

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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TERMS:

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POETRY.



From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

Confession of the Confirmed.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN.

Before thy altar mighty Lord,
Thy altar HERE ON EARTH—
The heart and knee in bliss'd accord,
Bow—in this second birth.

Born first in SIN—a child of grief,
I spurn'd thy saving grace,
And sought—how vainly—sought relief,
Amidst a fallen race.

In darkness seal'd, in vain the eye
Life's desolate path explor'd;
I heard no precept from on High—
No word save THIS—adored.

I say no cross on Calvary—
I heard no dying groan;
In riot, rout, and revelry
I liv'd for earth alone.

In pomp, in show, and empty pride,
My chief delight I sought;
What reck'd I that a Saviour died—
What thy my soul was drought.

The price was PAID—his precious blood,
His suffering on the tree—
Aton'd alike for bad and good—
Aton'd of course for me.

I quaff'd the brimming cup of joy,
And bade the health go round;
I knew—I dream'd of no alloy,
And no alloy I found.

I saw no CIRCLE in the bowl,
I heard no SYREN'S voice,
But yielded the immortal soul,
To false and fleeting joy.

Time still roll'd on, and every hour
Estrang'd me from above;
I never felt a Saviour's power—
I only knew his love.

I travers'd o'er Life's treacherous sea,
With full and flowing sail,
And sporting with the zephyr breeze,
And thought not of the gale.

It came unthought of—still it came;
And toss'd and tempest driven,
I found no hope but in thy name,
No refuge but in Heaven.

Now—now, dear Lord, my daily food
Defies remorse and dread;
The wine I drink's a Saviour's blood;
His body is my bread.

Celestial light beams on the sight,
In one unclouded ray;
And bursting from the realms of night,
I hail eternal day.

COOL ANSWER.

"Did it hurt you?" said a man to another

whom he had knocked down.

"Oh! not at all—how is it with you?" as

he coolly performed the same ceremony

upon him.

WHAT TO OMIT.

Never ask the age of an unmarried lady

when she passes five and twenty.

Never show your protested bill to a man

you wish to borrow money from.

Never expose your poverty to rich relation,

if you would have him treat you as a

cousin.

Never absent yourself from church, if

you have any thoughts of marrying a rich

widow with a religious turn of mind.

Never omit to boast of being a good shot

—a candle snuffer at ten paces—when in

the society of hicks of blood, if you have

any antipathy to fighting a duel.

Never let it come to the ears of a rich &

childless relative that you secretly pray for

his sudden premature dissolution.

Never speak of the gallows to a man

whose father or grandfather has been hang'd;

nor of the corruption of office holders

to a Government defaulter.

Never speak of the time that tried men's

souls to one of Tory ancestry, nor of the

battle of New Orleans to one who thinks

the army of England invincible.

Never attempt to quiz a man in company

who might retort by kicking you down

stairs.

Never let your friend know, when you

drop in to take a friendly dinner with him,

that your landlady 'blocked the game' on

you, because you had not paid her your

last week's board.

Never take a newspaper without paying

for it—it's the shabby act you could

possibly be guilty of.

HURRY vs. DESPATCH.

No two things differ more than *hurry* &

despatch. *Hurry* is the mark of a weak

mind, *despatch* of a strong one. A weak

man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is

laboring eternally, but to no purpose—and

is in constant motion, without getting on a

foot like a turnstile he is in every body's

way, but stops nobody. He talks a great

deal, but says very little, looks into every

thing, but sees nothing and has a hundred

irons in the fire, but none of them are hot;

should one of them be hot; with that he

only burns his fingers.

FOR MECHANICS.

Avoid giving any long credit, even to

your best customers. A man who pays

easily will not thank you for the delay; and

a slack, doubtful paymaster, is not too

valuable a customer to dun sharply and

seasonably. A fish may as well attempt to

live without water, or a man without air, as

a mechanic without punctuality & prompt-

ness in collecting it is folly to attempt to

keep or get up business by delaying col-

lection. When you lose a slack paymaster

from your books, you only only lose the

chance of losing your money, and there is

no man pays more money to lawyers than

he whose is least prompt in collecting for

himself.

A WRETCHED MAN.

We were reminded (says a Western pa-

per) of the 'Chorineur,' in the Mysteries of

Paris, on reading the following:—

Horrible—A wretched man in the South

who is made mad by the sight of blood was

impudently sent out in the barn-yard, a

short time since, to kill some chickens. In

hurry, he performed the deed, became

excited, rushed into the house with the de-

capitated fowl in one hand and bloody knife

in the other, seized the colored cook, dragg-

ed her to the fire, and plunged chicken into

the pot!

