

Columbia AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER. Democrat.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor.

"TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT OVER THE DARKENED EARTH."

\$2 00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 14.—NO. 4.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860.

VOL. 24.

CHOICE POETRY.

OUR LITTLE SPOT OF LAND.
From the Happy Home,
We have a little spot of land,
(I mean my wife and I,
For we are partners joint on earth,
Whose our possessions lie.)
Just over the village green 'tis found,
Close by a shady dell,
Where silence reigns—except when death
Rings out a solemn knell.
We have no title-deed of land,
Besides this narrow spot;
Others can boast their ample farms;
We have this little lot.
The ground was a worthy one when
The summer-fair is held,
The worth 'tis worth we cannot rate
Our little spot of land.
We've read of lands far away,
Where honey cakes flow free;
Fair fields of the earth that lie
Like carpets on the sea,
But not for those far distant isles,
By spray breezes fanned,
Would we exchange this humble claim—
Our little spot of land.
There's not beyond the rolling main,
Renowned for jewels bright;
And yet with all her treasures hid,
Her pearls and gems of light,
Her mine of wealth and sparkling streams
That roll her golden sand;
She claims us not—when once we view
Our little spot of land.
Nay, being the god of every clime,
The wealth of every shore;
Let ocean winds be rills-up,
And lay them on our door,
Then swell the pile a thousand fold
By some enchanter's wand,
The whole can never buy us
Our little spot of land.
Ah, no! A drier treasure this
To hearts that once have bled,
Though neither pearls nor rubies lie
Within its grassy bed,
'Tis all the land we've title to,
And this deep sorrow gave;
Our tears have watered it as rain—
'Tis our infant's grave.

SELECT STORY.

THE MAGIC GLASS;
OR,
EXTRACTS FROM THE
DIARY OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE
OF
NEW YORK.
BY GEORGE W. MATSELL.

CHAPTER I.
The next experiment with the highly prized "Magic Glass" was made within a day or two after the one first named, and occurred in the presence of the same party.
"By Jove," exclaimed the Chief, who was looking through the glass as it was pointed down Wall street, "there's a character, and with a story to it, too. Look," and he pointed to a fine, thick-set, good-looking man, evidently a sailor, to judge "from the cut of his jib," wearing a splendid pair of jet black whiskers, which he was constantly nursing and pulling.
This was said to the photographer, who, directing the glass towards the person designated, discovered him through the first end as above described. Observed through the reserved glass, it presented a large apartment filled with mirrors, &c., and elegantly furnished throughout, which was at once recognized by the photographer as the sitting room of the Astor House, and among the parties seated and standing around, was this same gentleman, who was in the act of handing a roll of money to Mr. Matsell.
"Do you recognize him?" asked the Chief.
"Only as one of the packet captains—I can't recall his name."
"That is Captain Letgo," replied Mr. Matsell, "of the Louis, belonging to Bolton, Fox & Livingston's line of Havre packets; don't you remember I told you an incident in his life, some years ago?"
"What! do you mean about the young French girl, who tried to commit suicide?"
"Precisely."
"Why, I wrote that down at the time, and have got it at home yet. I never made any use of it. Suppose I bring it down this afternoon and read it."
"Do so, it will save me the trouble of telling it over again."
Punctually at the hour named the same party were assembled in the sanctum of the National Police Gazette, and the photographer proceeded to read the following narrative, which had been taken down verbatim at the time it was told, and the Chief having accepted it and complimented the photographer upon his accuracy, the sketch is here given from his own lips, and as it was then christened
CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.
Some years ago, in company with one of my officers, who had been through many a hard case with me, John Davis, better and more widely known as "Prince John," I had occasion to be on the look out one evening at pier 15, East river, for a well-known character named Cardoza. He had been engaged for weeks in preparing to flood the Island of St. Domingo with counterfeit coin, but unknown to him, I had been on his track from the very first,

