

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

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY



I SEE THEE STILL!

BY C. SPRAGUE.

I see thee still!
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night,
In dreams I meet thee of old;
Thou thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear,
In every scene to memory dear.
I see thee still.

I see thee still!
In every hallowed token round;
This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chair by thee was bound—
These flowers all withered now, like thee,
Sweet sister, thou did'st curl for me;
This book was thine, here did'st thou read
This picture, ah! yes, here, indeed,
This picture, ah! yes, here, indeed,
I see thee still.

I see thee still!
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
Here was thy favorite fireside seat
This was thy chamber; here, each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay
Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie;
Dark hour! once more its woes unfurl,
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,
I see thee still.

I see thee still!
Thou art not in the grave confined—
Death cannot chain the immortal mind,
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust;
Thee, O! sister, it is not thee
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
Thou to a fairer land art gone,
There let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still.

THE VAIN BEGET.

Oh! had I nursed, when I was young,
The lessons of my father's tongue,
(The deep laborious thoughts he drew,
From all he saw and others knew.)
I might have been—an, oh, me!
'Thrice sager than I'er shall be;
For what saith Time?
Alas! he only shows the truth,
Of all that I was told in youth!

The thoughts now budding in my brain,
The wisdom I have bought with pain,
The knowledge of life's brevity—
Faint friendship,—false philosophy,
And all that issues out of woe,
Methods were taught me long ago!
Then what says Time?
Alas! he but brings back the truth
Of all I heard (and lost in youth!

Character is a phoenix which can expire
but once—from its ashes there is no resurrection.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSIA.

Frederick the Great had heard that a corporal in his regiment of body guards who was well known as a remarkable handsome, and brave young man, wore out of vanity a watch-chain, suspended from a leaden bullet in his top. The King had the curiosity to enquire into the circumstances himself, and an opportunity was contrived that he should meet the corporal as by chance. 'Approach, corporal,' said the King, 'you are a brave fellow, and prudent, too, to have spared enough from your pay to buy yourself a watch.' 'Sir,' replied the soldier, 'I flatter myself I am brave but as to my watch, it is of little significance.' The King, pulling out a gold watch set with diamonds said 'By my watch it is five. What o'clock are you at?' The corporal, pulling out his watch with a trembling hand replied my watch neither is five or six, but shows me clearly the death I am to die in my Majesty's service.' 'Well, then,' returned the King, 'that you may likewise see the hour among the twelve in which you are to die in my service, I will give you mine.'

LARNIN.

'Class in spelling, come up and recite.'
'Yeth 'ir,'
'John, spell effects.'
'Fx.'
'Right. Next spell seedly.'
'Cd.'
'Right again. Class can go out.'

PROFOUND REPLY.

A stranger asked a countryman, whom he saw mending a road near Ross, 'where the road went?' The countryman replied, 'I don't know, but I find it here when I come to work in the morning, and I leave it here at night, but where it goes to in the meantime I don't know.'

Jonathan Slick says that at a Polk dance in York city, 'I looked round to see, and true as you live there wasn't a gal in the room but had an awful swelling right on behind! Hump-backed critters, I never set eyes on—and yet they all stood about smiling and talking to the fellows as if nothing ailed 'em—poor things!'

In a church yard in the north of England to be seen the following ludicrous Epitaphs:

Here lies JOHN THROLLOPE.
Who caused these ere stones to roll up
And when the Lord took his soul up
He left his body to fill this ere hold up
And another—

The Lord now owns
JEREMIAH JONES,
Whose old dry bones
Lie under these stones.

On a recent occasion says an exchange paper, as the marriage ceremony was about to be performed in a church in a neighboring town, when clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married to rise up the largest number of the ladies in the house immediately arose.

An Irish maid, boasting of her industrious habits, said she rose at four, made a fire, put on the tea kettle prepared breakfast & made all the beds before any in the house was up.

A HICKORY PEN.

Mr. Tyler, to give an additional character to the act and pay at the same time somewhat of a pointed compliment to Gen. Jackson wrote his signature to the Annexation Resolution with a hickory pen!

A gentleman says a late London paper walking past Westminster bridge inquired how the bridge answered. The reply was ready and witty—'If you'll stop to the gate you'll be told!'

