

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.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. WEBB.

Volume II.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1838.

Number 7.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,
NEXT DOOR TO ROBISON'S STAGE OFFICE.

TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

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.

From the Buffalo Daily Star.
TO THE SUN.

On beholding a morning beam on my prison wall.
BY TH. J. SUTHERLAND.

Now a prisoner at the Garrison, Toronto, U. C.

Why thus obtrude thy glittering ray,

Within my barred and dreary cell;

But to the free proclaim "to-day"

My darkness thou canst not dispel—

I, here, no day nor night would know!

So dazzling sun-beams—quickly go!

Go, shed thy light o'er half the earth,

And gild the lofty mountain's top,

Awake the grove to music's mirth,

And let the hind the herbage crop—

Call forth the ploughman to the field,

And bid the soil its plenty yield.

Go shed thy light on Ocean's wave,

Where loud terrific waters roar;

There thou some shattered bark mayst save,

By showing forth the wished-for shore:

And let the shipwrecked seamen gain,

The port long strove for, but in vain.

Go bid awaken to the drum,

The soldier armed for field or strife;

Arouse the cities' busy hum,

And call the living mass to life—

Where gilded crime is meet of praise,

And what is hid by wealth's proud blaze,

Go wake the slumbers of the maid,

And break the lover's dream of bliss;

Merchants recall to schemes of trade

And let industry sleep dismiss;

Go bring the miser to behold,

And count again his mass of gold.

But shed for me no beam so fair,

Nor pierce with light my casement grate;

From every ray my dungeon spare,

Nor make me conscious of my fate,

Whilst bolts and bars prescribe my lot,

Let night and darkness shroud my cot.

April 5, 1838.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE YOUNG FIREMAN.

BY CHARLES F. HESLEY.

"Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!"

It was deep midnight as this starlight cry resounded through the streets of the city. The booming of a dozen bells aroused the inhabitants from their heavy slumbers, and soon the flaring of torches and the rattling of engines told that the watchful guardians of our safety were on the alert. Thrice blessed is that city, which in the hour of danger, has strong hands and willing hearts, always ready to protect and save their property. We have no foe more to be dreaded than the devouring element, and we cannot be too lavish of our attention to that department whose province is to battle this enemy.

A broad lurid glare lit up the heaven and served as a guide to those in search of the source of alarm. It was found to be a three story dwelling house. The building being of wood, by the time a sufficient number of persons had arrived to act in concert, the flames had made such progress that the salvation of the building was impossible. The attention of the firemen, therefore, was directed towards the neighboring buildings. The fire had taken in the cellar, and the lower part of the house was completely enveloped in flames, before the family were aroused to their danger. The cry of a child who was nearly suffocated with smoke

was the first alarm they had. Catching at such articles of clothing as were within reach the inmates had barely time to escape from a back window.

They stood in a group congratulating themselves on their narrow escape, and watching with melancholy interest the destruction of their home, occasionally casting glances around to see if all were there, when a sudden thought seemed to flash at once upon their mind and a wild exclamation of "Louisa—Louisa is not here!" broke from each lip. As the words passed from mouth to mouth, that there was a person in the house, a groan of horror burst from the assembled multitude. Inevitable death seemed to be her doom. No ingress could be made from the lower part of the house and from the upper windows there appeared no chance of escape. Still the awe-struck spectators wasted no time. As quick as thought, a dozen ladders were raised, and as many resolute firemen mounted to rescue. Window after window was heard to crash as the intrepid men proceeded in search. Alas, their attempts were vain—the dense smoke and the flames drove them back scorched and half suffocated. They were about giving up in despair, resigning the missing one to her fate when a young fireman from a distant part of the line, broke through the dense crowd with the impetuosity of an avalanche, and with breathless haste, flew, rather than ran up one of the ladders, which reached to the roof. He was observed to have attached to his belt a coil of small rope. Before the astonished firemen had time to warn him of the fruitlessness of the attempt and his danger he had disappeared over the railing that surrounded the roof.

Louisa Wentworth, for whose safety all were now anxious, was a niece of Mrs. Littleton, the owner of the dwelling. She arrived at her uncle's but the afternoon before, on a visit to her cousins. She had been so short a time with them, that in their fright they had forgotten her.

Miss Wentworth was about nineteen years of age—eminently beautiful and the sole stay of a widowed father. His heart was bound up in his daughter, and it was only at the repeated and urgent solicitations of the nieces that he consented to part with her, (he lived in an adjacent village) for a short visit. The agony of the Littleton family may be imagined as they stood tremblingly watching the efforts made to rescue her. They thought no more of the destruction of their property—their hearts were bound up in the peril of their relation and guest. With despair they witnessed the termination of the efforts made to save her, while hope again animated them as they witnessed the desperate attempt of the young fireman. No one could tell who he was. His coming upon them, and his appearance had been so sudden and rapid no one had time to recognize him. A minute or two of anxious suspense, which to the spectators seemed so many hours, passed by and there was no sign of his re-appearance. As they stood gazing at the roof, a black body of smoke rolled through the upper windows, streaked with flames, and soon broad sheets of the destroying element shot fiercely up, like fiery tongues lapping the air. An universal shiver ran through the crowd below, and an anguish cry, "they're lost—they're lost!" was uttered from many a withering lip.—The ladders were hastily removed, for the fire had seized upon them, and hope had fled from every bosom. At this awful crisis a hoarse and half smothered voice was heard from the back part of the house; there was a general rush to that point.—The flames had not reached this part of the building, but heavy wreaths of smoke were curling from all the windows, giving evidence of their fearful proximity. As the wind occasionally blew the smoke aside the young fireman could be dimly seen, clinging to the railing, making rapid and vehement gestures to those below.—Ladders were placed against the building, and men rushed up, groping their way amid the blinding smoke to their assistance. Not

