

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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OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT.

SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN, A FEW DOORS BELOW MARKET-STREET.

TERMS:

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New Orleans Delta.

THE LAST SOVEREIGN.

There is a spirit within, which arrays
The thing we doat upon with colorings
Richer than rose—brighter than the beams
Of the clear sun at morning—Barry Cornwall.

And well thus gift, may ye bear the thrill
Of social sorrows and ideal wrong,
The Eolian harp that heaven's pure breezes fill
Most breathe, at times a melancholy song.
[Good.]

George Melville was born in Liverpool, some forty years ago, more or less—for we are not of that gossip class who are nice to a fault, especially when facts are on the wrong side of time; and as the friend's eye may follow that sketching of incidents which shadowed his early career, we would not send him to the wife or gloves to count wrinkles or grey hairs, which so becomingly adorn the upper man, or call to his mind an unpleasant thought that establish and brighten the links of social joy. Honors and titles had been wreathed in the history of his fathers from William of Normandy, and family pride, in latter days, had bound misery to the wheels of fortune with the iron chains of poverty, under which their descendants languished for many years, until an effort of enterprise on the part of the grandfather of George, broke on bonds with the restraints of rank which lay entwined in the ceremonies of the dead, by connecting himself in commercial pursuits with a gentleman of wealth. The titled merchant was never forgiven by the collateral branches, for having so demeaned himself as to prefer independence and usefulness, to inflated dignity with the concomitant evils of indolence and poverty; and his children were wont to look with regret upon what they unjustly deemed a stained escutcheon; one, however, wisely followed in his father's path, believing in honest industry, peace and honor. The third generation were looking for footing and place in the world, under the golden banners which prosperous years of labor had thrown over their house, when war was declared between Great Britain and a giant child, that springing to national stature—the nurseling of freedom—her Anteus arms already outstretching for the world's embrace in love and liberty, with strength beyond the power of Herculean tyranny to strangle. The effects of this, from the peculiar relation of the affairs of the firm with the mercantile communities involved in the dispute, were disastrous; the blast of the war trumpet left in the path of its tempest wreck. George was old enough to have a faint perception of the change which war's distance had wrought for him, but his was a sturdy nature, and with the sanguine confidence of youth

he looked cheerfully forward, giving a mite of consolation to those who bowed beneath the storm, as they resigned the luxuries and magnificence of their stately halls.

The father, nothing daunted by the overwhelming calamity, no regretting the gilded visions of the past, replaced by foreboding shadows, labored among the ruins to make them go as far as possible to meet the obligations resting upon his fair name, and to rebuild with fragments a more humble business—dropping from his canvas spread merchant ships over the world, to the supply of the daily wants of a small community, and thus he was enabled to complete the education of his children, and provide all necessaries of life for his family, retaining the respect and love of all who had known him as the skillful and liberal manager of capital to the interests of millions of pounds and people. George Melville, long before finishing his education, had become attached to a daughter of his father's partner; the descent on either side had not made necessary any change in the style of the original firm—so, with the children; what had been the natural result of associate interests, became, in the hour of affliction, that sympathy which builds love's temple in the heart, and brings into partnership the joys, cares and anxieties of life. The father of Lucy Dorron (we do not describe her for she was nothing else than perfect) had not been able to bear up under the reverse of fortune, and sunk to his rest with a broken heart, leaving his family to suffer the cumulating ills of the transition from one extreme to the other, of the vicissitudes of life, until by the energy of Melville, enough was relieved to make a partial support. He devoted to the family of his friends a *pro rata* interest in the profit of his business; and the blessings of good hearts followed him for preventing the tears of widow or orphan. He carried into life the spirit of Delta's sweet and happy thought of kindness: "Speak kindly to thy brother man, for he has many cares thou dost not know."

Oh, speak kindly to him! Perhaps a word from thee will kindle the light of joy in his overshadowed heart, and make his pathway to the tomb a pleasant one. It was not thought prudent that George and Lucy should be united until the smiling of the better days; but George had determined to make a bold cast for his fortune in the New World, and she was willing to follow where his spirit might lead, and share his weal or woe.

But thou, O hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.

