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POETRY.

From the Ladies Companion.
THE STAR.
BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"What thou wast, my fancy made thee,
What thou art, I know too late."—Byron.
A star is beaming through that cloud,
That dark and gloomy cloud,
Like a good heart that yields not,
When sorrows nearest crowd.
In soft and mellow radiance falls,
Down to each leaf and flower,
Which thy kind hand, my gentle friend,
Has lavished on this bower.

There pale and all alone it shines,
In the autumnal sky;
A world, a paradise perchance,
But still a mystery;
And here in this chosen rest,
Through the lone, still night,
I ponder with a thrill of awe,
Upon that world of light.

When death shall come with icy grasp,
As come full soon he will;
When this full heart, with all its faults,
Is lying cold and still;
When the damp green sod is over me,
And friends forgetful are,
Then wilt thou come, my gentle friend,
And gaze upon that star!

Come with thy pure and holy thoughts,
To this sweet place of flowers,
And think of her whose home will be
In the eternal bowers
Of that pale star, which shineth out,
So beautiful and lone,
Like the radiance of a yew's lamp,
Above an altar-stone.

A prayer is stealing from my heart—
A sad and mournful prayer—
That when God calls my spirit hence,
Its haven may be there,
With tuneful birds, and leafy trees,
And flowers of sunny birth,
And those dear friends, my heart has loved
So fervently on earth.

Deprived of these, that fair, bright world
Would be no place of bliss.
My heart would turn with lingering love
To those it left in this.

THE THUNDER STORM.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

I was never a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes, either of human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with an eye of daring. I have stood in the front of battle, when words were gleaming and circling round me like fiery serpents of the air—I have set on the mountain pinnacle, when the whistling wind was rending its oaks from their rocky clefts and scattering them piecemeal to the clouds. I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not, of danger—but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness; I have called pride to my aid; I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy; but all in vain: at the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shivers, quivers and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a child of ten years. I had a little cousin, a girl of the same age with myself, who was the constant companion of my childhood. Strange, that, after the lapse of almost a score of years, that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can still see the bright, young creature, her large eyes flashing like a beautiful gem; her free locks streaming as in joy upon the sunny gale; and her cheeks glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and the joyousness of a bird's, and, when she bounded over the wooded hill or the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her little hands in the very ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going off where all were beautiful and happy like her.

It was morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer more beautiful and still.

Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censer of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters of the bay had forgot their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow, and the dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed a cloud of roses scattered down by the hand of a Peri from the far off gardens of paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay abroad in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear sweet voice came ringing upon the ear as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wandering. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility continued until nearly noon. Then for the first time the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest. Over the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and at the same instant, a hollow roar came down the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a bannerfold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm and the leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As we only resort we had to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and rugged precipice. There we remained and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshalling themselves like the bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful that the young creature who stood by me shut her eyes convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break. A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl silently raised her finger to the precipice that towered above us. As I looked up, an amethystine flame was quivering upon its gray peak, and the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown, I know not

whether, how long I remained insensible I can not tell; but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds was dying in the distant tree tops, and the deep tones of the clouds were coming in faint and fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

I rose and looked trembling and almost deliriously around me. She was there, the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out upon the wet ground, her eyes closed, her face pale, her hands clasped upon her bosom, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of death had been. At first I leaped to my feet with a cry of agony—and then I laid her down and gazed into her face, almost with a feeling of calmness. Her bright diaphanous ringlets clustered sweetly round her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and an infant smile was pictured beautifully there, the red rose tinge upon her cheek was as lovely as in life; and as I pressed it to my own, the fountain of tears was opened, and I wept as if my head were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed. I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming of twilight, and that I was then taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by upon their wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed, still come over me at times with terrible distinctness. The old oak stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead; and its hollow trunk, looking upward to the sky as if "calling to the clouds for drink," is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. A year ago I visited the spot, and the thoughts of by-gone years came mournfully back to me—thoughts of the little innocent being, who fell by my side, like some beautiful tree of spring rent up by the whirlwinds in the midst of its blossoming. But I remembered, and oh there was joy in the memory, that she had gone where no lightning's thunder in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sun-lit waters are never broken by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

MR. VAN BUREN AND THE LATE WAR.

