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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

ROBERT.

For the Democrat.

LINES TO S.— IN REPLY TO "Are you coming Home?"

BY BYRONA.

I'm coming, I'm coming, Oh, so gladly winged.

And Neptune, obedient, My mandate shall obey.

The hills that divide me, Resending, shall fly.

Till my own native mountains Again greet my eyes.

Yet not as I left it, Again shall I stand.

On the shores that guard it, My dear native land!

For the banners of years, Has left on my heart.

That weight of its footsteps Which will not depart.

I left it with visions, And hope for its bright—

All faded with mourning, Not shamed by night—

That more is departing, And shadows of eyes

On those dimpled pictures, Their dark visions leave.

Old Time bears a mortgage, Of throes and of flowers,

By which he can reckon, The flight of the hours,

The flowers he singles, The future to bind,

The thorns it is ever, He weathers behind.

The thorns I have gathered, (They're in my path lay.)

Yet shunned not the flowers, That fell in my way—

But still in my hand, Their slender and small,

And thus from that memory I could not part.

With heart that is tender, And under bow, too,

I haste to the altar, The Past to review—

Ere the harvest is reaped, Or Summer to flow,

Be ready to welcome, The Wanderer home.

New Orleans, July 27, 1850.

CHILD OF THE ANGEL GOD.

BY MRS. E. S. VIGOR.

"Oh sing me a song as I fall asleep," Said a little one with a lustreous eye.

"Or tell me a tale of the flowers that creep, In the bright green woods that reach to the sky.

"That sleep in the spring, when the berries sing, And the heavens are blue as our Nelly's eye."

"Or tell of the child with the angel wing, Who walks in the garden of Paradise?"

"I sang him the song—I told him the tale, And watched his face as he thought he slept."

"For his brow was white as the marble tomb pale, That shrouds and bright near his pillow sleep.

"Then his words grew low, and my voice sunk low, And I said, 'so soft, his dreams may be fragrant wings."

"But he whispered soft, as I rose to go— 'O tell me of the child with the angel wing!"

"Then he sunk again—but he restless grew, And he tossed his young arms as he wildly spoke."

"And he longed to fly to his father's bow, As the moon went down and the morning broke."

"But he spoke no more of the Spring's bright flow—"

"—"

"And he thought no more of his sister's eyes, (The same as those in his father's bow.)"

"Was it a tale of the child that pierced the skies, My Mother?" he said—and his eyes waxed dim.

"For the sense, with their weeping faces, And he never knew that she knew by him.

"Whom you went down at his dying bed? He has gone where the seraphs so sweetly sing—"

"His story was brief as the sunset dyes, He walks with the child of the angel wing."

"In the flowery gardens of Paradise!"

KOSUTH.—Shortly after the Hungarian President reached Widin, in Turkey, a document was fabricated by his adversaries, and generally circulated through England and this country, purporting to be a farewell address of Kosuth to his countrymen. Although the proclamation was very formal in appearance, many at the time doubted its authenticity. The matter is now fully set at rest by a letter from Kosuth himself to an inquiring correspondent at Constantinople:

KUTUBIA, June 14th, 1850.

"I beg leave to state, with all modesty, how very disagreeable it is to me to see that the farewell proclamation you please to allude to, is attributed to me. No, my dear sir, I am not proud of my faculties; but, notwithstanding, I would feel ashamed should I have written anything in my life so bad as this proclamation. I cannot conceive how any one could have been so base as to usurp my name, and to prostitute it before the world by such a vile imposture."

"I declare upon honor that I had no part in it, and no knowledge of the whole proclamation; and that it is totally supposititious, false and apocryphal."

"I not only authorize you, sir, but pray

you, to make publicly known this my declaration through the periodical press of America, in the manner you shall judge most convenient."

(Signed) "L. KOSUTH."

SUBSCRIBED RATE.

THE FAIR COURIER.

A REVOLUTIONARY STORY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Every post in South Carolina had yielded successfully to the Americans, excepting Charleston and Ninety-Six, but steadily day after day the siege of the latter steadily progressed, the Americans slowly approaching the fort by a series of works constructed under the superintendence of Kosciuszko.