and only waited until his arrangements had been perfected, to show him that I too had not been idle.
A vessel bound to Hayti, which was lying near the end of the pier, was to sail early on the following morning, and I had ascertained that he had shipped as a sailor in her under an assumed name, so I made my preparations accordingly.
Davis and I had been there concealed by some cargo just discharged from another vessel, and which had been covered with tarpaulins, perhaps half or three quarters of an hour, watching every avenue to the pier, when at last we were rewarded by the sight of our gentleman coming leisurely down the street which led to the pier, and having slung upon his shoulders something which, as he approached close, I discovered to be a bag such as sailors carry their clothes in, but which I well knew contained something much more precious to me than a sailor's kit.
Davis nudged me quietly, and we both kept our eyes fastened on him, awaiting the proper opportunity to make sure of him, our only dread lying in his legs, for he was as active as a cat. He came cautiously down the pier, casting his black, snaky eyes in every direction, but as there was no indications of danger visible, he moved on towards the end where the schooner was lying. We waited until he had passed beyond our hiding place, and stealing quietly out, followed him down the pier. Davis stumbled over a piece of coal lying there, and at the noise made Cardoza turned his head and saw at once that he was caught, for we were between him and the upper end of the wharf, and his only chance of escape was a swim.
Davis sprang forward to seize him, and as he did so Cardoza, with an effort of which his slight frame seemed incapable, threw the bag which he had been carrying far into the stream, and in a few moments, but not without a desperate struggle, he was clasped in the strong, sinewy arms of the Prince. Another moment sufficed for his ornamentation with the ruffles, and though we regretted the temporary loss of his coin, for we well knew what he had thrown overboard, we were pleased to think how nicely he was outwitted.
I may have more to say of Cardoza hereafter, and will therefore only say now that he was cleared of this charge, because the coin which he had counterfeited, and which I had caused to be fished up the next day, was not current in this country, and therefore no indictment could lie.
As we were passing up towards Broadway on our route to the Tombs, I noticed on the opposite side of the street a woman walking slowly down towards the river.—In that neighborhood this was not unusual, but from the rustling of silk and glitter of jewelry that shone in the gas light, I judged that she was not of the order commonly seen in that vicinity. Accordingly, I desired Davis to convey Cardoza to the Tombs, while crossing over, I started to follow the female who had attracted my attention.
To my great surprise, she continued her steady course towards the pier which we had just left, and walked on towards the string-piece, while I followed as stealthily and cautiously as a cat.
My eyes had been so accustomed to the gloom, I could distinguish enough of her appearance to satisfy me that she was young, (I judged that from her walk) and from the rustling of her silk dress, which was plainly heard in the stillness of the night, I judged that she was well-dressed. Of course I had not been able to distinguish her features, but surmised from her movements that there was wrong intended.
When she reached the string-piece she untied her bonnet, and unpinned her shawl; then standing for a moment with her clasped hands upraised as if in prayer, she made a movement to plunge into the river.—Having already admitted the truth of the adage that "prevention is better than cure," I darted forward, and just as she was in the act of springing, caught her by the arms and drew her back.
"Well, young woman," I said, as she turned upon me with a singular expression of wonderment, "that is a very foolish piece of business. What does it mean?"
My companion made no reply, but continued to gaze upon me with the same singular expression of countenance, and being so close to her, I could now discover that she was young, and very beautiful.
"Come," I said, drawing her gently away, "this is no place for you," and to my great surprise she followed me unresistingly, but still maintained the silence which I had so often tried to break.
"You had better go home, young woman, and thank God that he has enabled me to prevent you from the commission of such a crime."

