

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.

Volume VIII.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1844.

Number 30.]

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 discount be permitted, until all arrears are paid.

Advertisements not exceeding a square, and inserted in the first insertion, at the rate of one dollar per line for the first week, and fifty cents for each subsequent week.

A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

POETRY.



THE LOST SHIP.

BY MISS LONDON.

Deep in the silent waters,
A thousand fathoms low,
A gallant ship lies perishing—
She founded long ago.

There are pale sea-flowers wreathing
Around her port holes now,
And spars and shining coral
Encrust her gallant prow.

Upon the old deck bleaching,
White bones unburied shine,
While in the deep hold hidden
Are casks of ruby wine.

There are pistols, sword and carbine,
Hung on the cabin wall,
And many a curious dagger,
But rust has spoiled them all.

And can this be the vessel
That went so boldly forth,
With red flag of old England,
To brave the stormy north?

There were blessings poured upon her
When from her port sailed she
And prayers and anxious weeping
Went with her o'er the sea.

And once she sent home letters,
And joyous once were they,
Dashed but with fond remembrance
Of friend so far away.

Ah! many a heart was happy
That evening when they came,
And many a lip pressed kisses
On a beloved name!

How little those who read them
Deemed far below the wave,
That child, and sire, and lover,
Had found a seaman's grave!

But how that brave ship perished,
None knew, save Him on high—
No island heard her cannon,
No other bark was nigh.

We only knew from legend
She sailed far o'er the main—
We only knew by E. g'nd
She never came again.

And eyes grew dim with weeping,
They yet refused to weep!
And years were spent in hoping
For tidings from the deep.

It grew an old man's story
Upon their native shore,
God not rest those souls in Heaven,
Who meet on earth no more!

Dr. Cassin having heard the famous Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife was so delighted with them as to ask for a copy.

'There is no necessity for that,' said Fuller, as you have got the original!

The Season.

The autumnal season has ever afforded a fruitful theme for moralizing. From time immemorial, the 'fall of the leaf' has furnished the newspaper editor with an admirable text from which to spin out a lengthened essay upon the brief duration, and rapid decay of all things earthly. The striking and beautiful similitude between the seasons' changeful round, and the life of mortal man, has been as often and repeatedly dwelt upon, as each successive return of the autumnal period suggests the idea. Now, we fully appreciate the solemnity of the lesson thus conveyed to the mind, and conceive the present a most fitting season for meditation upon the evanescent nature of human life; but there is yet another and less sombre light in which the landscape may be viewed; and a different and less saddened mood of mind in which it may be mused upon.

The Summer has departed—the glorious season of clear skies and bright sunshine—of green fields and beautiful flowers; when the air genial and balmy—when the birds carol blithely—and when mere existence is of itself a pleasure—this joyous season is now at an end. We see the change in all around, above beneath, and feel it in every breath we draw. The sky becomes overcast with clouds, whose dull and leaden hue sends a chill through the frame; the sun's rays impart but a feeble warmth; the verdure of field and forest is fast decaying, the flowers droop and die, the atmosphere is cold and frosty; the feathered songsters of the grove have winged their flight to southern climes; and Winter, cold Winter with all his icy terrors, is already upon our threshold.—But what of all this? We're heartily glad of it, and so are you, indulgent reader, whom we now address. What—is't not so? You shrug your shoulders with an incipient shiver, strive to utter through your chattering teeth, a monosyllable 'no.' But, don't be hasty, we beg of you. Have a moment's patience, while we reason with you upon the matter.

The love of change is a principle deeply implanted in the human breast, from which we derive a gaudy measure of earthly enjoyment; and among the manifold mutations which are continually taking place, and which our senses derive pleasure in experiencing, those of the seasons are not among the least. Always summer would make our latitude wholly unendurable, and cause us to sigh for the frozen regions of Lapland. The charming landscape which that season presents to the eye, would be dreasted of its beauty, from having naught with which to contrast it. No, no. Let us bid farewell to summer, bright and joyous though it has been without a pang of regret, and welcome stern Winter's cold approach with real, heartfelt pleasure. He brings with him in his train all those in-door enjoyments without which life loses self its charms. For him we are indebted for causing the family fireside to sparkle with renewed brilliancy, around which we now delight to circle; and home becomes doubly dear; in the absence of all that can charm without. Then, think too, of the glorious sleigh rides, the social parties and merry makings, the happy Christmas times—the but we have already enumerated as ample catalogue of Winter's delights, sufficient to make any but the puny and enervated inhabitant of a tropical climate cease to regret a change which is fraught with so many comforts and joys.—*Reading Gazette.*

QUAINT.

