

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.

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ORIGINAL.

For the Columbia Democrat.

TWO RAINY DAYS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

In the summer of the year 1828 I was one of a party employed to explore the mountainous region between the Susquehanna and Schuylkill, and the former and Lehigh. At that time there was a few scattered hovels in the wilds, and a few public houses along the different leading roads, but nevertheless the appearance of the country denoted nothing like the bustle of business. There was then one solitary tavern where the pleasant village of Beaver Meadows now offers to the weary traveler not only the necessities but the luxuries of life.

I was exploring with a view to Rail-road or Canal communication, but upon revolving the subject in my mind during a gloomy day, I could scarcely persuade myself that the whole project was not visionary.

But how different is the scene now! The rail-road from Tanamqua to Port-Clinton in complete operation, and its extension to Cattawissa under contract so that the whole line presents a bustle in complete contrast with its primeval solitude.

The Hazleton road under contract, with a force which dispels despondency; and the coal mines in operation to such extent as to convince the most credulous of their wealth and the practicability of making that store available.

A pleasant hamlet at the mines enlivens the prospect with a glance at domestic comfort, while the more magnificent edifices at the village proper, carries the visitor, in imagination, to the portals of ancient Greece, and, in reality, furnishes every accommodation that an epicure need demand.

At the Beaver Meadow mines is another hamlet larger than the former, because the mines are worked to a much greater extent; and the village proper contains a numerous population of mechanics and operatives, who fill the streets with all the bustle incident to active life in the most populous districts.

Thus the cities on the seaboard, and the hamlet in the interior, become near neighbors, and find their mutual comfort and convenience more intimately connected and

dependent on each other. By exchange of product each becomes possessed of all the comforts of the whole. This exchange cannot take place without the aid of science and industry, and hence much of the happiness of life depends on them for its source and continuance.

Now if we could raise an imagination to form a picture of the country fifty years hence, on the plan of progressive improvement now commenced, and on the ratio of the last ten years, what would it present? It is indescribable, beyond calculation, and lost in infinitude! Then who shall legislate for such a people? Who shall form laws, now adapted to their state then? Mountains will be cities—barrens will be vineyards—forests will be farms—vacuum will cease to be void: There will be villages of note under ground, and the mail from them looked for on the surface, with as much anxiety as a "Washington paper" now during the session of Congress. In all probability Pennsylvania will be a silk growing and sugar making state.

Were I a poet, I would sing the wonders of the wilderness, but as I am not, I will only add a rhyme, on the subject:

Ye vast rough mountains, nature's wild domain; Fill late the subject of the forest's reign— Cursed by weak man as useless and a blot, On the fair map of freedom's favorite spot— Your base contains the elements of wealth; Your waters brace the nerves of fading health; Your forests form the edifice of pride, And bear our commerce o'er the heaving tide. Let Art and Science use your ample store, And embryo cities on your summits soar; Let teaming commerce call you to her aid, Turn out your spoils for use in every trade; Coal, earth, stone, timber, every hidden wealth, With herbs and plants, conducive to our health— Ten thousand treasures from the hills may come, To grace the city or improve your home.

September 23, 1837.

HOME.—What is home? A magic word: a sound that falls upon the ear like the strain of a lute, as it is borne out on the still evening air. What is home? Ask the mariner, as he rocks upon the tossed deep.— His time-worn brow softens—his bosom heaves with the rush of youthful thoughts, as he points to the dim line where the sea and clouds blend together, and tells you, "There!"—and that by the roaring reef & in the howling storm, he beholds him of home—beloved spot, which lies not on the welcome lee—and sighs. Ask the classic youth who, just free from his Alma Mater, roams over the wide-spreading prairie, or climbs the blue mountains of the west, overlooking far-reaching vales, and exhausting horizon, encircling hill and lake, and upland-slope, and winding river—ask him if he thinks of home, and he will tell you that each returning evening speaks of it, and that as he turns his eye to the cloud that is tinged by the farewell rays of the departed sun, hangs far in the east, and seems in imagination to sleep over the place of his birth—he is in an instant there. O sacred, breathing thought! The soul is lost in sea of memory! Dwelling, grove, and solemn forest are animated. Scene after scene, association after association, come rushing quick upon the mind, and in a moment his past life comes back upon him. Who forgets the parent's last look—the parting kiss—the loved one's tear! The splendid mansion or lowly cottage—fertile plain or barren rock—all are hallowed, as we look back upon them though the vista of time—that the village church is crumbling—the walls of the paternal dwelling sinking to ruin—and around them the woodbine is climbing yet there, and where even the wild grass wave over the grave of our sires, their home is—there we began to live—we loved to linger.

GOD, A FATHER We have rarely seen the character of the Creator of the universe, as a Father, described in more glowing colors than the annexed extract.—Aside from the sacred nature of the subject, the language and imagery employed are truly sublime.

