

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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THE GARLAND



—With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various greens call'd with care.

From the New York Mirror

The Deserted Homestead,

There is a lonely homestead,
In a green and quiet vale,
With its tall trees sighing mournfully,
To every passing gale,
There are many ruins round it
In the sunlight gleaming fair,
But moss-grown is that silver cot,
Its walls are gray and bare.

Where once glad voices sounded,
Of children in their mirth,
No whisper breaks the solitude
Of that deserted hearth,
The swallow from its dwelling,
The low caves bath flown,
And all night long the whippoorwill
Sings by the threshold stone.

No hand above the lattice,
Ties up the trailing vines,
And through the broken casement pane
The moon at midnight shines;
And many a solemn shadow
Seems standing from the gloom
Like forms of long departed ones,
Peopling that dim old moon.

Oh where are they whose voices
Rang out o'er hill and dale?
Gone! and their mournful memories
Seem but one old tale!
Some to the quiet church yard,
And some beyond the sea,
To meet no more as once they met
Beneath the old roof tree.

Fame and ambition lured them
From that green vale to roam,
But as their dazzling dreams depart,
Regretful memories come,
Of the valley and the homestead,
Of their childhood pure and free,
Till each worn weary spirit yearns
That home once more to see.

O! blest are they who linger
Mid old familiar things
Where every object round the heart
Its hallowed influence flings,
Though won are wealth and honors
Through reached fame's lofty dome,
There are no joys like those which spring
Within our childhood's home.

'Wouldst thou be friend of mine?
Thou must be quick and bold
When the right is to be done,
And the truth is to be told;

'Wearing no friends like smiles,
When thy heart is hot within;
Making to true with fraud or guile,
No compromise with sin

'Open of eye and speech,
Open of heart and head!
Holding thine own but as in trust,
For the great brother-hand'

'Father, I heard you say in the rail car yest-
erday that you were in favor of low fares.'
—'I am.' 'I thought so when I saw you
kissing our short servant girl this morning

MISCELLANEOUS.

From "The May Flower" for 1846

ANNETTE, THE HEIRESS.

OR
THE FORAGING PARTY.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY J. H. INGEBAHN.

Edward Ogilvie was the youngest of five brave brothers who served their country, both in the field and on the sea during the last war. Their mother was a widow of comfortable estate, who dwelt in a pleasant homestead facing the waters of Boston Bay. Large elms overshadowed the roof and the broad fields interspersed with woodlands extended away on the right, till they met the fields and woodlands of the property of Squire Harwood, a man of substantial wealth, who had an only daughter, of eighteen, who was a belle and a heiress. The road from the homestead of widow Ogilvie wound along the sea beach with a hedge and green fields on one side bordering it, and the white sparkling sand and blue waves on the other. The distance between the two mountains was a little less than a mile; and about half way between was a bridge of stone spanning a small rivulet, that had a course of half a dozen miles from the interior.

It was about an hour before sunset, near the close of the war, in the month of October, that Edward Ogilvie was crossing this bridge on his way to visit Annette Harwood, the beauty & heiress, for the charms of the rustic belle had taken captive the young student's heart, and every evening for the last month he had directed his walk in the direction of her abode. Edward was in his twentieth year, of good figure, of a pleasing but somewhat diffident address, and with that calm, meditative aspect peculiar to students, for such was this young man. Annette was not loved without giving her heart in return, but the Squire, although he had observed with apparent indifference this mutual attachment, had a mind of his own touching a matter so interesting to the lovers themselves.

Edward had got upon the bridge, where he used to linger for a few moments as he crossed; to watch the flowing sea rush through the arch up the creek, and gaze upon its expanse of waters; or from the opposite side of the bridge contemplate the dark inlet, as it lost itself amid overhanging trees in a dell where stood a mill belonging equally to the two manors.

Edward had paused a moment on the bridge to watch the effect of the purple light of the western sky reflected upon its mottled bosom, when his eyes were arrested by a sail in the offing. He continued to watch it for a few moments, and then went on his way, from time to time glancing seaward to admire the stately and slow motion of its trackless passage over the ocean. As he came near the dwelling of Squire Harwood, he discovered that her course was towards the land, but seeing Annette on the piazza he forgot the vessel to hasten to her. The meeting was more like that of brother and sister than that of lovers, that is, it was affectionate, frank, and free from restraint.

