

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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BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1842.

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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 discountance 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.

A NEW ARRIVAL! KEYS TO THE HEALTH EMPORIUM, Formerly owned by D. S. TOBIAS.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends, and the public generally, that he has just received from Philadelphia a new and extensive assortment of

Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints
Varnishes, Glass, Dyestuffs,
Confectionaries, &c. &c.

which, in addition to his former stock, comprises a complete assortment of articles in his line of business. All persons wishing to purchase any of the above articles are particularly invited to call and price the articles in his Store before buying elsewhere as he is determined to sell as low, and by a little Jewing, lower than can be bought anywhere else in the surrounding neighborhood.

The Subscriber considers it hardly necessary to mention the articles in particular as he is confident that no one can come amiss by enquiring for any article belonging to a Drug Store.

N. B. Merchants and Physicians will find it to their advantage to call and buy such articles as they may stand in need of, as they shall be accommodated at a very low percentage.

In few words all are respectfully invited to call, see and judge for themselves.

EPHRAIM LUTZ,
Bloombsurg, July 16, 1842.

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY.

64, corner of Walnut & Third streets. HE subscribers return their sincere thanks to No. 1, their friends for the favors so liberally bestowed on them, and beg leave to assure them that no efforts shall be wanting on their part to merit a continuance of their patronage, both in reference to workmanship and cheapness of price to suit the times.

It is highly advantageous to Gentlemen and Institutions having Libraries, to apply direct to the Binder, making at least a saving of 10 to 20 per cent, and sometimes more.

All descriptions of Binding neatly executed.—Gentlemen's Libraries fitted up and repaired, Music and Periodicals bound to pattern, Ladies' scrap books, Albums and Portfolios, of all descriptions made to order. Binding done for Libraries, Institutions, Societies, &c. on advantageous Terms. TO PRORHONOTARIES, REGISTERS, RECORDERS, SHERIFFS, MERCHANTS AND BANKS.

They are also prepared to manufacture

BLANK WORK of every description, such as Dockets, Records, Deed Books, Day-Books, Ledgers, Journals, Memorandums, Check-Books, &c. of the finest quality of Paper, (Robinson's Ivory Surface) in a style equal to any made in the Cities of Philadelphia or New York, on the most reasonable terms.

BLANK WORK RULED TO ANY PATTERN.

CLYDE & WILLIAMS.

N. B.—Old Books rebound with neatness and dispatch; also Filox of Papers.

Harrisburg, March 26, 1842. 6mo. 48.

All orders for binding, or for blank books, left at this office, will be forwarded, and returned as soon as completed.

H. WEBB, Agent.

TETTER! TETTER! ITCH! ITCH!

DR. LEIDY'S TETTER AND ITCH OINTMENT.—An infallible remedy for various affections of the SKIN, removing Pimples, Pastules, and Eruption of the SKIN, and particularly adapted to the cure of TETTER and ITCH.

This ointment has been used in numerous schools throughout the city and county as well as Factories, employing numerous girls and boys, and among whom Tetters and Itch, as well as other Affections of the Skin, prevailed, with the most unexampled Success. Names of School Teachers, as well as superintendents and Proprietors of Factories, could be given, confirming the above, but for the delicacy they feel in having their names published in connection with such lousome and disagreeable affections.

Prepared and sold at Dr. Leidy's Health Emporium, (Sign of the Golden Eagle and Serpents,) No. 191 north second street, below Vine street; also sold at

Lutz's Health Emporium, Bloomsburg, Nov 20, 1841. 20

New Store

AND



NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers inform the public, that they have entered into Partnership, under the firm of

EYER & HEFFLEY;

and have just received from Philadelphia, and now opened, at their NEW STORE, Northwest Corner of Market and Main Street, Bloomsburg, an entire new and extensive assortment of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARD WARE, CROCKERY, AND QUEENSWARE, &c.

which they offer for sale, on reasonable terms, as their prices are suited to the times. Among their assortment will be found

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets, and various kinds of cloths for men's Summer wear; Calicoes; Ginghams; Cambrics; Muslins; Silks; Muslin de laines; and various other articles for Ladies' dresses; Shawls; Silk and Cotton Handkerchiefs and Hoses; Bleached and Brown Domestic Muslins; and a variety of other articles suitable for the season and believed to be as good and complete an assortment as is usually found in country stores.

COUNTRY PRODUCE will be received in exchange, and CASH will not be refused.

Our friends, and the public generally, are requested to call and examine for themselves.

JACOB EYER,
CHARLES HEFFLEY.

Bloombsurg, June 25, 1842. 9

BLOOD.

