

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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THE GARLAND



With sweetest flowers enrich'd, From various gardens call'd with care.

From the Dollar Newspaper.

SUMMER.

ISABEL ATHELWOOD.

Summer is fading, thou golden-tressed boy, With the voice of love and the smile of joy: Thou wilt roam no more 'neath the green wood's shade, Where the sylvan gods, by thy side have strayed— Thou wilt list no more to the wild bird's tone, As he warbles back that song of thy own. Summer is fading, thou wild, bounding girl, With the starry eye and the raven curl— Let thy laugh ring out in the pale moon's beam, And thy life pass by a pleasant dream, Fate's weaving a wreath for thy brow o' light, Be happy, young girl, while thou may'st to night. Summer is fading aged man, from thee: Oh, list to its voice of farewell glee. As it moaneth past through the sun-blit trees, And comes faintly back on the dying breeze? Thy voice is said, aged man! say hast thou A crown of glory for thy care-worn brow? Summer is fading forever from thee, Our own stricken one by the dark blue sea; They've borne thee away from thy home to die, 'Neath the cold, cold light of a far-off sky. Yet we think of thee, Kate, in that distant land, And sigh for thee oft 'mid the household band. Summer, bright summer, is fading away, Like the glowing tints of an autumn day; Is it fading alone? Has no bright eye Grown dim with the light of the summerwe have his no longer. 'Yes,—but should not each of us lean we to do that Mary?' 'There are a great many young women who support themselves genteel. Why may not we? The truth is, I have been thinking about this ever since Uncle Hender was here yesterday, and the more I turn it over in my mind the more reluctant am I to accept of his generous offer. I do not feel as if it would be just for me to do so. I have a good education, and could readily support myself as a French teacher, or by giving lessons in music. 'A French teacher! Lessons in music! Mary you cannot be in earnest.' 'Indeed, sister, I am sure that I can never go into Uncle Hender's house, and accept the home he has so kindly offered, without feeling self-condemned, and losing my self-respect. A state of mere dependence, would be deeply galling to me. As a music teacher you could not expect to occupy in any respects your present position in society. I should be as worthy of confidence and regard, Aunt.' 'True, But something more than mere personal excellence is required. It is not worth alone that gives either a man or woman a place in good society. As a member of our family, you will occupy the same position you have held, but, as a mere teacher of French or music, you will not be able to maintain your present place.' 'Ought that consideration to govern me? I think it should have its due weight.' 'So do I. But a consideration of what is right, should have the first influence upon my actions. Now, I do not think it would be right for me to become a dependent upon my uncle's generosity. I believe that I am in duty bound to support myself. Ought I for a moment to weigh this clear consciousness against any fears of losing social standing?' Mrs. Hender did not reply for some moments. She felt a glow of admiration for the honest, independent spirit of her niece, and yet, could not bring her mind to think for an instant of losing the night wined girl act as she proposed. 'You must talk with your uncle,' she said, after puzzling with her own thoughts for a time. 'I am sure, however, that he will never hear to your doing what you suggest.' 'I wish you would speak to him about it, aunt. I cannot.' 'Oh! certainly. But you must not be misled by the mere appearance of opposition. I am sure Uncle Hender will not oppose me in an act that he must see to be clearly right.' 'But I am not so sure that he will be able to see it exactly as you do,' replied her aunt. This conversation took place without the knowledge of Jane Wells; who was quietly enjoying the pleasant home that had been offered them. She did not appreciate either her sister's motives or feelings, and therefore, since the conversation Mary had held with her upon the subject, she had not made it any allusion. When Mrs. Hender mentioned to her husband what had taken place between her and Mary; he was to much surprised to see at once, clearly, the spirit that actuated her niece. But this soon became apparent to his mind. 'Noble girl!' he could not help exclaiming. 'She has her father's independent spirit, and I honor it in her.' 'But you will not, I am sure, humor her strange desire to become a teacher instead of an inmate of our family.' 'We must not do violence to such high and true principles of action as she evinces. It was our duty to offer to both her and her sister a home. This we have done cheerfully. But, if Mary feels that it would be right for her to depend upon herself, we ought not to oppose her too strongly.' As early as possible, Mr. Hender sought an interview with his niece. He found that her ideas were clear, and based upon abstract principles of right. 'There is a view of the subject,' he said, while conversing with her, 'that I hardly think you have taken Mary, and one that you should weigh well.' 'What is that, Uncle?' she asked. 'It is this. By education, habit, and association, your mind has been formed for a sphere above what you will be able to occupy if you become a teacher of music or any thing else. By remaining where you are one of my family, all that is congenial to your taste and character will be secured to you. You will marry, of course, when a proper age, should one you can approve, claim your hand. But if you place yourself out of the circle of those who are of like tastes and feelings with yourself, you cannot hope to form such an alliance, as will most fully secure your happiness in after life. Forgive the seeming delicacy of an allusion like this, my dear niece. I made in order to let you see all the consequences of the act you propose.'

