

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 19, 1837. Number 17.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,
NEXT DOOR TO ROBISON'S STAGE OFFICE.

TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

NORTHERMBERLAND AND WILKESBARRE



LINE OF

MAIL STAGES

I observed a notice in the "Keystone," (under one which I published,) signed by Mr. P. C. Gilchrist, Agent, stating that the Susquehanna Boat Line would carry passengers in less time than the Mail Stage—which is not the fact. It will be understood that the Boat leaves Harrisburg one day before the Stage; yet we have taken Passengers through to Wilkesbarre in the time for the Montrose stages, notwithstanding the tardy manner in which the mail is brought from Harrisburg to us at Northumberland. If any other persons had the conveyance of the mails from Harrisburg to Northumberland than those connected with the Boats, I would engage to start at the same hour with the Boat at Harrisburg, and deliver the mail and the passengers TWELVE HOURS sooner than the Boat Line possibly can do it.

When the Company runs a stage from Northumberland to Wilkesbarre, the mail can arrive at Northumberland from Harrisburg by 11 o'clock, A. M.; but when the Boat runs above, they then keep back the stage at Northumberland until 4 o'clock P. M. and sometimes as late as 7 o'clock, P. M. These are facts which, if the Post Master General is not aware of, it is time he was made acquainted with them.

Any passengers wishing to take the stage at Northumberland, to go through to Montrose, will be taken on all time to secure seats in the Montrose stage, notwithstanding the delay of the Opposition in arriving at Northumberland—provided they fix upon a regular time for starting.

WILLIAM ROBISON.

Bloomsburg, June 10, 1837.

SUSQUEHANNAH LINE OF



PACKET AND FREIGHT BOATS.

From Philadelphia, by Rail Road & Canal to Harrisburg, Northumberland, Danville, Cattsawissa, Bloomsburg, Berwick, Wilkesbarre, Milton, Williamsport, and intermediate places.

PASSENGERS can leave the West Chester Hotel, Broad street, Philadelphia, daily, at 6 o'clock, A. M. reach Harrisburg at 4 o'clock, P. M. of the same day; Northumberland at 10 o'clock, A. M. of the next day; and Wilkesbarre on the succeeding morning at 6 o'clock; when Coaches will immediately start for Carbondale, Tunkhannock and Montrose, and thence to the Western part of New York state.

RETURNING—The Boats leave Wilkesbarre daily, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and arrive at Bloomsburg at 4 o'clock, P. M. It arrives at Harrisburg at 5 o'clock on the following morning, and reaches Philadelphia in time to take the morning Cars for Philadelphia.

The Boats also arrive at Williamsport, on the West Branch, at about 9 o'clock, P. M. of the same day on which they reach Northumberland—and return daily.

The Boats on the above lines have been repaired, and are now confidently recommended to the PUBLIC as a pleasant, comfortable, and convenient mode of travelling. SEATS may be taken in Philadelphia at the north-east corner of Fourth & Chesnut streets, at No. 200 Market street, and at the West-Chester Hotel, Broad street.

FREIGHT may be forwarded by Rail Road from Orrick & Nobles and J. J. Lewis & Co, Broad street, and by Capt. McCabes Line of Union Canal Boats to Harrisburg, where they will be received by the Susquehanna Line from Jabez Harsardin, Vine street Wharf, Schuylkill.

P. M. C. GILCHRIST, Agent.

NOTICE

To Travellers up the North Branch of the Susquehanna.

PASSENGERS by the Susquehanna Boat Line from Northumberland, arrive at Wilkesbarre EIGHT HOURS sooner than by the Mail Line of Stages, and reach Montrose TWENTY-FOUR hours sooner.

P. M. C. GILCHRIST, Agent.

NEW GOODS.



The Subscriber

RETURNS his thanks to customers for the patronage which he has received from them since he has commenced business in Bloomsburg. He hopes they will still continue their usual support; and he has now the pleasure of offering them a large and fashionable assortment of SEASONABLE GOODS, which have been carefully selected embracing the latest style of French, English and American

DRY GOODS,

AMONG WHICH WILL BE FOUND

Cloths, Cassimeres and Sattinets, of different styles and colours; Silks; Figured Lawns and Jackonets, European & American Calicoes & Ginghams, Vestings, Damask Table Cloths, Hosiery, Gloves, Bonnet Trimmings, &c. &c.—ALSO, Ladies' Morocco, Seal, & Prunelle Shoes & Slippers, & Men's Shoes and Boots.

TOGETHER WITH AN ASSORTMENT OF



HARDWARE, IRON,
China, Glass
AND
QUEENSWARE:

PAINTS, OILS,
Medicines and Dye-Stuffs;
CEDAR-WARE, GROCERIES & LIQUORS
SALT, FISH, &c.