On the third of June, the long expected reinforcement from England reached Lord Rawdon, which, with the Southern Royalists, and a portion of three Irish regiments, swelling his force to two thousand men. But all his efforts to transmit intelligence to the beleaguered garrison at Ninety-Six, proved unavailing.

On the 11th of June, Gen. Greene, received intelligence from Gen. Sumpter, of the approach of Rawdon. Then, with renewed diligence he pressed the siege, hoping to obtain a capitulation before Col. Cruger should receive news of the approaching succor. But the commander of the fort was ever on the alert to make good his defenses, and, though ignorant of the near approach of aid, he would listen to no overtures of capitulation.

One evening a countryman rode along the lines conversing with the officers and soldiers on duty. No particular notice was taken of this, as the friends of the cause were permitted to enter the camp, and go where they pleased. This individual here mentioned, moved along much interested in all he saw, until he arrived at the great road leading directly to the town. Passing for a few moments, he glanced suddenly around him, and then, suddenly putting spurs to his horse, he dashed at full speed into the town—seeing that the guard and sentinels opened their fire upon him, but he escaped unhurt, holding up a letter as soon as he was out of danger—The garrison immediately threw open the gates to receive the messenger, who proved to be from Lord Rawdon, who brought the welcome intelligence of his near approach.

Hoping still to reduce the fort before the arrival of Lord Rawdon, General Greene urged on the work of investment by every means in his power, but before he had accomplished his task, a messenger had arrived from Sumpter with the intelligence that Rawdon had passed him and was pushing on for Ninety-Six. The crisis had now come, and he resolved to make an attack upon the fort, and if not successful in reducing it, to retire with his army towards N. Carolina, before Rawdon came up.

The 18th of June, 1781, was the day chosen for the assault, and though the men fought with desperate courage, and the fort was successfully defended, and after suffering great loss, General Greene ordered his troops to retire. Green retreated to Broad River, where he was encamped, and Rawdon, fearing to attack him, he remained unmolested.

Near the place where Gen. Green was encamped, stood the unpretending residence of a country farmer, in moderate circumstances, whose name was Geiger. He was a true friend of the American cause, and but for ill-health that rendered him unable to endure the fatigues of the camp, would have been under arms in defence of his country. Geiger had an only daughter who was united with her father's spirit.

"If I were only a man!" she would often say, when intelligence came of British or Tory outrages, "If I were only a man that could fight for my country."

On the third day of Gen. Green's encampment, near the residence of Geiger, a neighbor dropped in.

"What news?" asked the farmer.

"Lord Rawdon has determined to abandon the fort at Ninety-Six."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes, Gen. Greene received information this morning. Rawdon leaves Cruger at Ninety-Six, who is to move as soon as possible with his bloody recruits and their property, to take a route that will put the Elisha between him and our forces. Moving down the Southern bank of this river to Orangeburg, he will then make a junction with Rawdon at Friday's Ferry."

"Then they will divide their force," said Geiger, eagerly.

"Yes."

"And give Green an advantage by which he will not be slow to profit. Cruger will not be a day on the march before our general will make his acquaintance."

"No," replied the neighbor. "If I heard aught, it is Gen. Green's intention to pursue Rawdon, and strike a more decisive blow."

"Why did not he encounter him at the Sassafras, when the opportunity offered?"

"Gen. Sumpter was not with him?"

"Nor is he now."

"And, I fear, will not join him, as he so much desires."

"For what reason?" inquired Geiger.

"He finds no one willing to become bearer of despatches. The country between Sumpter's station on the Waterce, is full of the enemy—who will, to a certainty murder any man who undertakes the journey. I would not go on the journey for my weight in gold."

"And can no man be found to risk his life for his country, even on so perilous a service?" said the farmer in a tone of surprise, not unmingled with mortification.

"None. The effort to reach Sumpter would be fruitless. The bravest man will hesitate to throw his life away."

"God protects those who devote themselves to the good of their country," said Geiger. "If I could bear the fatigue of the journey, I would not shrink from the service as an instant."

"You would commit an act of folly."

"No of true devotion to my country," replied the farmer warmly. "But," he added in a saddened voice, "what boots it that I am willing for the task. These feeble limbs refuse to bear me on the journey."

Emily Geiger, the daughter, heard all this with feelings of intense interest; and as she had often said before, so she said now, in the silence of her spirit: "Oh that I were a man!"

