

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 IX.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1845.

Number 1.]

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 discountance 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.

POETRY



THE ALPS.

BY W. G. CLARK.

Proud monuments of God! sublime ye stand
Among the wonders of his mighty hand.

With summits soaring in the upper sky,
Where the broad day looks down with burning eye,
Where gorgeous clouds in solemn pomp
Repose,

Flinging rich shadows on eternal snows;
Piles of triumphal dust, ye stand alone,
And hold in kingly state a peerless throne.

Like olden conquerors, on high ye rear
The regal ensign and the shining spear.
Round icy peaks the mists, in wreaths unroll'd.

Flow ever near; in purple or in gold;
And voiceful torrents, sternly rolling there,
Fill with wild music the unpillared air;
What garden, or what hall on earth breathe,
Thrill to such tones as o'er the mountain-brea-
th breathe!

There, through long ages past, those sun-
mits shone,

When morning radiance on their state was
thrown;

There, when the summer's career was
done,

Played the last glory of the sinking sun,
There, springing beauty o'er the torrent's
shade,

The chastened moon her glittering rain-
bow made,

And bleat with pictorial stars her lustre lay,
Where to still vales the free streams leap'd
away.

Where are the thronging hosts of other
days,

Whose banners floated o'er the Alpine
ways,

Who through their high defiles to battle
wound.

While deadly ordinance stir'd the heights
around?

Gone like a dream which melts at early
morn,

When the lark's anthem through the sky is
borne,

Gone like the hues that melt the ocean's
spray

And chill oblivion murmurs—where are
they?

Yet 'Alps on Alps' still rise—the lofty
home

Of storms and eagles, where their pinions
roam

Still round their peaks the magic colors
lie

Of morn or eve, imprinted on the sky:
And still when kings and thrones shall fade
and fall,

And empty crowns lie dim upon the pall,
Still shall their glaciers flash—their waters
roar.

Till nations fall, and kingdoms rise no
more.

SHORT SERMON.

From a new periodical, called the 'Semicolon,' published at Cincinnati, we extract a short Sermon on virtuous Women. It is very much in the style of some of the old divines, who thus covered up censure in mock laudation.

Text.—Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.—Solomon.

As virtuous women have in our days become as plenty as they were in the days of Solomon, we can easily test the accuracy of his description, detecting his inaccuracies, and observing how they are intermingled with correct description, of which we subjoin the following instance:

'She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.'

Hired laborers are technically denominated 'hands,' and so are the slaves on the other side of the river. The inaccuracy in the above account consists in the use of the term 'hands,' for servants of both sexes, it being generally confined to the males. The correct portion of the description is, that the virtuous woman is willing that her 'hands,' or servants, should do her work.

She is like the merchant ships—she bringeth her food from afar.'

This simile has generally been considered very correct. Merchant ships usually carry small burdens in proportion as they are swift sailing stylishly rigged and the more expensive and beautiful they are, the less profitable are they. Her food is brought from afar, that is to say, her tea comes from China, her sugar from the West Indies and her other luxuries from all parts of the world.

'She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and portion to her maidens.'

There is a little inaccuracy here, which may perhaps be in the translation. The meaning of the verse probably is that the virtuous woman, when she gives a party, sets up all night and gives a supper to visitors, allowing her maidens to eat a portion after her.

'She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.'

This is strictly correct. The virtuous woman requires a strong girdle around her loins, in order to make her waist as small as fashion requires; and she must strengthen her arms in order to draw her girdle as tight as is necessary.

'She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night.'

That is, when she goeth a shopping she examines an immense quantity of goods, for the best quality, before she makes purchase. Her candle of course cannot go out by night, whether she gives a party or goes to one.

'She layeth her hand to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.'

This is a very obscure passage, and it is not easy to determine what the terms 'spindle' and 'distaff' mean, when used in the above connection. It is generally admitted that they mean something exclusively used by women; but whether they were articles that have gone out of use and are forgotten, is a matter of great controversy. Some persons are of the former opinion, while others think they must have been musical instruments, like the piano and guitar.

Others imagine that they were articles of household furniture, such as a hand-bell, or a pull bell, to which the virtuous woman has frequent occasion to lay her hand. Upon the whole, the decision of the question is so difficult that we leave it to our readers.

