COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"That Government is the best which governs least."

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POETRY.

FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

The Indian Flower.

The shadows of twilight,
Steal over the sky,
And the star of the evening
Has risen on high:
The sweet breathing flowers
Are seeking repose,
And the dew drops moisten
Their leaves as they close.

The fragrance they scattered
Around them all day,
In the chill of the night breeze
Has melted away;
Like the friends of life's sunshine,
Whose falsehood is found,
When the clouds of affliction
Are gathering round.

But one is still left us,
Now blooming alone
Whose perfume is richer
Than all that are gone.
It rises from slumber,
Its sweetness to shed,
When each child of the daylight
Is drooping its head.

So when false friends forsake us,
There still are some hearts,
That cling to us closer
As pleasure departs.
Their smile can illumine
Our darken'd path yet
Though the sun of our fortune,
Forever has set.

The Evening Hymn.

BY THOMAS MILLER, *a Basket Maker.*

How many days, with mute adieu,
Have gone down yon untrodden sky!
And still it looks as clear and blue
As when it first was hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder, tramping deep and loud,
Have left no footmarks there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
Come softened by the distant shore,
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rang so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut and still,
And bowed, as if in prayed!

And in this hushed and breathless close,
O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
That still low voice in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God! of Thee.
The whispering leaves, the far off brook,
The linnet's warble, fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the lonely rock,—
All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light,
Gazing on earth with golden eyes:
Bright guardians of the blue-browed night!
What are ye in your native skies?
I know not! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what your aim or end.

I know they must be holy things
That from a roof so sacred shine,
Where sounds the beat of angel-wings!
And footsteps echo all divine.
Their mysteries I never sought,
Nor hearken to what science tells;
For, oh! in childhood I was taught
That God amidst them dwells.

The darkening woods, the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just wakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.
The twilight takes a deeper shade,
The dusky pathways blacker grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade,—
All, all, is mute below.

And other eves as sweet as this
Will close upon as calm a day,
Of sinking in the deep abyss,
Yet, like the last, be swept away:
Till eternity is gained,
That boundless sea without a shore,
Without time forever reigned,
Till will when time's no more.

Now nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The breezes steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;
The sent sky, the sleeping earth,
The mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

DEMOCRAT.

Bloomsburg:

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1849.

"A CIRCUMSTANCE." The Providence Transcript, says the Chronotype, is responsible for the following.

"A young man of this city was about taking leave of his father, who was bound for California, he resolved upon opening the Bible and making the first verse that met his eye applicable to the departed friend. He opened to the 28th chapter of Job, 1st verse: 'Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for the gold when they find it.' It certainly is a singular circumstance."

☞ It certainly *is* a singular circumstance, considering that the verse is not to be found either in the old or New Testament.—*Olive Branch.*

☞ "It certainly is a singular circumstance, considering that the" editor of the "Olive Branch" is a Reverend Gentleman, that he could not find the verse alluded to by the "Transcript." What edition of the Bible does the Olive Branch use? "it certainly is" in ours.

☞ John Hall has been appointed a day Inspector in the Custom House, Philadelphia.

Schuylkill County.

The Pottsville *Emporium*, in a fine article approving Mr. GAMBLE's nomination says:

So far as Schuylkill county is concerned we assure our friends abroad, that there will be no more political "somersets" here; from the unmistakable indications we feel confident of sweeping the county at the next election, by as large a majority as she has ever been known to give.

Death of Mrs. Madison.

Just as we are preparing to go to press, says the Washington Union, July 13th, we hear with profound grief of the death, in this city, of Mrs. *Dolly Madison*, the relict of James Madison, once the President of the United States. This greatly venerated, beloved, and celebrated lady, whose loss will be felt and regretted by the whole country, has lingered since Sunday, and breathed her last, at a quarter past 10 o'clock last night.—We anticipate the grief which will be universally felt at her loss; but we must reserve till to-morrow the sacred office of paying a proper tribute to her merits.

☞ The President of the United States has issued the following recommendation for the observance of a day of humiliation and prayer throughout the country:

A RECOMMENDATION.

