

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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POETRY.



TO MARY.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

My love for thee is like the light
That falls upon a summer night,
So pure and deep and passing bright
It shines upon my heart, Mary.
It takes a part from everything
Of joy and beauty, like the spring
That feeds upon the flowers that cling
To it, as I to thee, Mary.

Thy image has become the star,
Seen through the mists of life afar,
A music 'mid the useless jar
Has ever been thy voice, Mary.
A blissful spot in memory's dream,
Like rays of sunshine on the stream,
To guide me with its richest gleam
To happiness and hope, Mary.

It makes a cadence in the song,
A smile amid the happy throng,
A gushing joy so full and strong
Beats ever with my pulse, Mary.
That secret tone goes murmuring by
As winds into a summer sky,
Or harp notes when at eve, they die
Upon the listeners' ear, Mary.

I look upon thy memory
As stars upon the silent sea,
And watch as calm and tremblingly
The tides of thy pure heart, Mary.
And as upon the sea-girt shore,
They wash and wash forevermore,
So sets within my soul's deep core
The stream of love for thee, Mary.

You gave to life a deeper flush;
And wak'd to a wilder gush
Hopes that had died upon the blush
Without thy smiles of spring, Mary.
And though it may be idle all,
As spreading flowers upon pall,
Still shall thy name be magical
When linked with love and thee, Mary.

LINES.

BY ANNA WHARTON.

Oh! not in grave-yards rank and close
When the noisome town,
Oh! not in gloomy cloisters dark
Would I at death be down.
Give me a bed in open field
Beneath the breezy sky,
Where flowers bloom and forest wave,
And waters murmur nigh;
Where greenly springs the early grass,
And birds are on the bough,
And early winds are out at play,
There let me slumber low!

ON AN INFANT.

ERE Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed;
And bade it blossom there.

If on any occasion your wife should claim to you, 'Now tumble over the cradle and break your neck, do!'—don't you do it.

Give the Countersign.

The New Orleans Crescent tells the following good one which is highly creditable to the Texian's knowledge of military tactics:—At the Wolf Hunter's camp, near Carpus Christi, in Texas, the guard one night saw somebody a little way off, and hailed him. 'Who's there?' No answer still. 'Who's there, I say? Whoever you be, if you don't advance and say 'Texas, I'll blow'—Texas, then, said the other, if that's all you want.' 'Well, why didn't you say it sooner?' We recollect a similar instance at Windsor, Canada West directly opposite to Detroit, during the disturbances in that country. The colored people had formed themselves into a regiment commonly known as the 'Queen's Black Guards.' One of them being stationed as a sentinel on a certain night, heard somebody coming. Now this somebody happened to be a Yankee, and a spy. 'Who go dar?' inquired the guard. 'A friend,' was the answer. 'Gib de countersign.' 'Plague take your countersign, you black son of a gun.' 'Gorramighty, you no gib de countersign I'll shoot you.' 'You get out, you concealed thundersbolt, shoot a royalist, would you? Wouldn't you look pretty?' 'Den say 'Victoria' 'Victoria' and destruction take ye.' 'Pass,' and the Yankee did pass into the very heart of the enemy's camp and brought back an abundance of information to the patriots.

WHAT I LIKE TO SEE.

I like to see a woman out in the morning picking up chips to build a fire, and her husband in bed; it shows she thinks more for him than she does for herself.
I like to see a merchant and mechanic keep their shop doors and windows closed until the sun is an hour high; it shows that they are independent, and ask no favors of the customers.
I like to see young women walking the street on Sunday in their silks, with holes in their stockings; it shows that they are more attentive to things above than below.
I like to see men crowding around the bar room Monday morning before sun rise; it shows their anxiety to get at their week's employment in good season.
I like to see women send their butter to market in a dirty cloth; it shows economy as it saves washing.

'Scared to Death and Ticked to!'—Jemima! morn, what d'ye think Sal told Ned Bobbles last night, when he was a sparkin' her?

'Shut up, child—what are you talking about?'

'No, but I hern her, I did. She told Ned Bobbles she kinder felt—'

'Hush, you little rascal! Hush, or I'll take your scalp off!' and poor Sally looked as red as a boiled lobster.

'Oh, git out, Sal. I will tell. She told Ned Bobbles she kinder felt scared to death and tickled to!'

Ned Bobbles got the mitten next time he called.