Still no reply, but as my words reached her ears, a deep sigh broke from her bosom, and I could feel that her frame was quivering with excitement.
"Have you no home nor friends, and what on earth could induce you even to think of such a deed?"
My mute companion made no reply, but shook her head sadly, and as by this time we had reached one of the street lamps, I paused a moment there, and as she stood facing it, I had a good look at her face and figure.
She was certainly very beautiful, and very elegantly dressed, and wore some handsome jewelry. She was above the medium height, and from her complexion and hair I judged her to be French. But I did not choose to take much time in examination, for feeling assured that there was some extraordinary mystery in the fact of a young, handsome, and elegantly dressed woman attempting suicide under such circumstances, I determined to convey her to the Tombs, where I delivered her in private charge of the keeper of the Court of Sessions, Mr. Huestis, requesting him not to place her in a cell, but to put her in one of his own apartments for the night, which he promised to do, and having seen her well cared for, I started for my home well satisfied with the result of my night's work, so far as the arrest of Cardoza was concerned.
In the morning my first care was to go to the Tombs, and see the young woman whom I had so providentially rescued.—I found her in one of the private apartments occupied by the keeper's family, and was informed that soon after I had left, she broke into a violent passion of tears, which seemed to relieve her, but no word could be extracted from her, her only replies being a nod or shake of the head.—After that, she had thrown herself upon the bed, and was soon hurried in a profound slumber, interrupted only by half-broken sobs.
On entering the apartment allotted to her, I found her standing by the mantle-piece, evidently buried in deep thought. As she turned and caught sight of me, her face, which, on my entrance, was of an ashy pallor, crimsoned to the very roots of her hair, and advancing hurriedly towards me she stretched out both hands, and as I grasped them, she burst in tears.
"There, there," I said, "don't weep any more; it won't do any good now; only be thankful that Providence led me into the place where I could rescue you from such a death and crime. Now, tell me," and I requested her to be seated, "what on earth could have induced a young, handsome, well-dressed woman like you to think of suicide?"
She made no immediate reply, but, as tears coursed down her cheeks, shook her head slowly and sorrowfully.
"Come, do not be afraid to tell me; perhaps I can save you."
"Oh, I cannot," she said, "I cannot," and rising, she commenced pacing the floor with quick, nervous steps, and with clasped hands.
As she rose I perceived she had dropped a letter which she had evidently been perusing on my entrance. Of course I looked at the direction, and my astonishment may be imagined when I read on the envelope, Mrs. Lisette Letgo. For an instant I was taken aback, to use a sea phrase, for this was the very lady to whom Captain Jack, as he was called, desired to have the money delivered, and I really wondered that I had not detected her at first sight, so accurately did she answer the description given of her by the captain.
I made my mind up on the instant, and advancing towards her, as she paused in her walk, I said Mrs. "Letgo," and at the sound of that name she paused suddenly in her walk, and in an instant her tears ceased to flow. I held out the letter which she had dropped, and merely pointed to it.
"You must be mistaken, sir," she said; that letter probably belonged to some other person."
"I am not mistaken," I said, confidently. "This is your property, that is your name, and I have been looking for you for a long time."
"Searching for me?" she exclaimed, opening her eyes to their utmost tension.
"Yes, Madam, for you, and from the description Captain Letgo gave me of you—I can only wonder how I failed to recognize you at first. I have a message for you," and I pulled out my pocketbook.
"A message for me," she said with an air of consideration, "and from Captain Letgo. I wonder how he dared—"
"Then I presume I am not mistaken; so this is your property," and I handed the roll of bills which Captain Letgo had