Be ye purified in your blood,

And Health will attend you.

"The life of the flesh is in the blood."

LEVITICUS, C. XVII. XI.

HOW IS THE BLOOD TO BE PURIFIED!!

Thousands can answer this question who know from actual experience that

DR. LEIDY'S BLOOD PILLS,

A COMPONENT PART OF WHICH IS

SARSAPARILLA,

Are the safest, best, and most effectual Pills now in existence.

BE CAUTIONS

LEST YOU MAY BE DECEIVED!

THE ONLY ORIGINAL, TRUE & GENUINE

BLOOD PILLS,

ARE

DR. LEIDY'S BLOOD PILLS,

A COMPONENT PART OF WHICH

SARSAPARILLA.

IT is attempted by Quacks and Impostors to introduce their vile and dangerous nostrums by assuming for their name that of "BLOOD PILLS," knowing that the Blood Pills manufactured by Dr. Leidy have obtained the greatest reputation of any Pills in existence, and think by such trickery to impose upon the public by selling theirs upon the popularity of Dr. Leidy's Blood Pills.

The public are therefore particularly requested to be cautious when purchasing, to ask for Dr. LEIDY'S BLOOD PILLS.

The public are assured that Dr. Leidy's Blood Pills are the safest, best, and most effectual of any now in use, containing neither Mercury or the Minerals, and may be employed by young and old, male and female at all times and under all circumstances without fear from taking cold, restraint from diet in living or occupation.

In all cases where a purgation may be necessary these Pills will be found both effectual and easy in their operation, producing no nausea, or sickness of the Stomach, griping or any other unpleasant sensations.

Further comment is deemed unnecessary the numerous certificates published from time to time from Physicians and other individuals must have convinced the incredulous, and for the further information of all others, Dr. Leidy refers them to the directions which accompany each Box.

They are prepared and sold wholesale and retail, at Dr. LEIDY'S HEALTH EMPORIUM, No. 191 NORTH SECOND Street, below Vine street, (sign of the Golden Eagle and Serpents.) Also sold at

Lutz's Health Emporium, Bloomsburg, Nov 20, 1841. 30

LOOK OUT.

I SHALL DO IT!!

ALL persons indebted to me must make payment by the FIRST OF AUGUST next. All who neglect this notice, will find their accounts in the hands of a Justice of the Peace for collection after that date.

FREDERICK DREHER
Bloombsurg, June 24, 1842.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Democratic Review.

THE YEOMAN'S REVENGE. (Concluded.)

A certain vague fascination, too, perhaps of curiosity to hear the responses, and when it should be concluded, to see the parties to the same ceremony she was herself about to take part in—under circumstances so peculiar and painful, held her rooted to the spot. It was in vain, however, that she listened. Uttered in the low tones usually prompted by the solemnity of such a moment, the words did not reach her ear, and only an indistinct murmur, swelling vaguely through the echoing arches of the building, told of its progress. At last she caught the familiar words of the concluding benediction, followed presently by a sound of the shuffling of feet—and it was evident that the bridal company was moving down the aisle towards the doorway within which she stood. Impelled partly by an irresistible though indefinable curiosity, and partly by a sense of awkwardness and shame at being surprised in a situation which seemed almost an impertinent intrusion, she moved hastily forth, her bonnet in the act of falling half back from her head, and before turning to leave the church, passed for an instant, almost in the midst of the entrance, for a glance at the advanced train. In that momentary pause, Alice B— stood fixed as a statue of marble, and as white and cold. A glance revealed every thing to her, and pressed home—so rapid are sometimes the mental processes of such intense moments—a full understanding and feeling of all its horror. The bride was a fair, blue-eyed young creature, looking upward, with a countenance all flooded with light, into the face of a tall and noble looking young man, who walked by her side with a proud step, and a cold brightness of triumph and exultation in his eye, with her still engloved hand in his. The bridegroom was Edward Fletcher. This is no fiction, but simple fact, familiar doubtless to the memory of not a few still living.

I should have mentioned before, that about half an hour after Alice's departure, a letter had been placed in Sir Wilmot's hands, strict injunction having been given by the messenger who brought it to the Hall, that it should be delivered immediately, however the Baronet might be engaged. It ran as follows:

"Mr. Edward Fletcher presents his compliments to Sir Wilmot B— and his son, congratulating them on the happy event of this day, begs leave to invite them, at the parish church of M—, at the hour of noon of this morning, to a wedding, from which notwithstanding the unpleasant circumstances under which he last parted from them, he should greatly regret their absence. To save Sir Wilmot the delay and trouble of seeking Miss Alice, he would inform him, having taken a chaise furnished by Mr. Fletcher, in the lane by the eastern gate of the park; a spot marked by two previous events, namely, his kind ejection by the hands of Sir Wilmot's grooms when in a state of insensibility, and a subsequent interview with Miss Alice, three days thereafter, at which she did not seem to promise to bestow her fair hand, with all the broad estates of which she is heiress in her mother's right, on the humble farmer's son whom her father thought worthy of no better return, for the lives of his two children, than insult, outrage, and a blow."