All of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. Persons wishing to purchase, are requested to call and examine his stock of Goods, and judge for themselves.

All kinds of country produce will be taken in exchange for goods.

C. B. FISHER.

Bloomsburg, May 6, 1837.

LIST OF JURYMEN,

For Columbia county, August term, 1837.

GRAND JURY.

Millin.—George Longaberger, John Keller, Henry Miller, Abraham Wolf.

Roaring creek.—Samuel Adams, James H. Chase, John Yeast.

Mount Pleasant.—Isaac Musgrove, John Jones, John Ruckle.

Derry.—Richard Fruit, Evan Hendershot.

Briar Creek.—Charles Bowman, Benjamin Fowler, Jr. Henry Knorr, William S. Evans, S. F. Palmer.

Fishing Creek.—Thomas H. Hutcheson.

Henlock.—Calob Barton, George Willets.

Liberty.—Robert Butler.

Malden.—John Wilson.

Sugar Loaf.—Frederick Lawbach, Limestone.—David Davis.

TRAVERSE JURY.

Bloom.—Israel Wells, Thomas Painter, Danie Melick.

Briar Creek.—James Evans, Jr. Ludwig Dietrich.

Malden.—Clark Dilline, Abraham Wiliver, John P. Evex, Wm. Michael.

Derry.—Reubin Martz, Thomas Gillin, Robert McKee.

Roaring Creek.—Sebastian Hower, Isaac Rhoder, Peter Kline, Adam Marks, James A. Fox, Asa T. John, John Perry.

Cattsawissa.—Joseph Brobst, Geo. Drum.

Greenwood.—Joseph Lemon, John M. Parker, Tho. Mendlinshal.

Sugar Loaf.—Philip Creakbaum.

Mount Pleasant.—Curtis Stutlin.

Fishing Creek.—Wm. Robbins, Isaac Kline Philip Appleman.

Liberty.—Wm. Campbell, John McMahan, Jacob Budman, John McWilliams.

Millin.—Christian Miller.

Dawville. June 24, 1837.

TRIAL LIST,

For Columbia county, August term, 1837

Martin Stiles et al.	vs. John Stiles
Jacob Yetter	vs. Joseph Paxton et al.
John McKim Jr. et al.	vs. Wm. Scout,
Samuel Heffner	vs. Geo. Fetteman,
Nathaniel Williams	vs. Joseph Maus,
Christopher Heller	vs. Samuel Smith
Wm. McKelvy et al.	vs. LeGrand Bancroft
William Kitchen	vs. Same.
Frederick Switzer	vs. William Badlett
Overseers of Derry	vs. Overseers of Liberty
Mary Caldwell	vs. Wm. McDowell
Abraham Van Horn	vs. D. Montgomery's Ex'r's.
Jacob Grow	vs. George Hooper
Mary Strawbridge	vs. Jesse Funston
Commonwealth et al	vs. Andrew McReynolds
Peter Engle	vs. John Bittenbender et al.
Michael Brobst et al.	vs. Wm. McKelvy et al.
Abraham Adams	vs. Robert McCurdy et al.
George Stine	vs. Michael Hower
Jonas Hayman	vs. Matthew McDowell
John Fulkerson et al.	vs. Lucas Brass
Overseers of Roaring	vs. Jacob Welker
et al. creek	vs. Charles Jennings.
Jacob Shuman	

June 17, 1837.

Literature, Science, & General News.

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY CHRONICLE,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

PROSPECTUS OF SECOND VOLUME.

Commencing May 20, 1837.

The SATURDAY CHRONICLE is a family newspaper, published on a sheet of the largest, manumoth size, and issued regularly from Philadelphia, every Saturday. It is entirely unconnected with party politics, and sectarianism, and is zealously devoted to the cause of Literature, Science and General Intelligence, as calculated to entertain and instruct every branch of the family circle. The design of the publishers is, to furnish a newspaper that shall instruct as well as amuse, and enlighten the middle-aged, as well as entertain, and direct to proper objects of study, the mind of youth. Their unprecedented success during the past year—(having obtained a very extensive circulation not only in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, but in every State of the Union)—induces them to believe that their plan of publication is a good one, and during the succeeding year, they will continue to pursue it zealously, with such improvements and modifications as may from time to time be suggested.

General Contents of the Chronicle.

