



Columbia Democrat

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CHOICE POETRY.

THE PRINTER'S GRIEF. A tear was in the printer's eye, And that a kindly spoken word Might haply import.

Original Story.

Written for the Columbia Democrat. CARRIE CARLETON.

Chapter I. SEVERAL THINGS TO COMMENCE WITH.

It was near the close of a sultry day, late in the month of June, in the year, that two travelers might have been seen ascending a gently rising hill, just back of a picturesque little town in Kentucky.

As they neared the summit of the hill, an intersecting ray of the sun brought them out in bold relief. One of them, as his garb and general appearance indicated, was a soldier. He had, by his good conduct, heroism, daring, and bravery, gained for himself the rank of a captain.

He was a young man, not over three and twenty; of medium height, and of uncommonly graceful frame; his shoulders were broad and swelling, giving to him that robust appearance, so desirable in every young person. His features were regular and expressive; his hair was of a dark brown color; his eyes a dark blue, and his short upper lip curled haughtily; from this and the placidness of his eye, physiognomists would say that he possessed firmness enough to go through with any undertaking, and pride enough to keep his own doing anything mean or low.

The person we have thus described was named Laman Morris. His companion was really a queer looking specimen of humanity; he was tall—over six feet—and very lean and slim; his head was thickly covered with coarse hair; his chin was long, slim and projecting downward, and it took a long neck to separate it from his breast, but his was calculated for this purpose; his features were singular, but expressive and striking. His eye was a fierce black, and contrasted strangely with his light hair; his mouth formed a sort of semicircle from ear to ear, while his long, slim, eagle nose came down between his eyes, and was indeed a "comic phis."

This person was named Azariah Plick. His parents both died when he was yet young, and he had found a home with Mrs. Morris. Although inferior in education and position to his companion, yet he was gifted with as much shrewdness and judgment as is usually allotted to man.

They were returning to their home, in the town above mentioned, from the western part of the State where they had been to repel an Indian invasion.

As the equestrians gained the summit of the hill and once more cast their eyes over their native town, Azariah said—

"Well, cap'n Laman, what do you think of the town? Does it look like it used to look before we left home?"

"Why yes, Az, it does look something like home yet, though it has grown a good bit since we left, two years ago," answered Laman.

"So it 'as Laman, your right there," returned Azariah.

"How pleasant home does look, after our battles and contests with the red-skins, and observed Laman, partly soliloquizing, and pearly to Az.

"I kinder tickles you to see home again, does it?" asked Azariah.

"Indeed it does," answered Laman, "I

shall be so happy on once more beholding my mother."

"Spoke likely you will, guess you'll be about so much tickled, about so happy to see one other of your lady friends, as your mother," laughed Az.

Here the conversation ended, Azariah saw that Laman was in no mood for talking, therefore he did not wish to disturb him; why Laman was not in a mood for talking, will be accounted for, from the fact that he wished to indulge in thoughts of his own.

There were two persons that were the unconscious subjects of his thoughts,—his mother and Carrie Carleton. He was wondering how he should be received by each of them, separately, but above the former, (for he could imagine the welcome he should receive at his mother's hands,) he was wondering how "Carrie" would meet him.

"And who is Carrie Carleton?" asks some of my readers, to such I would say, "read on and you will see."

Her father, (by name Mark,) was the only son of a well off farmer, who had emigrated to America, from Germany, living in a dutch settlement, Mark's training was in true dutch style. When he came to years of maturity he took to himself a wife—and then followed the tide of emigration westward.

In a beautiful but lonely village in Kentucky, he purchased himself a home,—soon others came, and settled around him, and in a few years it became a beautiful little village, and was destined to become a large and flourishing town, in the course of a few more years.

Although this was the case, and Mark came in contact with those more enlightened than himself, still he retained his dutch way of thinking, and his dutch superstition; and his own principles and ideas, he instilled into the mind of his only child, Caroline, a sweet girl of ten years.