'He shall have a lovely evening to walk, the sunset will be so pleasant,' said Annette, whom we would stop to describe, if our pen could do justice to her beauty. We will, however, say that the color of her eyes was a deep sea blue and they sparkled like waves glancing in the sunlight; her lips had doubtless once been a pair of cherries, stolen from Cupid, to make her mouth imaginable. Her smile was sunshine from sylphlike and blooming with young, her voice full of music, and every motion as graceful as a lawn's. She was good humored, intelligent, and suitably grave, and was just the maiden to ensure a student like Edward Ogilvie.

'Yes, Annette, the air is rich with golden hints and soft as a June evening. Suppose we ramble towards the village, and listen to the martial music of the soldiers as they march from the ground!'

finest show of any one on parade to-day.'

'He was at the review, then?'
'Yes, and acted as a major or colonel, I believe. At any rate he has just come home, on horseback, in full uniform, with a sword by his side, and looks as brave, I tell him, as a crusading knight. He told me to hold my little tongue, and so I have for full a minute.'

'And the longest time you ever held it, 'Netty,' said the Squire, coming out of the house, his chapeau in his hand and his sword unbelted and beneath his arm. 'Ah, Edward, good evening, man. Fine day we have had for the general muster?'

'Yes, sir! Are the troops dismissed yet?'

'Not all.'

'We were going up the road to the hill-top, to listen to the music, father,' said Annette.

'No—no! stay at home, child,' said the Squire, gravely. 'I suppose Master Edward has asked you to go?'

'I did, Mr Harwood; I thought the walk might be pleasant.'

'Humph! Look you, young man,' said Squire Harwood, bluntly; 'military music is not made for the amusement of studious youth after tiding the day over musty books, nor merely to please a lassie's ear. It is the voice of the spirit of liberty, and calls the young men of the land to fight her battles, and the maidens to make them clothes to fight in, and colors to fight under! You, I see, like my Annette, and so far as I can see, she likes you back again. Now, Edward, you are a very correct, excellent young man; that I know, but you see I haven't but one daughter, and I don't mean she shall marry any man who, excellent as he may be, through all this war has never drawn a blade nor pulled a trigger for love of his country. Your brothers are all brave fellows, and serving her with honor. You stay at home to pore over dictionaries in the day time, and come to make love to Annette by moonlight. Now, I have nothing against you, as I said, before, but I've made up my mind Annette shall marry a man that hasn't had a hand in this war against the English. If you are of a mind to follow the example of your brothers, and let me hear something that you have done, I can tell my neighbors of with pride, then you shall have my consent to marry Annette; for her's I dare say, she's given you long ago. A text, you know, is as good as a sermon, Master Edward. So, if you want my daughter, you know how she is to be won.'

'Thus speaking, Squire Harwood took Annette under his arm, and, bowing very kindly, but firmly, to the astonished lover, disappeared within the house.'

Edward remained standing a moment upon the spot where they had left him, as if trying to realize what had passed. He then turned away in silence, his cheek burning with the glow of a mortified and sensitive spirit.

The profession which he had in view was that of a clergyman, and although not deficient in courage nor patriotism, he had suffered his brothers to take the field; the deck while he remained at home. The words of the Squire sank deep into his spirit. He walked slowly homeward, very sad, and filled with the painful idea of losing her who was so very dear to him. As he came upon the bridge he had made up his mind. He stopped, and, speaking aloud, he said, firmly—

'If Annette is only to be won by my taking up arms, I will enlist to-morrow! I'm honorable to serve our country. I am not yet a clergyman, and I can therefore set freely. This is the last day the reproach shall be thrown upon me, that I remain dallying at home while my brothers are abroad exposing their bosoms to the weapons of their country's foes!'

While he was speaking he saw that the ship, which he had noticed half an hour before at a distance, had drawn close to the land, and had dropped anchor about a mile abreast of the inlet. The sun had already set, yet he could see her distinctly, and discover that she was a mer-

chant ship. He remained for some time watching her, and listening to the distant drum of a detachment of the militia of the neighborhood, which was retiring homeward from their muster field. The sound of the drum died away in the distance beyond the mill; and the low dashing of the waves against the bridge fell upon his ear.

'Well, to-morrow, I too shall march to the measure of pipe and drum! I will enlist as a private and make my way up. Annette shall be won.'

He paused, thinking he heard the sound of oars. He looked seaward, but the twilight rendered objects too obscure to detect any boat approaching. Yet each moment the fall of the sweep came clearer and nearer, and he soon was enabled to discover a barge pulling in towards the bridge. His position in the shadow of an overhanging limb, shielded him from observation. He saw that the boat contained at least twenty men. It moved slower as it drew nearer land, and a person standing up in the stern directed its landing. It struck the shore close by the bridge within the inlet, and almost beneath where he stood the party debarked. He now saw that all of them were seamen and half marines, & that all were armed. They were commanded by a young midshipman, who, forming them into a column, marched them up the bank and on the bridge. Edward as they came near, drew himself up into the limb, and was concealed by its foliage, while he observed with surprise their stealthy movements.

