

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.

THE DEVOTED WIFE.

"I have been with thee in thy hour
Of glory and of bliss—
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through this."

Mrs. Hemans.

She was a beautiful girl when I first saw her. She was standing up at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflection of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her delicate hand within his own, gazed on her for a moment with unmingled admiration, and the warm and eloquent blood played upon his cheek, shadowing at intervals his eagerly forehead and "melting into beauty on his lip."

"He stood in the pride of his youth—a fair form
With his feelings yet noble, his spirit yet warm—
An Eagle to shelter the Dove with his wing,
An elm where the light twining tendrils might
cling."

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of Heaven; and every heart blessed them as they went their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and again I saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of a summer sunset through the half closed and crimson curtains, lending a richer tint to the delicate carpeting, and the exquisite embellishments of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the young wife had indeed given place to the grace of perfected womanhood, and her lips were somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was slightly perceptible upon her beautiful brow. Her husband's brow too was marked somewhat more deeply than his years might warrant—suspicion, ambition, and pride had gone over it, and left their traces upon it—a silver hue was mingling with the darkness of his hair, which had been thinned around his temples almost to baldness. He was reclining on the splendid ottoman with his face hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

"Edward, you are ill to-night," said his wife, in a low, sweet and half inquiring voice, as she laid her hand upon his own. The husband roused himself from his attitude slowly, and a slight frown knit his brow. "I am not ill," he said somewhat abruptly, and he folded his arms upon his bosom as if he wished no interruption of his evidently bitter thoughts.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused his wonted cheerfulness, and glared down upon us with a cold, dim, and forbidding glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over feeling which he scorns, or fears to reveal—dreadful to watch the convulsing features and the gloomy brow—the indefinable shadows of hidden emotions—the involuntarily signs of sorrow in which we are for-

bidden to participate, and whose character we cannot know.

The wife essayed once more. "Edward," she said slowly, mildly, and affectionately, "the time has been, when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one, who has never, I trust betrayed your confidence. Why then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve. You are troubled, and yet you refuse to me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomily and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed ambition as his God, and had failed in his high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed—he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirits of his land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country—he had fanned rebellion to a flame, which had been quenched in human blood. He had been fallen—miserably fallen—and he had been doomed to die the death of a traitor.

It was his last night of life. The morrow was the day appointed for his execution. He saw the sun sink behind the green hills of the west, as he sat by the dim grate of his dungeon, with a feeling of unutterable horror. He felt that it was the last sun that would set to him. It would cast its next level and sunset rays upon his grave—upon the grave of a dishonored traitor!

The door of his dungeon opened, and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

"Edward—my dear Edward," she said, "I have come to save you. I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God that my purpose is nearly accomplished."

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eyelash. "I have not deserved this kindness," he murmured in the choked tones of conclusive agony.

"Edward," said his wife, in an earnest, but faint, fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be enabled to pass out unnoticed. Haste, or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me, I am a woman, and they will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband, dearer than life itself."

"But Margaret," said the husband, "you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell."

"Oh, speak not of me, my dearest Edward," said the devoted woman. "I can endure every thing for your sake. Haste, Edward—haste, and all will be well."—and she aided with a trembling hand to disguise the proud form of her husband in female garb.

"Farewell my love, my preserver, whispered the husband in the ear of his disguised wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady that the time allotted for her visit had expired. "Farewell, we shall meet again," responded his wife—and the husband passed out unsuspected, and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—that wife and husband—but only as the dead may meet—in the awful communings of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit until the last great purpose of her exertions was accomplished in the safety of her husband, and when the bell tolled on the morn, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the goaler found wrapped in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale but still beautiful corpse of the devoted wife.

The "Friends" have been influential in establishing Temperance associations in Ireland.

EXECUTION OF CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND.

In Jesse's memoirs of the Court of England during the reign of the Stuarts, we find the following description of the execution of that unfortunate monarch, Charles I.

