# e Columbia Democrat.

" I have sworn upon the Alter of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."-Thomas Jefferson

# H. WEBB, EDITOR AND

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## TERMS:

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ADVERTISEMENS not exceeding a With consequential and stately step he and Twenty-five cents for every subse-LETTERS addressed on business, must as he reads of profitable investment and be post paid.

### THE GARLAND



- With sweetest flowers enrich'd, From various gardens cull'd with care."

## /OLD IMPRESSIONS

Nay, tel' me not, the exile said, You think this land, as fair as ours; That endless springs around us spread, That blessings rise on every hand; O. give to me our country's flowers, And give to ne our native land.

Our church yard, with its old gray wall: Our church with its sweet Sabbath bell; Our village field so green and small! The primrose in my dell-

I see, I hear, I feel them all; In memory know and love the well.

The bell bird by the river heard-The whip bird, which surprised, I hear-In me have powerful memories stirred Of other scenes and strains more dear; Of sweeter songs than these afford, The thrush & blackbird warbling clear.

The robin which I here behold, Most beautiful, with breast of flame! No cottage enterer, shylock hold, No household bird in season drear, Is wild, is silent: not the same Babe-burying bird of ancient fame:

Where is the strain I was wont to hear The song of russet leaves and sear? O, call it by some other name!

I'm tired of woods forever green. I pine to see the leaves decay, To see them as our own are seen, Turn crimson, orange, tusset, gray, To see them as I've seen them oft, By tempest torn and whirled aloft-Or, on some bland, autumnal day,

A golden season, still and soft, In woodland walk, and garden croft, Die silently and drop away.

# TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Were mine the fascinating spell, That can allure and chain to earth Heaven's richest boons, and quick dispel The ills that linger round our birth,

To bind thy youthful brow, I'd claim A wreath from the Aonian mount, I'd lave thy spirit's ardent flame In fair Pieria's sparkling fount.

With the young scholar's olive bays, Love's rosy coronal I'd twine, And blend with Fame's unclouded blaze, Sweet Hesper's light would ever shine.

Friendship her votive offering rare, On Feeling's sacred shrine would lay, And gaudy Fortune's brilliant glare, Would change bleak Penury's night today.

And still one dearer meed I'd crave, All redolent of bliss divine, A home beyond the darksome grave,-

A sunnier sky-a blander clime.

have no time to play. I think I'll go Mr. Brown. ad split the difference."

MILEOISILILA NIBOAS.

From the Hattford Columbian.

THE POST OFFICE.

BY J. B. FOSTER.

The mail has arrived! welcome news to hose who are expecting to hear from friends tinuance permitted, until all arrearages near and dear to them. But first of al that crowd the office, is the business man, square will be conspicuously inserted at strides along, and demands rather than asks One Dollar for the first three insertions, for his letters. They are instantly deliver quent ascrtion. A liberal discoun ed and he hastly scans their contents, a made to those who advertise by the year smile of pleasure steals across his features. quarterly dividends And then, curses, no oud but deep, are muttered as he finds

> echeme for acquiring wealth has failed. Next, perhaps, a timid maiden, anxious o hear from her lover, inquires with altering voice, and blushing face, if there s a letter for her, if not, as is too frequent. y the case, she turns away in sorrow to vait impatiently the arrival of the next

> And now an old and trembling mother pproaches the office; she has been there every day for weeks, expecting to hear from her long absent and only son. A tear dims her eye & rolls down her cheek as she eceives the customary and emphatic no! to ner inquiry. She retraces" her steps slowy and with sorrow. The office is no more nowded-the letters are nearly all deliver d, and the clerks are busy with their

How much joy is felt by those who hear rom long absent friends-how much sor ow is experienced by those who are disappointed in the nonreceipt of letters which were expected, or by sad intelligence that may be obtained in those that are received none can tell.

'Is there a letter here for my mother?' sked a young and really beautiful girl who had just entered the office. The quick, restless glance of her mild blue eye told plainly that she feared she should again be lisappointed.

'What name?' asked the clerk without once looking at the beautiful being that stood before him.

'My mother's name is Morton, Lucy Morton.'