Her gratefulness of form, and beautiful features, alone, were enough to give plausibility to the adage, "all the beauty of the dutch descends to their females," but added to these were her calm and gentle demeanor, her ruddy cheeks; her rosy lips; her mild blue eye, and her curly auburn hair, falling in waving ringlets over her ivory neck and shoulders.

Of her the poet might truly have said— "This form is so graceful, This feature is so fair; One might almost suppose there, A sylph of the air."

Yes, hers was an almost faultless form. She, the little angel, that cheered and sustained her mother in all the trials and afflictions in after life. She, the pride and the boast of her father.

Reader, this was Carrie Carleton. Mrs. Carleton, like her daughter, was fair and comely; she had the same curly auburn hair; the same mild blue eye and long lashes; she possessed that gentleness, yet firmness, which will always command the love and obedience of children; and that bright intellectual countenance which so favorably marked her daughter.

It was from her that Carrie inherited that noble firmness of character that so effectually enabled her to bear with, and overcome other troubles and trials in after-life. And that christian nobleness of soul, that almost unequalled veneration for God, the giver of all good.

Mark, was a heavy set man, coarse and stern in manner, but under rough, uncouth exterior, there lay as warm a heart as ever the body of man contained.

He really desired to do the best that lay in his power for his child; however far he may have come from attaining his object, let us not censure him, but rather attribute it to his want of knowledge.

Though Carrie was by no means a prodigy, yet did all the children in the village wonder at the knowledge and wisdom of "lovely little Carrie," (as she was called by all who knew her,) the more especially, as she could write a letter, all of her own composition, to her cousin living in Virginia.

The letter was one of invitation, inviting her uncle and aunt, with himself, to pay them a visit.

Alas! poor Carrie! Little did she think that this same cousin to whom her childish epistle was directed, would cause her so much trouble, as in the end it proved that he did. Little did she dream that she should ever rue her acquaintance with him so deeply and so truly as she did.

The visit was made, and Carrie was but ill pleased with her forward, conceited, and to use her own expression, "awful ugly cousin."

Although Master Jacob Frantz, (for this was his name) was awkward, boisterous and conceited, still the shape of his head

imparted activity to his mental temperament, and withal, his eye and forehead indicated considerable shrewdness.

Time wore on, and, alas!—the pen reluctantly records it—the kind and good Mrs. Carleton became afflicted with that "disease"—consumption—"like a leaf hanging for a time to its parent bough, and then fluttering slowly to the earth, she passed away," leaving Carrie a trouble stricken, motherless girl of sixteen.

Some one has wisely said, "troubles, trials, and afflictions never come singly." Thus it was with Carrie.

She had not yet done grieving over the closed-up grave of her dead mother, till her father broached this terrible news to her; terrible in its effect upon her mind, hitherto as quiet as an unruffled lake, and terrible in itself.

It was one evening after they had left the tea-table, and Mark had resumed his "dutch pipe," and had completely enveloped himself in a wreath of smoke, that he ordered the servants to leave the room.—In a crusty, grumbling way, they obeyed orders, and forthwith stationed themselves at the key-hole of the door.

After all became quiet, and Mark thought it safe to say that which he wished to, he commenced—

"Carrie," said he, in a low tone of voice, as if he feared some intruding ear might hear the secret he was about to reveal to his daughter, "Carrie, you know that when I came here, I took a large farm, since then others have come and settled around us, and now there is quite a large town here. I sold my farm in town lots, at great prices, by this speculation I have made a pretty large fortune, about 30,000 dollars, this I said you are aware of, but you are not aware of how I came by the money, that I bought my farm with."

"Why father, did not grandfather Carleton leave it to you?" inquired Carrie.

