

Columbia Office

# COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.



"That Government is the best which governs least."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY LEVI L. TATE.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1849.

OLD SERIES—VOL. TWELVE VOL. 3, NUMBER 27.

## POETRY.



### The Destiny of Youth.

FROM THE BOSTON OLIVE BRANCH.

Oh! hath it been my lot to scan,  
The youth's resemblance to the man,  
In every wayward phase;  
And oft, at night, the school-room door,  
In thoughtful mood I've stood before,  
To mark their different ways.

In all their noisy, careless glee,  
From school restraint and freedom free,  
The romping urchins come;  
Thoughtful and light, sedate and gay,  
Each one pursues his usual way,  
With varied action, home.

Here goes a preacher, there a judge,  
While at their heels doth bolus trudge,  
With pill concocting look;  
A merchant and mechanic next,  
By weights and measures quite perplexed,  
In calculating book.

Here doth a future statesman pass,  
Now undistinguished from the mass,  
And careless as the rest:  
And there a clown with noisy pranks,  
For which the traveller seldom thanks,  
With wisdom walks abreast.

These are the men that soon shall guide,  
O'er time's resistless changeable tide,  
Our noble ship of state,  
And on the trainings of these minds,  
The stern fixed law of heaven binds,  
Our honored country's fate.

God of our stern and faithful sires,  
Rekindle thou the altar fires,  
In Freedom's sacred flame;  
Our future statesmen's youthful days,  
Guide thou in wisdom's narrow ways,  
Or else our hope is vain.

Let their ambition be to gain,  
The meed of truth—not yet in vain  
Let them their hopes embark:  
But still to bless them, still to guide,  
Mayst thou be present at their side,  
Through every trial dark.

### The American Flag.

Fling out the nation's stripes and stars  
The glorious standard of the free:  
The banner borne through Freedom's wars,  
The halloo'd gem of Liberty;  
On mountain top, in valley deep,  
Where'er dwell the free and brave,  
Where'er Freedom's martyr sleeps,  
Columbia's flag must proudly wave.

Raise high the bright, auspicious flag,  
From every height and lonely gleam;  
In forest, dell, on jutting crag,  
Afar among the haunts of men,  
That sparkling banner, wildly flung,  
Shall freely wave o'er land and sea;  
And Freedom's anthem, sweetly sung,  
Shall swell our country's jubilee.

O! let the world that flag behold!  
That emblem of the brave and free;  
The brightest crown of streaming gold,  
That decks the goddess Liberty,  
Spread out its folds till heaven's dome  
Reverberates the holy sound,  
That all oppress'd have found a home  
On Freedom's consecrated ground.

Unfold that spanned flag of wars,  
And let it float along the skies,  
Until a freeman's bleeding scars  
Shall bid an angry nation rise,  
Then let its tints, its gorgeous folds,  
Bedazzle hosts in battle driven,  
Till victory's eagle proudly holds  
The glittering ensign up to heaven.

Ring out our country's banner wide,  
Our emblematic, starry gem;  
Our Union never shall divide,  
White floats that silken diadem,  
Yea after year its brilliant stars  
Shall indicate the strength of all:  
Be it beware of civil wars,  
That curse of monarchs—Freedom fall.

### WE WATCHED HER BREATHING.

We watched her breathing through the night,  
Her heaving soft and low,  
As she lay on the wave of life,  
Kept heaving to and fro.

As slowly we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lost her full powers,  
To be heaving out.

Our very hopes were all our fears,  
Our fears our hopes were all;  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the moon came dim and red  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed,—she had  
Slept by more than ours.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Quilting Party.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Our young ladies of the present generation know little of the mysteries of "Irish chain," "rising star," "block work," or "Job's trouble," and would be as likely to mistake a set of quilting frames for clothes poles as for anything else. It was different in our younger days. Half a dozen handsome patchwork quilts were as indispensable then as a marriage portion; quite as much so as a piano or guitar is at present. And the quilting party was equally indicative of the coming-out and being "in the market," as the fashionable gatherings together of the times that be.

