

# Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

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## TERMS

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## Lilly Douglass.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.

Sweet Lilly Douglass! How would thy soft, snowy cheek be crimsoned at the sight of thy gentle name in a book—thyself a heroine! Nay, Lilly, far be it from me to make thee a heroine, for thy life has been as peaceful and silent, thyself as timid and as lowly as thy own sweet namesake by some valley fountain, but thy very humility and gentleness have won for thee this tribute, and here shall thy name be registered as a memorial of goodness and beauty.

Ever when the church-bell sounded on a Sabbath morning, a little maiden might be seen gliding gracefully down the slope in front of an elegant little cottage, now and then pausing to pluck a wild geranium or purple foxglove from the pathway, and always stopping at the foot of the hill to break a twig of eglantine. She wore a close straw bonnet, braided by her own little hands, and encircled with a garland of small bluish flowers, also wrought by her own taste and industry. Her cambric dress was very white, and her pink shawl always hung gracefully over her sleeping shoulders, & about her slender form. She was a lovely little maiden, and her name was Lilly Douglass.

In the village church of Elsinmore, after the minister had read the hymn, and the viol had sounded, ever above the green curtain of the gallery was seen a sweet face rising, pale at first as a young snow-drop, but soon softly tinged with a blush of modesty to find itself the centre of a multitude of gazers. And in the melting blue eye was ever the light of love and truth, and around the rosy lips ever a quiet smile was resting, and from those sweet lips stole sweet and thrilling tones that penetrated the hearts of the listeners, and subdued them to the worship of God.—That face, that eye, that smile, those tones, belonged to Lilly Douglass.

Lilly was the only child of a widowed mother—her pride, and joy, and only hope in life. They enjoyed all the elegancies of wealth without any of its ostentation & vanities. They cultivated their minds and hearts and availed themselves of all the refinements of taste and literature.—But dress, and equipage, and pomp of every kind was equally distasteful to both. It was pleasant to step into their parlor on a summer morning, and witness their employments at an hour when the fashionable world is frizzing, curling, and rousing at the toilet. Mrs. D. would be found in her rocking-chair with her cotton knitting, and Lilly on an ottoman at her side, reading the sciences, copying poetry, or sewing her mother's dress. Sometimes the sweet girl would be surrounded by a group of the village children, teaching them lessons of good; now from a flower, and now from a mineral—sometimes learning them simple hymns and sometimes making them read poetry with feeling and emphasis. Often her pure brow would be shaded by wreaths of roses and pansies which the little creatures loved to twine for her, and often cherub arms would be encircling her neck, and infantile caresses seating themselves upon her lips.

Lilly was loved every where and by everybody. By the village maidens of her own age and condition, she was affectionately admired without being envied; by the young men, her smiles were universally coveted; by the poor she was blessed and prayed for; by the ignorant revered and consulted. Lilly was kind and gentle to everything—to man, and brute, and flower; to the young and the aged, the rich and the poor, the wise and the simple, the gay and the sorrowing, the good and the evil. She sought after opportunities of conferring blessings; she penetrated the meanest huts, and with her pleasant smiles and tender voice conveyed a beam of hope and feeling to the most abandoned heart. She entered the circles of the gay, and diffused a spirit of purity and piety even there. She joined the worshippers at the sanctuary, and every soul was hallowed by her sweet, devotional sympathy, and the beauty of her sanctified spirit.

And with all the good that Lilly performed wrought she no mischief? I fear she did a little. I fear she caused some hearts to ache which she could not heal—some spirits to sigh which she could not soothe. She went one night to watch over a sick friend—a young girl whom she tenderly loved. The unyielding hand of consumption was upon her life-cords; they were soon to break, and their unearthly music to depart forever. Like Lilly, she was the only daughter of a widowed mother; but that mother, unlike Lilly's, had a son, and this night he was to share her vigils at his sister's bed.