At a season when the providence of God has manifested itself in the visitation of a fearful pestilence, which is spreading its ravages throughout the land, it is fitting that a people whose reliance has ever been in His protection, should humble themselves before His throne, and, while acknowledging past transgressions, ask a continuance of the Divine Mercy.

It is, therefore, earnestly recommended that the *first Friday in August* be observed throughout the United States as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. All business will be suspended in the various branches of the public service on that day: and it is recommended to persons of all religious denominations to abstain, as far as practicable, from secular occupations, and to assemble in their respective places of public worship, to acknowledge the Infinite Goodness which has watched over our existence as a nation, and so long crowned us with manifold blessings, and to implore the Almighty, in His own good time, to stay the destroying hand which is now lifted up against us.

Z. TAYLOR.

WASHINGTON, July 3, 1849.

☞ Parson BROWNLOW, who lately removed his Jonesville Whig to Knoxville, gives the people of the latter place a regular basting. He says that some of the people think that his coming among them will mar the harmony of the churches—at which he laughs right out. He says that all the churches have been fighting against each other these five years, without the armistice of a single day, and hate each other with a perfect hatred. He says of the citizens, that a few of them manage to get all the public founds in their own hands, and then speculate upon them. "The traders sell goods 25 per cent higher than goods are sold in the upper counties of East Tennessee, and if you tell them of it, you are unfriendly to the interests of Knoxville. Owners of Steamboats think there is no use for railroads, and railroad projectors are opposed to any road but their own. The Free Masons are jealous of the growing popularity of the Odd Fellows. Among the proprietors of papers, an evious hatred exists; while among lawyers, and doctors, and mechanics, one set hang upon some church, and another set pin their faith upon a few of would-be aristocrats. In politics, a every large family connexion sets up for itself, and looks with suspicson upon everybody that does not join its wing of the party." Then he comes down on the people for building cow-sheds on the streets, and shanties of all imaginable shapes and keeping their houses and yards so dirty. The cholera is coaxed along to Knoxville in this wise: "We are not informed as to whether the cholera intends visiting here this season or not. If it do not, it is acting very much in its own light.—There is the best opening for it in this town, that can be found in this end of the State. It could do an extensive business." He then winds up his week's labors with a broadside against the editor of the Clarksville Jeffersonian, who had offended him, thus:—"The rascal emigrated from Buffalo, New York, to Clarksville, and in due time we will show *why* he left there—what his standing was *when* he left—and the "breed of dogs," he sprang from. Look out!"

Federalism always Hostile to Patriotism.

The Philadelphia North American speaks of the Hon. Henry Hubbard, late senator of the United States from New Hampshire, Mr. Buchanan, and one or two other gentlemen, as old federalists.—We happen to be somewhat acquainted with the history of Messrs. Buchanan and Hubbard. With regard to the former, in the war of 1812, about thirty-five years ago, when a young man, Mr. Buchanan shouldered his musket and volunteered to defend his country against its British invaders, with whom the federal party then sympathized, and to whom it rendered "aid and comfort;" and whatever he may have been before, certain it is, that since then he has had nothing to do with the federal party. And if he had desired to continue his connexions with it, he could not, for that party, and its legitimate successor, the whig party, would tolerate no such act of patriotism on the part of one of its members. Something like this is the history of ex-Senator Hubbard. In the war of 1812 an invasion of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was expected, and to repel which the State troops were called out by the governor of the State. The town in which Mr. Hubbard resided was called upon for a company. Mr. H. gave all his energies to the task of getting out this company, spending his time and paying his money freely, to enable the soldiers to go to the defence of a town menaced by the enemy. Daniel Webster, then a federalist, and now a whig, was making his anti-war speeches in Congress at that very time, and the federalists of Connecticut, now whigs, were hanging out blue-lights to inform the fleet of the enemy, then lying off the coast, when any of our cruisers put to sea. But, to return to Gov. Hubbard. After his federal friends found out that he had committed an act of patriotism—the crime of taking the part of his country against a foreign enemy—they disowned him; and since then, Gov. Hubbard has had nothing to do with them. He was then helping his country, and Daniel Webster was opposing it. He has since been a democrat; and Daniel Webster has borne all the names assumed by the federal party from that day down to this, and is now a whig. Thus it seems that when a man who was born of federal parentage finds out the dangerous faith of his party, and is still more dangerous practices, and abandons it and takes the part of his country, he is forthwith denounced by the federal *alias* whig press as an old federalist. They cannot tolerate an act of true patriotism. Does the North American call Daniel Webster an old federalist? And does it call the members of the Hartford Convention federalists, every surviving member of whom is a whig?

