

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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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 discontinuance 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.

THE GARLAND.



—With sweetest flowers enrieth'd,
From various gardens cul'd with care.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountain mingle with the river,
And the rivers to the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by law divine,
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?
See the fountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained its brother;
And the sun-light clasps the earth,
And the moon-beams kiss the sea;
What are all these blessings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

PENNSYLVANIA.

Land of the gently swelling hills,
Land of the swiftly gliding streams,
Thy very name the free heart thrills,
With truth and honor's brightest beams.
Thy well earned praises have been sung
By Bards beyond the deep;
And may they be forever sung
In tones that cannot sleep.
Since first the mild and free-born Penn
Gazed on thy dark green forests tall,
'Till tyrants trembled at the blast
From thy old Independence Hall,
Thy sons for Honor, Truth and Right
Firm as the rocks have stood,
And poured the terrors of their might,
Through tempest, flame and blood.

Oh! may no trampled child of thine
Dim the bright stars that deck thy brow;
But cease then brighter still to shine
And deeper, fairer yet to glow.
Let other lands around thee own
The Tyrant and the Slave;
Thy children, Pennsylvania,
Are free as wind and wave.

The following squib on the Boston press lately appeared in a Boston paper:

The Boston Times
Looks out for dimes.
The Boston Bee
Speaks industry.
The Boston Mail
Is heavy and hale.
The Boston Star
Makes us ha, ha!
The Boston Sun
Looks life and fun.
The Boston Whig
Grows mightier big.
The Boston Eagle
Begins to wiggle.

Who seeks a friend should come disposed
To exhibit in full bloom disenged

The graces and the beauties
That form the character he seeks;
For 'tis a union that bespeaks
Reciprocated duties.

Pursue the search and you will find
God's sense and knowledge of mankind
To be at least expedient,
And after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
A principal ingredient.

What is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls in sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep.

Snakes derive their name from the fact
That some people are rather 'scaly' about
giving good weight.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL.

CHAPTER I.

"Mr. Atkins, I say! Husband, why can't you speak? Do you hear what Abby says?"

"Anything worth hearing?" was the response of Mr. Atkins, as he laid down the New Hampshire Patriot and peered over his spectacles with a look which seemed to say that an event so uncommon deserved particular attention.

"Why, she says she means to go to Lowell and work in a factory."

"Well, wife, let her go," said he, looking at the Patriot again.

"But I don't see how I can spare her; the spring cleaning is not done, nor the soap made, nor the boys' summer wear; and you say you intend to board your own men folks, and keep two more cows than you did last year, and Charley can scarcely go alone."

"But you say she does not assist you any about the house."

"Well, husband, she might."

"Yes, she might do a great many things which she does not think of doing; and, as I do not see that she means to be useful here, we will let her go to the factories."

"Father! are you in earnest? may I go to Lowell?" said Abby, and raised her bright black eyes to her father's with a look of exquisite delight.

"Yes, Abby, if you will promise me one thing, and that is, that you will stay a whole year without visiting us, except in case of sickness, and that you will stay but one year."

"I'll promise anything, father, if you will let me go; I thought you'd say I had better stay at home, pick up stones, weed the garden, and rake hay; but I don't want to do such work any longer. May I go with the Slater girls next Tuesday? for that is the day they have set for their return."

"Yes, if you will remember you are to stay a year, and only a year."

Abby retired to rest that night with a heart fluttering with pleasure; for, ever since the visit of the Slater girls, with new silk dresses, Navarino bonnets and flowers and veils, and gauzy handkerchiefs, her head had been filled with visions of finery. She was naturally very fond of dress, and often, while a little girl, had she sat on the grass by the road-side watching the stage which went daily by her father's dwelling, and when she saw the gay ribbons and smart shawls which passed like a phantom before her wondering eyes, she thought that when older she too would have such things and looked forward to womanhood as to a state in which the chief pleasure must consist in wearing fine clothes.

