

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.

A WHIG SONG—FOR THE LOCO FOCO PRESS.

VOTING DAY.

TUNE—WASHINGTON DAY.

Our cause with clouds was overcast,
Our hopes began to fall,
When we devised a plan at last,
To raise a heavy squall,
We told old Hal and Winfield Scott
To get out of the way.
For triumph with them we could not
Upon a voting day,
So 'tis march, march, drum, drum,
Shout, shout away,
With Harrison we'll go ahead
UNTIL the voting day.

Our cause is a glorious cause,
There's none so free from evil:—
Van Buren is a sorcerer,
And Benton is the Devil,
One fact the lokys can't mistake,
One truth they won't gainsay,
That Whigs prodigious efforts make
Beyond the voting day.
For 'tis march, march, drum, drum,
Shout, shout away,
And so we always go ahead
UNTIL the voting day.

A fellow once inquired of me
If our old Hal was dead;
"I understand he is," says he,
"And also buried."
"O no," says I, "it is not true,
The Whigs were all for Clay,
Until they found he wouldn't do
Upon a voting day."
So 'tis march, march, drum, drum,
Shout, shout away,
With Harrison we'll go ahead
UNTIL the voting day.

A loky loky passing by
Our cabin made of logs,
At me one day cock'd up his eye,
Exclaiming, "jolly dogs!"
Says he, "you like the lab'ring class,
You go for bone and gristle:—
I'm half inclined before I pass,
To stop and whet my whistle.
For 'tis tap, tap, swig, swig,
Tap, tap, away,
And let us all be merry, boys,
UNTIL the voting day."

When to the table we went up,
He lifted high in air,
A big old-fashioned pewter cup,
With lots of cider there—
And ere he swallowed its contents
With three capacious swigs,
Says he "I'll bet you fifty cents
The lokys like the Whigs,
For 'tis tap, tap, swig, swig,
Tap, tap, away,
I guess you'll find your cider sour,
Upon the voting day."

Wellerism.—If the people of this country wish to preserve their liberties they must do their own fighting, as Harrison said when he resigned his commission in the late war.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GARDEN GIRL OF EDEN BANK.

"Will you ride to Eden Bank, to day?" said my uncle, the morning after his return from Kentucky.

I laid down my book, and saddled my nag; for it was one of those bright May Mornings, when a man seems to be as properly on horseback as a bird on the wing.

"And pray where is the Eden Bank?" said I, as I reached the lane.

"It's the place," answered my uncle, that belonged to old Squire Stone whose will I have been trying to hunt in Kentucky. It's now in the hands of Daniel the eldest son a man universally despised and a miserable scoundrel that persecuted his brother John to death, and would have sold his skin when dead if it had been worth tanning.—It is said that the old man willed the estate to John, and that Daniel had secreted the will, but it's all guess work. I'm going now to make an interest with the old hound for a child that John has left—a poor creature that has no friend in the world, save those God may raise up among strangers."

The words of my uncle, the pure elastic air, and the life-giving tread of my horse—all conspired to rouse my benevolence, and my destructiveness, till I came very near getting into a passion.—All sorts of chivalrous plans ran riot in my brain and I fought battle for many an orphan, and cut most venomously with my riding stick, at every pawpaw we passed; indeed I was rising in my stirrups to utterly annihilate the possessor of Eden Bank when the place itself came in sight.

It was one of those gently rounded declivities which are only seen in the west, and it sloped down to and half enclosed a little prairie spot of perfect green; upon the bank grew tall and massive trees, under which swad spread, clear of underbrush, and through which the white-washed cottage was seen peeping; while upon the prairie there was not a shrub. There were walks about the house, and flower pots; there were young and fresh arbors too, a round the old oaks—and the cottage itself was half covered with vines. As we followed the winding path among the trees, I observed to my right a tall slight sunburnt girl, in a little chip bonnet, weeding one of the flower beds; she looked up as we passed. All bowed, and I thought she blushed slightly as she bent again to her labor. Cursing the old miser that would send a woman to field work under such a sun, I rode on determined to have another peep at those bright eyes, though they did belong to a servant girl.