For a few moments after the patient's mother had retired and left her alone with the brother and the sleeping girl, Lilly felt herself painfully embarrassed. The idea of passing a long night in a situation so delicate, so unusual, brought a flush of crimson to her cheek, and her heart beat

almost audibly. But the peculiar sanctity of the occasion, the sacredness of the relation existing between brother and sister, the sorrow of that manly hearted her own tender grief, all brought their solemnity and reality upon her heart; she forgot the restraints and timidity of feminine reserve, and spoke to her companion as calmly and frankly as though crowds had been around them.

"Caroline sleeps very painfully. Were I not afraid of a relapse of those fearful agonies I would break her slumber. But you, James, must come away from her side; you are not accustomed as I am to scenes like this. Go sit by the window, and draw your thoughts away from sickness and death. Come, my friend, you are very pale—come with me to this window for a moment. There is not all bright and beautiful above? Tears and pain, and grief, are not there—sickness can never pass the stars, but Caroline can, and she will be at rest soon. The struggles of her spirit are nearly over—patient, and we shall find her soon freed."

How soft and heavenly sounded that gentle voice to the heart of James Alston. Overpowered by contending emotion, by grief, and struggling faith, and all conquering love, he leaned his head upon her shoulder and wept—bitterly, yet sweetly wept! She moved not, spoke not, for she felt that his grief was holy; but her frail form shook with the emotion of her heart and she sobbed—sobbed convulsively, though there were no tears. For a few moments they stood together thus in their grief and unspoken love; but a groan from the sick one aroused them. "Forgive me, Lilly—love," half murmured Alston, as he returned back to the bedside of his sister. She had awakened, & was in violent agonies. For hours the two watchers hung almost breathless over the dying girl, using every exertion to alleviate her sufferings; but in vain were all their cares, all their kindness. Ere morning came she was in peace; for she slept in the sheltering arms of death. The mother came from her restless bed to imprint a farewell kiss—James and Lilly received a low breathed blessing, and all was over with Caroline forever.

Months passed away, and James and Lilly met not, save at church, or when occasionally the sweet girl sought his humble home to carry consolation to his mother. He met her there, but it was as if he had met in earlier days. He had called her "love" once, but he dared not, he cared not to repeat it. Sometimes his heart beat quick and violently when he met her soft eye fixed tenderly upon his, & when he observed the faint blush steal over her cheek while he addressed her, a gleam of sunshine would pass far down into his soul, and he almost suffered a timid hope to steal itself within his love.

Meanwhile Lilly was silently and slowly forming a resolution upon whose results were to depend the happiness and peace of her after life. She resolved upon an interview with James Alston—an explanation of feelings and hopes which lay a mid the very fountain of her being. Judge her not harshly, gentle reader; Lilly always acted upon the pure impulse of a pure heart, and though she sometimes passed heedlessly by the rules and restrictions of female etiquette, yet never, on any occasion, did she cast a transient shadow upon the pure native delicacy which characterized all her thoughts and deeds. She knew that she was beloved—she knew that she loved in return. She knew, also, that until that love was unequivocally revealed, James Alston would feel his case hopeless. Why, then, should she not cast aside that maidenly reserve which was the only interdict upon their happiness? Lilly felt this to be her duty, and waited only for a favorable opportunity to execute it.

One day she tied her bonnet with more than her usual care and directed her steps to Mrs. Ashton's. The poor woman had been suffering from severe indisposition for several days, having recovered sufficiently to leave her bed had sent for Lilly to come and sit with her. Lilly was very grateful for the opportunity. It was a joy to her to be of comfort to others.—James was absent, and did not return till evening, but the afternoon was pleasantly passed in reading and quiet conversation. Mrs. Alston's nerves were tranquilized by the soothing tones of Lilly's voice; and the sentiments which it uttered were of peace and christian consolation.

"What a blessed friend you have been to me, Lilly, since my darling Caroline died," said the invalid, tenderly, to her sweet, young, gentle nurse; "you have been an angel to watch over me and to cheer me with pleasant words of hope.—Heaven will bless you and grant you all your prayers."

"Do you think so, Mrs. Alston?" "Yes, dear, I am sure of it. One so good must be favored of Heaven."