THE odor of flowers is never so sweet and strong as before a storm. Beautiful soul! when the storm draws nigh then, be a flower.

MEN lose many excellent things, not because they want power to obtain them, but, spirit and resolution to undertake them.

We clip the following pithy remarks from the *Chamber's Journal*:—"When a dirty little ragged boy is seen in the streets in some of our more civilized towns, he is picked up by the authorities and sent to school. He should, in like manner, be sent to the pump—and this, you may depend upon it, would be a great assistance to his education. When offenders are locked up in jail, the first process they have to submit to is that of being washed and scrubbed. This is all very proper; but surely it is an absurdity to show greater solicitude for the health of jails than for the health of dwelling-houses. If the man had been washed in time, we question much whether they would have become felons at all."

The Sabbath.

Says Dr. Chalmers, "We never in the whole course of our recollections met with a Christian friend who bore upon his character every other evidence of the Spirit's operation, who did not remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. We appeal to the memories of all the worthies who are lying in their graves; that eminent as they were in every other grace and accomplishment of the new creation, the religiousness of their Sabbath day shone with equal lustre, amid the fine assemblage of virtues which adorned them. In every Christian household it will be found, that the discipline of a well ordered Sabbath is never forgotten among the old lessons of a Christian education; we appeal to every one who carries the remembrance in his bosom of a mother's worth and a mother's piety, if on the coming round of the Sabbath day, an air of peculiar sacredness did not spread itself over that mansion where he drew his first breath, and was taught to repeat his infant prayer.

Rest assured, that the Christian, having the law of God written in his heart and denying the Sabbath a place in his affections, is an anomaly that is not to be found. Every sabbath image with every sabbath circumstance is dear to him. He loves the quietness of that hallowed morn.—He loves the church bell sound which summons him to the house of prayer. He loves to join the chorus of devotion, and to sit and listen to the voice of persuasion which is lifted in the hearing of an assembled multitude.

He loves the retirement of this day from the din worldly business, and the inroads of worldly men. He loves the leisure it brings with it; and sweet to the soul are the exercises of that hallowed hour, when there is no eye to witness him but the eye of Heaven, and when, in solemn audience with the Father, who seeth him in secret, he can, on the wings of celestial contemplation, leave all the cares, all the vexations, and all the secularities of an alienated world behind him."

One's Mother.

Around the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less tinged in connexion. On[illegible] may lead us far from the object of our filial love: we may become wild, headstrong and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles her tears. Around that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection, and even when the earlier period of our loss, forces memory to be silent takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt here she possessed.

"Young ladies are like an arrow; they can't be got off without a beau."

☞ Another reason why they are like an arrow: When they get into your heart, they can't be got out "till death."

A Humble Heart.

If Heaven bestowed the power to raise
But one petition to the skies,
I would not ask for length of days—
For wealth or honor—earthly praise—
But this my fervent prayer should be,
A humble heart to sacrifice,
In faith and love, O God, to thee.

☞ Col. Isaac H. Wright, late commander of the Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers, has received the appointment of Navy Agent for Boston.

MRS. JUDSON.—A letter from Rev. Dr Judson, dated Burman, March 8, states that his wife is in rapid decline, and he had serious apprehensions that she would never be any better. Mrs Judson is extensively known in this country as a writer under the assumed name of "Fanny Forrest."