observing this demonstration in his favour, the young man was seen to lift as if it were a dead weight, a body over the railing, and bending fearfully over the roof to lower it carefully down. The apparent lifeless form of Miss Wentworth was received into the arms of the crowd. Seeing his charge in safety the young fireman threw himself on the railing and descending by the same rope, which he had secured around the chimney, with the rapidity of lightning to the ground. A sudden crackling of timbers—and a loud roaring of the flames caused a cry that the building was falling. In the agitation of the moment he escaped from the scene, and when the grateful crowd turned to reward him for his noble deed he was not to be found.

CHAPTER II.

The next day the city rang with the praises of the young fireman. His recklessness of danger, determined courage, and successful attempt, was the theme of every lip. And still he remained unknown.—Diligent inquiry was made, but no trace could be found of him.

In the evening a group of persons were collected in a house in the neighborhood. They consisted of a household family; the rescued one and her father who had just arrived, they were listening to her account of her escape. She had not yet recovered from the excitement of the scene and was regaling on a sofa, over which her father bent with a pale face, listening with trembling eagerness to her recital.

"I was aroused," said Louisa, "from a death like slumber by the crashing of a window in the back part of the building. It was some time before I collected my senses to perceive a thick smoke in the room. I immediately arose from bed and hastened to the door which led to cousin Mary's chamber. As I opened it a dense volume of hot smoke drove into my face, which nearly blinded and strangled me.—I had presence of mind enough to close the door. Finding my escape cut off in that direction, I rushed to the windows but owing to my haste and terror, and not understanding the manner of their being fastened, I could not raise them. Filled with despair I stood for a moment unresolved what to do. An idea darted through my mind, if I could but reach the roof I might get assistance from those below, as I could plainly distinguish the shouts of the firemen.—With this intention I rushed out of the door which leads into the back entry—it was like plunging into a hot oven. The hot air and smoke nearly destroyed respiration, and the cracking of the burning wood with the fierce hissing of the flames, like the sound of an angry serpent at my heels, overcame me with terror.—How I reached the third story I know not. I was on the point of ascending the garret stairs when a sudden dizziness seized me—my head reeled violently—I have a recollection of grasping the banister as a draught of suffocating air passed by me. A wild harrowing feeling of despair—of utter hopelessness; a thought of home and you dear father—of your desolation—flashed through my mind and I became insensible. When consciousness returned, I found myself in this room in the arms of my uncle."

And may heaven bless the preserver of my child, said Mr. Wentworth, in a tone of deep feeling, as he pressed his daughter to his bosom.

"Is it not strange that no trace can be found of him?" said Mr. Littleton. "I have made diligent inquiry, but have been unable to get the least clue of him. He was seen to descend the rope and in the consternation that ensued he was lost sight of."

"You will oblige me," added the father of Louisa, stepping to the table and writing on a slip of paper, "by continuing your inquiries, and should you be successful, and he be found one in needy circumstances, you will present to him this," handing a paper which was an order on his banker for \$1,000, "as a trifling recompense for restoring to me a treasure for which the wealth of the world would be a poor return. And

do not fail sir, in bringing him with you, that we may thank him in person for his noble praiseworthy exertions."

In a few days Mr. Wentworth returned home with his daughter, regretting that mysterious concealment which prevented his rewarding the preserver of his child. He, however requested Mr. Littleton not to relax in his endeavors to find him out. But a year rolled by and in despair of bringing the generous unknown to light, Mr. L. gave up his search after questioning, individually, every member of the fire department and inserting advertisements in the papers of the day, and mentioning the reward.

CHAPTER III.

In the village of C—the place of Mr. Wentworth's residence, Louisa was a general favourite. Though the daughter of the wealthiest man the village could boast, she had a kind look and friendly word for all who were worthy, unfettered by those vain feelings which are too often attendant on those who enjoy the smiles of Fortune. Of all aristocrats, your rich family in the village is most unendurable!—The father of Louisa had too much good sense to give way to this weakness.—He allowed Louisa to choose her own associates, and the daughter of the poor and humble were welcomed as heartily to his board as were those who had been born to a better fortune. If he was thus free in permitting her to select companions of her own sex, he was not regardless as to the acquaintances she formed with the young men of the place. Deprived of a mother's watchfulness and counsel, her mind strict notions of propriety. He felt the responsibility that rested upon him and perhaps, he guarded her with more care from forming chance acquaintances with his own sex than he would have done, had she had a maternal eye to scan her conduct, and a maternal hand to guide her in the path of duty and safety. The obedience and affection of Louisa amply repaid the care that was bestowed upon her. Her father's wishes were her own. From him she imbibed those principles which moulded her character and to him she looked for instruction and advice.