MISCELLANEOUS

From Arthur's Magazine, THE YOUNG MUSIC TEACHER.

Mr. Wells was a widower with two daughters—Jane and Mary. The former twenty, and the latter eighteen. He had been accounted a man in easy circumstances, from the fact that he lived in a very comfortable style, and gave his children the best education that money could procure. But, in doing this, he lived fully up to his income. Death suddenly removed him, and left his two daughters without fortune or home. An uncle, Mr. Hender, was the only relative they had. He was what is called well off in the world; possession a very handsome property. But, as he had a young and expensive family his regular income was never much beyond his wants. As soon as Mr. Hender, who administered on Mr. Well's estate, ascertained that would be left after paying off the debts, he informed Jane and Mary of the fact, and, at the same time, offered them a home.

For some weeks after their father's death, the two young ladies remained in the house where they had been living, all the domestic arrangements continuing the same as during his life time. They had no suspicion of the real state of their father's affairs, and were only affected with almost insupportable grief at his loss. When their uncle unfolded to them the true position in which they stood, they were at first overwhelmed with alarm. His prompt and kind offer of a home, soothed their anxious feelings, and left their minds in a calmer frame.

'How kind and generous our uncle is,' Jane remarked, on the day after he had proposed to the sisters to consider his house their future dwelling place. 'Truly so,' Mary replied with warmth, while a glow of genuine gratitude lit up her sober face. 'We shall feel almost as much at home with Uncle Hender, as we did in our own father's house. 'Do you think it right for us to go there?' asked Mary, looking at her sister with a serious expression of countenance. 'Right! What can you mean, sister?' 'We have no claims upon him.' 'He is our father's brother.' 'But not our father, Jane!

'Mary's sister looked at her for some moments, utterly at a loss to comprehend the drift of her remarks. 'He is our uncle, and has offered us a home,' she at length said. 'It would be a strange act in us to refuse to accept of it because we have no claims upon him, especially, when there is other threshold over which we can pass.' 'But he has a large family of his own to support.' 'And he is able enough to support them and us.'

'Perhaps so. But that does not alter our position in the least. While our father lived, his house was our home by natural right. Now he is taken from us, will it be right for us to lean upon any other arm?' 'We must lean upon some arm, now that we have his no longer.' 'Yes,—but should not each of us lean we to do that Mary?' 'There are a great many young women who support themselves genteel. Why may not we? The truth is, I have been thinking about this ever since Uncle Hender was here yesterday, and the more I turn it over in my mind the more reluctant am I to accept of his generous offer. I do not feel as if it would be just for me to do so. I have a good education, and could readily support myself as a French teacher, or by giving lessons in music.'