☞ *Here* is a little nest of contrad[illegible]sions for the lovers of the curious. Our lan[illegible]ge is rich in the materials of punning:—

FAST.—The word "FAST" is [illegible] great a contradiction as we have in the la[illegible]ge. The Delaware was *fast* because the [illegible] was immovable; and then the ice disappeared very *fast*. Let the student reason—It is a puzzle. A clock is called *fast* when it goes quicker than time. Yet a man held to stand *fast* when he is desired to consider steady; people *fast* when they have nothing that and *eat*, consequently, when opportunities.

☞ *Look Here*, Mr. Burgess, this is the second time I have been fined for having this same lot of ashes on my side walk!"

"Never mind that, Mr. F., console yourself with the fact that you belong to the *refined* society! Good morning."

☞ *The Lane that has no Turning*.—Q. What do the ladies like best to walk in?

A. Mousseline de laine.

Q. What lane do the ladies like best to walk out of?

Berwick Water Company.

It gives us pleasure to be able to state that we are soon to have our town supplied with water in a manner which will be permanent. The principal portion of the stock necessary to complete the work, has already been taken; and preparations are being made for commencing the work without delay. The Reservoir is already under contract; and from the energetic hands into which it has fallen, its completion may be reasonably anticipated before the time specified, which is, we believe, 1st of September next. Mr. S. E. WALTON, is the contractor; and judging from the plans we have seen of the work, should think it was calculated to be an ornament to the place, as well as to answer all the useful purposes for which it is intended.

The supply of water is to be brought from two large and never failing springs, each about two miles distant from the village, in cast iron pipes, of sufficient size to keep the reservoir constantly filled: and there is no longer a doubt but that we are to have the pure and sparkling beverage gushing forth in every place where the convenience of the public shall require it—and that too at a trifling cost compared with the advantages to be derived. The want of water has been evil under which Berwick has lang suffered; and its present space population may, in a great measure, be attributed to that cause. Many people—business men and mechanics—have been attracted to the place by its beautiful and pleasant situation; but after suffering the inconveniences for one year, have generally migrated, perhaps to some other location not more than two or three miles distant thus carrying the trade from its original channel and distributing it among ten or a dozen different places, when it all might have easily been kept here, but for the want of one of the necessaries of life—water. And now that this great draw back to its prosperity is about to be overcome, we confidently look forward to more prosperous days for Berwick; and as the unpleasant feature of a residence here will be removed, we expect to see the twelve or fifteen empty houses all tenanted—the closed up business places re-opened—and in fact everything that will conduce to the importance and prosperity of the place, start ahead with renewed life and vigor.—*Berwick Standard.*

☞ Things that I Like. I like to hear candidates for place agree in politics with every man they converse with—it looks so much like principle.

I like to hear men denounce others for things of which they themselves are guilty—it looks so much like consistency.

I like to see business men keep their shop doors and windows closed until the sun is an hour high—it shows they are independent, and ask no favors of their customers.

☞ "*Charles*, do you really love my daughter?" "You know I do, Mrs. Simpkins." "How much do you love her?" "I love her—I love her as hard as a horse can kick." Mrs. Simpkins was satisfied of the strength of his affection.

☞ "*Are these Rooms to Let?*" said a polite gentleman to a handsome young lady, as he placed his foot across the threshold. "Yes, sir," "And are you to be let with them?" "No, sir! *I'm to be let alone.*"

☞ *A man* wishing an office was told to take a *petition* to Washington, and he took the whole side of his house, and was proceeding on his journey, but was stopped by running against a *post-master.*

☞ *Sixty Years Ago*, Mrs. George Washington knit stockings for the General. Now there are but few "ladies" who can do the like, and hundreds know not how the apple gets into the dumpling.

☞ *Blessed is the Horse* whose owner [illegible] for he cannot afford to buy a whip, or, as he is [illegible]ed is the man who has no pockets.

☞ *A Chap* reading [illegible] a paper that Mexican *files* had been recently [illegible] in this city, went into a hardware store [illegible] asked to look at some of them. [*Boston Post.*

He is the brother of the man who inquired for a pound of Liverpool *dates*, received by one of the Cunard steamers.—[*Boston Times.*

"Do you give four drinks for a quarter?" inquired a wag at one of our fashionable restaurants.

"Yes, sir-ee," exclaimed the proprietor, delightfully setting out the glasses.