"Yes, he left it to me, but how he came by it is what I now mean to tell you, yes, I must give myself the pain of telling you, something that I never did, nor never will tell mortal beside. You knw that my father was guardian for Jacob Frantz's father. In an evil hour, tempted beyond his power of resistance, he abstracted from his ward's money, the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, which run, after adding the interest from then till now, will cover the whole of my fortune. My father, upon his death-bed, suggested that I should make right his wrong. This request I must obey, because it was his request, and because it is my duty to do it, and this last, I consider, if possible, the greater of the two reasons. Now Carrie, how shall I make it right? How shall I act to satisfy my conscience? The money must go to Jacob, then none shall remain to us, therefore there is but one way to manage it, the way that I propose is to make you the connecting link between my fortune and Jacob's right to it. In this way we can restore to Jacob what is rightly his own, and still it will remain in the family."

"But, father, my cousin will never consent to give to me his hand in marriage; why, he thinks himself good enough for a princess," interrupted Carrie, and she really hoped that this might be the case, for now that she found she would be compelled to be his wife, her aversion to him increased, and her devotion to another, also, increased in the same ratio, or if it did not increase, it at least became more apparent to her.

"Yes he will, I have written to him on the subject, and he says that he has always loved you, and loves you still, and that it has been his constant hope that at some future day he might claim you for his bride; therefore upon that subject you need entertain no fears."

"But, my father, I cannot marry him. I love another. Nay, I cannot marry him, I dare not marry him."

"But you shall marry him," said he, turning his fierce black eyes and meeting hers, and looking so savagely that she quailed beneath his gaze. "I say you shall marry him."

"Say not so, oh, my father! say not so. I cannot marry my cousin, my heart is with another, I love Laman Morris."

"Laman Morris, you shall never marry him, but you shall marry Jacob Frantz. Mark you, I make it a command, and dare to disobey that command, and you shall be disinherited, yes, you shall be cut off without a penny," said he, seeming to take pride in taunting his daughter, and not noticing the scalding tears that were flowing in such profusion over her beautiful rosy cheeks.

"Why do you seek to taunt me with your threats, oh, cruel father!" said Carrie, nerving herself up to a desperate ef-

fort, such only as similar circumstances could induce in a temperament so gentle as hers.

"CRUEL," Mark hissed out, and he stamped the floor in a fit of anger, "ah, ha! my lady you will yet learn what cruelty is," he added bitterly, then turning on his heel, he left the room.

Being left to herself, she struggled to gain the mastery over her feelings—struggled nobly, but in vain she pressed her hand to her bosom, how her heart fluttered, sorrow and trouble reigned supreme. In a tone of the deepest emotion, she gave vent to her feelings in these words.

"Fate, fate, how hard is the lot it has imposed upon me. How my heart shrinks from marrying my cousin, and how it yearns for Laman. Why is it that providence imposes upon me so hard a lot.—would that I could die; I would that I could die!"

Then suddenly recollecting that the wish might be a wicked one, and that she must wait till it pleased God to call her to her future home, a home "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." She knelt and offered to that God, a grateful and a repentant prayer, from which she arose with a calmer and holier spirit.

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ANCIENT RUINS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Dim and mysterious is the early history of man on this continent. It is enveloped in thick darkness, never, it may be presumed, to be penetrated by human research; and yet the ruins of ancient cities are frequently discovered that tell of a race that has long since passed away—probably exterminated by the ancestors of our present Indians, who are also fast departing from the human family—fairly dying out before the ever-advancing influence of the pale face. But these monumental cities indicate great populations, and prove the existence of mighty men of old. A new stimulus is likely to be given to American archeology, by a discovery recently made some ninety miles north-west of Fort Stanton, a long account of which has just appeared in the Fort Smith (Arkansas) Times. We condense. The plain upon which lie the massive relics of gorgeous temples and magnificent halls, slopes gradually eastward toward the river Pecos, and is very fertile, crossed by a gurgling stream of the purest water, that not only sustains a rich vegetation, but perhaps furnished with this necessary element the thousands who once inhabited this present wilderness.

