

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. INGRAM.

Volume I. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1837. Number 16.

POETRY.

LAND OF THE WEST.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

LAND OF THE WEST!—thine early prime
Fades in the flight of hurrying Time;
Thy noble forests fall, as sweep
Europa's myriads o'er the Deep;
And thy broad plains, with welcome warm,
Receive the onward-pressing swarm:
On mountain height, in lowly vale,
By quiet lake, or gliding river,
Wherever sweeps the chainless gale,
Onward sweep they forever.
Oh, may they come with hearts that ne'er
Can bend a tyrant's chain to wear;
With souls that would indignant turn,
And proud Oppression's minions spurn,
With nerves of steel, and words of flame,
To strike and scar the wretch who'd bring our land
to shame!

LAND OF THE WEST!—beneath the Heaven
There's not a fairer, lovelier clime;
Nor one to which was ever given
A destiny more high, sublime.
From Allegheny's base, to where
Our Western Andes prop the sky—
The home of Freedom's hearts is there,
And o'er it Freedom's eagles fly.
And here,—should e'er Columbia's land,
Be rent with fierce intestine feud,—
Shall Freedom's latest cohorts stand,
Till Freedom's eagles sink in blood,
And quenched are all the stars that now her banners
stud!

ORIGINALS.

For the Columbia Democrat.

THE FAMILY OF TROUT SPRING.

NUMBER TWO.

One cool autumnal evening as Albert C. and his family were sitting at their frugal meal in their homely though clean mansion, a stranger appeared at the door and requested admittance, with his companions, for the night. Albert inquired concerning the number of the company, their wants and necessities, and upon being informed in a few words, with his accustomed generosity, acceded to his request. The party consisted of a middle aged man, his wife and three children, who with a few articles of damaged furniture, made up the load of a wagon drawn by three lean horses. After the strangers had alighted, unloaded their few articles of provision and furniture, put their horses in the stable, and arranged matters for the night, Albert inquired of the stranger his destination. The guest proceeded to give the following history of his life and adventures.

"I am descended," said he, "from parents who moved in a sphere above mediocrity, in New England, and as I was their only child they determined to give me what they considered a superior education. As I was naturally capricious, whimsical and unsteady in my disposition, I never voluntarily attended to any one thing till I had thoroughly learned it, but always desisted and commenced a new thing before the first was half understood. My parents doated upon me too much to admit of my being constrained, so I was left to my own guidance and consequently grew up without perfectly understanding any one thing, and without any disposition to do the little I could perform. With these unfortunate habits fully fastened upon me, I entered the world as a free man, destitute of useful knowledge, and without any definite object in view. The thought of providing for my own support had scarcely ever entered my mind, and when by chance such a reflection did spring up, my fickleness soon drew me off to some other reflection. I passed day after day resolving each evening that, 'to-morrow I will fix upon some rational plan of spending my time so as to remove my continual restlessness'—but each morning found me undecided, and looking to the four winds of heaven for some source of amusement, and evening caught me again the same discontented creature I had always been.

"In this state my folly prompted me to take the management of a family, though I had ample experience that I could not provide for myself. I married, however, and have no charge to make against the companion I had chosen, who is now the companion of my pilgrimage. My parents, whose weakness prevented them from properly restraining me in my early youth, were offended at my matrimonial connex-

ion, and with the same unfortunate excess that had dictated my ruined education, warned me to cross their threshold no more. Under these unfortunate auspices I set up for myself. My father partially relented, and furnished me with a small sum of money, which might with prudent management have started me in business, but in such hands as mine did little more than prolong my vexation. My wife had some knowledge of domestic matters, had some prudence and forecast, and much industry, but she experienced hardships which exhausted her patience and impaired her health. She was united to me under the impression that I was rich, and was woefully disappointed when she found herself the wife, not only of a poor cottager, but of a man destitute of the means of acquiring a livelihood, and of a whimsical and dissatisfied mind.

"After enduring several years of misery, during which I had adopted and abandoned an innumerable number of schemes for bettering my pecuniary condition, my parents died, and I became the heir of their property. We now, for a moment, considered our anxiety at an end. I moved to my father's mansion, determined to follow his steps. In a short time I found I understood nothing about farming, and that no competent farmer would remain long in my service, because (as I now know) I was too self-sufficient to let him do business his own way, and I was too whimsical to perfect any operation my way. Unsuccessful in every attempt, I grew more dissatisfied with myself and more arbitrary with those about me, till my house was rendered a scene of discord and altercation. To crown my misery, I ascertained that my expenses considerably exceeded my income. Piece after piece of my father's beautiful property was sold to raise funds to discharge the most pressing demands, and each succeeding sale diminished my means of raising a livelihood in future. At last, having an opportunity, I sold the residue of my property, paid my debts, and determined to emigrate to some more favoured land with the balance.

