

# THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

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## TERMS:

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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.

## POETRY.

### WHITE SLAVERY.

The following beautiful and touching lines cannot be read without a thrilling sensation passing through the frame. Who that looks over the fair, vast fields of our beloved America, can contemplate with indifference, grasping and insatiable avarice erecting extensive prison houses over the land, and occupying every waterfall with them, where millions of our youth are to be inhumed, through a short and wretched existence, with the lash of a hardened task master ever suspended over a helpless victim. Let our anxious and charitable Abolitionists look to the thousands who are suffering by the factory system, before they turn their eyes to the happy and well-fed blacks of the south, who enjoy every blessing of liberty but the name.

Old Dominion.

From an English paper.

### 'TIS TIME,

OR, THE LITTLE FACTORY GIRL.

'Twas on a winter's morning,  
The weather was wet and wild,  
Three hours before the dawning  
The father roused his child;  
Her daily morsel bringing,  
The darksome room he paced,  
And cried, "The bell is ringing;  
My hapless darling taste."

"Father, I'm up, but weary;  
I scarce can reach the door;  
And long the way and dreary;  
Oh, carry me once more!  
To help us we've no mother,  
And you have no employ;  
They killed my little brother—  
Like him I'll work and die!"

Her wasted form seemed nothing;  
The load was at his heart;  
The sufferer he kept soothing,  
Till at the mill they part.  
The overlooker met her,  
As to her frame she crept,  
And with his thong he beat her;  
And cursed her as she wept.

Alas! what hours of horror,  
Made up her latest day;  
In toil, and pain and sorrow,  
They slowly passed away;  
It seemed, as she grew weaker;  
The threads they oftener broke;  
The rapid wheel run quicker,  
And heavier fell the stroke.

The sun had long descended,  
But night brought no repose;  
Her day began and ended,  
As cruel tyrants chose.  
At length a little neighbor,  
Her halfpenny she paid,  
To take her last hour's labor,  
While by her frame she laid.

At last, the engine ceasing,  
The captives homeward rushed;  
She thought her strength increasing—  
'Twas hope her spirits flushed;  
She left, but oft she tarried;  
She fell, and rose no more,  
Till by her comrades carried,  
She reached her father's door.

At night, with tortured feeling,  
He watched his speechless child,

Whilst close beside her kneeling,  
She knew him not, nor smiled;  
Again, the factory's ringing,  
Her lost perception tried;  
When, from her straw bed springing,  
" 'Tis time!" she said—and died.

### A History of the most Remarkable Extremities of Cold within the space of a Thousand Years.

In A. D. 401, the Black Sea was entirely frozen over.

In 462, the Danube was frozen so that Thredmare marched on the ice to Swabia to avenge his brother's death.

In 762, the cold was so intense that the straits of Dardanelles and the Black Sea were entirely frozen over. The snow in some places drifted to the depth of 50 feet, and the ice was heaped in such quantities in the cities, as to cause the walls to fall down.

In 790, the Adriatic was entirely frozen over.

In 891, and also in 893, the vines were killed by the frost, and the cattle died in their stalls.

In 991, the winter lasted very long, and was extremely severe. Every thing was frozen, and famine and pestilence closed the year.

In 1067, the cold was so intense that most of the travellers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads.

In 1133, it was excessively cold in Italy; the Po was frozen from Cromona to the sea; the heaps of snow rendered the roads impassable; the wine casks burst, and the trees split by the frost with an immense noise.

In 1216, the river Po froze to the depth of 15 ells, and wine also burst the casks.

In 1234, a pine forest was killed by the frost at Ravenna.

In 1236, the frost was most intense in Scotland, and the Gategat was frozen between Norway and Jutland.

In 1282, the houses in Austria, were buried with snow.

In 1292, the Rhine was frozen, and in Germany 600 persons were employed to clear the way for the Austrian army.

In 1344, all the rivets in Italy were frozen over.

In 1584, the winter was so severe that the Rhine and Scheldt were frozen over, and even the sea at Venice.

In 1608, the winter was so severe in Flanders, that the wine was cut with hatchets to be distributed among the soldiery.

In 1670, the frost was very intense in England and Denmark, both the Little and Great Belt were frozen over.

In 1684, many forest trees, and even the oaks in England were split by the frost.

In 1692, the cold was so excessive that the starved wolves entered Vienna and attacked both men and cattle.

The cold of 1740, was scarcely inferior to that of 1692; and the Zayder Dee was entirely frozen over.

In 1776, much snow fell, and the Danube bore ice five feet thick below Vienna.

*Something Slick.*—As a train of cars was passing along one of the rail roads, a few days since, under full headway, the engineer observed an old woman running towards the train from a house he was about passing, waving her hands and exhibiting great anxiety lest the train should go by without stopping. Supposing that her errand was important, he checked the locomotive, and moved slowly along, until the old lady who had run herself nearly out of breath, gradually approached within hailing distance. "Well marm," cried the conductor, "what do you want?" "I want," replied the dame, screeching at the top of her voice, "I want to know if you want to buy any spashes!" The way the steam was put on the locomotive for the next five miles, was a caution to land turtles.

