

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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THE GARLAND.



—With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cul'd with care."

From the Liberty Bell.

TO THE MARTYRS FOR FREEDOM.

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

Still trust, all ye who are oppressed!
Though Hope no ray of light may shed,
Garlands of sacrifice aye rest
On dying Virtue's martyr head;
Through Glory's tinsel crown may be
A while the lucky villain's prize,
Yet, springing from your graves, we see
The amaranth wreath that never dies.

Ye who in evil times were born!
Ye who have dared to strive with power!
Ye shall be heralds of the dawn,
But ye must know the darkest hour.
Ye who your lives have nobly spent,
From sin and woe your trace to save,
The ruin you could not prevent
Shall shed a glory round your grave.

Then do we feel Fate's iron might,
When the blasphemous plot succeeds;
When on pure honor, simple right,
The brood of human vipers feeds:
Oh! still serenely trust—'e'en then,
Though reptiles hiss, foul vapors rise;
The light that rises from the den,
Deceitful shines and quickly dies.

In the cloud-tent of distant skies,
True calm waits with balance true,
Casts off traditional lies,
And gives to Justice homage due.
Reason proclaims eternal laws;
Mad mobs and tyrants, in their hour—
Aye, for whom ages hurt her cause,
But never can destroy her power.

When for the rights of man you fight,
And all seems lost, and friends have fled,
Remember in misfortune's night,
New glories rest on Virtue's head;
Duty remains, though joy is gone:
On final good then fix thine eyes;
Disdain all fear and though alone,
You have a friend beyond the skies.

Though every bark of promise sink,
And hope's last broken fragments fall,
And you that mystic cup must drink,
Which cures all pain, which comes to all:
Yet Justice, banished, hated, slain,
Is with you in the holy strife—
Says to your soul, "We meet again,"
And promises eternal life.

Freed from its dust, from that great hour
Your spirit, on that noble band,
Acts with a new immortal power,
Inspires each heart and nerves each hand.
For Time and Truth, then, calmly wait,
Ye who for human rights contend,
Oppression has a transient date,
Eternal Justice has no end.

A HINT FOR THE LADIES.

A distinguished writer says—"There is but one passage in the Bible where the girls are commanded to kiss the men; and that is in the golden rule 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'"

A BATTLE SCENE.

The following description of a battle scene of Torfou, in the bloody struggle of La Vendee, is from 'St. Etienne,' work not yet published in this country: "As yet the artillery had taken no share in the action. It had been a regular steel and lead affair, for the Vendean part had not arrived and Kleber's field pieces had remained in the rear, engaged in a deep narrow road, from which he could not disengage them. At length after three hours of incessant conflict, Charette pushed out a party to seize the pieces that were guarded by a battalion of the national guard of Niever, they were unsteady raw recruits, and they gave way. Kleber fell back to protect his battery. His columns instantly choked the narrow roads, they became unmanageable, and were so separated that they were singly and unsupported exposed to the Vendean's attack. Lescaure's band rushed on, cut down the cannoniers, and turned the pieces on the Mayençais.

"The day was won, the Mayençais retreated, but it was only Kleber's skill and obstinate valour which caused the route to become a retreat. Slowly he retreated, facing about and extending wherever the ground permitted, and still holding his conquerors at bay.—The Vendean cavalry hung on his rear like hounds on the bear at his last struggle three times they charged along his whole line, and as often were repulsed with loss. The tirailleurs crouched in the grass, took their aim at five paces, with such fatal certainty, that a train of dead marked Kleber's road, but all was ineffectual. For nine miles he continued his masterly retreat, but he knew that human nerve could not long carry his soldiers through the ordeal and therefore he halted on the bridge of Boussay, and unlimbering two-eight pounder, saved with difficulty, he pointed then on the Vendean, and summoning Col Chouradin, he said:

"Farewell, and friend, you and your battalion must die here!
'Yes general, adieu!' said the devoted hero as he wrung Kleber's hand. The Mayençais crossed the bridge and fled off on the road to Clissoa at quick time, while Chouradin to die. The Vendean were so near that, concealed by a hedge, Larocheoise heard all this short colloquy. It excited his warmest sympathy. The Vendean army closed on the bridge. Lescaure ordered, Larocheoise to charge, Chouradin's battalion. He obeyed the eight pounders cut lanes thro' his band, yet he rushed on under the fusillade, and was met by the crossed bayonets of the gallant defenders of the pass. Again he urged his band to the assault, and was a gain driven back. Both parties paused for breath, and observed each other with the respect men feel for brave enemies.

