

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man.—Thomas Jefferson

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TERMS:

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ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Democratic Review.

HARRY BLAKE.

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEUCY CRAWFORD." CHAPTER II.

About five miles from the tavern mentioned in the last chapter, stood a spacious brick house, one story high, with low eaves extending within reach of the ground, and tall pointed windows, perched along its roof, as a substitute for second story lights. It was venerable, grey, old house, which seemed to have dozed away amid the great shadowy trees which crowded about it becoming hoary and antiquated, yet retaining an air of substantial comfort. Creeping vines, of various kinds, clambered about the windows, and in fissures of the walls, forming a green mat over much of the wall, and stealing up the trunks of the old trees which formed the home of many a bird, who peeped into the narrow windows, or mounted on one of the topmost branches, which towered so high aloft, that its voice, as it poured forth its song, seemed corolling away between earth and sky. A sequestered lane, crowded with trees, that drooped almost to a mounted horseman's head, led from the house to the highway, which was at least half a mile distant. Altogether, it was a rural, snug, dreamy old house; and in it was one of the snugest rooms: fitted up with little knick-knacks rare in those days—with snowy windows and bed curtains, and a bed as white and snowy as the curtains, fit only to be occupied, as it was, by the most beautiful little girl of a girl that one's eyes had ever rested on,—and that was Mary Lincoln.

At about eight o'clock, on the morning of the day succeeding that in which occurred, and in the small room just mentioned, sat a very beautiful girl, with glossy golden hair, engaged in sewing, though it must be confessed that her eye was more often wandering through the window, and along that deep vista-like lane, down which her window looked, than fixed upon her work; for it was nearly the hour at which Harry Blake usually contrived, on some pretext or other, to find his way to the house, to see how she was, and ask a few questions, and make a few remarks, the nature of which was best known to herself. That day, however, he was behind his time; but still she felt sure he would come. He had said nothing about it; but she expected him as much as if he had; and was endeavoring to select one out of half-a-dozen slightly coquettish ways of receiving him, which just then presented themselves to her mind. At first she thought that she would keep him waiting for her—a very little time—just enough to make him more glad to see her, when she came; but then, she should be as much of a sufferer as he; for, impatient as he might be below, she could be equally so above; so she abandoned that. Then she thought of taking her sewing in the wide hall, and of stationing herself on one of the old settees which garnished its sides, and that she would be there very leisurely at work, and, of course would not see him until he came up and

spoke to her; or, perhaps, might accidentally go out just as he was coming in.— That, too, she abandoned, and then she fancied that she would stroll out and meet him in the lane; and, it must be confessed, that she inclined more towards this plan than either of the others; for she had accidentally met him in this way before; and on these occasions Harry always tied his horse to a tree, and walked with her to the house; and although the distance was short, they sometimes consumed a great deal of time in going it, and he had an opportunity of saying much which not unfrequently he was unable to say at the house; for her father was almost as fond of Harry as his daughter, and had so much to tell him about his crop, and about this thing and that, and so much to ask him, that he sometimes infringed upon time which Mary thought belonged exclusively to her; and although she endeavored to bear it cheerfully yet at times she could not help thinking how snug and happy and comfortable the old gentleman would look if he was only snoring away in the easy arm chair which stood in the chimney corner, although it was but eight o'clock in the morning.

She threw aside her work, and was rising for the purpose of adopting this last plan, when she heard the dashing of hoofs in the lane. 'It's too late,' thought she, 'but I'll keep him awaiting,' and down she sat, out of sight of the widow, so that she could not see the new comer, for she did not wish Harry should know that she had been watching for him. The noise of the hoofs increased, and the horseman dashed at full gallop to the door. This was not like Harry. He generally came fast enough along the road but did not gallop to the door like a madman. It was not respectful, and she would tell him so; still, he might be in a hurry. It argued a strong desire to see her, and that was some palliation. There was evidently a stir below, in front of the house, and she even heard his name mentioned. What could be going on there? She was dying to know. There was no way of learning, unless she went to the window, so as to look over the projecting eaves of the house; and then she should be seen. No, no; she would not do that. Still the stir increased, and she caught the sound of voices in earnest conversation; but Harry's voice was not among them. She could hold out no longer. She drew a chair next to the window, and stood on it, at some distance from the glass; but still the envious eaves projected so as to shut out all view of what was going on below. It was too bad!—but see she must. She then went close to the window. But even there nothing was visible, for the speakers were close under the house, and not even the smallest tip-end of the coat's shirt of one of them was visible. Poor Mary! she stood on tiptoe, and even on the chair, but still those unlucky eaves thrust themselves between her and the object of her wishes. She went back to her chair, and sat herself down, wondering why they built such ungainly old caves and cornices, which were fit only to annoy people, and wondering why no one came to tell her that Harry was there and wanted her. He was uncommonly patient that day—provokingly so. Five—ten—fifteen minutes elapsed. There was something like a tear in her eye, for she certainly was very ill used. She threw her work from her, and determined to go down to him, but to make him pay up for his backwardness. Opening the door, she went to the head of the stairs, and assumed as careless an air as if there were no Harry Blake in the world, was going down them, when the voice of her father, who was standing below arrested her.