Willis says that the Ladies of Paris are in the common practice of smoking cigars and have introduced the fashion of wearing 'Wellington Boots' with high heels. We had heard of the cigars, but the boots are a new adaptation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FANNY.

OR, THE VEILED STRAW COTTAGE,
BY MARY SPENSER PEASE.
CHAPTER FIRST.

THE WILL.
Exactly seventy-seven years ago Justice Gorman, Mr. Wilcox, the village attorney, and Mr. Niles, the village school master, besides many more village worthies, met in the large old-fashioned hall of the ancient mansion house that stood half a mile from the village for the purpose of reading the last will and testament of the deceased owner of the said mansion house.
He had bequeathed his entire property, consisting of a large amount of gold and plate, the spacious mansion and an extensive plantation attached to it, to Harry Lincoln, his nephew and namesake—with the proviso that he, Harry the younger, must make his home three months of each year, longer if he chose, in the mansion house, for the purpose of overseeing the plantation, or not fulfilling the injunction, he would forfeit the aforesaid mansion house and the broad acres thereunto attached.
At the time the will was opened, the heir was on his way from Cambridge, having been hastily summoned thence to attend his uncle in his sudden and last illness. Seventy-seven years ago, the most rapid mode of travelling was but a snail's pace compared to the wings of the steam that hurry us through the air at this present day. So that when Harry Lincoln arrived in Virginia, at the mansion house, he found his good uncle had departed from this world, leaving his nephew heir to his vast wealth.

Behind him, then, at the age of twenty-one, his collegiate course of studies completed, a hair brained, thoughtless, good-hearted fellow, fatherless, motherless, sisterless, brotherless, wifeless, with a fine person and a fine estate, and with no trouble to disturb his mind, save the death of his good, old, indulgent uncle, who had brought him up from a boy.
He dearly loved his uncle, the elder Harry Lincoln, or the old Harry, as the village blacksmith's curious sister often called him, and a kinder hearted old gentleman, more benevolent, or one more worthy to be loved, never existed. Peace to his ashes!

CHAPTER SECOND.

THE MYSTERY.

The young master of the mansion house had now been three weeks within its dreary and desolate walls—dreary and desolate because he missed the hearty tones of his kind old uncle, because he had just left a set of merry fellows at college, and because it was in that season of the year when mist above and mud below, and cold between, existed to almost any extent.

Harry Lincoln's time began to hang very heavily; each day seemed to grow longer and duller. He read and walked, and rode, but all would not keep off the blue imps that hovered around him, whispering their dolorous words in his ear.

Harry had seen pass by the mansion house, in the morning, going towards the village, and in the evening coming from the village, a figure that interested him in no small degree.
For the last few days he had regularly stationed himself; just after breakfast and before tea, at the great hall window, to watch the coming and going of the fair in woman.

Who could she be? She had the prettiest foot and ankle he ever saw.—The most fashionable ball room belle might have envied her walk, so gracefully and with such an air *distingue* did she carry herself. A dark green travelling dress, that fitted without compressing her little waist, showed a form way and well rounded. Who could she be? Her whole appearance indicated that she was no common girl. Who could she be? Harry had never been able to catch even one glimpse of her pretty face—pretty he felt it must be for a close straw cottage and a thick green veil served effectually to conceal it. Who she was, was a mystery he could not solve.

Harry was in his usual seat by the window, watching for the return of the mysterious lady of the veil. A book was in his hand, but he was in deep thought, gazing from out the window upon the varied mud puddles that bedecked the way side.

'By Jupiter!' exclaimed he; 'there she comes. I wish she would look this way! Out upon the man that first invented those bonnets and green veils. How perfectly graceful all her movements are. Who can she be? There is an indescribable something about her that excites my interest in spite of myself. There, the turn in the road has hid her from my eyes. I will find out her name and abode—by Jove I will, and if she is worth the trouble, I'll fall desperately in love with her. I have nothing else under the sun to do.'

Harry drew the book from him to the other side of the room, and springing to the bell, gave it such a pull as caused the appearance almost instantly of an ebony phiz through the opened door.

'Ese hea, massa.'
'Send some one to mend the bell-rope, Sarjo.'

'Ees; massa,' grinned the black. 'Waiting mon, Massa?'

'Sarjo, there is a young—a lady goes past here every day. You have seen her?'

'Ees, massa,' again grinned the woolly pate.