'M-M-Morton,' muttered the clerk, there s no such letter here,'

The girl stood a moment in silence, then pursting into tears see hastly left the office. She traversed many streets, and at last en tered an old house in one of the obscure

streets of the city. 'No, mother, said she, as she entered, there is no letter to day! what will become of us?" and she sank into a chair, and

covered her face with her hands. 'Ellen,' said the mother, who, though worn down by care and suffering, was still beautiful, 'do not despair, we shall not suf fer, and to-morrow perhaps the letter will

come. 'To-morrow, mother, so you have said every day -and every day we are Lissap pointed. No, mother, he will not.'

He will, Ellen, I am sure that he will; it is our only hope, and I cannot give it up, his aid. so let us have good courage and hope the

But, mother, what can we say to Mr. Brown? you know we promised to pay him the rent to day."

'We cannot do it now.' 'And what will he say? I dread to see him; I hope he will not call to-day.'

'We must tell him the truth-Ellen, and I wo longer

'He said he would wait only till to-

'But perhaps he will'

'And if he will not?'

'Then we must leave his house and go-' we can go But we shall not suffer, my these things no more to-night, it makes me rust is in higher power than man.'

by a knock at the door. Ellen quickly feel too lazy to work, said a loafer, wiped tears from her eyes, and admitted-

'I have come', said he; 'for what you he was poor, but that curse always followed leans?'

s impossible to pay you to day, but-

'You can't pay!'

'Not to-day.' 'So you have said every day for a month.' 'And must say so stilltor it is not in my ower to meet your demands.'

When can you!'

ome money from my father, as soon as hat arrives you shall be paid."

When will that be?"

ses now for more than a month, and I will they may be restored to health and strength be put off no longer. If you pay me thirty in the days to come. If we could but dollars before to-morrow night, I will be know the amount of suffering & wretched satisfied. If not, you must leave this ness that is yet concealed in the misty, un

'But have some charity for us and-' 'I have: charity you know begins at nome, and I must have the money for the support of my family. So only till to-morownight will I wait. Thus saying he left the house.

The mo her and her daughter were long silent, at last Ellen said-'Mother, I will go, and if possible find

some work that I can do.' 'I cannot spare you my daughter'

·But, mother, something must be done. we can get no sewing to do because the imes are so hard; they all say. We have no money and no way to procure any; un-

ess I can find employment' ·What can you do Ellen?" 'Anything, I care not what-sweep

ouse, work in the kitchen, anything rather than see you suffer

'Well, Ellen, wait till to-morrow, then you may see what you can do.'

'No, mother, I will go now, for that wil ne so much time saved, and if I find a place shall be ready to commence work one day sooner.' So saying she put on her bonnet, and bidding her mother good-by, departed on her errand.

Ellen returned at night, but she had been mable to find any employment.

'Our prospect darkens,' said she, 'and what to do now I know not.'

'I have still hopes of hearing something rom my father,' said Mrs. Morton 'Is he wealthy, mother?'

·He is '

'How comes it that he lets us suffer

I have never told you, Ellen, but now I will. I married your father against his express commands, and he refused to aid him or me in the least. But now that your ather is dead; and we are suffering, I think he cannot refuse to lend me assistance.'

'How long since you heard from him?' I have not heard from him for three or four years, and have not seen him since ! was married.'

'You wrote to him!'

'Yes, after your father died. I thought he could not refuse us assistance when we were actually suffering, and I still expect

What made you leave New Orleans nother? It you had staid there; you would have been near your home, and would have known whether your father would assis von or not. and now we must wait for the arrival of a letter by mail. But perhaps after all grandfather is dead '

'He may be, Ellen, but I think I should have heard of it if such had been the case hope he will be willing to wait a day or even if he were dead, my brother George would have received my letter, he told me the last time I saw him that he was still ny brother, although my father had dis owned me '

'Then you had a brother'

'Yes-a good, kind brother, would that I Alas! I do not know, my child, where could see him. But Ellen, we will talk of letter if I have to pay for it myself? feel ead; when I think of my youthful days, Mr. Brown already there. The conversation was here interrupted when I was free from care, and happy."

'And yet you forsook your home for-'Yes, Ellen, for your father! He was all that was noble, kind and generous, but

owe me-you are ready to pay I pre- him. And it was the thoughts of that, more 'I don't know where it was from, bu mates, I knew, and I determined to see than any thing else, which finally caused I have-'I am sorry,' said Mis. Morton, 'that it his death, and left me, when you were very young, to struggle on alone. But I will ton. not repine, perhaps my suffering is a punishment for my disobedience to my father. God knows I have suffered enough already.'