WITTY RETORT.

A materialist, who had written a thousand

absurdities to prove that we have got no

souls, inquired of a lady, with a triumphant

air, what her opinion was of his philoso-

phy?

"It appears to me, sir, answered the

lady, 'that you have employed much talent

and ability to prove you are a beast."

It is said that words hurt nobody, never

the less Sampson *jawed* a thousand Philis-

ties to death.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Arthur's Magazine.

JOSEPH, THE FIREMAN;

A TRUE STORY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF J. A.

BOCILLI.

BY ALBERT ROLAND.

I do not know any profession more useful, and at the same time more worthy of praise, than that of those intrepid men, who hold themselves constantly in readiness to fly wherever a conflagration is lighted up, or wherever the public voice calls them, performing a thousand feats of valor; confronting every day, dangers a frightful as present themselves upon the field of battle, and joining to the most daring courage, the most noble disinterestedness. These are the true citizen-soldiers and I experience great pleasure in relating the following noble action of one of them.

Among the firemen of the faubourg of the capital, Joseph L.—was as remarkable for his experience in scaling burning buildings, as for his bold talent of diving, which had frequently procured for him the inexpressible delight of saving the life of his fellow beings. Fire and water appeared to be the elements in which he was to acquire the reputation of the bravest and best of men.

A fire broke out, at night, toward the end of autumn, 1829, in the vast warehouse of the purveyor-general to the royal guards, and from these buildings, filled with combustible materials, before its progress could be arrested, it reached the sumptuous dwelling itself of the purveyor, baron Descarville. Baron Descarville, the father of a numerous family, at first, thought only of saving his children, the youngest of whom he soon placed beyond the imminent danger which threatened them. One had been forgotten in this frightful disaster, a pretty little girl, two years of age, who slept in a chamber, the only approach to which, in consequence of the progress the fire had made, was through her father's apartment, which was double-locked. The piercing cries of the alarmed child reached the ears of Joseph, who instantly broke down with his axe, the door of this room, which was the private cabinet of baron Descarville, reached the child and bore her to the arms of her father. The baron offered to recompense him for his generous devotion, but the fireman, faithful to the regulation of his corps, declared that he would accept nothing, as he had only performed his duty.

When Joseph mentioned the fact of his having been compelled to break down the door of the adjoining apartment, to reach the child, the baron suddenly remembered that he had left several articles of value, amongst which was a small pocket book containing forty bank notes of considerable amount. As there was yet time, he hastened to remove them to a place of safety, but, to his great surprise, when he reached the room, he found that the pocket book was gone. He searched everywhere with much anxiety, but could discover no traces of it. Convinced that the note had become the prey of the fireman, he only person who had entered his cabinet, and determined not to give him sufficient time to dispose of the property he went immediately to inform the captain of his company of the theft which had been committed. Although it was with a great effort he could accuse the young man who had saved the life of one of his children of a crime, he yielded to the importunities of the captain, and claimed the authority of the officer to obtain justice. The captain, who, on account of his uniformly irreproachable conduct, entertained the highest esteem for Joseph, desired, in so grave and delicate a matter, to proceed with caution. He beckoned Joseph to follow, and conducted him to an apartment where, beside himself, no one was present beside the baron. Joseph trembled and grew pale at the charge made against him. He attempted to speak, but the words died on his lips; as soon as he recovered from the terrible emotion which he experienced, and which, in the eyes of the baron, seemed a proof of his guilt, he

demanded that he should be subjected to the most rigorous search. It was soon clearly ascertained that the pocket book of which he was accused of having stolen, was not in his possession.

"I knew he was innocent!" cried the officer, pressing his hand, warmly.

"He grew pale, however," said M. Descarville.

"It was with indignation," replied Joseph, with flashing eyes. "This is an unexpected recompense for the service I have rendered you, but, if I suffer under such an accusation, you will suffer your life time; to take your child into your arms without blushing at the thought of the manner in which you outraged her preserver."

"I am sure, monsieur le baron," added the officer, "that, as ourselves, you will preserve a profound silence with regard to the strange scene which has just passed."

"As for me, captain, I will promise nothing," replied Joseph gruffly. "I shall inform my comrades of the kind of recompense we are to expect for our services."

The fireman, indeed, related to his companions the insult which he had endured, and carrying his hand to his sword, he added:

"If it had not been for baron Descarville's grey hairs, he should have dearly atoned for this cruel insult; but I had too many advantages over him, and was forced to hold him in contempt."