Our wag and his friends caused the beverage to disappear, laid upon the counter a quarter—of a cent, which had been prepared for the occasion, and after complimenting the worthy host for his low charges, departed in ecstacy.

"HALLO, there," said a farmer, to an Irishman, busily engaged at one of his cherry trees, "by what right do you take these cherries?"

"In faith, my friend," said he, "by my right hand, sure."

TIME.—Clocks may stop, hearts may cease to beat, but still time goes on, staying or accelerating its pace to no man's behest. Joyous count its strokes by seconds, of a different length.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Adventure with California Robbers.

I once hunted for three months in company with a hunter well known in California. In idea he was wild and imaginative in the extreme: but in his acts of daring, &c., the most cool and philosophic fellow I ever knew. A commercianto, or merchant, at San Francisco, on whose veracity I know from experience I can depend, told the following story of this man, which will at once illustrate his general character:

"This hunter was some months before I had fallen in with him, making the best of the Tule Lakes from the interior, with a heavy pack of furs on his back, his never-erring rifle in his hand, and his two dogs by his side. He was joined at the northermost end of the valley by the merchant I have spoken of, who was armed only with a sword and pistols.

"They had scarcely cleared the valley when a party of robbers gallopped out before them: there were four whites fully armed, and two Indians with their lassos coiled in their right hands, 'ready for a throw.' The hunter told the merchant, who was on horseback, to dismount instantly, 'and to cover.' Fortunately for them, there was a good deal of thicket, and trunks of large trees that had fallen were strewed about in a very desirable manner. Behind these logs the merchant and the hunter quickly took up their position, and as they were in the act doing so two or three shots were fired after them without effect. The hunter coolly untied the pack of furs from his back and laid them beside him. It's my opinion merchant,' said he, 'that them vermints there want either your saddle-bags or my pack, but I reckon they'll get neither.'

"So he took up his rifle, fired, and the foremost Indian, lasso in hand, rolled off his horse. Another discharge from the rifle, and the second Indian fell, while in the act of throwing the lasso at the head and shoulders of hunter, as he raised himself from behind the log to fire. 'Now,' said the hunter, as he reloaded, lying on his back to avoid the shots of the robbers, 'that what I call the best of the scrimmage, to get them brown thieves with their lasso out of the way first. See them rascals yet, while now jumping over the logs to charge us in our cover.'

"They were fast advancing, and the rifle again spoke out, and the foremost fell; they still came on within thirty paces, another fell, and the lance of the [illegible] two made a desperate clo[illegible] up to the log. The hunter [illegible] practice was dexterous [illegible] his gun. 'Now, merchant, [illegible] the pistols for your pony either man or horse. A[illegible]tols,) and don't escape.' [illegible] steady, the remaining robbers were now [illegible] the log, and fired each a pistol at the hunter, which he escaped by dodging behind a tree close to, from which he fired with effect. As only one rider was left, he wheeled round his horse with the intention of gallopping off, when the pistol bullets cut the horse from under him.

"'Well done, merchant,' said the hunter 'you've stopped that fellow's gallop.' As soon as the robber could disencumber himself from the fallen horse, he took to his heels and ran down a sloping ground as fast as he could. The hunter drew his tomahawk from his belt, and gave chase after him. As the robber was more of an equestrian than a pedestrian the nimbleness of the hunter soon shortened the distance between them, and the last of the robbers fell. Thus perished the dangerous gang of six, by the single hand of this brave hunter, and as the commercianto informed me if he were starting home he backs for the market.

"The affair was rather advantageous to the hunter, for, on scrutinizing the saddle-bags and pockets of the robbers, he pulled forth some doubloons and dollars, with other valuables, which they had, no doubt, a short time previously taken from some traveller; the saddle-bags, arms and accoutrements of the four white men were packed up and made fast on the saddles of the two horse, the hunter mounting a third, the merchant another, his horse being shot and thus they left the scene of action, leaving the bodies of the robbers to wolves, who were howling about [illegible] and enter, who were howling, in triumph."—*Coulter's Adventures on the Western Coast of South America.*