Mrs. Morton and her daughter the morning with?" 'I have informed you that I am expecting brought no consolation-unless hope for the future be called such And it is, for the miserable have no other medicine but hope After all -no matter how great their mis-'I cannot tell you; I expect it every fortunes, or what sufferings they endurewill feel a thrill of pleasure as they look Well, said Mr. Brown, rising to go, I'll forward to the future. Even the eye that ell you one thing which you can depend has long been dimmed by sickness, will kin ipon. You have put me off with promises dle with renewed lastre when they think known future, we should be deprived of one of the greatest blessings of this life-and that is the anticipation of better days. 'Tie human nature and as such is right, for those who only look upon the dark side of life, are daily conjuring up fears, which are worse oftentimes work out their own flulfilment ing." Then let us all hope for the best and be satisfied with such a lot as is meted out to us by Him who rules the stormy sea, and saying a word; she knew it would be of

guides aright of our wandering barque. Again Ellen prepared for her daily visit to the post office; and it was their only hope, and in that they had been disappoint ed so often that it seemed to Ellen that dis friends.' appointment was her lot

She entered the office with trembling steps .- The clerks were all busily employ ed in delivering letters, for the southern mail had just arrived. She wanted on nearly all had been served, then approach

Morton did you say?'

Yes sir.'

'Here is one,' and he handed to her arge letter or packet. With joy she seized it, and dropping from her hand a single twenty five cent piece, was about to leave the office.

'Here,' said the clerk, this is not enough the postage is half a dollar

'Half a dollarl' exclaimed Ellen.

'Yes it is a double letter.'

Ellen stood a moment in silence. The lowly advancing to the desk she put the letter into the clerk's hands, took her mon ey and turned away.

'Are you not going to take it?' asked the

'I cannot!' she exclaimed, while in spite of all her efforts to restrain her feeling, the tears started from her eyes. 'I cannot! have no more money.' The last words ied upon her lips as she left the office.

'That's too bad!' said the clerk to one of

is associates, as she went out. 'What's too bad?'

.Why, this letter?"

. What of m!

'The girl! did you not see her?' She was as handsome as a picture and

he has been here very often for a letter and now it has come she cannot have it." 'Why not?'

'She can't pay the postage.' Well, let her wait till she can, then,'

'You had better, I guess: may be sh'll pay you.'

or who she is. It is to bad to charge wept tears of joy. But it's none of my business. If she my long lost sister. comes again though she shall have the

There was but-

'Let me see it quick,' said Mrs. Mor

'I bave not got it.' 'Not got it? why? have you lost it?' 'No! I could not pay the postage.' 'What have you done with the mon-

ey that we have saved for more than The night wore slowly away, and to a month on purpose to pay postage

'I have got the money mother, but he postage is half a dollar. Perhaps Mr. Brown will advance the money! 'No I wont advance mones! you need

not think of that,' said the hard-hearted andlord. But perhaps it contains money.' 'So you said once before, and I les

ou have the money, and I have never Jan. 1848. een it since." \*But we were disappointed then.'

'Yes, and may be again! I don't beeve you have any letter in the office. t's only a sham to put me off." "I shall say no more!" said Mrs. Mor-

"Then,' said Brown, I must commence business.' And soon an officer entered and commenced moving the furniture that Mrs. Morton owned. 'There i not half enough to pay me now,' added

Mrs. Morton watched their move- ming. ments, with tearful eyes, but without no avail. - The room was in a few moments stript of all it contained. Calling to Ellen, she said, 'Come, my child

But Ellen was not there. As soon as he officer had entered the house, she had left it. With hasty steps she reraced her way to the Post office. Almost preathless, she entered and looked a round for the clerk with whom she had conversed when there before. But he ing the desk she asked the usual question was nowhere to be seen. Her businesexpecting to hear the same answer, yet hop was urgent, and she approached the othr clerk, and asked for the letter. He randed it to her, saying at the same ime, 'You have got the money, then,

ave you, my pretty lass?" 'I have not,' she said, but will you not take this ring, and let me have the etter?' at the same time she held ou

plain gold ring.

The clerk thinking he might possibly nate something to himself by taking he ring and paying the postage, took i to examine. There were words engrav ed upon it, and he read, 'From E. P to his sister Lucy.'

