

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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POETRY.



WINTER IS COMING.

BY D. C. COLLESWORTH

Winter is coming—cold and drear—
See ye the poor around?
Oh, when the wrathful storm's career,
And snow o'erspreads the ground,
Will ye not take them by the hand?
Or to the hotel go,
And round the dying embers stand,
And wipe the tears that flow?

Winter is coming hear ye not
The mother's earnest cry?
For dark and dreary is her lot—
No real friend is nigh.
For would you breath she asketh now,
O shall she ask in vain?
See sorrow stamped upon her brow,
And mark the orphan train.

Winter is coming—every drawer
Should be unlocked to-day!
When do you keep that clothing for?
Why not give it away?
Come—pull it out—a cloak—a vest—
Whoever you can give,
Woe'd singly round the orphan's breast,
Will make the dying live.

The closet search—a pair of shoes,
H if worn—and here's a esp,
Which you per-aps may never use—
A hat with scarce a nap—
A pair of pants—a rusty coat—
O give them to the poor,
What is not worth to you a groat,
Will health and warm the secure.

Who's in your garret? Have the moths
For months been busy there?
Aye, they have quite destroyed the cloth,
You've saved with prudent care,
Come, pull them out—perhaps we may
Find something that will make
A poor man rich, if given to-day,
And bless the hearts that ache.

Winter is coming—give, oh give
Whatever you can spare,
A note will make the wretched live,
And smooth the brow of care,
When Plenty smiles around the door,
And Comfort dwells within,
If you forget the worthy poor,
'Twill be a grievous sin.

EPITAPH ON A KITTEN.

Requies cax in space.
Here lies, by death smitten,
A hapless young kitten;
To moulder away in the dust;
Oh, had it lived longer,
It might have been stronger,
And died some what older, we trust,
Had it grown up to cat-hood,
Then many a rat would
Have mourned in the deepest of woe;
Let the certain be drawn to,
No hope it has gone to
That tend to which other cats go.

'Sew far, sew good,' said the tailor to his apprentice.

Thrilling Oratory.

On the 4th of July last, as per the 'Yankee Blade,' a thrilling speech was made at Lancaster, Wisconsin. The speaker, after stating that Europe was no war; that she was a mere obsolete idea in comparison to us, proceeded in this fashion:—

'If young America, then in the cradle, strangled the British lion, and afterwards bucked John Bull into the briny gulf of Mexico, with what ease can our country now in the giant strength of manhood, plant its flag on the shores of the Pacific, seize Quebec and Gibraltar, blockade the English Channel, and plant the stars and stripes upon the Tower of London. (Loud cheers, Americans! Remember that your country was born in blood, and to give credit to the war that bred the eagle and the olive knife. We have found our way up. First came the war of the resolution. The colonies cut their way out of it through blood and carnage and thunder. They tore their blanket wide open. Ours or twigs it looked like a mighty slim chance; but they cut & seared, and tore and shattered away like blazes. (Cheering.) They grappled John Bull like a pack of bull terriers.—They took him by the haunches, they grappled his *whiskers*, and at last they made him bellow like bloody thunder.—Washington sheathed his sword. The gentle olive branch of peace waved her green and luxuriant foliage in majesty over the shores of Columbia, and foreigners flock in and built their nests with us among its sheltering boughs. But a few more years had rolled away down the railroad track of time, when John Bull again came bellowing up the Mississippi, pawing up onto his back the rich and luxuriant *side of Louisiana*, and boring the back of *every* just below Orleans he found the great Jackson, and couldn't strike him more than once, he couldn't *sluce!* (Great applause.) Jackson stood like a turritory and me John Bull as he advanced *every time*. At last he bit him a lick, right back in under between the horns that knocked the breath out of him, and sent him off reeling and *shouting* and bellowing *like he felt disagreeable at the stomach.*

Soldiers of Wounded War, and in the *idea of Sank forest!* (Here thirteen men arose.) Heroes of bad axe! Veterans of Sultan's flight! Very noble men! You have come down to us from a reform all generation. Heaven has boundfully prolonged out your lives, that you might see the fruit of your valor. You behold around no longer the touch of the savage, and the gleaming of the tomahawk and the scalping knife. You no longer watch the Indian roll and the ambush or hear the savage yell and the terrific war hoop. All is now peace and quiet. Those houses that you see around you are the abodes of civilized and refined white folks. This spacious edifice that surrounds you is not a wigwam but the temple of law and justice. How changed are all things! Under the spur of the schoolmaster, the very tail of civilization has advanced beyond what the *front* was then was—Glorious freedom! God and glorious country! Let me die in contemplation of thy sublime destiny, exclaiming with my dying breath, 'Bear the stars and stripes aloft—and onward—onward!' (Terrific cheering.)

