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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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SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN, A FEW DOORS BE-
LOW MARKET-STREET.

TERMS:

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SUSPENDED BROTHER.
Or, The Sign of Distress.

FR MRs. E. M. SEYMOUR.

The formation of a new Lodge in the town of M——, in one of our Western States, was quite an important event in its increasing history. The beautiful town had risen like magic on the borders of the lake. Enterprise and industry had combined to beautify and adorn it, and a spirit of enterprise and hope of gain, had drawn together men from all parts of the Union. Social feelings were nourished; strangers met here and became friends, and learned to love and trust each other. Such men in such a place are the very ones to become devoted to Odd Fellowship, and a flourishing Lodge was already there, and now the formation of another was quite an interesting event, at least to Odd Fellows and Odd Fellows' wives, and formed a theme of conversation in a small circle of ladies, who had met for a social chat at the house of Mrs. Hammond.

"No, no!" I shall never give my consent to my husband's becoming an Odd Fellow," exclaimed Mrs. Minor; "it would be signing the death warrant of my happiness."

"Nor I, either," responded Mrs. Jones—"although my husband is extremely anxious to join them, and is constantly repeating to me the benefits that would result from it."

"Benefits?" responded Mrs. Minor sneeringly; "what are a few dollars and cents compared with the happiness of a whole family?"

"The benefits might consist in the happiness of a whole family," replied Mrs. Danton, who till now had been a silent listener.

"Can the estrangement of a man's affections from his family add to their happiness?" inquired Mrs. Minor.

"Can the abuse of that time which ought to be spent in the bosom of his family, add to their happiness?" continued Mrs. Davis.

"I cannot believe that either of these effects would be the result of one's becoming an Odd Fellow, but rather the opposite," said Mrs. Hammond. "The tendency of Odd Fellowship is certainly to make men better—better husbands, better fathers, and better members of society."

"I am sure, it fails in its design, then," replied Mrs. Minor, "for it certainly has been the cause of a great many quarrels, and much unpleasant feeling between husbands and wives."

"It is not Odd Fellowship but the opposition to it, that is the cause of it, I am convinced," said Mrs. Danton.

"Well, I think it is entirely wrong for a man to have any secrets which he cannot reveal to his wife," pursued Mrs. Jones, "and a woman ought not tamely to submit to such an outrage of confidence."

"A woman who loves her husband," replied Mrs. Danton, "ought to have sufficient confidence in him, to feel that he would be guilty of nothing dishonorable either to himself or to his wife, and as for their secrets, I imagine that if they were revealed to us, we should be surprised at their littleness rather than their importance."

"Well, I do not believe in the necessity or utility of secret societies," said Mrs. Minor; "surely their is no necessity for guarded rooms and bolted doors, to deliberate on plans of benevolence and charity—if there object is a good one, why not publish it to the world?"

"Their own works praise them, and silent unostentatious deeds of charity and love, are their most eloquent defenders," said Mrs. Danton.

"Well, I do not believe in that benevolence which neglects one's own family to administer to others," said Mrs. Davis, "and I speak from sad experience. My husband, for years, has hardly spent an entire evening at home with his family, on account of the hurry of business; yet since he has become an Odd Fellow, he manages to devote an evening every week with them."

"And I doubt not, Mrs. Davis, in so doing he believes himself accomplishing more good for his family than he could in any other possible way," replied Mrs. Danton. "Fortune is a fickle goddess, and often deserts her votaries in the hour of their greatest need; and though you may be unable now to imagine that your circumstances will ever be less promising than at present, yet an hour of need may come to you, and assistance from an Odd Fellow's Lodge be most graciously received."

"Yes! I have known many such instances," said Mrs. Hammond, "and with your permission, ladies, I will relate a story which may perhaps serve to remove your prejudice of the order."

"Oh, yes!" they all exclaimed, "relate it to us, and we will try to be convinced."

Mrs. Hammond, directing a meaningful look to Mrs. Danton, commenced:

I had a dear friend, Ellen Clayton, she was a happy, merry creature, with a loving heart as ever beat in a human breast, and that heart with its rich store of love, she bestowed upon one every way worthy of her. In the eyes of Ellen her lover had but one fault—he was an Odd Fellow; and in her lover's eyes, Ellen had also one fault—her prejudice to Odd Fellowship; but each trusted in their love to win the other to their own views, and very little was said upon the subject before their marriage.

