

# 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

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT

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### TERMS:

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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 SOUTHERN MBRINER.

BY MRS. SOUTHER.

How! gins the leak so fast!

Cleat out the hold—

Hoist up thy merchandise,

Heave out the gold,

There—let the ingots go—

Launch thy bark, Mariner!

Christian, God speed thee!

Let loose the rudder bands—

Good angels speed thee!

Set thy sails wifly;

Tempests will come;

Seer thy course steadily

Christains, steer home!

Look to the weather how—

Breakers are around thee;

Let fall the plummets now,

Shallows may ground thee.

Reef in the foessel, there!

Hold the helm fast!

So—let the vessel wear—

There sweeps the blast.

What of the night, watchman?

What of the night?

Cloudy—all quite—

No land yet—all's right;

Be wakeful, be vigilant—

Danger may be

At an hour when all seemeth

Securest to thee;

Now the ship rights;

Hurrah! the harbor's near—

Lo, the red lights!

Slacken not a sail yet,

At infer or island,

Straight for the beacon steer,

Straight for the high land,

Crowd all thy canvass on—

Cut through the foam—

Christian! cast anchor now—

Heaven is thy home.

### THE SILENT LAND.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Into the Silent Land,

Ah! who shall lead us thither? Let

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,

And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand!

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, O, thither,

Into the Silent Land!

Into the Silent Land;

To you, ye boundless regions,

Of all perfection! Tender morning visions

Of beauteous souls! Eternity's own band,

Who in life's battle firm doth stand,

Shall bear hope's tender blossoms

Into the Silent Land!

O, Land! O, Land!

For all the broken hearted!

The mildest herald by our fate allotted,

To lead us with a soft and gentle hand

Unto the great departed!

In death, O, whither,

But to the Silent Land!

### THE LORDS AT LOGGERHEADS.

The Marquis of Normanby was proceeding to reply on the question of Ireland, when

The Lord Chancellor took his seat on the woolsack, and complained that he wanted to speak, when

The Marquis of Normanby said that it was extremely unfair, and that the Lord Chancellor had no right to speak now; upon which

Several Lords cried out, 'Yes he has.'

Lord Brougham. This is all irregular.

You are all out of order. My learned friend, Lord Campbell moved the adjournment of the debate and did not speak, which I am very glad of.

Lord Campbell. As to you, you speak six or seven times on every subject. You are always irregular.

Lord Brougham. I irregular! I will not submit to be told by a novice—a person who knows not even the A B C of parliamentary etiquette; a grossly ignorant and most singularly empty individual. I say, I will not allow such a person to tell me I am irregular; and as to my being inconsistent, I say once for all that I have always been consistent in thinking him the most grossly ignorant, the most eminently preposterously, and undeniably self sufficient individual I ever had the misfortune to come in contact with.

Lord Campbell said, that whenever he suited his noble and learned friend, he would prove his noble and learned friend to be the most unprincipled and most vacillating individual that ever deserted a cause to which he had solemnly pledged himself.

Lord Brougham. I defy my noble and learned friend to the proof of what he asserts. He is a —

The House then adjourned, and the debate was recommenced in the lobby, for as we passed through it we found

Lord Campbell (on his legs) exclaiming vehemently, 'You're another!' and we left.

Lord Brougham gesticulating with awful violence.

*A Courteous Magistrate and an Accommodating Police Officer.*—The Washington Correspondent of the Phila. Ledger in an amusing letter about the late meeting between Messrs. Boller and Schott, says:

Previous to the duel, the Sheriff (from Bladensburg, I believe, was on the ground, and seeing the parties arrayed in battle, informed them that he was about to arrest them, as they had intruded on the Maryland side.

'Well then,' observed one of the seconds, 'we will keep within the district.'

'That's quite another affair,' quoth the Sheriff. 'I have nothing to do with that.'

'Which is the boundary line?' demanded one of the war party.

'I will draw it for you,' replied the sober Justice; and the line of demarcation was drawn.

'If you keep beyond that line,' said the Sheriff, with a courteous Southern bow, 'I can't arrest you.'