'Do you know her name?'

'Yes, massa.'

'Well?'

'Massa?'

'Her name; Cyclops—what is her name?'

'Her name Miss Fanny, massa.'

'Miss Fanny what?'

'Her name Fanny Stubbs, I believe massa?'

'Horrid! You may go, Sarjo. Stay where does Miss Fanny Stubbs—where does she live?'

'Long wide de ole woman in de cottage. He no berry far, massa, long side de road. He go every day to de village for teach de school—larn em a, b, c, massa.'

'Bring me my cap and overcoat' said the young man, after a moment's musing.

'Yes, massa,' and the negro displayed his double row of pearls by a very significant grin, and vanished.

He was Harry's favorite servant, a rich curly fellow was the husband of Harry's nurse, had played with his young 'nassy' when he was but a baby.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE INTERVIEW.

A short distance from the turn in the road, before alluded to, stood the old woman's cottage. It was built upon Harry Lincoln's plantation. The old woman had rented it of his uncle many years before, had duly paid the rent for the few first years, after that she remained in idly right of possession, no rent collector ever coming to dispute the right.

Harry soon reached the cottage; a girl was sitting in one of its windows, reading.

'That must be Fanny!' exclaimed Harry.

'She is beautiful, by Jove, she is; just the style of beauty I always admired. She does not see me. I can almost read what she is reading, in her expressive face. Faint heart never won fair lady, so I'll introduce myself pretty soon to Fanny.'

'Harry's rap at the door was answered by the girl he had seen at the window. He took a hasty survey of the apartment. No one else was in the room with her; his eye fell upon a table where lay the little straw bonnet and veil. He felt assured.

'My name is Lincoln—Harry Lincoln,' said he. 'You, I believe, is Miss Fanny Stubbs, am I right?'

The young lady smiled, but her lips to prevent a laugh outright.

'That is the name I answer to,' replied she.

'They then fell into an easy, merry uttering of each other's thoughts. Their conversation ran upon the Stamp Act Parliament had just passed—how the colonies would probably receive it. They talked of George the Third and of the Georges that

had preceded him; of the great earthquake that had taken place on years before; of the republic in general.—Fanny proved herself a staunch anti royalist, and by her playful eloquence, more than converted Harry over to her own way of thinking, he fully vowing never to kneel to a shrine more despotic than bright woman's, with beauty such as Fanny's for a crown.

Meanwhile time glides away unnoticed.—Fanny was sensible and entertaining, and entirely free from all affectation. Lincoln was surprised to find so much refinement, so much ease and grace of manner in a country mistress.

'She is a gay, witty, little piece of mechanism,' thought he, 'a little to much for me and I was always considered an exceedingly clever fellow.'

'May I see what you are reading, Miss Stubbs?' said he, after they had exhausted an animated discussion upon the manifold delight of a country life, particularly in the winter season.

'Certainly; but do call me Fanny,' replied she, laughing. Fanny had a peculiar laugh. Her head tossed itself back with a myriad of sunny brown curls, and from her rosy dimpled mouth, proceeded the merriest, prettiest hal' ha's! in the world.

'What the *Divina Commedia* and in the original?' said Harry, as he opened the book she handed him. 'Are you an admirer of Dante, Fanny?'

'To distraction,' replied the girl. Harry hardly knew whether she was in earnest or not.

'Which part do you like best?'

'The Paradise!'

Dante shone a brilliant meteor in the dark ages. He was a most fervent, passionate writer. The *Divine Comedy* is a most noble poem, intense and earnest.—Do you read him, Fanny?'

'Yes, when I have nothing better to entertain me.'

'What better would you have?' said Harry, looking surprised.

'That which I now have?' responded she with an arch glance.

'Pray, what is that?' asked the young man, looking still more surprised.

'Your agreeable conversation.'

'How shall I understand you, Miss Stubbs? There was some pique in Harry's tone, and an accent not slight on the euphonious name Stubbs.

'Just as you please, Mr. Lincoln,' replied the girl, coldly.

'Good evening, Miss Stubbs.'

'What not going—so soon?' asked she, feigning indifference.

'Going? Certainly.'

'Good evening, sir.'

As soon as he was gone, Fanny burst into a merry laugh. 'How ridiculous!' said she, she laughed again. 'When I said what I thought, too, and she laughed on. Yes, I really *did* like his conversation. He puts me in mind of—' The girl fell into a fit of musing.