But as years passed over her, she became aware that this was a source from which she could never derive any enjoyment while she remained at home; for her father was neither able nor willing to gratify her in that respect, and she had begun to fear that she must always wear the same brown cambric bonnet, and that a velvet gown would always be her "go-to-meet dress"—but now what a bright picture had been formed by her ardent and uncultivated imagination! Yes she would go to Lowell, and earn all that she possibly could, and spend those earnings for beautiful attire; she would have silk dresses—one of grass green, another of cherry red, and another, upon the color of which she would decide when she purchased it; and she would have a new Navarino bonnet far more beautiful than Judith Slater's; and when at last she fell asleep, it was to dream of satin and lace, and her glowing fancy revealed all night in a vast and beautiful collection of milliners' finery.

Very different were the dreams of Abby's mother; and when she awoke the next morning, her first words to her husband were, "Mr. Atkins, was you serious last night when you told Abby that she might go to Lowell? I thought at first you was vexed because I interrupted you, and said all to stop the conversation."

"Yes, wife, I was serious, and you did not interrupt me, for I had been listening to night were of smiles from her mother and all that you and Abby were saying. She is words from her father, such as she had a wild, thoughtless girl, and I hardly knew what it is best to do with her; but perhaps let her think and act a little while for herself. I expect that she will spend all her earnings in fine clothes, but after she has done so she may see the folly of it; at all events, she will be rather more likely to understand the value of money when she has been obliged to work for it. After she has had her own way for one year, she may possibly be willing to return home and become a little more steady, and be willing to devote her active energies (she is a very capable girl) to household duties for hitherto her services have been principally out of doors, where she is now too old to work. I am also willing that she should see a little of the world, and what is going on in it; and I that, if she receives no benefit, she will at least return to us un-injured."

"O husband, I have many fears for her," was the reply of Mrs. Atkins, "she is so very giddy and thoughtless—and the Slater girls are as hair-brained as herself, and will lead her on in all sorts of folly. I wish you would tell her that she must stay at home."

"I have made a promise," said he, "and will keep it; and Abby, I trust, will keep hers."

Abby flew around in high spirits to make the necessary preparations for her departure, and her mother assisted her with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER II.

The evening before she left home; her father called her to him, and fixing upon her a calm, earnest and almost mournful look, he asked "Abby do you ever think?"

Abby was subdued, and almost awed, by her father's look and manner. There was something unusual in it—something in the expression which was unexpected from him; but that reminded her of her teacher's look at the Sabbath school when he was endeavoring to impress upon her mind some serious truth. "Yes, father," she at length replied, "I have thought a great deal lately about going to Lowell."

"But I do not believe, my child, that you have had any serious reflection on the subject, and I fear that I have done wrong in consenting to let you go from home. It was too poor to maintain you here, and had an employment about which you could make yourself useful I should feel no self-reproach, and would let you go, trusting that all might yet be well; but now I have done what I may severely repent of, and Abby, if you do not wish to make me wretched, you will return to us a better, milder, and more thoughtful girl."

That night Abby reflected more seriously than she had ever done in her life before. Her father's words, rendered more impressive by the look and tone with which they were delivered, had sunk into her heart as words of his had never done before. She had been surprised at his ready acquiescence in her wishes, but it had now a new meaning. She felt that she was about to be abandoned to herself, because her parents despaired of being able to do anything for her; they thought her too wild, reckless, and untamable, to be softened by night by the stern lessons of experience.

"I will surprise them," said she to herself; "I will show them that I have some reflection; and, after I come home, my father need not ask me if I think Yes, I know what their fears are, and I will let them see that I can take care of myself and as good care as they've ever taken of me. I know that I have done not as well as I might have done, but I will begin now, and when I return they shall see that I am a better, milder and more thoughtful girl. And the money which I intended to spend in fine dress shall be put into a bank; I will save it all, and my father shall see that I can earn money, and take care of it too. O how different I will be from what they think I am, and how very glad it will make father and mother to see that I am not so bad after all!"

