

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.

SELECTED.

A DREAM.

A dream came o'er me while I slept
Far from my native home,
Night's balmy breath had o'er me crept
As I was wont to roam,
In the clear moon-beam's mellow light,
And watch the fires above,
Reising my thoughts in pure delight
To homes of bliss and love.

There is an hour to the lone heart
Within its deep recess,
When I can feel itself apart
From sensual happiness,
That it can feast on scenes gone by—
Upon its hopes that grew—
So fondly bright, and so high,
And were so ardent too.

Mel thought that while alone I strayed
Thus wandering back to days,
When hope was bright, there came arrayed
With beauty in the rays
Of the fair moon a lovely form;
Her brow was wreathed with light,
Her steps were grace and every charm
Arose before my sight.

Mildly she spoke—"why art thou sad?
Yonk is the hour of joy—
Why is thy brow in sorrow clad?
Shall nought thy peace destroy?
I know thy fancie griefs, they are
But trifles—heed them not—
They're lighter than the empty air,
Let each one be forgot."

"I've watched thy heart—each hope that
sprung
From its imaginings,
While fondly to each one it clung
By all its tenderest springs,
Nature to thee was loveliness,
And then thy heart was gay,
Heaven in kindness seemed to bless,
And strew with flowers thy way."

"And I have marked when one by one
Those fancied hopes grew weak,
Till withered all, thy heart began
Its loneliness to seek,
But it is folly thus to waste
The bloom of youth away;
The cup of bliss thou may'st yet taste,
And brighter scenes survey.

Call back thy hopes, awake thy smile
That beamed once on thy brow,
There still in life are joys e'en while
Deceifful phantom glow.
Life has a thousand halcyon charms,
And light pours on them all,
Where tenderness the bosom warms,
And decks its coronal."

My angel monitor had ceased,
And left me wandering still,
When morning's glory in the East
Shone on the cloud-capped hill,
My heart awoke, and waiteth now
Another for its own,
Seek ye who will for joys that flow
From your own hearts alone.

OSCAR.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

"A short time since, a curious circumstance occurred in one of the largest towns of the 'far west,' which although it did not immediately find its way into the papers, caused no little sensation among the good people who inhabit that section of the country in which the scene was enacted.—Somewhere about a year ago, a person having the outward appearance of a gentleman, suddenly appeared without previous notice, and opened a dry good store, with the avowed intention of settling permanently in the town. Who he was no one knew—but giving out that he was a native of England, he so conducted himself as to win in a short time the respect and esteem of all who made his acquaintance. His age was about thirty-five years, his manners polished, and he daily showed evident tokens of scholarship, and within a keen observation of men and manners. But it was not with his own sex alone that he was known and respected? his easy bearing, handsome person, also a portion of the gift of gallantry made him a favorite with ladies and very soon he was quite as intimate with the most respectable families as if he had been acquainted for years.

Among those whom he visited was the family of a retired flour merchant, whose only daughter, a lady of 18, by her charms and graceful appearance, soon captivated the heart of the dry goods dealer to such an extent, that after a month's acquaintance he made proposals to change her name from Miss ——— to Mrs. ———, and he was accepted.

It seems, however, that the young lady acting up to the principle that it always takes two to make a bargain, she had determined not to suffer herself to be bartered off like a piece of merchandize. A short time previous, like most other young ladies, she had promised her hand and heart without consulting her parents, to a young clerk in one of the largest mercantile houses, and now that the time had arrived to test love, she boldly avowed her choice, and gave her more wealthy suitor a decided rejection on the spot. Nothing daunted, however, he threw out dark hints to the favored one of pistols and bowie knives, and by dint of solicitation enlisted the parents of the lady in his cause, who so readily entered his plans that the young lady from this moment knew no peace, until being wearied with the pertinacity of his address, followed up as they were at every convenient opportunity, added to the persuasion of her parents, in an unfortunate moment she consented to become his bride.

The day which had been fixed upon for the wedding, was now rapidly approaching, and the nearer it drew the more the young lady was tormented with remorse at the thoughts of how she had treated her former suitor, whom she really loved; and as her thoughts were not favorable but directly at variance with those which she was now in duty bound to tolerate, of course her intended husband did not rise in her estimation. In the mean time the clerk to whom she plighted her affections, thinking very justly that he now might hang his fiddle up, as another Richmond was in the field, sold off his goods and chattles, resigned his berth and only waited to see the nuptial knot irrevocably tied between his luckier rival and the object of his love, to bid adieu to civilized life and hurry himself to the wild and boundless prairies—in the excitement of a hunter's life endeavor to forget the being who had proven false to his hopes; but before going he determined to see her once again, accuse her of infidelity and then leave her in the torments of her own mind forever.

