



THE Columbia Democrat

Published every Saturday morning, by LEVI L. TATE, in Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa. Office in the new Brick Building, opposite the Exchange, by side of the Court House.

Choice Poetry.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE. Down in the lonely valley where The sparrow builds its nest, A youth I lost her only one— Her darling child to rest.

BEAUTIFUL STANZA.

Love is like the dew that falls Upon the morning grass, It is sweet and pure and true, It is the life and soul of us.

Original Story.

Written for the Columbia Democrat. CARRIE CARLETON.

(CONTINUED.) Chapter V. CARRIE RELEASED FROM HER ENGAGEMENT WITH JACOB.

Being aroused from his stupor by this sudden and unexpected treatment; he stalked from the house in shame and disgrace. For some time after his exit, both Mark and Carrie were silent.

"I knew you would, Carrie, I knew you would. And how truly can I say, 'blessed be they that are made happy by their children,'" said Mark.

Soon after this, Laman and Carrie were married. And the minister, in congratulating them, said— "I congratulate you both upon your choice of partners. I am glad to see you married at last. May your lives be long and happy."

And Azariah—it was from him that we heard the story we have written above, and below we give his own adventure, in his own words— "And now," said he, "I come to the end of my tale—that is me."

Accordingly I offered her my arm. We walked along till we were clear out of town, and was going up a hill just back of it, along the sides of the road was some bushes. At last something popped into my head to say, "Sal, said I, 'was you calculating on gittin' married?'"

THE ORANGE GIRL.

Another real-life romance story is told in the Cincinnati Gazette of a recent date: The citizens of Columbus, and visitors at the Capitol, will recollect a beautiful young girl, apparently "sweet sixteen," who daily carried about the legislative halls and State offices, a handsomely wrought basket, containing the plump and sweetest oranges.

When the great Union meeting of the Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio Legislatures was held in Ohio a capital, the beautiful orange girl was tripping about, disposing of her fruit to the "sons of the South," and receiving the homage and admiring glances from all.

This introduction opened the way for a prolonged and serious conversation, in which the girl artlessly revealed to the stranger the poverty of her home, and the necessity of her supporting her sick mother. He was so struck with the girl's manner and singular beauty, that he secretly resolved to visit her home and become more intimately acquainted.

Political.

Speech of Hon. B. F. Butler.

At a Democratic Mass Meeting at Lowell, (Mass.) on the 15th ult., the Hon. B. F. Butler, Delegate to the Charleston Convention, was introduced. After a brief introduction, returning thanks to the citizens of Charleston for their hospitalities, and highly eulogizing Mr. Cushing, the President of the Convention, Mr. Butler proceeded:—

The first most important duty after its organization was for the Convention to agree upon a platform of principles. As a member of the committee to construct such platform I felt that I had but one course to pursue, and I held that with unwavering tenacity of purpose. It was to obtain the affirmation of these Democratic principles laid down at Cincinnati, with which we had outdone the storm of sectionalism in 1856.

Resolved, That all questions in regard to the rights of property in States or Territories, arising under the Constitution of the United States, are judicial in their character; and the Democratic party is pledged to abide by and faithfully carry out such determination of these questions as has been or may be made by the Supreme Court of the United States.

received and adopted in the minority report, almost in the words in which it was presented as passed in the caucus, and is as follows:—

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Let us now advance to the second duty which devolved upon the Convention—to nominate a candidate to stand upon the platform. I have said that the whole discussion of the platform led me to the belief that the difference was about men, not principles; and the unfortunate and unjustifiable secession of eight of the Southern States by their delegates, in whole or in part, justifies the statement. When they went out of the Convention, we had adopted no principles but those to which every seceding State, and many of the seceding delegates themselves, had been pledged only a few years since.

Through a series of fifty-seven ballots the voting did not materially change, and afterwards, almost by common consent, an adjournment was carried, and we are to go to Baltimore on the 18th of June next to finish our work. Now, I find I am charged by those who have no business with it, with misrepresenting my constituents, because I did not persistently

her 35 votes, were cast for him on every ballot. In Ohio 6 votes, in Indiana 5 votes in Minnesota 2 votes opposed to him, yet by that rule cast for him, so that the majority was more apparent than real. The Southern States generally, acting without direct instructions by a cunningly devised resolution of the Committee on Organization were for the most part voting separately, so that all of Judge Douglas' strength in the Southern delegations substantially appeared.

Now, with the South opposed to Judge Douglas even to a disruption of the party, with every Democratic free State voting against him, with two-thirds of the delegation of the great State of Pennsylvania firmly against him, with one half, nearly, of New York hostile, New Jersey divided, and the only State in New England where the Democracy can have much hope, Connecticut, nearly equally balanced, what was it the part of wisdom for your delegate to do? Should he, coming from a State where there was no hope of a Democratic vote, persistently endeavor to force upon the Democratic States a candidate distasteful to them as shown by their votes, in so much so that they were ready to surrender all political ties rather than submit to his nomination? Were his preferences and yours for a given man to be insisted on at all hazards? He thought not, then—he thinks so still. I am quite aware that I am addressing a constituency whose first choice was Judge Douglas. But why was he your choice? Because you have loved him of all men could most successfully bear the flag and advance the cause of the Democracy in the coming struggle with our enemies. Believing him to be a Democrat, you love him for his Democracy.