As for the difference in the custom, we are not disposed to sigh over it as indicative of social deterioration. We do not belong to the class who believe that society is retrograding, because everything is not as it was in the earlier days of our life history. And yet—it may be a weakness; but early associations exercise a powerful influence over us. We have never enjoyed ourselves with the keen zest and heartiness, in any company, that we have experienced in the old-fashioned quilting party. But we were young then, and every sense perfect in its power to receive enjoyment. No care weighed down the spirit; no grief was in the heart; no mistakes had occurred to sober the feelings with unavailing regrets. Life was in the beauty and freshness of its spring time; in the odor of its lovely blossoms. We had but to open our eyes—to touch, or taste—to feel an exquisite delight. Of the world we knew nothing beyond the quiet village; and there we found enough to fill the measure of our capacity.

As for the difference in the custom, we are not disposed to sigh over it as indicative of social deterioration. We do not belong to the class who believe that society is retrograding, because everything is not as it was in the earlier days of our life history. And yet—it may be a weakness; but early associations exercise a powerful influence over us. We have never enjoyed ourselves with the keen zest and heartiness, in any company, that we have experienced in the old-fashioned quilting party. But we were young then, and every sense perfect in its power to receive enjoyment. No care weighed down the spirit; no grief was in the heart; no mistakes had occurred to sober the feelings with unavailing regrets. Life was in the beauty and freshness of its spring time; in the odor of its lovely blossoms. We had but to open our eyes—to touch, or taste—to feel an exquisite delight. Of the world we knew nothing beyond the quiet village; and there we found enough to fill the measure of our capacity.

There was one quilting party—can we ever forget it? Twenty years have passed since the time. We were young then, and had not tarried long at Jericho! Twenty years! It seems but yesterday. With the freshness of the present it is all before us now.

In our village there dwelt a sweet young girl who was the favorite of all. When invitations to a quilting party at Mrs. Willings' came, you may be sure there was a flutter of delight all around. The quilting was Amy's, of course, and Amy Willing was to be the bright particular star in the social firmament. It was to be Amy's first quilting, moreover; and the sign that she was looking forward to the matrimonial goal, was hailed with a peculiar pleasure by more than one of the village swains, who had worshipped the drawing beauty at a respectful distance.

We had been at so many quilting parties up to this time; but more as a boy than a man. Our enjoyment had always been unembarrassed by any peculiar feelings. We could play at blind man's buff, hunt the slipper, and pawns, and not only clap the little hands of our fair playfellows, but even touch their warm lips with our own, and not experience a heart-emotion deeper than the ripple made on the smooth water by a playful breeze. But there had come a change. There was something in the eyes of our young companions, as we looked into them, that had a different meaning from the old expression, and particular was this time with Amy. Into her eyes we could no longer gaze steadily. As to the reason we were ignorant; yet so it was.

The invitation to attend her quilting was an era; for it produced emotions of so marked a character, that they were never forgotten. There was an uneasy fluttering of the heart as the time drew near, and a pressure upon the feelings that a deep, sighing breath failed to remove. The more we thought about the quilting, the more restless did we grow, and the more con-

scious that the part we were about to play would be one of peculiar embarrassment.

At last the evening came. We had never shrunk from going alone into any company before. But now we felt that it was necessary to be sustained from without; and such sustenance we sought in the company of the good-natured, self-composed bachelor of the village, who went anywhere and everywhere freely and without apparent emotion.

"You're going to Amy Willing's quilting?" said we to L.—, on the day before the party.

"Certainly," was his reply.

"Will you wait until we call for you?"

"Oh yes," was as good-naturedly answered.

"So much gained," thought we, when alone.

In the shadow of his presence we would be able to make our debut with little embarrassment. What would we not have then given for L.—'s self-possession and easy confidence!

When the time came we called, as had been arranged, upon L.—. To our surprise, we found no less than four others, as bashful as we, waiting his conveyance. L.—, very good-humoredly—he never did an ill-natured thing in his life—assumed the escort, and we all set off for the cottage of Mrs. Willings. How the rest felt, we know not, but as for our own heart, it trod slower and heavier at each step, until by the time the cottage was reached, the pulses in our ears were beating audibly.—We could not understand this. It had never been so before.

