

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.



The Working Man.

When you behold a Whig of state,
In gilded chariot roll along,
Or at the hustings hear him prate,
Lamenting o'er the poor man's wrong,
Restrain yourself; keep on your hat,
Make not the least degrading fuss,
For what has an aristocrat
In Congress ever done for us.

When you behold a hero crowned
With laurels he has never won—
While venal fools with looks profound,
Tell how the glorious deed was done,
Restrain yourself; keep on your hat,
Make not the least degrading fuss;
But tell his conscience keepers that
They shall not palm their lies on us.

When they lament that trade is dead,
Our factories in a decline,
That industry is begging bread,
And they are situated in their wine;
Restrain yourself; keep on your hat,
Make not the least degrading fuss,
Though they lament, be certain that
It is for themselves, and not for us.

When they declare each poor man's vote,
A knell for sacred freedom tolls,
That honor—virtue—shun the coat,
Where poverty is picking holes,
Erect your head, cock up your hat,
Scorn them and their unholly fuss,
And tell the venal hirelings that
They never shall disfranchise us.

When candidates with accents bland,
In crowded streets encounter you,
And seizing on your toil-worn hand,
Ask how your lovely children do,
Restrain yourself, keep on your hat,
Not make the least degrading fuss;
Despise them—if 'tis only that
They should object to care for us.

But when equality shall spread
Its banner o'er the morning air,
All hail the spirits of the dead
To bless their sons assembled there,
Arouse yourself, take off your hat,
Read with your shouts the welkin blue,
For know 'mid countless thousands, that
In each you had a brother true.

We are rarely wrong when we act from impulse. By this I do not mean every rash and wayward, and selfish fantasy; but by allowing its natural course to the first war and generous feeling that springs from the heart. Second thoughts are more worldly, more cold, and calculate on some advantage. This is what the ancients meant when they said that impulse was from the gods, but the notice from men. Our eager belief, our ready pity, our kindly sensations—these are materials of good within us. As one of our poets says, with equal truth and beauty: "The heart is wise." We should be not only happier, but better, if we attended more to its dictates. Half the misery of the world arises from the want of sympathy. We do not assist each other as we might do, because we rarely pause to ask, do they need our assistance? And this works on the moral suffering, we need to suffer that we may learn to pity.

TO PRESERVE TOMATOES.

As I am very fond of Tomatoes, and have a way of preserving, to use when the season for them is over, a way which I have never seen published, although others may have heard of it, I have concluded to send it to you, that you may publish it if you think proper.

Dip the ripe tomatoes in scalding water; peel them, and divide them into two, and if very thick through, into three slices; lay them on plates, and put them into the oven after the bread is drawn; if it is a good oven, by the time it is cool, or in 48 hours they will be perfectly dried; put them into paper bags and keep them in a dry place; when wanted for use, dip them into cold water, and lay them on to a dish to swell, and in a mince or stew, they are almost equal to the fresh fruit. If you wish to make tomatoe sauce, add a little water to cook them in. They are very good to eat out of the hand in a dry state.—*Al. Cult.*

DR. FRANKLIN'S MORAL CODE.

This great American philosopher and Statesman, Benjamin Franklin drew up the following list of moral virtues, to which he paid constant and earnest attention, and thereby made himself a better and happier man.

Temperance—Eat not to fullness—drink not to elevation:

Silence—Speak what may benefit others and yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Order—let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolution—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

Fragility—Make no expense but do good to others or yourself.

Industry—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

Sincerity—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.

Justice—Wrong none by doing injuries or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

Moderation—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.

Cleanliness—Suffer no uncleanness in body, clothes or habitation.

Tranquility—Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

Humility—Imitate Jesus Christ.

He is not a gentleman who indulges in feelings of asperity towards an opponent.—For ourselves, we respect that person the more who openly and zealously avows and defends his sentiments, than if he were a cringing, fawning, soulless creature, who dare not speak what he thinks. Error may be tolerated with decidedly more good humor, than can the two-sided opinions of some who are all things to men.

Tacitus says:—Early marriage makes us immortal. It is the soul and chief prop of empires. That man who resolves to live without a woman, and that woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to the country in which they dwell; injurious to themselves, destructive to the whole world, apostates from nature, and rebels against Heaven and earth.

A CONTENTED SOLDIER.

In Gibraltar there was a great scarcity of water, and a general complaint of the want of it. An officer said he was very easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water: if he got his tea in the morning, and punch at night, it was all that he wanted.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that time was his estate: an estate, indeed, that will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labors of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun by noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Lady's Book for August, 1844.

THE BROKEN VOW.

BY MISS ELIZA DUPUY.

