

# 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.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. WEBB.

Volume IV.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1840.

Number 2.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,  
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

## TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

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.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### FIRST LOVE.

For him

This young heart beat with its first wild passion,  
That pure feeling life only once may know.

Why are you so sad, Madelon?  
Saw! No, I am not sad. What cause have I for sadness?

You left the dance suddenly, and the company are inquiring for you.

I will return with you. I did not feel well—the heat of the room caused me to retire, but I will return with you to the company.

The speakers were two young girls, one of whom was just upon the verge of womanhood a fair and graceful being, with a heart susceptible of the tenderest love. That heart had on that night been first awakened to the tenderest emotions. In the gay companions of the dance Madelon had looked with admiration upon a fair young man, and he, enchanted by the spells which her beauty had thrown around, whispered sweet words in her fascinated ear, till overpowered by the new delight, she had retired to reflect upon it, and to endeavor to regain composure.

O'er these gentle thoughts to brood,  
She left the yet glad dance,  
That haunts a girl's first hour  
Of love-touched solitude:  
Music's sweet and distant sound  
Came floating on the air,  
From the banquet-room it told  
Of the joyous dancers there,  
But she—the loveliest one—  
Had left the festal scene,  
To dream on what might be,  
To muse on what had been:  
To think on love's soft words,  
Her ear had drunk that night,  
While her heart beat echo-like,  
And her cheek burnt ruby bright.

She had remained apart from the dancers, and alone for nearly an hour when her absence was noticed, and her sister Genevieve was sent in quest of her, the errand one was found seated at the entrance of her chamber, looking out upon the starry sky, so clearly, deeply, beautifully blue, in entranced delight, when the conversation occurred as above described.

Madelon returned with her sister to the saloon, and again was Ferdinand St. Marc at her side, and again was the incense of the heart's affection offered at her beauty's shrine. The lover proffered in his rapture, heart, fortune, soul; and the ingenious girl, pleased with the devotion of her lover, accepted his overtures, and with a look told him that he was beloved.

There is something inexpressibly beautiful in the first awakening of love in a generous heart; the feeling by which that heart is pervaded partakes of the celestial character, it is for the time elevated above humanity, it reposes in a heaven of its own creation, and all its thoughts are pure and virtuous and holy; there is no selfishness in first love, it cares not for itself, its regard is for the object beloved, it believes that it will be gifted with superior happiness to what is found in the world, it sets for itself tasks the most generous and good, it looks forward to bliss—pure, celestial bliss,—assured of its power to make the world a par-

adise, and itself the object beloved, the presiding spirit therein. Such is first love—beautiful first love!—when the heart is warm and young, all truth and innocence and virtue. Oh! that we could keep the heart in this purity and innocence, to make this world the very heaven it is pictured there. But we are heirs to the infirmities of humanity, and our sorrows tread upon the heels of our joys. We make virtuous resolutions, and find how vain is human resolve; we see the way and know the road to happiness, but our passions, fearful ministers, draw us away, and with every wish and desire to progress in virtue and peace and bliss, we turn away and fall to wretchedness and despair.

And Madelon, on the first awakening of love's delightful dream, was happy—none so blest as she. Generous and good as was her own nature, she did not entertain a thought of the unworthiness of others, and she gave up her whole good and innocent heart to one to whom female conquests were familiar and who courted her only for the sake of adding to his triumphs.

Ferdinand St. Marc became a frequent visitor at the house of Madelon's parents, and as each day seemed to bring out fresh traits of merit in his character, so each day did the affection of Madelon increase. And she at length loved him with a woman's wild idolatry, with that deep, deathless passion, "life only once may know." For the time Madelon lived in a world of bliss; she beheld him whom she adored, him whom of all others in the world she most regarded, him whose presence gave peace and joy and happiness to her young heart, and in whose absence her life was a blank, constantly near her; and while passion glared from his large black eyes, the words of eternal love came, like sweet music, from his lips, to the ears of the gentle maid.

But as the bright summer time passed away, so passed the love of Ferdinand St. Marc; the leaves and the flowers decayed, and with them perished the affections of him who had ensnared the Madelon. The young and fragile thing was left alone to sorrow, and her tears. "A woman can but weep." Ferdinand was a gay thoughtless fellow, a spendthrift and gambler; his disposition was good, but his passions mastered him; he constantly made virtuous resolutions, and as frequently broke them. When he first beheld Madelon, he thought it possible that he could love her, and remain attached to her alone, for ever. But the novelty of the attachment being gone, the heart of the lover took wing; and at length the discovery was made by Madelon that he was offering his addresses to another.

