COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"That Government is the best which governs least."

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POETRY.

Prom the Schoolfellow.

The Captain's Child.

A BALLAD.

BY MRS. CAROLINE GILMAN.

A Captain's child was Anna Glen,
A Mother dear had she,
And in a city fair they dwelt,
As happy as could be.

Oh many a time I've seen them sit
Beside their winter hearth,
With cheerful blaze, and nice trim'd lamp,
And gentle tones of mirth.

Along the mantle-piece were ranged
Bright shells of glossy hue,
And sea-weed with its netted gauze
And blushing coral too.

And in the centre stood a ship,
With tiny sails all furled:
And streaming there our stripes and stars,
The glory of the world!

Beside her mother, Anna sat,
Her sewing in her hand,
And heard her tell from hour to hour
Of many a distant land.

And sights her husband oft had seen
Of wild and savage men:
For a great man that Captain was
To her and Anna Glen.

Anna some sewing had begun
Her father to surprise.
And oft the fine-stitch'p wristband laid
Before my wondering eyes.

While worsted hose her mother knit,
And as the needles flow,
Hope waving fast her mingled yarn
Still warmer colors drew.

"To-morrow is my ninth birth-day,"
Said Anna in gay mood,
"And father will be here, I know,
"Because he said he would."

"I've grown an inch. He put this mark
"Just here, below my head,
"One night with his old pen-knife blade,
"Before I went to bed."

And thus would Anna prattle on,
As childhood loves to do,
Till sleep came nestling on her brow,
And closed her eyes of blue.

Her head upon my knee, that night
Was laid with floating curl:
I love to stroke the silken tress
Of such a little girl.

When sleep had settled on her brow,
And shut her laughing eye,
We silent sat, until I heard
A long and struggling sigh.

I looked upon her mother's face,
I think I saw a tear:
Said she, "strange fancies will come up
"And fill the mind with fear."

"The storm is raging,—now and then
"There comes a sudden rush
"Of northern winds that swell and groan
"And then a suden hush."

"His ship was seen off yesterday,
"And should have come to day."
'Tis hard to find the comfort-words
That we may wish to say.

To hide my own alarm I talked
Of idle things, I know,
Idle indeed, to a fond wife,
With prophecy of woe.

"Keep home and heart," I said to her
"And I will soon return."
So to the wharves I hurried forth,
In hopes some news to learn.

There was a whizzing and a scream
Among the cordage heard,
And a wild dashing of the waves
That every vessel stirred.

It was indeed a bitter night,
And whispered words were told
About a gallant ship below;
A leak was in her hold;

And boats had vainly tried to gain
Her tempest-beaten side,
And scarcely through this stormy night,
They thought the ship might ride.

The morning came, bright soft and clear,
The sea was hushed to rest;
And merry vessels toyed and played,
Like children on her breast.

But many an eye looked dark and sad,
And all were asking then,
About the noble ship below
And gallant Captain Glen.

She was a wreck, and all were gone,—
That hale and manly crew?
From eye to eye, from lip to lip,
That mournful story flew.

I hastened to that gentle pair,
I tried to haste, I know,
But every limb seemed dragging on,
My heart it faltered so.

Anna came springing to the door
With kiss and smiling eye;
I could not kiss her, and to speak
In vain my lips might try.

She paused, a doubt came o'er her face,
And then she gazed on mine,
And then her look in sadness fell,
For children can divine.

Her mother came; one glance told all,
She sank upon the ground,
And Anna with little arms
Enfolded her around.

I did not speak. What could I say?
For comfort I had none;
And there I stood, but echoing still
That wailing woman's moan.

But hark! a coming step is heard,
It soundeth yet again!
What! was't a spirit standing there?
No, gallant Captain Glen?

She clasped within his manly arms
The mother and the child,
You'd have thought the joy was grief,
Her tears burst forth so wild.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Marriage Crucible.

A THRILLING TALE OF HIGH AND LOW LIFE.

[Those of our readers who have ever seen acted or have read, that beautiful modern drama of Sir Edward Lytton Bolwer: "The Lady of Lyons," need look no farther than the following sketch for its foundation.]