"There is one distinctive feature which gives to the religion of the gospel a glorious pre-eminence over every other system ever devised by human ingenuity or addressed to human belief.—And this were of itself sufficient to prove the divinity of its origin, and secure for it the cordial assent and obedience of every child of Adam. It is the paternal character of Him whose spirit breathed inspiration into the sacred volume, and stamped it with the seal of infallibility.—The gods of the heathen delight in human sacrifices—the smell of the blood is a grateful incense to them. The sword, the fire-brand, the warhorse are sacred to them, and the man of many scalps is great in their regard. The Roman religions worshipped their bloody eagle—the eagle was the emblem of Jupiter. At Corinth there was a huge brazen statue of Saturn, in whose extended arms children were accustomed to be thrown, from whence they fell at length into a chaldron of liquid fire beneath. On one occasion 300 children of the first families at Corinth were thus sacrificed to appease the anger of the cruel god.

With what satisfaction and delight does the christian turn away from this mournful picture to contemplate the character of his God. Here is no sanguinary altar—no instrument of torture—no trembling victim—There is no blood—no groaning wretch—no agonizing death—no burning pile—no brand of promise spans the heavens—from the emerald throne there comes a voice sweeter and clearer than the melody of an Æolian harp, saying, 'There needeth now no more sacrifice for sin, for a Lamb without spot was found, and he bowed his head beneath the stroke.'

Here are no hidden images—no foolish charms—no juggling priesthood. The eye of faith needs no visible representative of the Immortal and Eternal. Its keen glance penetrates the veil—darts into the 'holy of holies,' and sparkles with joy as it beholds the Great White Throne and Him who sits thereon. 'Our Father in Heaven'—every christian knows the meaning of it—it is full of meaning, and its meaning is full of joy. As dawn in the sunless retreats of the ocean, Sweet flowers and springing no mortal can see, So deep in my heart the still prayer of devotion Unheard by the world rises silently.

As still to the star of its worship though clouded, The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea— So dark as I rove through this wintry world shrouded, The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee.

From Lord Bacon's Essays. NATURE IN MEN.

Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return; doctrine and discourse maketh nature less impetuous; but custom only doth alter and subdue nature. He that seeketh victory over his nature, let him not set himself too great nor too small tasks; for the first will make him dejected by often falling, and the second will make him a small proceeder, though by often prevailing; and at the first, let him practice with helps, as swimmers do with bladders, or rushes; but, after a time, let him practice with disadvantages, as dancers do with thick shoes; for it needs, great perfection if the practice be harder than the use. Where nature is mighty, and therefore the victory hard, the degrees had need be, first to stay and arrest nature in time; like to him that would say over the four and twenty letters when he was angry; then go less in quantity; as if one should, in forbearing wine, come from drinking healths to a draught at a meal; and lastly, to discontinue altogether; but if a man have the fortitude and resolution to enfranchise him at once, that is the best:

"Optimusille animi vinclis hedentis pectus Vincula qui rapit, deloluitque semel."

Neither is the ancient rule amiss, to bend nature as a wand, to a contrary extreme, whereby to set it right; understanding it where the contrary extreme is no vice. Let not a man force a habit upon himself with a perpetual continuance, but with some intermission; for both the pause reinforces the new onset; and, if a man that is not perfect be ever in practice, he shall as well practice his errors as his abilities, and induce one habit of both; and there is no means to help this but by seasonable intermission: but let not a man trust his victory over his nature too far; for nature will lie buried a great time, and yet revive upon the occasion, or temptation; like as it was with Æsop's damsel, turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end till a mouse ran before her; therefore, let a man either avoid the occasion altogether, or put himself often to it, that he may be little moved with it. A man's nature is best perceived in private; for there is no affection in passion; for that putteth a man out of his precepts, and in a new case or experiment, for there custom leaveth him. They are happy men whose natures sort with their vocations; otherwise they may say, 'multum incola fruit anima mea,' when they converse in those things they do not affect. In studies, whatsoever a man commandeth upon himself, let him set hours for it; but whatsoever is agreeable to his nature, let him take no care for any set times; for his thoughts will fly to it of themselves, so as the spaces of other business or studies will suffice. A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

RISING GENIUSES. SCENE IN A SCHOOL ROOM.

Master. "Fuss class'n jografee!" Scholars. "Yeth'm." Master. "Tammaz, What's the biggest river in Ameriky?" "The Tombigbee, zur; Ike keeps a pinchie on me!" "He pinch't me first zur, and I pinch't him back again."

"Take yer seats; fuss class in parsin! Moses, parse 'Arkansas'—sixth line from top." "A-r-k-ark, a-n-s ans, Aarkans a-s-s ans, Arkansas." "Pronounce it Arkansas; but Moses you aint spellin'—yer parsin child." "O, yeth'er! Harkhandsaw is a noun, objective case, indictiv mode, comparative degree, third person and nominativ case to scizzars." "You hav'nt said what gender, Moses."

