



Columbia Democrat

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Select Poetry.

MOTHER, HOME, HEAVEN.

In the holy hush of night, mother, A vision came to me. In floating robes of silvery light, And whispers to me of thee: I felt a soft kiss on my brow. Like that which you have given. And heard the dear word in my ear, Of "Mother, Home and Heaven."

Select Sketch.

"COBWEBS."

"Hist! look there!" The speaker was one of two young men who had come up to the mountains on a pedestrian and sketching expedition from the city of Philadelphia. As he spoke, he laid his hand on his companion's arm. The person he addressed looked, and saw a little girl, about ten years old, advancing in an old blackberry path. She was as brown as a berry from exposure to the sun, and her feet and arms, were bare, but there was a grace about her, as she came tripping forward, that a princess might have envied. Just in front of her a spider had spun his trap across the path, and as the young man spoke, she slightly stooped her head, and raising her hands pushed the cobwebs aside. It was this artless, natural movement which completed the picture. "I should like to paint her," said he who had spoken. "What! love at first sight?" answered his companion, laughing. "To think of the fastidious Clarence losing his heart to a sunburnt fairy! Your are eighteen, and she about ten—oh! you can afford to wait."

"Please, sir," said she timidly, at last, "will you give me my picture when you have painted it?" "No!" interposed the other young man "but we will give you a dollar." She turned on the speaker, and let go the hand she had been holding, and drew herself up with sudden haughtiness. "I do not want your dollar," she said with proud delicacy. She was turning to escape, when the artist, recovering her hand said soothingly, "never mind him, my dear, I will paint two pictures, and give you one. Come will that do!" Reassured, the child took the position indicated to her, and Clarence Harvard, for that was the young artist's name, began rapidly painting. Before noon, two hasty sketches in oil were finished. "There," he said, drawing a long breath "you have been as quiet as a little mouse and I am a thousand times obliged to you. Take that home," and he handed her the sketch, "and may be, some of these days, you will think of him who gave it to you. That I will, all my life long," artlessly said the child, rapturously gazing on her new possession with an enthusiasm partly born of the artist soul within her, and partly the result of a child's pride in what is its own especial property. "Oh! yes," interposed the other youth, "you will promise to be his wife some day won't you, Miss Cobweb?" The child's eyes flashed as she turned on the speaker. Her instinct, from the first, had made her dislike the sneering man. She stamped her pretty foot, and retorted, saucily, "I'll never be yours at any rate, you old snapping-turtle!" and, as if expecting to have her ears boxed, it caught, she darted away, disappearing rapidly down the path whence she had come. Clarence Harvard broke into a merry laugh, in which, after a moment of anger, his companion joined him. "You deserve it richly," said Clarence: "it's a capital nickname, too; I shall call you nothing else, after this, than snapping-turtle."

prizes at school, was belle of the country town, near which her uncle's possessions lay. For, meantime, that uncle had been growing rich, like most prudent farmers, partly from the judicious investments of his savings. But, in spite her many suitors, Nelly had never yet seen a face that appeared to her half so handsomely as the manly one of the young artist, whose kind gentle words and manner, eight years before, had lived in her memory ever since. Often, after a brilliant company, where she had been queen of the evening, she found herself wondering, in her chamber, if she should ever see that face again. "Are you going to the ball next week?" said one of Nelly's friends to her. "They say it is to be the most splendid affair we have ever had. My brother tells me that Mr. Mowbray, the eloquent lawyer from Philadelphia, who is in the great case here is to be present." "I expect to go," was the answer—"But Mr. Mowbray being there won't be the inducement." "Oh, you are so beautiful, you can afford to be indifferent. But all the other girls are dying at the very thought." The ball came off, and was really superb. Mr. Mowbray was there, too with all his laurels. The "great will case," which had agitated the country for so many months, had been concluded that very day and been decided in favor of his client. No such speech as Mr. Mowbray's it was universally admitted, had ever been heard in the court house. Its alternate wit and argument had carried the jury by storm, so that they had given a verdict without leaving the box. The young lawyer, at that ball, was like a hero fresh from the battle field. A hundred eyes followed his form, a hundred fair bosoms beat quicker as he approached. But he saw only one in all that brilliant assembly—and it was Nelly. Her graceful form, her intelligent face, her style and beauty, arrested him the moment he entered; he saw that she had no peer in the room; and he devoted himself to her almost exclusively, throughout the evening.

