

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. INGRAM.

Volume I.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1837.

Number 9.

THE IRISPIERTORY.

A WESTERN STORY.
FOUNDED ON FACT.

The state of Georgia is one of those warm cotton-planting regions where negroes live and labor. The white population, of course, fill the offices of Church and state, and attend to the merchandize of the land. Mr. Henry Lossley was the son of a gentleman who was in but moderate circumstances. He was raised in the general custom of raising children among the Southern planters; he received a tolerable education and some knowledge of book-keeping, having spent a few months in the house of N—, in the town of A—. In the nineteenth year of his age, he formed an attachment for Miss Mary Lansing, a lady of some accomplishments and personal beauty—but her patrimony was small. Mr. Lossley and Miss Lansing were frequently in each other's company, & every time they met their mutual attachment increased. They often spoke of their affection for each other, and lamented that their prospects were not such as to justify their connection for life. Thus matters went on with them for several years, till, at length, finding it impossible to be happy unless in each other's society, they determined to cast their lots together and if they should not be able to move through the world in the style they could wish, at all events, they could support themselves decently; so they were united by that tie which is the most sacred and enduring that can be formed in this life.

For some months after their union they did not seem sensible of their want of pecuniary means; but it soon became evident that they would have to gain support by their actual labor; and it was also certain that in Georgia they could not do more than obtain a mere subsistence, and at last in old age be without any settled home to which they did not seem willing to submit. It was thought best that Mr. Lossley should travel into some new country, get a piece of land, and make some little improvement on it, and then return to carry on his companion.

Many were the anxious thoughts that filled their bosoms—the husband had his fears lest he should fail in obtaining a pleasant home for his beloved one, whom he was about to leave behind; and the wife already began to count the weeks, and even the days, she should be left as it were, alone in the world—while, on the other hand, they both looked forward with pleasure on the time, when, in a new country, growing with its growth & strengthening with its strength they should rise to a state of importance in the world.

The time of separation at last arrived; and Mr. Lossley, after embracing the best of all earthly friends gave the parting hand, took his journey not knowing certainly whether he was going. He travelled to the state of Kentucky, and was about to contract for a piece of land in the neighborhood of where the town of H—is now built. He availed himself of the first opportunity of writing a few lines to his beloved one, in order to let her know where he was and what he was doing.

This letter never reached the beloved object for whom it was intended, but fell into the hands of one, whose name shall be "revealed on that day." Suffice it to say, that there was one with whom Mr. Lossley had been a competitor. An answer came—but not from Mrs. Lossley, but apparently from her father, with whom he had left her during his absence. *Oh! horrid letter, never shall I forget its language:*

"DEAR SON—Your wife took sick about a week after your departure. At first we did not entertain any fears concerning her. After some days her brain became affected, and she lost her reason, and while in this situation she called every person who was in attendance upon her and came to see her "Henry!" A short time before her death she came to herself, and seemed to have but one desire to live, which was to see you! and her last sentence was, "Oh, my dear Henry! and shall I never see him more in this life!" and breathed her last."

On the reception of this letter, Mr. Lossley became almost desperate. His whole amount of earthly good seemed to be cut off at one stroke.—He made several attempts to answer the letter, but found it impossible to write on such a painful subject. He became a solitary man—being in a land of strangers—he had no person to whom he could unbosom himself; and though grief is food of company, yet he had to share his alone. The thought of returning to the place where he had so often beheld the face and lovely form of his now lost Mary, without being able to see her, he could not bear; and having left but little behind, save his companion, that was of any consequence to him, he gave up the idea of returning. Neither had he any disposition to settle himself, and finding that he could sustain his grief better, when travelling, than in any other way, he wandered off without any settled point of destination. At length he found himself at the lead mines in Missouri. But he yet beheld objects that reminded him of his loss, which induced him to sink still deeper into the bosom of the great forest; so he joined himself to a company of fur traders, and shaped his course to the Rocky Mountains.

It was the custom of the company to post a watch at night, which was agreed to be taken by turns—yet, for some time, Lossley volunteered his services every night, so that when his companions were asleep, he would look upon the moon and stars, which once shown on him, when he, with his fair one hanging on his arm, used to take their little evening excursions. The scream of panthers did not interrupt him, while for the lamentations of the owl, he had a particular fondness, and rarely for months, did he take his departure from a camping place, without leaving the letters, 'M. L.' on some of the hitherto undisturbed trees of the forest.