The city was probably built by a war like race, as it is quadrangular, and arranged with skill to afford the highest protection against an exterior foe many of the buildings on the outer line being pierced with loop-holes, as though calculated for the use of weapons. Several of the buildings are of vast size, and built of massive blocks of a dark granite rock, which could only have been wrought to their present condition by a vast amount of labor.—There are the ruins of three noble edifices each presenting a front of three hundred feet, made of ponderous blocks of stone, and the dilapidated walls are even now thirty-five feet high. There are no partitions in the area of the middle (supposed) temple, so that the room must have been vast; and there are also carvings in bas-relief and fresco work. Appearances justify the conclusion that these silent ruins could once boast of halls as gorgeously decorated by the artist's hand as those of Thebes and Palmyra. The buildings are all loop-holed in each side, much resembling that found in the old feudal castles of Europe designed for the use of archers. The blocks of which these edifices are composed are cemented together by a species of mortar of a bituminous character, which has such tenacity that vast masses of wall have fallen down without the blocks being detached by the shock. We hope ere long to be favored with full and descriptive particulars, as it is probable that visits and examinations will be made amongst such interesting relics of the unknown past by some of the United States officers attached to the nearest fort.

Girard was a poor man at thirty Rothschild did not get his capital of £20,000 till after he was thirty years old; and at thirty Astor had not made his first \$1,000, which he said was harder to make than all the others.

A lame fellow wanted to enlist as a volunteer in the military service. "You wouldn't do," said the recruiting officer; "the more we ordered you to march the more you would halt."

ROMANTIC HISTORY OF A GIRL.

C. L. Brace, Secretary of the New York Children's Aid Society, writes the following touching account of the struggles of a young girl with want and misery in that great wilderness, New York.

Some two years ago a young English girl, of perhaps fifteen years, with refined manners and a pretty, though pale face, presented herself at our office, and nervously asked for some place in a family in the country, and we only observed that her hands were very thin and bony, and her cheeks hollow, and that on being assigned to an excellent home by Mr. Macey, her eyes filled with sudden tears of thankfulness. Something was given her to eat, which she received quietly, and on the next day went to her place. Lately, on a revisit to the city, we learned the particulars of her history. She had been in England in good circumstances, as her manners and language showed; had come over on the death of her father, and on the wasting of his property to seek her fortune in America. She sought at once to enter some trade, and to earn a living for herself; but without friends, and with the crowded competition of the city, she could find no opening. In the same way at the intelligence, after waiting many days, she discovered no chance for herself. Each day her means were being exhausted, and she was forced to pawn all the ornaments and relics of better times. She was reduced finally to living in a small attic room of a tenement house, sleeping on some straw in one corner. Hour after hour, through the weary day, her little feet were traversing the streets as she followed advertisements for a chance to work. At last she reached the point at which every available means had been sacrificed, every penny spent, and hunger stared her in the face. She described her feelings then most touchingly. One day she could get through quite comfortably without anything to eat; the second, she says, she crouched herself in her bed, and do you know, sir, what I found the best stop to hunger? Why, I drank water, and then I prayed, and somehow I always felt better and stronger after it.—The third day, when it seemed as if she could not hold out much longer, she would go fainting down stairs to a woman she knew in one of the lower rooms, and this woman would offer her something to eat, which she would take carelessly, no one ever suspecting the poor creature was being saved from starvation.

In this mode of life she grew so weak she could scarcely walk, and as this, she says as she sketched. She was attacked, too, with terrible headaches, and some days, she is sure, she was delirious, for she now remembers how she seemed to see angels and spirits in the little room, bringing her food! Once or twice she determined to beg though she felt she would rather die; and she went into a store and said gaspingly, "she was hungry." The people were very kind, and sat her in a chair, and gave her food, once she recollects a cup of tea. Then as she lay on her heap of straw, thinking of her dear old English home and the comfort there, the mother and the days that were gone, she would sometimes say, "What have I done to deserve this? Why should God pick me out to make me suffer so? Why should I be deserted?" One day she had gone down into the lower room, and sat there weak and despairing when a gentleman entered, whom she described as very grand and wealthy in his appearance. He spoke to her kindly, and said he had watched her in and out, and said she must be in misfortune; that he had so much admired her—yes, and loved her! She answered, gasping with weakness: "Why do you come here to insult me because I am poor?" Then, as she described it, he replied that he did not mean to insult her, that he truly loved her—and in various phrases he offered to her to live in a splendid home with him, but not as his wife. The poor girl crouched down with her head in her hands, confessed that for a moment she thought crossed her mind—what if she should do this? No one will know it. There is comfort and a home—an escape at length; and on the other side, a long, weary struggle, and starvation. But in the midst of this—she almost believes it was real—there seemed to come up before her a figure of her mother—she saw the face and the warning gesture almost as distinctly as she ever saw any one. She seemed to call her away—and then she thought of all she had told her of heaven and of God, and she started up and said, with sobs and gasps, "I know I am poor—I have nothing—I have no home