It is needless to describe the rage of Sir Wilmot and George on the perusal of this terrible letter. To verify it so far as regarded Alice—to spring on the best and fleetest blood that his stable afforded, ordering a servant to follow with a travelling carriage—was but the work of a few minutes. To reach the place to which he was so tantalizingly invited, in time to prevent the ceremony, he knew to be next to impossible. He saw that Fletcher had so perfectly combined his plans, that he was expected to arrive only to witness the completion of his own humiliation, and the triumph of his now hated enemy, who would then be placed beyond the reach of vengeance by the protection of Alice as his wife.

Still trusting to the chances of delay or hindrance, and to the speed and bottom of the horses they bestrode, they thundered over the road, followed by a single groom, and hoped yet to succeed in averting the threatened ruin and despair.

But to return. Alice stood, as I before said, her face blanched to the hue of death, her eyes fixed in a glassy stare, and her whole frame as motionless as though struck instantaneously with the frozen spell of catalepsy. Edward continued to lead his bride steadily onward, though there was some movement of surprise at the sudden strangeness of this all-white apparition, standing in the very middle of the entrance,

between them and the light of the open sky without. The thought crossed the mind of most present, that it was some maniac that had escaped from their keepers, and had been attracted by the event of the wedding and the open door of the church. She stirred not though they approached within two or three paces of her, when Edward, bowing low and with a smile, such as demons may smile, saluted her with—"we thank you, Miss Alice, for your kindness in coming thus, and all unattended, to witness our wedding, and only regret that you seem to have been a few minutes too late. We would beg, too, the kindness of being suffered to pass."

The sound of his voice seemed to break the spell of the deathly trance which had locked her senses and arrested the current of her life blood. Gasping quick and painfully, as though for the breath which was leaving her, the red tide rushing back from the heart, about which it seemed to have retreated, almost empurpled her whole face;—she trembled as though about to sink to the earth; and able to articulate in a hoarse and husky whisper only one word, "Edward!"—she fell forward, and was saved from falling quite to the ground, on the stony flagging where they stood, only by being caught in the arms of her lover, now the husband of another bride. Without trusting himself with another glance at his lifeless burthen, the latter hastily placed her in those of her maid, bidding her tend her for a few moments, when her father would arrive; and at the head of the bridal train, following his guidance, he passed as before out of the church.

He reached the gate of the church yard, at which was still drawn up the chaise into which he was about to hand his bride, just in time to meet the expected arrival of the other guests he invited to this ill-omened marriage. Nothing would have induced him to go before their arrival. The Baronet witnessing the issuing of the bridal train from the porch of the church, with another bride hanging on Fletcher's arm than the one he had expected to find, and seeing no appearance of Alice, was so bewildered as scarcely to have any distinct use of his faculties. He sat, with his arms outstretched, at the gate, staring half vacantly at what he saw, till Edward addressed him, with a bitter mockery of politeness.

"I am too happy, Sir Wilmot, at the favor of your presence,—too much honored that you should have ridden so far and so fast to witness the wedding of a farmer's son, a poor yeoman, sir, of England. You are perhaps disappointed, sir, in the bride—(suffer me to make known my sweet cousin, now my wife)—but I concluded to decline the honor of an alliance with your family; and you will find Miss Alice—'tis a pity Sir Wilmot, that she should have taken the pains of coming so far for nothing—you will find Miss Alice within the church, and I fear she somewhat needs your presence."

Bowing with a studiedly scornful courtesy, he moved forward, and placed his bride within the chaise, handing forth at the same time to the enraged old Baronet, as a token full of silent significance, the shawl which Alice had left in it.

"Soundrel! we will settle this account another time!" was all that Sir Wilmot was able to utter, as he threw himself from his horse, alarmed by what he had heard of Alice, and hastened forward into the church.

"With your gray hairs, Sir Wilmot," was the prompt reply, "I can have no other account to settle than is now sufficiently discharged; but if you, sir," to George, "having anything farther with me, either on your account or that of your father, I need not express the gratification with which I shall be only anxious to afford you every facility for such a purpose."

