

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 VI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1843.

Number 48.

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.

From the Lancaster Intelligencer.

IRENE.

BY D. S. KIEFFER.

"Oh, no! I cannot love another."

This was uttered by the young and beautiful, innocent and confiding—but, as her mother had it, 'worldly minded' Irene Merville.

The circumstance which mainly induced the utterance of the above sentiment, was an unlooked for separation of Irene and her betrothed Rudolph Burton.

"I'd obliterate his name from my memory; he's abused your confidence, and has rendered himself unworthy your coldest regard," observed Albert, Irene's youngest brother, after a protracted and embarrassing silence.

"Nay, my brother, remarked Edward, the eldest brother, 'that were too precipitate.—Rudolph lives, moves, and has his being' in the atmosphere of romance; and to my mind it is clear, that instead of having broken his vow, he has but conceived of the idea of terminating his truth by the union of Romance with Reality."

"Edward," faltered the mother, "if you regard the welfare of your injured sister, or our aged mother, I charge you by all that is sacred, strive not to buoy the broken spirit with false hopes!"

"Heaven forbid!" firmly responded Edward.

"Thou speak no more," continued the hoary-headed mother, "of tricks of romance in connexion with the fiendish conduct of Rudolph Burton. Romance indeed! First in the heart, then trample it 'neath his feet. Were his business such as to require his constant presence, he could have written evertheless."

"But, if, as I have surmised," added Edward, "he be actuated by the spirit of romance, in the very particular to which you have adverted, lies to the secret."

"I've thought of that, too," interposed Irene, with a sigh.

"As I feared," ejaculated Albert.

"Oh, silly girl! vociferated the mother,—"and you Edward, are no less than an accomplice in your sister's final ruin. Had she been left without a hope of ever again holding her destroyer's face, she had doubtless sought comfort in repentance, by turning to her God, under this afflictive dispensation. But, unfortunately, you've inspired in that susceptible heart, a hope—productive only of heart sickness—long will it be deferred."

Edward, in reverence to his parent, set no further defence in extenuation of Rudolph's conduct, but beckoning to Irene, who immediately followed, he arose and left the apartment. When they gained the door, Edward proposed a walk to his sister, who gladly acquiesced. It was now six months since Irene had cast a last, lingering look upon the receding form of Rudolph, as he hastened from her presence, pronouncing that pregnant word—'farewell!' They were solemn months to her, whose face, which once bore the bloom of health, was now beginning to turn to the roses were blanched; and her love-courtenances, instead of indicating that of mind, which conscious innocence

invariably caused it to wear, bore now a different appearance. Edward was by no means unconscious of the change that had marked his beloved sister as the victim of disappointment. He saw her melancholy, and strove, by rallying words, to raise her spirits. He pointed to the beauties of creation—it was the bright & beautiful month of May—the sky wore a deep blue, spudded with snow white and fleecy clouds, and the air was balmy and mild. The outlines of the hills that bounded the valley through which they wandered, on either side, were gracefully undulated, and the hills themselves were wooded to their summits. The forest trees were in their brightest liveliest of green, after the heavy rains; the paw paw, the red bug, and the dogwood, all mingled their varied blossoms with the general verdure; the birds sang so exultingly, that one might have fancied a general convocation of the feathered song to celebrate some jubilee in short. Nature was in her loveliest and most attractive garb; and it was happiness of no ordinary kind, to walk or to loiter in that valley, and feast the senses of sight and hearing with the scenes, and odors, and sounds, on every side. Mere existence was a pleasure, and gave, in its silent enjoyment, some conception of the oriental idea of a Paradise, which would consist of eternal repose, amid trees, and flowers, and running streams, and singing birds. But amid all this, Irene felt as though she was an isolated being; she leaned upon her brother's arm, as they pursued their walk, like one in a stupor, heeding not the beauties by which they were surrounded on every side.

"Did you ever learn any thing definite, in regard to the state of Rudolph's finances?" at length inquired Edward of Irene.

"Nothing definite," was the quiet and almost inaudible response.

"Not indirectly whence you might draw an inference?" continued the brother.

"From indirect allusions, I think I might be justified in the inference that his finances were in rather a weak condition," replied Irene.

"And he receives for his services at present, as—twice the amount he formerly received while employed by—"

"Yes—about twice as much."

"That's sufficient. Perfectly satisfactory to me at least. His finances were low. He's gone to improve them, after which he'll return and pay his vows, by being joined with Irene in the holy bonds of wedlock."

"Would to heaven I could believe it!" sighed the fair Irene, and a tell-tale tear glistened o'er her beautiful cheek as she strove to brace her nerves.

Edward too, though naturally of a strong mind was deeply affected at the evident emotion of his affectionate sister, inasmuch that he was unable to reply for more than a minute, when least his feelings should be discovered by her, he with a violent effort ejaculated—

"Time will show!"

"Not to Irene. Eternity will unfold it to my view."