"Amen!" softly uttered a voice that went through Lilly's soul. She looked and met the bright beams from a pair of soul filled eyes—eyes that expressed the gladness which her presence inspired.

"Good evening, James," she said timidly, a soft blush stealing over her cheeks.

"Good evening, Lilly," he responded, a flood of joy and tenderness half bearing away his heart. "So it seems you have been playing the guardian angel in my absence. And I have been fortunate enough to return in season to feel the inspiration of the heavenly presence?"

"You are complimentary to-night?" "No, I am serious, and—frank."

The conversation became less personal, & they gradually recovered from their mutual embarrassment. James was very entertaining—Lilly very deeply interested—and Mrs. Alston quiet and thoughtful. Lilly at length rose from her seat. "I must return home, for mother is alone and will be waiting for me."

"Not so soon. Lilly; pray not quite so soon."

"Dear Mrs. Alston, it is past nine o'clock. But I will come again soon."

"Do, dear girl, and God bless you." The evening was fine—the moon was unwontedly radiant. James drew Lilly's arm somewhat closely to his as they stepped from the door. They walked on a little distance in silence.

"It is a very lovely evening," said the maiden.

"Very."

"And is that all? Have you nothing more to say?"

"Much, very much. But I must not speak."

"Why?"

"Oh, Lilly! dear Lilly! Would you could know what is in my heart."

"I do know, James."

James stopped. "I know not whether I may hope or not. Say one word, Lilly. If you will not pity me, will you, can you love me?"

"I can, James; I do."

"Then I am blest forever! Oh, my own Lilly, heaven bless you for this love.—How long, how hopeless have I coveted it!"

"And yet would not ask for it! Indeed, James I have half a mind to recall it now."

"Do not, dearest, I beseech you, for I have asked it of God with tears and long prayers. But I am poor, and humble, & all unworthy of so priceless a gift. I feared you would but despise me were I to make known my love."

"You should have understood me better, James. Love is not bought by gold, nor elevated by rank. It is the wealth & nobility of the soul, alone, that secures the homage of the affections. And may I say how priceless I deem my friend in this respect?"

"Say nothing, dearest, but that you love me. I am satisfied—perfectly happy in knowing nothing more."

And the reader need know nothing more; for with hearts so good and so gentle, and with spirits so perfectly attuned, could they be otherwise than richly blessed?

They were blessed, temporarily and spiritually blest, and Lilly Alston was as sincerely and universally loved and respected as ever Lilly Douglass had been.

## A TALE OF HORROR.

The following is copied verbatim from the *Limerick and Clare Reporter*, Ireland:—"A singular instance of maternal affection and melancholy misery occurred in this city a few days since. A widow, who, unfortunately for her, was the mother of six children, found refuge in a dilapidated dwelling in one of the lanes. The youngest of her children fell ill and died. The whole family were in a state of the utmost destitution, and the disease rapidly mastered the young orphan's energies. A coffin was begged. Coffin & corpse would have been borne, perhaps, without the mother's assistance, to some graveyard near. But she had lived at a distance of many miles from this city, & in the burial ground of her native place her friends were interested. The distance was far; and as few would consent to carry a coffin containing a stranger so far unnecessarily, the poor mother resolved to bear it herself. She actually did so; she had it placed on her back, and slowly and wearily she bore it away, reached the graves of her kindred, scoured a trench, we have heard, with her own hands, and thus consigned to the earth, where she wished they should rest, the remains of her offspring. She returned to her orphan. A second took sick, died quickly like the other; like the other was placed in a charity coffin, and conveyed in the same way, by the unfortunate mother, to the same place of burial, and buried in like manner by her own hands. She returned again. A third child took sick, died speedily also; was stretched in a coffin procured from the charitable; borne away as before by the sorrowing mother, and interred near to the other two, by the hapless poor creature's almost excoerated hands. She returned a third time. A fourth child was ill; fell a victim as quickly as each of the others; was coffined by charity, and carried off and laid by the mother beside her three other children. She came back to her wretched apartment. A fifth child was seized with the malady; a fifth coffin procured; a fifth wearisome journey made alone by the mother; and a fifth body consigned to the earth, there, at all events, no longer to feel the pangs of disease, or the slow wasting progress of unalleviated hunger. Those facts were told us by a clergyman who had them from personal knowledge. We state them heart-rending and appalling as they are, without the slightest exaggeration.