A native of the Enderland Isle was asked how he could tell when a man was drunk. Faith, answered Pat, 'I'd never be after saying a man was drunk at all, without I saw him trying to light his pipe at a pump.'

'I feel to lazy to work,' said a loafer, 'and I have no time to play, I think I'll go to bed and split the difference.'

A roquette is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf—the thorns are reserved for her future husband.

The Louisville Democrat intimates that five women of the town, dressed in male attire, voted at the late election.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BRILLIANT LOCKET.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the autumn of the year 1800 when the republican army under Ney, Moreau, Lamb, Cyr, and other of its bravest generals, was pursuing its victorious career, and laying waste some of the most important towns in Germany, the circumstance which we are about to relate took place.

The frequent want of stores, ammunition and money, in the republican armies and the hope of plunder, then so frequently held out to the French soldiers, as the reward of victory, caused an inconsiderable alarm in the breasts of the more peaceable inhabitants of those places which were considered likely to become the theatre of hostilities.

Among these, the inhabitants of a German town of considerable importance—and which for distinction we will call Ebristen—had ample reasons for their misgivings; the daily, almost hourly, approach of the French being expected.

The family of Paul Kimmayer, a merchant citizen of great wealth, was amongst those most agitated by the afflictive intelligence. His household consisted of his wife, an only daughter, and a few domestics in whom he could place confidence. His daughter was the spring which regulated every action of the merchant's life; she was the apple of his eye, the sunshine of his shady places, it was for her he had accumulated his wealth, that her rare beauty might win with it a station of rank and influence; and now the hope of a whole lifetime might be wrecked in a few brief hours.

His wife was the first to suggest a plan for the concealment of their treasures. The mansion was situated near the extremity of the town, and from it a secret passage communicated with a tower in the garden adjoining; from hence in the evening, a man might easily steal unperceived to the adjacent woods; and there she proposed that the merchant should, at night time, bury his treasure; or, at any rate, that he should proceed through the forest and deposit it with a relation who was to be trusted, who would not be suspected of possessing so much wealth, and who resided about two days' journey from the place.

For a time Paul Kimmayer resisted every importunity of his wife. Who would protect them should the anticipated attack take place in his absence? The domestics were old and infirm, and they would be too much alarmed for their own safety to care much for others so akin to them. But when his wife spoke upon the future; when she impressed on him that it was wealth only that would be required of them, and that, deprived of that, all for which they had so long struggled would be scattered in a moment, his resolution gave way.

'I go,' he said, 'and leave you to the trust of One whose all powerful hand will protect you; unless indeed, in his infinite wisdom, he deems it fitting that the innocent should fall as an example and terror to the guilty.'

Collecting all that was most valuable into a small packet, as the evening approached, the merchant was prepared to depart. One jewel only remained behind—it was his own miniature, set in a block, with diamonds of great value. It was his wedding gift to Amelia, and with it he hesitated to part, and he placed it again around her neck with the same fervor and affection that he felt when he first presented it. To her and to his daughter, the namesake of her mother, he gave some necessary directions for their welfare during his absence and taking an affectionate farewell, he departed, unknown to any but themselves.

It was on the evening of the fourth day after the merchant had departed that the roll of the drums, the shrill voice of the trumpet calling to arms, and the tumult among the inhabitants without, proclaimed to the inmates of the mansion that the enemy was fast approaching. The town was, indeed, filled with Austrian troops, but these had been so often and lately harassed and defeated by the victorious arms of the French, that it was not without rea-

son the citizens felt strong misgivings in their prowess.

A chance of the merchant being enabled to reach his house, or even to obtain admittance within the town, previous to the termination, was now entirely shut out. The wife had but little doubt that his reputed wealth would not permit the house to pass un molested; and after causing all the doors to be barricaded, and the windows and shutters secured, she proceeded, with her daughter, to the innermost apartment of the mansion.

CHAPTER II.

On the return of the merchant, the French army was evacuating the place, carrying with them the trophies they had wrested from the conquered Austrians, and a large supply of stores and plunder from the devoted town. Paul, heart died within him as he stealthily entered the suburbs, and proceeded towards the place of his own residence.