A gentleman had, instead of placing his fork in a sandwich, inserted it into a lady's hand. The injury was not much; but the quaintness of the excuse was what amused the bystanders.

'I beg pardon,' said the offender with the most unruffled composure of countenance; 'but I mistook the hand for white bait.'

Write inquiries in dust, 'put kindness in marble.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

EMMA LINDON; OR THE COUNTERSIGN.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

'Charles, who is that plain looking man you just bowed to?' asked a young and beautiful woman of her husband, as they were walking down Summer street.

'It is a Mr. Nixon; he is a house carpenter, I believe.'

'Where did you make such acquaintances?' responded his aristocratic wife, with a toss of her pretty head and a cloud of ostrich plumes.

'He is a member of the Lodge,' answered Charles Lindon, with a peculiar half smile.

'Humph,' said his wife; 'I don't think much of an institution that levels all ranks as this Odd Fellowship seems to do; I suppose if Mrs. Hoise Carpenter Nixon sees fit to visit me, I must return her call.'

'I have no doubt Mrs. Nixon is a very worthy, respectable sort of person,' said her husband with a smile, 'but you need not apprehend seeing her in Chestnut street.'

'I should hope not! There comes a man with a short jacket, with a pot of paint in one hand and a brush in the other; I shouldn't wonder if he was another brother.'

'How do you do, brother Vinyl,' spoke and nodded the young man in reply, as the other passed him.

The painter bowed with a friendly look, mingled with respect.

'This is carrying it too far, Charles,' said his wife, between vexation and merriment. 'You certainly must affect this condescension to vex me, and are far from feeling this cordiality you show outwardly.'

'I assure you, Emma, that I do feel his cordiality.'

'Then you are greatly changed; for you have the reputation of being the most exclusive person in your set, and I know, until lately, you have prided yourself on this exclusiveness. It seems to me incredible that you should alter so suddenly from joining an Order which is so objectionable as that of Odd Fellowship. If but one month being an Odd Fellow has done all this, I expect to see you at the end of six months inviting cobblers and journeymen tailors to dine with you, and I shall have to take tea with your barber's lady! I am really vexed that you should have lowered yourself by joining this order.'

'I do not agree with you Emma, I feel that I have elevated myself. I am proud of the designation of Odd Fellow. My only fear is, that I shall not be so worthy a one as I could wish.'

By this time they had reached an elegant manner in Summer street, where they were to make a call, and entered it. A few words will give the reader some idea of these personages of our tale.—Charles Lindon was the son of a wealthy merchant, and the junior partner in his father's rich mercantile house. He was rich, intelligent, fashionable, and was very aristocratic; for his family was one of the oldest in Boston. He had been two years married to a young lady every way his equal, in birth and in wealth, and distinguished for her wit and beauty. She was a leader in fashion, and reigned supreme over the empire of taste. Nothing had ever transpired to cloud their happiness. Charles idolized his wife, and she lived in the light of his love. But he was led to become an Odd Fellow. He had examined the arguments for and against the Order, and judged rightly of its usefulness. He united himself to the Lodge, without previously acquainting her with his intention; for he had heard her one day at dinner, when some one present introduced the subject, laughingly, yet earnestly, express her positive opposition to secret societies. Charles had then said with a smile, 'What, Emma, if I should become an Odd Fellow?'

'I would hardly speak to you. I don't want my husband to have any secrets he cannot reveal to me. The wife of an Odd Fellow must feel such a secret rival to herself. I should be jealous of it!'

Mrs. Lindon soon discovered that her husband was an Odd Fellow. He had

been such a house-husband, when out of his counting room, that she had all his leisure hours. She could account for the manner in which he passed every one of them. She knew all he did, where he went, and whom he saw, and what they said; for he was accustomed to relate to her at home whatever transpired out of doors. Indeed, she prided herself on her husband's devotion, and on being able to say that there was not an hour of his time since she had been married she could not account for, that she did not know how it had been spent. Charles Lindon was 'a pattern of a husband.'

The evening he had been initiated, he managed in this manner. A friend of his, who lived in Winthrop Place, was an Odd Fellow, and to his house Charles and his wife walked together after tea. Here it was easy for Charles' friend to propose to him a walk, and a call, leaving the ladies alone. Mrs. Lindon impressed upon Charles' mind not to be out long, and to be back by nine o'clock to see her home. This he promised—his friend having assured him the initiation would occupy less than an hour.