But she was simply a young and tender girl, and her patriotic heart could only throbb with noble feelings, while her hands were not able to strike a blow for their country.

"If I were only a man!" murmured the young girl again and again, as she mused on what she had heard, long after the neighbor had departed.

In the meantime, Gen. Greene, who had heard through messengers from Col. Lee, of the proposed abandonment of Ninety-Six, and the division of the British and Tory forces, was making preparations to retrace his steps, and strike, if possible, a decisive blow against Lord Rawdon. In order to make certain of victory, it was necessary to inform Sumpter of his designs, and effect a junction with him before attacking the enemy. But, thus far, no one offered to perform the dangerous service.

On the morning of the day upon which the army was to commence retracing its steps, Gen. Greene sat in his tent lost in deep thought. Since taking the command of the Southern army, he had been struggling at every disadvantage with a powerful enemy, whose citizens of the country, loyally to every feeling of true patriotism; and now having weakened that enemy, he felt eager to strike a blow that would destroy him, but with the force he could command, it was yet a doubtful question whether an engagement would result in victory to the American arms. If he could effect a junction with Sumpter before the Congress reached Friday's Ferry, on the Congaree, he had great hopes of success. But the great difficulty was to get a messenger to Sumpter, who was distant between one and two hundred miles. While the General was pondering these things, an officer entered and said—

"A country girl is before the tent, and wishes to speak with you."

"Tell her to come in," replied the General.

The officer then withdrew, and in a few moments re-appeared in company with a young girl, dressed in a closely-fitting habit, carrying a small whip in her hand. She entered respectfully as she entered.

The General arose as the maiden stepped inside of his tent, and returned her salutation.

"Gen. Greene?" inquired the fair stranger.

"The officer bowed.

"I have been told," said the visitor, the color deepening in her face, "that you are in want of a bearer of despatches to General Sumpter."

"I am," replied the General, but I find no one courageous enough to undertake the perilous mission."

"Send me," said the maiden. And she drew her slight form upward proudly.

"Send you?" exclaimed the General, taken by surprise. "You? Oh, no, child! I could not do that. It is a journey from which brave men hold back."

"I am not a brave man. I am only a woman. But I will go."

Touched by such an unlooked-for incident, Gen. Greene, after passing some moments, said—

"Will you go on this journey alone?"

"Give me a fleet horse, and I will bear your message safely."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"What is your name?" inquired the officer after another thoughtful pause.

"Emily Geiger."

"Is your father living?"

"Yes."

"Have you his consent?"

"He knows nothing of my intention. But he loves his country, and, but for ill health, would be none bearing arms against her enemies. His heart is with the good cause, though his arm is powerless. His head must approve the act, though his heart might fill him were I to ask his consent. But it is not for you to hesitate. Heaven has sent you a messenger, and you dare not refuse to accept the proffered service when so much is at stake."

"Noble girl!" said the General, with emotion. "You shall go; and may God speed you and protect you on your journey."

"He will," murmured the intrepid girl, in a low voice.

"Order a swift but well trained and gentle horse to be saddled immediately," said Greene to the officer who had conducted the maiden into his presence.

The officer retired, and Emily seated herself, while the General wrote a hasty despatch for Sumpter. This, after it was completed, he read over to her twice, in order that, if she should be destroyed, she might yet deliver the message verbally, and then asked her to repeat to him its contents. She did so accurately. He then gave her minute directions in regard to the journey, with instructions how to act in case she was intercepted by the soldiers of Lord Rawdon—to all of which she listened with deep attention.

"And now my good girl," said the General, with an emotion he could not conceal, as he handed her the despatch, "I commit to your care this important message. Everything depends on its safe delivery. Here is money for your expenses on the journey," and he reached her a purse. But Emily drew back saying—

"I have money in my pocket. Keep what

you have. You will need it and more for your country."

At this point the officer re-entered the tent, and announced that the horse was ready.

"And so am I," said Emily, as she stepped out into the open air. Already a whisper of what was going on in the General's quarters was passing through the camp, and officers and men had gathered before his tent, to see the noble-minded girl as she came forth to start upon her dangerous journey.

