

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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MISCELLANEOUS

MARY.

OR THE BLIGHTED BLOSSOM.

FROM THE LONDON WORLD OF FASHION.

"Men have died, and worms have eaten them but not for love." I shall not attempt to controvert the old maxim by labored argument—it may or it may not be true; and yet the story that I am about to tell will go far to show that the triumph of high moral sentiments over long cherished affections may walk the stony, yet sure, way of a gentle nature. In the old churchyard, where I have so often strolled during the Sabbath noon in summer and in autumn, sleeps the once lovely form of Mary.—Often have I read on her tombstone her name, age and death, and the simple couplet that expressed the love and sorrow of those who labored in her last dark chamber. Her history was often rehearsed by the neighbors, who had admired and loved her; but the old man who had acted the part of a father to the gentle orphan, was never weary of recalling every virtue and grace with which memory enshrined her character. When an infant, her dying mother had commended her to the care of his wife, who was as easily friend and as she had no children of her own, she bestowed all her affections on her adopted daughter. No pains were spared to render her lovely, and her uncommon docility of disposition made her a general favorite.

Among her schoolfellows was a boy of few years older than herself, whose neglected training, and consequent ungracious manners, won the heavy dislike of all the Marys. She felt that want of kindness made his heart evil, and she always strove to make him gentle and happy by winning words and pleasant smiles. The consequence was, that he became gentle and obliging to her, commencing all his sorrows and bitterness of heart, and looked to her as his only and best friend. He was a child of uncommon beauty, and under gentle influences became even fascinatingly refined, but a sense of wrong, of shame, of misdeeds of those to whom he owed his being and a feeling that he was degraded in the eyes of the world on that account, had so embittered his spirit that his love alone could soften and subdue his asperities. As they grew older, the ties that bound their hearts seemed to strengthen; but the evil influence too often prevails over the good, and when he became a man, and saw how superior was the pure and gentle Mary to his own dark, wild spirit, he dared not hope to unite her destiny with his own. She with all the hope and long suffering of a refined and Christian character, sought to restrain and lead him back whenever she saw him overcome by temptation, little dreaming even then that her heart was so much interested in his behalf. Indeed, their spheres seemed to widely separate for them ever to hold intercourse with each other beyond the school-room. Nor did they for some years often meet after those days were past; for Mary felt that his character was such that it would bring dishonor upon those she loved, were she to encourage his addresses. She saw that he became weaker in moral principle as her influence was felt. She even knew that her rejection of him hopeless and desperate. Often, often, did she feel that she was the only woman being who could lead him into

the paths of virtue and peace; yet she feared the force of early neglect and subsequent irregularities would be even stronger than her influence; and yet her heart would hope that he would emerge into a higher life, and be the fit companion of a refined and virtuous spirit. A mysterious sympathy seemed to unite them, yet each felt that the distance between them was immeasurable. For months she watched his course vacillating between hope and fear, until she learned that he had taken to the bowl, and then her heart sank. She could no longer sing as she did, she grew pale and weak, and her anxious friends, blamed the damp east wind for treating so roughly the tender blossom. Physicians said she was threatened with consumption, and advised that she should visit the Atlantic coast, hoping that the ocean breeze might invigorate her feeble frame.

"Oh!" said the old man when rehearsing her story, "you cannot imagine how I felt when I saw her wither beneath its influence. I knew that my dear child must soon leave us, and how could our old hearts endure life without her?" He soon returned, bringing his drooping flower to fade and die among the hills, where it had bloomed so sweetly. Shortly after her return, she communicated the history of her heart to one of her most intimate friends.

Said she, "I pitied the boy for those very faults which others blamed, for I saw that his heart was crushed by unkindness, and rendered cold and bitter by want of sympathy; and when I used to speak kindly, and advise him in our little plays, he was so gentle and tender, and his clear dark eyes expressed so much gratitude, that I cannot wonder he became an object of affection to me. For that I can scarcely blame myself; but as I grew older, and saw that he was surrounded by such influences that he could hardly become any other but a vicious man, I erred greatly in bestowing anything more than a feeling of friendship upon him, and yet I did not regret that he was my heart's delight until I saw that he was too surely ruined, and there was little hope that he would ever be brought back to a life of virtue. My heart sank under it, not so much because its earthly hopes were blasted from the conviction that in suffering such a love to find a place in it, I had dishonored the kind friends who had acted the part of parents to a destitute orphan, and more than all, had departed from the peace and love of the Redeemer. But now the struggle is over, and I feel that I shall soon rest in peace in the arms of my reconciled Saviour. It was the struggle between love and duty that undermined my health, and yet, for my own sake, I do not regret that my heart will soon be freed from its weakness; but for those who have bestowed on me such undeserved affection, I feel most deeply. I know that my early death will almost break their hearts."