"I now supposed I had found the true cause of all my anxiety and misfortunes. I grew quite sanguine of passing a happy old age in some other region. I attributed all my disquietude to my locality, & builded splendid fabrics of happiness in every place remote from my own. My wife joined in the project heartily. I therefore converted all into cash and set out for Georgia, with the wagon and horses, and the family you now see, and one more. But alas! the phantom of discontent which had persecuted me hitherto, followed me in my journey, and made every place present, the moment I arrived at it. No matter how green, how smooth, how fertile, or how delightful, my imagination had painted a particular place, while at a distance, and the moment I saw it, I discovered its blights and inconveniences. Thus I followed the *ignis-fatuus* of my folly from New Hampshire to Georgia. I have traversed Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and visited the regions of the Mississippi and Missouri. I have worn out my wagon, my horses, my furniture, together with my health, and that of my family. I have buried my youngest son during my interminable journey, & am now dragging my weary way back to that native land, in the miserable plight in which you see me. I have been three years almost continually on the road, my funds are exhausted, my spirits are dejected, and I expect no solid comfort except that which I may find after I shall have passed to that land where 'the wicked cease from troubling and the weary at rest.' You see before you a man, wretched beyond description; a man who has been useless to society; a burden to himself, and a torment to those about him. I have arrived at this state of degradation without the commission of crime. I have been neither intemperate nor dishonest, but *useless* because in all my doings I have never done any thing effectually, methodically, or in season."

The stranger having completed his narrative, sighed and remained silent. He and his companions were given freely such refreshment as the house of Albert afforded, and retired to rest. In the morning they adjusted their loading and departed with tears in their eyes towards the land of their birth.

After they were gone, Mrs. C. said to her family—"my children, from the misfortunes of these good people we may learn a lesson. They have been looking for happiness from exterior objects, forgetting that it dwells in the mind. But the chief misfortune, and the foundation of all the rest, lies in the mistaken education and immethodical mind of the stranger. He was naturally idle or changeable, and required much correction from more experienced hands. This correction the misguided tenderness of his parents precluded. He grew irresolute, neglected his duty, till he ceased to recognize application as a duty: spent his time in contriving ways and means to waste the very time which he should have husbanded and improved, and which he feared should come to an end, *as a whole*, but gladly saw vanish in *parcels*. All this complication of errors and woes may be set down as the offspring of one grand parent; and that is this: He commenced the execution of his thoughts or plans before they were formed or finished in his own mind, and consequently abandoned them in disgust when he had executed as far as his plan extended. As he thought without method, each day originated new schemes, to share the premature fate of their predecessors. From his misfortunes, then, learn to think and act methodically, and never commence executing, till you have seen, in your mind's eye, the machine completed and in operation. It is even better to act *wrong* sometimes *methodically*, than *right* at *random*; because if you have committed an error systematically it may be in your power to correct it at a future time; but if you have performed a matter at random, and find it *right* at last, your experience will avail you nothing, because you cannot produce a similar result at pleasure, for the very plain reason, that you do not know the cause from which the right result flowed."

Thus Mrs. C. turned the misfortunes of her neighbours into lessons of instruction for her children instead of subjects of sarcasm and censure. S.

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

A woman is never happier than when surrounded by her husband and children, and if he forsakes his clubs and she routes and parties, contenting themselves at home, both would be satisfied in their little family, and better understand each other's views and wishes. A wife is no less lovely for having laid aside her silk and appeared at the tea table in a calico, and no less beautiful because she is detected with a broom in her hand sweeping her parlor. We should look upon these things in their true light, and consider the reason why she is so, and the benefit produced by her meritorious course.—The times justify economy in all things and it may be practised without meanness by every one—and she who sets the first example deserves the commendation and applause of the country.—If some wealthy dame, who has hitherto led the ton in fashion and expense would forget her furbelows & scarfs, and meritoriously content herself with plain attire and only moderately costly dresses, she would do more real service to the community than by any other course she could adopt. Her example would be followed, and her name remembered with a blessing.—Pride is the greatest evil we now have to contend with, and it is a weak and foolish fancy that kills more nabobs than beggars, and only encircles its votaries with a chaplet of thorns, that they may be sacrificed as victims upon the altar of selfishness.—*New Era.*

Keep your purse and your mouth close.
Keep no more cats than will catch mice.
Open confession is good for the soul.

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

The vast barren, and trackless region, stretching for hundreds of miles along the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and drained by the tributary streams of the Missouri, is thus described in Irving's *Astoria*.

"This region which resembles one of the immeasurable steppes of Asia, has not inaptly been termed 'the great American Desert.' It spreads forth in undulating and treeless plains, and desolate sandy wastes, wearisome to the eye from their extent and monotony, and which are supposed by geologists to have formed the ancient floor of the ocean, countless ages since, when its primeval waves washed against the granite coasts of the Rocky Mountains. It is a land where no man permanently abides; for in certain seasons of the year there is no food either for the hunter or his steed. The herbage is parched and withered, the brooks and streams are dried up; the buffalo, the elk and the deer have wandered to distant parts, keeping within the verge of expiring verdure, and leaving behind them a vast uninhabited solitude, seamed by ravines, the beds of former torrents, but serving only to tantalize and increase the thirst of the traveller.