There were four corpses lying uninterred some days past in the parish of St. Mary's, in this city. Life had departed in one or two cases some days before; the bodies were almost putrid, certainly incipient corruption had begun. They lay exposed because coffins could not be had; the paupers died perfectly penniless. One body was removed from the miserable tenement where death had occurred and was stretched on a frequented pathway, with a sheet for a shroud, an object of horror.

## ORIGIN OF ENGLAND'S NATIONAL DEBT.

The existing debt had a most fitting commencement, viz: an agreement to pay a theft of Charles II. At that time there was a kind of paper money issued by goldsmiths, as a "receipt for coin" with them as a deposit. Charles, always in a straight for money, and surrounded by a most profligate set of men, he was unable to borrow—his credit was gone. He, therefore, with his worthy coadjurs, contrived to create a panic during which he induced goldsmiths and merchants to lodge their money (£663,263) in the exchequer for security. As soon as this was done he abstracted the money and spent it in his revels. This sum bearing 6 per cent. interest, commenced that English debt which is now £800,000,000. The people of England have paid interest on the money Charles stole and gave to his women, £40,000 per annum for 180 years, making £7,240,000 or \$32,000,000, and the debt is no nearer extinguished than before.—Gradually increasing during the eighteenth century the debt arose to £263,463,043 in 1695. In the following 22 years, which is the estimate for the life of a generation, it was increased 540,000,000! Suppose every generation should borrow a like sum, who would pay? Surely Mr. Pitt and his generation had no exclusive right to borrow. Of 30 generations which passed away from the Norman conquest down to the French war, each had as much right to borrow as that of Mr. Pitt, and nearly every one had as much necessity. Suppose they had done so, where would have been his ability to borrow! The generations that have passed away since the contraction of the debt have quietly submitted to pay its interest, but the one now being has begun strongly to question both his right to borrow at all, the justice of the debt he did not contract, and the equity of continuing to pay. When this matter comes once to be seriously discussed, the death knell of the funding system may be considered as being struck.

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## IMMORTALITY.

How short the earthly history of a family? A few short years, and those now embraced in the family circle will be scattered. The children now the object of tender solicitude, will have grown up and gone forth to their respective stations in the world. A few years more, and parents will have passed from this earthly stage.—Their names will no longer be heard in their present dwelling. Their domestic loves and anxieties, happiness and sorrows, will be a lost and forgotten history. Every heart in which it is written will be mouldering in the dust. And is this all? Is this the whole satisfaction which is provided for some of the strongest feelings of our hearts? How can such transitory beings, with whom our connection is so brief, engage in all the love we can feel? Why should not our feelings toward them be as feeble and unsteady as they? But blessed be God, this is not all. Of this he has given us perfect assurance in the Gospel of his Son. Though to the eye of enlightened nature, the ties of domestic love seemed scattered to the dust, the spiritual eye of faith perceives that they have been loosened on earth, only to be resumed, under far happier circumstances, in the region of everlasting love and bliss. Though the history of a family may seem to be forgotten when the last member of it is laid in the grave, the memory of it still lives in immortal souls, and when the circle is wholly dissolved on earth, it is again completed in Heaven.

## DEATH.

Death is a mystery. We know that we shall ere long close our eyes on all sublunary objects, but the time and manner of our death we cannot foresee. Here one falls in his full strength, while another has been languishing for years. The aged are passed by, and the turf is upheaved for the young and the beautiful. Our neighbor falleth by our side, just as we learned to appreciate his worth. A friend sinks in our arms, as we take him to our bosom.—Yet these instances of mortality fail to leave suitable impressions on our minds.

We follow our friends to the grave, and turn so anxious as ever to engage in the business and turmoil of life. To-morrow we forget the pleasant smile and cheerful voice, and put far away from our minds the thought of our own mortality. Thus we are blinded; but little as we dwell upon it, the day approaches when our voices will be hushed, our eyes closed, and our lips refuse to do their office. Blessed shall we be, if we live for another world, by cherishing right feelings of heart, and living void of offence before God and man.