'Don't come down here, Mary,' said he.

There was something in the tone of his voice, and his manner, and even in this injunction, that caused Mary to stop, as if she did not understand him.

'Go to your own room, my child we are very busy here.'

Mary half turned to go, for she saw that he was much agitated; but as she did so, the name of Harry escaped her lips.

'He is not here,' said her father.

'Has any thing happened to him?' asked she in a faint voice.

'Yes, yes,' replied the old man. 'He's in trouble but he is well. Go to your room, and I will be with you in a few moments.'

Mary got to her room, she scarcely knew how, and threw herself on her bed, drowned in tears. 'He's well—thank God for that,' sobbed she, 'I am sure I'm very grateful that he's not ill—very grateful—poor Harry—in trouble, too, and I, like a good for nothing mix as I was, have been thinking all the morning of nothing but teasing him. He was too good for me. They all told me so—so patient, so kind, so good-humored—and I—I'd never forgive myself—I never will—never!'

She buried her face in her pillow, and sobbed there, until the door opened, and she felt her father's arms around her.

He raised her, folded her tenderly to his bosom, and placed her in a chair.

'Courage, Mary, courage, my little girl,' said he, in a tone which certainly was not a model of what he recommended. 'Show yourself to be a woman.'

'Yes, yes, father. I will, I will,' said she, and by way of verifying her words, she threw her arms about his neck, and wept more bitterly than before.

'Come, come my dear little girl,' said he, in a tremulous voice; 'sit down, and hear what I have to tell you.'

As he spoke, he again placed her in the chair, and took her hand.

'If you are not able to listen to me now, I will defer what I have to say to another time,' said he.

He probably could not have hit upon a better method of recalling his daughter, who had no small piece of curiosity in her nature, and who just then recollected that she knew nothing definite of the evil which threatened Harry Blake.

'I can hear it now, father,' said she eagerly. 'Tell me at once what has happened to him, and where he is.'

'He has been arrested, and is in prison,' said the old man, watching her pale face, as she sat with her eyes fastened on his, and the tears still on her cheeks.

'Is that all?' said she, in a half whisper. 'Tell me all—why is he there?'

'He has been arrested on a very serious charge,' said the old man slowly and by his manner endeavoring to prepare her for the communication he had to make.

'Will it affect his life?' demanded she, at once catching at the heaviest punishment of the law. 'Will it affect his life? Tell me that.'

'If it is proved, it will,' replied the old man.

'What is it? what is it?' said the girl, rising and grasping his arms. 'Father, tell me, I charge you, and on your word, tell me truly.'

Her father put his arms around her, and strained her to his bosom, and looked in her face without speaking, until she repeated her question. 'Then he said, in a scarcely audible voice.

'He stands accused of murder.'

'Murder!' ejaculated she faintly, whilst her hands fell to her side. 'Charged with murder? Why, Harry Blake would not harm a worm.'

She extricated herself from him made something like a step, and had not her father caught her, would have fallen. She had fainted.

The old man hugged her to his bosom again and again, kissed her lips and cheeks and called her by name.

'I knew it would kill her! I said it would kill her! My own dear, darling little girl. Mary, Mary, speak to your old father!—She's dead! She's dead!'

Fortunately the noise made by Mr. Lincoln reached some of the females of the

house, who better understood the mode of administering to her illness. But it was not until he saw her eyes open, and the faint color once more in her cheek, that Mr. Lincoln could be induced to leave the room.

When she recovered, Mary was wilful, for once in her life. In spite of all that they could say, she insisted that her father should have the horses harnessed to the wagon, and drive her to the prison where Harry was. 'They agued and entreated; they spoke of her ill health, of the danger to herself; but it was idle. She said that they were all against Harry; that he was innocent; that he declared himself so; that she believed him, and that go she would if she went on her bare feet, that he might see that she at least, was still true to him.'

At last they yielded to her importunity, and she took her seat at her father's side.— How unlike the light-hearted girl she had been but a few hours before. During the whole drive she spoke not a word, but appeared so calm, and comparatively so cheerful, that her father kept equally silent, until they stopped in front of the gloomy old building in which the prisoner was confined.

As she entered his room, and caught sight of him, she sprang forward, and clasping her arms about his neck, wept like a child; and he, throwing his powerful arms about her, and clasping her to his bosom, kissed her cheeks and lips in a strange passion of joy and grief.

'I am come, Harry, I am come,' said she at last. 'I have not deserted you.'

'Dearest Mary, you at least, believe me innocent?' said he, in a low earnest voice, holding her off from him, so that he could look in her face, but without relaxing his hold on her waist.

