

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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POETRY.

I WONDER WHO HE'LL MARRY.

To save my life, I can't tell why
I feel so fond of Harry;
He's handsome and he's rich 'tis true—
I wonder who he'll marry!

He sometimes goes to see Jane Smith,
But she's so light and airy,
I know he does not think of her—
I wonder who he'll marry!

And there is lovely Annette Lyle,
Who waltzes like a fairy,
At balls he seems so fond of her—
I wonder who he'll marry!

And then he seems so intimate,
And likes his friends to carry,
And introduce to Betsy Jones—
I wonder who he'll marry!

And then again I hear it hinted,
He loves Miss Emmy Barry,
Who's old enough to be his Ma—
I wonder who he'll marry!

And then he gallants me home,
He never fails to tarry,
And acts so like a lover does—
I wonder who he'll marry!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RUSTIC WREATH.

I had taken refuge in a harvest field belonging to my good neighbor, Farmer Creswell. A beautiful child lay on the ground, at some little distance, whilst a young girl, resting from the labor of reaping, was twisting a rustic wreath, enamelled with corn-flowers, brilliant poppies, snow white lily-bines, and light, fragile hare bells, mingled with tufts of the richest wheat-ears—around its hat. There was something in the tender youthfulness of these two innocent creatures, in the pretty, though somewhat fantastic, occupation of the girl, the fresh wild flowers, the ripe and swelling corn, that harmonized with the season and the hour, and conjured up memories of "Dis and Proserpine," and of all that is gorgeous and graceful in old mythology; of the lovely Lavinia our own poet, and of the subject of that final pastoral in the world, the far lovelier Ruth. But these fanciful associations soon vanished before the real sympathy excited by the actors of the scene, both of whom were known to me, and both objects of a sincere and lively interest.

The young girl, Dora Creswell, was the orphan niece of one of the wealthiest yeomen in our part of the world, the only child of his only brother,—and having lost both her parents whilst still an infant, had been reared by her widowed uncle, and carefully as his own son, Walter. He said that he loved her quite as well perhaps he loved her better, for although it were impossible for a father not to be proud of the bold handsome youth who at eighteen had the best ringer, the best cricketer, and the best shot in the county, yet the fair Dora, who nearly ten years younger was at once his handmaid, his housekeeper, his plaything, and his companion, was evidently

the very apple of his eye. Our good farmer vaunted her accomplishments as men of his classes are wont to boast of a high-bred horse or a favourite greyhound. She could make a shirt and a pudding, darn stockings, rear poultry, keep accounts, and read the newspaper; was as famous for gooseberry wine as Mrs. Primrose, and could compound a syllabub with any dairy-woman in the county. There was not such a handy little creature any where; so thoughtful and trusty about the house, and yet out of doors, as gay as a lark, and as wild as the wind; nobody was like his Dora. So said and so thought Farmer Creswell; and before Dora was ten years old, he had resolved, that in due time, she should marry his son Walter, and had informed both parties of his intention.

Now, Farmer Creswell's intentions were well known to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He was a fair specimen of an English yeoman a tall, square-built, muscular man, stout and active, with a resolute countenance, a keen eye, and an intelligent smile, his temper was boisterous and irascible, generous and kind to those whom he loved but quick to take offence, and slow to pardon, expecting and exacting implicit obedience from all about him. With all Dora's good gifts, the sweet and yielding nature of the gentle and submissive little girl was, undoubtedly, the cause of her uncle's partiality. Above all, he was obstinate in the very highest degree had never been known to yield a point or change a resolution; and the fault was the more inveterate, because he called it firmness, and accounted it a virtue. For the rest, he was a person of excellent principle and perfect integrity; clear-headed, prudent and sagacious; fond of agricultural experiments, and pursuing them cautiously and successfully; a good farmer and a good man.

His son Walter, who was, in person, a handsome likeness of his father, resembled him, also, in many points of character; was equally obstinate, and far more fiery, hot, and bold. He loved his pretty cousin much as he would have loved a favorite sister, and might very possibly, if left alone, have become attached to her as his father wished: but to be dictated to, to be chained down to a distant engagement; to hold himself bound to a mere child,—the very idea was absurd; & restraining, with difficulty, an abrupt denial he walked down into the village, predisposed, out of sheer contradiction, to fall in love with the first young woman who should come in his way; and he did fall in love accordingly.