'I wonder where they can be going?' said Mrs. Lindon, when they were left alone.

'It is Lodge night; they must be going there,' said the Odd Fellow's wife, after a moment's thought.

'Lodge Night?'

'Yes, Frank is an Odd Fellow. The Lodge meets Tuesdays.'

'It is impossible Charles can be going there! He is not an Odd Fellow!—I wonder how you would let your husband join.'

'I was opposed to it at first. But he brought me the constitution, which, read, he explained to me so clearly and fully the principles on which the institution was established, that I gave my consent.'

'I could never give mine for Charles. Do you know the secret?'

'Why, no.'

'Have you never asked Frank for it?'

'Yes, playfully.'

'I should be wretched if Charles belonged to a secret Order. I should feel I had not but half his heart. It would seem veiled and covered up from me! I am rejoiced he is not one. How can you exist and not know the secret that is locked up with such mysterious awe in your husband's bosom? It is dreadful!'

The Odd Fellow's wife laughed, and Emma joined in the laugh, though with an air of seriousness.

'Do you think it would be right in me to press Frank to reveal to me what he has pledged his honor to keep concealed. I would not wish my husband to perjure himself for his wife's curiosity. I am satisfied Frank loves me no less; and I have seen with pleasure, that since he has become an Odd Fellow, he enters warmly into my little benevolent plans for the poor, which he never troubled himself about before; that he always now sends money to the destitute families I visit, and sometimes goes with me himself. He has taught me to reduce my charities to a system, and now to accomplish the most good with the little means I have.'

'You are so benevolent, Clara. You are always doing good somehow. I believe you had rather see a room full of ragged children, than a conservatory full of plants; you seem to love and take care of and visit the poor families, just as I do my flowers.'

'Well, the poor are my plants, Emma, I love to water them, and tend them, and see them grow vigorous and healthy under good apparel and nourishing food. I would rather see the grateful smile on the poor child's face, than the budding of the brightest flower or a rare plant.'

The conversation then changed to the fashions and other gossip. At a quarter past nine the gentleman returned.

'Ah, truant,' said Emma, smiling as Charles entered the room; 'where have you been? Give a true account of your self.'

'He has been with me to meet some friends,' said Frank.

'Where asked Charles' wife, seeing him color.

'Why to tell the whole truth, Mrs. Lindon, Charles has been to the Lodge with me.'

'How can he go there? He is not an Odd Fellow.'

'Yes, he is an Odd Fellow.'

'Charles,' cried Mrs. Lindon with surprise.

'What, my dear?'

'Is it true what Frank has just told me?'

'It is true, Emma. I have to night been initiated.'

The young wife would have gladly been angry. But Frank's gay manner, and his wife's merriment at her surprise drove the cloud from her brow.

'Well, Charles, if you have really been so idle as to join this Order, I can't help it. Clara has been speaking highly of it but yet I have prejudices.'

'Come now, divulge the secret, and clear your breast and conscience at once and I forgive you.'

'The secret is silence, answered Charles gravely.'

'Don't tantalize, Charles. What is the secret?'

The new initiated placed his forefinger on his lips, and then removing it, said, impressively, 'It is silence.'

'How provoking,' cried his wife, vexed and laughing. 'I declare I am all a mind to—to get up some terrible secret as an offset to yours.'

'Don't fear, Charles,' said his friend. 'She would come and tell it to Clara here, and Clara would tell it to me before we went to sleep, and then I could communicate the terrible affair to you, you know.'

'I dare say I have secrets Frank, I never told you,' said his wife archly.

'How provoking these men are,' said Mrs. Lindon. 'Come Odd Fellow see if you can put on my shawl.'

The next Tuesday evening, at the tea table, after a little embarrassment and hesitation, Charles Lindon said to his wife—'Emma I shall be absent part of the evening.'

'Where, Charles?'

'It is Lodge night. I would like to go in for an hour or two.'

Mrs. Lindon looked very grave, and slightly pouted. She did not make any reply.

'Shall I go?'

'As you please. If you prefer the society of your 'new brothers' to mine, I have nothing to say.'

'You look displeased, I will stay a home.'

'No go. You have expressed your preference. I am willing you should follow it.'

'How can you be so unreasonable Emma?'

Mrs. Lindon got up from the table and left the room. Charles remained a few moments thoughtful, and then rose and departed for the Lodge. On his return he found Emma had retired. On ascending to her room, he found the door locked within. A piece of paper was stuck upon the outside panel, on which he read.

'Nuptial Lodge, No. 1.
No Admittance without the Counter-sign.'

