

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.

Volume IX.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1845.

Number 15

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged. 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.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,
From the crown of glory call'd to the crown."

For the Intelligence and Journal.

LAUNCH THY BARK.

Now launch thy bark upon the wave—
The sea is spreading wide—
And boldly gaze upon the flood,
Not fear to stem the tide:
Hah! shrinkest thou from the silver spray?
The sky above is clear,
And kindred spirits lead a voice
To battle with thy fear.

No coast I see within the sight,
To make assurance firm,
And shall I venture in this dark—
That floating bark, this germ—
Upon you wide, uncertain, wave?
Oh! something in my heart
Assails my faith, subdues my nerves,
To feel the coward's part.

Keep high thy heart, and firm thy trust,
And spurn the frowning wave,
No danger harms the conscious strong,
Nor conquer o'er the brave,
Does not this weeping, mighty world,
Speed in a space immense! [guides]
'Tis Will that commands and Mind that
And they can guard you hence.

Thy watchful bark, from fancies free,
Shall meet no devious way;
Then steer it, like a trusty shaft,
Along the dashing spray;
Let Truth and Honor steer the helm,
And let your motto read—
I never swerve from duty when
There's justice in the deed.

SONG.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

O lady, leave thy silken thread
And flowery tapestries:
There's living roses on the bush,
And blossoms on the tree;
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birth-day of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is of many dyes,
The air is all perfume;
There's crimson buds, and white & blue—
The very rainbow shows
Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flow'rs

There's fairy tulips in the East,
The garden of the sun;
The very streams reflect the hues
And blossoms as they run:
While motes appear like a crimson rose,
Still wet with pearly showers;
Then, I say, leave the silken thread
Thou twinnest into flowers!

If a miss is as good as a mile Fitzjordan says it will take three young ladies to make a league.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARY FENWICK, OR THE ALIBI.

BY A LAWYER.

Some twenty years ago (before steam and rail-roads had annihilated distances, and "going to London," the everyday affair it now is from all parts of the kingdom,) I awoke, on a beautiful April morning, from the uneasy slumbers of a mail-coach passenger, just in time to drink in, at eye, ear and nose, the brilliant sparkle, refreshing sound, and reviving odor of my native waves, as they leap up to kiss, as if in fondness, the rocky barrier, which our eastern coast opposes to the not always placid Ocean. I was ere long, to pass a barrier of a different description "now happily a nominal one" between two sister nations, or, in plain English, to enter the town of Berwick-on-Tweed, a few miles beyond which on the southern side of the border, business obliged me to proceed.

At the inn door where we stopped to change horses, in the capital of "no man's land"—whose inhabitants assert their anomalous independence by speaking a dialect which they take care shall be neither Scotch nor English—I also exchanged, for the brief remainder of my journey, a taciturn common place sort of a fellow-passenger—from whose physiognomy I never dreamed of auguring anything—for one of a different description, from whose modest, yet speaking countenance, and the evident interest she excited in the few who were seated at that early hour, it was impossible to avoid auguring a great deal.

The coach door opened, and a swimming eye, flushed cheek, and silver hair blowing about in the morning wind, a venerable looking man took leave with even more than parental tenderness of a simple dressed, yet genteel looking young woman who returning his tremulous "God bless and reward you!" with an almost filial farewell, drew down over her face a thick black veil, and stepped in opposite to me. I never felt more inclined, and at the same time more or less, to open a conversation. To be rude on a female sorrow seemed unjustifiable, to treat it with mere callous indifference impossible. That of my new companion appeared to be of a gentle, subdued sort, arising more from sympathy with others than from personal causes, and ere long, putting back her veil with the teeming cheerfulness of one whose heart is lightened of an unmerited burden, she looked calmly out on the fresh aspect of nature, so in unison with her own pure and innocent countenance, and said, in the tone of one breathing after the release from the pressure of painful feelings, "How beautiful every thing does look this fine spring morning!"

"It does indeed," said I, struck with the confiding naivete of the involuntary remark, "and I suppose you are the more sensible of it from being a young traveller!" Her only answer was one of those pleasant smiles which admit of various translations, and which coupled with her air of rural simplicity. I chose to construe an assent. Coupling the remark with the circumstances of her only luggage being a small hand-box, I set her down for a farmer's daughter of the neighborhood, and said, "I suppose, like myself, you are not going far?"