They were married; and, with the fervent prayers of parents, that the light of heavenly love might be cast on their unknown path and mingle in their hearts' affections, they embarked for Boston, where they landed in safety in the spring of 1823, to take their first lesson in the realities of life. They established a school in the city, and, through the jealousy of rival institutions, of perhaps less merit, and the fact of their being strangers and foreigners making it more difficult to excite interest and obtain the confidence necessary for success, they failed in the undertaking, with the loss of most of the means which they had predicated upon; but their hearts did not sink under the first cloud or its gloom chase their spirits' brightness.

They visited New York for the purpose of making another trial, with the thought that the locality and wisdom of Gotham would be more propitious; but their first misfortune followed them as the shadow of evil, their exertions were

met by want of confidence, caused by the incorrect and uncharitable statements of those who had helped their ruin. After fruitless attempts to obtain other business they left for Baltimore, where they hoped for brighter things in store, seeing that but few remained of those shining passports to human favor in the shape of dollars. They looked not behind, or thought of advising the dear friends in their far home, whose hearts would ache knowing their sad troubles. They loved, and would endure such a fate as might await them; and the wife had the sweet Christian's trusting disposition, referring all her care back to the Great source from whence it came in earnest prayer; and the husband rested upon her pure faith as a guardian angel arm, when the darkening shade shrouded in all the pictures which hope had spread upon his soul.

They had made every effort their energetic and confident hearts could suggest, but they had proved ineffectual; their means had wasted, and at last they were left without shelter, and from overwrought mind and anxiety the husband's taken sick, whilst the devoted wife draws near to the most interesting period of women's existence. They have been compelled to seek a house in the outskirts of the city, where the western farmers, drovers and wagoners are entertained, and where the privilege of sleeping on the floor of a lumber and harness room is accorded to them for a shilling each night, for which they provided out of the least necessary articles of their wardrobe. Medicine and advice are necessary for the invalid, and the wife, in an agony of fear, prepares for a last effort to procure assistance; she quietly withdraws with her bonnet and her lavender; and with a heavy Scotch plaid for the evening was wet and cold, a freezing rain falling near skin to sleep. Urged by the duties of love and a death at hazard, with a vague hope kindling in her heart, she could not be stopped, but with lightsome step she trips along the slippery path. An American ship from Hamburg had arrived in port some two weeks previous to the time which we now reach, and among her crew was a youth of eighteen years, who had chosen the sailor's life of toil and peril in the enthusiasm of boyhood, and continued in it to preserve consistency and independence, although he might have been comfortably berthed on shore having family and connexions to secure any position that he might have desired.

Charles Winn was a noble warm-hearted sailor, combining the frankness and honesty that seemed best nurtured by the rocking of the ocean wave, with the urbanity and courtesy of a polished gentleman; and having been some days on shore, his funds had melted from his grasp, where or how he had scarcely needed; but the not quiet pleasure thought was creeping into his mind, that he must "look out a ship." He has however, one sovereign left, and, donning forth his best, sallies forth to make a night of it, for the last, to begin with a "bowse" at the theatre. The sailor's costume of rich material for his shore passage he never doffed for the "long tail straight of the city," for the reason that he had the faultless form that best comes it. His eyes of the quick black, indicated intelligence, wit humor and benevolence, and he could win you to his fun and frolic in a moment. All knew the jovial far as he threaded the crowded thoroughfare and all would trust the frankness that beamed from his soul in every look he gave. He passed on his way with careless air, and, yet with graceful and elastic step, his face brightening with pure heart joys, and spirits untouched by life's cares, until a sweet blue eye from beneath a cottage

bonnet caught his gaze, and a light form sprung to his side a moment to stay his step, assured that in that look lay the hope that sparkled in her mind, knowing also that Jack's fault is generosity, she hesitated not to pour into his ear, with voice of melting sweetness, her sorrowing tale. At the moment he thought the cunning witchery of some syren who would mislead him, and he passed onward, leaving unanswered the plaintive wailing of sorrow's child; but a heart reproach caused him to turn ere dozen steps were made, and he saw the angel look of despondency in the fixed drooping eye, evidently overcome by the agony of disappointed expectation in the only countenance she had dared to trust in two hours' wandering.

