

THE COLUMBIAN.

AND LANCASTER AND YORK COUNTY RECORD.

NEW SERIES, VOL. I, No. 25.]

COLUMBIA, PA. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1847.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 916.]

WESTBROOK & SPANGLER,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
Printing Office—Front Street, opposite Barr's Hotel.
Publication Office—Locust Street, opposite the P. O.
TERMS.—The COLUMBIAN is published every Saturday morning at the low price of ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE, one dollar and fifty cents, not paid within one month of the time of subscribing. Single copies, THREE CENTS.
ADVERTISEMENTS.—Advertisements not exceeding a square three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.
PRINTING.—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Cards, Labels, Pamphlets, Blankets of every description, Circulars, etc., executed with neatness and dispatch and on reasonable terms.

A vigorous prosecution of the War, the best means to secure a speedy end

HONORABLE PEACE.

No. 42. Front St. No. 42. Front St.

WALNUT COLONNADE,
CHEAP FASHIONABLE

CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

JAMES L. PRETSMAN.

No. 42, Front street, directly opposite the Bridge, and three doors below Black's Hotel,

COLUMBIA, PENNA.

Would respectfully call the attention of the public to his stock of Fashionable and Cheap Clothing, which exceeds in extent, elegance, and variety, any hitherto opened in this vicinity, and which he pledges himself to sell at prices lower than even he has before offered. Just look at the prices:

Gentlemen's Fine Cloth Dress Coats, from	\$5.00 to \$10.00
Gentlemen's Fine Cloth Sacks and Coats, from	4.00 to 10.00
Gentlemen's Fine Cloth and Cassimeres Pants, from	2.50 to 5.00
Stain and Silk Velvet Vests, Plain and Fancy, being the only kind of this quality for sale in this place, from	2.50 to 4.00
Roundsuits and Pea Jackets, Shirts, plain and fancy, Stain and Silk, from	1.00 to 3.00
Gentlemen's Cotton Half-hose, " Silk Handkerchiefs, Cravats, a new article, Suspenders, Umbrellas, Leather and Hair Trunks, Travelling Bags and Valises, Ladies' Travelling Bags, a beautiful article, from	61 to 187 37 1/2 to 1.00 61 to 121 37 1/2 to 61 31 1/2 to 1.50 50 to 1.00 1.00 to 2.50 2.00 to 2.50

A large Assortment of Fine and Medium Cloaks.

ALSO—A large assortment of

BOYS' CLOTHING,

Such as Pants, Vests, Roundabouts, and Shirts, and, in short, every article of apparel required by the gentleman, the mechanic or the laborer, with a variety of fancy goods, calculated to tickle the taste and secure the patronage of all classes and conditions of men.
My thanks are due, and I hereby tender them to the world of my patrons, for former favors, and I am determined to prove the sincerity of my gratitude, by uniting efforts to furnish a Fashionable Wardrobe to every patron of the *Columbian Hall of Fashions*, as cheap as the cheapest, and as good as the best.

REMEMBER THE 3 BIG DOORS,

the place to buy cheap Clothing, No. 42, Front Street, Columbia, Pa., directly opposite the Bridge, and three doors below Black's Hotel.

For further particulars, enquire of the Captain on board.

COLUMBIA, Oct. 9th, 1847.

N. B. A branch of the above establishment, where all the articles enumerated, and at the same prices, may be obtained, has been opened in No. 4, Stricker's Walnut Front.

NEW FALL GOODS.

THE subscribers have just received their supply of Fall and Winter, Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, to which they invite the attention of their friends and the public generally.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, &c.

Their stock consists of superior French, and English Black, Blue, Brown, Mixed, and Olive Cloths; plain and Fancy Cassimers, Sattins, Tissues, Velvets and other Yards.
Gry de Rhine, Swiss and Mattonas Dress Silks, ALPACAS—Plain, Plaid, and Striped, at 15, 25, 31, 37, 50 cts., &c. English, Gorman, and French Merinos; Plain Paris Cassimers and De Laines, Lama and Taster Plaid; and Manchester Gingham; Prints of every style and price; Plain and Plaid Linseys; Taper Gauze and other White and colored Flannels.

SHIRTINGS.—Three quarters, four quarters, five quarters, six quarters and ten quarters Checked and Brown Sheetings, Blankets, Tickings, Checks, Dookins, &c.

