

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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MISCELLANEOUS.

CAPTAIN GLOVER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

Sunday, especially in the county, is the true holiday of a Yankee. In saying this, I do not mean that it is considered as a day of recreation—no, indeed!—there are very few native-born and native-dwelling Yankees but would revolt at the idea of finding their own amusements on the Lord's day. They intend to keep the day holy, but they wish to appear respectable in so doing, and they like to enjoy themselves. What better method to obtain these objects than regular attendance at church, dressed in their best; where they can see and be seen!—the elderly people having an opportunity for cordial greetings and disquisitions on the weather, either when they meet on the road, or around the church door; and the young ones exchanging smiles, glances, or warm pressures of the hand, which, between those of the same sex, indicate friendship. Ladies only indulge in friendship—but when the eye of a young man is habitually and continually directed across the gallery, or into a neighboring pew of fair damsels, we may not wrong him by imputing to him a sentiment which he does not call friendship. At least one half our rural beaux fall in love at church.

"Pray, who was that handsome girl who sat in the pew on the left of the pulpit?" said young Albert Eaton to his cousin James Rowe.

"On the left of the pulpit?"—Oh, that was Captain Glover's daughter," replied James who was turning over a volume of Percival's Poems;—here is her picture:—

"From her eye's melting azure there sparkles a flame
That kindles the young blood to ecstasy's glow;
The speaks—and the tones of her voice are the same.

As would once, like the wind-harp, in melody flow.
But I forgot you had not yet heard her speak, Albert."

"She is the finest girl I saw in your church, James. Does her father live in the village?"

"Oh! no—he lives down by the mill."

"Not that small house by the bridge?"

"Yes, by the bridge—in that little hut"—and James cast a glance of keen inquiry on his cousin, and it might be there was some derision in his smile.

Albert Eaton's father was a man who had gathered much substance, and waxed rich in speculations, and he now lived like a rich man, engrossed with the cares of adding to his possessions, or harassed with the fears of losing his property. Riches never bring content; at least, they never bring it to a worldly man. Albert happened, unfortunately, to be an only child, and as all the estate would finally descend to him—and sorely did it grieve the elder Mr. Eaton when the idea crossed him that he must die and leave his property—he had been lectured on the necessity of economy, good calculation, and taking care of his money, till he had often wished there was no such thing as money in the world. He particularly hated half-cents. "Always remember and save the half-cent in your bargains," his father would say. Albert was a good-natured soul, but he never heard his

father say, "save the half-cent," without a frown, and he never would save it. "As well be a beggar at once as practice such beggarly economy," Albert thought. And truly, what is the benefit of possessing property, when we only note its increase by increasing anxiety!

It will probably be surmised, by the reader, that Albert would not regard the poverty of a lovely girl as an insuperable bar to his addresses. Neither would he have so regarded it had that poverty only exhibited itself in the lack of money; but, to lack a decent house to live in, placed the indigence of Captain Glover's daughter in a mortifying point of view to Albert Eaton.

Few people form their own opinions of what is really excellent in character from reasoning. We are the slaves of circumstances, education, fashion. Albert had always lived in an elegant dwelling—all his particular friends resided in fine houses, and he fancied those persons worthy of his admiration must be found in fine houses.—He saw and felt the meanness of being devoted exclusively to the love of money; but he did not dream that the undue value placed on those luxuries which money commanded, was a passion just as sordid and selfish. The only difference is, that the latter error may more easily be corrected. And it was not many days, before Albert acknowledged that virtue, intelligence and refinement, as well as beauty, might be found in humble dwellings.

Captain Glover was a man of considerable talent, and in his youth, extraordinary good-looking. His father gave him a farm, and assisted him to build a house, and he married a pretty, amiable girl: thus beginning the world with bright prospects for a farmer; every body prophesied he would do well, and so he would have done, but for one single failing. He was indolent. The sluggard is not so criminal as the drunkard; but he is far from being innocent. Yet there are but few men, notoriously lazy, who would have maintained so respectable a standing among the stirring generations of Yankees as did Captain Glover. His temper was as unmovable as his frame, and he would sit the live long day in his elbow-chair, chanting and laughing, without once being disturbed from his imperturbable good humor by the advice, or even reproaches of his wife (she did scold sometimes, and nobody blamed her for scolding,) or the noise of his children. Toil on his farm he would not—and he really felt relieved when the sheriff attached and sold it to satisfy executions which had been renewed to the utmost limit of time allowed by the law. His creditors were loath to distress such a good-natured fellow, till he urged the sale of the farm, alleging that the fences were going to ruin, and the sooner it was disposed of, the better. Relying on the old saying, that the lame and the lazy are always provided for, Glover gave himself no uneasiness about his future residence, or business, till a brother of his wife, out of pity to her and her children, offered him the employment of ending an old mill. Glover accepted the situation, and very contently established himself, as he hoped, for life.

