



COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY LEVI L. TATE, IN BLOOMSBURG, CO. UMBRIA COUNTY, PA.

OFFICE In the Brick Building, opposite the Exchange, by side of the Court House.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. \$1 00 in advance for six months. 1 75 in advance for one year. 2 00 if not paid within the first six months.

THE AUTUMN WINDS.

For over the hills the sailing winds, Pass swiftly in their course. The tall trees bend beneath their breath, And shiver at their force.

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURE.

About three or four years ago, more or less, I was practicing law in Illinois, on a pretty large circuit. I was called on one day in my office by a very pretty woman who, without saying a word, told me her husband had been arrested for horse stealing.

I asked her to tell me the whole truth of the matter, and if it was true that her husband did belong to such a band. "Ah, sir," said she, "a better man at heart than my George never lived, but he liked cards and drink, and I am afraid they made him do what he never would have done if he had not drunk."

I never could see a woman weep without feeling like a weak fool myself. If it hadn't been eyes brightened by 'pearly tears,' (what the poet that made them come into fashion by praising 'em!)

The trial came on. I worked hard to get a jury of ignorant men, who had more heart than brain—who, if they could not fathom the depths of argument or follow the labyrinthine mazes of law, could feel for a young fellow in a bad fix, a weeping, pretty wife, nearly heart-broken and quite distracted.

The prosecution opened very bitterly, and inveighed against thieves and counterfeiters, who had made the land a terror to strangers and travelers, and who had robbed every farmer in the region of his finest

horses. It introduced witnesses, and proved all and more than I feared it would.

The time came for me to rise for the defence. Witnesses, I had none. But I determined to make an effort, only hoping, so to interest the jury, as to secure a recommendation to gubernatorial clemency and a light sentence. So I painted his picture: A young man entering into life wedded to an angel; beautiful in person, possessing every noble and gentle attribute.

The judge charged according to law and evidence, but evidently leaned on the side of mercy. The jury found a verdict of guilty, but unanimously recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court.

Some three months after this, I received an account for collection from a wholesale house in New York. The parties to collect from were hard ones; but they had property, and before they had an idea of the trap laid, I had the property, which they were about to assign before they broke, under attachment.

I had gone along ten or twelve miles, when I noticed a splendid team of double horses attached to a light wagon, in which were seated four men, evidently of the high strong order. They swept past as if to show how easily they could do it.

I didn't like the looks of those fellows nor their actions. But I was bound to go ahead. I had a brace of revolvers and a nice knife; my money was not in my valise or my sally, but in a belt around my body.

When I entered, the party recognized me, and hailed me as an old traveling friend, and asked me to drink. I respectfully but firmly declined to do so.

The others interposed, and very easily quieted my opponent. One offered me a cigar which I should not have received, but a glance from the woman induced me to accept. She advanced and proffered me a light, and in doing so she slipped a note into my hand which she must have written with a pencil the moment before.

Never shall I forget the words—they were: "Dewars—they are members of the gang. They mean to rob and murder you. Leave soon. I will manage to detain them."

"What, are you not going on to-night?" asked one of the men; "we are." "No," said I, "I shall stay here to-night." "We'll all stay, then, I guess, and make a night of it," said one of the cut-throats.

I went out and glanced at their wagon; it was old fashioned, and lynch-pins secured the wheels. To take out my knife and pry one from the fore and hind wheels was but the work of an instant, and I threw them as far off in the darkness as I could.

I had hardly got under full headway, when I heard a yell from the party I had so unceremoniously left. I put whip to my horse. The next moment they started. I threw my light away, left my horse to pick his way. A moment later I heard a crash—a horrible shriek. The wheels were off. Then came the rush of the horses, tearing along with the wreck of the wagon.

The next day I heard that a Moore's prairie team had run away, and that two men out of four had been so badly hurt that their lives were despaired of, but I did not cry. My clients got their money, but I didn't travel that road any more.

THE DOG OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE.—The keeper of Egg Rock light-house, in Massachusetts Bay, lives upon a barren rock, but supports his family handsomely and leads a jolly sort of his chief assistant, a remarkably intelligent dog.

"One of the most valuable and esteemed of Mr. Taylor's family of pets is his dog, the guardian of his establishment and the protector of his children. This dog is very fond of the water, and enjoys himself greatly in swimming off among the breakers when the sea is rough. In the winter season, as the swanscott fishermen come in from their trips, they will often lash two or three good-sized codfish to a stick of wood, and throw them over for the benefit of Mr. Taylor. The dog, who is always on the lookout, will notice the proceeding, and forthwith swim to and bring in the prize, though the weather be ever so cold, and the fish often a mile from the rock.

SOME men use words as riflemen do bullets. They say little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide with their eye and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they lance out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. You never know where you stand with them. Your conversation falls into their mind, as rivers fall into deep chasms, and are lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words, that go right to the mark like a gunshot, and then they are silent again, as if they were reloading.

A young lady in our town is so refined in her language, that she never uses the word "blackguard," but substitutes "African sentinel."

Five Years in Foreign Dungeons.

[The following is the statement of a prisoner, who was confined for five years in European dungeons.]

"I landed in Genoa from Boston somewhere in 1853, and, wishing to see the south of Italy, traveled till I came near Viterby, when I was cautioned not to go near Rome. But I still persevered in my intention of doing so, when I was arrested, as not having a passport and carried to the eternal City, where I was placed in the Carcere Nuovo. Not satisfied with the report which I gave of myself, I was tortured for three months as follows: My hands and arms were bound together, and then by ropes tied round the upper part of the arms, they were drawn back till my breast protruded and my bones sounded 'criek, criek!'"