AUTHOR OF "THE CONSPIRATOR," "WILFRED ONE," ETC.

'Twas murmured not in festive halls,
Where mirth is light around;
It echoed not from stately walls,
Blent with the music's sound.
'Twas sighed not forth in bower or dell,
Amid the opening flowers.
The woodland had no tale to tell
Of these long vanished hours.

'Twas uttered o'er a dying bed,
Asked by a dying prayer—
The voice of the departing shed
A ghastly blessing there.
An earnest soul was flitting fast
When those deep words were said—
The ling'ring tones her lips that passed,
Thrilled hollow o'er the dead.

Twilight was darkening into night,
The first faint star of evening gleamed
From the far blue heavens, and the bush
and repose of nature seemed too holy to
be broken by the strife of human passions—
yet how painfully did the quiet
of that evening scene contrast with the
passionate grief of a young heart, mourning
over its first sorrow.

Ellen Sinclair was a newly wedded
bride. She was but seventeen; the
youngest daughter of her father's house,
and the spoiled pet of the whole family,
her life had passed as one long bright
day of sunshine and flowers. She had
been wooed by one she had known
from a childhood, and with the consent
of their mutual friends they were united.

The bridal pair left her father's house for the
residence of Mr. Sinclair, in one of the
interior counties of Virginia. A few
happy weeks passed, when Sinclair pro-
posed to his bride to visit a gorge in the
neighboring mountains, from which the
rising sun frequently presents the singular
spectacle of the looming of the
mountain—the same phenomenon which
is witnessed in the Straits of Messina,
and known by the more poetic name of
Fata Morgana, or the castles of the fairy
Morgana. Ellen was delighted with
the proposed excursion, and searched
every book in the house which afforded
any information on the subject.

This excursion, which promised so
much pleasure, ended in despair and
death. They reached the desired spot
in safety. The morning was favorable
to their wishes; the ascending vapors
caught the rays of the rising sun, and
formed themselves into the most gorge-
ous and fantastic scenes. Ellen was
so much absorbed in this wonderful and
magnificent spectacle, that she forgo
the caution Sinclair had given her at the
moment of mounting her spirited steed.

He turned from her side an instant to
speak to the servant who followed them;
the movement startled her horse; the
rein was lying loose on his neck, and
feeling himself free from a guiding hand
he dashed off at full speed. Sinclair and
the servant both followed, but were un-
able to overtake her. Fortunately she
met a gentleman who succeeded in stop-
ping her perilous career. Sinclair check-
ed his horse too suddenly, that he might
express his thanks to her preserver.—
The animal reared, and threw him with
great violence. He was conveyed home
in a senseless state, and surgical assis-
tance hastily summoned, but the force
of the fall had inflicted some internal
injury which baffled the skill of the phy-
sician.

It was beside his bed in that calm
twilight, that the young wife knelt with
scarcely a hue of life upon her features.
'Oh, Ellen, my beloved, calm your-
self—this sorrow unmans me,' murmured
the dying man, 'passing his hands
caressingly over the head which was
bowed upon his pillow.
A deep suffocated sob was the only
reply to his words.
'It is hard to die,' he continued,
'when I was looking forward to years
of such tranquil happiness with you,
my sweet Ellen, but 'tis the will of
Heaven, my best beloved, and we must
submit.'

'Oh Henry, my own Henry, you
must not go down to the cold, cold grave,
where I can see you no more—never
more hear the tones of your dear voice.
Oh, it will break my heart!' was the
almost inarticulate reply.
'My poor Ellen, this is a hard trial
for you, but you are too young to grieve
days. The thought is torture to me,
but—even you may love again—may
wed another!' and his voice was nearly
stuffed with painful emotions.
'Never, never! Oh Henry, how
can you harrow my soul at this awful
moment with such a supposition? Wed
another! Give the wreck of my buried
affections to another! Oh no, no—
he thought would kill me.'
'I doubt not you think so now, love;
but time works strange changes in this
world of ours. We know not what we
may do. I wish to exact no promise
from you. The thought is bitterly pain-
ful to me, but should your present views
change, I do not wish that the reproach
of a broken promise should mar your
peace of mind.'
'Henry, hear me,' said Ellen, in a
solemn tone. 'Should I ever so far
forget my faith to your ashes as to lend
my ear to the language of love, my heart
to the voice of affection for another, may
your form on my bridal evening come
to me and reproach me for my faithless-
ness.'
A bright smile passed over the face
of the dying man. He murmured—
'Repeat those words again, my Ellen;
—they take from death its sting,—
in Heaven you will be all my own.—
Forgive my selfishness, dearest; but I
have so loved you, I cannot think that
another shall win.'
His voice ceased to articulate, and a-
gain the deep tones of the young mourner
thrilled the air with the repetition of
those awful words. As they passed her
lips, she felt the hand that clasped hers
relax its grasp—a faint fluttering con-
sciousness, and in another instant they
wore the calm and passionless repose of
death.