"Hold your jaw," as the fishing hook said to the trout ven he was dangling over it in a pool of water:

From the Lady's Book.

### THE FATE OF A COQUETTE.

BY J. JONES.

Where now stands a superb edifice, there was once a neat little two story building, in the then suburbs of the city. It stood some thirty paces back from the street, and in front was a most beautiful yard abounding with a great variety shrubbery and flowers. A widow in moderate circumstances lived there, who entertained a few boarders. She had but one child, a blue eyed daughter of fifteen. Emma Murray had imbibed the meekness of her mother, and all her acts were characterized by graceful moderation. She was passionately fond of her birds; and every sunny morning, she might be seen placing the green wire cage in her chamber window, from whence sweet carols emanated, inspiring an enlivening joy for the one that left his early couch in time to wander among the blooming lilacs and geraniums beneath, whilst the fresh dew of morn yet rested on them.

At the time spoken of, there were the boarders, the two Miss Turley's, Henry Walton and Jaques Pearson. Miss Anne Turley was an old maid, very neat in her apparel, perhaps more particularly so, than when she was not old; she possessed a somewhat haughty disposition and irritable temper. Her sister, Melinda, was only sixteen exquisitely beautiful, and full of romance. The parents of the Miss Turley's resided in the country, and had sent the latter to the city to complete her education, and thither Miss Anne accompanied her for protection. The spinster herself feared not to face the fortune hunting adventurer; and if perchance she smiled on such a visitor, it must certainly have been in derision, for she constantly warned the unsuspecting Melinda to heed not the flatteries of strange young gentlemen; however prepossessing might be their exterior.

Henry Walton was an orphan, but protected by a childless, affluent uncle. He was about nineteen years of age, and was studying one of the learned professions.—Jaques Pearson was a tall handsome man, perhaps thirty; possessed of many accomplishments, he was a general favorite with the ladies. His reputed fortune vested in the stocks detracted nothing from his other qualifications in the eyes of Miss Anne.—This she whispered to her sister.

It happened ere long that Jaques whispered his flatteries to Melinda, and received smiles in return. But he was not the only one that had her smiles, for he was not the only one that flattered. At length every evening brought a crowd of admirers, that hung in admiration over the charming Melinda, whilst her delicate fingers, as white as the ivory they swept over, elicited the thrilling tones of the piano. Her voice, which was fine, was extravagantly lauded, and she soon conceived those dangerous fancies of her perfection, which resulted in coquetry.

Once, when strolling in the flower garden, she observed Henry Walton present the gentle Emma with a rich bouquet. Melinda admired the beauty of the youth, and was now resolved to be mistress of the hearts of all the handsome young men. She therefore called the most exquisite flowers she could find, which, when formed into a wreath, she gave to Henry. Emma cast down her eyes with something like an expression of mortification, and taking from her bosom the bouquet, said:

"Take this too Henry."  
"No Emma, I will not take back the gift. Melinda but teaches me to be more magnificent in my next present."

"And she hopes she has taught you to whom to give it," said Melinda, casting her dark eyes on Henry. Though Emma observed this, and well understood its import, yet her lowly circumstances had imparted to her innocent nature a mild humility, and she remained silent. She then glided away, perhaps to indulge a tear in secret.

Henry was much attached to Emma, but never yet thought of love. With a blithe aspect he enjoyed the practised wickeries of

the coquette, until Miss Anne's voice was heard calling to Melinda.

"Come away sister, Mr. Pearson is coming."

"Tell her Mr. Walton is already here," remarked the somewhat nettled youth.

"I will return soon," said Melinda; "you know I don't care any thing for Mr. Pearson."

But Henry hurried away, stung most bitterly. He did not love Melinda; but how is one to escape the upas influence of a coquette? Love is not the only passion they excite. Henry was piqued too at the effrontery of Miss Anne, who might at least have whispered her intelligence to her sister, and he now hated the old maid most heartily.

Turning, he beheld Melinda endeavoring all in her power to fascinate Mr. Pearson.

"Not care for him!" muttered Henry, who now beheld a glittering ring on Melinda's finger, placed there by Jaques. "Now" continued the ambitious youth, "just for my own gratification, I am determined to be re-veuged. I will court her every opportunity I have, and then play her own game on her!" Saying this he strolled onwards amidst a labyrinth of rose bushes and mazy vines, meditating the means of effecting his purpose. He paused suddenly as he heard these words:

"Alas, thus it is to be poor!" Through the interstices of a clustering honeysuckle, he beheld the pale, thoughtful face of Emma. She was standing in the summer house, with her eyes resting on the boquet which she yet held in her hand. Without supposing what might be the cause of her abstraction, Henry entered; and placed his wreath on her white forehead.

