



COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

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Original Poetry.

A Welcome to the Birds.

Sweet birds so fair, that whistle and sing, While all the air is made to ring With melody, so soft and sweet.

The Tendency of Worldly Prosperity.

And Jackson seated high and lifted, "Think, There lived a man in days of old, In sacred scriptures we are told.

Evening.

Oh! sacred sacred twilight hour, When man's soul feels his Maker's power; When gentle zephyrs softly play

COMMUNICATIONS.

GREENWOOD, June 34th, 1861. Editor of the Columbia Democrat.

DEAR SIR:—I take this opportunity of making, publicly, a few comments on a private letter in my possession under date of June 17th.

WYOMING SEMINARY.

COLUMBIA, Pa., June 26, 1861. Editor of the Columbia Democrat.

The anniversary exercises of this far famed and deservedly popular Institution have just concluded, and I hasten to give you a brief account of them.

Miscellaneous.

BANGOR.—The Rev. Mr. Martie, of Burlington, Maine, a man of decided talent and worth, was somewhat noted for his eccentricity and humor, which occasionally showed themselves in his public ministrations.

SELECT STORY.

MY FELLOW PASSENGER.

It is hard to confess: but I can remember when there was not a line of railway in the world. We went bumping about in stage coaches on long leather springs, nine inside, and four or five outside, with four or six horses, and thought ten miles an hour something wonderful.

Miscellaneous.

How I recall the day—a rich lovely Summer day, fanned by cooling zephyrs from the greatest lakes and Niagara. The sun was half veiled by fleecy clouds.

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There is another mode of travel we antediluvians used to think pleasant, it was slow, and has become obsolete; but what could be nicer than to glide all day through a constantly changing panorama of beautiful scenery, on a canal packet?

There was the long, slender, elegant packet, with its row of windows on each side, where you could lounge, play whist, read, walk or sleep.

But the more we conversed together, walking on the narrow deck, watching the ever shifting scenery, or sitting on a seat I improvised from some luggage, the more I admired, not only her beauty, her elegance and a certain charm that hovered around her, or enveloped her like an atmosphere, but her wit, her taste, her sense and cultivation.

As I came near the boat, I overtook a lady who had the same destination. Startled, perhaps by my quick footsteps, in a part of the town where a lady did not like to walk unattended, she struck her foot against something on the tow-path, stumbled and would have fallen into the canal had I not sprung forward and caught her.

What trifles govern our lives, and even decide the destiny of nations. A pebble on the walk was my introduction to one of the loveliest and most brilliant of women. We had been on the packet an hour before I knew that she had been on a visit to Buffalo, and was summoned home to Rochester by the sickness of her mother.

The dinner bell rang, and I placed myself beside her at the table. How self-possessed, how graceful, how charming she was. Her conversation sparkled with wit; she told little anecdotes with an exquisite humor.

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