Ellen Sinclair buried herself in the
seclusion of her own abode. A calm
and gentle melancholy succeeded the
first violence of her grief, but she betray-
ed no desire to mingle with the world.
Clad in the deepest mourning, she was
seen no where but at church; and those
who looked on her felt deep sympathy
for one so young and so bitterly bereav-
ed. Vainly had her own parents sought
to draw her from her solitude. Two
years passed, and after many fruitless
efforts they at length succeeded in ob-
taining a promise of a visit from her at
the annual reunion of their family at
Christmas, for that season is still held
as a festival in many parts of Vir-
ginia.

Ellen was once more beneath the roof
of her father, and many and painful
were the emotions which struggled in
her bosom when she looked around and
remembered that the last time she stood
beside her native hearth, she was a gay
and happy bride.

Those who looked on her could not
avoid remarking the change which two
years had wrought in her appearance.—
The girl just budding into maturity had
expanded into the beautiful and self-
possessed woman, with a quiet grace of
manner, and an air of passive reserve
which was extremely captivating.

Her parents were worldly minded
people, who could not bear that their
daughter should pass her life in the soli-
tude to which she had doomed herself.
They surrounded her with agreeable
company, sought to amuse her mind and
draw it from the contemplation of the
terrible calamity which had destroyed
her dawning hopes of happiness, and
they succeeded sufficiently to implant in
her mind a distaste to the idea of return-
ing to her late abode.

Week after week passed until months
were numbered, and she began to think
it her duty to remain with her parents.
She was their youngest child, and the
only one without ties which severed
them in a measure from the parental
roof.

'Ellen, my darling,' said her father
when she spoke of returning home,
'you will not again forsake us? We
are old, and you are the only child who
is free to remain with us. You must
live here—I cannot think of permitting
you to return to that lonely home of
yours.'

'It is lonely,' replied Ellen; 'and
I fear that after breaking through my
usual habits, I shall find it difficult and
wearisome to resume them. Yet, my
dear father, if I consent to remain there
is one request I must make.'

'What is that, my daughter? Are
we not ever mindful of your wishes?'
'Ah, yes, dear father, more mindful
than I deserve. But'—and her voice
sank to a low agitated whisper—'there
must be no looking forward to a second
marriage for me—no attempt to alter
my views on that subject. I have made
a vow to the dead, and it must be held
sacred.'

'What!' exclaimed her father, 'was
Sinclair ungenerous enough to exact
from you a promise not to marry again?
—young and inexperienced as you were
too.'

'Ah! no, father—wrong him not.—
He was too kind, too noble. He asked
no promise—I made it voluntarily; and
as the words left my lips his spirit de-
parted. Oh no, my father, never ask
me to break that vow—it is a hallowed
one.'

'Well, my darling, let it be as you
wish. I shall prefer keeping you with
us; but at the same time, if you should
ever meet with one you can love, and
who is worthy of you, it will be very
silly to suffer a few words uttered when
you were scarcely conscious of their
meaning, to prevent you from making
the home of an honorable man happy.
Why, child, you are only nineteen.—
Do you suppose that the death of one
person, however dear, can chill your
feelings into ice at that age?'
'I must, then, in sincerity of soul
pray to be delivered from temptation,'
said the young widow, with a faint
smile, 'for I shall never marry again.'

As time passed on, Mrs. Sinclair
could not help acknowledging that she
was far happier than she had been
worn; she no longer felt that life was
a burden she would gladly lay down.—
She needed the excitement of society,
and the social and highly cultivated
neighborhood in which her father's resi-
dence was situated, afforded every facil-
ity for its enjoyment.

The third year of her widowhood
was drawing to a close, when she re-
ceived an invitation to the marriage of
a favorite cousin who would take no
refusal. Ellen replied that if the bride
would excuse her simple dress and pen-
sive face, she would attend; and the con-
cession was hailed as an omen of future
success in drawing her into that world
she was so peculiarly fitted to adorn.

There was a motive for these efforts
of which Ellen little dreamed. She
regularly attended the church near her
father's residence, and her mother had
several times called her attention to a
remarkable handsome man who sat in a
pew nearly opposite to them; but she
had not remarked that his eye frequ-
ently wandered from his prayer book to
her own fair face. His height, and the
turn of his head had reminded her of
Sinclair, but there the resemblance
ceased. The broad brow, finely chisel-
ed features, and clear dark eye of the
stranger, were all unlike the youthful
bloom of him who had won her young
affections. She frequently heard Mr.
Peyton spoken of as a man of distin-
guished endowments, who had spent
several years in the south of Europe
with an only and beloved sister, for the
benefit of whose health the journey had
been vainly undertaken. These circum-
stances had nearly passed from her
mind when she was introduced to him
at the wedding as the intimate friend of
the groom.