I never saw a more lovely couple than Henry Ashley and Ellen Clayton, when they stood up in the little village church and plighted to each other their youthful love; and when Ellen made us adieu to go with her husband to his new home, it seemed as if the gliding light in her happy face would never be shaded by aught of gloom or sorrow.

Mr. Ashley had established himself in Boston, where, by industry and economy he hoped to increase his little fortune to a happy competence. The pleasant little home he had provided for his bride, was beautiful, and rendered more pleasant by her many little arrangements, and the light of her happy face shed a brightness over all his home.

The first thing that shadowed the face of Ellen Ashley was, when several weeks after their marriage, her husband said to her one evening at tea, "My dear I believe I must leave you for the first time, this evening; you have held me such a close captive, that I have entirely neglected my Lodge since our marriage."

"Why, you will not surely leave me

alone, to pass the evening in a Lodge room?" said Ellen, seriously.

"My duty calls me there," replied her husband, kindly, "a duty which I have not neglected since I became a member, until our marriage: so you see that your charms have more power over me than ought else."

"But it seems they are now losing their power," said Ellen.

"Oh! no, indeed! but I trust, Ellen, you would not wish me to neglect a duty."

"Surely not, if I were convinced it was a duty."

"Oh! I had forgotten, Ellen, that you had a prejudice against our Order, so I will say no more about it now, for I am sure I can convince you in a short time, that your prejudices are misplaced. I shall not be out late Ellen, and be assured," said he, smiling, as he kissed her, "I shall get in no mischief in a Lodge room."

As soon as her husband had closed the door, Ellen burst into tears of mingled grief, disappointment and anger. She had a strong prejudice against Odd Fellowship; and instead of acting like a sensible woman, and endeavoring to remove the prejudice by reflecting that her husband would not be guilty of anything dishonorable to himself, and feel attached to an institution that had wrought worthy in its objects or designs, she allowed herself to feel that he was treating her unkindly, in thus leaving her, and that there could be nothing good in an institution whose members were not allowed to reveal to others their designs; and by the time her husband had returned, she had fairly made up her mind that Odd Fellowship was, and must be strong, and that she would be ever opposed to it.

Thus do women oftentimes bring unhappiness upon themselves, by determining not to be convinced of the truth and propriety of that which would result in their own best interest, to order to gratify a sickly sentimentality, or foster foolish sensitiveness, while they show by their own feelings, that themselves distrust that confidence, which they accuse their husbands of violating.

"Have you passed the evening pleasantly?" inquired Ellen, rather sarcastically, as her husband returned that evening.

"Yes, our meetings are always pleasant," replied Mr. Ashley, "and now, continue he smiling, "I must see myself to the business of making you the Odd Fellow's friend; it will not be a hard task, will it, Ellen?"

"Harder than you imagine, I presume," replied Ellen; "I am sure I never can be convinced that those actions are right, which are so carefully concealed."

"I assure you, Ellen, nothing is concealed, when it would be of the least importance to know."

"Then why conceal it?"

"It is necessary, to carry out our plans and avoid imposition."

"No, it is unnecessary to tell me that, Henry, so pray say no more about it. I am sure we can never agree upon that subject."

"It seems quite unnecessary and unfortunate, that we should disagree," replied Henry, sadly. "I am sure, Ellen, if you had seen as I have the good effects of Odd Fellowship, you would be its warmest champion."

"When I am convinced of its good effects, I will acknowledge it," replied Ellen.

That was the first unpleasant evening that had passed in the married life of my friend and her husband, he was deeply grieved that Ellen should be so strongly prejudiced against an institution which he valued so highly, and Ellen really felt herself a slighted woman.

In all other respects, my friend was a happy, cheerful and devoted wife. She was ardently attached to her husband; and on no other subject were they opposed, and her face even cheerful other times, was always cloudy when Lodge night returned; and at those times she never failed to express a strong opposition to the Order.

Notwithstanding this, Mr. Ashley continued for several months to attend his Lodge punctually; but he could not endure these stormy seasons, and this, added to the increasing pressure of his business, caused him to grow more and more delinquent; he neglected to pay his dues, and finally absented himself entirely from his Lodge. I was with feelings of real sorrow, that he had time received the notice of his suspension from his Lodge. He had been devotedly attached to it, and had felt that should misfortune at any time attend him, he would be sure of the same kindness and sympathy which he had ever shown to others; but his wife was a great deal happier now, and this he knew was in consequence of that which grieved him so much he therefore endeavored to feel reconciled to it.