and no friends—I am starving; but if you should give me all the money in New York, heaped ten times over, I would not do this thing! Why do you come here to tempt, and insult me because I am poor?" and she almost fell down gasping, but she says she saw the man start back, with face ghastly pale, saying: "My God! What a sin you have saved me from!"

That day she heard accidentally of the society to help children, and resolved to go there for a last chance. If she failed there, the only thing left for her seemed to be self destruction or death. We know the happy result.

The simple truthfulness and pathos of this girl's story cannot be represented. Of all heroic scenes which the upper Powers ever look upon in this world, can surpass that where the poor, weak, starving girl, deserted of men, and seemingly almost abandoned of God, spurns from her the greatest of all temptations, and deliberately chooses starvation rather than dishonor or wrong! Perchance among those in this day who sneer at, or bargain for, woman's virtue, this little story, out of the real life of New York, may show what a priceless pearl, this virtue is that the lonely, famished child should choose the pangs of famine rather than lose it.

A CAPITAL TRICK THAT ENDED WELL.

Here is a good story which we have just heard. A young man (a brother to "Sly Boots" perhaps, for, like her, he enjoyed a good joke) was studying in college.—One afternoon he walked out with one of his instructors, and they chanced to see an old pair of shoes lying by the side of the path, which appeared to belong to a poor man at work close by. "Let us have a little amusement at his expense" said the student. "Suppose we hide these shoes, and conceal ourselves in the bushes and watch his perplexity when he cannot find them." "I can think of a better trick than that," said the instructor. "You are rich, and suppose you put a silver dollar in the toe of each shoe, and then we will hide." The young man did so. The poor man finished his work soon, and went to put on his shoes. You can imagine his surprise when he stooped down to take out a pebble, as he supposed, from the toe, and found it to be a hard dollar, and then his absolute perplexity and astonishment when he found still another in the other shoe.—His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked to heaven and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he thanked a kind Providence for sending some unknown hand to save from perishing his sick and helpless wife and children without bread. Do you wonder that the young man stood in his hiding place deeply affected, and his eyes filled with tears? Young friends, and you Miss "Sly Boots," when you want to enjoy fun, real pleasure at witnessing the perplexity of others, see if you cannot in some way imitate the student. Such tricks are worth performing.

NOT GOOD LAW.—The New York

Courts, by a decision just rendered, hold that the "conditions" printed on the free passes issued to cattle drovers are a sufficient defence to any claim for damages arising from any cause whatsoever. The suit was brought against the Hudson River Railroad. According to this ruling of the New York Courts, if a railroad company employ a man for nothing, it has a right to maim or kill him, without being liable. It has been decided in one of the Courts of this State, that a railroad company was bound to carry an individual safely, even if it does carry him free, and this is common sense, and ought to be good law. Those who travel upon free passes are supposed to receive such passes for an equivalent of some kind.

The following "fishy," yet probably true despatch was received from Havre de Grace on Monday of last week:—The fishermen are now in the midst of fish harvest. The Chesapeake Bay is perfectly alive with shad and herring.—The herring are coming up in immense numbers, and the fishermen are making fortunes. Bond is said to have caught from 1200 to 1800 barrels of herring at one haul. Osbourne, at the Battery, caught 1000 barrels at one haul, and everybody is catching from 300 to 800 barrels per day. This run of herring is said to be the largest for thirty years.