"To return to the last moments of Charles. The scaffold had been covered with black cloth, and a coffin, lined with black velvet, was in readiness to receive his remains.—In the platform itself had been fixed iron rings and staples; to which ropes had been attached, by which it was intended to force the king to the block, should he make the least resistance. The persons who attended him to the scaffold, besides Bishop Juxon, were two of the gentlemen of his bed chamber, Harrington and Herbert. The former afterwards suffered so much from the shock, that an illness ensued which nearly cost him his life. The king himself appeared cheerful, resigned, and happy. Having put on his satin cap, he asked one of the executioners, both of whom were masked, if his hair was in the way. The man requested him to push it under his cap. As he was doing so, with the assistance of the bishop and the executioner, he turned to the former; "I have a good cause," he said, "and a gracious God on my side."

The Bishop. There is but one stage more; this stage is turbulent and troublesome; it is a short one; but you may consider it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you will find a great deal of joy and comfort.

The King. I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world.

The Bishop. You are exchanged from a temporal crown; a good exchange.

Observing one of the persons, who had been admitted to the scaffold, accidentally touching the axe with his cloak, the king requested him to be careful. Then again enquiring of the executioner "is my hair well," he took off his cloak, and delivering it to the bishop, exclaimed significantly "remember." To the executioner he said, "I shall say but short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands—." Looking at the block, he said, "you must set it fast."—The executioner replied it was fast. Being told it could not have been higher, he said, "when I put out my hands this way then—"

In the meantime, having divested himself of his cloak and doublet, and being in his waistcoat, he again put on his cloak, and lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, and repeating a few words to himself, which were inaudible to the bystanders, he knelt down and laid his head on the block. The executioner stooping to put his hair under his cap, the king thinking him about to strike, bid him wait for the sign. After a short pause he stretched out his hands, and the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body. The head was immediately lifted up by the other headsman and exhibited to the people. "Behold," he exclaimed, "the head of a traitor."

Thus, on the 30th of January, 1649, at the age of forty-nine, died King Charles.—The dismal groan which rose at the moment of his decapitation, from the dense populace around, was never forgotten by those who heard it. Certainly, by the vast majority of the people of England, the execution of Charles was regarded as an atrocious and barbarous murder. Philip Henry, the famous divine, was a witness to that memorable scene. He used to mention, writes his son, "that at the instant when the blow was given, there was such a dismal, universal groan, among the thousands of people that were in sight, as it were with one consent, as he never heard before, and desired he might never hear the like again." This fact is corroborated by the testimony of an aged person, one Margaret Coe, who died in 1730, at the age of one hundred and three. She saw the execu-

tioner hold up the head, and well remembers the dismal groan which was made by the vast multitude of spectators when the fatal blow was given: Immediately after the axe fell a party of horse rode rapidly from Charing to King street, and another from King street to Charing cross, with the object of dispersing the people, or, more probably, with the object of dispersing their thoughts."

ENVY AND DETRACTION.

We can scarcely imagine a more pitiable object than the man who is under the dominion of envy. The uphill labor of Sisyphus, and the eternal thirst of Tantalus, would suffer in comparison with the punishment inflicted on him by his own feelings. He hath no peace in his dreams he is afflicted. In every competitor more successful than himself, his distorted fancy beholds an enemy; and when his disordered imagination has converted a neighbor into a rival, he views him with the feelings of his prototype Haman, on seeing Mordecai daily sitting at the king's gate. The gate of success is the object of his desire; those who sit in it, the objects of his envy. This passion rankling within, and corroding every good feeling that may have had its abode there, creates in him

"The hottest hell in which a heart can burn."

Such a one claims deep compassion at the hand of humanity, and would receive it too, were it not for his resort to slander and foul detraction. In these he seeks and finds temporary relief; and hence it is, that the generous and good witness his punishment, as they would that of a felon justly convicted. He is their fellow creature, and they cannot fail to feel for him; but they detest his crime yet acquiesce in the necessity of its expiation.

The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, in allusion to such persons, says: "The malignity which some men display is often astonishing. In our experience, day after day, and week after week, we have witnessed the unceasing slanders of many pitiable persons upon their more worthy neighbors, whom a long course of probity have gifted with an enviable success. At first such daily tirades, such contemptible libels, such constant repetition of what is known to be untrue, might awaken as we have said, astonishment; but a closer examination into facts, and a momentary thought upon the depravity of human nature dissipates every wonder."

A SWIMMING PARAGRAPH.