"You cannot drive us from our position, chief!" cried Chouradin to Larocheoise.

"I can only do what you would do colonel, were you in my place!" replied Larocheoise. He made another effort and failed.

Lescaure, he said, as he retired from the pass, some one else must butch these brave men—I cannot do it!

He retreated, and Lescaure's tirailleurs soon laid the last of the gallant battalion dead on the bridge. But their end was gained—Kleber was safe at Clissoa before the pursuers could pass over their bodies. Such was the celebrated battle of Torfou.

A tall, slim, seedy looking fellow is seen picking a man's pocket of his handkerchief, he looks at the article, and finding it to be a new handkerchief a little dirty, he returns it to the owner saying, "Had I known it was soiled, I would not have taken it," poor honor!

A milkman, the other day, in attempting to water his horse, went out and watered his milk. He discovered his errors when his customers said there was no cream to joke!

"I am taking down the census of a densely populated neighborhood," as the fellow said when he swallowed the skipper's cheese.

A cotemporary says that he knows a lady whose heel is near—a foot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OLD BUREAU.

CHAPTER I.

Where'er a single human breast
Is crush'd by pain and grief,
There I would ever be a guest,
And sweetly give relief.

As we were passing down—street, several years ago, we stopped in front of an auction room, to examine the various articles that were exposed to be sold under the hammer. We had been there but a few moments, when we heard a female voice inquiring, "Is this old bureau to be sold to-day?" On looking up, we perceived the question had been addressed to us by a young lady, whose pleasant but sad countenance struck us at once. We replied that all the articles spread on the side-walks would be disposed of to the highest bidder.

"I should like this bureau, if it goes low enough," she said, pointing to an old-fashioned article that was standing among the other furniture; "but I never bought anything at auction in my life, and as I see no women here, I don't know that it would be proper for me to bid."

"It would be perfectly proper," we remarked, "but if you wish it I will bid of the bureau."

"If you will, sir, I shall be greatly obliged to you."

"How high are you willing I should go?"

"I don't know exactly how much it is worth; but if it sells for three or four dollars you may buy it."

"Shall I speak to a handcartman to leave it at your house?"

"No sir, I will call at noon at settle for it, and have it taken away. I am very much obliged to you for your kindness."

So saying the young lady went away, leaving us to wonder who she was, and of what use the old piece of furniture could be to her. We examined it—took out the drawers—but saw nothing remarkable about it. At eleven o'clock, when the auction commenced, we were present, and after waiting nearly an hour the auctioneer remarked, "We will now sell the bureau.—What will you give, gentlemen?" One man offered two dollars, another three, and we bid half a dollar more. Four dollars were bid—four and a half, and five dollars. We were astonished that the old thing should bring so high a price. What could we do? See it sold and disappoint the lady? The thought struck us, that it might have belonged to some friend, and she wished to purchase it on that account, and rather than disappoint her, we resolved to bid again.—Six dollars were offered by another, to our utter astonishment; but when our hand is in, and we wish for an article, we seldom let another out bid us, and so we offered, until the old bureau was run up to ten dollars—and we purchased it at half a dollar more. Certainly we could not have given four dollars for it to use ourself. However we bought it, and had it sent to our room, telling the auctioneer if a lady should call for it to inform her where it might be found. We examined it again and again; and began to regret our purchase, feeling almost certain that the young woman would not thank us for what we had done; but we never mourn over a bad bargain. Our philosophy will not permit us to do so.

A little after dusk as we were sitting in our sanctum, the young lady came in with an apology for intruding, and remarked, "You bought the bureau—so the auctioneer informs me."

"Yes I bought it, but at an extravagant price, I assure you."

"What did you give?"

"Ten dollars and a half."

"You astonish me. What can I do? I had no idea that it would bring over three or four dollars, and am not prepared to pay for it to-night."

"I suppose it was foolish in me to give so much for it, but I presumed you wanted it very much."

"I did sir, and would not value paying double the amount for the bureau, if I were able, rather than not to have it."

"So I apprehended. Perhaps it may have belonged to some friend of yours?"

"Yes sir, that bureau was once my mother's,—and I noticed a tear come in her eye which she endeavored to conceal—but she is dead now, and I wish to keep it in remembrance of her."