How agreeably was his disappointment when during the interview, she assured him that she was still unchanged, he possessed her whole love, that she cared not a jot for her intended husband, and what was a great deal more, she determined she

would never marry him. This wrought a change in the face of things. The young clerk's mind was now filled with renewed hopes, and consigning all his plans for the future, his hunting excursions in the prairies, the excitement of trapping, to any one who would burthen himself, with them, the two proceeded to lay their heads together to devise some means whereby they might balk the calico dealer of his promised bride, and ultimately succeeded in their own plans. The day dawned at last, a beautiful spring morning; the trees were just putting forth their spring leaves, the birds were warbling their songs, and every thing seemed to be in happy keeping for a bridal day. The day wore on, and as night set in, carriages filled with goodly company rolled up to the house of the parents of the bride, and having set them down rolled away to leave room for fresher things. Among those who had assembled to grace the party, the person of the young clerk appeared, with a face upon which a dark melancholy sat expressed. An hour rolled on, during which the invited guests had all met, and whispers of impatience were beginning to be heard, when a murmur ran through the room, succeeded by a deep silence—a pair of folding doors were thrown open, and the bridal party entered.

As the bride entered, she raised her eyes which had been timidly cast down and looked about the room. A deep scarlet blush spread over her face and neck, even to her temples, told the young clerk as their eyes met, that she recognized him, then wasting them fixedly on the floor again she signified to her friend that she was ready. A deep silence reigned as the minister commenced the ceremony, and it was with a palpitating heart, and a mind teeming with distraction, that the clerk witnessed its progress, until the words were uttered,—Will you take this man to be your wedded husband? and, while every breath was held to catch the answer, the bride raised her head and with her eyes beaming full upon her true lover answered with a low but clear voice, "No!"—Imagine the consternation and dismay which ensued. The young clerk sprang forward and seized her hand, the half-married calico merchant looked the very image of despair, and in answer to the numberless questions poured in by friends, relations and guests, the bride repeated her decision, avowing her lover for the young clerk, and declared she never would marry any other. At this critical moment the scene was interrupted by the unceremonious intrusion of two men one of whom extending a paper advanced to the so distant bridegroom, who betrayed evident symptoms of alarm, and clapping him on the shoulder, arrested him as a forger and fugitive from justice. An explanation ensued, the calico merchant, in spite of his protestations, was hurried off and the parents of the bride joyed to think how nearly they had escaped wedding their daughter to misery, gladly consented to receive the young clerk as her husband, and a happier wedding party, we venture to say, never met.

TRULY ELOQUENT.

"Could all the forms of evil produced by intemperance come upon us in one horrid array, it would appal the nation and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirits. If in every dwelling built by blood, the stone from the wall should utter the cries which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beam out of the timber should enho them back, who would build such a house and who would dwell in it? What if in every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upwards, through all the halls and chambers, babblings, and contentions, were heard day and night?—What if the cold blood oozed out and stood in drops upon the walls, and by preternatural art all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture within and without the building,—who would read it? What if at eventide at midnight, the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance, were dimly seen haunt-

ing the distilleries and stores where they received their bane—following the track of the vessel engaged in the commerce—walking upon the water-flitting athwart the deck and sending up from the hole within and waves without, groans, and loud laments, and wailings! Who would attend such stores—who would navigate such vessels? Oh, were the sky over our heads, one great whispering gallery, bringing down about us all the lamentation and woe which intemperance creates, and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound, bringing up around us from beneath, the wailings of the damned, whom the commerce in ardent spirits had sent thither;—these tremendous realities assailing our senses, would invigorate our conscience and give decision to our purpose of reformation. But these evils are as real as if the stone did cry out of the wall and the beam answered it!—as if day and night, wailings were heard in every part of the dwelling and blood and skeletons were seen on every wall!—as real as if the ghostly forms of departed victims fitted about the ship as she passed over the billows and showed themselves nightly about the distilleries, and with unearthly voices screamed in our ears their loud lament. They are as real as if the sky over our heads collected and brought down upon us all the notes of sorrow in the land and the firm earth should open a passage for the wailings of despair to come up from beneath.—Dr. Beecher.

POLITICAL.

From the Kentucky Gazette.

CHEERING FROM KENTUCKY.

Mr. Editor:—I perceive in your paper a call upon me to become a candidate for the legislature. These notices of personal friendship, are by me duly appreciated; and my only regret is, that I am unable to respond affirmatively. My private interests at present imperiously demand my undivided attention.