I was born in one of those little hamlets situated in the neighborhood of Montelmurt, in the south of France. My father had made many a fruitless effort to raise himself above indigence. His last resource in his old age arose from the exercise of a talent which he had acquired in his youth, that of bellows-mending. This, too, was the humble profession which I was destined to follow. Being endowed by nature with quick and lively faculties, both of mind and body, I soon grew skilful in my trade, and having an ambitious spirit, set off for Lyons, to prosecute my calling there. I was so far successful, that I became a great favorite with the chamber-maids, who were my chief employers, and whom my good looks and youth interested in my favor.

One evening, however, as I was returning home after my day's round, I was accosted by four well-dressed young men, who threw out a few pleasantries on my profession, which I answered in a style of good-humored railery that seemed to surprise and please them. I saw them look significantly at one another, and heard one of them say. 'This is our man.' The words alarmed me, but my fears were speedily dispelled. 'Rouperon,' said one, 'you shall sup with us. We have a scheme which may do you good. If you do not agree to it we shall not harm you, but only ask you to keep our secret. Do not be afraid, but come with us." Seeing all of them to be gentleman in appearance, I did not hesitate to accept the offer. They conducted me through a number of cross-streets, and at last entered a handsome house, in an apartment of which we found six other young men, who appeared to have been waiting impatiently for my conductors. A few explanatory words passed respecting me, and soon afterward we sat down to supper. Being young, thoughtless, and light-hearted, I gave way to the enjoyment of the hour, and vented a succession of pleasantries which seemed highly to please my chance companions. But they all grew silent and thoughtful ere long, and finally one of them addressed me thus: 'The ten persons whom you see before you, are all engravers and citizens of Lyons. We are all in good circumstances, and make a very handsome living by our occupation. We are all attached to one another, and formed a happy society, till love stepped in to disturb us. In the street of St. Domingo there lives a picture merchant, a man of respectable station, but otherwise an ordinary personage. He has, however, a daughter, a creature possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace, but all whose amiable qualities are shaded by one defect—pride, insupportable pride. As an example of the way in which this feeling has led her to treat others, I will own that myself paid my addresses to her, and was approved of by her father, as one by birth and circumstances much their superior. But what was the answer which the insolent girl gave to my suit? 'Do you think, sir, that a young woman like me, was born for nothing better than to be the wife of an engraver?'

'Her great charms and her pride have been equally felt by us all,' continued the speaker, 'and we hold that she has cast a slur on us and our profession. We, therefore, have resolved to show this disdainful girl that she has indeed been born to the honor of being the wife of an engraver.—Now, will you (addressing me) venture to become the husband of a charming woman, who, to attain perfection, wants only to have pride mortified and her vanity punished?' 'Yes,' answered I, 'spurred on by the excitement of the moment;' 'I comprehend what you would have me do, and I will fulfill it in such a manner that you shall have no reason to blush for your pupil.'

The three months that followed this strange scene were wholly occupied with preparations for the part I was to perform. Preserving the strictest possible secrecy, my confederacy did their best to transform me from a plain bellows mender into a fine gentleman. Bathing, hair dressers, &c. bro't my person to a fitting degree of refinement, while every day or one of the engravers devoted himself to the task of teaching me music, drawing and other accomplishments; and nature had furnished me with a disposition to study, and a memory so retentive that my friends were astonished at the progress of their disciple.—Thoughtless of all else, I felt the deepest delight in acquiring these new rudiments of education. But the time came when I was to be made sensible, for the first time, of the true nature of the task I had entered upon. The confederates at length thought me perfect, and in the character of the rich Marquis of Rouperon, proprietor of large estates in Dauphiny, I was installed in the first hotel in Lyons. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture-dealer in St. Domingo street. I made a few purchases from him, and seemed anxious to purchase more. After a little intercourse of this kind, he sent me word one morning, that he had received a superb collection of engravings from Rome, and begged me to call and see them. I did so, and was not received by him, but by Aurora. This was the first sight I had got of that lovely girl, and for the first time in my life, my young and palpitating heart felt the power of beauty. A new world unfolded itself before my eyes; I soon forgot my borrowed part; one sentiment absorbed my soul, one idea enchained my faculties The fair Aurora perceived her triumph, and seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expressions of passions which escaped my lips. That interview fixed my destiny forever! The intoxication of enjoying her presence hurried me on, blind to everything else. For several months I saw her every day and enjoyed a state of happiness only damped by the self-accusing torments of solitary hours, and by the necessity I was under of regularly meeting my employers, who furnished me with money, jewels, and everything I could require. At length Aurora's father gave a little fete in the country, of which I was evidently the hero. A moment occurred, in which, thoughtless of all but my love, I threw myself a suiter at her feet.—She heard me with modest dignity, while a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only emotion which agitated her heart, yes, I discovered that I was beloved! by her.

