

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"That Government is the best which governs least."

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POETRY.



A Touching Poem.

[We occasionally meet with an essay that comes to us freighted with the most glowing panegyric, but which, upon inspection, exhibits a suspicious character. By many the subject is repeated; as obnoxious. When however the poetical effect is considered in connection, the most favorable auspices will be apparent. As an example of this species of poetry, Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" stands pre-eminent. The subject, and the great sympathy which is awakened for the fair suicide, lead one to suspect tendentiousness of the poem; but a clear examination shows that the author's intention is not a toleration of crime, but a rebuke of the cause that leads to crime. This poem has perhaps done more towards the amelioration of the unfortunate class it so eloquently pleads for, than any single poetical production in the language.]

The Forsaken.

She stood amid the crowded hall,
Forlorn, yet oh, how fair?
Though many a beauty graced the hall
To me the loveliest there.

Yet guilt and woe a shade had cast
Upon her youthful face,
And scornful murmurs as she passed
Were mingled with her name.

I looked into her languid eyes;
So dark and deeply set,
And read such thrilling mysteries
Of passion and regret.

I thought of Eve when taught to sin,
Fresh from the serpent's lore,
Though tutored to seduce and win,
Yet lovelier than before.

In truth it was a painful sight,
As former friends passed by,
To see her quivering lips grow white
Beneath each altered eye.

Oh! how I wished some angel then
His pitying wings should spread
To shelter from the scorn of men
That fair, defenseless head.

With some to strengthen or sustain,
Alas! why came she there,
Amid the selfish and the vain,
Alone in her despair!

Peregrine she longed to see once more
Some dear familiar face,
Some vanished friendship to implore,
Some enemy efface.

I know not; for one first and last
Sad meeting was this one.
Tearful I gazed; but midnight passed;
I looked—and she was gone.

The Soul's Destiny.

BY AUGUSTINE J. M. DUGANNE.

Tell me, ye who read and ponder—
Ye who gaze with vision free—
When the clay shall burst in sunder,
What the Soul's great fate shall be!

Not to part from earth and being,
Like a rock thrown in the waves—
N' a like streams the sunlight fleeing,
Sinking in earth's hidden caves;

But, as in the polar heaven
Sinks the large and golden sun,
Which, ere yet bath come the even,
Hath another day begun!

And each ray, still backward streaming,
Lightens the glorious earthward course,
While its gushing fulness bearing,
Adds new splendors to its source;

Even thus the Soul's great action
O'er the world its beams shall shed,
And its perfect light's refraction
Shall increase its fountain head!

Noblemen.

BY G. D. STUART.

The noblest men I know on Earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil,
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods, and till the soil,
And win thereby a prouder fame
Than follows king or warrior's name.

The working men! what'er their task,
To carve the stone, or bear the hod—
They wear upon their honest brows
The royal stem and seal of God!
And brighter are their droops of sweat
Than diamonds in a corner!

God bless the noble working men,
Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines, and build the ships,
And drive the Commerce of the main,
God bless them! for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fashionable Girls.

Mrs. Swishelm, of the Pittsburg Saturday Visitor, gives the following matter-of-fact information in one of her admirable "letters to country girls."

"There are hundreds of girls in every large city who parade the streets in feathers, silks and laces, whose hands are soft and white as uselessness can make them, whose mothers keep boarders to get a living for their idle daughters. These mothers will cook, sweep, wait on the tables, carry loads of marketing, do the most menial drudgery, toil late and early with little more clothing than would be allowed to a Southern slave, while their hopeful daughters spend their mornings lounging in bed, reading some silly book, taking lessons in music and French, fixing finery, and the like. The evenings are devoted to dressings, displaying their charms and accomplishments to the best advantage, for the wonderment and admiration of knights of the yard stick and young aspirants for professional honors—doctors without patients, lawyers without clients—who are as brainless and soulless as themselves. After a while the piano-sounding simoleon captivates a tape-measuring, law-expounding, or pill-making simoleon. The two ninnies spend every cent that can be raised by hook or crook—get all that can be got on credit in broadcloth, satin, flowers, lace, carriage, attendance, &c.—hang their empty pockets on somebody's chair, lay their empty heads on somebody's pillow, and commence their empty life with no other prospect than living at somebody's expense—with no higher purpose than living genteelly and spiting the neighbors. This is a synopsis of the lives of thousands of street and ball-room belles, perhaps of some whose shining costume you have envied from a passing glance.