The following laughable bit was got of by the editor of the Liberty Standard. A joke's a joke, and so we give it a place:

'The whigs are loud for the protection of wool on the sheep's back, but care nothing for it when on a *man's head.*'

'Tis said that absence conquers love, but I believe not,' as the loafer said when looking into an empty jug.

To prevent trouble with your neighbor's chickens, call the attention of your cook to the annoyance. This has often been tried with success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.
Meeting and parting under the old Cedar.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

It was an autumn afternoon. The fields were all unburdened of their treasures, and left serene and dreary, except here and there a tall weed tossed to white blossom by the breeze. The trees had changed their gold and green for glory for the russet hue, and a few leaves still whirled downward on the gusty air, covering the tender forest floor like a blessing from on high to shield it from the approaching winter. The pure blue waters of the river seemed to linger on their way like all the summer beauties, loath to say farewell. Near the river grew a tall dark cedar, a noble tree which trembled not at the changing of the seasons, for winter and summer its dark tresses remained the same, and its beautiful clusters of varied colored berries were a store for the wild and when all other supplies had failed. No person living could remember when that tree was young, for the oldest man in the vicinity had played under the shadow of its branches in his childhood, and many a aged grandmother remembered that she listened to the first tale of young love in the shadow of that tree, and still it was fair and strong, and threw a shadow cool and dark on the green turf beneath it, and on the bright waters that seemed lingering to enjoy its beauty.

Suddenly a little boat glided across the river from the opposite shore, where glittered spire and dome, and the murmuring of flocks of a small town, before which on the rippling tide trembled several gallant vessels. The boat contained but one man, a young and handsome youth, and in his very glance he seemed to have the shade of an open eye, as if he were to be the owner of the river bank. There he stood and looked away to a distant mansion which lay embosomed in green trees, and surrounded by tall fields and orchards, now some and bare. Presently he turned and walked towards the river, muttering, 'Woman's ruin! She will meet at sunset.' Moodily he retraced his way and came back again to the tree. 'Is it possible that she will not come?' he said, and sat down on a rough white rock. The shades of night were gathering in the distance when a white boat appeared stealthily moving along a sequestered path towards him. It came near, it pushed, and evidently trembled. 'Clara!' he cried, and in a moment he clasped the long expected one to his bosom.

'Why are you here so late?' he asked reproachfully.

'You are aware,' she said, 'that I cannot come openly. I made a visit to Emily's house, and then came down this way.'

'Bless you Clara,' cried the impatient lover. 'How very cruel your father is.'

'No Howard, my father is not cruel. He is, ever has been, a dear good father to me. In this thing, he is, perhaps, unreasonable, perhaps; but I believe his aim is solely my welfare and happiness.'

'And you will secure that welfare and happiness by obeying him in all things?'

'I have not obeyed my father in all things. If I had I should not have been here to listen to your taunt,' she said sorrowfully.

'Forgive me, dear,' he said, 'I did not intend to taunt you, but I could not be happy in my love?'

which is hidden from our love-blinded eyes.'

'You fear to trust me, Clara. You fear that I am indeed the miscreant your unjust father deems me! Hear me, Clara, I can endure this no longer. Now that you will be mine; give me your sacred truth-plight now, or we part forever.' The fair girl trembled violently, but she answered somewhat proudly.

'Howard, I will not tell you now how much I love you. You have received proof sufficient already. But you presume on my affections and demand more than I can give. I cannot pledge my hand without my father's knowledge. Thus I promise you—I will not be another's.'

'It is of little consequence to me whose you are since you will not be mine,' replied the impatient youth. 'Oh, Clara, Clara! I would give my right hand if you could love as I love. But now we part, perhaps forever. Tomorrow I sail for the East Indies. I may never return. I leave you free, I here surrender the bond between us, and go forth a free man. You will be happy with your father; I will seek to secure life as best I may.' As he spoke he resolutely undressed his hands, and his arm to which she clung with convulsive agony, and turned away.

'Do not, oh, do not leave me in anger!' she replied in a voice of agony.