Tales and Essays on Literary, Scientific and Moral subjects—Sketches of History and Biography—Reviews of new publications—Stories from the Classic writers—Popular Statistics of the World—Ladies' Department—Original Communications from some of the best writers of Philadelphia and elsewhere—Medical Lectures—Science and Art—Agriculture and Rural Economy—Popular Superstitions—Curious Customs—and Manners—European and Domestic Correspondence—Articles on Music, the Drama, and other amusements—Varieties, amusing incidents, &c. and a carefully prepared synopsis of the Current News of the Day, both Foreign and Domestic.

Attractions of the first Volume.

A regular correspondence from Europe, furnished by an able and eloquent writer, now on a tour through Europe, and engaged expressly for the Chronicle. Of this correspondence more than forty letters have been furnished.

A series of articles on Medical subjects, embracing lectures on Anatomy, in familiar language, from the pen of a distinguished Physician of Philadelphia.

The republication, in a supplementary sheet, of the choicest and best articles of the several London Annuals, for 1837, embracing articles from all the prominent English writers of the present day. The cost of these Annuals at retail is about \$30—their principal contents have been furnished the readers of the Chronicle gratis.

The republication of the inimitable Pickwick Papers, from the pen of the best comic writer of the age, Charles Dickens, Esq.

Original contributions on Literature, Science, Law, Education, Poetry, Political Economy, &c., from a number of the very best writers in America.

Extra Attractions for the second Volume.

The publication of the original articles, written for the Premiums of \$250, embracing a great number of compositions of merit. The original tale, to which will be awarded the prize of \$100, will probably be published in the first number of the second volume.

The European Correspondence will be regularly continued, as will also the Stories from the Classics, and indeed all the attractive features of the first volume. The notes and observations of a literary gentleman, now on a tour through the Western and Southern States, are also promised for publication in the Chronicle.

Choice literary selections will be furnished from the London Monthly, Bentley's Miscellany, Blackwood's, and other European Magazines, care being taken to select the very best articles, "winnowing the wheat from the chaff," from the great mass of English Literature, and not to allow their number to interfere with our usual variety.—Advantage will be taken of every circumstance calculated to add interest to the columns of the Chronicle. The publishers being determined to allow none to outstrip them in the "March of Improvement." During the past year the publishers have paid, for original contributions, premiums, correspondence, &c., more than

1000 Dollars,

And a still larger sum will be expended, for similar purposes, during the publication of the second volume.

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE.

For a single copy for one year, \$2, in advance, six copies for \$10; or three copies for \$5. For six months, one dollar.

Small notes on all solvent Banks, received at par, in payment of subscriptions. Address (post paid.)

MATTHIAS & TAYLOR, Publishers: Philadelphia.

CATTAWISSA HOUSE

THE SUBSCRIBER returns his acknowledgments to his friends for their liberal patronage, and would respectfully inform the public in general, that he has fitted up his establishment, in Cattawissa, near the bridge, and



SIGN OF THE CROSS KEYS,

is a very superior style, which will render comfort and convenience to all who may favor him with their custom. His TABLE is supplied with the luxuries of a bountiful market; his BAR well stored with the choicest liquors; and his STABLING contains plenty of provender, and is attended by a careful hostler. He solicits all to give him a call, and feels confident that he will render satisfaction.

S. BROBST. Cattawissa, June 17, 1837.

THE LAST OF THE VIOLETS.

"Twas like a fairy tale to pass to the woods,
And enter the sweet solitude and gaze
On the fair spirit of its loveliness.
Delicate as a creature that but breathes
The perfumed air of providence."—L. E. L.

In one of the loveliest sports of earth's gardens grew a cluster of blue violets; some tall shrubs grew near them, by which they were shaded from the intense heat of the sun, and also from the rough visitings of the rude wind. There were gay flowers of all names and hues within sight, and a brook that murmured gentle music constantly flowed near them. But their best blessing is not told yet. What in all the wide world is happy, if it be not loved? The sun may shine brightly round us, yet its smile may impart no warmth of the heart; sweet words may be whispered to us, but their sound is hollow; praises may be showered upon us, but we are indifferent to them. We catch ourselves wondering that we are not happy, and the heart ponders over the bright imaginings of its own creation till it wears and sickness and yearns for a participator in its joys and sorrows; and then if it meet with one, a new world opens around us, being ourselves happy, we strive to make others so, and then we become better, and wiser, and kinder, and gentler to all mankind, through the love of a single being. And so were these violets blest. They would talk in their own sweet language all day of the bliss they should enjoy at night, and when it came they would look up between the branches of the trees high over them and see "one bright particular star" beaming upon them, and that was their lover. And if such a word be admitted in love's dictionary, truly might they be proud of such an one, so high, so much beyond their sphere, and so constant! Let the day have been what it might; still with the evening came the star; and when no others were to be seen, and it was wet and dark, he would peep forth, if only for a minute. This lasted for a long while, and it might have lasted a great deal longer, but one day there was an unusual noise near the violets, and they looked up, and saw fluttering just above them a butterfly, with wings of gold spotted with green. They were astonished and not a little proud of such a visit and more so still when the visitor told them that he had forsaken all the bright flowers of the garden for their sweet sakes, and that he would come daily and sing to them, and love them for ever. The star appeared that night but it looked dim. The violets did not notice its changed appearance, so pleased were they with their new lover, who came the next day, and the next, till he intoxicated the beautiful and foolish little things with flattery, and then they forgot him who had loved them so well and so constantly. Night after night the star shone down upon them but more faintly; its radiance declined into a mild dim look of pity, then it disappeared entirely.