'How far is the grist mill hence, Sambo?' asked the young officer, looking about him after all his party had got on the bridge, save a man to guard the boat.

'The first mill is 'bout a third of a mile up de creek, and the tother one, where the most grist be, is a mile. There is a good path along the creek-shore!' answered a man in the true Yankee negro intonation but speaking with manifest reluctance.

'If you deceive me, darkie, you are a dead man!' said the midddy, very positively.

'I knows dat well 'nuf, so I tells you de truth, tho' I hates to mighty! I knows all 'bout dis place, coz, I used to 'hb here once! Ober dat is whar Squire Harwood live, and ober dat way am widdor Ogilvie; so I wish dis nigger was safe in de kitchen! I nebber go cook agen in Boston ship, nor no oder one ater bein' taken prisoner by the British, as I am dis time! I wish I may nebber see blue water agen, if I gets my liberty dis time!'

'Hut with your noise! each of you march forward in silence. We are in an enemy's country, and must be cautious.'

'Yes, I guess you better,' said the negro, sulkily. 'If de country people know'd you was skulkin' here ober corn, flour, and sheep; and oxes, to keep from starvin' to death, as we have been a werk past; they be 'round as thick as snakes in de grass, and debble one ob you get back to you boat! So, I advise you massa, to keep sharp eye to windward! Guy! how mad all on e'm be in de morning,' when dey find out you land here in a prize ship wid on'y two gun aboard and thirty men, and carry off clear to Halifax de grist from dese two mill's and sheep and turkeys, too, for de lieutenant's dinner? Dey sware den, and I expect he Squire swear enuff for a whole regiment!'

'Forward!' cried the midddy. Silence, all of you, and advance swiftly and with caution!'

Then filed off the bridge, and taking the path along which the negro led the way they were soon lost to the sight of Edward in the gloom of the overhanging banks of the creek.

'These men, then, are English,' he reflected, as he let himself down upon the bridge; the vessel is a prize, bound to Halifax; with a midshipman and two-and-thirty men—twenty here and ten remaining on board! My course is decided on! It will take then an hour to visit both mills. Half of that time is enough, for me. I shall know where to seek the militia party with the life and drum; and if I can find twenty brave men among them to put themselves under my orders, I will win Annette before to-morrow's sun rises!'

As he spoke, he glided noiselessly away from the bridge, and after getting beyond hearing of the man in the boat, he flew like the wind across a meadow in the direction of what was called the 'Cross Road,' a cluster of village habitations, the principal of which was a large country tavern where he knew he should find assembled many of the militia-men who had borne a part in the review in the neighboring town. This inn was about half a mile distant from the bridge, on a road in the rear of Squire Harwood's farm, across which, leaping fence after fence, Edward Ogilvie was now flying with the speed of a deer.

The tavern, as he came near, was so quiet that he feared that the men he sought had left for their respective homes. Seeing a light in the tap, however, he hoped yet to find some persons assembled there. Through the windows as he approached the door, he saw that the bar-room was nearly filled with men. The next moment he was in their presence. His manner was divested of all excitement, and a spirit calm and resolute beamed from his eyes. There were at least twenty men in the apartment, most of them with knapsacks and bayonet belts upon their persons, and some leaning upon their muskets; while the corner of the room. Some of them were smoking, others drinking, and all listening to a long yarn told by one of the party, of certain exploits by himself, personally performed at the battle of Plattsburgh.

On Edward's entrance, the landlord first noticed him—

'Ah—so you can enter a tavern on a training day, Mr. Ogilvie; glad to see you. Though you are not much of a fighting man, I like you for your brotherly sake, who are all serving their country; but there must be persons as wear soldiers' hats, and every man to his trade.'

All eyes were now turned upon the young man. Advancing a little way into the floor, he said, with a firm tone

'I am glad to find so many of you here assembled. If the brave men among you are willing to place yourselves under my direction for the next two hours, I will lead you where you can win bet honor and prize money!'

'Spoken with spirit!' exclaimed several.

'That rings like your brother George!' said the landlord. 'But what is it you cried all crowding round.'

'Will you be led by me? There is danger to life and person, but I ask no man to follow me where I fear to lead! The man has courage if he is a student,' remarked one to the other with surprise.