"Feminine gender." "Why?" "Corzitz—." "Next." "Donno." "Next." "Corzitz a shemale." "Next." "Forgotton, zur." "Come David, you know." "Yeth'm."

"Whell, why is Arkansas of the feminine gender, David?" "Corzitz—why cozits its got Miss Sonny on the norf, Louisa Anna on the south, Mrs. Sippy on the east, and ever so many more she females on the west." "Very well, David, you may go to the head; you're a rising genius, and'll make a man before yer mother." "Yeth'm."

"Come friend," said a creditor to his debtor, 'I want that money.' 'I haven't got it.' 'But I must have it now.' 'Well—if you get it before I do, just let me know, will you?' This is a good one, showing heat on one side and coolness on the other.

HAWKERS AND PEDLARS.

We believe that the existence of such legal provisions as are contained in the following article is not generally thought of—but they should nevertheless be rigidly enforced. There are frequent instances of 'able bodied men,' and aliens, hawking and peddling goods among the people, in outrage of the law. The matter should be looked to—We have our resident merchants among us, who pay heavy taxes to the support of government and contribute their share to all the benevolent projects of society—and it is the height of injustice to allow strolling pedlars, who are frequently men of infamous character, to supplant them in the ways of business.—

Act of 28th March 1794, 4 Dallas, p.372; 3 Smith, p. 370. Pardons Digest, 5 edition p. 799. A supplement to "An act to regulate Hawkers and Pedlars."

SECT. 1. No person shall be licensed as a hawker, pedlar, or petty chapman within this State, but such only as is a citizen of the United States, and who from age, loss of limb, or other bodily infirmity, shall be disabled from procuring a livelihood by labor, which disability shall be proven by certificates from one or more physicians of respectable character.

SECT. 2. If any person not being licensed as aforesaid, (except such whose license may not be expired, shall be found hawking, peddling, travelling from place to place through any part of the State, to sell, or expose for sale, any foreign goods, wares, or merchandize; every person so offending against this act, shall be liable to a fine of FIFTY DOLLARS, or if any person having a license shall lend, or otherwise dis-

the person so lending, and the person so receiving the same, shall be liable to a fine of fifty dollars, respectively, which fine shall be recovered and applied as by the act to which this is a supplement, is directed and provided.

SECT. 3. No person licensed for the purpose aforesaid, shall be permitted to sell, vend or expose for sale any foreign goods, wares or merchandize, in any private or public house, or in any of the open streets, lanes or alleys, or in any other part or place of the city of Philadelphia, the district of Southwark, or the townships of the Northern Liberties, Moyamensing or Passyunk, or any of the corporate or county towns of this State, under the penalty of FIFTY DOLLARS to be recovered and applied as before mentioned.

SECT. 4. So much of the act to which this is a supplement as is hereby altered or amended, is hereby repealed.

SECT. 14. Sergeant & Rawles, reports 308, a Hawker and Pedlar who goes from house to house, or an unincorporated county town offering for sale goods prohibited by the act of the 28th March 1799, and sells any one article, even of trifling value, incurs the penalty of fifty dollars imposed by that act.

The New Orleans Bee of the 9th instant expresses its regret at the mal-opportune arrival of a large number of emigrants from the north, and from Europe, at a moment when they are almost sure to plunge into a premature grave, from the pestilence which is raging. Predisposed always by their northern constitutions to fevers of hot latitudes, they are doubly so when the atmosphere is manifestly charged with an epidemic poison. The number of arrivals within the few days preceding the 9th, were:

By the Caroline, from Havre, 161 " Eliza, from New York, 86 " steamboat Alton from St. Louis, 8 " Bayou Sara, 19 Two hundred deaths occurred at New Orleans on the 9th, 10th and 11th insts.

TO REMOVE SPOTS.—The Wheeling Times says that the tomato will remove stains of ink, and what is commonly called iron rust from linen.

A PLAGUE OF FLIES.—An insect called the alise blue has committed such ravages in some of the vineyards of both France and Spain, that in the churches of Malaga it has been prayed against.

We have seen some excellent toasts which were given on the last anniversary, but we believe the following conveys the most liberal, generous, and patriotic sentiment that we have yet seen, by D. L. Pratt.

"The ships of our navy, The Ladies of our land; May the former be well rigged, And the latter be well man'd."

Commerce is completely stagnant in Egypt. Large remittances in specie have been made thither from Marseilles and Leghorn. The Pacha has 90,000 bales of cotton, but will not sell for less than 10 l-8 dollars.

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.—Married at Sunberry, Mass., on the 19th of August, by the Rev. Mr. Cranberry, Mr. Nehemiah Blackberry to Miss Catharine Elderberry of Danbury. We hope the descendants will not prove to be gooseberries.