The baron, however, entertained a secret suspicion which he was unable to banish; a month rolled by, and, in his heart, Joseph was still regarded as guilty. He continually balanced in his mind the proofs of his innocence and the combination of circumstance which seemed to establish his guilt. Not being contented, therefore, to sustain a loss of forty thousand francs, he was thinking of entering a complaint before a magistrate, when his valet-de-chambre, one morning, upon emptying a large sheet iron vessel, standing near his secretary, filled with useless papers, perceived a black morocco pocket book. He opened it hastily, found it filled with bank notes, and immediately informed his master of the joyous discovery. It would be difficult to express the surprise and remorse of the baron. He went at once to the barracks of the firemen, begged the officer to assemble them before him. In the presence of all, he apologized for the unjust suspicions he had entertained toward Joseph, and offered him any reparation he might require.

"All I ask of you, sir, is that, henceforth, you will never accuse a fireman of the least base action, unless you witness it with your own eyes."

Baron Descarville attempted, in vain, to induce Joseph to accept some indemnity for the outrage he had suffered, but neither gold nor presents could tempt this honorable man. He was satisfied that his character had been washed of this odious accusation, in the presence of his comrades, who now regarded him with increased esteem and attachment. The name of the purveyor-general came frequently to the mind and lips of the fireman; however, he never spoke of him without a convulsive movement which showed that he was unable entirely to remove from his heart a certain degree of bitterness toward the only man, who had ever assailed him with regard to his integrity.

Winter succeeded to the autumn, and in the many fires which occurred during his rigorous season, Joseph gave new proof of his courage and humanity. But of all his acts of true heroism, which had already excited the admiration of every one, none was so remarkable as that which I am about to relate, and which is strictly true. It proves too, that greatness of soul is to be found in the most humble as well as in the most elevated classes of the social order.

The winter of 1820, without being extremely rigorous, was long and unhealthy; many of the inhabitants of Paris suffered much from the humid cold, and those sudden changes of temperature which affect, injuriously, the most robust constitutions. But whilst the great mass of workmen in their humble dwellings were almost deprived of the necessities of life, the opulent were surrounded by all the charms of luxury, invented even in the midst of snow and frost. Amongst these pleasures, the

one which the youth enjoy with most avidity, is the exercise of skating, in which they are enabled to display all their natural strength and grace. This exciting and dangerous sport is most common upon the Canal de l'Ourey, and the Basin de la Villette. Thousands upon thousands of spectators cover the shore, encouraging by their exclamations the audacity of the skaters. Some push along in sleds, the most fashionable ladies, who give themselves up entirely to this passing amusement. Others, with skill and address, with a single effort, design, on the ice, either a figure, or the loved flower of the lady of their thoughts. In gazing on this lively scene, it might almost be imagined that the celebrated Russian feets upon the Neva, in the depth of winter, were passing before us.

But the ice in these northern countries is more firm than it is in our climate, and accidents more rarely occur there. In the course of the winter, after the burning of the house of baron Descarville, a very remarkable event occurred on the Canal de l'Ourey. A number of young men belonging to the most distinguished families were assembled at a breakfast given by the vanquished skaters to rivals in some of their games. In this happy repast shouts of delight were frequently mingled with the detonation of the opening champagne bottles; the sparkling liquor of which tended to heat, still more, the reckless heads of the young convivialists. The feast terminated, they returned to the Canal and each one, mounted upon his skates, gave way to the promptings of an imagination excited by the numerous toasts which had been drunk. After a hundred feats of strength and address, three of the most excited joined hands and engaged to execute, correctly, the steps of a gallopade which was, then, fashionable in all the saloons. They performed, indeed, the attitudes and movements of the most skillful dancers; but at the moment when the three formed a circle the ice suddenly broke, and in the twinkling of an eye, they were all buried under the thick crust which covered the surface of the Canal. The most heart-rending cries burst from the spectators. John L.—, the fireman, was strolling about at a short distance from the scene of the disaster, and, always ready to respond to the cry of distress, rushed to the spot; and enquired the cause of the alarm. On being told of the accident which had occurred, he threw off his heavier clothing, and plunged into the opening through which the unfortunate young men had passed. The risk of this attempt may be easily conceived, when it is remembered that this hole off red the only means of egress from under the ice which covered the Canal. In about half a minute, he made his appearance again, bearing in his arms one of the young men. He deposited him upon the shore, giving him into the care of the spectators, and again precipitated himself into the gulf, happy to have been instrumental in saving one of the three victims. Some instants elapsed, and nothing was seen of him, but at last he reappeared, alone, saying that he was unable to find any one.