With a child deadening the heart's throbbing hope, and gently raising her eye to heaven, she was preparing to return disconsolate, with no oil to pour into the wounds of affliction, when the sailor boy was at her side, had taken her hand and asked forgiveness for mistaking for an instant her pleadings, which she had evidently been unused to make. He made affectionate inquiries; gave cheering words and the "last sovereign," which he had intended to waste in idle and unprofitable pleasures, and causing her to take his arm, he called upon a physician who practised for years in his father's family and whose benevolence and skill played kindly together; begging him as the evening was closing in with a dark dreary night to go with her to her temporary home of distress. She is handed into a carriage followed by one whose nature is love and in a few moments is by the side of her husband who is transferred to a comfortable apartment and bed under the treatment she looked as much to soothe the secret sorrow which oft lies at the bottom of disease as a direct physical treatment. The husband saved, and the humane physician would receive no fee being instructed by the noble sailor where to find his reward for all the night outlay.

On the first morning that Melville had leaning on his wife's arm entered the ladies sitting room he was met by a plainly clad but venerable-looking countryman who welcomed him with kindly words of inquiry—sympathy opened by the generous feel of the not thoughtless boy cherished by his messmates "Plain Charley," who was bounding over the deep blue sea with heart as a feather light buoyed up by the unspoken thanks of the saved wife—for she would have fallen as the withered leaf had life left the trunk vital to her; and the husband felt grateful for the chords of feeling that he found awakening around him. The old gentleman observed: "I have been waiting here twelve days for your recovery having understood that you wished to establish a school; if so, I want you to hurry on a coat of health and go West with me—for if I stay here much longer my wife will be looking for a husband and my boys will become as wild as our prairie deer." Few words were necessary to detail the wants of the hamlet and its log school and meeting house—a city that now is—and the arrangements are made. They arrived safely and becomingly welcomed by a matron who had not even a scolding word or look to give as he had been so often intimated in words that meant just the reverse of their apparent sense. Yearly smiling years have been theirs as one may see who crosses the Prairie du—, observing to his right just before reaching it the gentle slope spouted with stock and in the bottom before him a pure streamlet hurrying to lose its purity in the turbid bosom of the great waters; the bridge a little to your left, leading to the cottage half concealed with forest trees and shrubs, and the golden-lock group of children, sporting in the shade, are parts of the nine gifts of love.

As I have looked upon and enjoyed this pleasant scene, it seemed—
An hour of Paradise restored—
Ere the hour mirror'd to the view again,
As yet ere happiness forsook its bowers,
Or sinless creatures own'd the sway of death.

One word for "Plain Charley," whose last sovereign, with the denial of his evening's enjoyment, wrought as fair a picture as ever rested on a lap of earth, and more happiness than often falls to mortal's lot. After some years buffeting with wind and weather, and various fortunes, he wearied of the sea; where he had never forgotten, in the hour of peril or moment of joy the sweet peace that flowed upon his soul when he had made one heart happy. Let who have feeling, follow him in a morning's ride from a prosperous Western city, which terminated at the cottage we have briefly noticed; where hearts are waiting to give love's warm welcome to the name that had visited their lips morning and evening, in praise and thanksgiving for long years—the form even unknown, that was to meet their cordial greetings. He comes! all arms enfold him, and the lisping infant, walk extends not over the catching distance of a mother's care, breathes his name, with its own Charles Winn Melville! In a city not a thousand miles from New Orleans lives "Plain Charley," filling a highly respectable and responsible situation, with daily opportunities for the kindly ministering of his nature, and winning the love of all who know him.

He laughs at the world, and he laughs at care,
With a sovereign and love ever to spare!

FROM OUR SQUADRON.

At Sea, July 31, 1846.
On the 7th of June, the commodore received information at Mazatlan, that the Mexican troops, six or seven thousand strong, had, by order of the Mexican government, invaded the territory of the United States, north of the Rio Grande, and had attacked the forces under Gen. Taylor, and that the squadron of the United States was blockading the coast of Mexico on the Gulf.

These hostilities, he considered, would justify commencing offensive operations on the west coast. He therefore sailed on the 5th, in the Savannah, for the coast of California, leaving the Warren at Mazatlan, to bring any despatches or important information that might reach there. He arrived at Monterey on the 2d of July, where we found the Cyane and Levant, and learned that the Portsmouth was at San Francisco.

On the morning of the 7th having previously examined the defences and localities of the town, the commodore sent Captain Wervine with a summons to the military commandant of Monterey, requiring him to surrender the place forthwith to the forces of the United States. In reply, he stated that he was not authorized to surrender the place, and referred the commodore to the commanding general of California, Don Jose Castro.