"I am going to London, sir," said she, in a tone of a calm of self-possession, as if such a journey had been to her an everyday occurrence, and so indeed had been, not metaphorically, but literally the case.

"To London," repeated I, with more surprise than I could well account for, "were you ever there before?"

"Oh yes!" was the reply, rendered more piquant by its singular composure: "I came from seventy miles beyond day before yesterday."

It would be quite superfluous to say that my curiosity was greatly excited by this singular occurrence, and I dare say my readers will set me down for a very stupid fellow [for a lawyer especially]

for not having the dexterity to gratify it.

But my companion, as if asked of having so far committed herself to a stranger, now sat back in the coach, and answered one or two different questions with that laconic gentleness which is infinitely more discouraging than sullen silence. I felt that I had not the smallest right to ask directly, "My dear, what could make you undertake so long a journey for the sake of one day?" and as I saw she had not the least mind to tell me, I must plead guilty of being ashamed to use the advantage my years and knowledge of the world gave me, to worm out a secret which, from another quiet tear which I saw trickling down behind her veil, I guessed must be fraught with pain rather than pleasure.

The struggle was well nigh over, when the arrival of the coach at my friend's gate gave to my better feelings no very meritorious triumph. Now that all ideas of intrusion was at an end, I could venture on kindness, and I said, I am sure in honest sincerity, "The thought of your going such a long journey by yourself, or with chance company, grieves me. Can I be any use in recommending you to the protection of the guard, or otherwise?"

"Thank you, sir, a thousand times," said she, raising for the first time a pair of innocent eyes to my face, but he who put it into my mind to come, and blessed the purpose of my journey, can carry me back again, and I should be silly indeed to mind going a few hundred miles by land when I am able to sail to the other end of the world. I am much obliged to you, sir, though," said she, "all the same for thinking of it, and if we had time—"

This, however, at all times despotically inexorable when armed with a mail-coach horn, I could only shake hands with the gentle being I left behind me, slip a crown into the guard's hand to look well after her (which I was glad to see she took as a tacit affront,) and turn my thoughts, by a strong effort, to my Northumbrian friend's affairs.

These occupied me fully and disagreeably all the morning; and early in the afternoon I was reluctantly obliged to forego the good gentleman's good old claret and old stories (for I had shot snipe on his lands with my first gun some twenty years before) to fulfil an engagement in Edinburgh the following morning. I compounded for this outrage on my friend's hospitality, by accepting his carriage to convey me back to Berwick in time for a coach, which I knew would start thence for the north in the evening.

No sooner did I find myself once more at the door of the King's Arms, than the circumstance brought full on my menory the romantic occurrence which had been for the last few months eclipsed behind a mass of dusty lawpapers, and the portly person of a brace of hard-favoured and harsh-toned Northumbrian attorneys.

I found myself a few minutes too early, and I stood shivering on the steps in the cold evening air, and pondering on the vicissitudes of an April day. I could not help asking the landlord, a civil, old-fashioned Boniface, "Pray, sir, do you know anything about the history of that nice young woman who started with me for London from your house this morning?"

"Know, sir!" said he, as if in compassion for my ignorance, "ay, that I do, and so does all Berwick; and it would be well if all England and Scotland knew it too! However there was a kind hearted and a pretty even in Berwick bounds, it is surely Mary Fenwick's. But it's rather a long story, sir, and the horses are coming round. However, I'm thinking there's one going as far as Haddington, that won't want pressing to give you the outs and in's on't. So saying, he pointed to a stout, grizzled looking personage, in a thick great coat and worsted comforter, who, by his open countenance, and manly, yeoman-like bearing might have been a brother to Dandie Dinmont himself.

"This gentleman," said the landlord, with a respectful glance at myself and a familiar nod to the borderer, "wishes to hear all about Mary Fenwick. You've known her from the egg. [We've a great trade in eggs

here, sir,] and besides, were in Court all the time of the trial; so you'll be able to give it him, chapter and verse, from the beginning."