Mr. Harvard. The former claims to have met you, and raves everywhere about your beauty. The latter, who is a great artist, and very critical, laughs at his friend's enthusiasms, and says he would bet you are only a common rustic, with cheeks like peonies. "So I wish you to convert the heretic." "Only a common rustic," said Nelly to herself, heartily, and she resolved to be as beautiful as possible. Perhaps, too, there was a half formed resolve to bring the offender to her feet in revenge. A great surprise awaited her. When she entered the drawing room that evening, the first stranger she saw was the identical Clarence, who had painted her as a barefooted little girl, and then, for the first time, it flashed upon her that this was the great artist who had spoken contemptuously of her charms. Her notion proved correct; for Miss Stanley, immediately advancing, presented the stranger to her as Mr. Harvard. A glance into his face reassured Nelly of his identity, and satisfied her that he had not recognized her; and then she turned away after a haughty courtesy, to receive the eager felicitations of Mr. Mowbray. There were conflicting emotions at war in her bosom that evening. All her old romance about Clarence was warned upon by her indignation, as a belief at his slighting remarks and at his present indifference; for he had made no attempt to improve his introduction, but left her entirely to the crowd of other beaux, prominent among whom was Mr. Mowbray. Piqued and excited, Nelly was even more beautiful and witty than usual. Late in the evening she consented, at Miss Stanley's request, to play and sing. She first dashed off brilliant waltzes, then played bits of a few operas, and at last, at Mr. Mowbray's solicitation sang several ballads. Few persons had such a sympathetic voice, and Clarence, who was passionately fond of music, drew near, fascinated. After singing, "Are you sure the news is true? "Bonnie Dundee," and others which had been asked for, Clarence said. "And may I, too, ask for my favorite?" "Certainly, Sir," she answered, with the least bit of hauteur. "What is it?" "Oh! too sad, perhaps, for so gay a company. 'The Land of the Real.' I hardly dare hope you will consent." It was her favorite also, and her voice slightly trembled as she began. From this or some other cause, she sang it as even she had never sung it before, and when she finished her eyes were full of tears. She would have given much to have seen Clarence's face, but she could not trust herself to look up; and partly to conceal her emotion, partly by a sudden impulse, she struck into the Miserere of "Il Trovatore." Nobody there had ever before realized the full tragedy of that saddest, yet most beautiful dirge. Even the selfish heart of Mr. Mowbray was affected. When the last chord had died away, he was the first one to speak, and he was profuse in admiration and thanks. But Clarence said nothing. Nelly, at last, looking towards him, saw that his eyes had been dim as well as her own. She felt that his silence was the most eloquent of compliments, and from that hour forgave him for having called her a "common rustic."

ed, to tender her his heart and hand. He was proceeding in a strain of high-flown compliment, when Nelly said, with an impatient wave of the hand. "Spare me, sir. You did not always talk so." He looked his astonishment. "Many years ago I answered you the same question which you now ask. He colored up to the temples. "I surely do not deserve," he then said, "to be made a je-t-of." "Neither do I make a jest of you. Do you not know me?" "I never saw you till this summer." "You saw me eight years ago. You and a friend were on a pedestrian tour.—You met a little barefooted girl, whom your friend made a sketch of, and whom you jeered at and then nicknamed." And rising, she made a mock courtesy, for she saw she was now recognized: I am 'Cobwebs,' at your service, sir!" The discomfited suitor never forgot the look of disdain with which Nelly courted to him. His mortification was not lessened when, on leaving the house, he met Clarence on the door steps. He tried in vain to assume an indifferent aspect, but he felt that he had failed, and that his rival suspected his rejection. Nelly could not avoid laughing at the crestfallen look of her old enemy. Her whole manner changed, however, when Clarence entered. Instead of the triumphant, saucy tormentor, she became the conscious, trembling woman. Clarence, who had longed for, yet dreaded this interview, took courage at once, and in a few manly words, cloaked with emotion, laid his fortune at his Nelly's feet. Poor Nelly felt more like crying with joy than anything else. But a little of the old saucy spirit was left in her. She thought she owed it to her sex not to surrender too easily, and so she said, archly glancing up at Clarence: "Do you know, Mr. Harvard, whom you are proposing to? I am no heiress, no highborn city belle; but only—let me see—what is it?—only a common country rustic." And she rose and courted to him. "For Heaven's sake don't bring that foolish speech up against me!" he cried, passionately, trying to take her hand.—"I have repented it a thousand times daily since the unlucky moment I was betrayed into saying it. Do me the justice to believe that I never meant it to be personal." "Well, then, I will say nothing more of that matter. But this is only a whim of yours. How is it, that, having known me so long, you only now discover my merits?" "Known you so long?" "Yes, sir," demurely. "Known you?" "For eight years." "Good heavens!" he cried suddenly, his whole face lighting. "How blind I have been! Why did I not see it before? You are—"

The Best Way to Put Money out at Interest.