Thousands of women in cities dress elegantly on the streets, who have not a sufficiency of wholesome food, a comfortable bed, or fire enough to warm their room. I once boarded in a genteel boarding-house in Louisville. There were two young ladies and a piano in the house; halls and parlors handsomely furnished. The eldest young lady, the belle, wore a summer bonnet at \$10, a silk and blonde concern that could not last more than two or three months; silk and satin dresses at two, three and four dollars per yard, and \$5 a piece for making them, and the entire family, women, boys and babies, nine in all, slept in one small room, with two dirty bags of pine shavings, two straw bolsters, and three dirty quilts for bedding; no sheets, no slips, and there on the wall hung the peagreen and white satin, the rich silk and lawn dresses. These ladies did not work, but played the piano, accordeon and cards; and nearly broke their hearts the week before we were there, because another, who I presumed lived just as they did, called on them with a great, clumsy gold chain on her neck. None of them had one, and Miss Labalinda, the belle, could eat no supper, and had a bad fit of the sulks to console her for the want of a chain. But, dear me! I had no notion of running away off here. I was just thinking how busy you country girls are apt to be in the fall, and this led me to think what a blessing it is that you have something to do, and that you think it a disgrace to live idly. It is a great blessing to live in a country where it is a credit to work, for idleness is the parent of vice and misery. So do not get weary or think your lot a hard one when putting up pickles or preserves, applebutter, sausages and sauces for future use."

The Morning and Evening of Life.

The following is an inscription on a tombstone in Massachusetts. It is beautiful:

"I came in the morning—it was spring,
And I smiled;
I walked out at noon—it was summer,
And I was glad;
I sat me down at even—it was autumn,
And I was sad;
I laid me down at night—it was winter,
And I slept."

The Pennsylvania says: "Three million seven hundred and thirty thousand dollars of California gold had been received at the U. S. Mint in Philadelphia, up to Saturday last."

"The Way of the transgressor is hard."

This solemn declaration of holy writ is often verified in the developments of God's providence towards sinners. In some instances, this verification has been so striking, that it would not fail to force itself upon the attention of the most careless observer. The sins of the wicked do most assuredly find them out. This is especially the case with those, who continue presumptuously in the way of transgression after they have been solemnly and repeatedly warned. Often does God suddenly cut such down in the midst of their career of sin and folly. An especial aggravation seems also to attach itself to the case of those, who, though they had once numbered themselves amongst the professed followers of the Savior, continue deliberately in the violation of some known command of God. We have recently met with the record of a remarkable exemplification of this fearful truth, in the memoir of the Rev. James Patterson, of Philadelphia. It is contained in a quotation from his diary, and is stated by him in the following words:

"Mr. ———, a communicant in our church for eight or nine years, or perhaps more, was determined to get rich. He kept a grocery store, and began to sell on the Sabbath. Having heard this, I went to him and reasoned with him about the sin of breaking the Sabbath. He replied, that he knew it was wrong, and was sorry that it was a general custom; but that if he should refuse to sell on the Sabbath, people would not buy from him through the week. I went again to visit him, and reasoned with him affectionately on the subject. I told him if he continued in this practice, he would be publicly suspended from the communion of the church; and that the session would now give him some time to make up his mind, before they would proceed to deal with him. I left him the tract, 'Quench not the Spirit,' and told him I would mention his case in our prayer meeting, and we would pray for him. I did so, not mentioning any name, and we prayed repeatedly for him. It being in the time of a revival, the church was much engaged in prayer in his behalf. I called on him the third time, and asked him how he was getting along? He replied, that he had made up his mind, and was to quit selling on the Sabbath, and to return to his duty. But, think of my surprise, when he told me that it was to continue to break the Sabbath. I said, it is possible, that you have calmly and deliberately made up your mind to profane God's day? If so, I would advise you to prepare to die; for you have great reason to fear that God will soon cut you off from the earth. Poor fellow! his race was short. The next time I heard of him was after a Wednesday evening lecture; the congregation was invited to attend his funeral the next day! I do not know that I ever was so surprised. His mother-in-law told me that he was greatly distressed before he died; and that he would frequently exclaim, with his hands clasped, 'Lord Jesus, Lord Jesus, have mercy upon my poor soul, and forgive my past life and past offences.' The Sabbath before he died, they were selling in his store all day.