given me for her when I should have found her.
But leaving her there, I must go back a few weeks in order to tell you how I came to be searching for her, and how I chanced to be possessed of money belonging to her.
CHAPTER II.
I was walking in the vestibule of the Astor House, about four weeks previous to this meeting with Lisette, waiting for a gentleman who had been robbed of a very large sum, when I was accosted by Captain Letgo, whom I well knew, as an old and favorite packet captain, who, approaching me with an air of mystery, "Judge, come into the sitting-room a few moments. I want to see you on particular business, and was just going over to the office for you."
As his request I followed him into the sitting-room, and seating myself, he pulled out of his pocket a roll of bills, and tendering them to me, said:
"Now, Judge, I want you to do a very great favor for me. Of course, I don't expect you to do it yourself; but some of your shadows can do it for me, and when I come back I will pay them handsomely, if they succeed. What I want is— and he held the money in his hand still, for I had declined to take it from him, "that this money—there are a hundred dollars there—should reach the right person."
"Yes; but, Captain," I said, putting aside his extended hand, "I must know something more about this before I undertake it. I am very willing to oblige you, personally; but you will please remember my position."
"It is because I appreciate it I come to you; for you can do more than any other person. I would not think of troubling you at all, nor even speaking of this matter, only I am off to-morrow, and am very anxious to have this money reach right hands as soon as possible."
"It's a woman, of course," continued the Captain, with a smile, "and the case is just this: Some voyages ago, coming across, I had only one female cabin passenger—a tall, elegant, well-informed French girl; just such a woman as any man might fall in love with.
"I did become very much attached to her, and in the end she began to like me as well as I did her. She was coming to this country on an invitation from a childless aunt, who resided in Baltimore, and who being possessed of ample means, had promised to make Lisette her heiress; if she would come over and live with her; and it was in pursuance of this invitation she came over with me.
"Well, as I said, we became very much attached to each other, and I promised to marry her as soon as we got ashore; but that did not go down with her—she knew too much for me," and the Captain winked meaningly.
"Well, and what then," I asked, a little nervously; for the Captain's cool recital of his wickedness had made me a little angry.
"Not much. After we got in port I managed matters so that we lived together as man and wife. The fact is, I couldn't get over it any other way, so I made believe marry her, and instead of going on to Baltimore, she has lived with me ever since."
"And passed as your wife?"
"Certainly; why not? She thought she was married, and she thought was enough."
"It was an unmanly, villainous thing, Letgo, and if it wasn't for the poor girl's sake, I wouldn't meddle with the matter at all."
The Captain coolly shrugged his shoulders, and said, "That is as people think. It was not anything very uncommon among sailor men, my boy."
"I don't believe sailor men are such rascals as that," I replied.
"Well, have that as you choose. Such things wear out, you know, and just after I came in on my last voyage, I made up my mind that we had lived together as man and wife long enough, so one day thinking I would cut the matter short I set down and wrote her a very pretty and affectionate letter. I told her that circumstances compelled me to part from her, much as I regretted it, and that she must make the best of it. I wrote, also, that our marriage, as she believed it, was no marriage at all, by reason of the absence of any proper authority to perform that ceremony, and that, so far as I was concerned, she was at liberty to marry, in reality, any one she chose. I offered to pay her passage back to France, if she chose to return, or to see her safely conveyed to her aunt in Baltimore; and I added that nothing should be known of the past, unless she chose to make it public.
"I sent this letter in the morning, and stayed away all day, so as to give her a

chance to think the matter over, and make up her mind. When I went back at night she wasn't there; nor the next day, nor the next—and I'm blessed if I've been able to lay eyes on her since. Now, I suppose you understand what I am up to; don't you, Judge?"
"I think I do," I replied, half-musingly.
"I don't want to leave the poor girl unprotected. She had an elegant wardrobe and some money, but not much. I want you to put some one on her track, and see that she gets that money. There's a hundred dollars in that roll; that will keep her from want."
"Well," said I, when the Captain had finished his recital, "that is a case appealing to my sympathy, and for the poor girl's sake, I will have every effort made to discover her whereabouts, but I tell you frankly, I'm thinking it will be the worse for you if I do. Now, then, hand me the money," and I took it from him and placed it in my pocket book. "I will put one of my best boys on the scent to-morrow; I promise faithfully to make every effort, Captain, and I will do it with more pleasure, because I hope she will yet bring you up with a round turn."
"Well, I'm agreed," he replied, laughingly, and he then proceeded to give me a full description of her personal appearance, her jewelry and some particular articles of her wardrobe. Armed with this information, I repeated my promise to do my best and parted from the captain firmly resolved that if I ever discovered the young girl, and there was the slightest possible opening, I would bring the cool villain to the ring.
The reader now perceives why I was in search of Lisette Letgo, and will wonder with me that I had not recognized her at first sight.
To resume my narrative then where I left off.
Lisette gradually grew more composed, and I drew from her the history of her early life, her meeting with the Captain, and her subsequent supposed marriage to him.
"Now, about this marriage?" I asked.
"The Captain told me that in this part of the country it was only necessary in law for the parties to say, in the presence of each other, that they intended to live thereafter as man and wife, and of course I believed him, for I really loved him."
"I am very glad you did believe him, for your own sake."
"Glad that I did believe him?" echoed Lisette, with an amazed look.
"To be sure I am, because he told you the truth. Never mind now," I interrupted, seeing her start of amazement; "answer two or three questions. Where was this ceremony performed?"
"In one of the parlors of the Astor House, the day after our arrival in port."
"And who was present on the occasion?"
"No one that I know. Three of the waiters in the house were called in, and in their presence we promised to become man and wife."
"I congratulate you Mrs. Letgo, with all my heart," I said, rising and bowing.
"Yes," I continued, as the blood rushed to her face; "I congratulate you very sincerely, for you are as lawfully his wife, as though every priest in New York had used bell, book and candle over your nuptials."
"Is this really so?" she asked in low nervous tones, whilst I could see the tears starting to her eyes.
"As truly as that you are seated there, Madam. Now, will you confide your matters to me?"
"I have no friend on earth, sir," she said sadly, "and I shall be but too happy to prove my entire confidence in, and gratitude to you. Do with me as you choose."
"And you won't make another such a silly attempt?"
"On my word of honor, no. Even though you fail to render me the justice which is my due, and save me from the odium and disgrace he would have cast upon me."
"How cunning the rascal was, but he has committed himself this time. I can see through his plan at once. He procured the waiters as witnesses, because he knew that in a few weeks or months at farthest they would be scattered all over the country, and it would be impossible to get hold of them and prove the marriage. I am going to take hold of this matter myself, and as for those waiters are alive, I'll have them before Captain Jack comes back."
Providence aided me, for in less than three weeks I had two of them. One I found at the New York Hotel, one at a no-