The following information we insert in our columns for the benefit of our readers: From the Philadelphia Ledger, March 27. One of the most surprising things in the recent conversion of greenback notes into the popular Five-Twenty six per cent. Government loan at par, is the universality of the call. We happened yesterday, at the office of Jay Cooke, who is the agent for the sale of these loans, and the conversion of the greenbacks, and found his table literally covered with orders and accompanying drafts of almost all amounts, from five thousand to a hundred thousand dollars each, and from all parts of the Union. The little States of Delaware and New Jersey are free takers, as are also Pennsylvania, New York and the New England States. But the West is most especially an active taker, as well through her banks as by individuals.—The amount of orders lying before us, all received during the day, amounted to fifty hundred thousand dollars. With this spontaneous proffer of money, Secretary Chase must feel himself entirely at ease, and will take care to put himself beyond those money sharpeners, whose chief study is how to profit themselves most from the troubles of the country and the necessities of the treasury. There are millions of dollars lying idle all over the country, and while the uncertainty existed as to what Congress would do, and the bullion brokers were successful in running up gold to the discredit of the Government issues, this capital was clutched close. But as the policy and measures of the Secretary of the Treasury are gradually developed, confidence in the Government and in the future is strengthened, and holders are now anxious to make their long unemployed means productive—hence the ready and liberal investment in the Five-Twenty loans at par. Almost every town and village throughout the country has individual holders of money to larger amounts probably than ever before at one time, for which satisfactory takers cannot be found. Many of these are now investors in these loans, and the number of such is likely to increase, until the demand shall put all the Government loans on a par with, at least, the loans of the various incorporated companies. The country banks are also free takers for themselves and their customers. On the 1st of July this Five-Twenty Year loan will, under the law, be withdrawn. —BANKS COUNTY, PA., March 20 1862. JAY COOKE, Esq. United States Loan Agent, 114 SOUTH THIRD ST. PHIL.

Express, and I will send back the Bonds free of cost. 5th. The bonds pay six per cent interest in gold, three per cent every six months, on the first day of May and Nov. at the mint in Philadelphia, or at any sub-treasury in New York or elsewhere. If you have Coupon Bonds, all you have to do is to cut the proper coupon off each six months, and collect it yourself or give it to bank for collection. If you have Registered bonds, you can give your bank a power of attorney to collect the interest for you. 6th. The duties on imports of all articles from abroad must be paid in gold, and this is the way Secretary Chase gets his gold. It is now being paid into the Treasury at the rate of two hundred thousand dollars each day, which is twice as much as he needs to pay the interest in gold. 7th. Congress has provided that the bonds shall be paid in gold when due. 8th. You can have either Coupon Bonds payable to the bearer, or registered bonds payable to your order. 9th. The former are in 50's, 100's, 500 and 1000's.—the latter in same amounts, also, 5,000's and 10,000's. 10th. No, you will not have to pay any tax on these bonds 11. your income from them does not exceed \$800; and on all above \$800 you will have to pay one half as much income tax as if your money was invested in Mortgages or other securities. I consider the Government bonds as first of all—all other Bonds are taxed one-quarter per cent; to pay the interest on the Government Bonds, and the Supreme Court of the United States has just decided that no State, or City, or County can tax Government Bonds. 11th. The present bonded debt of the United States is less than \$300,000,000 including the seven and three tenths treasury notes, but the Government owes enough more in the shape of legal tender deposits in the sub-treasuries. Certificates of indebtedness, &c., to increase the debt to eight or nine hundred millions. Secretary Chase has calculated that the debt may reach one thousand, seven hundred millions, if the repulsion will not last six months longer. It is, however, believed now that it will not last six months longer; but even if it does, our National debt will be small compared with that of Great Britain or France, whilst our resources are vastly greater. 12th. I have no doubt that revenue will not only be ample to pay the ordinary expenses of the Government and all interest on the debt, but leave at least one hundred million annually toward paying off the debt, and that the Government will be able to get out of debt as it was twice before—in a few years after the close of the war. I hope all who have idle money will at once purchase the Five-Twenty Year Bonds. The right to demand them for legal tenders will end on the first day of July, 1863, as per the following authorized notice: SPECIAL NOTICE. On and after July 1st 1863, the privilege of converting the present issue of Legal Tender Notes into the national six per cent loan, (commonly called "Five Twenties") will cease. All who wish to invest in the Five-Twenty loan must, therefore apply before the 1st of July next. Jay Cooke, subscription agent, No 114 S. Third Street, Phila. Those who neglect these six per cent bonds the interest and Principal of which they will get in gold, may have occasion to regret it. I am, very truly, your friend Jay Cooke, Subscription Agent, At Office of Jay Cooke & Co., No. 114 S. Third St., Philadelphia. The Banks and Bankers of your and adjoining counties will keep a supply of these bonds on hand, if you prefer to go there and get them. Why, Pete, you've got back from Dodd's early; isn't Ruth to hum?" inquired a Yankee girl of her awkward brother, who had started a courting about an hour before. "Yaas, she was there; but I and the old man didn't agree very well, so he gin me a hint, and I left." A hint, what sort of a hint?" Well, he opened the door, and pointed down towards our house, and kindest raised his right foot as though he was going to kick, and I felt so ashamed of such conduct before Ruth, that I started off without saying another single word." "Well, Tom do you feel like going back into the army when you shall have recovered from the effect of your wound?" The soldier thought a moment and then replied: "No I believe not unless I could go back either as an officer or a nigger." "If a stupid fellow is going up for competitive examination, why should he study the litter P? Because it can make even an ass P-ss." "If you want your neighbors to know 'who you are,' give a party and don't invite the folks 'who live next door.'"