"Thinking the lady might be poor, we told her she might take the bureau that night if she wished, and pay us for it when she found it convenient."

"I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness; but would rather you should keep it, until it is paid for."

"We urged her to take it, but she refused saying, 'I will see what I can do, and call in a day or two, and see you'—and bidding us good evening she left us."

"There is something very mysterious about this woman though we. It may be that she is poor, and perhaps in very destitute circumstances.—But she shows an excellent heart, and the warmest attachment to a deceased mother. Her education must have been good, and she has evidently seen better days. And we thought the next time she called upon us, we would ascertain something more of her character and circumstances—perhaps her name—which we felt deeply anxious to learn."

In a day or two the young woman called upon us again, and with tears in her eyes, remarked, "I don't know what you will think of me, but all the money I have in the world are five dollars; this I have brought you towards the bureau you were so kind to purchase for me." So saying she placed the money before us in silver.

"I shall not take this money at present," we remarked, "I can do without it. You may take the bureau, if you want it, and when you are able, at some future time, you may pay for it."

She expressed a great deal of gratitude, and said, "I would rather you should take what I have, and nothing that we could say would induce her to take the money again."

"You appear to have seen some affliction?" we remarked, as we saw the tears in her eyes.

"Not much, sir. I must confess that I have not always been so poor as I am at present; for I have seen better days. When my parents were living, I never knew what it was to want for anything, now I cannot say so."

"How long have your parents been dead?"

"About six years since my father died; and it was four years ago last Saturday when my mother was buried."

"At mention of her mother's name, the tears came fast to her eyes—a tender chord was touched—we saw it, and made no more inquiries—when she took her leave."

It was nearly six weeks before we saw the young lady again. She then called upon us with the remainder of the money that we had paid for the bureau.

"We protested against receiving it at that time, thinking it might have been inconvenient for her to pay it, but she insisted that we should have it, saying, 'I am under great obligations to you for your kindness. Had it not been for you I should have lost the bureau—the only relic left of my mother, for it was then impossible for me to raise the amount you then so generously paid. I shall never forget your kindness.'"

"Do you wish to take the bureau away?"

"I have spoken to a cartman, who will call here in a short time and have it removed out of your way. For I suppose you will be glad to get rid of it."

"Not at all, I am pleased that I was instrumental of little service to you, and if ever you need assistance, I shall always be as ready to render it."

"I thank you, sir, with all my heart"

At this moment he came for the bureau, and bidding us good evening, the young lady left our room.

CHAPTER II.

I ask a lowly cot
With sweet content within
Where envy shall molest me not.
Nor prides shall tempt to sin.
"Going, going—will you give but two dollars for this excellent bureau!"—exclaim

ed Mr.—, the auctioneer, a year or two since, as we were passing down Exchange street. Here, Mr. C., he said [thru] this bureau, it is cheap enough, it is worth more for kindling wood than what it is going for—just look at it—going, going—speak quick or you lose it."

"Two dollars and fifty cents, we bid, as we saw it was the very same bureau that we had bought several years before for ten and a half dollars, and the bureau was knocked off to us."

"This singular enough, thought we, as we had the article carried to our room. Where is the young woman who formerly owned it? Who was she?"

We made several inquiries, but could not ascertain who she was or what became of her. The bureau had been carried to the auction room by an individual whom Mr. B— never saw before, and all our inquiries to ascertain what became of the young lady seemed fruitless.

Several months passed by, and still we heard nothing of the young lady, when one day not knowing but we might get some clue to the former owner, we took out all the drawers separately, and examined them. We saw, no writing whatever. In the back of the under drawer, we noticed that a small piece of pine had been inserted. It looked as if it had been done to stop a defect. Prying it with a knife it came out, when to our astonishment we found several gold pieces, to the value of about fifty dollars, besides a note for twenty five hundred dollars with interest, value received, made payable to Sarah—, when she became of age, it was a witnessed note, and had been running about ten years, signed by a very wealthy man, whose reputation for honesty was not exceedingly good.