"Speak not thus, my dear sister. It grieves, it breaks my heart," proceeded Edward, as he drew her closer to his side, and pressing her gentle form to his bosom, dropped a sympathetic tear upon her cheek, and impressed a sweet kiss of affection upon her thin colorless lips. The remainder of their walk was in thoughtful silence.—The shades of twilight were falling as they gained their home, and the place of their childhood. No one spoke as they entered, and the question was permitted to rest without further agitation.

We will now invite our fair reader to pass with us, over an uninteresting period of three years in the history of Irene. Cheerfulness again sits upon her placid countenance, & the beautiful rose upon her cheek has again returned; but Rudolph, the false Rudolph has not returned, nor has he been heard from.

The saloon was capacious and lofty, the walls were hung with drapery, and merry voices rang throughout the wide apartment.

The ceremony was an imposing one. A fashionable wedding—brilliant equipages—a magnificent cortege!

The happy pair stood side by side, with flushed cheek and trembling nerves. The venerable pastor proceeded to inquire if there was ought to be said why this couple should not be united in matrimonial bonds, when a stifled voice was heard from the farthest extremity of the hall.

"If it please your reverence, I have a word to say!"

All eyes were turned. The bride trembled, tottered, and groaned audibly. Her bridesmaids supported her, and chafed her temples with water.

"A tall figure, entirely muffled in a sombre mantle, now emerged (before unperceived) from an obscure corner of the room, but as he approached, the divine thinking the proceeding rather abrupt than otherwise exclaimed, in an imperative tone—

"Stand! I pray thee, and speak if thou hast ought to say."

"She who thou wouldst join to this man, is betrothed to another," faltered the ominous stranger, stopped suddenly about the centre of the hall, with evident agitation.

"What think ye of all this!" said the clergyman, addressing himself to the guests.

"Of this!" interrupted the bridegroom. Some deep, dark, damning scheme, to taint the heaven I've won.

"Nay, speak not thus!" exclaimed the reviving bride.

"Speak, maiden! art thou betrothed?" interrogated the parson.

Irene trembled.

"Fear not, Irene, the truth shall make thee free," exclaimed the stranger, as he doffed his mantle and sprang to her side.

"Rudolph!" shrieked the bride, as she threw herself into the arms of the stranger, to the great annoyance of him who had led her to the altar. Oh! my long lost, deeply-mourned, Rudolph, is it true? By heaven! I swear. I am thy betrothed; and cannot love another."

Great was the rage and disappointment of the rejected lover, at the arrival, proposal, and acceptance of the muffled stranger, by her whom self-love had persuaded him was soon to be his own. Tortured at once by all the pangs of an unrequited passion, and by a deranging jealousy, proud and vindictive by nature, the favored lover became the object of a hatred too deadly to be depicted by language.

Soon after the acceptance of Rudolph, the rejected lover disappeared from the neighborhood; some asserted he had gone abroad; others, that he had retired into obscurity; but, in fact, no one knew whether he had betaken himself. The happiness of the lovers left them little to think of poor Baring, (for that was the name of the rejected,) and their fancied security did not permit them for a moment, to fear, or even dream of, the effects of his disappointment or resentment.

The happy day at length came, the marriage was celebrated in the superb old Merville Mansion, which, upon this occasion was thronged to excess by rich and poor. At the very moment when the enraptured Rudolph placed the emblematic circle on the slender finger of his lovely bride a murmur ran thro' the assemblage, it gathered and grew, the clergyman paused, as one rushed wildly thro' the crowd. There was a sudden shout, succeeded by a fearful shriek, accompanied by the fall of the bridegroom. A poignard was buried to the hilt in his breast, he was dead! He fell by the hand of Baring, the rejected lover: Who shall paint the dreadful scene that ensued? Exclamations of surprise—shrieks of horror—cries of murder—here females swooning in terror—there men running to and fro—inquiring the cause of the sudden disturbance—that denouncing vengeance on the murderer—(this is not overdrawn; a similar occurrence transpired but a few days since.)—all was distraction and confusion! Her terrified friends instantly hurried away the trembling bride, anticipating some horrible event. As they bore her off, the

name of Rudolph, dead, murdered, stabbed, fell on her ears; insensibility for a few moments relieved her from the awful agony of her situation.

Oh, change! within a narrow cell, with hands upon his limbs, and chained like a felon, yelling with all the force at his command is a maniac—who is he? How came he there? Is it the murderer of Rudolph, Charles Baring? Alas! it is he. He is mad, insane!—He's been so for years (his said,) never before publicly manifested. 'Poor fellow!'—'Unfortunate man!'

A stratagem is proposed. He is kindly spoken to. He is gruff, sullen; and insolent. The Warden advances, The prisoner becomes frantic. The Warden slowly unfolds a piece of string, addressing himself meantime to the maniac, who now gives vent to a violent burst of laughter—'Hal hal! my hopes are realized. A *Note Prosequi!*'

The Warden bowed in the affirmative.

'Heaven be praised!' ejaculated the would-be maniac. And a sweet, tranquil smile, brightened up his countenance, his eye sparkled with the fire of youth, and his tongue was eloquent with praise of Executive mercy. He was sane!