"There are two more," was shouted on all sides. He plunged in for the third time and returned with the second skater, motionless and insensible. After having deposited him in the arms of those who were standing round, he plunged into the hole a fourth time, remained under water as long as he was able but appeared, at last, with empty hands. His countenance was depressed, and he suffered so much from the cold that he was unable to utter a word.

"Oh! our saviour," cried the young man he had first saved, "do not abandon our dear comrade! he belongs to an honorable and opulent family which will recompense you as you deserve to be. It is a young officer of the royal guard—the son of baron Descarville."

"Descarville!" exclaimed Joseph, with a convulsive movement.

"Yes, the rich purveyor who lives in the faubourg Poissonniere."

"Oh! I remember," replied the fireman; "he once accused me of having stolen his pocket book; but I forget all that when humanity demands my exertions."

He plunged into the canal again and this remained so long under the ice that the spectators began to repent of having

excited that courage, that sublime devotion which might cost him his life. At last he issued from the hole, bearing the body of young Descarville.

"He is dead! he is dead!" cried Joseph, despairingly, placing his hand upon the heart of the young officer; "of all the three, I should have experienced most pleasure in saving this one, to avenge myself on his father, and in placing his son in his arms, to prove—He is not dead—his heart beats—oh? if I could succeed in restoring him to life."

He extended the inanimate body of young Descarville upon the shore, covered it with his own, glued his mouth to the lips of the young man, and used all his power to inflate the lungs. He continued his efforts for sometime, forcing air into the lungs, and then pressing upon the chest, so as to imitate the process of respiration. Blankets were brought by some of the bystanders, which were warmed and wrapped round him, the region of his stomach was rubbed rapidly with warm cloths, wet with spirit, so as to produce a considerable degree of friction. After these efforts were continued for some time Joseph had the satisfaction of witnessing signs of returning life, he then left him and went into a house to change his clothing and make use of the proper means of restoring animation to his benumbed limbs. Accustomed to such circumstances, Joseph well knew the danger of approaching a fire in his present condition; he sent for a tub of snow with which he rubbed his limbs and body till a natural reaction took place, the blood was again thrown to the surface, and the skin resumed its healthy functions. As soon as he was able, he returned to the three young men whom he had saved. When they saw him, they seized him in their arms, and heaped upon him the liveliest marks of gratitude. The emotion of young Descarville, who felt that he owed his life to the man whose honor his father had suspected, it would be impossible to paint.

"Never," said he, "has humanity prompted to such devotion and heroism before; never has a brother or friend shown such generous courage and perseverance, to save any one from an inevitable death. And you know that I was the son of your accuser."

It was, even for that reason, I felt a greater desire to save you. This is the only means people of my humble condition have, of making the great and rich feel that we are of any importance to society."

"Ah! believe me, my good Joseph, this truth will never be effaced from my memory. I desire to publish every where what you have done for me. I will inform your officers of this deed which, however, will not surmise them, for with you it is not an extraordinary effort, and shall not rest satisfied until you have obtained the just reward for the noble acts you have performed and for the high virtues which distinguish you."

During this outpouring of the heart, the companions of the young men, emptied their purses into a hat, forming, together, a sum of five or six hundred francs which they now came forward to offer to the fireman as a mark of their gratitude and respect, but Joseph taking the hat, threw it upon the shore scattering the pieces of gold and silver it contained in every direction, crying as he did so with noble dignity—

"Do you suppose that I have been actuated by pecuniary interest? Ah! that I can accept of you, gentlemen, is a few glasses of good wine to warm me, of which I confess I am in great need."

Hardly had he uttered these words when he was caught up in the arms of the young men and carried to a neighboring restaurant where the festival of the morning was renewed; they treated Joseph as their equal and honored him as a man dear to humanity. Many toasts were given, but that most repitantly received was the following:

"I accept in the name of my comrades," said Joseph, "and I dare assert that they will always show themselves worthy of the honor you do them."

"Who can doubt it," said young Descarville; "when you are the saviour."

The countenances of all were radiant with joy, and this happy scene, witnessed by the appearance of baron Descarville, to whom his son had sent word of what had occurred. He threw himself into Joseph's arms, and was so much moved that at first he was unable to utter a single word. He took the hands of the fireman, those vigorous hands which had saved the life of a loved son and bathed them with tears. At