The sun still lingered above the horizon when we came in sight of the cottage—fashionable hours were earlier than now. On arriving at the door, L.— entered first as a matter of course, and we secure the benefit of his countenance.—The room was full of girls, who were busy in binding Amy's quilt, which was already out of the frame, and getting all ready for the evening's sport. There was no equal to L.— for taking the wire edge from off the feelings of a promiscuous company, and give a free and easy tone to the social intercourse, that would otherwise have been constrained and awkward. In a little while the different parties who had entered under his protection, began to feel at home among the merry girls. It was not long before another and another came in, until the old-fashioned parlor, with its old-fashioned furniture, was filled, and the half-bound quilt was forcibly taken from the hands of the laughing seamstresses, and put "out of sight and out of mind."

The bright, particular star of that evening was Amy Willing—gentle, quiet, loving Amy Willing. There was a warmer glow upon her cheeks, and a deeper tenderness in her beautiful eyes, than they had ever worn before. In gazing upon her, how the heart moved from its very depths! No long time passed before we were by the side of Amy, and our eyes resting in hers with an earnestness of expression that caused them to droop to the floor. When the time for redeeming pawns came, and it was our turn to call out from the circle of beauty a fair partner, the name of Amy fell from our lips, which were soon pressed, glowing upon those of the blushing maiden. It was the first warm kiss of love. How it thrilled, exquisitely, to the very heart! Our lips had often met before—kissing was then a fashionable amusement—but never as at this time. Soon it became Amy's place to take the floor. She must kiss the one she loved best. What a moment of suspense!—Steadily her eyes wandered around the room; and then her long dark lashes lay quivering on her beautiful cheeks.

"Kiss the one you love best," was repeated by the holder of the pawns.

The fringed lids were again raised, and again her eyes went searching around the room. We could see that her bosom was rising and falling more rapidly than before. Our name at length came, in an undertone, from her smiling lips. What a happy moment! The envidkiss was ours, and we led the maiden in triumph from the floor.

And, to us, the whole evening was a series of triumphs. Somehow or other, Amy was by our side, and Amy's hand in ours oftener of any. We did not talk much—delicious feeling sealed our lips. It was our first, sweet dream of love. But we knew little then of human nature, and less of woman's human nature. And at little of all this knew a certain young man, who was present, and who, more sober and silent than any, joined in the sports of the evening, but with no apparent zest. Amy never called him out when she was on the floor; nor did he mention her name when the privilege of touching some maiden's lips with his own was assigned him.

He was first to retire; and then we noticed a change in Amy. Her voice was lower, her manner more subdued, and there was a thoughtful, absent expression in her face.

A few weeks later, and this was all explained. Edward Martin was announced in the village as Amy's accepted lover.—We did not, we could not, we would not, accredit the fact. It was impossible!—Had she not called us out at the quilting party, as the one she "loved best?" Had not her hand been oftener in ours, and our lips oftener upon hers? It could not be! Yet time proved the truth of the rumor;—ere another twelvemonth went by, Amy Willing was a bride. We were at the wedding; but as silent and sober as was Edwin Martin at the quilting. The tables were turned against us, and hopelessly turned.

Ah, well! More than twenty years have passed since then. The quiltings, the corn-huskings, the merry-makings in the village of M.— are not forgotten. Nor is Amy Willing and the party forgotten, as this brief sketch assuredly testifies. Twenty years. How many changes have come when last at the quilting party, in the young maiden, just in the dawn of womanhood, and, for the moment, it seemed as if we were back again in the old time—the intervening space but a dream. Her name was Amy. It was not our Amy. She had passed away, leaving a bud of beauty to bloom in her place.

Our sketch of merry-making has turned out graver than was intended. But it is difficult for the mind to go back in reminiscence, and not take a sober hue. We will not attempt to write it over again, for, in that case, it might be graver still.

### Noble Example.

"Why did you not take the arm of my brother last night?" said a young lady to her friend, a very intelligent girl, about nineteen, in a large town. She replied, "Because I know him to be a licentious young man." "Nonsense," was the answer of the sister, "if you refuse the attentions of all young men, you will have none at all, I can assure you." "Very well," said her friend, "then I can dispense with them altogether—for I tell you that my resolution on that point is unalterably fixed." How long do you think it would take to revolutionize society, were all young ladies to adopt this resolution.

Conclusive.—A clergyman of the Universalist denomination, was accused while in Lowell, of "violently dragging his wife from a revival meeting, and compelling her to go home with him."—He replied as follows:

1. I have never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor her choice of a meeting.
2. My wife has not attended one of the revival meetings in Lowell.
3. I have not attended even one of these meetings for any purpose whatever.
4. Neither my wife, nor myself, have any inclination to attend those meetings.
5. I have no wife!

