

# 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 IV.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1840.

Number 33.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,  
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

## 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.

### THE BALLOT.

BY J. H. DOW.

Dread sovereign, thou! the chainless will—  
Thy source the nation's mighty heart—  
The ballot box thy cradle still—  
Thou speak'st, and sixteen millions start:  
Thy subjects, sons of noble sires,  
Descendants of a patriot band—  
Thy lights a million's household fire—  
Thy daily walk my native land.

And shall the safeguard of the free,  
By valor won on gory plains,  
Become a solemn mockery  
While freemen breathe and virtue reigns!  
Shall liberty be bought and sold  
By guilty creatures clothed with power?  
Is honor but a name for gold,  
And principle a withered flower?

The parricide's accursed steel  
Has pierced thy sacred sovereignty;  
And all who think, and all who feel,  
Must weep, or never more be free.  
No party chains shall bind us here;  
No mighty names shall turn the blow:  
Then, wounded sovereignty, appear,  
And lay the base apostates low.

The wretch, with hands by murder red,  
May hope for mercy at the last;  
And he who steals a nation's bread,  
May have oblivion's statute passed.  
But he who steals a sacred right,  
And brings his native land to scorn,  
Shall die a traitor in her sight,  
With none to pity or to mourn.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

### THE CRUSADE'S SONG. TO THE HEBREW MAIDEN.

BY MRS CRAWFORD.

Hebrew maid, veil thy beauty,  
Lest my heart a rebel prove,  
Breaking bands of holy duty,  
For the silken chains of love.  
Look not on me sweet deceiver,  
Though thy young eyes beam with light,  
They might tempt a true believer  
To the darkest shades of night.

Hebrew maiden, while I linger,  
Hanging o'er thy melting lute,  
Every chord beneath thy finger  
Wakes a chord that should be mute,  
We must part and part forever,  
Eyes that could my life renew!  
Lips that mine could cling to ever!  
Hebrew maiden, no adieu!

### THE HEBREW MAIDEN'S ANSWER.

Christian soldier, must we sever?  
Does thy creed our fates divide?  
Must we part, and part forever?  
Shall another be thy bride?  
Spirits of my fathers sleeping,  
Ye, who once in Zion trod,  
Avenge my mysterious council keeping,  
Tell me of the Christian's God!

Is the Cross of Christ the token,  
Of a saving faith to men?  
Can my early vows be broken?  
Spirits answer me! They can:  
Mercy—mercy show about him—  
All the blessed with him trod,  
We can ne'er be saved without him,  
Christian, I believe thy God.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Brother Jonathan.

### THE FIVE FRANC PIECE.

It was past midnight, and the bride had long been in her bridal chamber, when the young bridegroom escaped from his friends and found his way to a private staircase where a confidential maid awaited his coming, on a landing place near the door that was to open for him above. 'Go in,' said Anna, in a low whisper, 'my lady is waiting for you.' The husband of an hour tapped at the door, opened it, and threw himself at the feet of a young and beautiful woman. She was seated near the fire, in the elegant undress of a rich widow, to whom a second marriage had given rise to new hopes and fears. 'I beg you will rise,' said she, giving him her hand. 'No, no, my dear madam,' said the young man; grasping her extended hand in his and carrying it to his lips. 'No, let me remain at your feet, and do not, do not withdraw this little hand, for I fear you will vanish and leave me; I fear it is all a dream; it appears to me I am the hero of a fairy tale such as I remember in my childhood, and that at the moment of possessing all in this world I wish, the deceitful fairy will fly away with my happiness to laugh with her companions at my regret and despair.' 'Banish your fear, my dear Frederick; yesterday I was the widow of Lord Melvil, to-day, I am Madame de la Tour, your wife, dismiss from your imagination this fairy image of your childhood for there is no fairy tale to relate, but a true story.'