If there is any thing upon which the organ of the Whig party have expended more falsehood and misrepresentation than another, it is in relation to the course pursued by Mr. Van Buren during the late war. And more particularly has this been the case in the West and the South West, where it is supposed that the people are to a great extent, ignorant of that course. We perceive by a late number of the Cincinnati Republican, the subject has again been revived, with the same unscrupulous disregard of truth and honesty as heretofore. Mr Van Buren is represented to have been an enemy to the war, and to the administration of Mr Madison. So far from this being the fact, he was one of the most decided, enthusiastic and powerful advocates of an appeal to arms in support of our invaded rights. It was by his aid, that the patriot Tompkins was enabled to bring the great State of New York to the support of the General Government, when its arm was almost paralyzed by the federalists of New England, and by Webster and his associates in Congress. It was in this dark hour—in the campaign of 1813, when the federal party controlled the popular branch of the N. Y. Legislature being thereby enabled to thwart all the measures of the Governor and Senate, [of which Mr. Van Buren was a member] that he drafted a powerful address to the people of that State of which the following are extracts:—M. Courier.

"FELLOW CITIZENS:—It is not to the arbitrary mandates of despotic power, that your submission is demanded; it is not to the seductive wiles and artful blandishments of the corrupt minions of aristocracy, that your attention is called, but to an expression and discussion of the wishes and feelings of your representatives.

You are invited to listen, with calmness and impartiality, to the sentiments and opinions of men who claim no right superior to yours—who claim no authority to address you save that of custom—who would scorn to obtain the coincidence of your opinion by force or stratagem, and who seek no influence with you, except that which arises from conscious rectitude, from a community of hopes and fears, of rights and of interests.

In making this appeal, which is sanctioned by usage, and the necessity of which is rendered imperative by the situation of our common country, we feel it to be our duty, as it is our wish, to speak to you in the language which alone becomes freemen to use—the language to which alone it becomes freemen to listen, the language of truth and sincerity; to speak to you of things as they are, and as they should be; to speak to you with unrestrained freedom of your rights and your duties; and if, by so doing we shall be so fortunate as to convince you of the correctness of the opinions we hold, to communicate to you the anxious solicitude we feel for our country and its rights, to turn your attention from the minor considerations which have hitherto divided, distracted, and disgraced the American

people, and to direct exclusively to the contemplation and support of your national honor and national interests, our first and only object will be attained.

That tempest of passion and of lawless violence which has hitherto almost exclusively raged in the old world, which has ravaged the fairest portions of the earth, and caused her sons to drink deep of the cup of human misery—not satiated by the myriads of victims which have been sacrificed at its shrine, has reached our hitherto peaceful shores. After years of forbearance, in despite of concessions without number, and, we had almost said, without limitation, that cruel and unrelenting spirit of oppression and injustice which has for centuries characterized the spirit of the British Cabinet, overwhelmed nation after nation, and caused humanity to shed tears of blood, has involved us in war, on the termination of which are staked the present honor and the future welfare of America.

While thus engaged in an arduous and interesting struggle with the open enemies of our land from without, the formation of our Government requires that you should exercise the elective franchise, a right which in every other country has been destroyed by the ruthless hand of power, or blasted by the unhallowed touch of corruption; but which by the blessings of a munificent Providence, has as yet been preserved to you in its purity.

The selection of your most important functionaries is at hand. In a Government like ours, where all power and sovereignty rests with the people, the exercise of this right, and the consequent expression of public interest and public feeling, is on ordinary occasions a matter of deep concern; but at a period like the present, of vital importance; to satisfy you of that importance, and to advise you in its exercise, is the object of this address.

Fellow citizens: Your country is at war, and Great Britain is her enemy. Indulge us in a brief examination of the causes which have led to it; and brief as from the necessary limits of an address it must be, we yet hope it will be found sufficient to convince every honest man of the high justice and indispensable necessity of the attitude which our Government has taken; of the sacred duty of every real American to support it in that attitude, and of the partial views of those who refuse to do so.