Within the town all was confusion and dismay; here were open storehouses filled with their contents, the very doors torn from their hinges; there, the trim gardens of the richer classes broken down and trampled over; in the market places were groups of the middle and lower classes, loudly complaining of the excesses of both Austria and France. Still Paul stopped not to join in the general outcry; his only anxiety was his own home. At length he reached his dwelling. With what a pang of intense anxiety he rushed through the open portal! The servants had evidently fled; the stairs bore the marks of heavy footsteps. Paul stopped not to examine them, or he would have seen that they were traced with gore.

With the speed of thought he rushed into their accustomed sitting room, and there a horrid spectacle awaited him—the heart; one hand had fallen back as if to protect her from the attack of the assassin, while the other grasped tightly a few links of the slight gold chain to which had been attached the diamond mounted portrait.

Of his daughter there were no traces. Loudly did he call, and wildly did he seek first in his own house, and then through the whole town, until it was whispered abroad that he was mad; and so, for a time, he was; but anxiety brought weariness and repose led to reflection.

How deeply Paul Kimmayer reproached himself for not taking the miniature with other valuables, need not be related; since he little doubted that his wife's resistance to part with it had led to the fatal catastrophe. One redeeming thought flashed across his mind, that by its agency—it indeed she had not shared the fate of her mother—he might be enabled to discover the missing daughter. To this end he resolved to devote the whole of his future existence; and after the funeral of his wife, he disposed of his house, the wreck of his household goods, and prepared to travel, with, he knew not, but any where to fly from the scenes where all his hopes of earthly happiness had been blighted by the ruthless hands of the destroyer.

'And these,' he said, as he turned from his native town and home, 'these are the deeds perpetrated under the sacred banner of liberty! Alas! how is the divine attribute desecrated! How little, but the name exists in the blood-thirsty dynasty of France!'

CHAPTER III.

Shall we follow the steps of Paul Kimmayer for twelve years? Shall we relate how he travelled in strange lands, even in the wake of the French army—sometimes in disguise—how minute, but yet how cautious were his enquiries, and alas! how fruitless! Shall we say how the hale man grew grey and feeble, although half a century had passed over his head, in scarcely more than a title of one. No; for we could relate nothing that would interest the reader—nothing but the patient suffering of a bereaved man, hoping, but hopeless, seeking, but finding not; until it almost seemed that the faculties of the wanderer ceased to embrace the object of his mission; but they did not—they only slumbered.

It was something beyond twelve years after the scene related in our second chapter took place, that a French officer was reciting in one of the principal cafes of Paris, to an eager crowd of listeners, the particulars of an inglorious

retreat from Russia, of which he was one of the few survivors. His age could not have exceeded thirty; but the dreadful hardships of the Russian campaign had told fearfully upon his hardened features. War, however, had not tampered, but had evidently added to, a naturally ferocious disposition; for he was detailing, with savage satisfaction the horrid torments of the enemy, already forgetful of the severities he had just escaped, and to which so many of his comrades had fallen a sacrifice.

Among those who listened most attentively, was a stranger, who sat, almost unnoticed, smoking in an obscure corner of the room; an involuntary expression of disgust at length betrayed him, and all eyes were immediately turned to where he sat.

'I'll wager a Napoleon,' said the officer, 'that the old German never smelt powder but on a review day, and never saw more smoke than that which proceeded from his own meerschaum.'

'Better if others were like me: who remembering only that they are soldiers forget that they are men.'

'How,' exclaimed the officer, starting on his feet, 'such sentiments here, dangerous, but you Germans are very mystical. However, I'll tell you a German adventure, so, garcon, another bottle of cotoret, and then—'

'Do you happen to know the German town of Ebristen?' inquired the officer.

The dull eye of the stranger seemed suddenly lit with a liquid fire, as he answered in the affirmative.

'It was my first campaign,' continued the other; 'my father had been one of the bravest [he meant one of the most blood-thirsty] leaders of the revolution. His influence obtained for me a commission, and, crowned with success, I found motion. In the action I alluded to we were allowed but two hours to make pillage we could in the town of Ebristen before we proceeded onward to greater and more glorious victories. Well, there was a jeweller of great wealth, whose house, which was pointed out to me by an Austrian prisoner, we entered, but in which neither jewel nor portable valuables could we find. The servants fled on our first entrance; the wife and daughter alone remained. The latter had locked themselves in a room, which we soon burst open; we demanded of them their valuables; the trumpet had already sounded 'To horse!' and I was preparing to leave the house when a gold chain around the neck of the old female attracted my attention. There was attached to it—'

'A portrait?' asked the stranger, in a tone of ill-concealed anxiety. 'Don't interrupt me,' said the narrator, 'the story is droller than many would imagine.'