'Yes, yes, I do, I do! I never doubted it for a moment. But O! Harry, this is very dreadful—very dreadful. What will become of your poor little Mary, if any harm should befall you? But we won't talk of that,' said she quickly, for she observed that her words sent a sort of spasmodic shivering over him. 'We won't talk of it, nor think of it. I'll come to see you every day, Harry, and will spend all the time I can with you, and we'll be quite merry and cheerful here; and I'll fix up your room and do many little things to make every thing neat and comfortable here; and I'll tell you the news, and will read and sing to you.—Harry,' said she, placing her hands on his shoulders, and looking up in his face, 'I'll sing the song you asked for yesterday, when I was vexed, and refused. I'll sing it for you now, dear Harry—I will—I'll never refuse it again. Shall I sing it, Harry? Shall I, dear Harry?' A painful sickly smile flickered across her face; a single feeble word, the first of the song, like the faint warbling of a dying bird, escaped her lips, and she sank senseless on his breast.

'Take her away! Take her away!' exclaimed Blake frantically, holding her out in his arms towards her father. 'Unless you would drive me mad, take her away!'

The old man seemed stupefied, but he mechanically reached out his arms toward her; but Blake again caught her to his bosom, and kissed her neck, face, hands, and even the long tresses that fell across her face; and then reaching to her father, said, 'There go, go; don't stop another instant.'

Mr. Lincoln took the frail form of his child in his arms, and moved to the door.

'One word, Mr. Lincoln,' said Harry; one word before we part. Whatever the result of this accusation may be, even though it end in my—death—I am innocent. The time will come when I am proved so; and O! I beseech, if I loose my life, that you will protect my memory with Mary.'

The next instant he was alone, and throwing himself upon a chair, he sat, with his face buried between his hands, until aroused by the entrance of the lawyer who had been retained by his friends; and who now came to consult with him as to the steps requisite for the management of his defence.

To be Continued.

TAILORING.

CHARLES KAHLER, thankful for past favors respectfully announces to his numerous friends, and the public generally, that he still continues to carry on the above business in all its various branches, at his old stand on the corner of Maine & East streets; where he hopes by his long experience in business, that he is prepared to attend and execute all orders in his line of business, with the utmost punctuality and workmanlike manner, as cannot fail to render satisfaction to all those who may favor him with a call. Particular attention paid to cutting, and good fits warranted.

N. B. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for work, and cash will not be refused. Bloomsburg, Dec. 3, 1842.—32.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH GRAMMAR

THE undersigned proposes delivering a course of lectures on E. Grammar, consisting of 36 lectures for the benefit of such young persons as have not an opportunity of attending school in the day time; and who are desirous of becoming acquainted with the grammar of the English language. Three lectures will be delivered each week, on such evenings as may be most suitable. Those desirous of uniting to form a class for the above purpose, will please make early application and leave their names at either of the printing offices in Bloomsburg, or the subscriber, in order to commence as early as possible.

JOSEPH L. BILES.
Bloomsburg, Nov. 19, 1842.—30.

NOTICE.

IS hereby given, that we have this day bought at Constable's sale, as the property of Isaac Buse, the following property, to wit:—one red Roane Mare, one sett of harness and Collars, one Sled, twenty-seven acres of Rye on the ground, three acres of Wheat on the ground, one Plough, and one Harrow, and one two horse Wagon and have left the same in the possession of the said Buse, during our pleasure, and for any person taking them from him, either by purchase, or otherwise, without our consent.

E. & J. LAZARUS.
Orangeville, Nov. 26, 1842.

NOTICE

IS hereby given to all persons, that I have purchased at Constable's sale, as the property of Harman Lemon, one brass mantle clock, one shawl, and one acre of wheat in the ground, and have left the same in his possession during my pleasure.

JAMES R. LEAON.
Dec. 9, 1842. — 33

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that I have purchased as the property of William Faux, one mantle clock for \$3.25, one corner cupboard \$3.62, one wash stand \$1.00, one book case \$5.00, one cooking stove \$5.00, one sleigh \$10.25, two sets of harness \$6.00, one lot of lumber 1.00, one beaver hat \$6.00, and have left the same in his possession during my pleasure, and hereby caution all persons not to take it from him either by purchase or otherwise, without my consent.

GEORGE L. KLIN.
Dec. 8, 1842. — 33

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Honorable ELLIS LEWIS, President of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and Court of Common Pleas and Orphans' Court in the eighth judicial district, composed of the counties of Northumberland, Union, Columbia and Lycoming; and the Hon. William Donaldson and George Mack, Esquires, Associate Judges in Columbia county, have issued their precept bearing date the 1st day of Dec. in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-two, and to me directed, for holding

A Court of Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery, General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Common Pleas and Orphans' Court.

IN DANVILLE, in the County of Columbia, on the third Monday of January next, (being the 16th day) and to continue two weeks:

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, the Justices of the Peace, and Constables of the said county of Columbia, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions and other remembrances, to those things which to their offices appertain to be done. And those that are bound by recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or may be in the Jail of said county of Columbia, are to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just. Jurors are requested to be punctual in their attendance, agreeably to their notices. Dated at Danville, the 16th day of Dec. in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-two, and in the 67 year of the Independence of the United States of America.

JOHN FRUIT Sheriff,
SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Danville, }
Dec. 16 1842.

Stone Coal.

100 TONS Superior Quality Coal for sale at Esopus, Terms C. & L. S. A. WORMAN.