He turned not towards her, but sobbed brokenly. 'God bless you, Clara!' and a deep groan of anguish burst from his proud, impetuous heart. She stood motionless and white as marble, with strange bewildered expressions of confusion, until he sprang into his boat and pushed off into the stream. Then with a cry as if of agony she extended her hands towards him. He heard no sound, but he only shook his head negatively, and she gazed on the deepening water with the heart that fondly would have opened her eyes to flow, and the waters which give a plaintive sound of untroubled calm to all after years. Presently the extreme were her sighs, and a cold evening breeze. The night gathered around her, but she needed it not; her wild became wild and damp; but she did not feel cold; her soul was dark as the night, her grief was wilder than the autumn wind. She felt that Howard was cruel; yet she could not be offended; she knew his temper was impetuous, and yet she could not feel she had escaped the eye of a tyrant. She only knew that she had loved in vain, and that her hopes and her heart were all broken.

At length she rose and walked slowly homeward. Her anxious father was seeking for his child, his only one. He saw her far in the clear moonlight, and hastened to meet her. He took her hand and started, it was so damp and cold.

'What is the matter, Clara?' he asked—'where have you been?'

'Lead me home,' she said, 'and I will tell you all.'

And she did tell him all; with pale cheeks and bitter sobs she recounted all her love, all her stolen meetings with Howard under the old cedar, and the cruel parting of that night.

'And has not his conduct on this occasion, my dear child, confirmed all that I have told you of his foolishness to the lord of your gentle heart and ruler of your destiny? Clara, Howard Reynolds is a bad man. His ungoverned passions will lead him from sorrow to sorrow, until he sinks in utter ruin.—God grant that he drags no innocent victim down with him.'

Clara felt the truth of her father's words, but her heart would not say amen. He had been her companion all her life, and his very impetuosity of temperament had given him an ascendancy over her young spirit which he never to his will, and made his guidance an approval necessary to all her doings. But now that her reason seconded her father's representations of his character and unfitness for a companion to lean on through life, she had resolved to withhold the irrevocable promise which binds a woman's destiny to good or evil, joy or sorrow, until his spirit should become subdued; or less overbearing and irritable. But she had been prepared for his precipitate action, and was wholly overcome by the suddenness

of his desertion, in anger, and without hope.

The next morning she found herself in a violent cold and wholly dispirited, so that she almost wished for death. But reason and religion came to her aid representing to her the folly and wickedness of undervaluing the rich gift of life, with all his blessings and facilities of doing good to others, and, as it were, throwing it back in the face of the beneficent Giver, because a man in his unreasonable passion had despised her love.

Howard meantime sailed for India in a state of mind which even Clara might have pitied. Oh, how gladly would he have returned and brought her pardon kneeling at her feet; but he was on upon the ocean with no possibility of returning. And then judging her heart by his own, he fancied that she could not but be indignant, and that though he loved her in his mad course, but his soul was in a torrent, and as it were, all the agonies of a storm's first and last.

Another ship was ready to depart on a long voyage, and a poor orphan girl whose lot was bitter sorrows, was allowed to the young cedar to exchange with her young sailor a long farewell. Her humble attire could not conceal her extreme beauty from her lover's eyes, and she gazed proudly on the manly bearing and noble features of her heart's delusion. They met joyfully as conflicting interests met, they spoke of sorrow, of the pain of absence, of the dangers and the death that perchance awaited them, and Mary wept. But Howard kissed away her tears, and assured her that God would remember them, and preserve them. He made her endure cheerfully the bitterness of her lot, and trusted he would find wealth and return to make her happy. They parted, and he grasped his hat to depart, dashed a few hot tears and shouted, 'Good-bye!'

Six years had made no change in the appearance of the old cedar, though its bark was dark and its trunk gnarled, and many a noble tree looked evenly more so. Clara Calville no longer seemed an orphan, and though many a year had been laid upon her, she yet from every such all thing she appeared as if a child. Her hair was golden, and she could not deny to the force of love, it was to her a mirror image. Her cheek had lost its rosy tinge, her eye was sad and drooping; severe grief had wrought a great change in her. In Mary the same time had made noble alterations, and that was in her eyes she had grown dignified, beautiful, and the very beauty was in her a dignified possession. Her unprotected state and unassuming station gave one who had wealth and personal advantages a pretext to profess for her admiration, sympathy, and the warmest friendship.

She confided in him, leaned on his friendship with glib gratitude, and there was naught that woman might do which she would have done to service. But when he would have presumed on her affection, the love that lived in her heart for Howard kept her from the service that would have been pardon to her; and she found a friend and protector in Clara Calville, and they lived like sisters together. Mary was full of hope, awaiting her sailor return; Clara had no hope, but she leaned on the arm of strong endurance and went forward in meek resignation to the will of heaven.