'A French teacher! Lessons in music! Mary you cannot be in earnest.' 'Indeed, sister, I am sure that I can never go into Uncle Hender's house, and accept the home he has so kindly offered, without feeling self-condemned, and losing my self-respect. A state of mere dependence, would be deeply galling to me. As a music teacher you could not expect to occupy in any respects your present position in society. I should be as worthy of confidence and regard, Aunt.'

'True, But something more than mere personal excellence is required. It is not worth alone that gives either a man or woman a place in good society. As a member of our family, you will occupy the same position you have held, but, as a mere teacher of French or music, you will not be able to maintain your present place.'

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'Ought that consideration to govern me? I think it should have its due weight.'

'So do I. But a consideration of what is right, should have the first influence upon my actions. Now, I do not think it would be right for me to become a dependent upon my uncle's generosity. I believe that I am in duty bound to support myself. Ought I for a moment to weigh this clear consciousness against any fears of losing social standing?'

Mrs. Hender did not reply for some moments. She felt a glow of admiration for the honest, independent spirit of her niece, and yet, could not bring her mind to think for an instant of losing the night wined girl act as she proposed.

'You must talk with your uncle,' she said, after puzzling with her own thoughts for a time. 'I am sure, however, that he will never hear to your doing what you suggest.'

'I wish you would speak to him about it, aunt. I cannot.'

'Oh! certainly. But you must not be misled by the mere appearance of opposition. I am sure Uncle Hender will not oppose me in an act that he must see to be clearly right.'

'But I am not so sure that he will be able to see it exactly as you do,' replied her aunt. This conversation took place without the knowledge of Jane Wells; who was quietly enjoying the pleasant home that had been offered them. She did not appreciate either her sister's motives or feelings, and therefore, since the conversation Mary had held with her upon the subject, she had not made it any allusion.

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'There is a view of the subject,' he said, while conversing with her, 'that I hardly think you have taken Mary, and one that you should weigh well.'

'What is that, Uncle?' she asked. 'It is this. By education, habit, and association, your mind has been formed for a sphere above what you will be able to occupy if you become a teacher of music or any thing else. By remaining where you are one of my family, all that is congenial to your taste and character will be secured to you. You will marry, of course, when a proper age, should one you can approve, claim your hand. But if you place yourself out of the circle of those who are of like tastes and feelings with yourself, you cannot hope to form such an alliance, as will most fully secure your happiness in after life. Forgive the seeming delicacy of an allusion like this, my dear niece. I made in order to let you see all the consequences of the act you propose.'

Remain where you are—keep your present position in the circle in which you are worthy to move, and in a few years, as the wife of a man of wealth and standing, you will be placed far above the feeling of dependence that now seems so galling to you.'

Mary did not reply to her uncle immediately. She sat in deep thought, with her eyes upon the floor. At length, breathing heavily, she looked up, and replied in a voice that was at first tremulous, but soon became firm.

'I have carefully weighed all this. But it does not change my views. It is for me to act right in the present, and leave all else to be arranged for my good by Him who suffers not, unnoted, a sparrow to fall to the ground. I cannot, with a clear conscience, sit down here, in mere dependence. It would be wrong.'

'But, my dear child, I have enough and to spare. I do not feel your support a burden. To provide a home for my brother's children I look upon as a sacred privilege. Do not deprive me of the sweet delight it affords me.'

'This appeal touched the heart of Mary, and brought from her eyes pure drops of feeling. 'I know, my dear uncle,' she said, 'that it will give you pleasure to have me stay with you, and pain to depart. But can I secure a good conscience, life's best blessing if I do not follow the clear dictates of right?'

'You cannot certainly.'

'Then I must leave my present position of dependence, and provide, my own labor the means of support. I can plainly see, the duty of every one to engage in some useful employment. While our father lived, my sister and I kept his house, and made up for him a home circle. We were necessary to his happiness; and he was our natural provider and protector. Our sphere of action was at home—our duties lay there. But it is different now. Upon you we have a natural claim. Your home circle is formed. We are not necessary to you happiness, and only remain here as partakers of your bounty. This the plain light in which I view it—and you must acknowledge it to be the true light.'