A FRUITFUL LITTLE HOUSE-WIFE.—

Mrs. John Howes, of Wetherfield, Conn., is a remarkable woman! She weighs only eighty pounds, and recently presented her husband with three sons at one birth. She is as well as can be expected.

SABBATH READING.

SPURGEON'S GEMS.

It may be, that during a sermon two men are listening to the same truth; one of them hears as attentively as the other and remembers as much of it; the other is melted to tears or moved with solemn thoughts; but the one though equally attentive, sees nothing in the sermon, except may be, certain important truths well set forth; as for the other, his heart within him and his soul is melted. Ask me how it is that the same truth has an effect upon the one, and not upon his fellow: I reply because the mysterious Spirit of the living God goes with the truth to one heart and not to the other. The one only feels the force of truth, and that may be strong enough to make him tremble, like Felix; but the other feels the Spirit going with the truth, and that renews the man, regenerates him, and causes him to pass into that gracious condition which is called the state of salvation. This change takes place instantaneously. It is as miraculous a change as any miracle of which we read in Scripture. It is supremely supernatural. It may be mimicked, but no imitation of it can be true and real. Men may pretend to be regenerated without the Spirit, but regenerated they cannot be.—It is a change so marvellous that the highest attempts of man can never reach it.—We may reason as long as we please, but we cannot reason ourselves into regeneration; we may meditate till our hairs are grey with study; but we cannot meditate ourselves into the new birth. That is worked in us by the sovereign will of God alone.

If God be really worthy of worship, and you really think so, I demand that you either follow him, or else deny that he is God at all. Now, professor, if thou sayest that Christ's gospel is the gospel, if thou believest in the divinity of the gospel and puttest thy trust in Christ, I demand of thee to follow out the gospel, not merely because it will be to thy advantage, but because the gospel is divine. If thou makest a profession of being a child of God, if thou art a believer, and thinkest and believest religion is the best, the service of God the most desirable, I do not come to plead with thee because of any advantage thou wouldst get by being holy; it is on this ground that I put it, that the Lord is God; and if he be God, it is thy business to serve him. If his gospel be true, and thou believest it to be true, it is thy duty to carry it out. If thou sayest, Christ is not the Son of God, carry out thy Jewish or thy infidel convictions, and see whether it will end well. If thou dost not believe Christ to be the Son of God, if thou art a Mahometan, be consistent, carry out thy Mahometan convictions, and see whether it will end well. But, take heed, take heed! If however, thou sayest God is God, and Christ the Saviour, and the gospel true; I demand of thee, only on this account, that thou carry it out.

MARK ANTHONY yoked two lions to his chariot; but there are two lions no man ever yoked together yet—the lion of the tribe of Judah, and the lion of the pit.—These can never go together. Two opinions you may hold in politics, perhaps, but then you will be despised by everybody, unless you are of one opinion or the other and act as independent man. But two opinions in the matter of soul-religion you cannot hold. If God be God, serve him and do it thoroughly; but if this world be God, serve it, and make no profession of religion. If you are a worldling, and think the things of the world the best, serve them; devote yourself to them, do not be kept back by conscience, and run into sin. But remember, if the Lord be your God, you cannot have Baal too; you must have one thing or else the other.—"No man can serve two Masters." If God be served, he will be a master; and if the devil be served, he will not be long before he will be a master; and "ye cannot serve two masters." Oh! be wise, and think not that the two can be mingled together.

Look back on the paths of your pilgrimage. Some of you can count as many Ebenezers as there are milestones from here to York; Ebenezers piled up, with oil poured on the top of them; places where you have said, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me." Look through the pages of your diary, and you will see time after time, when your perils and exigencies were such as no earthly skill could relieve, and you felt constrained to witness what others among you have never felt—you felt that there is a God, that there is a Providence—"a God, who compasseth your path," and "is acquainted with all your ways."