Reserving his breath for the narrative, which his assenting nod to the landlord led me to hope for, my ponderous vis-a-vis adjusted himself in the coach, his broad, open, honest face inviting question, as much as the poor girl's downcast retiring one had checked it. Having explained, for the sake of propriety, that my interest in the damsel arose from the singular circumstance of one so young and apparently unprotected, travelling six hundred miles to pass one day in Berwick, he civilly begged my pardon and assured me that no one there felt the least uneasiness as to the success of Mary's journey. "There's a blessing on her and her errand, sir; and that the very stops on the road know; and besides, she's so good and so sensible, and has so much dignity about her, that she's fit to go through the world alone as her grandmother."

To all this I assented the more readily, that this very dignity had made me forego all inquiry into what I wished so much to know; and even now I listened with all the more satisfaction for the hint she had thrown out, as if of regret for not being able to tell me herself.

"Does she belong to this place?" asked I, "that you seem to know her so well?"

"Yes, sir, born and bred in Berwick bounds. She was a farmer's daughter, a mile out of town, and just what a farmer's daughter ought to be. Her mother a clever, notable woman, taught her to bake and brew and knit and sew; in short every thing that was worth a girl's learning. Her father, however (the old man who put Mary in the coach this morning,) made many inquires about his son's sweetheart, and, as he heard nothing but good of her and the corpse to see that though she was of a large hard working family, she would be the very wife to reclaim his gay, idle, thoughtless son, if anything would.

"And very idle and extravagant he was, sir. The only son of people well to do in the world and a good deal spoilt from a child, he neglected his business whenever he could and loved dress and company and horse-racing, and all that far too well. But he really loved Mary Fenwick; and no sooner saw that she would not so much as listen to him while all this was going on, than he quite left off all his wild courses, and became a new man to gain her favor."

"It was not done in a hurry; for Mary had been brought up very piously and had a horror for every thing evil. But Dick Marshall was very clever as well as handsome, and when he pleased could make me believe anything; and, to give him his due as long as he had any doubts of Mary's love no saint could behave better. At last however he had fairly gained her innocent heart; though I believe it was as much by the aid of his good father and mother's consent, praise of him, and doing fondness for Mary as by his own winning ways."

"When he saw she loved him—and it was not by halves, though in her own gentle way—he wanted to marry her immediately; and Mary's father would have consented for it was a capital match for a poor, plain girl. But Mary said, Richard you have kept free of cards and dice and fiddling one six months, to gain your wish let me see you do it another to make my mind easy and then I'll trust you till death do us part."

"Dick stormed and got in a passion and swore she did not love him; but she answered, 'It is just because I do that I wish to

give you a habit of goodness before you are your own master and mine. Surely it's no hardship to be for six months what you mean to be all the rest of your life!'

"Richard was forced to submit and for three of the six months behaved better than ever.—But habit, as Mary said, is every thing, and his habit for years set the wrong way. With the summer came fairs and idleness, and pleasure parties, and worst of all, races, into the neighborhood. Dick first staid away with a bad grace; he went, just to show how well he could behave, and ended by losing his money and getting into scrapes, just as bad as ever. For a time he was much ashamed, and felt real sorrow, and feared Mary would never forgive him. But when she did so, sweet gentle soul! several times—though her pale sad face was reproach enough to any man—he soon began to get hardened, and to laugh at what he called her silly precautions."

"Mary was twenty times near giving him up; but his parents hung about her, and told her she only could save him from perdition.—And, in truth she thought so herself, and those who love from the heart, know how much it can bear before it lets go. That thought, joined to the love for him, which was the deeper for its slow growth, made her still ready to risk her own welfare for his."

"It is not to be told what she bore of idleness, extravagance, and folly [for guilt was never yet laid to his door,] in the hope that when these wild oats were sown, Richard would settle again into a sober workingman.—At last, however, to crown all, there came players to the town, and Dick was not to be kept from his idle ways, behind the curtain. An actress, who persuaded him that to marry a poor farmer's daughter was quite beneath him, and to be kept in awe by her more contemptible still.

"In short, sir, to make an end of a long story, Dick, after trying in vain, to force his poor heart-broken Mary to give him up, that he might lay his ruin at her door, had the cruelty to tell her one night as he met her going home to her father's from nursing his sick mother—that he saw she was not a fit match for him either in birth or manners, and that if he ever married, it should be a wife of more liberal ways of thinking."