Let me see that,' said a well dressed man stepping up to the clerk. He took he ring, and after looking at it a mo ment, turned to Ellen and asked.

Where did you get this?' ·It is my mother's.'

'Your mother's?' Yes, sir'

'What is her name?' 'Lucy Morton.'

Where is she? conduct me to her .-Hence,' turning to the clerk, there is your postage;' and handing the letter to Ellen, he said, 'Come, I will go with you,' and they left the post office to-

gether. When they reached her home, Mrs. Morton wasanxiously waiting for Ellen's return. 'Where have you been?' shasked; 'they have taken what little we had left, and we are now alone with

nothing in the world.' 'But Mother!' exclaimed Ellen, 'this gentleman has paid for our letter, and here it is."

'Thank you, sir, for your kindness to poor woman,' said Mrs. Morton And pening the letter, a shower of bank notes I have half a mind to pay the postage fell upon the floor.

Tis from my brother!' she exclaimed, willing.' 'Yes,' said the stranger, 'it is.' 'And you-you are-my brother 'I would if I knew where she lived, George!' and she fell upon his neck and

fifty cents for a letter. More than she 'Yes,' said George, (for it was indeed can earn in a week, in these hard times, him,) 'I am your brother, and you are

·But how came you here?" Father has been dead some time, and When Ellen returned home she found I received your letter. As soon as I

learned your situation, and where you "Was there any letter?" asked her was, which I did not know before, I mother, as soon as she entered the sent off that letter as quick as possible, & came directly on after you. I met my Where is it? was it from New Or-gone to learn tidings of you. The ring one thing is clear, that your town is very which I gave you when we were play-dark.

rise you, as I have. And now your eys of sadness are past, for my home is yours; my wife will be glad to greet my ster and her beautiful daughter.'

·What woman! not gone yet?' said Mr. Brown ,entering the house, 'money Il over the floor, too.' For in their by they had forgotten to pick up what had dropped from the letter.

· We are going instantly,' said George and if my sister owes you any thing more than you have got by the attachnent of her scanty furniture, I will cancel the debt. So good day, sir.'

In a few days, Mrs. Morton, with ner brother and daughter, started for the South, where a good home with every comfort of life awaited them. And hus we leave them .- Colcbrook River.

## ANECDOTE OF DR JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson was asked by a lady what new work he was employed about.

'I am writing nothing just at present;' he 'Well, but Doctor, said she 'if I could

write like you. I should be always writing.

merely for the pleasure of it." Pray, madam,' retorted he, 'do you think than the reality, and unhappy presentments Brown; but it will be better than noth- that Leander swam across the Hellespont merely because he was fond of swim

## A FACT

'Excuse me for turning my back on you sir, said a beauty who carried a 'rear guaru' we will seek somewhere a place for the of boater proportions. Make no apologies night, and perhaps we may find kinder miss,' replied the gentleman, glancing significantly at the Onderdonk, 'your back is sufficiently imposed on already.'

A young married couple out west, riding nome from church on a rainysday, the husoand looking up and perceiving the clouds were breaking away, said, 'I hope my dear we shall have a little sun. 'Oh la! no,'simpered the innocent wife. I would much refer a little daughter.'

'How do you do, Mr. S.nith?'

Do what?' 'Why, how do you find yourself?'

'I never lose my self.' · Well, how have you been?' 'Been-been where!'

'Pshaw! how do you feel?' 'Feel of me and see.' 'Good morning, Mr. Smith '

'It's not a good morning-it's wet and And the parties separated.

Pete you are into them sweetmeats gain?

'No marm, them sweetmeats is into me hough.'

PARSING. 'Jemmy, what is a member of Con-

'A member of Congress is a common substantive, agreeing with self interest, nd is governed by eight aollars a day, understood.'

SYMPATHY. A good deacon making an official visit to dying neighbor who was a churlish and universally unpopular man, put the usual

'Are you willing to go my friend?

'O yes,' said the man 'I am.'

I am glad you are, for all the neighbors are

'Well,' said the simple hearted deacon-

'What do you ask for this article?' in quired Obadish of a young miss.

young men tell me so!'

'Fifteen shillings.' 'Ain't you a little dear!' 'Why,' she replied blushing, 'all the

# DARKNESS VISIBLE:

An Irishman being at a town in the West of England on a winter's night, ob niece at the post office, where I had served to an inhabitant rather shrewdly,