

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. WBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS:

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THE GARLAND.



—With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care.

Indian Names.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'How can the red man be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, bays, lakes and rivers, are indelibly stamped by names of their giving.'

Ye say they all have passed away
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave.

There rings no hunter shout;
But their name is on your waters.
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like Ocean's surf is curled,
Where strong Niagara thunders wake
The echo of the world,
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Yes say their cane like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale,
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wore it,
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it,
Amid his young renown,
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachucetides his lingering voice,
Within his rocky heart,
And Allegheny graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart,
Manadock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust;
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

MACHINE POETRY.

The loud wind roared, the thunder rolled
Fierce lightning spilt the sky,
And all the west seemed fringed with gold
As I was reaping rye.
I laid my sickle down to view
The grand and awful scene,
But I did not stay to see it through—
Oh no—I want to green!

WOMEN—THE WORLD.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her woe-man,
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced it woo-man,
And now with folly and with pride
Their husbands' pockets trimming—
These ladies are so full of whims,
That people call them whim men.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIRTUE REWARDED.

A GOOD STORY WELL TOLD.

On the 31st of January, during the cold which reigned so severely in Paris, at the moment when the snow was falling in heavy flakes, a stoppage of passengers, horses and vehicles took place suddenly at the corner of the Rue St. Honore and the Rue de l'Arbre Sec.

'What is the matter?' asked a young man whose accents declared him to be an inhabitant of the south of France.

'I really can't inform you, Monsieur—I was going to ask the question myself.'

'It's only a man who has fallen on the ice,' said an orange woman, who had overheard the colloquy—'nothing more. Two sous a piece—come buy!'

'It's a man dead drunk,' said a porter, pushing his way out of the crowd.

'Bail!' cried an old woman, 'I'll bet that it's one of those cursed omnibuses which has overturned some poor wretch. I have my legs broken by one two years ago!'

'No such thing,' cried a stout man, warmly wrapped up in a thick wrap of rascal, a large handkerchief up to his nose, and his hands fixed in his side pockets—it's no such thing. It's a man struck with cold and hunger. He is dying—that's evident! Poor man! These things quite effect me! I should have stopped to lend him some assistance, but the fact is I am too late as it is for my wife is waiting dinner for me. Parlon, Monsieur, permit me to pass.'

The stranger, however, to whom this request was addressed; pushed the stout man in the contrary direction, and pressed through the crowd of gazers, until he arrived where the cause of this assemblage was lying. There, near the fountain, was extended on the ice an old man scarcely covered with a few rags. The stranger, yielding only to the dictates of a kind heart, stooping down, and was in the act of raising the unhappy man, when a cry broke the silence of the crowd; a voice exclaimed, 'It's my poor old man!' At the same moment, a young girl piercing the crowd, joined her feeble aid to that of the stranger.

'You know him, then?' he demanded, without looking at the new comer, but trying to prevent her from sharing any of the burden.

'Yes and no, Monsieur,' she replied, taking out a smelling bottle. I knew him by sight, but am ignorant of his name.'

A third person came to his aid, his assistance to the efforts of the young people. 'It is old Gerald!' he said. 'He must have gone out this morning, the first for these four days.—This way, Monsieur,' said he speaking to the stranger, 'he lives here, at number 30, and I am the porter of the house. Come, let me take your place; my little woman,' continued he to the young girl, 'this gentleman and I can take him to his room in the top of the house. It is sheer want that has reduced him to this state. They say he was once rich, and I believe it, for it is only the rich who allow themselves to famish from hunger when they are poor—we have still two stories to go up—I would not be guilty of such a foolish act, I would at once go the Mayor & demand aid. Take care—the stairs are not steep it is so dark here you can't well see it. It is different with me, I am used to the place—that's the door. Push! He never had a key to lock up his property, poor man! They say Gerald is not his name. Doubt how cold it is up here under these tiles.'

They placed the old man upon some straw in a corner of the garret, and the stranger hastened to feel his pulse. 'He is dying of cold and want,' said he. 'Here my friend, here's some money for you; bring up some soup, some wine, and a fire. The porter held out his hand for the money, when the stranger suddenly exclaimed, after having searched his pockets, 'Good heavens! they have taken my purse!' and his features expressed most vividly vexation and fear for the old man's recovery.