A splendid assortment of Trimmings, Gimps, Silk and Cotton Fringes; Thread, Victoria and Bobbin Edgings and Insertings; Lisle, Victoria and Brussels Lace, Collettes, Gloves, Hosiery, &c.

GREEN GLASS.

Loaf, Pulverized, Crushed, Havana and Brown Sugars; Syrup, L. H. N. O. Molasses; Honey; Rio, Laguna and Java Coffee; and the superior Tea of the Canton Tea Company of New York, Oils, Fish, &c. ALSO:

China, Glass & Queensware.

17-17 of which will be sold as LOW as the LOWEST, for cash or produce.

Thankful for the liberal share of patronage heretofore received, they will by strict attention to business endeavor to merit a continuance of the public's favor.

J. D. & J. WRIGHT,
Columbia, Sept. 1847.—4f

Stoves, Stoves.

THE subscribers have constantly on hand a full assortment of Wood, Coal, and Cooking Stoves of every size and description, Cannon Stoves, also, Hadenburg's Patent.

AR-TIGHT PARLOR STOVES, which has given full satisfaction in all cases.

The public are invited to call and examine for themselves, at the Hardware Store of

J. D. & J. WRIGHT,
Columbia, Sept. 1847.—4f

LOOKING GLASSES.

LOOKING GLASSES of all sizes and at reduced prices. For sale at

FRY & SPANGLER'S.

For the Spy and Columbian.

TO MY MOTHER.

I know that thou must die,
I know that thou must die,
I feel it in my heart, mother,
And hear it in thy sigh.
"Thy very sad to part, mother,
To hear thy voice no more,
"Thy hard to say 'farewell,' mother,
To know thy life is o'er.
There's sorrow in my heart, mother,
And tears are in my eye,
But thou art happy, mother,
"Thy gain for thee to die.
Thou wilt be an angel, mother,
A tary crown will wear,
Thou'lt strike a glorious lyre, mother,
To sweet thanksgiving there.
And we shall meet again, mother,
"This is no last farewell,"
But we must part till then, mother,
When both in heaven shall dwell.
Owego, Nov. 15, 1847.

From the Jersey City Telegraph.

WASHINGTON IN LOVE.

In 1756—twenty years before the brilliant era which shines like a rick gem in the pages of the world's history—a gentleman named Beverly Robinson occupied a dwelling (situate in New York) which, at that time, was considered a model of elegance and comfort, although, according to the prevailing taste of the present day, it was nothing of the kind. It was standing very little altered from its original condition, six years ago, on this side of the Hudson River, within two or three miles of West Point. Mr. Robinson enjoyed all the luxuries known to the colony, and some, beside, which other colonists did not know, for instance, a rich and massive silver tea set, said, by the gentleman's descendants, to be the first article of the kind, and for a long time the only one used in this country. In this dwelling, so much admired, the space between the floor and ceiling was exceedingly low, and in many of the rooms (set off about the fireplace, by polished tiles) the rafters were massive and uncovered, and all things else in the structure were exceedingly primitive. In this house were born or reared a brood of the most prominent and inveterate foes to the patriots of the American Revolution, and the object of that struggle, that history mentions. Two generations of the Robinson family bore arms and held office in the armies of the English King, and fought determinedly against our sires and grandfathers.

Well—in this house, which will already have attached itself to the interest of the reader—the only victory that was ever gained over Colonel George Washington, took place.

In 1756, Colonel George Washington, of Virginia, a large, stalwart, well-proportioned gentleman, of a high and dignified deportment and courteous exterior; of a handsome, imposing, ceremonious and grave personage—visited his firm and most esteemed friend Beverly Robinson, and announced his intention of remaining his guest for many weeks.

A grinning negro attendant, called Zephi, was ordered to bring the master's portmanteau, an additional fact was cast into the broad and cheerful fireplace, an extra bottle of prime old Madeira was placed upon the table, whose griffin feet seemed almost to expand twice their original size at the prospect of an increase of social hilarity, and Colonel Washington was duly installed in a choice claimant of fold fashioned and unrestrained hospitality.

Seated with Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, overwhelmed with attention, and in possession of every comfort, the visitor extended unquiet and dissatisfied. Every sound of an opening or closing door roused him from apathy, into which he relapsed when it was ascertained that no one was about to enter the apartment. His uneasiness was so apparent that his host at last endeavored to rally him, but without success. Mrs. Robinson finally came to the rescue, and addressed the Colonel in direct terms.