Now that they were left alone they grieved sorely for their ingratitude, for they had no rain for some time, and they were thirsting. The sun scorched them sadly; the little brook had dried up, so that they had no music, and no star shone upon them now.

The butterfly continued to come and sip the dew from the violets; but he now began to talk of other flowers, and he came less frequently, and would no longer sing to them, till at last they upbraided him for his neglect, and then he laughed and said they must be very foolish little things to believe all that he had said; and as they were dissatisfied he should leave them. He did leave them, and never came again; the next day he flew past them, and they watched him, and the tallest of them saw him settle on a rose bud.

One by one the violets drooped, and withered and died, till at last only one remained; and she was dying. It was night, and she was sadly wondering whether the next day's sun would spare her, when the butterfly passed by once more, and lingered for an instant to taunt her with her loneliness.

He flew away, and the flower bent its head to the ground with very shame and misery; she was dying with thirst. Suddenly she felt a drop fall upon her bosom; it was followed by more; and there was a gentle shower; the violet looked up in wonder and gratitude, and there smiling, through the trees, mingling pity and forgiveness with its old familiar looks of love, was the star. The flower had learnt a lesson—a dear but valuable one; and she remained constant to her star, and loved him better and truer than ever.

From the Baltimore Monument.
THE SABBATH
We have just returned from the tabernacle of the Most High, and the voice of the messenger is still in our ears. How blessed to the heart is the holy institution of the Sabbath! How timely is its quieting recurrence, just as we were growing weary in the spirit with the care and business of life; or becoming too much absorbed in the world, and learning gradually to forget the hand that has thus far gradually led us on, and the voice to our ears as sweet as music!

The Sabbath has a thousand holy influences which come over the mind with a rectifying power, and win us to the contemplation of more sublime and ennobling subjects than those over which we too often grovel with a fond attachment, the greater portions of our lives. There is something in the quiet and repose of a great city, contrasted with its hurry and bustle but the day before, which is something to the heart. The impressive solemnity of the house of God, brings thoughtfulness and calm reflections—and the eloquence of music as it stirs the waters of our better feelings, wins upon the soul, and opens up its avenues for the reception of that word which is life and salvation.

How blindly do they err to their own discontent and misery who are forgetful of their Sabbath privileges! Who never suffer their minds to react from worldliness of feeling—or to react only to become absorbed with the agitation of exciting pleasure. To them, there is no season of deep and holy thought—no hour sacred to heaven-born contemplation—not a moment when the soul lifts itself up with a rapturous sense of its divine origin to contemplate the sublime attributes of its God, and its own glorious origin and distinction. In such seasons there is joy for the heart which cannot be told in words, nor understood by those who have never experienced it.—There are moments in which the soul enjoys communion with that Being who is greater than kings and priests—who made the mountains—the deep quiet valleys—the everlasting ocean, and the starry firmament that arches over all with its mystery of sun, moon, and twinkling stars.

And is not the Sabbath then a blessing to man? And is he mad with worse than the maniac's insanity, when he passes by the hallowed day without partaking of its divine influence? Can his labor be sweet in the coming week?—Can his mind have gathered back from a thousand trials and perplexities its serenity, its quiet and systematic action? We fear not. And week after week will his moral perceptions grow more obtuse—and his sensual feelings stronger; and he will soon add another to those who are even now imparting the leaven of their unholy influence to every proportion of society.

"Josh," says a stumpy bullet headed black to a molasses dipped companion on crossing the drawbridge—"Josh, pay me dat dare sip vot you borrowed o' me." "Golla mighty, vat you mean to ax a man for money these times, don't you see all de marchent breaking, how can you spect me to pay; I se spendid payment too."

Military Display.—No less than 50,000 men are to be assembled in the autumn reviews in Prussia. The emperors of Austria and Russia are expected to be present.