'She maketh herself coverings or tapestry—her clothing is of silk and purple.'

That is to say, the virtuous woman is dressed in the most expensive style, and the richest materials are used for her clothing. This test of a virtuous woman being easy to the public, it is not extraordinary that it should be a favorite one.

But without proceeding further, it is evident that at the present day, virtuous women, instead of being as scarce as in the days of Solomon, are quite as necessary and convenient for the supply of the wants of the community; and inquiry like that of the head of this chapter would not now tend to increase any man's reputation for wisdom.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR

BY S. C. HALL.

It is now many years since the first battalion of the 17th regiment of foot: under orders to embark for India—that far distant land, where so many of our brave countrymen have fallen victims to the climate, and where so few have slept in what soldiers call the bed of glory—were assembled in the barrack yard of Chatham, to be inspected previously to their passage on board the Transport which lay moored in the Downs.

It was scarcely daybreak when the merry life and drum were heard over all parts of the town, and the soldiers were marching forth from their quarters, to join the ranks with their bright fire locks on shoulders, & knapsacks and canteens fastened to their backs by belts as white as snow. Each soldier was accompanied by some friend or acquaintance, or by some other person, who was to see him safe to the ship.

The second battalion was to remain in England; and the greater portion of the division were presented to bid farewell to their old companions to arms. But among the husbands and wives, uncertainty as to their destiny prevailed; for the lots were yet to be drawn—the lots that were to decide which of the women should accompany the regiment, and which should remain behind. Then of each company were to be taken, and chance was the only arbiter. Without noticing what passed elsewhere, I confined my attention to that company which was commanded by my friend Capt. Loder, a brave and excellent officer, who, I am sure, has no more than myself forgotten the scene to which I refer.

The poor women had gathered around the flag sergeant, who held the lots in his cap—then of them marked 'To go'—and all the others contained the fatal words, 'To REMAIN.' It was a moment a dreadful suspense—and never have I seen the extreme of anxiety so powerfully depicted in countenance of human beings as in the features of each of the soldier's wives who composed that group. One advanced and drew her ticket—it was against her, and she retreated sobbing. Another, she succeeded, and giving a loud huzza, ran off to the distant ranks to embrace her husband. A third came forward with hesitating steps; tears were already chasing down her cheeks and there was an un-natural paleness on her interesting and youthful countenance. She unrolled the paper, looked upon it, and with a deep groan fell back and fainted.

So intense was the anxiety of every person present that she remained unnoticed until all the tickets had been drawn, and the greater number of women had left the spot. I then looked around, and beheld her supported by her husband, who was kneeling upon the ground, gazing upon her face, and drying her fast falling tears with his coarse handkerchief, and now and then pressing it to his own manly cheek.

Captain Loder advanced towards them. 'I am sorry, Henry Jenkins,' said he, 'that fate has been against you—but bear up, and be stout-hearted.'

'I am so, captain,' said the soldier, as he looked up and passed his rough hand across his face, 'but 'tis a hard thing to part from a wife, and she so soon to be a mother.'

'Oh, captain,' sobbed the young woman, 'as you are both husband and a father, do not take him from me! I have no friends in the wide world but one, and you will let him abide with me! Oh, take me with him!—take me with him, captain!' She fell on her knees, laid hold of the officer's sash, clasped it firmly between her hands, and looked up into his face, exclaiming, 'Oh leave me my only hope, at least till God has given me another,' and repeated in heart-rending accents, 'Oh, take me with him! take me with him!'

The gallant officer was himself in tears

He knew it was impossible to grant the poor wife's petition without creating much discontent in his company, and he gazed upon them with that feeling with which a good man always regards the sufferings he cannot alleviate. At this moment a smart young soldier stepped forward and stood before the captain with his hand to his cap.

'And what do you want my good fellow,' said the officer.

'My name's John Carty, please your honor, and I belong to the second battalion.'

'And what do you want here?'

'Only, yer honor,' said Carty, scratching his head, 'that poor man and his wife there seem sorrow-hearted, I'm thinking.'

'Well, and what then?'

'Why, yer honor, they say I'm a likely lad, and I know I'm fit for service, and if yer honor would only let that fellow take my place in Capt. Bond's company, and let me take his place in yours, why, yer honor 'd would make two poor things happy and save the life of one of them, I'm thinking.'