"Pray, friend Washington, may we be made acquainted with the cause of your dullness? There is some reason for it, and that reason lies with us, tell it."

"I wish the Colonel argued that nothing had occurred to vex him—that he was not in want of any further inducement to present or future happiness; his entertainers would not regard his words, but continued their pertinacious endeavors to solve his mystery. At length, weary of the silence, Washington, then twenty years before his greatness—leaned over the table, played with his glass, attempted to look unconcerned, and whispered to Robinson the single word "Mary."

"Yes," responded Mr. R. interrogatively, as if unable to comprehend Washington's meaning.

"Is she well? Does she still abide with you?"

"She does," replied the lady of the mansion.

Washington again became apathetic and contemplative, while several significant glances passed between the gentleman and his wife. Some five minutes were spent in perfect silence, and the conversation was only interrupted by the exit of Mrs. R. from the apartment. She speedily returned, accompanied by a beautiful young lady, whom Washington, with a countenance beaming joyfully, arose to greet with becoming respect.

The young lady was Mary Phillips, sister of Mrs. Robinson, and daughter of the owner of the Philadelphia estate.

It was perhaps singular; but the time of her appearance and the period of the return of Washington's cordiality, was identical. Strange as it was, too, midnight found this young lady and the Virginia Colonel alone, and in deep conversation. The conjugal twain who had kept them company in the early part of the evening had retired to their bed-chamber. More remarkable than all, daylight found this couple still together. The candles were burned down to the sockets of the sticks, and the fireplace, instead of exhibiting a cheerful blaze, harbored only a gigantic heap of ashes and a few dying embers. What could have prolonged that interview. No mutual love; for the parties preserved a ceremonious distance, and the young lady evinced a hauteur that could be matched only by her companion in after years. And yet the truth must be told. There was love on one side; the Colonel, smitten by the graces and rare accomplishments of a lady as beautiful as nature's rarest works, was endeavoring to win her heart in exchange for his own. He made his confession just as the cold grey of the dawn of morning broke up the dark clouds in the east. He confessed, in cautious and measured terms, it is true, the extent of his passion, and avowed that it was his earnest hope would be successful in winning her heart in exchange for his own. He made his confession just as the cold grey of the dawn of morning broke up the dark clouds in the east. He confessed, in cautious and measured terms, it is true, the extent of his passion, and avowed that it was his earnest hope would be successful in winning her heart in exchange for his own.

"The owners of this estate—which was vast—having opposed the Americans, they became victims to the confiscation act, and a great portion of the property was confiscated. The revisionary interest was not affected, however, and in 1809, John Asor bought it for \$100,000. For this Mr. Asor received from the state, 10 years after, the small sum of \$500,000.

liberty to seek a long lost brother. Ten years afterwards that poor Dutch maiden was the wife of a member of Congress.

Now let us to the storeroom of the "Dirch Wood." In a miserable cot there lay a man who was dying. His wife stood by him, and ever and anon, with her temple wreathed with woe, and in her own language whispered to him some words of comfort. At the foot of the bed of the dying man a little girl with bright blue eyes and flaxen hair, was playing with an apple that had been given to her by one of the cabin passengers. Unconscious of the situation of her father, she toyed with her little present, and every now and then a slight laugh would escape her lips. Just as the vessel touched the wharf of the First Municipality, the wife of the dying man sat down by him. She thought that the end would be a sweet slumber—that he would be covered, and that in the "new country" she would have his stalwart arm and able judgment to protect her and the little child, the offspring of their love. His face was very pale, and she thought for a moment that the dilation of his nostrils had already Robison, was the Colonel of the loyal American troops, and going to a little wooden chest, she took out a broken bit of looking glass. Placing it before his mouth, for he was very still, she endeavored to find out if he still breathed. There was no moisture on the glass! There was a slight tremor of the heart more than a pulse could be felt, and her glad eyes looked upwards, as if to God! "She was dead—she was dead, and still the little flaxen headed, blue-eyed girl sat smiling by those who were her parents. There were two inquests that day, and two rough coffins conveyed the dead wife and husband where their duty called. The idea of the lady's rise with such velocity that took upon her planking, and when some of her companions picked her up, they saw that the blood was gurgling from her mouth, with her fingers clinched, and that her bosom heaved with tumult. 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