'I will get them,' cried a gentle voice, it was that of the young girl's, who had followed them unperceived. She hurried out of the room, and returned speedily, for she perceived that the slightest delay might be fatal. A woman followed her, bringing fire and wood, with which she lit a fire and then retired.—The young messenger was loaded with a bottle of wine and the wing of a fowl wrapped up in a piece of newspaper. She placed the whole near the old man, and then, kneeling down, arranged the fire and stirred it up to a blaze.

The old man by degrees recovered his senses, he was presented with food in small quantities, and in a short time animation was restored. Too weak to thank his benefactors, he could only express his feelings by looks of the most touching gratitude, particular when they rested on the young girl still occupied near the hearth. To the stranger she appeared nothing else than a charming and mysterious vision. Who could this young creature be, who was so earnestly and effectively devoted to a work of charity; when her own attire gave every indication of privation and penury? Cold as the weather was, the bonnet which encircled her delicate and beautiful features was of black straw; the silk gloves, mended in several places, served to cover her hands, but certainly not to guarantee them from the cold. An old cashmere, worn to last extremity, was thrown over a faded gown of dark silk, and her whole appearance betokened the absence of any warm garment.

The young man would undoubtedly have been struck by the extreme beauty of her features, had there been no other charm to attract him, but there was about her more than mere beauty—and that, a union of goodness and elegance, which is indeed, but seldom to be met with, but when seen is irresistible. At last her self-imposed task was over—she approached the old man, stooping down towards him, nodded her head kindly, as she uttered the words, 'I will soon return.' She then popped up a small case which she had put down on her entrance, and saluting the stranger, she left the room and descended the narrow stairs with a rapid step.

The young man gazed on her a moment and then turned towards the invalid. 'I, on the contrary shall not return, for I leave Paris this evening, but you shall soon hear from me.' He then pressed the old man's hand kindly, and departed. When he emerged from the gateway of the house into the street, though hopeless of seeing his young assistance in the work of benevolence in which he had engaged, he still could not avoid looking round to see if by chance she was still in sight. As chance would have it, she was standing as if undecided at the door of a jeweller's shop at some distance. At last she appeared to have formed her determination, as she opened the door and entered. Without exactly analysing the cause for his curiosity, the stranger approached the window of the shop and observed what was going on within. He saw the young girl take off her gloves, and whilst he was admiring the dazzling whiteness and aristocratic form of the hand, she drew, with some emotion, a ring from her finger, and presenting it to the person at the counter. He took it, examined it carefully, rubbed and tested the stone, and then methodically took a small pair of scales, and having ascertained the weight, offered his customer a price, which it was easy to see she accepted, from the movement of assent with which she bent her head. The jeweller opened a drawer and counted out some money, which he pushed over the counter, and having written down the name and address, he cast the ring into another drawer, amongst a heap of jewels of all sorts and colors. The girl then departed, and in a minute afterwards the young man entered the shop.

In a short time afterwards she turned into a plain looking house, in one of the streets of the Rue St. Honore, and opening the door of a room on the rue de Chaussee, she entered hastily, crying, 'Here I am, dear mother—you must have been uneasy at my long absence.'

Madame Reval, the person to whom these words were addressed, appeared infirm. She was stretched on a sofa, and appeared in delicate health. Her feature, unusually pale, assumed an appearance of animation when her daughter entered, and then immediately became somber than before.

'Dear Anna,' said she, 'I have an unpleasant piece of news to acquaint you with it was this, perhaps that made me rather fear your return, than take note of your protracted absence.'

Anna, having cast on a chair her shawl and bonnet, immediately seated herself on a low stool near the end of the sofa which supported her mother's head. The latter passed her hand affectionately over the dark hair of her daughter, and then continued:

'You knew that your father had promised your hand to the son of M. Barsac, of Bordeaux, his old friend. The death of your father—the lengthened illness which has so much reduced me—had not overcome my courage, as long as I could live in the hope of seeing you one day rich & happy, under the protection of a worthy husband. This very morning the scaffold of happiness which I loved so very much to build up for you, fell to the ground. This letter, addressed to our old habitation ought to have come to hand yesterday. Here, read for yourself.'

Anna took the letter which her mother held out to her, and looking at the signature, remarked, 'It is from Jules Barsac himself, she then read the contents aloud.