Mary Hay, the object of his ill-fated passion, was the daughter of the respectable mistress of a small endowed school at the other side of the parish. She was a delicate, interesting creature, with a slight, drooping figure, and a fair downcast face, like a snow-drop, forming such a contrast with her gay and gallant wooer, as Love, in his vagaries, is often pleased to bring together. The courtship was secret and tedious, and prolonged from months to years; for Mary shrank from the painful contest which she knew that an avowal of their attachment would occasion. At length her mother died; and deprived of a home and maintenance, she reluctantly consented to private marriage. An immediate discovery ensued, and was followed by all the evils, and more than all, that her worst fears had anticipated. Her husband was turned from the house of his father; and, in less than three months, his death, by an inflammatory fever, left her a desolate and penniless widow; unowned and unassisted by the stern parent, on whose unrelenting temper neither the death of his son, nor the birth of his grandson, seemed to make the slightest impression. But for the general sympathy excited by the deplorable situation and blameless deportment of the widowed bride, she and her infant must have taken refuge in the workhouse. The whole neighborhood was zealous to relieve and to serve them; but their most liberal benefactress, their most devoted friend, was poor Dora. Considering her uncle's partiality to herself

as the primary cause of all this misery, she felt like a guilty creature; and casting off, at once her native timidity and habitual submission, she had repeatedly braved his anger, by the most earnest supplications for mercy and for pardon; and, when this proved unavailing, she tried to mitigate their distress by all the assistance that her small means would admit. Every shilling of her pocket-money she expended on her dear cousins, worked for them, begged for them, and transferred to them every present that was made to herself, from the silk frock to a penny tartlet. Every thing that was her own she gave, but nothing of her uncle's; for though sorely tempted to transfer some of the plenty around her to those whose claim seemed so just, and whose need was so urgent, Dora felt that she was trusted, and that she must prove herself trustworthy.

Such was the posture of affairs at the time of my encounter with Dora and little Walter in the harvest field: the rest will be best told in the course of our dialogue:—

"And so madam, I cannot bear to see my dear cousin Mary so sick and so melancholy; and the dear, dear child, that a king might be proud of—only look at him!" exclaimed Dora, interrupting herself, as the beautiful child, sitting on the ground, in all the placid dignity of infancy, looked up at me, and smiled in my face. "Only look at him!" continued she, "and think of that dear boy, and his dear mother, living on charity, and they my uncle's lawful heirs, whilst, I that have no right whatsoever, no claim, none at all—I that compared to them am but a far-off kinswoman, the mere creature of his bounty, should revel in comfort and in plenty, and they starving! I cannot bear it, and I will not. And then the wrong that he is doing himself; he that is really so good and kind, to be called a hard-hearted tyrant by the whole country side. And he is unhappy himself, too; I know that he is. So tired as he comes home, he will walk about his room half the night; and often, at meal times, he will drop his knife and fork, and sigh so heavily! He may turn me out of doors, as he threatened; or, what is worse, call me ungrateful or undutiful, but he shall see this boy."

"He never has seen him then? and that is why you are tricking him out so prettily?"

"Yes ma'am. Mind what I told you, Walter; and hold up your hat, and say what I bid you."

"Gan-papa's fowers!" stammered the pretty boy, in his sweet childish voice, the first words that I ever heard him speak.

"Grand-papa's fowers!" said his zealous preceptress.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" echoed the boy.

"Shall you take the child to the house, Dora?" asked I.

"No ma'am. I look for my uncle here every minute; and this is the best place to ask a favor in, for the sight of the great crop puts him in good humor; not so much on account of the profits, but because the land never bore half so much before, and it's all owing to his management in dressing and drilling. I came reaping here to-day on purpose to please him; for though he says he does not wish me to work in the fields, I know he likes it; and here he shall see little Walter. Do you think he can resist him, ma'am?" continued Dora, leaning over her infant cousin, with the grace and fondness of a young Madonna; "do you think he can resist him, poor child, so helpless, so harmless; his own blood too, and so like his father! No heart could be hard enough to hold out; and I am sure that his will not. Only," pursued Dora, relapsing into her girlish tone and attitude, as a cold fear crossed her enthusiastic hope—"only I'm half afraid that Walter will cry. It's strange when one wants any thing to behave particularly well, how sure it is to be naughty; my pets especially. I remember when my lady countess came on purpose to see our white peacock, that we got in a present from India, the obstinate bird ran away behind a bean-stack, and would not spread his train to show the dead white spots on

his glossy white feathers, all we could do Her Ladyship was quite angry. And my red and yellow marvel of Peru, which used to blow at four in the afternoon, as regular as the clock struck, was not open at five, the other day, when dear Miss Julia came to paint it, though the sun was shining as bright as it does now. If Walter should scream and cry! for my uncle does sometimes look so stern; and then it's Saturday, and he has such a beard! If the child should be frightened! Be sure, Walter, that you don't cry," said Dora, in great alarm.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" replied the smiling boy, holding up his hat; and his young protectress was comforted.

At this moment, the former was heard whistling to his dog, in a neighboring field; and, fearful that my presence might injure the cause, I departed, my thoughts full of the noble little girl and her generous purpose.