"Depend upon it, infernal villain, that every account with you shall be fully settled, the latter answered, as he hastily followed his father, comparatively indifferent to any other present object than the care of his sister.

Edward Fletcher bowed a courteous farewell to his other guests composing his wedding train; and without bestowing on them any explanation of all the strange scene they had witnessed, quickly entered the chaise, which, as before, drove rapidly off. Dark, stern, silent with his eyes fixed on vacancy, and under a terrible reaction from the wild and fierce excitement under which he had been acting, he sat in one corner through the whole ride, conscience stricken with the sense of his own baseness, his arms folded over his breast, and with neither word nor look for his hapless bride; who, a timid though affectionate little creature, covered, frightened, and sick at heart, by his side. It was not till they arrived at his home that a syllable was interchanged between them. As he then turned, after himself alighting to assist her from the chaise, she gave a slight scream, and

shrinking back, exclaimed, "Ah! there's blood on you!—on your bosom!—on your hand!"

Edward Fletcher then himself for the first time perceived red spots on the whiteness of one of his gloves, and more of the same crimson horror on his bridal vest—and he then knew that Alice had burst a blood-vessel at the moment when she fell forward into his arms. We need not linger longer with the wretched author of so much wretchedness. It suffices to say, that when he that night crossed the threshold of his nuptial chamber, he had rather it had been the portal of hell.

The Baronet found Alice lying inanimate on the ground, supported by her maid, who, together with the clergyman and one or two others who remained by her, was endeavoring to revive her. The whiteness of her dress was here and there flecked with a light crimson stain, while the blood continued to ooze slowly from her mouth and nostrils. I hasten to conclude so melancholy a recollection. With great care and difficulty they were able to reach the Hall that night with their burthen of blighted and heart-broken loveliness borne on a litter. The agonies of father and brother I need not attempt to depict.

On the following morning, though feeble and faint, she was considerably restored; and while conscious that she had but a few hours yet to live, was in full possession of faculties.

Supported by the pillows of her bed she wrote with a trembling hand the following lines, which she sealed, and begged that they might be immediately despatched:—

"You have taken the life you once saved. If it is for your happiness, it is willingly given. I would see you, Edward, once more before I go. But if you would receive my farewell blessing yet from my own lips, hasten, or it will be in vain. If not, take it by this, for yourself and your fair bride, from

ALICE.

Informing her father and brother of what she had done, she claiming for them all personal forbearance and respectful treatment for Edward when he should come, she came—already crushed in spirit, and with the tortures of the damned at his heart.—Yet had he not repeated the full fruition of his vengeance, even beyond the measure of his hope or his aim?

His interview with her was long and private. She spoke to him as an angel might speak to the human wretchedness and guilt which its own pure essence fled from; back to heaven, at the same time that it wept over it, would comfort and purify it. She at last touched a silver bell that lay by her on the white coverlet, and her father and George entered the room, and stood on the opposite side of the bed from that at which the miserable man was kneeling, his face buried in his hands, and his whole frame heaving with fearful sobbings to issue from the breast of a great strong man.

"I bring you together, before I go," the dying girl thus spoke, in a voice low and trembling, though sweet as some dim spiritual music borne faintly to the ear from the world on whose threshold she was standing and whose light seemed already reflected upon the unearthly beauty shining on her countenance. "I bring you here together, father—George—Edward—to unite you thus all in my last prayer and my last blessing—so that it will be a sacrifice to my memory and my grave if any further enmity continue between you. We all suffer in a common retribution—you all for your evil pride and passions—I for my sin in so wildly loving any thing below my God;—and most justly for my want of perfect truthfulness to you, dear father. Edward, you have acted awfully, but you stand now more awfully blighted than your victim;—and father—George—it was you that madly denied him to it, and turned to bitterness and poison a heart which nature filled with all sweet and noble things, though it had one element of evil which I knew not, at least in terrible force. I do not bid you not to mourn me, but I would have you mingle your tears and your hears, now clasped. I trust, not fruitlessly though so sorely. Edwards, as you would have been to me, be to her who now fills the place which was to have been mine. Father, it hardest to leave you!"—She sank back exhausted by the effort she had made, and the intensity of her own feelings. The sweet spell of her words, and the looks that gave them their eloquence, fell upon the hearts of her listeners with a power like the descent of the dove of the holy spirit; and before parted, at her request, and in her calm sight—so solemn is the sway of the presence of death over the wildest rage of human passions!—so almighty the power of divine forgiveness, and so—

credible as it might almost seem, Edward Fletcher had been locked in the arms of the heart-stricken father and the mourning brother, by the death-bed of a sister, in the