Frederick de la Tour had every reason to believe that a supernatural being had taken his fortunes into keeping; for, during the last month, either by accident, chance or destiny, an inexplicable success had made him rich and happy beyond his most sanguine wishes. He was young, not more than twenty-five, alone in the world, and living with the most self-denying and rigid economy, when one day as he was walking in the street of Saint Honore, a splendid equipage was suddenly drawn up opposite to him, an elegant woman leaning out of the coach window and seemingly much agitated called out to him, 'Mr.—Mr.' He stopped. The footman descended from his station, let down the steps, and with his plumed hat in hand respectfully invited the astonished Frederick to enter the carriage. He did so, and thus, as if by magic, found himself seated next to a woman both young and beautiful, and dressed with great elegance and richness. He had hardly time to look around, before the horses were again at full speed. 'My dear sir,' said the lady who was thus running away with him, and in the sweetest tone imaginable, 'I have received your refusal. I hope I shall see you again at my little soiree to-morrow evening.' 'Me! Madam,' said Frederick. 'Yes, sir, you—Oh I beg a thousand pardons. I hope you will forgive the mistake I have made,' said the lady, with an appearance of surprise, 'but you resemble so perfectly one of my intimate friends, that I mistook you for him. Oh, excuse me, sir; what must you think of me! but the likeness is so striking it would have deceived any one.' Before this explanation was at end, the equipage entered the court yard of a splendid mansion, and Frederick de la Tour could do no less than hand Lady Melvil from her carriage.

Now Lady Melvil, as we have said before, was handsome and not one of these disagreeable red cheeked, heavy stepping immense English women, who when they smile, open their pale lips affectedly and show you thirty-two frightful big teeth.—No, she was a French woman, and her beautiful black hair contrasted well with her brilliant complexion, and her coral lips permitted an occasional glimpse of the whitest teeth in the world. Frederick de la Tour, dazzled as he might well be, by so many charms, had no difficulty in believing that Lady Melvil had mistaken him for some less happy mortal, and he thanked his stars for it, as it enabled him to know my

lady, whose obliging and very flattering invitations he eagerly accepted, and, strange to tell, soon became not only a marked favorite, but among the most constant and welcome guests at her table. The rich widow was surrounded by suitors who were dismissed one by one, and it was so brought about that before the end of a fortnight the young clerk had an interview by her ladyship's own appointment. Marriage was proposed by her and of course accepted by him, in a delirium of love and astonishment.

Frederick de la Tour stood before the small glass in his modestly furnished attic and looked at himself from head to foot.—He was not certainly an ugly man, but he could not consider himself handsome; his dress was such as became a clerk with a salary of as many dollars only as there are days in the year, and he could not therefore attribute his good fortune to his tailor. He concluded he must be loved for himself alone, or else that lady Melvil was under some strange and unusual delusion. When the marriage day arrived, and when the future husband was in presence of the notary, his astonishment was re-doubled. He would be worth millions. He would have (said the marriage contract) a country seat in Burgundy, a domain in Normandy, a house in the street of Saint Honore in Paris, and various other goods and chattels of which, until that day, he had never heard a syllable. Lady Melvil had riches across the channel also, mines in Wales, and grazing lands in Devonshire. It was to the young man a golden dream from which he dreaded to awake. The mayor had sanctioned and the priest had solemnly blessed the union, yet with religion and the laws to aid his reason the feeling that it was but a splendid dream, would not leave him even at the feet of his lawful wife in the bridal chamber.—He pressed her hand to his lips, he grasped convulsively the embroidered night dress, in his fear that all would vanish.