ted restaurant, and the other had gone to New Orleans. However, two were enough for my purpose, and having received their assurances that they remembered the circumstance perfectly, and could identify both parties without doubt, I promised them ten dollars each if they would be on hand when I required their services.
Thus armed I paid a visit to Lisette, and made her heart leap with joy at the intelligence I had to communicate, and she could scarcely find words to express the gratitude she felt for the warm interest I had taken in her behalf. She was resolved she said never to live with him again, but as soon as she was recognized as his wife she would either go on to Baltimore, or return to her home in England, as circumstances might dictate. I made no effort to change her resolution but preferred to leave that matter to her woman's heart. I would do my part, and she might then act as she chose.
It is the law that every captain bringing passengers into this port must furnish at the Mayor's office within twenty-four hours after his arrival a complete list of them, with their names and ages, to which he must swear before the Mayor in person.—On board packet ships like the Louis these lists were always made out at sea by the surgeon or some one of the steerage passengers, and were invariably brought to the Mayor's office on the day of the ship's arrival.
I watched the papers daily for her arrival, and by the time my patience was nearly exhausted she was announced. I sent at once for my men, whom I had kept all the time under the surveillance of my shadows, so that they should be forthcoming and stationed them in the Mayor's private room to be ready when wanted.
Of course I had communicated to Mayor Morris everything that had occurred, and he was almost as much rejoiced as myself at the success which had attended my operations.
About one o'clock Captain Letgo came up with his report, accompanied by the clerk of the consignees, and, seeing me in conversation with the Mayor, came up, and after the usual greetings and inquiries said, in a mysterious voice, "I want to see you after I get these things through."
Of course I was ready to see him, for, in addition to my witnesses, Lisette was also in the private office awaiting in painful, anxious suspense the important interview which was so soon to take place.
Captain Letgo's papers were soon dispatched, and as he arose to depart from the office expecting me to follow him, I met him half way and invited him into the private office, and as we moved along he found time to whisper "Have you seen Lisette yet?"
I made no reply, but ushered him into the little private room, where he was confronted by the very object of our search. He turned to me for an explanation, and as he turned his eye caught sight of the two waiters seated there, whom he recognized on the instant.
"Caught, by—!" he exclaimed, as I answered his look of amazement by a meaning smile, as much as to say that I had kept my promise of "bringing him up with a round turn."
"Leave us alone," he said biting his lips and addressing me. I beckoned the waiters to follow me, and stationing an officer at the private door which led into the entry, so that the captain could not get away through that door, I awaited with something of impatience the result of the interview. When it terminated Captain Letgo, opening the door on a crack, beckoned me in.
I was met by Lisette, who, with a face beaming with smiles and tears, held out her hands to me, which I warmly grasped. She could not speak for thanks, and I did not need them, for I saw that she was happy.
"It seems she must have forgotten or changed her resolution never to live again with Captain Letgo, for they went out of the office arm in arm, much to the surprise of the clerk who had accompanied the captain to the office, and very much to the gratification of the Mayor and myself.
Captain Letgo was grateful to me for having kept his secret, except so far as it was necessary for me to communicate it to the Mayor, and in testimony of his appreciation of the service I had rendered to them, had their first child christened after me, which, however, by the way, cost me a silver cup.
Letgo and his wife lived some years in apparent happiness in a beautiful cottage in Brooklyn, and I was often the recipient of some pleasant token of remembrance from Lisette.
The captain and I met occasionally, and never failed to admit that he had been very nicely, through my instrumentality,
CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