There was no sign of fear about the fair young maiden, as she placed her foot in the hand of an officer, and sprang upon the saddle. Gen. Greene stood near her. He extended his hand as soon as she had firmly seated herself and grasped the reins of the noble animal upon which she was mounted.

"God speed you on your journey, and may Heaven and your country reward you," said he as he held her hand tightly. As he relinquished it, the officer who had till then held the horse by the bridle released his grasp, and the animal sprang away, bearing the fair young courier to the camp, and moved off rapidly in a westerly direction. Officers and men gazed after her, but no word of admiration went up to the skies. On some minds pressed painfully thoughts of the peril that lay in the path of the brave girl; others, rebuked by the noble self-devotion, retired to their tents, and refrained from communion with their fellows on the subject that engrossed every thought; while others lost all present enthusiasm in their anxiety for the success of the mission.

About five miles from the encampment of Gen. Greene lived one of the most active and bitter Tories in all South Carolina. His name was Loire. He was ever on the alert for information, and had risked much in his efforts to give intelligence to the enemy. Two of his sons were under arms at Ninety-Six, on the British side, and he had himself served against his country at Camden. Since the escape of Gen. Greene in his neighborhood, Loire had been in daily communication with spies who were kept hovering in his vicinity, in order to pick up information that might be of importance to the British.

Some four hours after Emily Geiger had started on her journey, one of Loire's spies reached the house of his employer.

"What news?" asked the Tory, who saw, by the man's countenance, that he had something of importance to communicate.

"The rebel Greene has found a messenger to carry his despatch to Sumpter."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; and she has been on her journey some four or five hours."

"She?"

"Yes. That girl of Geiger's went to the camp this morning, and volunteered for the service."

"The——" But we will not stain our pages with a record of the profane and brutal words that fell from the lips of the Tory.

"She has the swiftest horse in the camp," said the man, "and unless instant pursuit is given she will soon be out of our reach."

With a bitter oath, Loire swore that she should never reach the camp of Sumpter.

"Take Veleah," said he, in a quick, energetic voice, "and kill him but what you overtake the hussey between this and Morgan's Range."

"She has nearly five hours start," replied the man.

"But you must make two miles to her one."

"Even then, she will be most likely ahead of the Range ere I can reach there."

"Very well. In that case you must start Bill Mink after her with a fresh horse. I will give you a letter, which you will place in his hands should you fail to overtake the girl."

With these instructions, the man started in pursuit. He was mounted on a large, strong horse, who bore his rider as lightly as if he had been a child.

In the meantime, Emily who had received minute information in regard to her journey, and who was, moreover, no stranger to the way, having been twice to Camden, struck boldly into the dense forest through which she was to pass, moved along a bridle track at as swift a pace as the animal she rode could bear without too great fatigue. The importance work upon which she had entered, and the enthusiasm with which it had inspired her, kept her heart above the influence of fear. No event of moment happened during the first day of her journey. In passing a small settlement known as Morgan's Range, which she did at about four o'clock in the afternoon, she took the precaution to sweep around in a wide circle, as some of the most active and evil minded Tories in the State resided in that neighborhood. Successful in making this circuit, she resumed the road upon which her course lay, still urging forward her faithful animal which, though much fatigued by the rapidity of his journey, obeyed the word of his rider as if he comprehended the importance of the message he bore.

Gradually, now, the day declined, and as the deep shadows mingled more and more with each other, a feeling of loneliness, not before experienced, came over the mind of Emily, and her eyes were cast about more warily, as if she feared the approach of danger. The night at ten miles, had she proposed to spend the night as still ten miles, if not more, in advance, and as the shades of evening began to gather around, the hope of reaching this resting-place was abandoned; for there being no moon there was danger of losing her way in the darkness. This conviction was so strong, that Emily turned her horse in the direction of the first farm house that came in view after the sun had fallen below the horizon. As she rode up to the door, she was met by a man, who, accosting her kindly, asked where she was from and how far she was going.

"I hoped to reach Elwood's to-night," replied Emily. "How far away is it?"

"Over ten miles, and the road is bad and

lonely," said the man, whose wife had by this time joined him. "You had better get down and stay with us till morning."

"If you will give me the privilege," returned the maiden, "I shall feel greatly obliged."

The man promptly offered his hand to assist Emily to dismount, and while he led her tired horse away, his wife invited her to enter the house.