New feelings and new ideas had created

Mr. A., with a gloomy look; she had written us but a few letters, and they have been very short and unsatisfactory. I suppose she has sense enough to know that no news is better than bad news, and having nothing pleasant to tell about herself, she thinks she will tell us nothing at all. But if ever I get her home again, I will keep her here. I assure you, her first year in Lowell shall also be her last."

"Husband, I told you my fears, and if you had set up your authority, Abby would have been obliged to stay at home; but perhaps she is doing pretty well. You know she is not accustomed to writing, and that may account for the few and short letters we have received; but they have all, even the shortest, contained assurances that she would be at home at the end of the year."

"But the stage has stopped here," said little Charley, as he bounded from his father's knee. The next moment the room rang with the shout of "Abby has come! Abby has come!" In a few moments more, she was in the midst of the joyful throng. Her father pressed her hand in silence, and tears gushed from her mother's eyes. Her brothers and sisters were clamorous with joy—all but little Charley, to whom Abby was a stranger, and who repelled with terror all her overtures for a better acquaintance. Her parents gazed upon her with speechless pleasure, for they felt that a change for the better had taken place in their once wayward girl. Yes, there she stood before them, a little taller and little thinner, and, when the flush of emotion had faded away, perhaps a little paler—but the eyes were bright in their joyous radiance, and the smile of health and innocence was playing around the rosy lips. She carefully laid aside her own straw bonnet, with its trimming of light blue ribbon, and her dark melon dress showed to the best advantage her neat, symmetrical form. There was no more delicacy of person or appearance than when she last triumphed over the softness of summer; for constant collision with so many young females had worn off the superfluous which had marked her course while at home.

"Well, Abby, how many silk gowns have you got?" said her father, as she opened a large new trunk.

"Not one, father," said she, and fixed her eyes upon him with an expression which told all, "but here are some little books for the children, and a new dress for mother; and here is a nice silk handkerchief for you to wear on your neck, Sunday, except I dear father, for it is your daughter's first gift!"

When she bade them farewell next morning, she said nothing about the change which had taken place in her views and feelings, for she felt a slight degree of distrust in her own firmness of purpose. This was commendable and auspicious; but she had a very prominent development in that part of the head where phrenologists locate the organ of firmness; and when she had once determined upon a thing she usually went through with it.

She had now resolved to pursue a course entirely different from that which was expected of her, and as different from the one she had first marked out for herself. This was more difficult, on account of her strong propensity for dress, a love of which was freely granted by her companions. But when Judith Slater pressed her to purchase this beautiful piece of silk, or that splendid piece of muslin, her constant reply was, "No I have determined not to buy any such things, and I will keep my resolution."

Before she came to Lowell, she wondered in her simplicity, how people could live where there so many stores, and not spend all their money; and it now required all her firmness to resist being overcome by the tempting display of beauties, which met her eyes whenever she prominded a the illuminated streets. It was hard to walk by the milliners' shops with an unwavering step, and when she came to the confectionaries she could not help stopping. But she did not yield to the temptation; she did not spend her money in that. When she saw fine strawberries, she said to herself, I can gather them in our own pasture next year; when she looked upon the nice peaches, cherries, and plums, which stood in tempting array behind their crystal barriers, she said again, "I will do without them this summer, and when apples, pears, and nuts were offered for sale she thought that she would eat none of them till she was wiser. But she felt that the only safe place for her earnings was the savings' bank, and there they were regularly deposited, that it might be out of her power to indulge in momentary whims.

She gratified no feeling but a newly-awakened desire for mental improvement, and spent her leisure hours in reading useful books.

Abby's year was one of perpetual self-contest and self-denial; but it was by no means unmingled misery. The ruling desire of years was not to be conquered by the resolution of a moment; but when the contest was over, there was for her the triumph of victory. If the battle was sometimes desperate, there was so much more merit in being the conqueror. On Sabbath was spent in tears, because Judith Slater did not wish her to attend their meetings with such a dowdy bonnet; and another fellow boarder thought her gown must have been made in the year one. The color mounted to her cheeks, and the lightning flashed from her eyes, when asked if she had "just come down?" and she felt as though she should be glad to be away from them all, when she heard their impudent "chuck-wheakers." Still she remained unshaken. It is but for a year, said she to herself, and the time and money that my father thought I should spend in folly shall be devoted to a better purpose.