We found "Daniel the unjust" at home: he was a big man, with a passionate vacant face, neither strong nor amiable, but working as though the fires of his heart had dried up his brains. He gave us a surly welcome, and as my uncle came on business, he soon left me to amuse myself with my whip. Now was the time for seeking the lassie of the hoe again and I looked to the spot where I had seen her, but she was gone, and I began to think my plans at an end when I saw in one of the bowers that I spoke of, a fold of the coarse check that adorned my Dulcinea,—leaping from one walk to another I soon came near enough to see her through the leaves, while she was too busy to notice me. And busy with what, think ye? Why, with a book; over which she hung, while her black hair fell in festoons, after its own fashion from an immense thorn, which did service in place of a golden bodkin. "Well!" thought I,—"this is a very remarkable servant girl,"—and I was afraid to disturb her; but I thought I should cut a small figure if I ran away without even a look at her face, and so marching forward and determined to ask some question about the grounds, I broke in upon her studies. She looked up, smiled and blushed, and before I could open my mouth offered me her hand. "Well, this is western indeed," said I to myself; however, I could not refuse, though I

thought she was a most singular domestic, so pressing her hand, which was neither large nor hard, replying to her frank kind smile with another which if not as sweet had certainly more wonder—in it—I sat down by her on the bench of turf. She had been reading Miss Edgeworth's simple Susan, and as I took the volume from her, I saw that the page was blistered with tears. "A beautiful story," said I.

"And do you think," said she, that it's a story? "I believe it's true;" and then she went on to tell me how there must be such people as Susan, and little Mary, and Philip; she said she had known them ever so long, when she was a little girl in Kentucky. She had slept in the woods and dreamt of them and lain by the spring, under the sycamore and cried for poor Susan and as she spoke, her eyes filled with tears and she leant back against a tree, and looked up into the clouds.

"Well!" really thought I again, "this is a most wonderful girl to be hoeing in the flower beds."

"Would you like," said she to go with me and see the springs?" Now I was in a pretty fix to be sure; I liked something about the damsel very much she was so open, frank, pleasant and imaginative withal; but then for me to be seen to be weeping salt tears under the sycamore, with old Dan Stone's sentimental garden girl, was something I could not stand, fortunately my uncle's shout calling me "to horse" came to my relief, and with another long shake of the hand and a promise to come again, I got out of the scrape as well as I could.

"And what have you done for the orphan?"

"Nothing," said my uncle; and so I jumped back to my dreams of killing tyrants, and cutting off the heads of old uncles, and, somehow I found I was doing it. I had been at my heels. Pausing upon the top of the declivity, I looked down, and as I live she was there. My resolution to tell her I loved her, for an instant failed, and then rose again stronger than ever. As I came near she saw me and came to me with both hands outstretched as if she had read my purpose.

"I have longed to see you," she said; "for though I have seen you only twice, I know you very well indeed, I sit here and dream about you by the hour."
This speech unsettled all my resolves again; to be in love with one below me was bad enough, letting alone having her dreaming of me in this fashion and yet it was mere simplicity, for she evidently had no idea how her words would be construed she spoke like a lost child that is full of affection and void of all suspicion, and clings to the first kind stranger it meets.

"I was feeding my birds," she said, when you came up; but they are afraid of you and have all flown away."

"But you are not afraid of me Effie?" said I.
"Oh no!" she cried.
"If you would come and live with me at Eden Bank?"
"But supposing I should take you elsewhere, Effie?"
"I could not leave the Eden Bank she said.
"But supposing I where to marry you Effie?"
She looked up at me as one just freed from blindness might look at the sun.—There was wonder, and joy, and doubt in her clear eye, and scarce lifted lip. I thought it might be she feared her parents would not consent—and said,
"Have you a father, Effie?"
"No."
"And where does your mother live?"
"I have no mother."
"But you have brothers—and sisters?"
"Not one."
"No relative?"
"None but my uncle."
"And who is he?"
Effie, whose head had sunk between her hands when I asked about her father, now looked up, and starting to her feet as she

warmly: "It shall be spent in God's service."

vice, and he will return it to you four fold. Come again soon, I often think of you" and pressing my hand she returned to the sick woman's bed side. "She often thinks of me!" repeated I to myself, a girl that goes out to service by the month, often thinks of me! and I can assure you I did my lips some damage in quieting certain bumps of self esteem, &c.

However a week convinced me that biting my lips would do no good. I could not sleep nor could I eat, I could neither read work nor shave: my skin became feverish and my nails very long. These were bad symptoms, but they were nothing to what was going on inside. "Such a vow a wampus, and wioting," as was kicking up in my poor heart, you've no idea of.