Next night when all had retired to rest, Miss Scott took a small lamp, and easily raising the trap door, descended to the chest and took out the papers; but, oh horrible! the heavy ironbound lid of the chest slipped from her trembling hand. The violent concussion closed the trapdoor and burst open the door of the strong wooden press above, so that it remained immovable across the trap door.

Then she became composed, he explained to her that, having omitted to mark in his last document of the greatest importance, he had explained the circumstance to his commanding officer, and got permission to return to the castle. It is supposed Captain Hay perished at Culloden, for he was never heard of more.

Years passed away. Miss Scott was married to a pious and medical man, but he died of fever three weeks after the union. In the depths of despair the widow exclaimed, "I prayed long that I might be united to him; but I will never pray again, nor see the light of the sun." For more than a year she refused to see her friends, and sat in a darkened room.

From that day she admitted her friends, attended the house of God, and became exemplary for piety and submission. It is not surprising that, to the close of her life, a shade of melancholy tinged her countenance, and she was unwilling to speak of the thrilling incidents of her youth.

A Thrilling Incident.

On a stormy night of February, 1745, a young lady, Miss Scott, sat by her dressing-room fire, in an old castle in Perthshire, Scotland. She had been occupied all day tending her cousin, Miss Hay, who was ill of fever, and now, ere retiring to rest, she thought of the contest in which many of her relatives were engaged.

Miss Scott followed him into the lower story of the castle, through chambers and long, dark passages. At length they reached a small vaulted apartment, the only furniture of which was a strong wooden press, fixed to the wall in one corner of the room. In front of this, Captain Hay scraped away the sand, and Miss Scott saw the ring of an iron trap door.

Next night when all had retired to rest, Miss Scott took a small lamp, and easily raising the trap door, descended to the chest and took out the papers; but, oh horrible! the heavy ironbound lid of the chest slipped from her trembling hand. The violent concussion closed the trapdoor and burst open the door of the strong wooden press above, so that it remained immovable across the trap door.

Then she became composed, he explained to her that, having omitted to mark in his last document of the greatest importance, he had explained the circumstance to his commanding officer, and got permission to return to the castle. It is supposed Captain Hay perished at Culloden, for he was never heard of more.

Years passed away. Miss Scott was married to a pious and medical man, but he died of fever three weeks after the union. In the depths of despair the widow exclaimed, "I prayed long that I might be united to him; but I will never pray again, nor see the light of the sun." For more than a year she refused to see her friends, and sat in a darkened room.

From that day she admitted her friends, attended the house of God, and became exemplary for piety and submission. It is not surprising that, to the close of her life, a shade of melancholy tinged her countenance, and she was unwilling to speak of the thrilling incidents of her youth.

A Laughable Story.

The Mobile Register is responsible for the following mirth-provoking incident:—

For twenty-three years, old Joe Willard has cultivated the soil of Baldwin county, and drawn therefrom a support for self and wife. He is childless. Not long ago, Joe left the house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old worn-out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the centre of which was a well, twenty-five or thirty feet deep, that at some time, probably, had furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water.

It is a fact, of which Joe was, no less oblivious than the reader heretofore, that Ned Wells was in the dilapidated building aforesaid, and that an old blind horse, with a bell on his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well.

Next night when all had retired to rest, Miss Scott took a small lamp, and easily raising the trap door, descended to the chest and took out the papers; but, oh horrible! the heavy ironbound lid of the chest slipped from her trembling hand. The violent concussion closed the trapdoor and burst open the door of the strong wooden press above, so that it remained immovable across the trap door.

Then she became composed, he explained to her that, having omitted to mark in his last document of the greatest importance, he had explained the circumstance to his commanding officer, and got permission to return to the castle. It is supposed Captain Hay perished at Culloden, for he was never heard of more.

Years passed away. Miss Scott was married to a pious and medical man, but he died of fever three weeks after the union. In the depths of despair the widow exclaimed, "I prayed long that I might be united to him; but I will never pray again, nor see the light of the sun." For more than a year she refused to see her friends, and sat in a darkened room.

From that day she admitted her friends, attended the house of God, and became exemplary for piety and submission. It is not surprising that, to the close of her life, a shade of melancholy tinged her countenance, and she was unwilling to speak of the thrilling incidents of her youth.

"Behold Your Conqueror."

Such was the classic language of the Governor elect of the great State of Pennsylvania toward those who, in the exercise of their rights, had dared to vote against him. We have always supposed that in the hour of triumph the magnanimity of the heart poured forth its richest treasures—that victory humbled the spirit of the Great. But listen to the language of A. G. Curtin, uttered when his fellow citizen had assembled to congratulate him on his elevation to the highest office in the gift of Pennsylvanians.

Next night when all had retired to rest, Miss Scott took a small lamp, and easily raising the trap door, descended to the chest and took out the papers; but, oh horrible! the heavy ironbound lid of the chest slipped from her trembling hand. The violent concussion closed the trapdoor and burst open the door of the strong wooden press above, so that it remained immovable across the trap door.

Then she became composed, he explained to her that, having omitted to mark in his last document of the greatest importance, he had explained the circumstance to his commanding officer, and got permission to return to the castle. It is supposed Captain Hay perished at Culloden, for he was never heard of more.

Years passed away. Miss Scott was married to a pious and medical man, but he died of fever three weeks after the union. In the depths of despair the widow exclaimed, "I prayed long that I might be united to him; but I will never pray again, nor see the light of the sun." For more than a year she refused to see her friends, and sat in a darkened room.

From that day she admitted her friends, attended the house of God, and became exemplary for piety and submission. It is not surprising that, to the close of her life, a shade of melancholy tinged her countenance, and she was unwilling to speak of the thrilling incidents of her youth.

Good men have the fewest fears. He has but one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who has overcome that one.