Two years before our story commenced there resided in the village a young gentleman who had commenced the study of law, in the office of a distinguished lawyer, Albert Charlton was of humble parentage. He was left early to struggle alone in the world. Gifted with good natural abilities, he devoted himself to study, and by perseverance had won himself an enviable name. He became acquainted with Louisa, and from a slight intimacy his feelings towards her ripened into affection. But while he indulged himself in the pleasure of her society, he allowed not a hope to dwell within him aspiring to her hand.—What had he to offer? A poor student—relying upon the uncertain chances of a crowded profession. He knew it would be presumption to allow a hope. Yet it was a long time before he could break away from the spell which her beauty and worth had thrown around him.—But Charlton was not one to remain in idle despondency. He knew that to even indulge a hope of winning the prize, he must be well prepared for the race. He resolved to be something! In accordance with this resolve, he determined to enter on a larger field of action. He left his native village, and in the office of an eminent jurist in the city he entered upon his studies. With untiring zeal he prosecuted them; bending all the powers of a strong mind to the task. The result cannot be doubted. His course of discipline through, he was admitted to the bar, and promised to be his highest ornament. In process of time he visited his native place, not as the needy adventurer, but as the successful competitor for fame and distinction.

His character had always been esteemed by Mr. Wentworth, and he was one of the few who were admitted freely to the hospitality of his hours. He was now welcomed with double pleasure, for his good name had preceded him.

It was with no small anxiety that he again bent at the shrine of his earlier worship. He knew not whether a more favored worshipper had preceded him. A slight observation assured him that he had nothing to fear on the score of rivalry. He soon became a constant visitor, and as the reader no doubt surmises, a favored one.

It is not our purpose to detail the progress of that passion which grew out of the intimacy—suffice it that, at least in their case, the course of true love did run smooth, the Bard of Avon to the contrary notwithstanding. They were betrothed and in due time they were married. The prayers were said and the "twain became one."

After the conclusion of the ceremony Mr. Wentworth approached the happy pair with a full heart, to bestow his parental blessing. Albert stepped forward to meet him with a glowing face and taking his hand said notwithstanding, my dear sir, you have bestowed upon me a priceless gift, for which the devotion of a life will but poorly repay you, I still have another claim upon you, which I am persuaded you will readily acknowledge,—"so saying he placed in the hands of Mr. Wentworth, who was naturally astonished at his address, a small piece of paper. All eyes were fixed on Mr. Wentworth as he glanced over the paper. A sudden and delightful flush passed over his countenance, and seizing the hand of Albert he hastily led him to the wondering bride, and joining their hands said in a tremulous voice, while a tear glistened in his eye, "my child—Louisa—behold in your husband, your preserver—the Young Fireman!" We will leave the reader to imagine the scene that ensued. The paper was Mr. Wentworth's order on his banker which he left in the hands of Mr. Littleton.

From the Book of Politeness.

POLITENESS AT HOME.

The truly polite person is polite everywhere. He does not reserve his good breeding for great occasions, or put it on only when he puts on his dress coat. At home, as well as abroad, he practices the rules of politeness, which he has taken care to render habitual.

Towards all the members of one's own family, one should habitually be governed by laws of civility not less precise than those which govern the intercourse of general society; but modified by a degree of tenderness mingled with respect, which cannot be claimed by common acquaintance.

To your father you should show a degree of respectful deference, to which no other person is entitled. His opinions should be received with submission, and his advice with gratitude and attention. His foibles, if perceived, should be concealed more carefully than your own. His comfort and convenience should be studied on every occasion and your own should be cheerfully sacrificed to promote them. Your mother may perhaps be treated with more freedom, but with more tenderness. Happy is the mother to whom her children render the unreserved homage of the heart.

Other relations, as uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, and cousins, claim attention and respect in proportion to the dignity and worth of their characters or the nearness of their relationship. They should always receive a preference over common acquaintance in respect to visits, invitations, and other attentions of the same kind. This is the law of nature; and however its violation may be seemingly passed over, the world never forgives a man for slighting those connected with him by ties of consanguinity.

The politeness which should govern the conduct of married people towards each other is one of the most important elements of conjugal felicity: Men who lay aside all the civility which they practised before marriage, as soon as the nuptial knot is tied, and substitute for it the most unlimited freedom of behaviour, will soon find that familiarity breeds contempt and leads to dissension. A certain degree of respect is consistent, with, and indeed essential to, a well regulated affection, and a man should prove by his attention to the laws of politeness in the presence of his wife that he understands the truth of the observation "he who is a gentleman at all, is a gentleman at all times."