

# 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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## POETRY.



### THE SOUTHERN MBRINER.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

How! gains the leak so fast!  
Clean out the hold—  
Hoist up thy merchandise,  
Heave out the golt,  
There—let the rigging go—  
Launch thy bark, Mariner!  
Christian, God speed thee!  
Let loose the rudder bands—  
Good angels speed thee!  
Set thy sails wily;  
Tempests will come;  
Steer thy course steadily  
Christians, steer home!

Look to the weather bow,  
Breakers are around thee;  
Let fall the plummet now,  
Shallows may ground thee.  
Reef in the foresail, 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 quiet—  
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 inlet 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?  
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gulf  
And shattered wrecks his 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 midst 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 undeviatingly self-sufficient individual I ever had the misfortune to come in contact with.

Lord Campbell said, that whenever he cited his noble and learned friend, he would prove his noble and learned friend to be the most unprincipled and most facilitating 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 postponed to the evening, 10th inst.

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

Lord Brougham gesticulating with awful violence.

*A Courtiers Magazine and an Accommodating Police Officer.*—The Washington Correspondent of the Phila. Ledger in an amusing letter about the late 'meeting' between Messrs. Butler 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.'

Primipals and seconds thanked him, and he 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 noggan of right good potteen, was accosted by the reviewing general—

'What makes your nose look so red?'

'Please your honor,' replied Pat, 'I always blush when I spake to a general officer.'

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

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### LEON CASTLE.

A TALE OF REVENGE.

#### CHAPTER I.

Many are the dark blot which sin hath cast over the page of human life; many are the traces of misery and desolation that serve to show where the footsteps of crime have been; but never is its power manifested in such dreadful might, ever its blighting nature shows so fearfully, as when it seizes on those feelings of our nature which are left us, the relics of Eden's innocence, & turns 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 little 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 fondlest 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 headed 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 matter depended, of course, upon the marriage of his only child, and the Baron had for time been seeking for some house whose arms might in all honors, be quartered with his own. The young Charles Longville seemed to him in all respects a fit suitor for his daughter's hand, and he never for a moment anticipated that, so handsomely accomplished a man, whose son was backed by her father's most earnest wishes, would meet with any obstacle in the hand of the young lady herself.

Yet, so it was. In one of the rambles which Lady Alice had been used to make in the surrounding forests, permitted by her indulgent father more freely than prudence, perhaps, would have dictated, she had chanced to receive some trifling assistance from a youth who served in the train of a neighboring noble. Report said he had distinguished himself by his bravery while fighting under his skill in more peaceful sports, of his gentle bearing and graceful manners, she was herself witness. The service he had done to the Lady Alice procured him admittance to the Baron's castle, where he soon became a frequent guest—a favorite with the Baron, as well as his daughter, the former, with that strange blindness so often seen in such cases, never thinking of the danger that the handsome youth might engage his daughter's affections, till it was too late.

The Baron first made this fearful discovery when he announced to the Lady Alice, that on the morrow she would be visited by one whom he wished her to receive with favor. 'Thou knowest Alice,' said he 'that on these depends the honor of the family; and it is timorous shouldst wed some house equal in honor to our own. Moreover, I am growing old, and would fain see a chance of some one to inherit this castle, before I am carried out of it. But I will leave thee to-night to thy rest, & that thou mayest arise with a bright eye, and a rosy cheek, to meet thy father's friend, Charles Longville.'

Great was the Baron's surprise, when she detained him; and a frown darkened on his brow, when, in a trembling voice, she begged him not to press her marriage with the youth. Yet darker did that frown become, when asking the cause of so unexpected unwillingness he learnt that she had no longer a heart to give; but when in fearful accents she confessed that to Gerard Dumont she had given her heart and faith were given, the old man was so overpowered with the variety of

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 to enter 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, knelt at his feet, & with tears besought his pardon. 'I will forgive thee Alice,' he said in a trembling voice, 'if thou wilt indeed be my child and obey me. Would that my heart had been laid 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 hath 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 the noble lord of Normanton; neither would he bear the noble brow and lion heart of Gerard Dumont.'

'Curses on his fair face and brave heart,' returned the Baron, 'if he useth 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 fulfill my fondest wish. See the husband I have chosen for thee; thou wilt find him young, handsome, rich, noble. Think before thou dost that which will break thy father's heart.'