From the Berks County Free Press, May 2.

HONORABLE CATASTROPHE.—We are again called upon to record another of those dreadful accidents which are of such frequent occurrence on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. Yesterday morning, about ten o'clock, a small English engine, used on the road since its commencement, exploded its boiler on the road, about a mile above the city, killing the engineer, Mr. William Nagle, of this city, and the fireman, Mr. Christopher Gaffney, of Pottstown, and wounding, most shockingly, Geo. Leader, who is not expected to survive. Isaac Leader, his brother, was badly scalded, & Daniel Kelly, Bernard Hollenbach, slightly injured. One of the men on the engine, was pitched on the embankment, and rose uninjured, and another was picked up, dead, in an adjoining grain field.

The engine had been used in drawing a train of stone, and was brought from Pottstown yesterday morning, by a fireman, who had exhausted the water, and when the engineer took charge of it, he took in a new supply, which caused the explosion. It exploded downwards leaving the engine on its wheels, but scattering the framework in all directions. Had the explosion taken an upward course, not a man would have escaped.

## GOODNESS.

To be constantly in the presence of a good person—of one whose words and actions tend to purify and elevate—how pleasant and useful!—We have no disposition to speak an impure word, to perform a wrong act, or even think of evil.—The presence of the good is a guardian angel to keep and preserve us from the sins and temptations by which we are surrounded. Suppose that being who moves about to bless, should be the companion of our bosoms—the one to whom we can make known our joys and sorrows; what a powerful influence for good it would have over our lives! We should rejoice daily in telling how blessed goodness is, and be so elevated in all our thoughts, that it would become a difficult task for us to sin. Woman! can you not exert such an influence over your erring husband? If he loves the company of the idle and partakes of the intoxicating glass, cannot you draw him by love and kindness away from sure destruction? If his breath is polluted by profane words, who can be so serviceable as yourself, to break him of his wicked habit? We pray, you, let the atmosphere around you be that of goodness and truth, and you will surely be ministering angels to save the lost.

## PARTICULAR PROVIDENCES.

The doctrine of particular Providences, is a doctrine fraught with the greatest consolation of mankind, who are born to sorrow. Not only is it, that nothing can happen but what God permits—nothing can happen but what God enjoins. The notion of God should not be, that he has lit up the sun, and given the winds power to roam through the world; but rather that his glance is in every beam, and his breath in every breeze. The idea should not be entertained, that after having given life to men, God concerns himself no more with his creatures; but rather that through his special interference it is that breath follows breath, and pulse succeeds pulse; so that in every trouble & every joy—in every hope which rises to cheer, and in every doubt which darkens, the hand of God may be discerned, producing out of a thousand ills, and a thousand apparent discrepancies, not only a general but an individual good.

And how much consolation is there to a heart, when deeply stricken with sorrow, to be able to feel that all afflictions are sent for a wise purpose, and that there is a bright kingdom hereafter, where pain shall have no entrance!

## REFLECTION.

As in review we look back on our past lives, we regret many a bargain we have made, and many a step we have taken.—Here we went too fast, and there too slow; one day we lost by our folly, and the next by our pride and extravagance. In reviewing the past, we thus see cause for repentance. But there is one thing we are never sorry for, let us live as long as we may—we never mourn a correct and virtuous life. When pillowed for the night, we have no reproaches for a good deed or a kind suggestion. When the world has no attraction for us—when its prospects and its glories are fading from our gaze, and the visions of an eternal state are bursting upon us, it is then that we love to think on an honest and upright life. Who with the hour of death in view, would perform a wicked act? One hour of serious reflection will unfit us for any vicious society or unholy career. How strange it is, that amid the dying and the dead, mankind will so far forget themselves and their creator, as to serve a career of folly and crime, when the next breath of disease may sweep them to destruction.

We never know a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How then can they govern others? Those who are generally calm, are prompt and resolute, but steady & mild.