

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

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS:

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POETRY.



From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE FOREST TREE

Hail to the lone old forest tree,
Though past his leafy prime!
A type of England's past is he,
A tale of her olden time.
He has seen her sons, for a thousand years,
Around him raise and fall;
But well his green old age he wears,
And still survives them all.
Then long may his safeguard the pride and
Of our children's children be;
And long may the axe and tempest spare
The lone old forest tree!

The Norman baron his steed has rein'd,
And the pilgrim his journey stay'd,
And the toil worn serf brief respite gain'd
In his broad and pleasant shade;
The friar and forester loved it well;
And hither the jocund horn,
And the solemn tone of the vesper bell,
On the evening breeze were borne.

Friar and forester, lord and slave,
Lie mouldering; side by side,
In the dreamless sleep of a nameless grave,
Where revelling earthworms hide:
And Echo no longer wakes at the sound
Of bugle or vesper chime;

For castle and convent are ivy-bound
By the ruthless hand of Time.

But gentle and few, with the stout old tree,
Have the spoiler's dealings been;
And the brook, as of old, is clear and free,
And the turf beneath is green.
Thus Nature has scatter'd on every hand
Her lessons since earth began.

And long may her sylvan teacher stand,
A check to the pride of man,
And long may his safeguard the pride and care
Of our children's children be;
Long, long may the axe and tempest spare
The lone old forest tree!

J. B. T.

IT IS IN MEMORY.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

It is memory stealing o'er me
That sweet dream of olden time,
Vanished scenes appear before me,
Pleasant songs and happy faces,
All that youth and fancy traces,
All those well remembered faces
Smile for me;
All that once appeared before me,
Sweet dreams of youth ye still restore me;
In memory!

It is in memory—how together
With my little friends I strayed,
Life was then all sunny weather,
Laughter then sweet music made;
But though all those days are over
When, a thoughtless, happy rover,
Sportive I—amid the clover
Wander'd free;
All that once appeared before me,
Sweet dreams of youth ye still restore me
In memory!

CÆSAR AND THE RAZOR STROP.

During the vice royalty of Lord Botsford, there lived and flourished in Williamsburg, Va. a black barber named Cæsar, a queer old fellow, and famed through all the country round for the bluntness of his wit and the keenness of his razors. Now Cæsar's shop was, in those ancient days, as the barbers' shops are in modern times, the focus of all the news and scandal of the place. And thither would the then magistrates of Virginia repair, to enjoy the gossip of the Capital, and to have their 'chins new reaped' by Cæsar's incomparable sharps. Even Colonel Bird the mirror of the taste and fashion of old Virginia's gallant and joyous day, would discard his crowd of valets and go to the barber's shop when he wished to indulge in the luxury of a smooth shave.

The Colonel determined to enquire into the mystery of these superior shaves, and said, 'Cæsar, you old villain, surely the devil must strop your razors for you or how do you acquire such an edge? Heretofore I imported year after year strops of great price and celebrity, my razors are continually stopping, and yet we cannot raise an edge comparable to yours. Here's a guinea come show me your strop.' The mysterious barber took the gold-eyed with great complacency, pounced it, and then displaying his ivory from ear to ear observed, 'Well, massa Bird, do you send home for strop, hey, and still Cæsar's razor's beat all! he, he, he. See here massa, and going to a box, he produced an old bridle rein nailed to a piece of wood! The astonished Colonel cried, 'what the devil is this Cæsar. As the boys say, sure you are a poking fun at me.' To which the barber of the ancient regime, making a bow, that for grace and dignity would not have shamed the vice Royal Court itself, laid his hand upon his heart and remarked:—'Pon my honor dat is all my strop; he continued, 'but mind massa Bird, it must be old plough bridle rein, de more weat and dust de better.'

Colonel Bird took the hint. He ceased his importation of foreign strops, while his vast estimate furnished a great choice of the domestic material, and often would he relate to his visitors at Westover the story of the famed old Barber of Williamsburg, and the discovery of the *Magic Strop*.

WORTH OF WIDOWS.

'Rich widders are about yet (said Nicky Nollekins to his friend Bunkers,) though they are snapped up so fast. Rich widder Billy, are 'special evidences,' sent here like rats to pick up deservin' chaps when they can't swim no longer. When you've been down twy't, Billy, and are just off again, then comes the widdle floatin' along. Why splatterdocks is nothin' to it; and a widder is the best of all life preservers when a man is a most swamped and sinkin', like you and me.'