I had promised to call the next afternoon, to learn her success; and passing the harvest field in my way, found a group assembled there which instantly dissipated my anxiety. On the very spot where we had parted, I saw the good farmer himself, in his Sunday clothes, tossing little Walter in the air; the child laughing and screaming with delight, and his grandfather apparently quite as much delighted as himself. A pale slender young woman, in deep mourning, stood looking at their gambols, with an air of thankfulness; and Dora, the cause and the sharer of all this happiness, was loitering behind, playing with the flowers in Walter's hat, which she was holding in her hand.— Catching my eye, the sweet girl came to me instantly.

"I see how it is, my dear Dora; I give you joy, from the bottom of my heart.— Little Walter behaved well then?"

"O, he behaved like an angel!"

"Did he say 'Gan-papa's fowers'?"

"Nobody spoke a word. The moment the child took off his hat and looked up, the truth seemed to flash on my uncle, and to melt his heart at once; the boy is so like his father. He knew him instantly, and caught him up in his arms, and hugged him just as he is hugging him now."

"And the beard, Dora?"

"Why, that seemed to take the child's fancy: he put up his little hands and stroked it, and laughed in his grandfather's face, and flung his chubby arms round his neck, and held out his sweet mouth to be kissed; and, O, how my uncle did kiss him! I thought he would never have done; and then he sat down on a wheat sheaf, and cried; and I cried, too. Very strange, that one should cry for happiness!" added Dora, as some large drops fell on the rustic wreath which she was adjusting round Walter's hat. "Very strange," repeated she, looking up with a bright smile, and brushing away the tears from her rosy cheeks, with a bunch of corn flowers—"very strange, that I should cry, when I am the happiest creature alive; for Mary and Wallace are to live with us, and my dear uncle, instead of being angry with me says that he loves me better than ever. How very strange it is," said Dora, as the tears poured down faster and faster, "that I should be so foolish as to cry!"

AMERICAN FARMERS.

There is one class of men on whom we can as yet rely. It is the same class that stood on the little green at Lexington, that gathered on the heights of Bunker Hill, and poured down from the hills of New England, and which were the life blood of the nation, I mean the farmers. They were never found trampling on law and right; were I to commit my character to any class of men, such as the world never saw for honesty, intelligence and Roman virtue, sweetened by the gospel of God. And when this nation quakes, they and their sons are those that will stand by the sheet anchors of our liberties, and hold the ship at her moorings till she out rides the storm.—J. K. Paulding.

Excessive Politeness.—Mr. Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when any thing occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, about three years before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse he observed a great commotion in the gallery. For a time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking at the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed,— "What's the matter there! The Devil seems to have got among you!" A plain country looking man immediately started to his feet and addressing Mr. Hill, in reply, said, "No, sir, it ain't the Devil as is doing on it; it's a lady wot is fainted; and she's a fat un, sir, as don't seem likely to come too again in a hurry."—"Oh! that's it, is it," observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin; "then I beg the lady's pardon, and the Devil's too!"

The Metropolitan Pulpit.

A Yankee boy and a Dutch boy went to school to a Yankee schoolmaster, who, according to usage, enquired,

"What's your name?"

"My name is Aaron."

"Spell it."

"Great A, little a, r o n."

"That's a man, take your seat."

Next came the Dutch boy—"What is your name?"

"My name is Hauns."

"Spell it."

"Great Hauns, little Hauns, r o n."

"That's a man, sit down."

SCENE IN THE WEST.

An Illinois paper tells the following amusing story of a scene that occurred during the sitting of one of the Illinois Circuit Courts:

"A constable who had lately been inducted into office, was in attendance on the court and was ordered by the judge to call John Bell and Elizabeth Bell. He immediately began at the top of his lungs, "John Bell and Elizabeth Bell;" "one at a time," said the judge.

"One at a time, one at a time, one at a time," shouted the constable.

"Now you've done it," exclaimed the judge out of patience.

"Now you've done it, now you've done it, now you've done it," yelled the constable. There was no standing this, and court bar and bystanders broke out in a hearty laugh to the perfect surprise and dismay of the astonished constable.

A Welch parson preaching from the text "Love one another," told his congregation that in kind respectful treatment to our fellow creatures we were inferior to the brute creation. As an illustration of the truth of this remark, he quoted an instance of two goats in his own parish that once met upon a bridge so very narrow that they could not pass without one thrusting the other off into the river. "And," continued he "how do you think they acted? Why, I will tell you. One goat laid himself down, and let the other leap over him. Ah! beloved, let us live like goats."

Many have been thought capable of governing, until they were called to govern; and others have been deemed incapable, who when called into power, have most agreeably disappointed public opinion, by far surpassing all previous anticipations. The fact is that the great and the little vulgar too often judge of the blade by the scabbard; and shining outward qualities, although they may excite first rate expectations, are not unusually found to be the companions of second rate abilities. Whereas to possess a head equal to the greatest events, and a heart superior to the strongest temptations are qualities which may be possessed so secretly that a man's next door neighbor shall not discover them, until some unforeseen and fortunate occasion has called them forth.