"The funeral was pompous: fine carriages and fine mourning dresses; but alas! I thought, where is the soul? They that will be rich fall into temptations and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." His physician told me that his was an extraordinary case; the had no fever; that he had a little sickness in his stomach, but nothing that could excite alarm.

He said that his mind was overwhelmed with the world; that he was bent on making money. His soul was agonized to think that he must leave off the world a little, and lie by during his sickness. His death was sudden and unexpected. He died while sitting in his chair!

"This case," the biographer very justly remarks, "affords an impressive warning to professing Christians, whose love of gain or pleasure leads them to profane the day of sacred rest, notwithstanding the remonstrances of pious friends. The faithful messengers of God. Remember, in making any profane sacrifice, or doing the great

of a Sunday excursion, many presumptuously disregard the command of Jehovah, which was promulgated amid the awful displays of Sinai. Let such transgressors be admonished by the preceding history, and hereafter 'remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' We would not, however, have the warning confined to such only as have taken upon themselves the obligations of a profession of religion.—Others out of the Church are also similarly exposed to the judgments of God on account of transgression. Striking exemplifications of this fact are not wanting.—The only path of safety for any one to pursue is the path of duty. Let all then, who would avoid the displeasure of God and secure His favor, turn to him at once in the exercise of sincere repentance for sin and of faith unfeigned in the merits of His Son's death, and yield a diligent and cheerful obedience to all his commandments.

The Republican Standard, published at Berwick by our friend Maj. KITCHEN, has been discontinued, having been published for six months.

New York Evening Post CIRCULAR.

The New York Evening Post is the oldest Democratic paper in the state of New York, and one of the oldest in the United States. Its past history, we venture to hope, will justify us in so- liciting from our Democratic readers and fellow laborers, a friendly interest in behalf of a journal which has seen some service in the cause of democracy.

It is not for us perhaps to say how far the Evening Post is calculated to meet the want to which we have alluded. Our readers are doubtless generally acquainted with its literary and political character. If its aim and influence are such as meet with their approval, we trust they may find it in their way to contribute somewhat to its circulation.

To those unacquainted with its plan and character, we beg to submit the following summary:

The Evening Post will contain:—
I. THE NEWS OF THE DAY, which we shall report with all the accuracy and fidelity in our power, including intelligence from foreign countries, political information, reports of elections, and notice of every occurrence of general interest.
II. Public Documents of general importance, reports, messages, official communications, &c.
III. DISCUSSIONS OF POLITICAL QUESTIONS.—These we hope to be able to conduct in a spirit of fairness and candor, not descending to personalities or appeals to prejudice, yet always without any bias of personal interest, and with complete independence. We are Democrats in principle; we have embraced the Democratic creed from a profound conviction of its truth, because we find it resting in the main for objects which we cordially approve. We hold to the great doctrines of free trade, of simplicity in the powers of government, of equal and sparing legislation, of the propriety of bringing public affairs as much as possible within the cognizance and management of small neighborhoods. We are opposed to the extension of slavery, and in favor of its restrictions in every constitutional mode; we are enemies of all monopolies and of all legislation which seeks to create jobs for favorites, and to promote the interests of particular classes. The course of the Evening Post in regard to these subjects is well known, and its conductors may say, with an allowable satisfaction, that in the zealous support of these views for a long series of years, they have never wavered through fear or through interest.

IV. The Markets and Commercial Information the proprietors have made arrangements for giving with accuracy and with the latest revisions of persons intelligent in such matters.

V. Literary notices, selections from the literature of the day, extracts from our best magazines, popular and scientific, and a fair proportion of that sort of miscellaneous reading which gives an entertaining character to a newspaper.

With these materials, we endeavor to make a paper both interesting and useful to the reader.—Our country friends are now gathered in the principal harvests of the year, and will soon have more leisure for reading than in the late busy season. Congress will soon be in session, and questions of the greatest moment will come before it for its discussion. The legislatures of the several States will shortly enter upon their winter sessions. A contemporary record of these important occurrences and proceedings, made up with industry, exactness and candor, must be desired by every intelligent man, and to such we recommend the examination of the Evening Post.

TERMS.