Every arrangement having been made the day previous the Commodore immediately embarked the necessary force (about two hundred and fifty seamen and marines) in the boats of the squadron, which landed at 10 o'clock, under cover of the guns of the ships, with great promptitude and good order, under the immediate command of Captain Wm. Wervine, assisted by Commodore H. N. Page as second.

The forces were immediately formed and marched to the custom house, where Commodore Sloat's proclamation to the inhabitants of California was read, the standard of the United States hoisted, amid three hearty cheers by the troops and foreigners present, and a salute of twenty-one guns fired by all the ships. Immediately afterwards the proclamation, both in English and Spanish, was posted up about the town, and two justices of the peace appointed to preserve order and punish delinquencies—the alcaldes declining to serve.

Previous to landing, a "general order," was read to the crews of all the ships for their guidance under the new circumstances in which they were placed. We feel confident that the inhabitants of Monterey and all other places where our forces were, have been safe from the least deprivation or the slightest insult.

Immediately after taking possession of Monterey, Com. Sloat despatched a courier to General Castro, the military commandant of California, with a letter and a copy

of his proclamation, to which he received reply. On the 9th, he despatched a letter by courier to Sr. Pio Pico, the governor at Santa Barbara.

On the 6th of July he despatched orders by sea to Commander Montgomery to take immediate possession of the bay of San Francisco, &c., and at 7 A. M. of the 9th that officer hoisted the flag at San Francisco—read and posted up Commodore Sloat's proclamation, and took possession of that part of the country in the name of the United States.

On the 13th, at the request of the foreigners at the Pueblo of San Jose, the commodore furnished a flag to be hoisted at that place—about 70 miles interior from Monterey, and appointed a justice of the peace to preserve order in the town—the alcaldes declining to serve. The flag was hoisted on the 16th.

On the 8th Commodore Sloat selected Parser D. Fauntleroy to organize a company of 35 dragoons from volunteers from the ships, and citizens on shore, to reconnoitre the country—keep open the communication between Monterey and San Francisco, and to prevent the people of the country from being robbed, &c. &c. and directed him to purchase the necessary horses and equipments to mount them.

Passed Midshipman Louis M. Lane having also volunteered for that service, he appointed him first Lieut. of the company. On the 17th, Mr. Fauntleroy was directed to reconnoitre the country with his command as far as the mission of St. John's—to take possession of that place—hoist the flag, and to recover iron brass guns said to have been buried there by General Castro when he retreated from that place. On his arrival there, Mr. Fauntleroy found the place had been taken possession of an hour or two previous by Capt. Fremont, with whom he returned to Monterey on the 19th. He was subsequently sent to garrison the place, dig up mount the guns, and recover a large quantity of powder and shot said to have been secreted there; all of which he accomplished before we sailed from Monterey; between which—the Pueblo of San Jose and San Francisco, a perfectly free communication was maintained.

On the afternoon of the 15th of July the Congress arrived with Commodore Stockton.

On the 18th the British Admiral, Sir George P. Seymour, arrived in the Collingwood, 80. An officer was immediately sent by Commodore Sloat to tender him the usual courtesies and facilities of the port. He was subsequently furnished with a set of topographical maps and other spurs for his ship, and sailed on the 23d for the Sandwich Islands.

The visit of the admiral, I have no doubt, was very serviceable to our cause in California, as the inhabitants fully believed he would take part with them, and that we would be obliged to abandon our conquest but when they saw the friendly intercourse subsisting between the two commanders, and found that he could not interfere in their behalf, they abandoned all hope of ever seeing the Mexican flag fly in California again.

On the 23d Commodore Sloat directed Commodore Stockton to assume the command of the forces and operations on shore and on the 29th, having determined to return to the United States via Panama, he hoisted his broad pendant on board the Levant and sailed for Mazatlan and Panama, leaving the remainder of the squadron under his command.

At the time of our leaving Monterey, the United States were in quiet possession of all "Alta California" north of Santa Barbara.

The Cyane sailed for St. Diego on the 28th, to carry down Capt. Fremont, with about 150 riflemen, (Americans) to take possession there, and to cut off Gen. Castro's retreat to Lower California or Mexico.

The Congress was to sail on the 30th for San Pedro, to take possession there. That place is 27 miles from the city of Angels, where Gen. Castro and Governor Pico then were; and it was believed that immediately on her arrival they would surrender, which would put an end to all opposition to the United States in the California.