SABBATH READING.

JUST AS THOU ART.
The beautiful hymn commencing—
"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,"
is familiar to every Christian. The following counterpart to it, which was recently read by Rev. R. H. Cook, in the North Street Reformed Church, New York, is full of pathos and beauty.
Just thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or sorrow grace,
Or meanness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come.
Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes thy sin were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free—
O wretched sinner, come.
Burdened with bliss, wouldst thou be blest?
I bring relief to hearts oppressed—
I bring relief to hearts oppressed—
O wretched sinner, come.
Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace I give, my love I show—
O wretched sinner, come.
Come, hither bring thy burdened feet,
Thy sinning heart, thy burning tears;
Thy sinning heart, thy burning tears;
Thy sinning heart, thy burning tears—
O wretched sinner, come.
"The spirit and the Bride say come!"
Righteous saints re-echo, Come!
Who faints, who stirs who will, may come—
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

COMING TO CHRIST.

"O," you say, "may I come!" How can you ask the question? you are commanded to come. The great command of the Gospel is: "Believe on the Lord Jesus." Those who disobey this command disobey God. It is as much a command of God that man should believe on Christ as that we should love our neighbor. Now what is a command I have certainly a right to obey. There can be no question, you see; a sinner has liberty to believe in Christ because he is told to do so. God would not have told him to do a thing which he must not do. You are allowed to believe. "O," saith one, "that is all I want to know. I do believe that Christ is able to save to the uttermost. May I rest my soul on him, and say, sink or swim. Most blessed Jesus, thou art my Lord!" May do it? man? Why, you are commanded to do it! O that you may be enabled to do it! Remember that is not a thing which you will do at a risk. The risk is in not doing it. Cast yourself on Christ, sinner. Throw away every other dependence, and rest alone on him. "No," says one, "I am not prepared." Prepared, sir? Then you do not understand me. There is no preparation needed; it is, just as you are. "O," saith one, "am I to say that I know that Christ died for me?" Ah, I did not say that; you shall learn that by and by. You have nothing to do with that question now; your business is to believe on Christ and trust him; to cast yourself into his hands. And may God the spirit now sweetly help you to do it! Now, sinner, hands off your own righteousness. Drop all idea of becoming better through your own strength. Cast yourself flat on the promise. Say:
—Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou hast not bid me to do,
O Lamb of God, I come!
You cannot trust in Christ and find him deceiving you.
Now, have I made myself plain? If there were a number of persons here in debt, and if I were to say: "If you will simply trust to me your debts shall be paid, and no creditor shall ever molest you," you would understand me directly. How is it you cannot comprehend that trusting in Christ will remove all your debts, take away all your sins, and you shall be saved eternally. O spirit of the living God, open the understanding to receive, and the heart to obey, and may many a soul here present cast itself on Christ! On all such as on all believers, do I again pronounce the benediction, with which I shall dismiss you:
"May the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Jesus Christ, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you!"—Spurgeon.

ARTICLES cannot sanctify us, except as they are crossed by Christ, as his malice and his chisel. Our joys and our efforts cannot make us ready for heaven, apart from the hand of Jesus who fashioned our hearts aright, and prepareth us to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.