

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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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DISCOVERY.

'It's a nasty evening,' said Mr. Dornton, the stockbroker, as he seated himself in the last inside place of the last Fulman coach, driven by our old friend Mat—an especial friend in need, he it remembered to the fair sex.

'I wouldn't be outside,' said Mr. Jones, another stockbroker, 'for a trifle.'

'Nor I, as a speculation in options,' said Mr. Parsons, another frequenter of the Alley.

'I wonder what Mat is waiting for,' said Mr. Tidwell, 'for we are full, inside and out.'

Mr. Tidwell's doubt was soon solved—the coach-door opened, and Mat somewhat ostentatiously inquired, what indeed he very well knew—'I believe every place is took up inside?'

'We're all here,' answered Mr. Jones, on behalf of the usual compliment old stagers.

'I told you so, ma'am,' said Mat, to a female who stood beside him, but still leaving the door open to an invitation from within. However, nobody spoke—on the contrary, I felt Mr. Hindmarsh, my next neighbor, dilating himself like the frog in the fable.

'I don't know what I shall do,' exclaimed the woman, 'I've no where to go to, and it's raining cats and dogs?'

'You'd better not hang about, anyhow,' said Mat, 'for you may catch your death—' and I'm the last coach—'an't I Mr. Jones?'

'To be sure you are,' said Mr. Jones, rather impatiently, 'shut the door.'

'I told the lady the gentlemen couldn't make room for her,' answered Mat, in a tone of apology 'I'm very sorry, my dear' (turning towards the female,) 'you should have my seat, if you could hold the ribbons—but such a pretty one as you ought to have a coach of her own.'

He began slowly closing the door.

'Stop, Mat, stop!' cried Mr. Dornton, and the door quickly unhooked again; 'I can't give up my place, for I'm expected home to dinner, but if the lady wouldn't object to sit on my knees—'

'Not the least in the world,' answered Mat eagerly; 'you won't object, will you ma'am, for once in a way, with a married gentleman, and a wet night, and the last coach on the road?'

'If I thought I shouldn't uncommodate,' said the lady, precipitately furling her wet umbrella, which she handed to one gentleman, whilst she favored another with her muddy pattens. She then followed herself, Mat shutting the door behind her, in such a manner as to help her in. 'I'm sure I'm obliged for the favor,' she said, looking round; 'but which gentleman was so kind?'

'It was I who had the pleasure of proposing, madam,' said Mr. Dornton; and before he pronounced the last word, she was in his lap, with an assurance that she would sit as light as a feather. Both parties seemed very well pleased with the arrangement; but to judge according to the

rules of Lavater, the rest of the company were but ill at ease. For my own part, I candidly confess I was equally out of humor with myself and the person who had set me such an example of gallantry I who had read the lays of the Troubadors—the awards of the 'old Courts of Love'—the lives of the 'preux Chevaliers'—the history of Sir Charles Grandison—to be outdone in courtesy to the sex by a married stockbroker! How I grudged him the honour she conferred upon him—how I envied his feelings.

I did not stand alone. I suspect; in this unjustifiable jealousy; Messrs. Jones, Hindmarsh, Tidwell, and Parsons, seemed equally disinclined to forgive the chivalrous act which had, as true knights, lowered all our crests and blotted our escutcheons, and put off our spurs. Many an unfair jibe was launched at the champion of the fair, and when he attempted to enter into conversation with the lady, he was interrupted by incessant questions of 'What's stirring in the Alley?'—'What is doing in Dutch?'—'How are the Rentes?'

To all these questions Mr. Dornton incontinently returned business-like answers, according to the last Stock Exchange quotations; and he was in the middle of an elaborate enumeration, that so and so was very firm, and so and so very low, and this rather brisk, and that getting up, and operations, and fluctuations, and so forth, when somebody inquired about Spanish Bonds.

'They are looking up, my dear,' said Mr. Dornton, somewhat abstractedly; and before the other stock brokers had doubtless entered, the stage stopped. A bell was rung, and whilst Mat stood beside the open coach-door, a staid female, in a cash and clogs, with a lantern in her hand, came clattering pompously down a front garden.

'Is Susan Pegge come?' inquired a shrill voice.

'Yes I be,' replied the lady who had been dry-nursed from town;—'are you, ma'am, number ten, Grove-place?'

'This is Mr. Dornton's,' said the dignified woman in the hood, advancing her lantern, and—mercy on us!—you're in master's lap!'

A shout of laughter from five of the inside passengers corroborated the assertion, and like a literal cat out of the bag, the elegant lady, forgetting her umbrella and her pattens, bolted out of the coach, and with feline celerity rushed up the garden and down the area, of number ten.

'Renounce the woman?' said Mr. Dornton, as he scuttled out of the stage—'Why the devil don't she tell me she was the new cook?—Hood's Own.'

From the Southern (Bliss) Advocate. THE TORY'S DAUGHTER.

'My dear father, do not go out to night upon this perilous undertaking, as you propose. My heart stinks within me, as I think of the danger to which you will be exposed and the suffering which you will endure.—Something tells me that its termination will be disastrous, if not fatal. You say that you have testified your readiness for the expedition. Well, be it so. Frame some excuse for the nonfulfillment of your engagement, and let some other supply your place. But, at any rate, do not leave me tonight.'