'By thine own lips art thou condemned,' interposed the Prosecuting Attorney, who was present, and instigated the stratagem. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death which was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life.

The unwedded, virgin bride never recovered the shock. She was frequently exhorted to obliterate the past, and in mercy, in womanly pity, to forget her own, and Rudolph's wrong—to pardon the murderer of her happiness and her love—to think only of the severe, the bitter retribution, which even now, was hurrying her to an untimely grave. But, ah, her noble mind was a rock. She spoke not, save by turns, which consisted in the reiteration of this single sentence;—'Oh! no, I cannot love another.' She died with these words quivering upon her tongue.

CANNOT.

We very much question whether there is a word in the English language productive of as much mischief as the one placed at the head of this article. Indeed it has no business where it is so frequently found; for it is an intruder on our forms of speech, and deemed unworthy of notice, by the lexicographer, yet there are some men who are always using it, and find it ever at their tongue's end. The man who admits this word into his vocabulary, is regularly drawn up; henceforth he is good for nothing because he will perform nothing. We like a man, ay, and woman too, who at proper times can utter a plain, plump No! for that little word may be their salvation, but if they meet you with a canting cannot, depend upon it, they will—for a consideration.

Ask your friend why he runs in debt for things for which he has no possible earthly use, and he will tell you he cannot avoid purchasing things offered at a bargain, even if he has no present use for them. The time, however, will come when there will be a cannot of another nature to arrest him, and that will be when his foolish purchases have so exhausted his finances and reduced his credit, that no one will trust him.

Ask the farmer why he allows that bottle of spirit to be carried into his harvest field; and as the ill cut and scattered grain attests to his manifest loss, and he replies that he has been so long in the habit of doing it, that he cannot do without it when working hard. All nonsense.—Thousands, if not millions, have demonstrated the contrary before his face the present year. The truth is, the farmer loves the 'good creature,' and his cannot is the partial opiate he forces upon his conscience to disguise the fact.

The Editor of the Albany Microscope, who is always listening to things he hadn't order, heard the following rofab the other day between a man and his wife:

'My dear, you've always mended up our old chainy ware when it got broke—now there's that old teapot has got its dear nose knocked off again, dew mend it on love, won't ye?'

'No, Susan,' replied the good man, tolling up his eyes like a duck in a fit of the Spanish cholera; 'no, it ain't no use.—We never use that teapot in the winter, you know.'

'That's true, love, but we shall want it next summer—'

'Summer!' roared the husband in a voice of thunder, intended as a grand imitation of the great trumpet; 'Summer!' who talks of summer, seed time and harvest! They are things of the past, and belong no more to the future. No! Susan! we shall never use the old teapot again—the 23d of April winds up the affair of this sith, and makes small beer of teapots with broken noses.'

'Oh dear oh!' cried the poor woman; 'what shall I do? There's that are new bonnet trimmed with red ribbings, and that are bran, fire, span new silk gown nor much more nor half wore out, and that new tin sass pan—and the baby's 'rocks' shoes and the painted cradle! I all agoin' 'em smash before they're half wore out, in the universal flummix of this arth!'

The Progress of Improvement. 'Mother,' asked a tall gawky, 'what did you and dad use to do when he came a courting you?'

'Good airn and sass! what put that into the boy's head? What do you meah Jediah?'

'Well I went over to see Peggy Haskins 'tother night and she told me I didn't know how to court, I axed her to show me, sez she, 'ax your marm!' What did you do mother?'

'La! suz! Why Jed, we used to sit in the corner and eat rost turkey?'

'Good gracious! times aint as they used to be 'mother, sartin—the only thing Peggy gin me was a cold raw pickle!'

A Joke.—The Buffalonian thus wisely and feelingly discourses on matters pertaining to conscience:

Efficacy of Religion.—Not long since, we read an account of a man who after having 'experienced religion,' sent a dollar the distance of 500 miles to pay for breakfast, out of which he had cheated his landlord. What a glorious thing it would be for printers, if religion would enter the hearts of their delinquent subscribers. How they would put out the 25s, 5s, 10s, and 20s, and what penitential letters would they write to their old creditors! Oh, how the heart of the poor printer would swell joy unspeakable and full of glory, on hearing of the conversion of so many 'old sinners from the error of their ways!'

'Cato, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes to the south in the winter?'

'Well I don't know massa, unless he no stand the clemency of the north, and so am obliged to go to the south, where he 'spereince a waimeet longemude!'

Mesmerism.—'Are you willin' if I mesmerise you Samba?'

'Sartin I is Cuffy.'

Here follow the passes, quite 'a la Mesmer and the community of sensation is soon established.

'Is you gone to sleep Samba?'

'Yes; Cuffy has asleep.'

'Well den, what have I got in my mouf' tasting a bit of sugar.'

'How debil I know Cuffy I'm 'saz a sleep!'

Pretty girls who wear veils contrive to let the wind blow them aside when they meet a smart young fellow.