'Rise, my dear Frederick,' again said his wife, 'draw that easy chair close to mine, and let me talk to you.' The young man did so, but without releasing the hand of his wife, and Madame de la Tour began thus: 'There was once upon a time—' 'Good heavens,' cried Frederick, 'I am not wrong then, it is! it is! a fairy tale.'—'Listen, my dear sir—there lived once a young girl whose family had been rich, but when their daughter was but fifteen, they had no other means of support than the daily labor of her father. They lived at Lyons, and I know not what hope of bettering their condition made them remove to Paris. Nothing is so difficult as retrieving our fallen fortunes, and again filling the place in society, and moving in the circle that we have been obliged to give up. The father of this poor girl experienced it, for after struggling four long years with poverty and neglect, he died in a hospital. Her mother's death soon followed, and the young girl remained alone in a cheerless garret a long arrear of rent unpaid, with the chilling presence of the two miserable untenanted beds, to increase her sense of grief and desolation. If there was to be a fairy in my story she should, without doubt, at this moment appear; but there was not a shadow of one.—The young girl was unknown in Paris, without money, with no friends or protector, to sustain and cherish her, and she asked in vain from strangers that employment which makes the riches of the poor; guilty pleasure, it is true extended its arms to allure her, but there are minds so formed as instinctively to love virtue, and to detest vice, and her's was happily of this stamp—but she must eat, and the hunger of the day was increased by a sleepless night, bringing a second day without food. You, Frederick, have just left a table groaning under the weight of luxuries, where the rich vines have mantled in the glass, and, although you were made rich but yesterday, yet you have no conception of the deep misery of which I speak, and you may well be astonished that in the midst of the magnificence which surrounds us, and seated as we are in these ample chairs, embroidered with

silk and gold, that I can conjure up such a scene—but listen still.

Hunger compelled this poor girl to beg; she shrouded her head in a veil, once her mother's and her only inheritance; she bent her body to appear infirm and went down from her garret into the street. There she extended her suppliant hand, alas! the hand was white and delicately formed, and there would be danger in showing it, but she bound the coarse veil around it as if it were too hideous to be seen. She took her station near the entrance of the court yard far distant from the light of any lamps, and when there passed a young and happy girl (alas! far happier than herself,) she held out her hand and asked but a sou—*one sou* to buy a little bread; but at evening in Paris, young girls are thinking of other things than giving away *sous*. If she saw an old man approach, she ventured to implore his aid, but old age is often hard hearted and miserly, and the old man would turn his head from her and pass on. The evening had been cold and rainy, it was growing late, and the various night watchmen were going their rounds, when the young girl, fainting with hunger and disappointment, held out once more her hand—it was to a young man who stopped, drew from his pocket a piece of money, which he dropped into her hand, as if he feared to touch so much misery.—A policeman, who no doubt had been watching the poor girl, suddenly appeared, and seizing her rudely by the arm, 'Ah! I have caught you,' said he, 'you are begging in the street, to the watchhouse my old lady.' The young man immediately interfered, taking her part with the greatest warmth—he drew to his side the arm of the beggar, whom he had just feared to touch with his loved hand, at the same time saying to the policeman, 'this woman is not a beggar; it is a mistake, I am acquainted with her.' 'But she,' said the enforcer of the law against street begging, 'I tell you,' said the young man sternly 'I know her and shall protect her.' 'My good woman,' said he, whispering in the ear of the young girl, whom he supposed to be an old woman, 'take this *five franc piece*, and let me lead you to the next street, that you may fly from the fellow who is watching you.' The *five franc piece* slipped from your hand into mine and as we passed under a lamp which until then I had taken care to avoid, I saw your face.'

'My face,' exclaimed Frederick.  
'Yes, my dear Frederick, your face; it was you who thus preserved my honor and my life; you gave five francs in charity to Lady Melvil, to your future wife.' 'You,' said Frederick, 'young, beautiful and rich; you a beggar!' 'Yes,' said Madame de la Tour, 'once I was indebted to charity, once only and it was to you. The morning after this day of misery, which I now regard as the most fortunate of my life, a kind hearted old woman took pity on me, (and she has had cause to bless the hour she did so) and found me a place as seamstress in the establishment of a rich nobleman. My light heartedness and good looks returned with my ability to support myself, and I soon became the bosom friend of the respectable house keeper. One day Lord Melvil came into my little room, as I was at work, and seated himself by my side.—He was a man about sixty, tall, thin and in manner cold and reserved. 'Young woman,' said he, 'I know the story of your life; will you marry me?' 'Marry you?' I exclaimed. 'Yes me,' said he; 'I am rich, and am determined my riches shall not go to my unworthy nephews. I am a martyr to the gout, and would rather be taken care of by a wife, than by mercenary servants. If I may believe what I have heard respecting you, you possess elevation of mind and correct principles—it is in your power to become Lady Melvil, and to prove to the world that you are as worthy of good fortune as you have been praiseworthy in struggling with adversity.' 'I loved you Frederick,' continued the bride, 'and although I had seen you but a moment, yet I could not banish your image; and something whispered to me from the inmost