I was an impostor, but heaven is my witness I deceived her not without remorse. In her presence I remembered nothing but herself; but in the stillness of solitude, sophistry and passion disappeared leaving a dreadful perspective before me. When I associated the idea of Aurora with the miserable fate which was soon to fall upon her delicate hands, employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment, I shrunk back with horror, or started up covered with a cold perspiration. But self love would come to my aid, and I thought if she truly loved me she yet might be happy. I would devote my life, I swore to the task of strewing flowers along her path. But all my hopes, all my fears, cannot be told. Suffice it to say, that her father believed me when I represented my estates as being in Dauphiny, a distant province. I would not allow a farthing of Aurora's portion to be settled otherwise than on herself. So mere was one baseness of which I was not guilty.

We were married. At the altar, a shivering ran through all my veins, a general trepidation seized my whole frame, and I should infallibly have sunk to the earth in a flood of tears had not some one come to my rescue. The silly crowd around mistook the last cry of expiring virtue for an excess of sensibility.

A fortnight after the marriage, as had been arranged by my employers, at whose mercy I was, we started for Montelmart, my unfortunate bride believing that we were going to a far different place. Several of the engravers were themselves our attendants, disguised and [illegible] as courtiers to our magnificent equipage. The [illegible]ful moment of exposure arrived; and when it did come, it proved more terrible than ever I had anticipated. The engravers made the carriage be drawn up before a mean and miserable cottage, at the door of which sat my humble but venarable father. Now came the awful disclosure. The poor, deceived, and surprised Aurora was handed out. The engravers came up; the pulled off their disguises; and he whom Adrora had so pointedly refused, exclaimed to her, 'No, madam, no, you have not been born or brought up an engraver, such a lot would have done too much honor to you. A bellows-mender is worthy of you, and such is he whom you have made your husband!' Trembling and boiling with rage, I would have replied, but the engravers entered the coach, and like the shifting of a scene in the theatre, all our grandeur disappeared with them!

Poor Aurora scarcely heard what had been said. The truth had flashed upon her, and she sank back in a swoon. Recollect that I had now acquired a considerable share of sensibility delicacy from my late life. At that cruel moment I trembled alike at the thought of losing the woman I adored, and of seeing her restored to life. I lavished on her the most tender cares, yet almost wished that those cares might prove unavailing. She recovered at length her senses, but the moment her frenzied eye met mine, 'Monster!' she exclaimed, and was again insensible. I profited by her condition to remove her from the sight of those who had gathered around, and to place her on an humble straw couch. Here I remained beside her till she opened her eyes; mine shrunk from her glance. The first use she made of speech was to interrupt the broken exclamations of love, shame, and remorse which fell from my lips, and to beg to be left alone for a time. The neice of the curate of the parish, however, who chanced to be by, remained beside her, and the poor young victim of my villainy, for she was but eighteen, seemed glad of her attentions.

How shall I describe the horrible night which I then passed? It was not on my own account that I suffered or feared. She alone was in my thoughts. I dreaded above all, for my love was still predominate, to see that heart alienated whose tenderness was necessary to my existence, to read coldness on that eye on whose look my peace depended. But could it be otherwise? Had I not basely, vilely darkened all the prospects of her life, and over whelmed her with intolerable shame and anguish? That night was a punishment which would almost have wiped out any lesser sin. Frequently it may be believed I sent to know how Aurora was. She was calm, they told me: and indeed, to my surprise she entered in the morning the room where I was. She was pale, but collected. I fell before her on the ground and spoke not. 'You have deceived me,' said she, 'it is on your future conduct that my forgiveness must depend. Do not take advantage of the power you have usurped. The neice of the curate has offered me an asylum. There I will remain till this matter can be thought of calmly.'