"You have done wrong in keeping all this from them," said her friends; "they must know it."

"I could not tell them," replied Mary—"I could not find strength to say to them that the weakness of my heart had cast them all their suffering and sorrow on my account; but if you think justice demands it tell it them for me."

When the old folks heard the story—how she had for their sakes, and for the honor of the religion which they had taught her, restrained from even encouraging his love—they expressed the deepest regret.

"Oh!" said the old lady, "why have you done so my child? We would not think of opposing you in any thing."

"How could I think of bringing disgrace upon these who have done so much for me?" inquired Mary. "I knew that he was unworthy, whom my foolish heart idolized, and that my life would only be made wretched by uniting my destiny with his."

"No," returned the kind friend, "had we entertained the most distant idea of all this, we would have taken him and rendered him worthy of your love. And perhaps it is not too late even now," continued she, as hope whispered that her life might yet be spared.

"It is too late to bring back my wasted

frame to health and vigor," replied Mary; "yet it might recall him to a sense of duty to know that his irregularities have caused so much sorrow."

The young man was accordingly invited to their house, and remained with them until Mary's departure, for it could hardly be called death which so gently anticipated her spirit. Her earnest exhortations, and a consciousness that a virtuous life might have won her for his partner, seem to give him new resolution and those who loved him for her sake believed that with her he might have lived a life of usefulness and propriety.

It was a beautiful Sabbath in early autumn that the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered to the church of which Mary was a member. At her request, the pastor, deacons, and a few of her neighbors and friends, repaired to her chamber after the close of the exercises at church, that she might once more commemorate on earth the dying love of the Saviour. Slowly and solemnly they wound their way through the beautiful valley skirted with woodland, through which peeped the bright waters of the quiet little lake spread out at their right hand; and at their left well cultivated farms and orchards bending with fruit; while almost before them lay a high hill, over whose summit they must climb before they would reach the dwelling of the departing girl. To a stranger the scene was one of beauty, but to all who knew what objects of familiar love all these had been to Mary and how soon her eyes would be closed for ever on all that she admired on earth, there was a voice of sublime sadness whispering in every breeze. Mary had counted the hours, and at last the minutes that would intervene before their arrival, and began to think that they had delayed coming, and she should depart without seeing the good pastor, and bidding him and other dear friends farewell.

"Why do they come so slowly?" asked she, "I fear I shall not be here when they arrive."

"There is no visible alteration in you, Mary," replied the youth who sat by her side, watching every indication of the approach of the fatal messenger. "I trust you will not so soon leave us as you imagine."

She shook her head, and then in a low voice said, "I shall not behold another day on earth," and then beckoned him to look over the wall.

"They are coming dearest," said he, "and will soon be here."

"Then my request is granted," said the dying girl. "My exit will be sweet and fearless."

With slow and measured tread they ascended to her room, as though the spirit had already winged its way to another and better land—Her pale face glowed as with unearthly brightness, and her voice was clear and unshaken, as supported on the bosom of a friend, she welcomed each by name, and expressed her pleasure at meeting them once more. The solemn scene, which in this chamber of sickness and suffering brought back to the heart the dying love of the Saviour, may be imagined but never described. When the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the Saviour had been received by the gentle sufferer, her young friend, joined in singing a hymn, and her sweet clear voice was heard among them as in other days. All were astonished at the fresh strength with which she moved her limbs and spoke, and a feeling that she was not thus to go, seemed spontaneously to govern all that her. She called each in turn to her bedside, spoke with rapture, and the prospect of meeting them in glory, received the blessing of her beloved pastor, and then calling to her the young man, whose weak erring course had cost her such bitter pain, she placed her hand in his and gently said—"Prepare to meet your Mary in Heaven." A shade passed over features like the flitting of a wild cloud before the sun, her eyes closed and all was over.

The hushed stillness of death was interrupted only by the suppressed sobs of those who loved and mourned the early departure of the gentle orphan. The last rays of the setting sun gilded

the distant hill tops, as the mourning group knelt round the couch of the departed, while the tremulous voice of the pastor led their humble supplications. And when they rose, the youth clasped the hand which her dying love had parted, and the gentle remonstrances of friends could scarcely persuade him to relinquish it. It seemed like surrendering the last tie that bound him in holy sympathy with his kind. Reluctantly did those foster parents consign the beautiful dust of their loved one to her last resting place, and tears of sympathy and deep regret bedewed many an eye that was moved to such gentle expressions of sorrow.