The discovery came like a thunderbolt upon the heart of Madelon; in the full tide of her happiness she was dashed down to utter misery; from the bliss of knowing that she was beloved, she fell to the wretchedness and despair of desertion by the one beloved. Who can paint the bitter, wasting agony the young heart feels, when lured to the highest pinnacle of bliss, it is rudely cast into the dust? We talk of breaking hearts, but hearts do not suddenly break; ages of pain, of withering pain, roll o'er the victim's head, ere the heart-strings yield; years of misery are experienced in a day; the day thoughts are troubled, and the dreams of the night are fraught with horrid fancies. There are no words to tell the misery of the heart—of the heart of poor, weak, fragile woman, tenderest of earth's creatures, created for the gentlest officers of life.—for joy, and peace, and happiness. Woman, endures this wretchedness, and the world passes her by, careless and heedless of her sufferings, which she hides while the power of concealment lasts; torturing herself to avoid the snares of the unfeeling; until the last hour of suffering comes, and the heart breaks, and the gentle victim lies at peace, under the green turf, with the myriad.

And poor Madelon was deserted.

They tried to comfort her. But what consolation could the kind voices of others

afford! There was one who could have restored her to herself again, but he was far away, and all other voices failed to bring a smile upon her white cheek. Days, weeks, passed on, and Madelon grew weaker and paler every day; friends gathered around her, and every artifice was tried to recover her, but in vain; the bolt had struck to deep into her heart, and it seemed that she would awaken to happiness again only to "the heat of all are known, and faithful love is blest."

"The ever thus, 'is ever thus, with beams of mortal bliss,  
With looks too bright and beautiful for such a world as this;  
One moment round about us their "angel lightning" play,  
Then down the veil of darkness drops, and all hath passed away."

And they said that Madelon was dying. The spring time had come again, and the birds sang sweet melodies in the jessamine boughs under her chamber window, and the breeze of sweet flowers was breeze-wafted into the room, and the sunlight conspired to make all glad, save Madelon. Nor birds, nor flowers, nor sunlight revived her drooping heart. And many tears were shed for Madelon, but she was composed and resigned; she felt that there was one living being in the world who could save her from an early grave, but she knew that she would never see again; one word might restore her,—but she knew that word could not be spoken, and she was resigned to her fate.

It was a blight and beautiful morning when Madelon sat in the midst of her family, calmly awaiting the hour of desolation; when she was observed to start wildly, and her father rushed in a arm towards her; but she made a sign for him to be silent, and bent her head forward, as if eagerly listening. But nothing was heard save the stirring of the breeze through the tendrils of the jessamine, which overhung the chamber window, and Madelon passed her hand in dismay, a woman over her brow; and resumed her previous attitude. "It was a wild and wily fancy, father," she exclaimed. "I was foolish to entertain the thought for a moment."

A pause ensued. It was broken by a voice, heard by all present, inquiring for Madelon's father. The dying girl screamed with delight, and rushing towards the window, fell fainting before she could reach it.

It was Ferdinand's voice! They proceeded to meet him. He had awakened to a sense of his errors, and his heart reverted to the gentle Madelon, he had come to supplicate forgiveness, and to ask her to become his bride. The father of Madelon joyfully welcomed the penitent, and instantly accompanied him to Madelon's chamber.—But, alas! there she lay upon the ground, pale and to all appearance, lifeless; while every exertion was being made to effect her recovery. Those exertions were not made in vain. The maiden opened her clear blue eyes, and glanced inquiringly at all those who stood around her. Ferdinand had been purposely kept back. "Twas but a dream, then!" she murmured, "Too happy for reality."

"Say it was not a dream, dear Madelon!" returned her sister, tenderly.  
"Do not—do not deceive me," cried the girl, catching eagerly at her sister's words, "do not deceive me—is it he?—is he here!—keep me no longer in suspense—am I to live or die?"  
"Madelon!"

"Ah!" shrieked the maiden, "tis no delusion; it is his voice!—he is here!"  
"Madelon, dearest Madelon!" exclaimed the lover.

The next moment Madelon, was locked in Ferdinand's arms.

And ere the bright summer ended, a gay marriage procession was beheld approaching the little village church, and Madelon, restored to health and happiness, became the bride of her heart's first and only love.

## TRUTH BEAUTIFULLY EXPRESSED.

"If children could only be made aware of the heart-felt delight with which parents behold the development of talent and noble sentiment in their offspring, with what avidity would they seek the means of expanding the sphere of their intelligence and cherishing the moral sentiments that impart dignity to the human character. From infancy to manhood the welfare and happiness of the child is the sole object of the parent's solicitude. Under all circumstances, through good or evil fortune, the present and future condition of those whom they many have rocked in the cradle or dandled on the knee, is the polar star to which their affections point with undeviating constancy. Should their path through life be prosperous, the possession of wealth and distinction is only precious in their eyes, as affording the means of conferring on those who are, in future years, to be their representatives the honors that attend riches and exalted character; and should adversity be their lot, and difficulties beset them, they are forgotten in the hope that circumstances may ensure a better fate to their children. The child may be affectionate and tender, but the filial relation is not susceptible of the intensity of affection which belongs to the paternal tie. It is this depth of love that enables the old to pass from the stage of life without regret. They feel that in their children they will continue to live, and that however this world and its concerns may be lost to them, succeeding generations will recognize in their offspring portions of themselves.