[Here follows an eloquent summary of the causes which led to the war—the preliminary efforts, the embargo, non intercourse, &c., to induce the belligerent nations to do us justice, without a resort to that alternative, and of the series of aggressions on the part of Great Britain, which rendered it in the language of the address, a measure of "high justice and indispensable necessity."]—

By this last act [the disavowal by the British Government of the arrangements with Mr. Erskine, and the formal renunciation, by that Government, of the orders in council] the doors of conciliation were effectually closed. The American people; a people rich in resources, possessed of a high sense of national honor, the only free people on earth—had resolved in the face of an observing world, that those orders were a direct attack upon their sovereignty; that a submission to them involved a surrender of their independence—and a solemn determination to adhere to them was officially declared by the ruler of the British nation. Thus situated, what was your Government to do? Was there room for doubt or hesitation as to the hostile views of England? No. Let such doubts might prevent a rupture, to acts of violent injustice, were continually added acts of the most oppressive insult. While the formal relations of amity remained yet unbroken, while peace was yet supposed to exist, an unprovoked attack is made upon one of your national ships, and several American citizens basely and cowardly murdered. At the moment your feelings were at the highest pitch of irritation in consequence of the perfidious disavowal of Erskine's agreement, a Minister is sent, not to minister to your rights, not to extenuate the conduct of his predecessor, but to beard your executives to add insult to injury, and to fling contempt and reproach in the face of the Executive of the American nation in the presence of the American people.

To cap the climax of her iniquity; to fill up the measure of her wrongs; she resolved to persist in another measure, surpassed by none in flagrant enormity, a measure which of itself was adequate cause of war; a measure which had excited the liveliest solicitude, and received the unremitting attention of every Administration of our Government, from the time of Washington to the present day; the wicked—the odious, and detestable practice of impressing American seamen into her service; of entombing our sons within the walls of her ships of war; compelling them to waste their lives and spill their blood in the service of a foreign government; a practice

which subjected every brave American to the violence and petty tyranny of a British midshipman, and many of them to a life of the most galling servitude; a practice which can never be submitted to by a nation professing claims to freedom; which never can be acquiesced in by Government without rescinding the great article of our safety, the RECIPROCITY OF OBEDIENCE AND PROTECTION BETWEEN THE RULERS AND THE RULED.

Under such accumulated circumstances of insult and injury, we ask again, what was our Government to do? We put the question not "to that faction which misrepresents the government to the people, and the people to the Government; traduces one half of the nation to cajole the other; and by keeping up distrust and division, wishes to become the proud arbiter of the fortune and fate of America"—not to them, but to every sound head and sound heart in the nation it is that we put the question. What was your Government to do? Was she basely and ingloriously to abandon the rights for which you and your fathers had fought and bled? Was she so early to cower to the nation who had sought to strangle us in our infancy and who has never ceased to retard our approach to manhood? No, we will not for a moment doubt that every man who is in truth and fact an American will say that WAR, and WAR ALONE, was our only refuge from national degradation; our only course to national prosperity.

Fellow citizens, throughout the whole period of the political struggles, which if they have not absolutely disgraced, have certainly not exalted, our character, no remark was more common; no expectation more cheerfully indulged in, than that those severe and malevolent intentions would only be sustained in time of peace; that when the country should be involved in war, every wish, and every sentiment would be exclusively American. But unfortunately for our country, those reasonable expectations have not been realized, notwithstanding every one knows, that the power of declaring war, and the duty of supporting it belong to the General Government; notwithstanding that the constitutional remedy for the removal of the men to whom this power is thus delegated, has recently been afforded; notwithstanding the re-election of the same President, by whom this war was commenced, and a majority of Representatives, whose estimate of our rights, and whose views are similar to those who first declared it; men who, by the provisions of the Constitution, must retain their respective stations for a period of such duration as precludes a continued opposition of their measures without a complete destruction of our national interest—an opposition at once unceasing and malignant, is still continued to every measure of the Administration.

"Fellow citizens, these things will not do.—They are intrinsically wrong; your country has engaged in a war in the last degree unavoidable; it is not waged to the destruction of the rights of others; but in defence of our own; it is therefore your bounden duty to support her. You should lay down the character of partisans, and become patriots, for, in every country, war becomes an occasional duty, though it ought never to be made an occupation. Every man should become a soldier, in defence of his right; no man ought to continue a soldier for offending the rights of others.—In despite of truth so self-evident, of incentives to a vigorous support of Government so pressing, we yet have to deplore the existence of a faction in the bosom of our land whose perseverance and industry are exceeded only by their intractability; who seek through every avenue to mislead your judgement, and to enflame your passions.