A tradesman wrote to a hard customer as follows:—"Sir, your bill for dry goods has been standing a long time, by settling it you will much oblige."

Yours, &c. T. S. A. To which he received the following laconic reply:—"Mr. S.—, when the bill you speak of is tired of standing, let it sit down."

Yours, G. L. Young ladies are like arrows, they can't be got off with a bow.

A wag recently defined punctuated by the upper lip, by measuring by the brain.

## The True Talk.

In the course of Senator Dickinson's able speech at the Convention in Rome, last month, he remarked as follows:

"A minority position has no terrors to a true Democrat. He wishes not to succeed if he must leave his principles behind him. Our Whig friends can be anything, and nothing—slavery men in one place, and anti-slavery in another, and no men at all in a third. And it is just as well for them. They are made up of listing, shreds and patches. They can have as many sorts of doctrine in their creed as a turtle has of meat.—But the Democratic party is a catholic party, having for its guidance a pure, well defined and settled principle, leaving all else to individual opinion. And what has it done? Look over the surface of the broad Union and see. From thirteen States, the Democratic party, by its wise progressive policy, in spite of Whig opposition, has given us thirty, and territory enough for nearly as many more. It has not been able to eradicate from its soil the British institution of slavery; nor could it do it with safety to either North or South now, if it had the power. But it has been able to give the freedom of self-government to millions of human beings, and has opened the way through which the oppressed of the whole earth may come and repose under the shadow of the tree of liberty, and partake of its fruits. So much the Democratic party has already. It has had before this its divisions and reverses. But I stand here to-day in the spirit of Democracy, to invoke every one, whether here or elsewhere—in the populous city or in the log hut beyond the mountains—to come up to the support of Democracy—honest, firm, unyielding Democracy—and, laying aside non-essentials, to take the great cardinal principles of early faith, and with them march forward to victory."

## City of Moscow.

The city of Moscow, rendered famous by Napoleon's celebrated expedition, was built in the 12th century, and now contains 400,000 inhabitants.—It is situated in a great valley, and the houses are mostly built of wood, with roofs of sheet iron.—In the centre of the city stands the walled hill or Kremlin, which is surrounded by a brick wall 50 to 55 feet high, and a mile and a half in circumference. Within these limits are several public buildings, a walled enclosure, and was built as a defence against domestic insurrection. It could no more be blown up by powder than could a great hill. In the church which stands within its limits is a bell weighing 110,000 lbs., but this is eclipsed by the great bell which stands at the foot of the tower. This is 13 feet in circumference, 18 inches thick, and weighs 400,000 pounds avoirdupois. A large piece has been broken out of it, and it is sometimes used as a chapel. Around the city stretches a public garden or Boulevard, and outside of this a wall of turf 9 or 40 feet in height. Three hundred churches, each with five or six domes, are scattered throughout the city. The domes are pear-shaped, and are surmounted by a spire and a cross, with the crescent beneath it. They painted sometimes brown, and often a bright blue color, with large spangles of gold. As there were from 1500 to 2000 domes in the city, the effect when the sun is shining upon them is extremely brilliant. About nine-tenths of the city was burnt by the Russians, when they evacuated it in 1812.

## A Regular "Stick."

C was a cure—"Down Easter"—a real live Yankee—always ready for a joke, and hard to beat.—He was one day in a country bar-room "down South where several persons were assembled, when one of them said:

"Mr. C, if you go out and stick your pen-knife into anything, when you come back I'll tell you what it's sticking in."

"You can't dew on me nothing," responded C. "I'll bet you ten dollars on it," said the other.

"Well, I rather guess I'll take that 'ere bet; here exp'cting, (turning to the landlord) hold the stakes, and I'll even just make half a saw-horse in less than no time."

The parties deposited an X apiece, and C went on his mission but in a short time returned saying—

"Well, nabor, what is it stickin' in?"

"In the handle," replied the Southerner, as he reached out his hand for the stakes."

"Guess not; jest wait awhile," said the Yankee, as he held up the handle of his knife, minus the blade. I kalklate the blade can't be in the handle, when it's driv clean up in an old stump ashle ye read out that."

Jonathan of course won the wager, and the Southerner sloped to parts unknown, amid roars of laughter.—Yankee Blade.