The blood of the stranger came and went rapidly, and putting down his pipe he was observed for the moment, feeling about his pockets, as if in search of some missing article.

'You're right, it was a portrait, and in a most valuable setting. Provoked at obtaining no booty, I demanded it of her; she should have had the worthless miniature, but she was obstinate. I tried to force it from her, but she resisted more, she tried to seize a pistol from my belt, and in the heat of my passion I stabbed her.'

'Have you that portrait still?' asked the German.

'I have, though it has been taken from the setting, in which one of my own now glitters. You said you knew Ebristen.'

'I did, years ago.'

'And probably the original of this picture?' said the officer, producing it.

'Well, well!'

'Ah! is he alive?'

'He is—to be the Avenger!'

As before a movement was observed by the bystanders, Paul Kimmayer had, with fatal precision, levelled a pistol at the French officer, and shot him in the breast.

CHAPTER IV.

Mortally wounded, but not dead, he who had braved the heat of an hundred battles, and whom death had spared, he might make a more suitable monument for his guilt, was carefully removed to a more private apartment.

'Paul, who might have escaped if the confusion, did not attempt to do so;

and he was, of course taken into custody, and incarcerated in one of the dungeons of the police.

The following morning he was led forth for examination; the officer, fallen officer, he was told, would be his accuser. But he walked with a firmer step and a lighter heart than usual. One portion of his mission had been accomplished, he had avenged his wife's murder, but he had found no traces of his daughter.

On reaching the place of examination he was commanded to stand forth, a shriek—a long agonizing shriek—was heard, and the prosecutrix fell senseless on the floor.

Restoratives were applied, and her recovery the cause of her agitation was apparent.

'It is my father,' she said, and breaking through the crowd, she again fell senseless in his arms.

The impetus of her fall caused a locket to drop from her bosom, where it was still suspended by a chain. Paul Kimmayer snatched it up. Yes it was the same—the same circlet of ringlets but now it contained the portrait, whom?—of his daughter's husband—the murderer of his wife.

Passing her to one of the attendants, the old man smote his breast, and called aloud in his trouble—'

'Was it for this thou wert preserved, my beautiful—my pure?'

In consequence of the state of the witness, the examination was postponed, and the same evening the dying man requested that the prisoner together with the chief of the police, might attend him.

On their arrival, life was ebbing fast. The confession of the officer was brief, he admitted the murder of Paul's wife, and the justice of his retribution. He

almost a child, was carried away by the common soldiers to the rear of the army that she was forced from the apartment previous to; and knew nothing of her mother's fate, and that repenting of his act, he had her conveyed to Paris, and deposited at his own charge. With ten years her loneliness increased, and the knowing him as a benefactor, at last consented to marry him.

This confession was attested and forwarded to the Emperor. Meanwhile the friends of the officer came forward as prosecutors, his wife refusing to do so. The murder in the latter case was fully proved and Paul was sentenced to death.

On the morning appointed for his execution he was reprieved, and suffered to enter a monastery, where he soon sunk under a broken heart.

With his wealth, which was considerable, he founded a convent for the 'Sisters of Mercy' and in the still beautiful abbess whose piety and benevolence so many have with justice, lauded and admired, may be discovered the unfortunate daughter of Paul Kimmayer.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

A child was left upon a gentleman's door step in Rochester, N. Y., some days since, nicely packed in a basket, and with it a note, containing ten dollars and these words, 'More will be sent when this is exhausted.' The gentleman asks which, more money, or more babies.

VERMONT LEGISLATION.

The Legislature of Vermont, now in session, has passed an act for the geological survey of the State; one abolishing the militia system, so far as regards the enrolled militia; an act relating to dealers in spirits, liquors, to innkeepers, &c., providing for the election of three Commissioners in each county, in the month of January, to have control of the subject of license; an act modifying the act of 1842, relative to capital punishment, so that sentence of death should not be executed short of one year, and making it the duty of the Judge to order execution within three months after the year.

'I meant to have told you of that hole' said a man to a friend, who stumbled into a pit full of water. 'No matter now,' says the other, blowing the water from his mouth, 'I have found it.'

'Scarce.'—'Where are you going?' inquired Jack of an acquaintance. 'To see a friend.' 'Well I'll go with you, for I never saw one yet!'