CHAPTER III.

At the close of a pleasant April day, Mr. Atkins sat at his kitchen fireside with Charley upon his knee. "Well," said he to Mrs. Atkins, who was busily preparing the evening meal, "is it not your year since Abby left home?"

"Why husband, let me think. I always clean up the house thoroughly just before fast day, and I had not done it when Abby went away. I remember speaking to her about it, and telling her that it was wrong to leave me at such a busy time, and she said, 'Mother, I will be at home to do it all next year.' Yes, it is a year, and I should not be surprised if she should come this week."

"Perhaps she will not come at all,"

with his arm around her neck, and his mother could not persuade him to go to bed that night until he had given 'sister Abby' a hundred kisses.

"Father," said Abby, as she arose to retire when the tall clock struck eleven, "may I not some time go back to Lowell? I should like to add a little to the sum in the Bank and should be glad of one silk gown!"

"Yes, Abby, you may do anything you wish; I shall not again be afraid to let you spend a year in Lowell!"

Lucerna.

Death Warrant of Christ.—The Courier des Etes Unis, of late date says: "Chance has put into our hands the most imposing and interesting judicial document to all Christians, that has ever been recorded in human annals, that is, the identical death warrant of our Lord Jesus Christ. We transcribe the document from a copy of translation."

Rendered by Pontius Pilate, Acting Governor of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death on the Cross.

In the year seventeen of the Empire of Tiberius Caesar, and the 25th day of March in the city of Holy Jerusalem, A. C. and Calaphas being Prætor, senators of the people of God; Pontius Pilate Governor of Lower Galilee, sitting on the Presidential chair of Pontius, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die on the Cross between two thieves—the great and notorious evidence of the people saying—

1. He is a seducer.
2. He is seditious.
3. He is an enemy of the law.
4. He calls himself, falsely, the Son of God.
5. He calls himself King of Israel.
6. He entered in the Temple, followed by a multitude, bearing palm branches in their hands.

Order the first centurion, Quintus Cornelius, to lead him to the place of Execution.

Forbid any person whatsoever, either poor or rich, to oppose the death of Jesus.

The witnesses that signed the death warrant of Jesus, are;

- 1st, Daniel Roberts, a Pharisee.
- 2d, Joannus Horoboblo.
- 3d, Baphdal Robell.
- 4th, Capet, a citizen.

Jesus shall go out of the city by the gate "Streuous."

The above sentence are engraven on copper plate, on one side is written these words: "A similar plate is sent to each of the tribes."

It was found in an antique vase of white marble, while excavating the city Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1825, and was discovered by the Commissaries of arts, attached to the French Armies. The expedition of Naples it was found enclosed in a box of ebony, in the society of Garam. The text is now in the Chapel of Caserta.—The french translation was made by the members of the Commission of Arts: The children requested earnestly that the plate might not be taken away from them. The request was granted as a reward for the army of Denon, one of the savans, caused a plan to be made of the model, on which he had engraved the above sentence; at the sale of his collection of curiosities, it was bought by the Lord Lowell, for five thousand eight hundred and eighty francs.

Our infancy is full of folly; youth, a disorder and toil; age, of infirmity. Each time hath its burden; and that which may justly work our weariness, yet infancy lengthen after youth, and youth after more age; and he that is old, so he is a child for simplicity, as he would be for years: I account old age the best of the three, partly, for that it has passed through the folly and disorder of the others; partly, for that the inconveniences of this are but bodily, with a bettered estate of mind, and partially, for that it is nearest to dissolution. There is nothing more miserable than an old man that would be young again. It was an answer worthy the commendations of Pericles, and that which argued a mild, truly philosophical man, who, when his friend hemlock was age approaching in his white hair, saying that he was sorry to see that old man, he said, "I am sorry that you are old, but I am glad that you are not young."