Without mentioning to a single individual what we had discovered, we immediately renewed our efforts to ascertain who Sarah— was, and where she could be found. We learned that a girl of this name formerly lived with a Capt. P—, and did the work of the kitchen. Of him we could obtain but little information. His wife recollected the girl, and spoke of her in the highest terms. She believed she had married a mechanic, and retired from the city, but his name she could not recollect. By repeated inquiries we ascertained at last that Sarah with her husband lived on a small farm on the road to Saco. Taking an early opportunity, we started for the residence of the young woman.—After several inquiries on the road, we were directed to house. It was a pleasant situation, a little from the road, while everything looked neat about the dwelling. As we drove up to the cottage, who should come to the door but the very woman we had been so long anxious to find.

"Why, Mr. C—, how glad I am to see you! Where in the world did you come from? Walk in and take a seat.

Her husband was present—an intelligent looking man—to whom she presented us.

"I have often thought of you," she remarked, "and have been tempted to call and see you; but although I have not called be assured I have not forgotten your kindness, and I never shall forget it."

"But you seem happier than when I last saw you."

"Be assured, sir, I am; My husband has hired this little farm, where we have resided for the last two years, and we make a comfortable living, and are as happy as we could wish. In the course of a few years, if we have our health and prosper, we are in hopes to be the owners."

"What does the owner value it at?"

"He values it at about fifteen hundred dollars. We have had to purchase a great many farming things, or we should have made a payment towards it."

"But what has become of your bureau?"

"I fear I shall never see it again," she remarked, and after a pause said,—"I believe I have never told you how I have been situated."

"You never did."

"When my mother died it was thought she left some property in the hands of an uncle of mine, that would come to me when I became of age, but he said it was not the case. With him I resided a short time."

"Was your uncle's name Mr—? said we, mentioning the individual who had signed the note in our possession.

"Yes, sir—that was his name. He was very unkind to me—made me work so hard, and was so cross, that I was obliged to leave him; and earn my living by doing the work of a kitchen girl. One day I learned that he was about to dispose of what little property my mother had left, to pay an old debt of hers. As soon as I found it was correct, I immediately went to the auction, and found it too true. You know the only article of my mother's property I could purchase—and had it not been for your kindness that would have gone with the rest: The money I paid you was earned in the kitchen. As I found it inconvenient to carry the bureau with me, being to change my place, I asked aunt's permission to put it in her garret, which permission she granted. On calling for it when I was married, I learned that uncle had disposed of it, with some other things at auction. I would rather have lost a hundred dollars, not that the piece of furniture possessed any real value—but it belonged to my beloved mother—(a tear came in the poor woman's eye)—and on that account I did not wish to part with it. But it was useless to speak to uncle about it—he was entirely indifferent to me and what concerned me.

"Suppose I shall tell you that I have that bureau in my office."

"Is it possible! You astonish me, Mr—, Have you indeed the old bureau?"

"I have, and what is better, I have something for you here,—taking out my pocket-book and placing the gold and note on the table—these are yours."

"Why sir, you more and more astonish me."

"They are yours. After I become the owner of the bureau, I found this gold and this note concealed in one of the drawers. There are nearly fifty dollars, and the note is good against your uncle, for nearly three thousand dollars—every cent of which you can recover."

The astonished lady could not speak for some moments; but when she recovered from her surprise, she could only express her gratitude in tears; nay more, she offered us the amount, but we merely told her that it pleased us more to help justice done, and be instrumental of adding to the happiness of those we considered so worthy as herself and husband.

When we left we promised to call on her soon again, and in the mean time to make arrangements for her to receive her just dues from her worthy uncle.

The old man demurred little at first but when he found he could wrong a poor orphan girl no longer, he paid the note with interest—begging us not to expose him.

Sarah's husband purchased the farm on which he resided, stocked it well, and is now an independent farmer. Two happier souls it is difficult to find that Sarah and her husband. May prosperity attend them to close of life.

We often call at the farm house of our friends, and spend there many happy hours. It was but a week or two since that we saw them, and they seem as cheerful and as contented as it is possible for mortals to be.

—Balt, Saturday Visitor.

TRUTH.

My dear ones' hold fast to truth and sincerity, remember where there is mystery there must often be wrong when there is disguise there is rarely honor. Unhappy is the being who guides his course by casuistry, quitting the plain and direct line of truth and right for devious doubtful ways.

Great Piece of Pedestrianism.—A foot race came off on Friday in the neighborhood of Stonington, Conn., in which Major Chaplin performed a mile in the time of four minutes and nineteen seconds. He now challenges to run any man in the U. States one mile for one thousand dollars.

Why are some ladies the very opposite of their mirrors! Because the one reflects without talking and the other talks without reflecting.