Captain Loder considered a new proposal, and directing the young Irishman to remain where he was, proceeded to his brother officer's quarters. He soon made arrangements for the exchange of soldiers—and returned to the place where he left them.

'Well, John Carty,' said he, 'you go to Bengal with me; and you, Henry Jenkins, remain at home with your wife.'

'Thank yer honor,' said John Carty, again touching his cap as he walked.

Henry Jenkins and his wife both rose from the ground, and rushed into each other's arms—'God bless you, captain!' said the soldier as he pressed his wife closer to his bosom. 'Oh bless him forever!' said his wife; 'bless him with prosperity and a happy heart!—bless his wife, and bless his children! and she again fainted.'

The officer, wiping a tear from his eye and exclaiming:

'May you never want a friend when I am far from you, my good lad, and you, amiable and loving wife!' passed on to his company, while the happy couple went in search of John Carty.

About twelve months since, as two boys were watching the sheep confided to their charge, upon a wide heath in the county of Somerset, their attention was attracted by a soldier, who walked along apparently with much fatigue, and at length stopped to rest his weary limbs beside the old finger post, which at one time pointed out the way to a neighboring village, but which now afforded no information to the traveller—for age had rendered it useless.

The boys were gazing on him with much curiosity, when he beckoned them towards him, and inquired the way to the village of Eldenby.

'No, my lad,' said the soldier, 'but it is on the high road to Frence, & I have friends there, but in truth, I am very weary, and perhaps may find in your village some person who will befriend a poor fellow, and look to God for reward.'

'Sir,' said the boy, 'my father was a soldier many years ago and he dearly loved to look upon a red coat. If you come with me you may be sure of welcome.'

'And you can tell stories about foreign parts,' said the younger lad, a fine, chubby cheeked fellow, who with his watch-coat thrown carelessly over his shoulder, and his crook in his right hand, had been examining minutely every portion of the poor soldier's dress.

The boys gave instruction to their intelligent dog who, they said, would take good care of the sheep during their absence—and in a few minutes the soldier and his young companions reached the gate of a fourishing farm house, which had all the external tokens of prosperity and happiness. The young boy trotted on a few paces before, to give his parents notice that he had invited a stranger to rest beneath their hospitable roof and the soldier had just crossed the threshold of the door, when he

was received by a joyful cry of recognition from his old friend Henry Jenkins and his wife—and he was welcomed as a brother upon them with that feeling with which in all human probability, were indebted to him for their present enviable station.

It is unnecessary to pursue this subject farther than to add that John Carty spent his furlough at Eldenby farm—and that at the expiration of it, his discharge was purchased by his grateful friends. He is now living in their happy dwelling, and his care and exertions have contributed greatly to increase their prosperity. Nothing has been wrong since John Carty has been their steward.

The Remedy for Crime.

There is great hope for the philanthropist in the tendencies of the public mind. Love—another name for Christianity, whose spirit and law it is—is the only remedy for moral evil. Force may restrain and control the incorrigible and dangerous—it can not reform. Kindness and sympathy alone regenerate the heart. Did not Christ die to bring this highest influence to bear upon a guilty race? Mrs. Child, in a recent letter from New York, relates anecdotes, which she heard at a recent meeting of the Prison Reform Association.

A gentleman visiting the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia, was allowed to converse with one of the prisoners. He asked the convict, who had been in two different prisons what discipline commended itself to his reason as the best. With trembling voice, and tearful eyes, he answered, 'I have heard of but one judge, sir, who knew how to treat sinners. It was he, who said, "Go thy way and sin no more."'

Isaac T. Hopper, whose life has been one long lesson of practical benevolence, relates a few highly interesting incidents which occurred while he was one of the inspectors of the Philadelphia prison. The cordial response he received from the audience showed ripe the public mind is for humanitary changes in the treatment for criminals.

He said that Mary Norris, a middle-aged woman, who had been frequently recommitted to prison, on one occasion begged him to intercede for her, that she might get out. 'I am afraid thou wouldst come back again soon,' said he.

'Very likely; I expect to be brought back soon,' she said with stolid indifference of manner.

'Then, where will be the use in letting thee out?'

'I should like to go out: It would seem good to feel free a little while, in the open air and the sunshine.'