The price of the NEW YORK WEEKLY EVENING POST, is for a single copy, payable in advance, \$1 00
For ELEVEN copies to one address, 10 00
The price of the SEMI-WEEKLY EVENING POST, is for a single copy, payable in advance, 5 00
[Four dollars will be charged when the subscriber is not paid within the first six months.]
For TEN copies to one address, 20 00
Or for any number between FIVE and TEN, Two Dollars per copy.

The Evening Post, issued daily, 10 00

It is not our custom to appoint Local Agents to solicit subscriptions, nor to place much reliance on Agents at all. But any persons may aid us, if they will, by taking this prospectus, and asking those who like the Evening Post, to bind him the money for a year, which he can remit at Club price and thus obtain pay for his time and trouble. If our friends would favor us with a list of persons in their county or neighborhood, who feel an interest in the circulation of the views advocated in the columns of our journal, we shall be glad to send them copies of our circulars, they may greatly oblige us.

WM. C. BRYANT & CO.
New York, October 15th, 1849.
[Any paper publishing this circular conspicuously or in a small way, and sending us a copy of the same, will be entitled to an exchange with us.]

Another Honest Whig.

The Ohio Statesman has the following good one:—

The good of the Whig party, not of the country demanded a change of postmasters at Troy, in this State, and the excellent Postmaster at that place was removed for the crime of being a Democrat. Though the county of Miami is strongly Whig, the people resented the removal at the last election by making Mr. Pearson, the discharged postmaster, sheriff of the county. The new Postmaster appointed a young whig by the name of Fuhrman, as clerk; and a few days after entering upon the duties of his office, a package of letters intended for the Cincinnati distributing post office was missing; one of which contained \$2,500 in bank bills. Suspicion was fixed on the clerk in the office, and some days since he was arrested in Zanesville, and \$2,400 of the money found in his possession. He is now in this city awaiting his trial before the U. S. Court, now in session, and has already confessed the crime.

ESCAPE OF PRISONERS.—Two prisoners confined in the jail of Schuyler county, at Oriskany, escaped on Thursday morning week, by boring a hole through the ceiling leading to the garret John Sullivan, charged with burglary, and Dennis Kelley, confined for robbing a store, are the names of these "birds." A reward of \$500 offered by the Sheriff.

"THERE is a time for all things," said a crusty old fellow to his wife; "I'll believe that," answered his wife, in a sharp vinegar voice, "when you pay for your newspaper." Hit him again, old woman, we'll stand by you.

REFUSED.—The notes of the Farmers' and Drovers' Bank of Waynesburg, are refused by the Northumberland Bank. It is said the Bank has gone down.

Extraordinary case of Disease and Death.

The remarkable illness and recent death of Mrs. W. Deale, of Washington city, aged fifty-four years, is thus described in a letter published in the Baltimore Sun:—

"Twelve years ago she was suddenly attacked with a pain in one of her feet. It grew worse. The usual remedies failing, the skillful services of the late Doctor Thomas Sewall were obtained.—Months and years rolled on. Her physician invited additional medical talent. The case assumed a singular character. Many members of the faculty of this city, and occasionally distinguished members from other places, were afforded opportunities to examine the case. But notwithstanding all, the disease gradually and necessarily penetrated the entire system; bone after bone left its position and worked through the flesh; while some parts of her body seemed to undergo quite a transformation. Dr. Sewall styled it a "bone cancer." It was literally such. He also stated to the writer that during his tour of observation through Europe, (a short time previous to the conversation) he had found but one single solitary parallel case to this. Within the last few months all eruption had disappeared, but it was apparent that the disease had taken deep hold on the vitals. She gradually lost her appetite—then it became impossible for her to partake of any kind of diet without suffering! Thus, under excruciating pain, unprecedented in the annals of medicine, did Mrs. D. linger without a favorable symptom from the first moment of attack. It is remarkable, however, that she retained almost unimpaired possession of her faculties, and with a clear intelligent mind, would distinctly describe her sufferings, and complacently exhibit to her friends, her mutilated form. But Mrs. D. was a Christian, and seldom a murmur was heard from her lips."

FEARFUL REPUTATION.—To woman reputation is indeed a jewel so connected with her happiness, that to barter it for diamonds were a loss forever irreparable. There is something in the ordination of human affairs, in the organization of society, which demands from the female sex the highest tone of purity and the strictest observance of duties pertaining to woman's sphere. There has always existed a marked difference in the measure of reproach cast upon the sexes for similar faults. Woman must suffer in the dust—cast down in an instant from the loftiest eminence for trivial faults; while man walks proudly upright, penetrates the highest circles though covered with his vices. Reputation is all to woman, yet a breath may soil it. Would she preserve the priceless jewel, hold no intercourse with the bays—encourage not a train of admirers—let not the libertine enter her door.