There seemed indeed little prospect that any one, though differing in politics, would covet his place. The mill was on a small stream, which divided the town of B— from the village of L—; consequently like a neutral between two parties, was not much patronized by the inhabitants of either. The stream was scanty, and usually dry six weeks every summer; and the ice and other accidents obstructed the operations of the mill about as long every winter. Here then was a glorious situation for an idle man. Three months in each year perfectly at liberty to enjoy himself, without a twinge of conscience to upbraid him. He did enjoy himself, notwithstanding his house looked little better than an Indian wigwam, or an Irish cabin. But his wife, poor woman, was never contented, and finally she fell into a consumption, and died. Mrs. Glover had always been considered the main-stay of the house, and it was now confidently prophesied that the family must

be broken up. And so it would inevitably have been, but for the eldest girl, a child of eleven years old. Margaret Glover was a shy, modest little creature, and during her mother's life renowned for nothing but the despatch with which she performed an errand; and furthermore, she had been praised, by Miss Molly Griffin, for being always careful to make her courtesy and shut the door after her—two observations from which the thoughtful spinster argued that Margaret would make an accomplished and useful young lady. And so it proved, for immediately on her mother's death she took charge of the children, five younger than herself—managing them and the household affairs with the diligence and discretion of a woman.

The inside of their humble dwelling was in reality more comfortable than the outward appearance would have indicated.—The large room was ceiled around and plastered over-head, and always kept as neat as a fairy would have prescribed. It was a pleasant sight to look on the bright row of pewter plates and porringers in the open cupboard, with milk-pail and wooden bowl on the bottom shelf—all arranged in the best order for display. It was innocent and useful vanity, however (if vanity ever deserves to be so considered) for the praise bestowed on Margaret's industry and neatness never made her proud, only more anxious to deserve such commendation. Neither were her thoughts all engrossed by her housewifery, as is too often the case with young notables. The necessity she felt of instructing her younger sister and brother, aroused her to impose her own mind, and she soon excelled in her taste for reading, self-instruction for strengthening the mind. One twelvemonth's determined attention to our own progress in literature, is worth years lounged away in the schools. In the latter case, we are too often satisfied if our instructors know what we should learn—in the former, we learn for ourselves.

There are but very few people among us reduced to such poverty as to place their children at service, or put them from their care while young. Even Captain Glover indifferent as he was to the opinion of the world, would have felt disgraced had he not maintained his children. It was a wonder to many how he did it—but who ever knew a miller to starve! Notwithstanding the few customers to his mill, his children were (or rather his brother's) always looked sleek. These things were set down not to the Captain's credit but his daughter's and she became heroine of her own immediate neighborhood, and her praise even reached the extremities of the two contiguous towns—quite a miracle for the fame of a woman. She had many heroine accomplishments to be sure: was fair as the fairest are described, sung sweetly, and cut bread and butter for her little sisters and brother, as gracefully as Werter's Charlotte; and all before she was seventeen.

Such was the girl who had captivated Albert Eaton, a graduate from Harvard, with all the pride of the college in his head, and the hope of eminence in the profession he had chosen the law, in his imagination.—Could he marry a poor miller's daughter, who lived in a house resembling a salt box? He probably never would have married her but for one lucky circumstance in the constitution of our laws, the militia system was all that gave him any hope of reconciling his parents to his choice of a wife.

Americans have two ardent passions; the love of liberty, and love of distinction.—These passions mutually stimulate and increase each other; the enjoyment of equal rights, as citizens, giving every man a chance of becoming eminent, and that eminence being derived from living under a free government, the Americans are thus necessarily as ambitious of fame as they are tenacious of freedom. We have often been stigmatized as a money-loving race, and I regret to say the reproach is too true; but it is not to indulge in luxuries, that wealth is sought with such avidity. It is for the consequences which attaches to the possession

of riches. Our people care little for their own comfort, in comparison with the estimation in which their means of comfort are held by others. To be convinced of this, travel throughout the country, and look at the style of building houses, and managing appearances. Every thing is conducted to make an impression on the beholder. Instead of neat, snug cottages, thoroughly finished, and sheltered by trees and shrubs, we meet, continually, great "shingle palaces," standing plump in the highway, perhaps; and whether the interior be finished, is a matter of small consequence, provided a coat of white paint has been daubed on the outside to catch the eye of the passing traveller. The man who inhabits it has the name of being rich, and that satisfies him he is comfortable. It is just the same with regard to public employments. Few individuals enter into public life who would not be wealthier and happier as private citizens—but then they would not be known, would see their name in the newspaper, except for raising a curious calf or mammoth cabbage; and so they sacrifice their ease, and often their estate, to be distinguished. Every office, from petit juryman to president of the United States, has its attractions for our ambitious citizens.