'But if thee enjoys liberty so much, why dost thou allow thyself to be brought back again?'

'How can I help it? When I go out of prison nobody will employ me. No respectable people will let me come into their houses. I must go to such friends as I have. If they steal or commit other offences, I shall be taken up with them, whether I am guilty or not, is of no consequence nobody will believe me innocent. They will say she is an old convict. Send her back to prison. That is the best place for her. O yes, I expect to come back soon. There is no use of trying to do better.'

Much affected by her tone of utter hopelessness, Friend Hopper said, 'But if I could obtain steady employment for thee where thou would be treated kindly, and paid for thy services, wouldst thou really try to behave well?'

Her countenance brightened, and she eagerly replied, 'Indeed I would.'

The kind hearted inspector used his influence to procure her dismissal, and provided a place for her, as lead nurse in the hospital for the poor. She remained there more than seventeen years, and discharged the duties of her situation so faithfully that she gained the respect and confidence of all who knew her.

He likewise told the story of two lads, one fifteen and the other seventeen, who had been induced by a bad father to sweat falsely to gratify his own revengeful feelings. They were detected and sent to prison. When Friend Hopper saw them arrive at dusk, hand cuffed and chained together, the youth and desolate appearance

touched his compassionate feelings. 'Bo of good heart, my poor lads,' said he, 'You can relieve this one false step if you try. You may make useful and respectable men yet.' He took care to place them away from the contagion of these most hardened in vice, and from time to time, he praised their good conduct, and spoke to them encouragingly of the future. After a while, he proposed to the board of inspectors to recommend them to the Governor for pardon. He met with some opposition but finally his arguments prevailed, and he and another gentleman were appointed to wait on the Governor. His request was granted after considerable hesitation, and that only on condition that worthy men could be found who would take them as apprentices. Friend Hopper took the responsibility and succeeded in binding one of them to a respectable turner and the other to a carpenter. After giving them much good advice, he told them to come to him whenever they were in difficulty, and to consider him a father. For a long time they were in the habit of spending their leisure evenings with him, and were pleased to come in and listen to reading of instructive books.

These brothers became respectable and thriving mechanics, married worthy women; and brought up their families in the path of sobriety and usefulness. In the days of their prosperity Friend Hopper introduced them to the Governor, as the lads he had been so much afraid to pardon. The magistrate took them by the hand most cordially, and thanked them for the great public good they had done by their excellent example.

Patrick M'Keeper, a poor Irishman in Philadelphia, was sentenced to be hung for burglary. For some reason or other he was reprieved at the foot of the gallows and his sentence was changed to ten years imprisonment. He was a man of few words, and hope seemed almost dead within him, but when Friend Hopper, who became inspector during the later part of his term talked to him in a fatherly manner, his was evidently touched by the voice of kindness. After his release, he returned to his trade and conducted in a very sober and exemplary manner. Friend Hopper often spoke to him words of friendly cheer, and things were going on very satisfactorily, when a robbery was committed in the neighborhood, and Patrick was immediately arrested. His friend went to the Mayor, and inquired what proof there was that he committed the robbery. 'No proof; but he is an old convict, and that is enough to convict him,' was the answer.

'Nay, it is not enough,' replied Friend Hopper. 'He has suffered severely for the crime he did commit, & since he has shown the most sincere desire to reform, it never ought to be mentioned against him, I think I know his state of mind, and I will take the responsibility of maintaining that he is not guilty. But to all his urgent solicitations, he received the answer, 'he is an old convict; and that is enough!'

'The poor fellow hung his head, and said in tones of despair. Well, then I must make up my mind to spend the remainder of my days in prison.'

'Thou wert not concerned in this robbery, wert thou?' said Isaac, looking constantly in his face.

'Indeed I was not. God be my witness, I want to lead an honest life, and be at peace with all men. But what good will that do? They will all say, 'He is an old convict, and that is enough.''

Friend Hopper told him that he would stand by him. He did so, and offered to be bail for his appearance. The gratitude of the poor fellow was overwhelming.—He sobbed like a child. His innocence was afterwards proved, and to the day of his death, he continued a virtuous and useful citizen.—What would have been his fate if no friend had appeared for him? If every human heart had refused to trust him?

'Esq' at the end of a man's name is like a curl in a pig's tail—more for ornament than for use.