For her sake they loved and cherished the youth whom Mary once loved; but the strength of early habits, and the want of a controlling spirit, that could, under all circumstances, set upon his own, gradually diminished the impression which her death had made upon his heart, and in a few years he was the wretched husband of a miserable woman, who became the mother of three children.

And yet they could never give him up—"Whenever he came to their neighborhood they treated him as though he had been their own son, tried to cover his faults, and often repeated—'Had Mary lived he would not have been where he is!'"

As good as dead.—"Every man is as good as another and a great deal better," says Marble in one of his plays. This sentiment prevails, we judge, to a considerable extent, as may be inferred from the following.

On a evening of last week, a rough, jovial son of green Erin, with a somewhat bruised bloody forehead, presented himself at the door of a gentleman, and inquired if he was at home.

"Here's something for ye," said the gentleman, "and a good deal more." It being too dark to read the contents of the document, the gentleman inquired from whom it came, and his object.

"Why, the fact is, me wife's just dead, and we want a bit of a wake-over. Now I've got exactly a shillin', and I don't know what to do with it, and you were a pretty good fellow, and would give me a bit in the shape of a small consolation?"

The gentleman was much amused by the odd manner of the applicant, but as a wealthy Irish gentleman lived in the adjoining house, he inquired the increased value had made a mistake and called on the wrong person. It happened, however, that a wealthy countryman of the name of O'Connell, who would most likely unless his purse-string in his pocket.

"Oh!" said the petitioner, "that don't make any difference; I'd as soon have something from you as from him. I don't mind, and have an annual subscription. Give me anything you please, I'll not be offended for I think an American is just as good as an Irishman."

We believe that the applicant, in his object, and that his neighborhood recommended him to offer with the sweeping and well-to-do of the deceased husband.

—N. Y. Sunday Times.

ANECDOTE.

When Cincinnatus was wandering in the open of the desolate wilderness of North Carolina, he met a young lady, a grand daughter of the late General Washington, who was in the valley were not in favor of him. She replied we are no good demagogues for that, but says Cincinnatus, down in Cleveland all the girls are for me—why not long ago, there at Court, when a young lady was about to give her evidence in Court, the Bible being produced to her, she asked the lawyer if it would do as well for her to kiss the lawyer, for she would a great deal rather kiss the lawyer. "Yes, Mr. Cincinnatus," returned the spirited mountain girl, "I can tell you why—the 'd' didn't want to kiss the lawyer."—Columbian Castilian.

A gentleman traveling in Ireland a sharp quill was desirous of seeing some of the waddy relics belonging to a convent, and on being shown by a priest two apparently very old skulls and that of a child and the other seemingly of a grown person, asked to whom they belonged, when the priest replied, that the larger one was that of St. Patrick, and the smaller one that of the same saint, when a boy.

MARRIED LIFE.

There is much good sense and truth in the following sketch of married life, and the advantages and pleasure, moral and physically, which are connected with the wise and enabling institution of marriage. It is taken from a report of a lecture on *woman*, delivered in Philadelphia a few years since, by R. Morris—and will be read with profit by that every class of our species, known as old bachelors, or by voluntary old maids.

"Marriage is desirable and commendable in every point of view. In a national point of view it is indispensable. No nation can exist long and successfully that does not in the first place recognize the institution of marriage and in the second endeavor to observe the principles of that institution."

Marriage is calculated to improve all the relations of life. But for the link between the world of intemperance and guilt, how many of the patient and reformed would have plunged headlong into the abyss of darkness and despair. Even Byron, when speaking of the Corsair's love for Medea, makes consistency the redeeming virtue of his favor the hero:—

He died, and left his name to other times linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

But miserable indeed is the condition of two beings unhappily united, who live together in the constant practice of hypocrisy, or in perpetual discord. The heart does not light in the smile that plays upon the lips—the soul does not participate in the feelings that the tongue is compelled to counterfeits.

It is related of Cobbett, that though frequently called from home by business, he never in a solitary instance disappointed his wife as to the hour of his return. If all young men knew how much value women attach to the species of fidelity, there would be few unhappy couples in the world.

Well regulated marriages, though they increase the responsibilities of our condition seldom result but in an increase of prosperity and happiness. It is the condition intended for man by his Creator. A happy marriage—a union of feeling, of sentiment and of taste—is indeed the chief bliss that survives the grave. Blessed is the man that has a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled.