'Well, I'm not particular, now I, (replied Billy,) nor never was. I'd take a widder for my part, if she's got the mit drop, and never ask no questions. I'm not proud—never was harrystoat'c—I drinks with anybody, and smokes all the cigars they give me. What's the use of bein' stuck up siffy? It's my principle that other folks are nearly as good as me, if they're not constables nor aldermen. I can't stand them sort.'

'No Billy,' said Nollekins, with an encouraging smile, 'no Billy, such individuals as them, don't know human natur.'

An Outpouring.—A love sick swain in order more fully to ascertain the mind of his lady love, closes a letter with the following verse:

If you was a dog and I was a hog,
A rooting away in the yard,
If the old man should say, 'drive that hog away.'
Would you worry or bite very hard?
A sentiment so sublime deserves an answer, and we venture to suppose that the lady said in reply:
When I are a dog, and you are a hog,
A wandering out from the sty,
I'd not breathe a bark, but meely remark,
'Go it, Porkie, root hog or die.'

N. O. Pic.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARIA GRAFTON.

OR, LET EVERY GIRL CHOOSE HER OWN HUSBAND.

Seated in a pleasant chamber, was a young lady, the daughter of one of the most aristocratic merchants in New England. He had risen from obscurity, and by a course, though not strictly honest, yet in accordance with the practice of some of the wealthiest merchants in the country, had amassed a large amount of property. With him wealth was every thing; he knew nothing of happiness, save when it was considered in the scale of dollars and cents, and it needed only that a man be wealthy, no matter by what means he became so, to ensure his respect.

His residence was but a few miles from the city of Boston, and its one of the most beautiful in that vicinity. No pains had been spared to make it worthy of notice, for Mr. Grafton was a man fond of praise. His youngest daughter, Maria, was now the only child remaining at home. Two sons, on whom he had placed his hopes for the perpetuation of his family name, and on whom he had designed to bestow the greater portion of his wealth, died ere they had attained to manhood. Of three daughters, two were married, leaving Maria with her father, who loved her next, perhaps, to his money.

Sad were the thoughts of the fair girl, as she sat alone in her chamber; but they were soon interrupted. The voice of her father summoned her to the parlor, when she descended, she found he was accompanied by a young man named Stevens, who had, some time previous, offered his hand to Maria, but not contented with her refusal, and knowing the attachment of her father to wealth, had called him to his aid. Maria raised her eyes as she entered the room, but as soon as she saw Stevens, turning her head, and seated herself by the window. Her father addressed her, presenting Stevens, and informed her that it was his wish that she should accept of him as her future husband. Maria informed her father that she had rejected Mr. Stevens once, and that, even did she love him, which she was very certain she did not, her own judgment taught her better than to risk her happiness in his hands.

'What do you know of love?' said Mr. Grafton; 'and why are you unwilling to risk your happiness with him? His wealth is sufficient to procure you every comfort, and his character is—'

'Infamous!' interrupted Maria, looking him full in the face.

Stevens turned pale, & his lips quivered with rage, and the anger of her father scarcely knew bounds. For a moment he did not answer her. At length, pointing his finger at Stevens, he inquired, 'And what know you of his character?'

'Enough to convince me that my words were true,' answered Maria.

'My daughter,' said Mr. Grafton, assuming a milder tone 'though you may have heard reports unfavorable to Mr. Stevens, believe me, they are without foundation.—He is one of the wealthiest men in the city.'

'He may be all that you think he is,' said Maria, 'but I cannot marry him.'

'You may go to your chamber,' said her father; 'I am determined that Henry Stevens shall be my son-in-law, and you must marry him, or quit my house. I will neither own nor support an ungrateful and disobedient daughter. To-morrow I shall expect your answer.'

Maria knew too well the character of her father to make any reply. A crisis had arrived which she had for some days feared. She knew that her refusal of Stevens would bring down the wrath of her father on her head, and had written to both her sisters, stating the circumstances, and requesting, if her father should drive her from the house, the privilege of remaining for a short time with them. Contrary to her expectations, both had refused her. Their husbands, had married more on account of the wealth of their father, than for any affection they had felt for them, and they feared, if they gave Maria a home their father would disinherit them. Such is the effect wealth has on the affections.

Maria retired to her chamber, and

after giving vent to a flood of tears, deliberated on what course to pursue. One thing was certain she determined not to marry Stevens. The next thing was, how should she obtain a living? After thinking of the matter for some time, she said to herself—'Well, I have a good constitution, and can labor; but how would it appear for the daughter of the rich Mr. Grafton to go about the city soliciting employment?—This would not answer. At last she concluded that, rather than remain in the city, she would go to some village, and, if possible, obtain employment. At this moment she recollected having heard one of the house-maids speak of being employed in a factory, and she descended to the kitchen.