Time passed on and fortune which had heretofore smiled on him, now began to show a changeable aspect. Business, ever fluctuating in this country, resulted in severe losses to him: misfortunes succeeded each other, and he finally decided to try a new field of labor. The West, with its broad lands and immense capabilities, opened pleasingly to his view, and he decided to remove thither. True to woman's nature, Ellen cheerfully bade her many friends adieu, and followed her husband to a land of strangers.

Unhappily the location which Mr. Ashley had decided upon, proved an unfavorable one, both in regard to fortune and health.

The investment of his money proved an unfavorable one; he saw his little means fast diminishing, his health too, seemed undermining, and he felt that he must seek a more favorable location, or poverty and sickness would reduce them to absolute want. They decided finally to remove to this place, and set out upon their journey, but Mr. Ashley continued to grow worse, and when they arrived, he found himself completely exhausted, and quite unable to make any arrangements for the future.

"What shall we do, Ellen?" he exclaimed in distress, "our means are almost entirely exhausted, and still I am growing worse, and you are worn out with fatigue and care."

"Think not of me," replied Ellen, "but I must send for a physician for you."

"No Ellen, we have actually no means of paying him, and I hope to recover without one."

"I must send for one," continued Ellen, "and perhaps we shall find in him a friend; so saying, she left the room, for she saw that her husband was in reality much worse. Fatigue and anxiety respecting their condition, had so excited him, that he was in a burning fever.

The kind Dr. Evelyn soon answered the call, and as he entered the room with Ellen, his benevolent face beamed so kindly upon the sick man, that in his excited feelings he involuntarily gave the sign of distress. The kind Dr. rushed forward and grasped his hand with a recognition so joyous that it brought a flood of tears in the eyes of the sick man.

Ellen was astonished. "What means this?" she inquired, "surely, you are not acquainted?"

"Yes we are," exclaimed the Dr. "we are brothers."

"Brothers?" repeated Ellen, still more astonished.

"Yes, Ellen," said her husband, "we have indeed found a friend, for the Dr. is an Odd Fellow."

"And your wife is wondering how we found each other out," said the Dr. "that is one of our secrets," said he smiling, as he turned to Ellen; "but I must now prescribe for my patient, for he is indeed hard sick."

After giving particular directions in re-

gard to the medicine, and requesting that his patient might be kept perfectly quiet, he rose to leave, and said kindly to my friend, "I might have known it was really true, I might your husband needs constant care through the night; you are too much fatigued to watch with him—I am now going to the Lodge, and will bring a couple of brothers to watch with him."

Ellen could not speak she was overcome with surprise, and a thousand varying emotions.

"Ellen, we shall indeed be cared for now," said Mr. Ashley, as the Dr. left the room. "I feel that we shall receive kindness here, although from being a suspended member of the Order, I have no rightful claim to their assistance."

An undefinable feeling that she had done the Order injustice, now possessed Ellen, but she could give no utterance to it, and she begged her husband to compose himself and keep perfectly calm.

Anxiously did she watch every varying shade of his countenance that evening, and earnestly did her thoughts rise for a blessing upon him.

Soon after nine, the Dr. re-entered the room with two gentlemen, whom he introduced as brothers who would watch with Mr. Ashley that night.

Again and again did Mr. Ashley return the warm grasp of a brother's hand—then turning Dr. Evelyn, he said "I must now explain to you my situation." He then told them of his former connection with a Lodge in Boston, of his attachment to the Order, and that in consequence of his neglect he was then and had been for some time, a suspended member—he had not claimed upon their kindness.

"Say no more," they replied, "we all understand your feelings—and now you must endeavor to go to sleep."

Notwithstanding what had passed, Ellen could not feel willing to leave her husband in the hands of strangers through the night; but when she saw their tender kindness and watchfulness, she retired to sleep feeling confident that her husband was in faithful keeping, and that she could safely trust him while she slept.

Day after day of lingering fever, did the kind Dr. and some one of his friends call and administer to the comforts of her husband—and every night did one or more watch him and all was done in such a kind and unobtrusive manner that it completely won Ellen's heart—and she confessed to the Dr. all her former prejudice to the Order—and that it was her opposition that caused her husband to neglect his Lodge.

"Well, well" the doctor would say "you must now make amends and become the Odd Fellows' champion and make converts of those foolish women. They will all be some Odd Fellows or Odd Fellows' wives by and by."

Henry at last recovered—and the day he first left his room Dr. Evelyn came in and said "I have come to give you a little ride, but first I wish you to examine this package while I chat a little with your wife."