'MADAME—As long as fortune smiled on me, I thought with delight on the alliance which M. Reval, and my father contracted for me. I deem myself bound to restore to you your promise. If you daughter and myself were well acquainted, and if mutual affection had been the basis of projected union, I would have bent my knee before you, Madame, and prayed to wait until I repair the disaster, but have I the right to call on another to partake in my poverty and to join in my labors? Do I even know what space of time it may take to acquire a fortune worthy of that which you have lost? He that is above can only tell. Your daughter, brought up under your protecting care, is, so I am informed, both amiable and lovely. Who is there, then, who would not be proud and happy to give her an honorable name, and a position in society equal to that in which she was born!—As to me, you will pardon me, Madame, for leaving Paris, without paying my respects to you, but I should fear, after having seen your daughter, to carry with me a keen regret, which might trouble the calm of an existence now consecrated to labor.'

Farewell, then Madame, believe me to be penetrated with every sentiment of respect for you, and to remain

Your most humble and obedient servant,
JULES BARSAC.'

The young girl paused a moment after reading the note, and then raising her eyes to meet her mother's she remarked, 'she placed it on the work table. Do you not think, mother, that letter is perfect except the too high opinions expressed of me? I really think that M. Barsac writes with the utmost good sense. I almost regret that I not seen a man whose conduct is actuated by such honorable motives.'

'This letter,' said Madame Reval, mournfully, 'certainly augments my regret. I feel that I could have loved this young man as a son. Now what a different lot awaits you!—Are you not terrified at the idea of being obliged to work for your poor mother?'

'How unkind,' said Anna, 'how unlike yourself! Why, what is it after all? Formerly, I embroidered to amuse myself, now I do the same to contribute to your comfort. The latter will be surely the most agreeable. Besides, I can do it now so much more cheerfully. Look, I have disposed of the collar,' and she showed the empty case which she had brought, too, 'and here's the price obtained for it,' placing three pieces of money on the table.

A light knock at the door interrupted the conversation, Anna cast a look of inquiry at

her mother for since the loss of their fortune no visit had broken their solitude.

'Go and open it,' said the lady. With a smile she obeyed, and the opened door gave entrance to a man, whom she immediately recognised as the stranger who had assisted the poor old sufferer.

The countenance of Mademoiselle Reval at once assumed a grave and severe expression. Her mother perceived the change but before she could make an inquiry into the cause, the stranger advanced and saluting her with respect, said, 'Madame, you are, I presume, the mother of this young lady?'

Madame Reval made a sign of assent, and pointed out a chair to the stranger. He took it and continued, 'chance this morning brought Mademoiselle and myself together in affording assistance to an unhappy—'

'Oh! mother,' interrupted the young girl whose neck and face was covered with blushes at this allusion to the morning's adventure, 'I have not had time to tell you about it. Do you remember the poor old man who generally took up his station at the door of our hotel formerly? He always wore a green bandage over his eyes, to conceal his face from the passers by, and held a small basket of matches in his hand.'

'Yes,' interrupted Madame Reval in her turn I remember him well, your father always dropped some money into a basket when returning from the Bourse. You always used to call him your poor old man, and you as little as you were, delighted in giving him every thing you could scrape together.'

'Well, since our departure from the hotel, he has been wandering about the streets, and I have seen him many times.'

'Yes,' said Madame Reval, with evident interest.

'Well, mother, I found him to day at last in such a wretched state that I was really shocked. Stretched on the snow, dying of cold and hunger, and without the kind assistance of this gentleman, he would have perished where he lay.'

'Say rather without yours,' said the young man earnestly. 'I could do nothing for I had lost my purse. To you, and you alone, he is indebted for his life. But,' continued he in a different tone, seeing the color again mounting to Anna's face, 'it is not for the purpose of disclosing to this lady the secret of our good actions, that I have followed you here, it is to request you to take the trouble of buying a bed and some other little necessities for this poor child of misfortune. Here are a hundred francs, that you will have the kindness to employ for his purpose. I pray you to believe that if I was not a stranger in Paris, and on the point of quitting it this very evening, I would not take the liberty with persons to whom I am unknown. I trust that you will excuse my request.'

'There is no necessity to offer any apology,' said Madame Reval, on the contrary we ought to thank you for having selected us to complete a benevolent action.'

'Now, Madame,' added the young man in a hesitating and timid manner, 'it only remains for me to inquire the name of my youngest sister in this work of kindness.'