Alas! these were soothing but deceitful words! Within a day or two after this event, the interval of which I spent in forming wild hopes for the future, I received at once two letters. The first was from the engravers, the cause of my exultation and my fall. They wrote to me that my acquaintances had begot in them a friendship for me; that they had each originally subscribed a certain sum for the execution of their plot; and that they would supply me with money and everything necessary for entering into some business, and ensuring the creditable support of myself and Aurora. The other letter was from Aurora--'Some remains of pity,' she said, 'which I feel for you, notwithstanding your conduct, induce me to inform you that I am in Lyons. It is my intention to enter a convent, which will rid me of your presence; but you will do well to hold yourself in readiness to appear before every tribunal in France, till I have found one which will do me justice, and break the chain in which you have bound your victim.

The letter threw me into despair. I hurried to the curate's but could hear nothing of Aurora's retreat, although I became assured that the curate and his neice, despising my condition, had been urgent advisers of the step Aurora had taken. I then hastened to Lyons, where the affair had now created a scare, and saw only the engravers, who notwithstanding the base plot which they hed through me effected, were men not of ungenerous dispositions. As they had driven me out of my former means of livelihood, I considered myself at liberty to accept a sum which they offered me to enter into trade with. They advised me how to dispose of it at once, and I laid it out in a way which speedily and without troble to me augmented it greatly. Meanwhile the father of Aurora had made every preparation for annuling the marriage.—This could only be done by publicly detailing the treachery which had been practised. Never, perhaps, was a court-house more crowded than that of Lyons on the day on which the case was heard. Aurora herself appeared and riveted the eyes of all present, not to speak of my own. Unknown and unseen, I shrunk into a corner like a guilty thing. The counsel for Aurora stated the case, and pleaded the victim's cause with so much eloquence as to draw tears from many eyes.

No counsel arose for me, and Aurora, who merely sought a divorce without desiring to inflict that punishment she might easily have brought down on the offenders, would at once have gained her suit, had not one arisen for me. It was one of the engravers, as mentioned, by Aurora. He made a brief pleading for me, he praised my character, he showed and confessed how I had been tempted and how I fell. At last he concluded by addressing Aurora. 'Yes madam,' said he, the laws may declare that you are *not* his wife, but you *have* been the wife of his bosom! The contract may be annulled, and no stain may rest upon you.—But a stain may be cast upon another.—Can you, will you throw the blot of illegitimacy upon one even more innocent than yourself?' The appeal was understood, and was not made in vain. The trembling Aurora exclaimed, 'No, no!' and the tears fell fast as she spoke.

The marriage was not annulled—was no longer sought to be annulled. But while the contract (which I had signed with my own name, believed by them to be the family name of the Marquis de Rouperon) was declared valid, and it was also determined that Aurora should remain unmolested by the adventurer who had so far deceived her. Every legal prosecution was taken that I should have no control over her or her affairs. After this event I did not remain long in Lyons, where I heard my name branded everywhere with infamy. Master, by the means I have related, of a considerable sum, I went to Paris, where I assumed a foreign name. I entered business and, more to drown remembrance than from any other cause, pursued it with ardor which few have evinced in the like circumstances. The wildest speculations were those which attracted me most, and fortune favored me in a most remarkable way. I became the head of a flourishing commercial house, and ere five years had amassed considerable wealth. At times, however, the remembrance of my wife threw me into fits of anguish and despair, I dared not think, nevertheless, of attempting to go near her, until it chanced that I had it in my power material to serve a banker in Lyons and on this occassion with an equippage which was not borrowed, though as handsome as my former one.—My friend the banker, on being questioned, told me that Aurora still lived in the convent, and was admired for her propriety of conduct, and for her unremitting attention to her child, her boy; but he told me that her father had just died, leaving her almost dependent on the charity of the abbess. This recital excited in me the most lively emotions. I took an opportunity afterwards of visiting one of the engravers, who scarcely knew me, changed as I was, but who received me warmly, I requested him to assemble the creditors of the father of Aurora, and to pay his debts, giving him funds for that purpose. I told him also to purchase some pieces of furniture which I knew to be prized by Aurora.