Peyton had fallen in love with her
from his casual view of her at church,
and the eulogiums of his friend's affian-
ced bride, who looked on Mrs. Sinclair
as a 'bright particular star,' had deep-
ened the impression. The circumstances
of her marriage threw a romantic inter-
est around her history, and when he
looked on the youthful brow with a
shade of placid pensiveness that seemed
to breathe a hallowed charm over her
beauty, he felt that she was the only
woman he had ever known before whom
his heart could bow with the homage of
affection.

Yet how speak of love to one who
still wore the deepest mourning—who
never joined in the mirth of the light
hearted? It would seem almost like sac-
rilege to breathe into her ear the wild
passion that filled his heart, yet its very

hopelessness appeared to add to its fer-
vor.

But ere long a new hope dawned on
him. Ellen was surrounded by the gay
and the joyous of her own age. Her
disposition was naturally buoyant; her
spirits rose; the chord she had believed
forever snapped, again thrilled to the
touch of joy. When the bonds of grief
were once severed, the reaction was
complete. She still revered the
memory of her first love, and if her
heart had whispered that she could ever
be faithless to his ashes, she would have
shuddered with superstitious horror at
the thought. The possibility of break-
ing that solemn promise had never oc-
curred to her—but time teaches many
strange lessons.

Peyton lingered in the neighborhood,
a constant visitor at Wyeombe, but his
attentions were not sufficiently marked
to attract the observation of others—
Her own family were too desirous of
the match to hazard the final success of
the lover by alluding in any manner to
his passion for her.

Peyton won his own way slowly but
surely. The fair widow began uncon-
sciously to regret the vow which had
ascended to Heaven with the spirit of
her dead husband. At length he spoke
of love, and she listened with trem-
bling awe to the outpouring of a spirit which
was too noble to be trifled with, and
too highly appreciated without a pang.

He drew from her quivering lips the
history of her vow, and divested of every
feeling of superstition himself, he
could not conceive that a few words, ut-
tered in a moment of excited and agoniz-
ing feeling, should stand between him
and his hopes of happiness. He did not
understand the impressible and imagin-
ative temperament of the being who lis-
tened to his reasoning, willing, nay, anx-
ious to believe what he said.

Her parents agreed with the lover in
his views of the case—and, urged on all
sides, her own heart a traitor, Ellen
yielded to their wishes, and betrothed
herself to Peyton.

As the day appointed for her mar-
riage drew near, the words of her vow
appeared to be ever ringing in her ears.
With a restless and fearful spirit, she
saw the hour approach which was to
witness her second espousal.
Preparations were made for a splen-
did bridal. All the members of her
family assembled beneath the paternal
roof, and every effort was made to di-
vert her mind from dwelling on the fan-
tasy that possessed it.

The appointed evening arrived, and
the ceremony which made her the bride
of another was performed. Several
hours passed in dance and song. It was
near midnight when Ellen found herself
standing on the portico in the bright
moonlight with Peyton beside her.—
The gay throng within were still dan-
cing, and the sound of merry voices
mingled with the bursts of music that
swept by on the dewy and fragrant air.
Ellen started as Peyton spoke beside
her, and for the first time for several
hours, the recollection of her fatal vow
intruded on her mind.

'What a glorious night,' she remark-
ed; 'I never saw the moon shine with
greater splendour.'

'May it give happy omen to us, my
fair Ellen,' replied Peyton; and, as he
spoke, he turned to a white rose bush
which had wreathed itself around one of
the pillars of the portico, and culled sev-
eral of its half-blown flowers.

While he was thus employed, Ellen was
gazing abstractedly on the fantastic shadows
made by the trees in the yard. Suddenly
she grasped the railing for support, and
looked with eyes fascinated with terror on
a white shade which seemed to rise from
an open space on which the moon's rad-
iance was poured without obstruction from
the surrounding shrubbery. The shadow
arose slowly, and gradually assumed the
waving outline of a human form wrapped
in the garments of the tomb. It approach-
ed the spot on which she stood, and the
features of Henry Sinclair, wearing a look
of sad reproach, were distinctly visible to
her as the shade glided between herself and
her newly wedded lord.

With a faint cry she would have fallen
had not Peyton turned and sprang forward
in time to receive her senseless form in his
arms.

Long, long was it before she recovered