We conceive of no more heaven like state than this, embodied within the smile of a virtuous and happy family. There is nothing beneath the sky more ennobling to human nature than such a household—where mildness and virtue, kindness and love, industry and peace go hand in hand together. Where a contented and cheerful spirit chase away the gloom of the world, and religion, with her sweet lesson of philosophy, softens and purifies the heart. Where the head of the family is recognized and respected as such—and the greatest happiness within the circle is derived from his approving smile. Where the low, sweet voice of woman is a household word, and accents of gentleness and love, and the name of mother is never uttered unassociated with some endearing epithet. Such a family circle will be collected together under the influence of a happy marriage—a union of hearts as well as hands—the consecrated by pure and chaste affection—an engagement formed on earth, but sanctioned in Heaven. On such a union the angels who dwell in the bright shades of the best, most downward turn their spiritual eyes, and while they gaze with looks of interest and love, delight in and rejoice over the same.

A HINT TO LADIES.—T. Hood, in his new work, says:—It is a treat to see a Prodigy get into an omnibus. Of course she expects too good that is held out to her by male civility. It might give her a squeeze. Neither does she like the first vacant place; but looks for a seat, if possible, between an unbecomingly girl and an old woman.—In the mean time the omnibus moves on. Every totters, makes a snatch of civility's nose, or his neck, or anywhere, and missing her hold, rebounds to the other side of the vehicle, and plumps down in a strange gentleman's lap. True modesty would have escaped all these indecorums."

A REMARKABLE MAN.

At a Temperance Meeting held not long ago in Alabama, Col. Lemaonsky, who had been 23 years a soldier, in the armies of Napoleon Buonaparte, addressed the meeting. He rose before the audience, tall, erect and vigorous, with a glow of health upon his cheek and said:—

"You see before you a man 70 years old, I have fought 200 battles, have 14 wounds on my body, have lived 30 days on horse flesh with the bare of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, without stockings or shoes on my feet and with only a few rags for my clothing! In the desert of Egypt I have marched for days with a burning sun upon my naked head, feet blistered with the scorching sand, and with eyes nostrils and mouth filled with dust, and with a thirst so tormenting that I have opened the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood! Do you ask how I could have survived all these horrors? I answer, that under the providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigor to this fact, that I have never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life; and continued he, 'Biron Lorry, chief of the medical staff of the French army, has stated it is as a fact, that the 6000 survivors who safely returned from Egypt, were all of them who abstained from the use of ardent spirits.'"

Benjamin Franklin.—Paine's accounts, though small, are a good index of character. Let me look over my books, and I can tell you the character of every person whose name is there."

To which a cotemporary adds, "This is upon the principle that a man who is prompt and honest in small matters will also be in large ones. For he that would defraud an editor of a year's subscription, would steal a horse or rob a church, and deserves to be published among thieves and robbers." Hence the Printer's black list, which Dr. Franklin first invented.

A damsel in Byschire, Scotland, having two lovers, and not knowing which to prefer, settled the matter by marrying one and immediately eloping with the other.

Asa informs the Providence Gazette that there is a young woman in town so modest that she had a young man turned out of doors for saying 'the wind had shifted.'

A Western Editor excuses the lack of editorial by saying—that his better half compels him to stay at home and tend to the little one while she is round among the neighbors showing her new calico dress."

A biography of Rob spierre, which appeared in an Irish paper, concludes in the following manner:—This extraordinary man left no children behind him except a brother who was killed at the same time."

The Emigrating spirit of Americans.—"The Hon John Wentworth, of Illinois, himself an emigrant to that State from New Hampshire, in a late speech thus happily hit off the emigrating spirit of Americans:—

"He had a friend in Ohio, as long ago as was on the frontier. He had been moving and moving away from the borders of society, until he had reached the banks of the Mississippi, and was about to move again. He asked him his reason. He said it was the dying advice of his father, 'to keep twenty miles beyond law and opinion, and a doctor and lawyer were within fifteen miles, and he thought it time to go.'"

The editor of an exchange, in his contemplated improvements, promises to give the ladies something what'll tickle them just like a spider on a man's nose! We think it may be a novelty; for the comparison 'beats all nator.'

Making swain one flesh is supposed to mean, in modern parlance, the mixing of pig and puppy, in the manufacture of sausages.

"There's more in that fellow's head, Sam, than you think," said Dick of a sleepy looking fellow standing by; "That may be," said the other gravely, "but I always peeped he had 'em."