When your Government pursues a pacific policy, it becomes the object of their scorn and derision; the want of energy in your rulers is decrified, as a matter of alarming consideration; the injuries of your country are admitted, & the fact is triumphantly alleged that 'the Administration cannot be kicked into a war.' When they are impelled to a forcible vindication of our rights, the cry of enmity to peace, of a wish to war with England to serve France, is immediately resounded through the land.—When war is declared, public opinion is sought to be prejudiced against the measure, as evincing a disposition unnecessarily to shed your blood, and waste your treasures. When it is discovered that the declaration is accompanied with a proposition a just and equitable proposition to the enemy, on which hostilities may cease and peace be restored, that proposition is derided as evidence of the most disgraceful pusillanimity. No falsehood is considered too glaring, no misrepresentation too flagitious, to impose on your credulity, and seduce your affections from your native land.

Let general allegations might fail to effect their unholy purposes, and consummate their dark designs, specific

charges are restored to calumnies which have again and again met the detestation brought forward, now dressed, and with new authorities to give them credence with you. Among the most prominent of those charges is that of enmity to commerce as the part of the Republican Administration. Never was there a calumny more wicked. Enmity to commerce! We ask, and we ask emphatically, where is the evidence of it? What is the basis on which they rest their claim to public confidence? It is that the Administration is engaged in a war which they claim to be unpopular. What are the causes for which this war is waged, and which have hitherto embroiled us with the nations of Europe? They are the violation of our commercial rights, and the impressment of our seamen! The Administration, then are jeopardizing their interests with the people; they brave all dangers, for the maintenance and support of our commercial rights; and yet they are the enemies of commerce! Can such base sophistry, such contemptible nonsense, impose on the credulity, or pervert the understanding, of a single honest man?

But to crown this picture of folly and of mischief, they approach you under a garb which at once evinces their contempt for your understanding, and their total want of confidence in your patriotism; under a garb which should receive the most distinct marks of your detestation; they are "the friends of peace." While our enemies are waging against us a cruel and bloody war, they cry "peace." While our western wilds are whitening with the bones of our murdered women and children—while their blood is yet trickling down the walls of their former habitations—while the Indian war whoop and the British drum are in unison saluting the ears, & the British dagger and the Indian tomahawk suspended over the heads of our citizens—at such a time, when the soul of every man who has sensibility to feel his country's wrongs, and spirit to defend her rights, should be in arms—it is that they cry "peace!" While the brave American tar, the intrepid defender of our rights, and the redeemer of our national character, the present boast and future honor of our land, is impressed by force into a service he detests, which compels a brother's blood; while he is yet "tossing upon the surface of the ocean," and mingling his groans with those tempests, less savage than his persecutors, that wait him to a returnless distance from his family and his home—it is at such a period, when there is no peace, when there can be no peace, without sacrificing every thing valuable, that our feelings are insulted, the public arm paralyzed, and the public ear stunned, by the dastardly and incessant cry of PEACE! What fellow-citizens, must be the opinion which they entertain of you, who thus assail you? Can any man be so stupid as not to perceive that it is an appeal to your fears, to your avarice, and to all the baser passions which actuate the human heart! that it is approaching you in the manner in which alone those puny politicians who buzz about you, and thicken the political atmosphere, say you are accessible, through your fears and your pockets! Can any American citizen be so profligate as not to spurn indignantly the base libel upon his character?

Suffer yourselves not to be deceived by the pretence, that because Great Britain has been forced by her subjects to make a qualified repeal of her orders, our Government ought to abandon her ground. That ground was taken to resist two great and crying grievances, the destruction of our commerce and the impressment of our seamen. The latter is the most important, in proportion as we prefer the liberty and lives of our citizens to their property. Distrust, therefore, the man who could advise your Government, at any time, and more especially at this time; when your brave sailors are exciting the admiration, and forcing the respect of an astonished world, when their deeds of heroic valor make old ocean smile at the humiliation of her ancient tyrant—at such a time, we say again, mark the man who would countenance Government in COMMUNING OUR SAILOR'S RIGHTS FOR THE SAFETY OF OUR MERCHANTS' GOODS.