Every hour of my stay in Lyons strengthened my desire to see my wife, and at least to fold my boy in my arms. The feeling became at length irresistable, and I revealed myself to the banker, beseeching him to find some way of taking me to the convent. His astonishment to find in me the much spoken bellows-mender, was beyond description. Happily however, he was acquainted with the abbess, and assured me that it was easy at least to obtain a sight at my wife. Ere an hour had passed away my friend had taken me there I was introduced as a Parisian merchant, and beheld, with emotions unspeakable, my wife seated in the convent parlor, with a lovely child asleep on her knee, in conversation with her venerable friend. Aurora, now twenty-three years of age, seemed more lovely than ever.—I had purposely wrapt myself closely up, and she knew me not, though I perceived an involuntary start when she first saw me, as if my presence reminded her of some once familiar object. I could not speak; my friend maintained all the conversation. But the boy awoke. He saw strangers present, and descended from his mother's knee. Looking at myself and my friend for a moment, he came forward to me. Oh! what were my feelings when I found myself covered with the sweet caresses, the innocent kisses of my child! An emotion which I had no power to subdue, made me rise hastily and threw myself with my child in my arms at the feet of my pale and trembling wife.—"Aurora! Aurora!" I exclaimed in broken accents, "your child claims from you a father! Oh, pardon! pardon!" The child clasped her knees and seemed to plead with me. Aurora seemed ready to faint. Her lips quivered and her eye was fixed as if in stupor upon me; a flow of tears came to her relief, and she answered my appeal by throwing herself into my arms. "I know not," she sobbed, "whether you again deceive me, but your child pleads too powerfully!—Aurora is yours!"

This event closes my history. I found Aurora much improved by adversity, and have tasted a degree of happiness with her such as no penitence for the past could ever make me deserving of.—One only incident in my history after my reconciliation with Aurora seems to be worthy of attention. I took my son and her with me to Paris, but at the same time, seeing it to be my wife's wish, bought a small country house for her near Lyons. Sometimes we spent a few weeks there, and on one occasion she invited me to go down with her to be present at a fete for which she had made preparations. Who were our guests? The ten engravers, who were the original cause of all that passed! It was indeed a day of pride to me, when I heard Aurora thank them for the happiness which, under the agency of a wonder-working Providence, they had been the means of conferring on her.

"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

A very pleasant prayer meeting was held in the upper saloon of the steamer Hudson on Tuesday evening by the passengers who had availed themselves of Mr. Merwin's arrangement to attend the meetings of the American Board at Pittsfield. Rev Dr. De Witt presided, and the exercises were closed with the Missionary Hymn—"As the company again divided into groups," says the *Independent*, "various topics connected with missions were discussed in conversational circles. A gentleman gave a description of the original manuscript of the Missionary Hymn, which he had seen, in Bishop Heber's hand-writing, in the possession of Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool. The story of its origin is, that just before his embarkation for India, Bishop Heber was engaged to preach a missionary sermon, when the minister of the place told him the choir had no suitable hymn to sing, and begged the Bishop to write one for them. He sat down at once, and wrote this glorious, hymn, of which the first draft was so perfect that there is only one alteration of a word. The line that now reads—

"The heathen in his blindness."

first stood—

"The pagan in his blindness"

How many thousand missionary meetings have been enlived, and elevated, and excited to new zeal and hope, by singing this hymn."

Convicted.—Several persons engaged in the Astor Opera House riot, last summer, have been convicted. Among the number is E. Z. C. Judson, editor of "Ned Buntline." He was sentenced to the Penitentiary for one year, and to pay a fine of $250—the full extent of the law.

THE following "rules" are posted in a New Jersey school-house:—"No kissing girls in school times. No licking the master during holidays.

ATTACH BY BEES.—The Warren, N. J., *Journal*, mentions the singular circumstance that the horses of John Teel, of Blairstown, while ploughing, a few days since, were severely stung by a swarm of bees, and Mr. T. was so badly stung, in his efforts to save them, that he was left completely blind. The horses fell in the harness from the severity of the pain: and had they not been released from the harness by the wife of Mr. T., who covered herself so as to be safe against the attack of the bees, they would in all probability have perished.

MAKING MISCHIEF.—A long ladder leaning against a house, a nigger at the top and a hog rubbing himself against the feet of it—"G' way, g, you here—you'n makin' mischief!"