"Are you in love with the jade?" growled Self Esteem.

"Will you lower yourself by marrying common help?" whispered Approbation.

"Is it possible you can think of a girl without education?" sneered intellect.

"Think of her by the sick-bed," said Benevolence, modestly touching my elbow.

"Think of the salt tears under the sycamore," roared the sense of the ridiculous; and so, the debate went on and I none of the wiser.

But though time and tide change for no man, the tide of feeling changes now and then for some women; so that, after a pretty hard civil war, the highest sentiments, I am happy to say conquered, and though it was noon, I saddled my pony at once, and before we reached the Eden Bank you might have shaved him without soap.

I don't know what led me in the direction of the famous spring under the sycamore, but at it I went, as though the sheriff had been at my heels. Pausing upon the top of the declivity, I looked down, and as I live she was there. My resolution to tell her I loved her, for an instant failed, and then rose again stronger than ever. As I came near she saw me and came to me with both hands outstretched as if she had read my purpose.

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"No."

"And where does your mother live?"

"I have no mother."

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"Not one."

"No relative?"

"None but my uncle."

"And who is he?"

Effie, whose head had sunk between her hands when I asked about her father, now looked up, and starting to her feet as she

looked, pointed to some object behind me; I turned, it was Daniel Stone Esq.—that is my uncle she said.

If there had been time, what a caper I should have cut! She was not a servant girl, after all. But oh! how far different! She was the oppressed orphan in whose cause I had already slain such a number of pawpaw blossoms.

Now it was clear why she longed to see me; clothed by her uncle in the coarsest garb and sent to weed his garden, without parent or brother, or friend—I had been kind to her, and to me had been given those strong and living bonds that would hold her to the last. These things scarce flashed on me, ere the uncle demanded what I did with his niece and bade her to work. She would have gone, but taking her hand I stayed her:

"Mr. Stone," said I, "I came here to ask this young lady to marry me; not knowing she was your niece. Your consent you may give or not as you please: I know you sir, from head to toe, and every dark and dirty hole and corner in that heart of yours. If you like the match well; if you will provide for your niece, well again; but I shall ask nothing of you but to stand out of the path, and let us pass."

His speech was not precisely what I would have made it if I had time, but it pleased me pretty well, and what was more made the old man do as I wished him—stand aside.

Even as she was, I took my bride home; check apron and all. I left her in the parlor, and going to my uncle's room—Uncle, said I, Effie Stone's down stairs, and I'm going to marry her. And when, to elucidate the remark, I told him the whole tale; I found the old rogue had known her all the while; but having suspected my error, from called Sylvia, and by her aid the fugitive was provided for. Tomorrow you shall be married said my uncle.

To-morrow came very slowly, but nevertheless, it came and went. We were married. Every body has been married, and it is needless to say any thing about it. After the wedding we had a little sober supper, at which my old opponent, Mr. Lamb gave us a toast, "Daniel Stone—May he soon be a Daniel coming to judgment." It was a bad joke for him, but every one except poor Effie laughed a great deal, and hoped it might turn out so, and so it did.—Some ten days after our marriage my uncle told me with a long face that he feared we should have to go to law, though he hated to set a bad example. It seemed he had a clue to the will of old Stone, and hoped to get the Bank for me. The suit was instituted, and in two years we had judgment. Old Daniel did all the harm he could to the place before he left it, but it was repaired long ago.

The bower where we first met is still to be seen, and Effie still weeps over the same copy of "Simple Susan." A little ledge has been built over the spring by the sycamore; and many an evening do I spend there, with her whom I loved in the teeth of prejudice, and whom I have found, though devoid of earthly learning, to be full of that wisdom which makes the heart glad. And should any of you visit our country I can assure you of a kind welcome from the Garden Girl of Eden Bank.

An oyster measuring three feet one inch in length, and twenty-three and a half inches across the widest part, was taken recently, at Mobile. It was carried from the wharf, to the purchasers house on a tray.

A Rainy Day.—A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put his money by for a rainy day. In a few weeks after, the master asked the man how much he had added to his store? "Faith, nothing at all," said he, "it all went yesterday I did as you bid, it rained very hard yesterday, and it all went."

"It's a burning shame," as the thief said when they were branding him.