'Mademoiselle Anna Reval.'

A cry of astonishment broke from the stranger.—'The daughter of M. Reval of Bordeaux, who lost his fortune by trusting in a friend, and died of grief?'

'Alas you have but too truly stated the case. How does it happen that you are acquainted with these facts?'

'I am Jules Barsac,' said the young man in a voice scarcely audible.

Anna grew pale, and went and placed herself near her mother's seat. A mournful silence succeeded for a short time and it was Jules who broke it.

On Madame Reval's side he suddenly rising, 'I perceive that I yesterday sent you my renunciation of a life of happiness. This letter,' he requested, as he slightly touched it with the finger of his right hand with a look of disgust—'permit me to destroy it, and to forget that it was ever written.' Looking from one lady to the other and seeing no sign of opposition he tore it down

the middle, and threw the portions into the fire. He watched them until the flame had seized on every part, and then, as if content that it was wholly and irretrievably destroyed he approached Madame Reval and bent his knee before her as she regarded alternately with the utmost satisfaction, her daughter, and him whom she would have chosen for her son-in-law, if the choice had been in her power.

'Or if the memory of this unhappy father cannot altogether pass away, and if it must still be in remembrance, think only of the words, which say—'If your daughter and myself had been acquainted.' We are acquainted, and know each other already as if we had never been apart. I just now called Mademoiselle by the name of sister; let me call her by another name not less kind but no more sacred—that of wife. I have no fortune to offer her, but I feel animated by double courage and hope. For her—for you, Madame, who will never quit us, I will work with energy and admiration, and I feel that I shall succeed in my efforts. Oh, Madame, deign to answer me! But you weep—you gave me your hand—you consent to my request?'

'And you, Anna, what do you say?' asked Madame Reval, as she held out her other to her daughter.

'Have I any other will than yours, dear mother?' and she pressed the hand to her lips.

'You consent, then, Mademoiselle?' said Jules; 'then you will allow me to present you this ring as a mark of our encouragement.'

He handed her a little ring set round with turquoises.

'It is Anna's ring!' said Madame Reval, with surprise.

'Yes, mother,' said Anna quite confused; 'I was obliged to sell it to replace the money I had received for my embroidery.'

'It was in purchasing it that I discovered your address, although you entered in the lawler's book only the name of the happiness of again beholding you. He took as he spoke, the unresisting hand of the young girl, and placed on her finger the pledge of their union.

The same evening, in order to fulfil the benevolent intentions of M. Barsac, who was obliged to leave town for Bordeaux, Anna returned to the old man's lodgings. He was no longer to be found; he had disappeared without pointing out his new abode!

A month after in the humble lodging of Madame Reval, a few were assembled to witness the signing of the marriage contract before the notary who soon made his appearance; he was followed by an elderly man richly attired. As the latter was not introduced, no person took much notice of him, for each was too much occupied with the ceremony for which they had come to gether. Madame Reval was still an invalid, and had her daughter seated near her. Jules Barsac was standing on the other side. The notary placed his portfolio on the table and took from it a contract of marriage which he proceeded to read aloud. After having specified the little property of the bridegroom, he went on to detail the fortune of the lady.—(Madame Reval makes over to her daughter the sum of £1,000 per year.—'

'You are making a mistake, Monsieur,' interrupted Madame Reval; 'formerly, indeed, I did intend.—'

The notary without paying any attention to the interruption continued.—'£1,000 a year, arising from money in the public funds for which here are the securities.'

Saying this he displayed the coupons on the table, and Madame Reval, the daughter, and Jules Barsac, all made a movement as if about to speak, when the aged stranger arose and made a sign for them to remain silent. Surprised at this interference, they awaited with interest the result of the strange scene.

'What!' said the old man with a broken voice, and addressing Anna, 'what Mademoiselle do you not remember your poor old man?'

While she was looking earnestly at him trying to read in his venerable countenance the marks of misery and suffering, he continued—

'You have then forgotten ten years of daily kindness? You have forgotten the third of January with the assistance you gave so opportunely—the fire, the wine, and the wing of a fowl wrapped up in a piece of newspaper! All forgotten! Well that very piece of newspaper is the cause of all my misery being an end. In an advertisement I bore, I read the intelligence that a French gentleman named Francois de Chazet, had been for his brother J.-eques