You are devoted to him because his principles—but you are more devoted to principles than to any man; you revere the Democratic party more than all men; to your political judgment, men are nothing unless they carry out your principles; you love your party because you love your country. These any man, however gifted, however wise, however able, must give way in our hearts when he hinders the success of those principles on which we believe the future well being of our country depends. It is not that we "love Caesar less, but we love Rome more." I yield to no man in appreciation of the ability, untiring energy, parliamentary and executive capacity of Judge Douglas—I have no word of reproach to utter against him—I propose to join in no cry—to follow no crusade, if such there be, against him. Not even the hasty and ill-tempered denunciations and abuse of his near sighted and ill-judging friends shall tempt me to do him an injustice, here or elsewhere. We must accept facts as we find them—a truth is a truth however unpalatable. No man can act wisely who disregards facts and truths in shaping his course, whether in political or other action. I would most always wait upon I ought, for the reasons before stated, I found Judge Douglas' nomination an impossibility without a disruption of the party and throwing away all chance of success. You may say this is a great misfortune. Be it so. It is a fact upon which you and I fellow Democrats, must judge and act. I found a very large majority of the Democratic States unalterably opposed to him. "Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true." I found him in a bitter feud with a Democratic administration, and without caring to inquire which is to blame for it, such conflict is not a help to Democratic votes in a closely contested election, especially when the Democracy desire to carry the State of Pennsylvania, when to say the least that administration has both prestige and power. I found also that Judge Douglas was in opposition to almost the entire United States. No matter who is right or who is wrong, it is not a pleasant position for a candidate of the Democratic party. I found him opposed by a very large majority of the Democratic members of the House of Representatives. It is doubtless all wrong that this should be so, yet so it is. I have heard that the "sweetest wine makes the sourest vinegar," but I never heard of vinegar soured enough to make sweet wine. Cold apathy and violent opposition are not the prolific parents of votes. I found worse than all for a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, that the Clerk of the Republican House of Representatives was openly quoted as saying that the influential paper controlled by him would either support Douglas or Seward, thus making himself apparently an unpleasant connecting link between them. With these facts before me and impressing upon me the conviction that the nomination of Judge Douglas could not be made with any hope or safety to the Democratic party, what was I to do? I will tell you what I did do, and I am afraid it is not what I ought to have done. Yielding to your preference I voted seven times for Judge Douglas, although my judgment told me that my votes were worse than useless, as they gave him an appearance of strength in the Convention which I felt he had not, in fact, in the Democratic party. If this was an error it was your fault. I then looked around to throw my vote where at least it should mislead no one.

and stupidly continue voting for Douglas. If you love him more than Democratic principles, then I did misrepresent you. If you are Douglas men and not Democrats, then I have offended. If you prefer the man to his party, his defeat and your political ruin, rather than success under some conservative national Democrat, then have I offended. But if you cherish your principles first, your party next, and men last—if you love your country, and are, as patriots, ready to lay your personal preferences on the altar as peace offerings to the genius of American Democracy—a sacrifice for the prosperity and glory of the Union—then you have been most truly and firmly, consistently and fully represented by your delegates in the Charleston Convention. You will ask me what is to be done at Baltimore? To that I answer—We are to assemble there. The seceding States will come back and act with us by their present delegates or a new set. The Democracy will agree together and upon the Cincinnati platform. We shall nominate some one of the dozens of eminent men in the Democratic party who are fit to be President—who will take no part or lot in the personal difficulties that now agitate us—who will recognize the claims of every body's friends, if they are true Democrats, and with him the Democracy will again triumph. In 1844 Martin Van Buren was set aside for Polk, although Van Buren had an actual majority of all the votes on the first ballot. The Democracy then harmonized, and New York patriotically gave her vote to the Democracy. Can it be so that Illinois is less patriotic now than New York was then? I will not so believe. I see no dark and impenetrable clouds in the future. I see the success of the Democracy, because I believe in the future destiny of our country. Let not our Republican friends take courage from our dissensions. Our little family squabbles among ourselves only serve to sharpen our appetites for the great contest to come off with them. With harmony, unity of feeling and devotion to our principles we have the nation in our hands now, henceforth and forever.

MY CHILD'S STORY.

"Tell me a story, please—a Bible story," cried my little girl to me this morning; and as I looked in the mirror, and smoothed the shining curls, I thought that for once I would not speak of the holy child Jesus, the little Samuel, or the son of the lonely widow. So I told my listening Nellie of the Apostle Paul; how, after God had taught him by a wonderful miracle to love and serve his Saviour, he led a life of trial, and trouble, and hardship; how he fasted often in the wilderness, was shipwrecked on the sea, was persecuted by wicked men for the sake of his dear Lord; and how he suffered all gladly, rejoicing that he was found worthy to endure "for Christ's sake!"

And then, while my darling's eyes gazed with her sweet child's sympathy, and the lips were pressed together, that their quivering might not betray how the little heart was moved, I added: "And what do you think this noble good man said to his dear friends during such a life of pain, and trouble, and toil for our Saviour's sake?" "I should think," said my Nellie simply and earnestly, "I should think he would pray to God to let him die; he was so good he must have been fit for it."

"No, my child, he did not pray to die; he knew that in God's own time he would take him to himself, and in the mean while he must do his Master's work. He must pray and strive to be kept from temptation, must be lowly and meek, encouraging others by his example, and must take up willingly, nay, gladly and faithfully the cross—his God saw fit to lay upon him. So best: my child; and this he did, and his words were, 'I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.'" I stopped, for my little girl's eyes were filled with tears, and the sweet mouth no longer concealed its quivering. "O mamma," she said softly and sadly, "and I am so happy in this dear home, and yet I fret and cry when anything vexes me! O mamma, will God forgive me!" Then I soothed her with the recollection of his love, which is never failing to those who are sorry for their sins; and, my dear children, when you are inclined to be discontented for some little disappointment think of St. Paul, who, without a home, and with trials and sorrows that we would never know, still could say, not with triumph for his goodness, but meekly as St. John: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."