'It cannot be, father,' said the girl sadly; 'thou wouldst not that thy daughter should give her hand where her heart can never go.'

'Lady Alice De Leon, speak 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 dearly. I have centered all my affections on thee. If thou dost marry thy Gerard Dumont, it will be thine own 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 round De Leon's neck, and turned her weeping face up to his. 'Thou hast indeed, been more than a father to me. But old thou, who hast loved me so tenderly, wouldst not bring misery upon me? What are riches and honor, when all lies cold and dead within? Oh, my father! thou wert young once, and hast thou not loved? Was not there once a time, when thy spirit was filled with me happy thought? when to thine eyes all nature seemed arrayed in lines of glory? when birds, and winds, and streams—all sounds of earth and heaven—seemed to whisper to thine ear one glad story, that thou wert loved? O, do not thou send the clouds to darken a heaven so bright as mine hath been.'

The Baron stood for a moment in silence, gazing on the face of his child. 'Alice,' he said, 'hear me. When I was young as thou art now, I too fancied that I loved one beneath me—a girl beautiful, and fond, but unknown, of humble birth. I gave myself up to the passion that was soon master of my soul; I let it lead where it would, and it led me—I dare not tell thee whether, but Alice, in my heart it set a sting, whose smart is burning even to this day; I left a curse that hath haunted me day & night for years and years. Oh girl, this is not love; believe me it is no; it is a false deluded passion, that will bring thee nothing but bitterness and sorrow. This is not love. Love's nature is to bless, not to curse—to fill the heart with joy, and bind together with its cleaving cord, husband and wife, father & child; not to sow there trouble and discord, and agony—Oh, my child! cast out of thy heart this passion that will ruin thee. Believe me, it hath not heaven blessing if it comes not with thy father's consent.'

'I understand thee not, father. Why sayest thou this not love? It hath brought joy and gladness to my heart; it hath been a blessing and not a curse; it would bind us all together with a breathless hand. Oh! do thou bless us, and heaven's blessing will come upon us, all.'

De Leon spoke not for some minutes, but paced the room with troubled steps, trying to master the better feelings of his heart, which were almost too strong for his worldly policy. But the Baron

conquered; and turning to his child, he said in a stern voice. 'No blessing will come upon the child who despises her father's house. If thou dost marry this man, thou wilt bring upon thy head the bread-curse of a father's broken heart. Do-morrow morning, Charles Longville will visit thee. Receive him kindly, or from that time thou shalt no longer be my daughter.' With these words he left the room.

#### CHAPTER II.

We pass over the time that elapsed after the scene we have described—time that made a sad change in Alice de Leon. Her dark lustrous eye had grown dim; the blush of health upon her cheek had gone, her light and fairy-like step had become heavy, as though all the elasticity of youth had passed away. She was the betrothed of Charles Longville. She had seen her father's death decaying, care making deep furrows on his aged brow, she had heard him walk restlessly in his room during the hours of the night, or groaning heavily in his sleep—and she could not all her father. Gerard Dumont had of course been banished from the castle by the Baron's orders, but by the help of her attendant maiden, she had managed to let him know all the circumstances which had forced her to take back the faith she had pledged to him. Oh him, too, dark fate pressed with a heavy hand, but while his heart was well nigh breaking, he was obliged to confess that he would not have wished her to act otherwise.

It wanted only a few days to the time appointed for the marriage, when, one evening, a servant informed the Lady Alice, that an old man stood without, desiring earnestly to speak with her, and said that he was traveling homeward from a long journey, and had matters of great importance to communicate to her.

Her maid desire him to tell his news to the Baron, but when she returned with the pilgrim's earnest request to be allowed to see her, affirming that his tale would be told to no one but herself, she consented to admit him. He seemed very old, with long white hair; yet his gray eyes had not lost all their lustre, and a close observer might have marked in them a somewhat evil expression, which a low reverence to the lady, he seated himself at her command, and appeared rather embarrassed how to commence his story. 'Would it be asking too much, lady, to let an old man speak with thee quite alone, for a few moments?' he said, for Alice had desired her maid to remain in the room.

'You may trust my attendant,' she replied, 'with anything to do with my welfare.'