Occasionally the monotony of this vast wilderness is interrupted by mountainous belts of sand, and limestone, broken in confused masses, with precipitous cliffs and yawning ravines, looking like the ruins of a world, or is traversed by lofty hills and ridges of rock, almost impassable, like those denominated the Berk Hills. Beyond these rise the stern barriers of the Rocky Mountains, the limits, as it were, of the Atlantic world. The rugged defiles and valleys of this vast chain form sheltering places for restless and ferocious bands of savages, many of them the remnants of the tribes once inhabitants of the prairies, but broken up by war and violence, and who carry into their mountain haunts the fierce passions and reckless habits of desperadoes."

Particular Providence.—For my own part I fully enter into the sentiment of an ancient writer, that it would not be worth while to live in a world that was not governed by a Providence. Nothing is so tranquilizing and consolatory, amid the shifting, and fluctuations, and uncertainties of an inconstant world, as the firm belief that my family and myself are wholly dependent on the sleepless and unremitting care of my reconciled God and Father, that he views with indifference which can affect us either with good or with ill, that every drop in the ocean of means is in his hand and at his disposal, and that he is making all things work together for our good. His eye is upon me every hour of my existence—his spirit intimately present to every thought of my heart. His hand impresses a direction upon every footstep of my going. Every breath I inhale is drawn in by an energy which God deals out to me. This body, which, upon the slightest derangement, would become the prey of death or of woful sufferings, is now at ease, because He is at this moment warding off a thousand dangers, and upholding the thousand movements of its complex and delicate machinery. His presiding influence keeps me though the whole current of my restless and ever-changing history. When I walk by the way he is along with me.—When I enter into company, amid all my forgetfulness of him, he never forgets me. In the silent watches of the night, when my eyelids have closed, and my spirits have sunk into unconsciousness, the observant eye of Him who never slumbers, is upon me; I cannot fly from his presence. Go where I will, He attends me and cares for me. And the same Being who is now at work in the remotest dominion of Nature and Providence, is always at my right hand to eke out every moment of my being, and to uphold me in the exercise of all my feelings and of all my faculties.—*Original Memoirs.*

DARK NIGHT.

The following is the next best thing in evidence concerning the stone "as big as a piece of Chalk." "Were you travelling on the night this affair took place?" "I should say I was, Sir." "What kind of weather was it, was it raining at the time?" "It was so dark that I couldn't see it raining: I felt it dropping, though." "How dark was it?" "I had no way of telling but it was not light by a jug full." "Can't you compare it to something?" "If I was going to compare it to any thing, I should say it was about as dark as a stack of black cats."

Important.—To DESTROY FLEAS.—Wet your finger in your mouth and catch them—tickle them under the short ribs till they laugh—then spit tobacco juice in their mouths, and they will instantly close their eyes in death with scarce a struggle.

Last winter, it is said a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and became so cold that she has *milked* nothing but *ice-cream* ever since!

An Irishman meeting an acquaintance, thus accosted him, "Ah my dear; who do you think I have just been speaking to? Your old friend Patrick, faith! and he has grown so thin, I hardly knew him. You are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

Antediluvian Pun.—"Let me have your walking stick," asked a little child of his father who carried a very heavy loaded staff. "No, no, child," was the answer, "you're not *Able* to carry my *Cane*."

"Ben—what's the reason they call you and me indented apprentices?"

"I don't know," replied Ben; "except it's because boss licks us with a stick, and dents us all over."

He who has no bread to spare should not keep a dog these hard times.

The Kiverlid—or Yankee Neatness.—A Green Horn from the interior recently went to visit a rich cousin in the City of Boston.—Being introduced into the sitting room by the servant, he stopped at the door, and gazing for a moment with astonishment upon the rich carpet upon the floor, he at last observed a narrow space next the wall of the room, which it did not cover, and with long strides, marched over it opposite the fire place, there being obliged to cross the carpet to reach his friends, (who began to be as much surprised as he was) in reaching the hearth he could not avoid stepping on it—and, turning with apparent mortification to his cousin, he exclaimed—"There Polly I've trod on *your kiverlid* arter all."

Fishing for Compliments.—"Well, Dinah," said a would-be-belle, to a black girl, "they say beauty soon fades, but do you see any of my bloom fading?—now tell me plainly, without any compliments." "Oh, no, miss; but me kinder tink"—"Think what; Dinah; you're bashful!" "Oh, no me no bashful—but den me kinder tink as how miss don't *retain her color* quite so well as sister Phillesey—Scip's lubby rose"

Clipt.—There is said to be but one quarter dollar of change in Cincinnati; and that has been borrowed so often to pay postages, that it is worn down to a pistareen.

Work of Necessity.—Unbuttoning a young gentleman's waistcoat to enable him to pick up his cane.

High Fashion.—A New York writer gives the following as a definition of *high fashion*. "Tight sleeves to the elbows—long waist—full skirt—sweet smile—curling lip—bright eye—pearly teeth—tongue of music—heart of d—"

A young lady asked a gentleman, while in the garden, which he thought the prettiest, the tulips or the roses. "Oh, *your* two lips," replied he, "before all the roses in the world."