At first he stood petrified with astonishment. Then he burst forth into a loud peal of laughter. There was a richness and beautiful appropriateness in the jest, that pleased him, though at his own expense. He knocked and said 'Love.'

'That is not the pass word. No admittance!' said the triumphant voice of his wife within.

After making one or two more equally unsuccessful efforts, he was forced to confess himself conquered; and with an exclamation about 'the wit of woman,' he slowly retired from the floor of this Lodge, from which he was barred, and spent the night on a divan in the parlor, with his cloak for a coverlid.

At breakfast next morning, Mrs. Lindon was in fine spirits, Charles was so happy that the humor had taken her thus kindly, and he cheerfully acknowledged himself defeated. After they had made themselves sufficiently merry over the affair, she said seriously.

'But Charles, I still insist there can be no good in an institution that keeps a husband away from his wife till after tea o'clock.'

'Your father was a Mason; and I have heard him say that at the meeting of the Royal Arch Chapter, or some such thing, he sometimes was kept out till two o'clock. Did he love his wife less?'

'But I can't bear to have you away

I shall always regret your joining it. You speak of the advantages. They will do for those who are poor but you would never think of applying for the benefits of the fund?'

'I may have reverses.'

'Not while I have my own fortune secured to me. If you should lose all you are worth, we should still be rich. I can see no good in your joining.'

'I am not sorry I have done so. It may be of use to me some day.'

'I am sure I shall never be reconciled to it.'

The conversation mention as having taken place in Summer street, occurred three weeks later than this. A few days afterwards they started on a journey to the White Mountains with Frank and his wife. Thence they extended their journey to the beautiful valley of the Kennebec. Descending a hill towards the capital, the bolt in the tongue of the carriage fell out, the end of the tongue dropped to the ground, & the horses started at a run down the hill. With great coolness, Charles who had sprung to the box and taken the reins from the alarmed coachman, guided the vehicle in its rapid descent; and as the only means of saving the lives of all, turned it down into the meadow.—Here Frank leaped out to try and seize the bits. The carriage rolled over the sward till it came in contact with a log when the horses broke away with the swiftness of a wind, leaving him senseless. The carriage moved by itself for fifty yards, and then gradually stopped. Charles was taken up and borne into town to the hotel. Frank had broken his arm in his leaps. Here were two ladies with wounded husbands, in a strange town, and at a hotel. Common humanity at first saw every attention paid to them, and the surgeons left them under the care of their wives and coachman. They in a day or two became fatigued for want of sleep. Emma was bemoaning their being so far from home, and fearing they would suffer for want of attention.

'There is a Lodge here,' said Clara. She sent for the landlord, and inquired who was the Noble Grand.

'Are the gentlemen Odd Fellows?' asked the host.

'Yes, sir!'

'Then if they are sick here a year, they will not want for attention, or give me any trouble.'

In less than half an hour the visiting committee of the Lodge waited upon the ladies. For four weeks that Charles and Frank remained confined to their rooms they received the most affectionate and nursing attention from the Odd Fellows. The two strangers seemed to have got in the midst of a band of brothers who could not do too much for them. And when at the end of four weeks they were able to take the steamer for Boston Emma blessed not only in her heart, but in eloquent words, the Odd Fellows, acknowledging that her husband's recovery was owing to the attentive nursing and care of the brethren of the Order.

'I shall never speak of Odd Fellow again, she said to Clara, 'without saying, "God bless them!" And after this she regarded all Odd Fellows with kindly interest, and never again objected to her husband speaking to men with paint pots and brushes in their hands, or ladders on their shoulders; for she knew the value of such men in the hour of trial.'

Chinese Proverbs.—Whoever borrows to build builds to sell. Love is all eyes, without one good one. We never laugh so loud or long as when we would hide our grief. The true way of enriching ourselves is by cutting off our wants. There are no faults truly fatal but those which we will neither acknowledge nor repair. It is better to fill our barns than our chests. What is a fool who has made his fortune? A pig which is embarrassed by his fat. We should do quickly that which does not press, in order to do slowly that which does press. (Captain Piddings' Chinese Old and Tea talk)

Very Uncomfortable.—What an uncomfortable situation! A seat on a sofa between two beautiful girls; one with black eyes, jet ringlets, and snowy neck—the other with soft blue eyes; sunny ringlets; red cheeks and lips; both laughing and talking to you at the same time.

One person observes that you might as well try to save a crow's hair with a notched grange-bill, as to think of winning the affections of a young lady without money.