The seat under the old cedar was their favorite resort, and many a summer afternoon did they pass there with book and work. And then came autumn from the departure of their friends. It was just such an afternoon as that on which Clara and Howard parted so bitterly. She went sorrowfully down to the cedar to weep over the remembrance of the past. She was startled from her tearful musings by a glad voice crying,

'Look, dear Clara! look! That is Howard's ship—oh, if he is in her!' and Mary burst into the wildest passions of sob and tears. Hope and joy chastened by fear were almost breaking her heart. It was a soul-stirring sight, that wearied her back toiling wearily up the blue river with freight of uncertainty for the weary hearted watchers who had grown sick with hope deferred—'Methinks and wives and daughters, faith-

ers, sisters and brothers crowded to the landing ere she cast her anchor, and the crew as they landed from the boats were every one clasped to throbbing hearts. Mary strained her misty eyes on a vain endeavor to recognize in the distance the man whose truth she never doubted; and Clara covered her face and wept aloud.

'There is one poor man who has no friends to greet him,' said Mary at length. 'How sorrowfully he wanders along the beach. Poor sailor! Are all his loved ones dead, or is he a stranger from another land?' Clara looked. Could it be that she could at that distance recognize a human form? The breadth of the river was a mile at least, and yet she felt in her soul that the solitary individual was Howard Reynolds. A faint sickness seized her, and Mary found it necessary to support her feeble form all the way home. That was a sleepless night to the two orphan maidens. How should sleep close her soft visions upon brain and heart so wildly brooding with the fevered current of suspense?

Morning came calm to those anxious spirits. Clara spoke not of her sufferings; but Mary sought assurance of her lover's safety in the fond communion of friendship. Noon brought joy to her heart almost too great to bear. 'Howard came; true to his truth; beautiful in pride of manhood; rich and happy—Mary poured out her thankfulness to him who had filled her cup of happiness to the brim.

'But who was he,' she said, 'who found no friend to greet him when he landed?'

'He is a stranger and mysterious man,' replied Mary, a shade coming over his might face which he spoke a man of sorrow, of crime, I fear. He came on board our vessel off Cadiz, for we have been cruising and trading in the Mediterranean, and landed at the first old Spanish city. He lay long from place to place, and all night coming as if in extremity. We were all afraid of him lest there were blood on his hands, and we should suffer from the vengeance that is due to crime. But his conduct since we entered the river has convinced me that he is deranged in the mind.

Clara, although she did truly rejoice in the safety of her friend, felt an increased weight upon her aching heart, and towards evening, leaving them to their happiness, wandered down to the old cedar. She was lonely within its shadow when a moon shined her, and there kneeling by the rock, with face bent and concealed by a kerchief, was the figure she had seen land from the ship the figure in which she could not be mistaken. She uttered a wild cry, [He springs to his feet.

'Oh, that grief,' he cried. The voice that has been ringing in my ears, and that ever since I left this post! Clara, angel of my heart, do not fly me. I am miserable, wretched, I will not detain you long, but if you will listen to my story of agony and then say that you can forgive me, I will die in peace.

'Earnestly do I forgive you, Howard!' said the fair girl, while the fountain of hope within her burning his icy bondage, doped her with a strange happiness. 'I forgive you joyfully.' He shuddered as he looked upon her beaming face.

'Hear me first, Clara,' he said. 'Never touch my hand, for I am perjured. My wicked temper has ruined me forever. I will not say how strong, how famous was my love for you, I am here to prove it all. But after my mad desertion of you I remain that you would be implacable & I swore to forget your love. But my anguish was intolerable. Oh, Clara, the impetuosity of my temperament is the same in love, in resentment in remorse. I became a wanderer. My wealth gave me access to every hall and palace; I studied my heart's beatings before the world and acted the hypocrite most successfully. A fair young daughter of France loved me. I did not seek her affections; I could not reciprocate her passions; I saw her prosperity and suffered it to increase I knew not wherefore. She was beautiful, the daughter of a noble house, and I became her husband. But her love was most true to me. In her arms I was most miserable. I felt my brain reeling and my soul groaning mad; I could not endure her endearments; I told her that I could not live, and near her voice, I told me of that heaven, from which I was an outcast for ever. She wept and besought me to tell her all that troubled me, but I wrung my hands, and with a wild farewell left her forever. I became to me an insupportable burden. I wandered from kingdom to kingdom, but every where species of maddening agony met me. At length I thought that if you