Captain Glover had been chosen an officer, partly from his good looks, but more for his good nature. He made a very popular captain, never troubling his company with much military manoeuvring, and always teasing well. Indeed, he had the honor of expending a considerable part of his small estate in the service, and never offered to retire, till he was promoted to the office of Major. His patriotism was rewarded by bearing the title of Captain into his retreat; and truly, those who would sneer at that warlike prefix to a miller's name, have small reason to boast of their philanthropy or gallantry. That title was the inheritance of Captain Glover's children. The fair Margaret, notwithstanding her attractions of mind and person, never would have been received into the rich and proud family of Mr. Eaton, had it not been for her father's title; or, at least, if Albert had married her, his parents would scarcely have forgiven him and acknowledged her. But aided by the distinction of being Captain Glover's daughter, the young man found means to introduce Margaret to a Mrs. Carlton, a particular friend of his mother's who resided about twenty miles from the Mill. Mrs. Carlton soon became exceedingly attached to this amiable girl; the worthy old lady to be sure, was quite a stickler for respectability—but then she did not make wealth the criterion of merit.—She kept Margaret as her companion, for a few months, and then took her to the city and presented her as her peculiar favorite, to Mr. and Mrs. Eaton.

Mrs. Carlton had previously hinted of their son's attachment to a young lady under her care, and the parents had felt, that if she approved that match, it would be quite suitable. Of course Mr. Eaton though the young woman must be possessed of cash, or she would not be a lady—and when he saw her, her appearance and manners so charmed him, that he willingly gave his consent to the union.

"To whom did you say that your son was engaged?" inquired Miss Perkins, as she called the morning after the affair had been made public.

"Oh! to Captain Glover's daughter: a lovely accomplished young creature," replied Mrs. Eaton, with an exulting smile.

"And a great fortune, I presume."

"No, not a great fortune—but I always told Albert I did not care about the fortune of the lady he married. I only insisted she should belong to a respectable family," said Mrs. Eaton.

"She must have been carefully educated and that I consider a fortune," said Mr. Eaton, senior. He had been charmed by her reading (she read beautifully), and by her industry at her needle. Margaret did appear well for her judgment was matured

by reflection, and the fine powers of her mind developed by that species of self-training which expands the heart and affections to the performance of duty.

Good sense and native ease made her appear to advantage in the splendid circles to which she was introduced, and Captain Glover's daughter was considered a model of propriety in manners as well as character.

There is nothing will make young women so lovely and beloved as the strict performance of every duty devolving on them in whatsoever station they are placed.

Had Margaret, depending on her personal beauty, set up for the fine lady, she would probably have been only the village coquette, and married at last some poor man, for though Albert was certainly fascinated first by her appearance, yet had he not found her mind so cultivated as to give him assurance she would appear well as his wife, his pride would have conquered his first fancy, especially when he had to seek her in such a house.

Girls—be industrious, and observe economy in every thing, even in time; be neat and tidy, rise early, and keep stirring to some useful purpose; dress so as to preserve your health, leave nothing for others to do that you can accomplish yourselves; cultivate your minds, and eschew the least appearance of evil in your manners and conduct; so shall you enjoy so much comfort, happiness, and independence as is allowed to mortals in this uncertain world; and you will stand a very fair chance of becoming united to some clever, industrious, becoming a first rate wife and mother, "ruling your own household well," and dispensing blessing all around you.

Lost wealth may be regained by a course of industry—the wreck of health repaired by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study, alienated friendship soothing into forgiveness—even forfeited reputation won back by penitence and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished honor—recalled his slighted years, and stamped them with wisdom—or effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of a wasted life.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Idleness.—The worst vices springing from the worst principles, the exercise of the libertine, and the outrages of the plunderer usually take their rise from early and unsubdued idleness.

A wise man hath no more anger than is necessary to show that he can apprehend the first wrong nor show any more revenge than justly to prevent a second.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impertinent about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, thinks every thing that is said meant at him: if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself.

Liberty of the Press.—Give me the liberty of the press, and I will give to the minister a venal house of peers—I will give him a full swing of the patronage of his office—I will give him the whole ministerial influence—I will give him all the power that place can confer upon him, to purchase up submission, and overawe resistance; and yet, armed with the liberty of the press, I will go forth to meet him undismayed; I will attack with that mighty engine the mighty fabric he has raised; I will shake down from its height corruption, and bury it beneath the ruin of the abuses it was meant to shelter.—Sheridan.