"Did I not say I was taught to make my next gift more magnificent?"

"And were you not at the same time taught to whom it should be given?"

"I know what she meant," replied Henry, "but methinks she has already a sufficient number of presents from others."

"And I but few—yet I am content," said Emma. "You appreciate yours, Emma, which she does not. She is a coquette, and can never love." Emma smiled at this remark of the youth, and they then returned together to the house.

It was not long before Melinda assailed Henry with an indignant frown on her brow "I saw the wreath I gave you decorating the brows of Emma!"

"I see," replied he, "Mr. Pearson's ring decorating your finger."

"Had you cared for the giver, you would have respected the gift."

"Had you cared for the honor, you would not have accepted the ring!" said Henry, with some warmth.

"I will soon convince you that I care nothing for Mr. Pearson," said the deceitful Melinda.

That evening they were all at the opera. Jaques, who almost courted the spinster as much as Melinda, was now paying marked attention to the former. Melinda, true to her promise, and assured of having too great a power over her rich beau to endanger his fealty, now practised all her art on Henry, without scarcely once turning to Jaques.—Henry could not yield attention to her incessant clatter, and during a considerable length of time, he could find no opportunity of bestowing a word upon the mute and silent Emma. The spinster's frowns and nods had no effect. Melinda continued the assault until the curtain rose, and the charming voice of the celebrated vocalist inspired silence.

Jaques affected all that was fashionable. Now his splendid opera glass was pointed to the performers, and now to some particular portion of the audience. He sported his gold spectacles, his diamond pin, and jeweled watch. He learned and practised attitudes of the last foppish cast, and tho' himself a being of much importance—as did also the spinster and Melinda. After the end of the first act, Jaques turned to Melinda, and perceiving the ring he gave her on Henry's finger, remarked, "Your ring is gone—has some one stolen it?"

"I have it, sir; I presume you would not insinuate that I am capable of becoming a thief?" said Henry.

"We know not who are honest," replied Jaques, evidently intending to produce a quarrel.

"Let it rest for the present—to-morrow you shall hear from me."

"Give me the ring Henry," said Melinda. "Not till you have said you placed it on my finger yourself," said Henry. Just then two strangers entered the box, and after scanning the company for some moments in silence, addressed Jaques:

"Is your name Pearson?"

"It is. What is your will with me?"

"We wish you to accompany us to prison," remarked the other, at the same time arresting the horror stricken man. Without the ability to utter a word, the fine wealthy beau was instantly conducted to a vile prison. The next day it was ascertained that he had long been a counterfeiter.

Melinda protested that she always hated Mr. Pearson, and but lightly regarded his catastrophe. Miss Anne, after denouncing all the male race as base deceivers, went into hysterics.

Melinda redoubled her efforts to make a conquest of Henry; and he in conformity to his resolve, sought her gracious smiles, but often changed them to frowns by speaking a kind word of Emma. At length he became more interested than he anticipated; and felt that he must inevitably fall in love with one or the other of them. His perplexity was for a time removed by the arrival of a messenger with whom he instantly set out for the city. In his tender farewell with Melinda, her serious expression of features, puzzled him no little. Emma did little more than give him her hand in silence.

After the lapse of some months Henry returned a changed being. His clothes became thread bare, and his face dejected.—Melinda yet faintly strove to exert her influence over him, though she at the same time yet had her host of admirers. Emma, the gentle Emma, was ever the same in all things.

A few more months elapsed, and Henry's thoughtful brow assumed a deep despondency, bordering on despair. Miss Anne abruptly inquired the cause.

"My uncle," said Henry, "has ceased to remit me any thing, and all friendly intercourse between us is forever at an end!"

"There! that's just what I thought the great mystery was," said the spinster rising and joining the family, to whom she delivered the news. Henry soon met Melinda, who expressed her sorrow in a few cold words and passed on.

"Alas! it is too true that even the young and innocent have instilled into them a venal estimate of wealth. But a few months since when she believed me the heir of thousands, I was every thing desirable in her sight." Saying this Henry sought Emma among the flowers.

"Here, Henry, is a beautiful rose. Cheer up—I am sure none respect you the less in consequence of your misfortune. An honest heart is better than gold. A villain may possess the one but not the other." Delighted, he caught her hand and pressed it to his lips, and whispering something, departed abruptly.

That night a gay party was assembled at the widow's. Mirth, music and dancing abounded. Henry was inquired for by some of the guests, his story was told, and he was soon forgotten. But when the revelry was at its highest glee, a splendid carriage drawn up and halted in front of the house. Soon a servant in livery announced the arrival of HENRY WALTON, the sole possessor of his deceased uncle's fortune. Henry entered in rich attire, and bowing to the astonished company, seated himself near Emma. That night Emma was his promised bride! He never repented his stratagem, and long lived a happy husband.

One at a time Melinda's lovers left her; convinced that a lady who had favors for all could have no heart for any. The coquette died an old maid!