The following has been placarded on the walls in the west end of London:—"For want of a knowledge of this noble art thousands are annually sacrificed, and every fresh victim calls more the strongly upon the best of feelings of those who have the power to draw the attention of such persons as may be likely to require this art, to the simple fact, that there is no difficulty in floating or swimming provided the persons keep their bodies in a horizontal position, which is done with the greatest ease; by endeavoring to force the chin down upon the surface of the water, instead of forcing the head as high above the water as possible, which brings the body perpendicular instead of horizontal as required: Let every body, particularly editors, annually if possible, help to diffuse this most useful and important knowledge."

Pym, a celebrated English statesman in the time of Charles II. and the man who preferred the charge of high treason against Stafford, and brought the unfortunate Earl to the scaffold, said that "he had rather suffer for speaking the truth, than that the truth should suffer for want of his speaking."

"I guess he'll re-live," as the gentleman said when his friend fainted away at his wife's funeral.

The population of Randolph Massachusetts, is 3201.

POLITICAL.

VOICE OF SCHUYLKILL: DEMOCRATIC COUNTY MEETING.

At an unusually numerous and respectable meeting of the Democratic Republicans of Schuylkill County, convened at the court house in the Borough of Orwigsburg, on Monday, July 27, 1840, the following organization was effected:—

PRESIDENT.—Hon. STRANGE N. PALMER.

VICE PRESIDENTS.—George Seitzinger, George Bodey, sen. Nicholas Staller, James Cleary, John Dreher, Gabriel Matz, Edward Collahan, H. W. Conrad, Henry Boyer, Peter Kutz, John Moon, Wm. B. Hull, Frederick Bensinger, Jr. and Isaac Dengler.

SECRETARIES.—John H. Downing, Christian Berger, M. S. Gebler, B. McClenahan and Jacob Feger.

On motion of Col. C. M. Straub a committee of 35 persons were appointed to draft a preamble and resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. Whereupon the following gentlemen were appointed:—

C. M. Straub, Henry Voute, Samuel Huntzinger, E. A. Kutzner, C. Boyer, Jr. Gabriel Matz, Frederick Fried, Edward O'Connor, Henry Lamer, N. J. Mills, Adam Brown, George Dougherty, Frederick Beck, John Marborger, Wm. G. Johnson, Jacob Hehr, Jesse Foster, Daniel Place, Jacob Messersmith, Isaac Betz, George Hartlein, Daniel Hepler, Stephen Ringer, J. E. Sorber, Charles Ellet, Jacob Ziegenfuss, Hugh Kinsley, George Laurer, John Spohn, Peter Aurand, Jr. Philip Merkel, Daniel Bertoldi, John M. Bickel, John Strimpfler, Francis Yarnell and Daniel Dreher.

The committee after retiring about half an hour, reported the following which were unanimously adopted:—

The signs of the times admonish us to cherish the maxim of the immortal Jefferson, that "the price of Liberty is eternal vigilance." We have a contest approaching, in the result of which we see involved the principles of civil liberty. The Democratic party, ever true to the principles of the Revolution, recognizing to their fullest extent the rights of the people, and aiming at "the greatest good of the greatest number," have again to repel a powerful and well concerted assault by their old enemies who, ever opposed to popular rights, would seek, in carrying out their doctrines "that the people are their own worst enemies," to effectually take from them the right of self government. Often defeated, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, they have changed their name with a chameleon like facility, but under every disguise, their odious principles are still the same.

Those who remember the "Reign of Terror" in the days of the elder Adams, when the Alien and Sedition laws were passed to keep what they insolently termed a "turbulent Democracy" in order, and to prevent the people from canvassing the measures of Government—when the author of these odious laws persecuted as enemies of their country those who erected Liberty Poles or refused to mount the Black Cockade:—or those who remember the treasonable conspiracies to thwart the operations of Government during the Embargo and non-intercourse laws, which preceded the late war, and who it was that opposed that war, and declared it "unbecoming a moral and religious people," to rejoice at the victories achieved by American Arms—and compare the men of the present day, and their conduct, with the men and doings of those days, will have no difficulty in recognizing the same party distinctions, and the same feelings still operating on the great conflicting parties of the present day.

It is in fact the Democracy of the country battling for the rights of the people on one hand, and the Aristocracy of the country, the advocates of monopolies and unnatural distinctions and orders in society, attempting to trample the people under feet