With what unspeakable delight does a father behold the first manifestations of exalted intelligence in a son, and how does he dwell upon actions that bespeak nobleness of purpose and soundness of integrity. If these feelings of gratification are inexpressibly delightful, so on the other hand the emotions with which he views indications of an opposite character, are unutterably painful. To the see the object of his paternal solicitude, over whom he has watched day after day, and year after year, falling off from the path of virtue and dealing the appeals of honorable motives, is to have a source of bitterness of regret, to which no temporal blessing can furnish an antidote. Honors may await, and the confidence and love of his fellow beings, for a moment, cheer his path through life, but when he reflects that his honor and his love are to be changed into contempt and dislike in the person of his own child, he feels as if it were better to be deprived of all, than to witness so heart-rending a contrast. If their be reserved for him a life a joy more exalted than all other, that of beholding his last moments cheered by the fondness and affection of a virtuous and virtuous progeny, and if there be a more agonizing than any other, it is that of a dying parent, whose last thoughts rest upon the crimes of a depraved and fondly loved child.

## ENGLAND.

The income of England in 1823, was	\$1,350,000,000
The Government received for its share,	275,000,000
Tithes,	\$20,000,000
Post-rates,	37,500,000
County and other assessments,	7,500,000
Or in round numbers, (reduced for errors.)	\$60,000,000
Incomes of Laborers	\$450,000,000
" Landed Proprietors,	275,000,000
" Capitalists,	625,000,000
	\$1,350,000,000
Population.	Families.
Laborers,	978,656
Trade and Manufactures,	1,350,239
All other families,	612,483
	2,941,383
The Liverpool and Manchester Railroad	

saves nearly £250,000 annually; or about \$1,000,000, in cheapness alone, over cost of old modes of carriage.

The British Government spent from 1805 to 1814, ten years, more than 800,000,000 sterling, or \$4,000,000,000!!

The National defence of Great Britain, from 1800 to 1838, cost more than \$5,000,000,000!! 63 per cent, in 14 years, 1800-1814; 37 per cent, in 22 years of peace. Is peace worth having at that rate—is national life worth it even?

Civilization, or what?—The British Government spends for Army, Navy and Ordnance, \$60,000,000 a year. The ten Universities of the three kingdoms spend \$4,000,000 a year—balance in favor of battles versus books, 56 million of dollars.—The funds devoted to education amount to seven millions annually, but much is perverted from its intended use: 7000 persons are on books of Universities; on books of Army about 100,000; of Navy about 20,000.—London Statistical Journal;

From the New England Galaxy.

The following anecdote in substance was related to me by a revolutionary officer. Whether it is founded on fact or not it is characteristic of Yankee resolution and skill in stratagem, "in these times which men's souls" and bodies too.

A British warlike vessel, of considerable force was cruising off the coast of Connecticut for some days; which was a sight not at all agreeable to the Yankee's on shore; one of whom undertook to put a stop to such insolence. For this purpose he collected a crew of hardy, resolute fellows; like himself chartered a stout coasting vessel, loaded the deck to an appearance with barrels, boxes, &c. fit for the coasting trade stowed his comrades below, with cutlasses, pistols and other implements; fit for boarding and with only hands enough on deck to work the vessel, set sail on his adventurous expedition. He was soon in sight of the man of war, which made sail for him. He pretended to crawl off as well as he could, but did not greatly hurry himself. Ere long they were within hailing distance when the following conversation consumed.

Capt. Jotham. "Aho; what vessel's that?"

Capt. Bull. "A British man-of-war.—What are you, where are you from and where are you bound?"

J. "I am an American coaster from Stonnington harbor, bound all along shore."

B. "Where's Stonnington harbor?"

J. "You are a pretty fellow for a man-of-war, and don't know where Stonnington harbor is."

B. "None of your impudence, or I'll fire into and sink you. What are you loaded with?"

J. Sarse upon deck, and meat in the hold and the deacon's isle besides; so fire away and be darne'd and stave that, and see who'll pay for it."

B. "Come along side you rascal rebel or I'll blow you sky-high."

J. "Well, I must, I spose, for your great black guns there look darnation pokerish."

Upon this Jotham taking advantage of the wind, immediately ran foul of and grappled the British vessel, his crew immediately rushed upon deck; proving to the complete surprise and infinite astonishment of the British that the "meat in the hold was all alive. They were wholly unprepared for resistance, so surrendered at discretion.—"Now," says Jotham, haul down that are rage there up aloft, and we'll hang up another guess one in its place, with stars and stripes on't and then show you Stonnington harbor about the quickest." This was speedily accomplished, as much to the joy of the Yankees, as to the chagrin and mortification of the captives.

Fashion makes people visit when they had rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not dry. She ruins health and makes fools of all her followers.