Antiquity.—A lawyer and a doctor were discussing the antiquity of their respective professions, and each cited authority to prove his the most ancient. "Mine" said the disciple of Lycurgus, "commenced almost with the world's era; Cain slew his brother Abel, and that was a criminal case in common law!" "True" rejoined Esculapius, but my profession is coeval with the Creation itself. Old Mother Eve was made out of a rib taken from Adam's body, and that was a surgical operation." The lawyer stopped his green bag.

## Family Circle.

### Uncertainty of Life.

There is a kind of warning voice by which and anon we are summoned to reflect upon the brevity and uncertainty of human existence.—Scenes witnessed from time to time awaken thoughts of our mortality, and evince that in life we are in the midst of death—that unperceived by us the entrance to its vale may lie near our door. Yet unconscious frequently of our near approach to that home from which none ever return, mingling with the busy throng, we pass along merrily in the journey of life. In the "daying of our being," when the heart beats high with hope, fancy pictures years of coming pleasure. How often illusory! How changing and uncertain is human life; even as the tender flower that springs up by the pathway which the wind passing o'er perchance may cause to wither and die. It was but yesterday that one in manhood's prime, lived, who talked much of venerable old age, and ever thought his journey would be long not even dreamed his end so near; but to-day he is no more. Trembling under the weight of years, the aged man verges near the tomb; yet many a blooming youth, whose plans for maturer years were laid, and whose hopes of future life were bright, enters before him. They whom we least expect are perhaps the first compelled to yield to death's mandate. I see at a little distance one who long wasted by disease, was apparently near the grave. Friends in the vigor of youth and blooming with health stood beside the loved one and as they gazed upon the pale and emaciated form, I heard them say, "She will not live beyond the falling of the leaf." For strange to tell, the hand of the destroyer was staid; and the sick one hoped of recovering again. Soon the arrows of death were pointed at those youthful heads, and in all their beauty they became its victims. Years passed away.—Though they long since have mouldered back to dust, she, animated with hope, lingers, and tells the mournful tale of her departure. How mysterious is the mission of death!

"The youth in life's green spring, and he who is in the strength of years, matron and maid, The bow'd with age, and infant in its embrace, Shall, one by one, be gathered to the tomb. So like that when thy summons comes to join The innumerable caravan that moves That thou, sustained and soothed, approach thy grave Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

## Effects of Kindness.

Isaac Hooper, who was a member of the Friend's Society in Philadelphia, once heard a colored man, a painter, by the name of Cain, a hardened wretch, using profane language and most horrid oaths, while engaged in a street fight; and supposing persuasion would have no effect on him, he took him before a magistrate, who fined him for blasphemy. Twenty years after, Isaac met Cain while travelling, and observed that his appearance was very much changed; that his dress was altered, and his countenance expressive. This touched the Friend's heart, and he stepped up and shook hands with him, and spoke kindly to the forlorn being. At first Cain did not recognize him, when the Quaker said to him, "Dost thou remember me, and how I had thee fined for swearing?"

"Yes; indeed I do," said the colored man. "Well, did it do thee any good?"

"No," said he, very gruffly, "not a bit; it only made me mad to have my money taken from me."

Hooper then invited Cain to reckon up the interest on the fine, and paid him both principal and interest, and said, at the time, "I meant it for thy good, Cain, and I am sorry I did thee any harm!" Cain's countenance changed—tears rolled down his cheeks—he took the money with thanks—became a quiet man—and was never afterwards heard to use an oath.

Such was the happy result of kindness. It did what punishment could not do.

What a majesty there is in the Christian's death—what a glory in his hope! As the river runs smoothest the nearer they approach the ocean, so the soul smells the sweetest when dying; as the sun appears most glorious when setting, so it is with the Christian's death.

Active Virtue.—I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garrant is to be run for, not without dust and heat. This was the reason why our sage and serious poet, Spenser, describing true temperance under the person of Guion brings him in with his palm-er through the cave of Mammon and the bowser of earthly bliss, that he might see and know and get abstain.—[Milton.]

CONDENSED ARGUMENT.—A very celebrated Scotch divine says:—"The world we inhabit must have had a first origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; that intelligence must have been efficient; that efficacy must have been ultimate; that ultimate power must have been supreme; and that which always was, and is supreme, we know by the name of God."