He passed nearly two years among the North Western Indians. The hardships he endured—the dangers through which he passed—all had a tendency to call off his mind from former sorrows, and the females which he sometimes looked upon, were so unlike his Mary, that by the time he had returned to Missouri he had in some degree, obtained his former cheerfulness. But no sooner did he enter the former settlements where he again beheld the fair faces and graceful forms, than a recollection of his departed Mary returned. But the roll of years at length wore away his grief, and finding at last an object of which he could place his affection, he again entered into a married connection: From the time that he left his companion in Georgia, till he married his second wife, it was about five years! But what shall we say about Mrs. Lossley—for strange to tell, she yet lived! Weeks, months, and years passed by, but had brought her no tidings of her absent husband. Post offices were examined—but no letter came. His name was looked for in the public prints—but could not be found. Travellers were inquired of—but of no avail! not a word could she hear of him. At length she gave him up as dead, and conceived of his death in many ways; at one time she would fancy she could see his bones at the bottom of some stream, in which he had been drowned, by attempting to cross; again she would see him in some lonely spot—murdered by robbers, or destroyed by Indian violence; & at other times she would fancy she saw him languish on some foreign bed, and after a long and lingering illness, fall into the grave among strangers!—A thousand times she looked out the way she saw him depart, and mourned him dead till time dried up her tears.

After a lapse of seven long years and more since the departure of Mr. Lossley, Mr. Starks offered his hand in marriage to Mrs. Lossley; and—as it was firmly believed by herself and friends that he was dead—Mr. Starks being a gentleman worthy of her, she accepted the offer, and they were married.

At this time Mr. Lossley was living with his second wife, in the State of Missouri, where he continued to live for something

like eighteen years. About fourteen years after his marriage, his second wife died—and he was left with two children, a son and a daughter. The daughter was the eldest and took charge of her father's house—but little more than three years, after the death of her mother she married and moved to North Alabama, and her father and brother went with her.

In the mean time Mrs. Starks had lost her husband and father, and having but one child, and that a little daughter, she removed to North Alabama also, to live with an aged uncle, who was living in that part of the country—so that Mr. Lossley became neighbors—and they became acquainted with each other as *Col. Lossley* (his title he had obtained when among the fur traders) and *Mrs. Starks*. They formed an attachment for each other, and Mr. Lossley eventually offered his hand in marriage which she accepted. It is to be observed that during the whole of their intercourse they took great care never to mention any circumstance connecting itself with their first marriage, and both passed as having been married but once—they had both been so very cautious on this subject that the slightest trace of their former acquaintance was not discovered until the night before the marriage was to have been solemnized. Perhaps the sacred fount of their former sorrows was sealed too deep to be readily broken up again by either of them.

The night before marriage, as they were conversing alone, the Colonel remarked that he expected to be a little agitated the next evening while attending the ceremonies of the wedding—"for," said he, "when I married the first time I was not so much embarrassed as when I married the last!"—to which Mrs. Starks replied; "You have been married twice, then, it seems?" The Colonel at first, tried to change the subject of the conversation, but soon found that would not do—and knowing it would have to come out sooner or later, he went into a detail of all the circumstances connected with his first marriage, giving names and dates. This was a subject on which the Colonel was eloquent. He remarked that his long lost Mary was never out of his mind for one hour at a time; owing to that fact, he had often spoke of her to those who had never heard of her, and could not enter into the conversation with him. He went on to state that she was his Rachel—his first choice—the companion of his youth; having taken hold of his feelings at such an early age, the impression was indelible, a recollection of her name could never be erased from his mind, "and though" said he, "I have passed through the town & the country, the dreary wilderness; through winter, through summer; amid friends and foes! through health and affliction; through smiles and frowns;—yet I have borne painted upon my imagination the image of my beloved Mary."

Here the mists began to gather in the eyes of the Colonel, and for a few moments a death-like silence prevailed. At length looking upon his intended bride, he saw that she had taken more than usual interest in the relation he had been making. He then broke the silence by saying, "you must forgive me for the kind remembrance I bear for the beloved companion of my youth." While he was uttering this sentence Mrs. Starks swooned away, & would have fallen from her seat, had not the Colonel supported her. While she lay in this death-like state, many were the reflections which passed through the mind of Col. Lossley. First supposing as he had for a time kept this secret from her, and at last divulged it without intending to do so, it might have a tendency to destroy her confidence in him, or cause her to fear that his affections were so much placed on the memory of his first wife that it would be impossible for him to love her as he ought; these and many other thoughts of a like kind rushed through his mind, and he but awaited the power of utterance on the part of Mrs. Starks to hear her renounce him forever. But, oh! how mistaken were his fears! No

sooner was she roused from her swoon than she threw her arms around his neck, and resting her head upon his bosom, sobbed like a child crying out, "Oh, my husband! my husband!" The Colonel being much astonished, inquired rather hastily what she meant? With her hands still resting on his shoulders, with a countenance beaming with joy and suffused with tears—she exclaimed with a half choked utterance, "I am your Mary! your long lost Mary, and you are my Henry, whom I mourned as dead for these twenty years."

The joy then became mutual. That night and the next day was spent in relating circumstances which had transpired with them during their separation, and admiring the providence that brought them together. On the next evening those bidden to the marriage, attended. The Parson came—but there was no service for him to render. The transported couple informed the assembly that they had been married upwards of twenty years before, and gave a brief outline of their history, and entered into the hilarity of the evening with a degree of cheerfulness unusual to them both.