Sleep is sweet, and oftentimes the only friend which misfortune is not certain to drive from the side of the unhappy. It pours the priceless treasure of its wealth upon the poor; it sheds its opiate upon the couch of agony, when the leech despairs; at its magic touch the straw of the maniac is turned to softest down; the dungeon and the fetter dissolve before its spell, and even remorse itself forbears to prey upon the victim whom its shield protects—while, of all luxuries of life, it is the only one that pampered opulence can never command.

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Gambling in California.

A San Francisco correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, has the following picture of gambling in California, in his last letter:

What would you think to see every house around the Park, an open gambling house, monte-tables in each corner—faro, A. B. C. and roulette, and numberless French games in the centre; a splendidly stocked bar—a band of musicians to entertain the crowds, who throng these places so densely, that you find it difficult to press your way through, or get near a table.— Abandoned women visit these places openly. I saw one the other evening, sitting quietly at a monte-table, dressed in white pants, blue coat, and cloth cap, curls dangling over her cheeks, cigar in her mouth, and a glass of punch by her side. She handled a pile of doubloons with her white kid gloved hands, and bet most boldly.— One man approached a faro table, staked a hundred dollars, and won seventeen hundred in fifteen minutes. Next day I saw him running from friend to friend to borrow fifty dollars. He was broke. Yesterday a gambler, who came on in the Oregon, and who is worth some 60,000 dollars, told me the proceeds of his bank, for the preceding day, were 3000 dollars, and yet, with an infatuation truly astonishing, men flock to these places, and stake the products of months' labor at the mines. Now and then, it is true, some bank gets the worst of it. One of them was completely broken up by a Southerner, a few weeks ago.— He took 36,000 dollars from the bank, in two nights' playing.

A HEROINE FOR CALIFORNIA.—The brig Ark sailed from Newport on the 31st ult., for California, with 117 passengers, among whom were three young ladies. One of them is a single woman, without friends (unless of recent acquaintance) or relatives on board. She goes out on her own hook.

EARLY RISING.—"He who will thrive must rise at five." So says the proverb, though there is more of rhyme than reason in it; For if

He that will thrive must rise at five,
It most follow, a fortiori,
He who would thrive must rise at four,
and it would ensue a fortissimo,
He who would more thriving be, must always rise at three;
He who would the former outdo, must rise as early as two;
and by way of climax, it should hold good that
He who'd not be outdone, must always rise at one;
while as a clincher to the whole, it should be added as a sort of grand climacteric, that
He who'd be thriving quite, must sit up all night.

SMART BOY.—"Well, sonney, whose pigs are those?"
"Old sow's, sir."
"Whose sow is it?"
"Our old man's, sir."
"Well then, who is your old man?"
"If you'll mind these pigs, I'll run home and axe the old woman."
"Never mind, sonney. I want a smart boy, what can you do?"

"Oh! I can do more than considerable. I milk the geese, ride the turkeys to water, hamstring the grasshoppers, light fires for flies to court by, cut the buttons off duds coat when he's at prayers, keeps tally for dad and mam when they scold at mark—old woman is always ahead."

"Got any brothers?"
"Lots of 'em—all named Bill, except Bob, his name's Sam—my names Larry, but they call me Lazy Lawrence for shortness."
"Well you're too smart for me!"
"Travel on old stick in the mud, I shan't hire you for a boss to-day!"

EVEN MONEY.—We have read of cool things many times, but the following rather "takes the rag off the bush." It is decidedly "icy."

A shabby genteel young man entered a tradesman's store the other day, with his hands crammed in both pockets, as if they were flush with the rhino.

"Mr. J." said he "I believe I am indebted to you fifty-two and a half cents, cash borrowed about a year ago."

"Yes, sir," replied the tradesman, smacking his lips and holding out his hand to receive the ready cash. "I am glad you have come, for I had almost forgotten it myself."

"Oh, I never forget these things," said the fellow; "I like to have things square, so I want you to lend me thirty-seven and a half cents more, which will make it just even money."