'What have you discovered?' demanded two or three of the most forward of the men.

'Will you follow me and obey my orders, if I can place in your hands, as prisoners, twenty English seamen and an officer, who have just landed!'

'Yes—lead on!' was the general response, and the men commenced arming themselves.

Butly Edward told them what he had witnessed. All was enthusiasm. Among the militia-men was a young man whom he dispatched to Squire Harwood. In twenty minutes the Squire was on the spot, mounted on his horse and armed with his broad sword. Five of his former men had followed him. Others came in from all sides.

Edward with great coolness and skill, took upon himself the conduct of the whole affair. He suggested the Squire with thirty men, should cut off the retreat of the foraging party, and take them prisoners.

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'And what will you do?' asked the Squire 'You are not going to keep out of the danger?'

'No sir! If there are twenty brave men here who will volunteer to go with me, I will proceed to their boat, take possession of it, and embark for the ship. In the night we can board her without difficulty, as we shall be taken for their own party. Once on board the ship will easily fall into our hands; for the most of her prize crew are ashore. Who will volunteer?'

This bold proposition at first started the boldest man among them. But less than five minutes twenty of them had volunteered; & in two minutes more, he was at their head leading them to the bridge, while the Squire with his detachment, proceeded to cut off the retreat of the enemy.

The result was in all respects successful.

The English party at the mills surrendered after a brief skirmish, and were taken to the tavern as prisoners within an hour after the Squire had left it. Edward and his brave band boarded the ship without suspicion, and, after a short conflict, was master of her. He took her, by the aid of the released American crew, into Boston harbor the next day; and we need not add that within less than three months he was rewarded with the hand of the beautiful Annette Harwood!

GOOD LOGIC.

We are exceedingly well pleased with the reasoning of one of the persons who took part in the following colloquy. We hope our borrowing patrons will read & profit by it.

'Please to stop my paper; I am going to stop my paper said a miserly subscriber to the —, to one of his neighbors; I can't afford to take it.'

'What is the price of it per year?' asked the other.

'Two dollars,' was the reply.

'And can't you afford \$2 a year? Think of it, only \$2 a year! A year! a whole year! and only two dollars! What do you get for your money? A good closely printed, useful sheet; giving you the news of the week, and a large amount of miscellaneous reading—philosophical and grave, light and humorous. And you can't afford \$2 for such a sheet for a whole year.'

'Well, I declare, neighbor, you talk like an experienced man. I never thought of it just in this light before. It's only \$2 for a year. And yet the paper comes to me every week. And I love to read it. I always find something in it that interests me; and, moreover, on second thought, I perceive that after all, a good newspaper is about the cheapest thing a man can have. He gets more reading for his money than he can in any other way.'

'True, neighbor, and this shows that what I have always said, is true. Newspapers seem to have been designed almost for the peculiar benefit of the poor. No man is too poor to take a newspaper, because it is the cheapest thing he can have.'

Here both the speakers joined and said, 'Blessed are the printers, for they feed the poor with knowledge,' and then they separated with looks of high satisfaction.

SCENE IN A SCHOOL ROOM.

'First class in Philosophy, come up. Well Ichabod, what are the properties of heat?'

'The properties of heat are, to bake bread, boil water, cook eggs, and—'

'Stop—next. What are the properties of heat?'

'The properties of heat is to warm our toes; when they gets cold, by holding 'em to the fire and so forth.'

Next, Solon what are the properties of heat?'

'The chief properties of heat is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts.'

'Very good, So on. Can you give an example?'

'Yes sir. In summer, when it is hot the day is long; in the winter, when it is cold it gets to be very short.'

'To up head, Solon, boys take your seats, and the learned pedagogue was lost in wonder, that so familiar an instance of illustration should escape his philosophical mind.'

SCOLDING.

There is nothing moral or religious about scolding; to recommend it. Neither the good manners, good taste, or good policy is on the side of an incessant scold.—who that could do better! Wo to the hired help and the poor apprentices, where there is a scolding master or mistress.—Break a saucer; stumble over a soap-sop on a child's plaything; go to the closet and spill a drop of water; or lose a pins worth of oil—and Jupiter Ammon! what an uproar! A nest of hornets about your ears, or being a witness in a box, is nothing to it. A hail of words and tongue batteries!—if you have not strong nerves and a stout heart; you are well deserving of universal pity. We dearest scold. Throw us into a den of lions—give us a chance among a nest of crocodiles, or shut us up with a dozen lawyers—but we pray never to be connected with an eternal scold.