"He had been drinking a good deal, a true, and put to this base conduct by his new stage favorite, but when he found that, instead of a storm of reproaches, or even a flood of tears, poor Mary only stood pale and shaking, and kept saying, 'Poor Richard! oh, poor Richard!' without bestowing a thought on his behavior to herself, he grew sobered, and would fain have softened matters a little. But she summoned all her strength, and ran as fast as she was able, till she came to her father's garden, and two days after, when the old Marshalls drove out in postchaise to try and make it all up, and get their son put once more on his trial, Mary was off her parents would not tell whitier."

"And where did she go?" said I for the first time venturing to interrupt the borderer's *con amore* narrative.

"It came out, sir, afterwards that before her marriage was agreed on, an uncle in London had invited her to come up and visit him; and as she had another sister now quite ready to take her place at home, she told her parents it would save her much misery to leave home for a while, and even go to service to keep out of the way till Dick Marshall should be married."

"Or hanged!" said her father (in his passion as afterwards acknowledged which is more likely, little thinking how near it was being the case. There was a salmon smack lying in the harbor just then whose master was Mary's cousin, so she slipped quietly on board and got a fare to London."

"How long was this ago?" asked I.

"Oh, about four or five months perhaps," answered my vis-a-vis. "Let me see, it was October, and this is April. Well, sir, Mary stayed but a few days with her uncle, as idleness was a thing she never liked, but through his wish who had been housekeeper to a nobleman, she got a delightful place in the same family as under nursery maid which her gentle manners, and steady temper, and long experience in her

father's house among small children, made her every way fit for.

"She had not been long with them, when Lord S—was appointed to a government in India, and as he resolved to take out his family, nothing would serve Lady S— but Mary must go out with them. They were grown so fond of her that her services on the voyage would be invaluable, and then her staid sober dignified manners, it seems, made her a perfect treasure in a country, where, I understand, girls's heads are apt to be turned. Lady S— knew her story, and thought it recommended enough. So the parents were written to—half of Mary's simple wages secured to them by her desire, and Mary went down to the sea-side with the family, to be in the way to embark at the last moment when all the tedious toil for a great man's voyage should be complete."

"So," said I, "that explains a hint she threw out about the world's end. Then she is going to India?"

"Yes, sir, and would have been half gone way there by this time, if it had not pleased God to send a contrary wind to save Dick Marshall's life."

"His life, poor wretch!" said I, "did he take to worse course still?"

"Pretty bad, sir, but not so bad as he got credit for. I'll tell you as short as I can—There came about Berwick now and then a camp of a fellow, whom every one knew to be a gambler and a cheat, & whom none but such idle dogs as Dick Marshall would keep company with. This man, sir, was known to be in or about town last autumn, and to have won money both on the turf and at the card table. He and his worthless comrades had a row about it, it seems, high words, and even a scuffle, but few knew of it, and Dick Osborne, who was the name of the fellow, was the wiser."

"However, about six weeks or two months ago it began to be whispered that he had been missed of late from his old haunts, and that Berwick was the last place where he had been seen; and good for nothing as he was, he had decent relations who thought it worth while to inquire into it. The last person in whose company he had been observed in our town was certainly Dick Marshall, who, when asked about him, denied all knowledge of his romances, but Dick's own character was by this time grown very notorious; and though no one here in respect to his family, would have breathed such a notion. Jack Osborne's stranger uncle felt no scruple in saying that his nephew had met with foul play, and insisted on an investigation. In the course of this, a very suspicious circumstance came out. A pair of pistols, well known to be Osborne's, was found in Dick's possession and a story of his having received them in part payment of a gambling debt, was of course very little, if at all believed."

(Concluded next week)

Our Revolutionary War cost England more than \$600,000,000, and her wars with Napoleon alone more than \$500,000,000.

They say that the Congress Spring, at Saratoga, produces a revenue to its owner of \$20,000 annually.

Steps have been taken in Baltimore, to erect a monument to the memory of Ex-President Jackson.

CASUALTIES AT POTTSVILLE.

Two of the workmen in Messrs. Wilnor and Haywood's mines, were killed last week. Their names were Wm. Phillips and Anthony Horen. A body of coal fell, burying them beneath its weight and killing them instantly. Another occurred at the Mill Creek Mine, by which two persons were dreadfully injured by what is termed fire damp. John Darman very badly and the other Patrick Bremen, not so seriously injured.

PRECISELY SO.

The New York Sun thinks 'the time made by the horses at the late race on Long Island, would not begin to compare with the time lost by those who saw them.'