'It might be better otherwise,' returned the seeming pilgrim; 'but let it be so if it is thy pleasure.' He paused—'Thou wilt wonder, lady, that an old man should dare to address thee, high born and beautiful, on such a subject—But I have known thee long, lady; loved thee, as an old man might love his daughter; and I would fain dought in my power to minister to thy happiness. A few words will show that I know thee.—Thy mother died when thou wert yet an infant; and thou hast loved thy father so dearly, that thou art now about to sacrifice thyself for him, by marrying a man thou dost not love.'

'I have but little thanks to give thee,' said Alice proudly, 'for prying into the secrets of my family, and then coming to tell me what I knew full well.'

'Here me out, lady,' continued the old man. 'Thou lovest one of our kind—birth. I know his parentage.'

Alice started, but did not interrupt him.

'His parents were noble as thine own. And this was my purpose in coming hither; to offer thee, if thou wilt accept them, my services with thy father; to whom I will tell such things, that I shall himself desire the match as much as thou dost.'

'But art thou sure of this, old man?' she replied, looking attentively in his face. 'But if it be so, it is too late. As is prepared, the marriage cannot be put off.'

'Think, lady, how thy father's heart will leap with joy, to find that he honor and thy happiness can both be saved.'

'I fear his honor would be in danger with the Longvilles,' said Alice.

'Nay,' interrupted the old man, 'let thy father himself judge of that. Have I any leave to speak with him upon the subject?'

'If my father chooseth to see thee, of course I cannot prevent it. In truth I see not why thou hast spoken to me on the matter.'

'For this reason; I know report doth often tell foul lies, and I would learn from thine own lips the truth, lest I had done thee a harm instead of a kindness. Farewell, lady. When we next meet, I trust thy fortunes may be brighter.'

By the order of Lady Aber, the old man was conducted to a large hall, hung round the trophies of De Leon's ancient prowess, banners and arms, and other spoils taken in battle, as well as old family pictures. Here he was left to wait the Baron's pleasure. He looked around for some minutes, seemingly lost in thought. 'Pride goeth before a fall,' he muttered to himself. 'I have waited long, De Leon, for my time, but I knew it would come. I knew that crimes like thine would not die unrevenged, and I know not how I could more deeply wound thee and thy child,' he continued, 'the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children.' He was interrupted by the entrance of the Baron.

'Thou wouldst speak with me, old man?' he said. 'If thou hast a boon that I can grant, it shall be thine.'

'Knowest thou to whom thou makest so gracious an offer, Baron De Leon?' said the old man looking earnestly at him.

'I know thee not,' he replied. 'Thou knowest me once—my name is Grant.'

De Leon started as though a serpent had bitten him. 'Art thou indeed the father—'

'I was the father of the unhappy Mary De Leon,' said he, 'and thou art her son.'

'How meanest thou that?' returned the Baron with a frowning brow.

'That paper may convince thee that the betrayer was betrayed,' and the old man handed him the paper as he spoke.

De Leon unfolded it, and with a gesture of astonishment looked through it. With a somewhat scornful smile, he returned it saying, 'Whatever might have been thy purpose in coming to me, it was a bad plan to bring forged papers.'

The old man took the papers and repeated calmly, 'It is a true paper, Baron and not a forgery; and it was a true marriage between thee and my daughter and not a cheat as thou didst suppose. The priest himself gave me that paper. It seems thy agent had more conscience than his master.'

It was indeed true. A heavier vengeance than he had yet felt was coming on him for his early crime. And it had brought him misery enough before this—years of bitter remorse for the fate of a young girl, whom he had (as he thought) betrayed and turned away to give birth to an infant and perish. But now the staff that he had leaned upon was breaking. It was indeed in this old man's power to ruin him, to blast fame, by showing that his daughter, so prized, so loved, so doted on, whom he was about to give away in marriage with such pomp and splendor, was not legitimate for he knew that poor Mary was alive after he had married the mother of Alice.

The wrongs that his daughter had received at the hand of De Leon had driven Grant almost mad; for his passion scented down into a deep, burning desire of revenge, which he had fostered in his heart for years, without any opportunity to making what seemed to him sufficiently dreadful vengeance. Now the time had come when he would wound him in the tenderest points of his nature, in his daughter; and in his pride. At present, however, he veiled his dark purpose, and professed that he had come to return good to his child for the evil De Leon had done his own.—He promised eternal secrecy if the Baron would consent to the marriage between Alice and Gerard Dumont—on no other terms. If these were not agreed on, his tale should be told, (preserved by the fact of her greater shame, the Baron's daughter's consent.) He even promised that he would appear to delight in the prospect of exp