recess of my heart, that our lives were to be passed together. When I looked at Lord Melvil, and observed his serious melancholy face, his eyes bright and piercing, with an expression of successful cunning. I could not help thinking that the strange step he meditated was but to gratify a feeling of revenge, and I was unwilling to be his instrument; and thus, although the noble Lord did not receive a refusal, yet he saw my hesitancy and agitation, and like most persons who meet with unexpected obstacles, he became more eager, and pressed his suit with unwonted ardor. Those with whom I lived, and every body I saw, advised me to profit by this freak of an English Lord with millions; a part of whose fortune at least, in the event of my doing so, must soon be mine. As for myself, I thought of you; my gratitude lent a thousand graces to your person. I recalled continually the kind tone of your voice, although heard but for an instant. You had never even looked in my face, and yet I was near sacrificing to this dream of the imagination my good fortune and your own, but I had taken a lesson in the miseries of a life of poverty and suffering too severe to suffer these romantic feelings to overpower my better judgment. Your image was reluctantly thrust aside by the poor sewing girl, and I became Lady Melvil. It was indeed, my dear Frederick; a fairy tale, that I, a poor, destitute, friendless orphan, should become the wife of one of the richest of England's Peers; that I, a modern Cinderella, in my splendid coach, with servants in heraldic liveries, should drive through the streets in which, but a few short months before, I had stood as a beggar; that I, clothed in silks and radiant with jewels, should look 'from my high estate,' upon the very spot where I had tremblingly extended my hand for charity. It was a turn of fortune's wheel too incredible for belief; in truth a fairy tale—but the fairies of this world of ours, my dear Frederick, are the passions of mankind.'

'Happy Lord Melvil,' cried Frederick, 'he could enrich.'  
'He was indeed happy,' said Madame de la Tour, 'and the event proved that this marriage which the world looked upon as folly on his part, I caused by my good conduct to be regarded as the most sensible thing he could have done—he was rich not only beyond his wants, but beyond even his wishes. He could never manage to expend his income, and had therefore no need of endeavoring to accumulate. He rightly believed that he might trust in the attachment of a wife who owed every thing to him, and never did he for one moment repent that he had married a French Woman. I reposed, on my part, perfect and entire confidence in Lord Melvil as to any provision in the disposition of his fortune, and with sincerity and tenderness watched over his declining years. He died, leaving me the whole of his immense riches, and then I inwardly avowed to marry no other man than the man who had relieved me in my greatest need—but how silent you are,' (said Madame de la Tour, pressing the hand of the husband she had enriched and would love with such devotion.) 'and you never went into society, or to the play, nor to concerts—ah! if I had but known your name—while she thus playfully reproached her astonished husband, she took from around her neck a chain of rubies to which was suspended a diminutive silk purse, from the latter she drew a *five franc piece* in a little frame of gold.

'It is the same one,' said she, putting it into Frederick's hands. 'The sight of this cherished piece of silver gave me a supper and a roof to shelter me, until the next day, when, at my request, it was so arranged that I could keep your fortunate gift—it has never for a moment left me. Ah! how happy I was when I first saw you in the street of St. Honore—with what joy I ordered my coachman to stop—I was nearly frantic with agitation and delight, and I immediately adopted the only pretext I could so suddenly think of, to get you into the carriage. I had but one fear—you might be married—that had been the case you would never