'Hannah,' said she, addressing the girl, 'I heard you, a few days since, speak of working in a factory; how did you like there?'

'O, I liked very much, Miss Maria, and should have remained there had my health been good.'

'Was the work harder than your work here?' inquired Maria.

'No, ma'am, I don't think it was, but it was more confined.'

'Will you tell me where it was?' again inquired Maria.

The girl gave her the required information, and also the name of the overseer of the room where she had worked, and the name of the lady with whom she boarded, adding, 'She is the kindest woman I ever saw.'

The mind of Maria was now made up. She decided upon entering a factory.—Another difficulty now presented itself.—Would her father allow her to take clothing and what money she had? She determined, if he should still adhere to his resolution, to ask him the question.

In the morning she met her father at the breakfast table. Neither spoke until the meal was finished. At length her father inquired—

'Well, Maria, have you concluded to marry Henry Stevens?'

Maria hesitated for a moment, but said firmly, 'I have not.'

'You heard my determination last night,' said he, 'I now repeat it. You must marry Henry Stevens, or quit my house.'

'I cannot marry him, father,' said she, 'sooner would I quit, not only this house, but the world.'

'Then go,' said he, angrily, rising from his chair.

'Shall I take my clothes?' asked Maria.

'Yes; and never let me see or hear from you again,' said he, slamming the door violently, and leaving her alone.

Maria sank back in her chair and wept bitterly. For a moment she seemed almost inclined to comply with his wish, but the idea that she must be forever linked to a villain, and suffer reproach if his villainies were discovered, was more than she could bear, and she preferred the anguish of separating from all her friends, free and with honor, to that of marrying Stevens. She hastily packed up her things, and in a few hours left her father's house.

As she passed through the city of Boston, where her sisters resided, a desire sprang up to see them—but from their recent treatment she dared not visit them, and she feared again meeting her father.

Maria was well furnished with clothing and had about twenty-five dollars in money. Although she had been surrounded with wealth, she never, till now, knew the value of money. A thousand reflections, doubts and fears crossed her mind, as she was pursuing her journey to the place designated by the girl of whom she had enquired in her father's kitchen; and though she felt sad at the thoughts of being driven from home, she could scarce suppress a smile at the awkwardness with which she should engage in any kind of labor.

She at last arrived at the house of Mrs. D—; the lady designated by Hannah, and easily obtained the board in her family. She also learned that Mr. P—, the overseer whose name she had taken, was in want of help.

It is unnecessary for us to follow the fortunes of Maria through their various channels. She entered the factory, learned to work, & found many friends, among whom, and the only one it would be of interest to the reader to name; was Caroline Perkins, a girl about her own age.

These two soon became intimate friends. In the factory their looms were next each other, and they occupied the same room at their boarding house. They were much attached to Mrs. D., with whom they boarded, and she in turn evinced a deep interest in their welfare.

About six months after Maria entered the factory, an incident occurred which bound, if possible, the two friends closer to each other. One evening, as they were in their chamber, and Caroline was engaged in repacking a large trunk, Maria who was looking on, was rather surprised at the amount of clothing and jewelry possessed by Caroline, and jokingly inquired if her beau was a jeweller.

Caroline blushed, and after some hesitation informed Maria that her father had once been wealthy, but at his death it was ascertained that his property, though amply sufficient to pay his own debts, would be swept away by the failure of some friends for whom he had endorsed notes. The creditors had allowed her to keep every thing given her by her father except her piano. She also told her that although she might have supported herself by music teaching, she preferred working in a factory to remaining among those, who, though they were once intimate friends, would consider her, after the loss of wealth, as below them.

Maria repaid Caroline by telling her own history, and her reasons for leaving home, and corroborated her story by the display of jewelry and other trinkets her father had allowed her to take.

Probably there were never two persons who enjoyed themselves better than these two girls. None, save themselves, knew their history, and as their natural dispositions were not arrogant, they never appeared to be above their fellow laborers. For two years they remained together, at the end of which Caroline was married, and at the urgent request of herself and husband, Maria was induced to leave the factory, for a while, at least, and take up her abode with them.