RAGE FOR SPECULATION.

The following amusing anecdote is extracted from a forcible article of the New York Evening Post, designed to arrest the late prevalent rage for speculation:

A traveller, once in the West, on setting out early one morning from the place where he had passed the night, consulted his map of the country, and finding that a very considerable town, called Venice, or Verona, or by the name of some other European city beginning with a V, occupied a point on his road, but some 12 or 15 miles off, concluded to journey as far as that place before breakfast. Another equally extensive town bearing as sounding a name, was laid down at a convenient distance for his afternoon stage; and there proposed halting for the night. He continued to travel at a good round pace until the sun had attained a great height in the heavens, and until he computed that he had accomplished more than twice or thrice the distance which he proposed to himself in the outset. His stomach had long since warned him that it was time to halt, and his horse gave indications which plainly showed that he was of the same opinion. Still he saw no town before him, even of the humblest kind, much less such a magnificent one as his map had prepared him to look for.

At length meeting a solitary wood-chopper, emerging from the forest, he accosted him, and inquired how far it was to Vienna.

"Vienna!" exclaimed the man; "why, you passed it five and twenty miles back. Did you notice a stick of hewn timber and a blazed tree beside the road? That was Vienna."

The dismayed traveller then inquired how far it was to the other place, at which he designed passing the night.

"Why, you are right on that place now," returned the man; it begins just on the other side of yon ravine, and runs down to a clump of girdled trees, which you will see about a mile farther on the road."

"And are there no houses built?" faltered out the traveller.

"Oh, no houses whatsoever," returned the woodman, "they hewed and hauled the logs for a blacksmith's shop, but before they raised it, the town lots were all disposed of in the Eastern States; and every thing has been left just as you now see it ever since."

"What is the matter with that man," asked a passer-by as he recognized a fellow lying in a gutter. "He is *stewed*." "Who slew him?" "Old Jamaica."

Every body, says the New-Bodford Gazette, is beginning to believe that the best Bank is a bank of earth, and the best share a plough-share.

A friend says he is growing weaker and weaker every day. He has got so now that he can't raise five dollars.

WHIP BEHIND.

Going along the side-walk the other day, our attention was arrested by the endeavors of a couple of lads to overtake a pleasure sleigh for the purpose of stealing a ride by hanging on behind.

One of them being somewhat lighter of foot than his companion, was successful, while the other despite of all his efforts, was compelled to see the distance between him and the vehicle on which his more nimble playmate was seated rapidly increasing. Chagrined that the other should enjoy what with all his efforts he could not, and determined to make his triumph short, he vociferated at the top of his voice, "Whip behind! Whip behind!" Whip snugly seated on his box, was too full of the milk of human kindness not to obey so reasonable a requisition, and with a back-handed cut peculiar to his craft, he whipped behind, dislodging in a trice his extra passenger, who was soon rolling in the snow. A shout of triumph burst from the lips of him who had been distanced in the race, as the other gave evident tokens of being 'whipped behind.' This simple incident was eloquent of human nature.

How many are there, who, when they see their companions outstrip them in the reach of honor and wealth will not call on fortune to "whip behind!"

The politician, whose aspirings are for eminence, when he sees a competitor outstripping him in the race how ready is he to exclaim, 'whip behind.'

The sparkling eye of beauty is lit up with unwonted fire, when a rival appears to contest the throne, and she must be noble minded, whose heart on such occasions does not, through the promptings of envy whisper to the tongue, 'whip behind.'

In fine, we may wander through all ranks of life, and rarely shall we find one who is not envious of his neighbors superior success; and who does not mentally, at least invoke the power that is bearing his competitor above him to "whip behind."

Whence all the backbiting and evil speaking against one another, too often witnessed in society. Nine times in ten, were it correctly traced, its origin would be found in nothing but envy, the same principle which induced the boy to request the driver to 'whip behind.'

The order of the day is to 'whip behind,' and happy the person who receives not nor deserves this chastisement.—*Rochester Rep.*

A pretty extensive Library—requiring 1000 camels to draw it!—There was once in a certain part of India such a voluminous library, that a thousand camels were requisite for its transport, and a hundred brahmins had to be paid for the care. The king felt no inclination to wade through all this heap of learning himself, and ordered his well-fed librarians to furnish him with an extract for his private use. They set to work, and in about 20 years' time they produced a nice little encyclopedia, which might have been easily carried by 30 camels. But the monarch found it still too large, and had not even patience enough to read the preface. The indefatigable brahmins began therefore afresh, and reduced the 30 cargoes into so small a substance, that a single ass marched away with it in comfort; but the kingly dislike for reading had increased with age, and his servants wrote at last on a palm leaf, "The quintessence of all science consists in the little word, *Perhaps!*"—Three expressions contain the history of mankind: They were born; they suffered; and they died. Love only what is good, and practice what you love. Believe only what is true, but do not mention all that which you believe."

We are ruined, not by what we really want but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.