Here I might close, but from the tenor of this call, it seems that my vote, at the next Presidential election, is the basis upon which "Many Voters" tender to me this invitation. Really, sir, I do not know a human being whose political opinions are likely, in any degree, to be affected by mine. I have, it is true, watched the progress of this great controversy, with a heart free from rancor, a sincere disposition to come to such conclusions as the dignity and interests of the country demand. That these conclusions are incompatible with my recent party relations, I do, most fully and distinctly avow.

I shall not undertake to discuss the great questions now presented for the solemn consideration of the American people, and upon the decision of which, in my judgment, much of the moral and intellectual character of this nation will hereafter depend. The public mind has authoritatively settled the question, that there should be a total and unqualified divorce of the Government from all Banks, State or National.—The elections of '38 and '39 left the President in a triumphant majority upon the subject of the currency. Yet, strange to say he is now in danger of his election, by the results of the Harrisburg Convention and the combination of alarming elements by which Gen. Harrison was put in nomination. There is something in this past my philosophy.

I have thought well of General Harrison, I gave him an ardent and animated support in 1830. I am not now unfriendly to him—yet, I confess that I felt a deep degree of humiliation, when it appeared, that he had suffered three men in Cincinnati, to publish that most dishonorable letter to the Oswego Association. The refusal of the Harrisburg Convention to publish to the world the principles by which the Whigs are known and characterized as a party, deeply impaired my faith in their political integrity. The assumption of control over Gen. Harrison, by an arrogant committee, and acquiescence there in, sadly admonish-

us that he is unfit to be the depository of this high trust. This however, is merely personal, and goes to the personal qualifications of Gen. Harrison for the Presidency.

No man should be placed in the Presidency, save it be as the representative of some principles. To bestow the office as the reward of either civil or military services, without regard to the political principles maintained by the candidate, is at war with the genius of this government.

Now, sir, I am wholly unable to satisfy myself with regard to Gen. Harrison's view touching all the great questions now at issue before the American people. Mr. Rives in his letter to the people of Virginia, took the ground, and reasoned with considerable plausibility, that Gen. Harrison is opposed to a National Bank. Such, surely, is not his political attitude before the people of Kentucky. Upon a question of such vital interest—the question of the currency—that which has so deeply agitated this nation, it is lamentable to think, that a candidate for the Presidency should keep his opinions so shrouded in mystery, that in one section of the Union, he may be quoted on one side, and the reverse in another. Yet, candor compels the admission, that not only upon this, but upon nearly every subject that enters into the contest, is there a like degree of reserve exhibited.

I will not charge Gen. Harrison with being tainted with that political malady, which, if it ever takes firm hold upon our system dissolves the Union, as surely as there now exists a slave population. I will not impute to him this monstrous sin, for which, if he be guilty, no atonement can be had in the splendor of his military deeds, or in the purity of his private life. His friends, with his consent, deem it "right to make no further declaration of principles for the public eye," then is he morally responsible for giving countenance to this fanatical sect. His conduct does most painfully contrast with the magnanimous position of his opponent—the President of the United States—who has alienated many of his Northern friends, by his stern fidelity to the South and West upon this momentous question. I speak of facts which the country knows. Party feeling and inexorable ignorance may deny to him this honorable meed of praise, but the day is not distant when the judgment of this nation will be awarded, unbiased by transitory influences of an excited political struggle. Upon a subject of this character, involving so much of feeling and pregnant with so much of calamity and woe, I choose my station on his side, who offers himself, an impassable barrier to these mad fanatics, rather than on his side, whose position is at least equivocal, and in regard to which he maintains a mysterious silence.

With my limited powers of observation, I can see no triumph to be achieved by the election of Gen. Harrison, but the simple substitution of one set of officers for another. This might be desirable, did it involve nothing more. But the country ought not to be invoked to put its trust in Gen. Harrison, when he is not willing to put his trust in the country, but appeals to its 'generous confidence' in advance, as is distinctly avowed by his accredited committee.

In coming to this conclusion, it gives me great pain to part with those with whom I have been politically associated. I feel deeply indebted to the county of Fayette for its repeated manifestations of kindness to me, and have endeavored to pay off the debt by a faithful application of my time and attention to its interests and character. I trust that the debt is paid—if not—very well aware am I, that this announcement of my conclusions will, perhaps, forever, put it out of my power to do so. If, however, the account is balanced, we shall part in peace.

R. N. WICKLIFFE.

Effect of Drinking.—A fellow in this city drank so many cobbles the other evening that he woke up in the night and found himself mending his own shoes!