One day, while Maria was engaged in perusing a paper which had been left at the house, her eyes fell on a paragraph stating that Mr. Henry Stevens, who had always been considered a very wealthy merchant, was arrested and committed to prison for committing heavy forgeries. She handed it to Caroline, with a shudder, exclaiming, 'as I expected.' The next paper brought intelligence that no doubt was entertained of his guilt, and that Mr. Grafton, in an account of his villainies, as he had hired of him a large sum of money. For a moment Maria indulged the idea of immediately visiting her father; but after consulting with Caroline, concluded to write to him, which she did, begging his pardon for not obeying him, and requesting him to receive her again to his arms, adding as a postscript, that she had one hundred dollars, which she would send him, if he was in want of money to pay his losses by Stevens. Her father read her letter with feelings more of sorrow than anger, but at the end of it broke into a hearty laugh, exclaiming, 'well women are the best judges of rascals.' In a few days he visited Maria expressed his regret for the sorrow he caused her, and requested her to return with him. Maria complied with his request, and became once more an inmate of her father's home. Her father endeavored by every means to make her happy, as an atonement for past wrongs; and when about a year after she asked his consent to her marriage with a mechanic, without wealth, he answered, 'Do as you please, Maria; I have learned to let every girl choose her own husband.'

A HEART.—What curious thing a heart is; ain't it, young lady? There is as much difference in hearts as in faces. A woman's heart is a sacred thing, and of purity. How proud a man ought to be, to have it placed in his keeping—to have a pretty girl love him so well that she will give it to him, and tell him that she loves him more than any other. Isn't it curious ladies? We might say of a heart as the old woman did of the first rabbit she ever saw. 'La, how very funny it is.'—Kuckler, bocker.

Kindness.—Is there one being stubborn as the rock to misfortune that kindness does not affect? For my part it seems to me to come with double grace and tenderness from the old; it seems in them the warred and long purified benevolence of years; as if it had survived and conquered the baseness and selfishness of the ordeal it had passed; as if the winds which had broken the form, had swept in vain across the heart, and the frosts, which had chilled the blood and whitened the thin locks, had possessed no power over the warm tide of the affections. It is triumph of nature over art; it is the voice of the angel which is yet within us. Nor is this all; tenderness of age is twice blessed—blessed in its trophies over the obduracy of increasing and withering years; blessed because it tells us that a heart will blossom even upon the precincts of the tomb, and flatters us with the inviolacy and immortality of love.

A Good Answer.—An anecdote was related to us lately by an eye-witness of the ready wit of an unsophisticated son of the green Isle. A case was trying before one of the judges of our city Court in which a drayman, a legitimate son of Erin, was called to testify. A limb of the law who prided himself on his dexterity in perplexing the witnesses, commenced his examination with 'Pray, Sir, are you a drayman?' 'Indirectly interested in the termination of this suit?' 'Not a bit sir.' Will you not gain anything in case of its determination in favor of the plaintiff? Gain any thing? 'By my soul, I'll rather lose than gain anything!' 'Ah ha!' says the wise one with a significant look, 'so you will rather lose than gain by it. Pray how may you lose by it?' 'By standing here answering questions, while my horse and dray stand idle in the street!'

A RICH SCENE.

A day or two since a countryman walked into an office in this city; without taking any particular notice of his whereabouts he took off his coat and cravat, threw them in a chair, and sat down, crossed his legs, and in an authoritative tone called out, 'Is that water hot?'

'Water, sir!' said the Clerk, who had been watching his movements with some little curiosity.

'What water? You must be under a mistake.'

'Mistake the devil, sir, I want to be shaved, why don't you get things in readiness, I'm in a hurry?'

'I beg pardon, sir, this is not a barber's shop, it is an exchange office!'

'An exchange office! there must be some thing wrong by hooky; I asked a person in the street where I could get shaved, and he directed me to come here.'

The clerk looked daggers, and the customer put on his coat and sloped.

CLERGYMAN AND PARISHIONER.

'Since what passed between us,' said a very zealous clergyman, 'I hope you do not open any letters whatever on Sunday.'

'I do not,' replied the parishioner, 'you must know I received one this very morning, just as I was leaving home for church, but I left it unopened.'

'That was right. And what did you think of the service to day—my new curate's reading and my sermon on attention to religious duties?'

'Indeed I can hardly say, to tell the truth, I could scarcely notice any thing for I could not help thinking all the time what there might happen to be in that letter!'

A western editor says, that not until his dying day, not even will be give up the great principles for which he is contending. This chap holds on about as tenaciously as did the negro who fought the Irishman in Philadelphia.

'Ye black vagabond,' said Paddy, 'hold on and holler enuff. I'll fight till I die.'

'So will I,' sung out the negro; 'I always doer, hoos!'