The first paper Henry opened, was a letter and card from his own Lodge re-instating him a member—which had been procured through the influence of Dr. Evelyn—the next was a receipted bill of their landlord and the last a loan from several of the brothers who had so kindly attended him through his sickness.

Mr. Ashley was completely overcome and grasping the Dr's hand he in vain made an effort to speak.

"Come, come," said the Dr. "put on your hat and cloak and come and take a ride with me I want to talk with you a little." The Dr. then told him of a plan which his friends had formed for him—it was for him to embrace a favorable opportunity there then was to enter a profitable business. This was a flourishing little town and I have no doubt you will be successful.

It is unnecessary to add, that Mr. Ashley eagerly embraced such a favorable opportunity, and that he again became an active Odd Fellow, and that Ellen now acknowledged herself convinced of the good effects of Odd Fellowship, and became a zealous advocate and defender of the Order. And now ladies how do you like my story? inquired Mrs. Hammond.

It sounds very much like several fictions that I have read," replied Mrs. Minor, "nor, if I knew it was really true, I might perhaps change my opinion somewhat."

"Well, I will vouch for the truth of all, except the names, for I have told you the story as my friend has often told it to me. Mrs. Ashley must now speak for herself Mrs. Ashley, ladies—alms Mrs. Danton!"

All turned to Mrs. Danton, in surprise, who confessed herself the heroine of the story and assured them of its truth; "and you will not wonder now at my warm defence of Odd Fellowship. I have, I hope, atoned in some measure for my past injustice to the Order, and opposition to my husband's feelings; and what say you ladies, to your husband's becoming Odd Fellows?"

"Mine shall become one," exclaimed several voices at once, "if I have any influence over him."

It is unnecessary to add that the flourishing little Lodge in M——, received at its next meeting several new names as applicants for membership, and I have since heard that the wives of these new members make it their duty to see and know themselves, that their husbands attend all the meetings of their Lodge and regularly pay their dues.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, under the date of Dec 7, gives the following humorous description of the members of the U. S. Senate, then presents in their seats.

Forty-one Senators present to wit—
Mr. Allen, tall and straight as Old Hickory.
Mr. Archer, just as tall, but slightly slimmer.
Mr. Atchison, pretty much of the same sort.
Mr. Atherton, about half the altitude.
Mr. Barrow, a solid, substantial planter.
Mr. Benton, "I am Sir Oracle."
Mr. Bigby, who has the reverend appearance of a priest.
Mr. Breese who looks like him not in the least.
Mr. Calhoun, the eagle-eyed.
Mr. J. M. Clayton, the resurrectionist of '42.
Mr. Cass, a heavy edition of Ben Franklin.
Mr. Chalmers, a little package neatly done up.
Mr. Cilley, weather beaten, like an old sailor.
Mr. T. Clayton, the silent man.
Mr. Colquitt, the exhorter.
Mr. Corwin the dark skinned wagoner.
Mr. Crittenden, the blade with two edges.
Mr. Davis the man of the last word.
Mr. Dickson the antagonist of Webster. Ready for another fight.
Mr. Dix no man's adversary; but equal to the best.
Mr. Evans with his figures glaring in his eyes.
Mr. Fairfield a little of a dyspeptic weak.
Mr. Huntington decidedly stolid.
Mr. Jarnigan looking pretty well recuperated.
Mr. Johnson of La., a very good natured man.
Mr. Lewis the powerful, and the ponderous 510.
Mr. Magnuson the superb.
Mr. Miller a quiet little black eyed personage.
Mr. Perce a hearty specimen of a good conscience.
Mr. Pennybacker solemn as a copy of Blackstone.
Mr. Phelps taking a little more snuff.
Mr. Sample reading over Galt's report on Oregon.
Mr. Sevier laughing and growing fat as usual.
Mr. Speight with an eye to business.
Mr. Sturgeon fixed as if for a nap.
Mr. Turney looking curiously around as if something was wrong.
Mr. Upham satisfied no matter how it goes.
Mr. Webster looking out like a thunder cloud.
Mr. Westcott eyeing the Vice President as if to say it won't do Mr. Tyler.
Mr. Woodbridge a clear headed inefficient elderly gentleman.
Mr. Yuleo pleasant as the sunshine.
And there comes Mr. Jones our elegant man with a silver full suit of gray.
Add to these the Vice President with his snowy hair and take them all together you have a body of men indicative of the intellect and hard labor and severe study of sturdy patriots.