The address concluded with the following eloquent appeal to the patriotism of the people of New York:

"Fellow citizens—In the result of our elections during the continuance of war, these important considerations are involved, the question of—WHO IS FOR HIS COUNTRY OR AGAINST HIS COUNTRY—must now be tried; the eyes of Europe are directed toward us, the efficacy of our mild and whole some form of Government is put to the test. To the polls, then and by a united and vigorous support for the candidate we submit to you, discharge the great duty you owe to your country; preserve for your posterity the rich inheritance which has been left you by your ancestors—that future ages may

triumphantly point to the course you pursued on this occasion, and evince that time had not as yet extinguished that spirit which actuated the heroes of Breedsville and Yorktown, of those who fell at Camden, and those who conquered on the plain of Saratoga."

Of the effects of this appeal to the people, the Washington Globe justly observes:

This noble appeal was not made in vain. The Patriot Tompkins was elected Governor in April, 1813, by a majority of 3,500. The Assembly now ever continued in the hands of the federalists, by a majority of eight members. This enabled them to control all the civil appointments, extending to sheriffs and clerks of counties as justices of the peace. This power in the hands of those who were opposed to the war, together with the negative of the assembly upon all laws designed to give energy to its prosecution, afforded the opposition the means of greatly crippling the operations of Governor Tompkins, and of thwarting all salutary measures brought forward by a Republican Senate, and consequently embarrassing the National Administration.

In this state of things, Governor Tompkins, with a devotion to his country which has few parallels, assumed a responsibility beyond the law; and with the whole official power in active exercise against him, called out the resources of the State, and almost single handed, protected our frontiers, saved the honor of the State, and shielded its character from the blighting influence of the Hartford Convention. The Senate alone in which Mr Van Buren, by his great talents and devoted patriotism had been placed on commanding ground remained faithful to Tompkins, and to the country at this eventful period.

And who will dare to assert before an enlightened community, that Mr. Van Buren was opposed to the war? None but the leaders of that faction whose weapons are fraud and falsehood, who rely upon deception and intrigue to effect their objects. But they will fail. The history of our country cannot be annihilated, and upon its pages, in characters bold and prominent, will be found an ample refutation of all their calumnies. His services during the war in combating the hosts of federalism; in enabling Governor Tompkins to take the field with the effective force and resources of the Empire State, were ten times more valuable to the country, than the feeble and inefficient movements of the Hero of North Bend. And to this sentiment all will respond.

THE HARD TIMES.—The Savannah Telegraph states that the young ladies of that State who sue for breach of promise cases complain that they don't get half as much awarded them as formerly, when the times were brisk and money plenty. One young lady in particular, who follows the business of suing young men for a living, says she cannot make it an object to carry it on any longer.

DELICATE COMPLIMENT.—A young lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him, the only objection she had to the union with him was the probability of his dying before her to feel the sorrows of widowhood; to which he made the following ingenious reply:—Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled.—Eccl. xxx. 1.

A notorious punster, limping into a room with a long face that seemed to look for sympathy and condolence, was asked what ailed him? "I am a small garret." Why I am a little rheumatic." (room attic.)

A CANDID AVOWAL.—A popular preacher in one of the city churches was lately sketching the character of a sinner with great force and eloquence, and concluded by asking—Is there here such a character? A person rose from his pew, and addressing himself to the minister, said emphatically—"I am that man."

A poor Irishman applied to a magistrate for detaining a bundle of clothes. When the summons was filling up, the man replied to a question from the clerk. "What is the man's name that keeps your bundle?" "He's a woman, please your honor!"

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know justly how to appreciate their value. There are men however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

Genius is a spark that addition too often puffs out, emulation can only kindle it into a flame.

Sense and beauty, like truth and novelty, are rarely combined.

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding. The civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

Friendship should be a mirror and a veil to show us our faults, at the same time that it coals them from others.

An uncultivated mind, like unmanured ground, will soon be overrun with weeds.