Thus pleaded a lovely girl, as weeping she clung around the neck of her only surviving parent. Oliver Morton was a man rather past the middle stage of life. His natural disposition was mild, gentle and amiable, but by a series of troubles and vexations, it had become sour; and he was often crabbed towards all but his only daughter, who was the pride of his life and the object of much tender solicitude. The time at which our story commences was in 1782, when large bodies of 'torries,' as they were called, were ravaging the States of North and South Carolina. Mr. Morton like many of his deluded countrymen had taken up arms in defence of the unlawful claims of the British king; but, unlike that class denominated 'torries,' had done so from a sense of

duty. Being remotely descended from one of the noblest houses in 'England's Realm,' and having been taught that deep reverence for the 'blood royal' which is so characteristic of 'Britain's sons' he could not, for one moment, harbor the idea of fighting against his rightful lord and master. From the comforts of his home, and the quiet enjoyments of domestic life, he had been called into the arena of civil strife; nor for one moment did he shrink from what he conceived to be his duty, although it was with many a pang, that he contemplated the almost orphan state of his only daughter (her mother was dead) who was then fifteen years of age. He was a Captain under Maj. Ferguson, the commandant of the Tory recruits in those States. The duty which he was now about to perform, was one of considerable importance to the royal cause, and one requiring energy and resolution.—Accordingly Captain Morton, on account of a combination of such qualities, was chosen for the command. The plan of the expedition was as follows: Information had been received that a detachment of patriot forces, was returning to General Marion's encampment then upon the great Pedee river, the boundary between North and South Carolina, with supplies of provisions, clothing, &c. for the sustenance of his army; which had been furnished principally by our own patriotic country women, who, Spartan like, disdained not, with their own hands to assist by every means in their power, to forward the glorious cause of the American freedom. The instructions of Captain Morton were, to intercept, if possible, this band, at a place called Goodwin's ferry, about 20 miles from the camp of Maj. Ferguson, where, it was supposed they would halt for the night. The precise number of their force was unknown, although it was supposed not to exceed 100. Accordingly, Morton was ordered to take a like number of effective men and to spare no pains nor labor in effecting the end in view. As he now stood just upon the eve of departure, with Isabella clinging to his neck, and heard her as she besought him 'not to go out to night, she felt that a soldier's duty was a hard and imperative one; and as he thought of the unprotected state of his child, if in the uncertain event of 'martial strife' he, her only natural guardian, should be taken away, a solitary tear (no frequent visitor,) began to course its way down his care worn cheeks. It would have been no bad simile to have compared her, as she stood, like a 'Niobe in tears,' in all the wretchedness of woe, to the weeping willow, as to seeming sorrow and humbleness, it bends its drooping branches to the earth, and him, in all the dignity of manhood, as he stood beside his darling child, to the majestic oak, as it waves aloft its broad arms to the breeze of Heaven in apparent protection of the willow's loneliness.

'My daughter,' said the father to her thrice repeated request, 'my duty as a soldier—my promised faith, and above all my allegiance to my king.'

'Father,' said the weeping girl, looking up in his face and assuming an appearance of real dignity, 'do not not speak of your allegiance to that wicked king, who for purposes of aggrandizement, is sowing the seed of civil discord, and deluging this once happy country in an ocean of blood.'

'Silence, maiden,' interrupted the father considerably excited, 'such language becomes no daughter of mine. I know how it is—you have suffered yourself to be led away by the insinuating addresses of that rebellious miscreant, Maj. Henderson. Tell me, girl, have you not, contrary to my express commands, seen and spoken to this infamous rebel?'

'Father, although your words do injustice—the greatest injustice to Major Henderson and to myself, yet will I answer as a daughter should. I have within the last week, both seen and spoken with this 'rebellious miscreant,' as he is termed. Still the meeting, on my part, was accidental and unavoidable. That I feel more than unusual degree of interest in the safety and welfare of Major Henderson, you are

already aware. That I have long since given him my plighted vows, I will not deny, and'

'Away with your 'plighted vows,' I too, have a vow—an oath registered in Heaven, that never, while you are a daughter of mine, shall Henderson receive you as a wedded wife. This I long since determined. I hate him as well as his rebel associates; and although I never received injury from his hands, yet it is enough for me to know that he wields the sword of violence against his lawful king. You know my determination;—act accordingly, and you shall have no cause to repent obeying your father's commands. I am not wont,' said he in a softened tone, 'to require any thing of my daughter which is difficult to perform.'

'No my dear father, never. You have always been too indulgent towards your wayward child, and in every thing I will try to obey so kind a parent. But oh! that you might be permitted to remain in safety within your peaceful abode and no more engage,—personally engage, in bloody war.'

'My daughter, I too look forward with delight inexpressible to the time when I shall once more lay aside these martial trappings and be restored to domestic quiet. But now I must away to the performance of my duty. I trust I shall be enabled to return within the space of two or three days. In the meantime, keep within doors, for these are times unfit for lonely maiden rambles. Farewell my child;—God bless you.' So saying, he hastily mounted his horse and rode over to the camp of his superior officer, while the disconsolate and weeping Isabella entered the house.