Principals and seconds thanked him, and the Sheriff remained to 'see the sport.'

After the duel was over another peace officer (!) told one of the gentlemen—'Next time you mean to fight, I will show you a place where no one shall see you.'

(The place chosen was so near the railroad line that the parties could very distinctly be seen from the cars.)

How an old maid always eyes a single gentleman! She looks at him just as she does at a dog in dog days—wondering whether he intends to bite.

An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a noggin of right good potheen, was accosted by the reviewing general—'What makes your nose look so red?'—Please your honor,' replied Pat, 'I always blush when I speak to a general officer.'

The Chinese have a notion that the soul of a poet passes into a grasshopper, because it sings 'till it starves.'

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### LEON CASTLE.

##### A TALE OF REVENGE.

###### CHAPTER I.

Many are the dark blots which sin hath cast over the page of human life; many are the trees of misery and desolation that serve to show where the foot-steps of crime have been; but never is power manifested in such dreadfulness, ever its blighting nature shown so fearfully, as when it seizes on those feelings of our nature which are left us—the relics of Eden's innocence & turnes them to ministers of our own dark purpose.

The main feature of my tale is one far from uncommon; for while the love of gold; or that of passion; life a nature, though men have given it a more noble name, rules with the iron sceptre the hearts of men, there will not be wanting many, (it may be the greater part of men are such,) who, strangers to any more gentle feelings themselves, care little for them in others; there will not be wanting fathers, who, without remorse, will clothe their children in purple and gold, unheeding of the breaking heart the idle splendor hides.

Yet, were I to give such a character to the Baron de Leon, I should do him some wrong. He loved his only child.

Alice with a fondest love; he would have spared nothing to please her, though it cost him his heart's blood. But there was one thing which an old Norman Baron, of ancient line, whose escutcheon had been handed down without a blot for ages, could not give up—his honor, the honor of his race. He could not bear to think his noble castles and wide domain should ever pass into the possession of a house less noble than his own.

The safety of this master depended, of course, upon the marriage of his son, Gerard Dumont, with a daughter of the Baron's.

He would have spared nothing to please her, though it cost him his heart's blood.

Lady Alice De Leon talk not thus—thou art my only child, thou knowest that I have loved thee with more than a father's love. I have watched thee from infancy, and as beauty grew with thy years, I have loved thee more and more deeply. I have centered all my affections on thee. If thou dost marry the Baron, it will be the last act that will lay my gray head in a grave of sorrow.

Alice was much moved. 'Thou hast indeed,' she said, while she threw her arms around de Leon's neck, and turned her weeping face up to his. 'Thou has indeed been more than a father to me.'

But oh! thou who hast loved me so tenderly, wouldst not bring misery upon me?

What are riches and honor, when life is cold and dead within?

On, my mother! thou wert young once, and hast thou not loved?

Thou hast had a son, Gerard Dumont, who has been more than a father to me.

But oh! thou who hast loved me so tenderly, wouldst not bring misery upon me?

What are riches and honor, when life is cold and dead within?

On, my mother! thou wert young once, and hast thou not loved?

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his emotions, bitter disappointment, anger against his child, rage with himself for his own blindness and stupidity, in not preventing the possibility of such an event, by forbidding the young man his house, that he sank down again in the seat from which he had risen, unable for some time to speak.

Alice alarmed at the state to which her confession had brought her father, laid aside her book, and with tears besought his pardon. 'I will forgive thee Alice,' he said in a trembling voice, 'if thou will indeed be my child and obey me. Would that my head had been lain long ago in the grave of my fathers, rather than have grown gray, to hear a daughter of the house of De Leon confess that she has loved a base born peasant.'

'That father he is not,' replied the girl eagerly. 'A base born peasant would not serve so near the person of a noble lord of Normanby. Either would he bear the noble broad and lion heart of Gerard Dumont.'

'Curses on his fear faces and braying heart,' returned the Baron, 'if he uses but to bring shame upon our house. He would not serve at all, girl, where his birth such as befits thy husband. But Alice, he continued in a softer tone, think before thou refusest to fulfil my foolish wish. See the