At home, and in the room he had left three hours before. Harry gave himself a sudden throw in the old arm chair, that had stood in that same corner as long ago as the elder Harry could remember—how much longer no one knew.

'What a dunc of a girl it is; and that was all he said, how much more he thought his biographer does not tell. He must have thought, for it is certain he did not sleep—at least, not until his usual time for retiring into the land of dreams.'

The next day came—as next days are in the habit of doing.
'Harry arose, thought of Fanny—after dreaming about her all night—breakfasted, took his station in one of the deep windows of the drawing-room to watch for Fanny. She did not come. An hour passed, still no Fanny.
Harry concluded she had gone by while he was at breakfast. He began to feel sad and low spirited; he left the window—paced up and down the room with rapid strides.
'How tiresome it is,' exclaimed he 'to have nothing to do—to be forever alone! I'll shoot myself—I will, by Jove; it will vary. No! I won't; I'll wait until—'

noon, and go and see Fanny. But will she receive me? I'll make the trial at all events!

Harry again gazed earnestly out the window; then sat down to the piano. He played fragments of fifty different airs; all soon led discordant to the ears. He left the piano in disgust, and threw himself into the open arms of the great chair, to dream of Fanny.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE SURPRISE.

A low, soft rap at the door aroused him from his meditations.

'Come in,' said Harry, in a sulky voice. The low soft rap was repeated.

Harry opened the door, but started back half way across the room as the little veiled cottage presented itself, with Fanny's sweet face peeping out from under it—like live in a mist. He sprang as instantly forward and catching both of Fanny's little soft hands, he kissed one and then the other, then both together until Fanny thought it prudent to withdraw them—loutless, for fear of having them devour'd.

Fanny spoke first. Fanny had a very sweet voice; it did not *break* the stillness it glided in as though the stillness waited for the smooth tones and yielded them room.

'Your man Sarjo told me in what room I should find his 'young massa,' and so—'

'I am glad you came, Fanny; I truly am, for I was just going into a fit of the zores.'

'That is a disease I never have been troubled with to any extent,' said Fanny with a laugh. 'I can do you any good in the way of a cure, am at your service. I have a holiday to-day, and an affair to spend it as I like best.'

'Delightful task; to rear the tender thought; to teach, and all that. Is it not Fanny?'

'Most delightful,' said she, laughing with him. 'An open piano, I see. Do you play Mr. Lincoln?'

Harry replied by sitting down to the instrument. He was a lover of music, his soul seemed to guide the movement of his fingers.

Fanny listened eagerly, and now and then, as he went on, a silent tear trickled down her cheek. When Harry rose and looked around, Fanny's eyes were still moist but the same bright, careless smile was dimpling her pretty mouth that had so charmed him from the first.

'Thank you,' said she; 'it puts me in mind of—' Fanny hesitated a moment; she turned to the piano to hide her blushes. 'What a delightful toned instrument this is!' exclaimed she, 'my little dimpled hands over its chords. It recalls old memories when—'

'Small I try if I can remember any thing I used to know? It has been some time since I have touched a piano.'

Harry replied that nothing could afford him more pleasure than to hear her. So Fanny played.

She commenced with a wild, impulsive prelude, and as she proceeded, the allusions of the past came to her. She seemed to play her heart out, although it felt the poetry of music. She played as capriciously as a butterfly, yes, from flower to flower—by turnately and sad.

'Lincoln stood e'ring; he forget she was a village school mistress, and that her name was Stubbs. He only saw in the bright creature before him the first being he had ever loved.

She sang at his quest. One with so much heart could not help singing well.—Her voice, as full of tenderness, she sang as freely as she played.

'You are a wonderful creature, Fanny said Lincoln, when her song was ended. 'Fanny, give up your school and come and teach me. Teach me how to love you, as you deserve to be loved. Fanny, *will* you be mine? What, *will* you be mine? You may laugh at me, Fanny, believe me, I am in earnest. I do love you sincerely. Will you? You are a strange girl, Fanny. Shall I get down upon my knees and offer you my heart and soul, as they did in times of old? If I have nothing to do—so be forever alone! I'll shoot myself—I will, by Jove; it will vary. No! I won't; I'll wait until—'