It was now about 3 o'clock, P. M. Hasty preparations were made for the departure of the company destined for the expedition, and about an hour and a half before sunset, they started for their place of destination. The greatest hilarity was exhibited on the route on account of the supposed easy conquest they were about to obtain over the enemy, little dreaming of the real termination of all their high expectations. A little before dark they arrived within about three-fourths of a mile of the before mentioned ferry, where a halt was ordered and spies sent out to reconnoitre. In an hour they returned, stating that the ground was occupied by the baggage of the rebel forces, but not a soul was to be seen.

The Captain's brow darkened. Full well he knew the watchful and untiring spirit of the continental troops, who, always upon the alert, were seldom taken unawares. Indecision was not an ingredient of Capt. Morton's nature. Accordingly, he immediately placed his men in the most advantageous position for an attack. His preparations were timely, for scarcely had the last man stepped into the ranks, there they were fired upon by a large body of troops who had been lying in ambush. Now was heard the 'din of war' and the clangor of arms, and soon many a brave man lay weltering in his gore. Capt. Morton and his little band fought with the spirit of desperadoes. Loud above the noise of battle was heard the voice of the American commander ordering his men to 'strike down all who opposed—to slay none who yielded.' Fiercely the contest raged, until Captain Morton, receiving a wound, fell from his horse to the ground, and the remaining part of his men, hearing that their commander was taken, surrendered at discretion.

Sad and gloomy was the spectacle presented the next morning upon the battle field. More than half the torries were either slain or wounded. In a state of insensibility, Capt. Morton was conveyed by means of a litter, to the patriot camp, where his wound was properly attended to, by one of the soldiers considerably skilled in pharmacy. Upon recovering, he found Major Henderson bending over him with all the tender solicitude of a fond mother endeavoring to trace some auspicious change in the countenance of her sick child. Recognizing him, he held out his hand and was about to express his gratitude, when Major Henderson, by the authority of the nurse, enjoined him to keep silence, as talking might injure him in his weak state.

Towards evening the party left their encampment and proceeded to the camp of Gen. Marion, whither the supplies were destined. Two o'clock the next day they arrived. Having delivered up his charge, Maj. Henderson proceeded to furnish comfortable quarters for Capt. Morton, his late enemy. A week passed and the wounded man was fast recovering, and Maj. Henderson had again been sent out for the purpose of seeking supplies for the army.

In the mean time, a man by the name of Carns, a Capt. in Gen. Marion's army, and formerly a neighbor of Capt. Morton, but his implacable enemy, had industriously circulated the report that Capt. Morton had formerly belonged to the continental troops and had, at the commencement of the war, been connected with the detachment of which he was Captain; but had deserted to the British. This was a serious accusation and one which Gen. Marion could not overlook. If Capt. Morton was proven a deserter, it became his duty to execute him as an example to others. He accordingly instituted an inquiry which resulted in a knowledge that the said Carns was ready to bring forward sufficient evidence of the truth of his accusation. A trial was therefore appointed, to take place the next week. Capt. Morton was allowed to defend himself, and every means was taken to procure evidence of his innocence. In the mean time, Isabella, the affectionate daughter, was not idle in her father's behalf. She had procured the promise of two witnesses, who, for many years had been acquainted with Captain Morton, and knew him to have been a staunch Tory from the commencement of the dispute between England and her revolted colonies.

The day at length arrived, the anxiously expected day, which was to decide the fate of the accused. The hour approached and yet the witnesses for the defendant did not arrive. At last one came. The other, but the day before, was killed by the falling of a tree. Thus did it seem as if the last ray of hope was shut out from the wretched parent—wretched only in view of the orphan state of his daughter.

The witnesses were examined. Those against the accused testified as Carns had before done. They were two in number. He for the defendant stated clearly and distinctly what the reader has already been made acquainted with; yet, the amount of evidence in support of the accusation was such that the court martial pronounced the sentence of death upon him. Before the decision was given Isabella had exhibited uncontrollable grief, but as soon as she heard the sentence which would consign her father to a disgraceful and ignominious death her ten ceased to flow;—her breast swelled with emotion, yet no other sign of distress did she exhibit. Her mind seemed occupied with some strong resolve—some mighty purpose. Capt. Morton was kept under a guard until the day of execution should come which was to take place in eight days from the time sentence was pronounced. Isabella departed for home with a promise of returning in a few days. Time rolled away. The fatal period hastened to its consummation. The eighth day arrived and yet the distracted father in vain awaited the return of his daughter. No tidings of her could be obtained. She left her home nearly a week before with the intention, as the neighbors supposed, to re-visit her father. Whither she had gone, no one knew.

Wretched, indeed, was the parent, as the hour of execution approached. She in whose life his own seemed bound up was absent, and he was about to die without one last embrace from Isabella. The muffled drum proclaimed that the period had arrived when Captain Morton was about to launch into that 'undiscovered country'

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