Mr. Hender used various arguments to convince Mary that she was wrong to throw herself as she proposed, upon her own resources; but his arguments were weak when opposed to her common sense conviction, and clear perceptions of what was right. Jane, when she found that Mary had been declaring to her uncle and aunt the views she had previously expressed to her; and not only that, but was bent on acting them out, was much incensed and strove hard to divert her from what seemed to her mind a most insane act. But, as might well be supposed, her opposition had no effect. Mary was not governed by any impulse or whim by deeply fixed principles. When Mr. and Mrs. Hender found that neither argument nor persuasion could move the honest-hearted girl from her purpose, they begged that she would, at least, make their house her home; if she did not solely depend upon them.

'At home, she gave two or three hours every day to the music of her cousins, and with marked evidences of success. Besides this, many hours were spent in practice and study, in order to increase her ability for the duties she had voluntarily assumed.

Mary's choice did not fail to have its effect which her uncle and aunt had predicted. It quickly became known that she was only a teacher in Madame Lunge's seminary. The young ladies, who had hitherto been on terms of intimacy with her, finding that she was the instructress of their younger sisters, began to grow cold to her, and numbers failed to recognise her in the street. This was a severe trial to her young spirit, but conscious rectitude of purpose sustained her. She had put her back to the plough, and could not look back.

What grieved her most, was the unkindness of Jane. Mary's conduct affected her in two ways. In the first place, it detracted from her standing in the eyes of many, and, in the second place, it was a daily rebuke of her want of the same honest independence. In her aunt and uncle, however, the heroic girl found unchanging friends. They not only admired her for her excellence of character, but loved her for the sweetness of her disposition. Not without pain did they perceive that all their former regards to the consequences of her independent course, were becoming daily realized. Gradually even, the most intimate of Mary's young friends were ceasing to visit her, and when she ventured into family into company, she was neglected except by a very few. The consequences of her choice were six months had elapsed, and Mary Wells was rarely seen beyond the walls of the seminary in which she resided, and that sweet seclusion of home. Her sister rarely asked her to accompany her to accompany her when she went out, and never spoke of her to any one; unless she were specially asked for. By the end of a year, none would have thought that the gay girl who daily went forth to fashionable calls upon fashionable friends, and the quiet thoughtful maiden modestly situated, who regularly left the house of her father and came back at stated intervals were sisters.

Things went on in this way for the most two years, by which time Mary was pretty well forgotten in her old circle. She had changed materially. New friends were to be seen, and many old friends were missing, among the new came a young man who had returned from college a year before, and who had immediately entered into business with his father, a merchant of wealth and standing. His name was Cleveland. Young Cleveland had been educated with great care by his father, who was a man of independent feelings, and sound views of life. As his son grew up, he carefully instilled into his mind a love of truth for its own sake, and taught him to estimate all things by their intrinsic worth rather than by their appearances. As Henry Cleveland emerged from youth into early manhood, he had the gratification of seeing the realization of his most ardent wishes. The principles taught him had sprung up, and produced good fruits.

This young man met Jane Wells frequently in company, and found her becoming more and more prepossessing in her favor the often he saw her engaged in her most involuntary he paid her more than ordinary attentions, which was far from being displeasing to her. After some months, he would occasionally call in at Mr. Hender's, and spend some evening with her. Whenever he did so, if Mary happened to be in the room, she would immediately retire, and without being introduced for a moment never occurred that her uncle or aunt had present when Mr. Cleveland first met her, and Jane would have thought it an agreeable folly to introduce her sister to any of her fashionable friends.

(Concluded next week)

The Allegheny Methodist Conference is lately resolved. That no ministers be admitted into this Conference who do not observe in any of its forms, except in medicine, and in those cases satisfaction of conscience shall be given.

Then the Conference can no longer be filled by voluntary members, as those who elects will not be admitted.