"Have you come far?" enquired the woman, as she untied Emily's bonnet strings, looking very earnestly in her face as she spoke.

Emily knew not whether she was among the friends or enemies of the American cause, and her answer was, therefore, brief and evasive.

"Your horse looked very tired. You must have ridden him a long distance."

"I rode fast," said Emily. "But still, I have not been able to reach the place for which I started this morning."

"I'm not afraid. No one will harm me," said Emily, forcing a smile.

"I'm not so certain of that child. It's only a day or two since Greene passed here in full retreat, and no doubt, there are many straggling vagabonds from his army roaming around whom it would not be safe for one like you to meet."

As the woman said this, a chill went over the frame of the girl, for, in the tone of her voice and expression of her face, she read an unfriendliness to the cause that was so dear to her heart. She could not venture to reply.

"Might I ask your name," said the woman, breaking in upon the anxious thoughts that were beginning to pass through her mind.

Emily reflected hurriedly, before replying, and then answered "Geiger."

The quick conclusion to which she came was, that in all probability the woman did not know anything about her father as favoring the whig cause; but, even if she did, a suspicion of the errand upon which she was going was not likely to cross either her own mind or that of her husband.

"Not John Geiger's daughter?" exclaimed the woman. Emily forced an indifferent smile, and replied,

"Yes."

"I've heard of him often enough as a bitter enemy to the royalists. Is it possible you have ridden all the way from home to-day?"

Before Emily replied, the husband of the woman came in.

"Would you think it," said the latter, "this is John Geiger's daughter, of whom we have so often heard?"

"Indeed! Well, if she were the daughter of my bitter enemy, she should have food and shelter to-night. No wonder your horse is so tired," he added, addressing Emily, "if you have ridden from home to-day— And no doubt, you are yourself hungry as well as tired; so, wife, if all is ready, suppose we have supper."

The movement of the supper table gave Emily time for reflection and self-possession. No more pointed questions were asked her during the meal, and after it was completed, she said to the woman that she felt much fatigued, and if she would permit her to do so, she would retire for the night.

The young girl's reflections were by no means pleasant when alone. She thought seriously of the position in which she was placed. Her father was known as an active whig; and she was in the house of a Tory, who might suspect her errand, and prevent its consummation. After retiring to bed, she mused for a long time as to the course to be taken, in case efforts were made to detain her, when, over-wearied nature claiming its due repose, locked all her senses in sleep.

Nearly two hours after Emily had gone to her chamber, and just as the man and woman who had given her shelter for the night, were about retiring, the sound of a horse's feet were heard rapidly approaching the house—

"On going to the door a young man rode up, and called out in a familiar way—

"Hallo, Preston, have you seen any thing of a stray young girl in these parts?"

"Bill Mink!" returned the former, "what in the world brings you out at this time of night?"

"On a fool's errand it may be. I received a letter from Loire, about an hour ago, stating that Geiger's daughter had volunteered to carry important despatches to General Sumpter; that she had been on her journey some hours; and that he must overtake her at the risk of everything."

"It is not possible!" said the wife of the man called Preston.

"It is though; and it strikes me that she must be a confounded clever girl."

"It strikes me so too," returned Preston.

"But I rather think your errand will be that of a fool if you go any further to-night."

"Have you seen any thing of the clever jake?" asked Mink, in a decided tone.

"Well, perhaps I have," returned Preston lowering his voice.

"Aha!" ejaculated Mink, throwing himself from his horse. "So I have got on the right track. She is here."

"I did not say so."

"No matter. It is all the same," and hitching his horse to the fence, the young man entered the house with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

The sound of the horse's feet, as Mink came dashing up to the house, awakened Emily from her sleep, and she started to her feet. The room she occupied being on the ground floor, and the window raised to admit cool air, she heard every word that passed. It may well be supposed that her heart sunk in her bosom. For a long time after the shut door entered she heard the murmur of voices. Then some one went out and the horse was led away to the stable. It was clear that the individual in search of her had

concluded to pass the night there, and secure her in the morning.

The intrepid girl now bent all her thoughts on the possibility of making an escape. An hour she lay with her heart fluttering in her bosom, listening intently to every sound that was made by those around her. At length, all became still. Preston and his wife, as well as the