as an acquaintance, as a friend, and especially so as the esteemed friend of Frank Woodville. You know him Doctor!"

Intimately well, Mary. He is now I remarked absent on a visit to his friends in Massachusetts.

"Yes," she replied, "I know it, and immediately after his return we were to be united in marriage. He is making the preparatory arrangements for that anticipated joyful event—and I must make preparation for the solemnities of death and the grave, with all the dreary appendages!"

I endeavored to soothe her by stating she might not be so near her end as she apprehended. And if she believed life to be so nearly at its close, her mind and all her affections should be directed and fixed upon Him only, who is able and willing to support and sustain her in the hour of affliction and distress.

She bestowed on me an inexpressible look of calmness and composure—a faint smile playing round her mouth—remarking "Doctor, this have I attended to long before sickness brought my head to this pillow.— And I can now say with the Psalmist of old 'though I walk through the valley of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'"

"Doctor, I have a few words to say to you, and I feel by increasing weakness that they must be said soon."

"Listen carefully and attentively."  
With an earnestness of expression which I shall ever remember, she said, "You will see Frank Woodville again—I never shall! Tell him I love him dearly, and sincerely. He has made that awful times without number. I never have. This has not arisen from a want of affection—but from my youth and the natural diffidence and timidity of my sex."

"Doctor, please remove this lock of hair."

I immediately separated the large black ringlet which she held in her hand, overshadowing her brow and contrasting beautifully with the marble whiteness of its surface.

"Give this to Frank Woodville, and tell him a 'gift from Mary'!—\* \* \* Tell him I love him! \* \* \* Oh! could I only sound those few short words in her hearing I would leave the world contentedly, yea, triumphantly. Tell him the last words Mary ever uttered—the last accent that quivered upon the cold, pulseless lip of Mary, was the endeared name of Frank Woodville!"

My feelings had now completely overcome me. I sat beside her with my face concealed with my handkerchief.

She seized my hand again and with a death-like gasp, uttered in a feeble, indistinct tone, "Tell Frank Wood—"

A momentary pause ensued, I looked around—one short, suppressed, spasmodic gasp terminated the struggles of the lovely Mary. All was over. The spirit had fled, and its flight had left impressed upon her face a beautiful serenity of countenance, a placidness of expression, as if the soul had