

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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MISCELLANEOUS.

HONESTY.

The bright jewel in the diadem of honor is honesty. It is a fortune to poverty itself—it is the safeguard of society, and the best recommendation to the man of business.—The responsible stations into which many are placed; are secured only by their integrity and honesty. There is scarcely any situation in life which does not afford opportunities for violating this most important principle. The temptations of the world are alluring; and without stern integrity on the part of those exposed to them, they may be induced to overstep the bounds of rectitude. The clerk, in the counting-room, may, if so disposed, cheat his employer out of hundreds. The salesman has the same opportunities. Indeed, there is no sphere of life in which imposition of this kind may not be practised. Then, how important is it to all, and especially to young men who are dependent upon their own personal exertions for sustenance, to secure the confidence of others and above all things, establish themselves in the character of honesty! Poverty is no disgrace, nor do we believe it a misfortune—it is an incentive to action. When coupled with honesty and perseverance, it is destined to rise in the scale of prosperity, just as sure as the golden sun will rise in the eastern horizon after having sunk in the purple west. The young man has been thrown into the world, homeless and friendless, has nothing to fear if he establishes for himself the character of honesty; while on the other hand, if he does not, he has no guarantee from the loathsome dungeon or the jail, the penitentiary or the almshouse. Go where he may his good or bad deeds will follow him. If he take with him his good ones, as virtue accords in unison with virtue, his prosperity is secure—if his evil ones, as vice and misery equally unite, his downfall is certain.—Every day's observation brings proof of the above fact. How often do we see the young man who lays the foundation of his life upon the irrevocable principles of honesty, rise like the Phoenix from its ashes, and live, enjoying the full confidence of the world, fanned by the salubrious and gentle breeze of happiness!—He is taken by the hand, and nurtured in the affection and good will of others—his services are held as a treasure—his superiors, in a pecuniary point of view, for whom he labors and upon whom is his dependence, value him so highly that they even subject themselves to his judgment, keep a watchful eye to his interests, dread giving him offence, and, to crown the whole, he is frequently made co-partner in business. This is a strong incentive to young men to be honest. The principle is true and immutable, carrying with it the combined evidence of past experience and the soundest doctrines of most philosophy.

Sterne says the most accomplished way of using books is to serve them as some do lords, learn their titles and then brag of their acquaintance.

A number of young men at Portland, Me., are getting up a company to go to the Oregon Territory.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The creations of the sculptor may moulder into dust, the wealth of the bard may wither—the throne of the conqueror may be shivered, by an opposing power, into atoms—the fame of the warrior may no longer be hymned by the recording minstrel—the hope of youth may be disappointed but that which hallows the cottage and sheds a glory around the palace—virtue shall never decay. It is celebrated by the angels of God—it is written on the pillars of Heaven, and reflected down to earth. The rock-cracker, possesses it, is more noble than the intriguing statesman. I would rather be in his place, I would rather have the "inward glory" with which the poor man is crowned, than overshadow the world with my martial banners: I would not exchange his lot for the reputation of a Raphael, the inspiration of Byron, the eloquence of a Mirabeau, or the intellect of a Bacon. I may be despised here—but if I possess it, then shall I tower above them all when the guilty shall tremble in their secret places, as the "heavens roll together as a scroll."

Human Life.—How truly does the journey of a single day, its changes and its hours exhibit the history of humane life! We rise up in the glorious freshness of a spring morning. The news of night, those sweet fears of nature, are singing from each bough and leaf, and reflecting the bright and myriad hues of the morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames buoyant with health. We see no cloud, we fear no storm, and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely, hour by hour our hopes become brighter. A few of our companions have dropped away, but in the multitude remaining, and the beauty of the scenery, their loss is unfelt. Suddenly we have entered upon a new country, the dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervor of the noonday sun, friends that started with us are disappearing. Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged, others have become weary and have laid down to their rest, but few faces are smiling on us, and new hopes beckoning us on. Ambition and fame are before us, but youth and affection are behind us. The scene is more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of the morning have faded, and forever. But still our steps fail not, our spirit fails not. Onward and onward we go, the horizon of happiness and fame raceless as we advance to it, the shadow begins to lengthen, and the chilly airs of evening are usurping the fervor of the noon day. Still we press onward, the final is not won, the heaven is not reached. The bright orb of hope that has cheered us on is sinking in the west, our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad, we turn to gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of twilight have interposed their veil between us, we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them, we have outstripped them all in our race after pleasure and the phantom yet uncaught, in the land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night time overtakes us, the dark and terrible night time of death, and weary and heavy laden, we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave! Happy thrice happy is he, who has laid up treasures in himself, for the distant and unknown to morrow.—*Charlton.*

INTERESTING EXTRACT.

"And this is the Dead Sea, and below these dark waters are 'the sites, perhaps the ruins, of Sodom and Gomorrah, such as when the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace. There is a tale that nothing living, not even a bird, can ever cross this sea. But there is no need of imaginary stories to heighten the desolation of the scene, and we, as well as other travellers, can testify to its inaccuracy by our own observations. We believe, how-

ever, that its waters are unfavorable to animal life; and though a shell or two may be occasionally picked up upon the shore, yet these have been probably brought down by the Jordan. The water is excessively bitter and nauseous; and if additional evidence were wanting, we also could testify to its great gravity, and to the buoyancy of the human body, when immersed in it. It is only by much exertions, and for a very short time, that any one can get and remain below the surface.

"We went from here to Jordan, and struck the river where tradition says the children of Israel passed over, when they first entered the Land of Promise. On the west side is a low bottom, and on the east a high sandy bluff, and the shores of the river are covered with aquatic bushes. The water was thick and turbid, and current rapid, and too deep to be sounded, "for Jordan overflowed all his banks all the time of harvest." And here did cross the Jewish nation, over this turbulent stream, "on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan." And we followed their route to Jericho, the frontier city of the Canaanites, where "the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city." There is no city now to take, nor are there any walls now to fall. There are but a few miserable hovels, made of rude stones and mud, and the ruined walls of a building of the middle ages, where the wretched Arabs burrow, rather than live. Jericho has disappeared as completely as her rival cities, which sunk before the wrath of the Almighty. And it requires an effort to be satisfied that here the great miracle which attended the entrance of the Jews into Canaan was performed, though the truth of the denunciation is before the eyes of the traveller: "Cursed be the man before the Lord that raiseth up and buildeth this city Jericho."

Thus speaks Lewis Cass, American Minister at Paris, who, in August, 1838, stood upon the shore of the Dead Sea, traversed the track-way of the Israelites thro' the wilderness, and noted the place of their passage across the Red Sea.

VISITING IN ENGLAND.

None of the presentations of Americans to the royal family, this season, are quite equal to that of a Connecticut sailor as related by himself to his old acquaintances after his return from his first voyage to the father-land.

Striped Jacket had been absent from Woodstock and his friends, for four months and on his return old and young flocked around him to inquire who and what he had seen.

Stripe understood how to set off a thing or two as well as a playactor and answered all inquiries of the gaping audience to their satisfaction.

"Well did you see the king!"

"Oh, yes, I saw him often!"

"And where did you see him?"

"Why, I met him in the road at first and he ax'd me where I was from."

"And did he speak to you then?"

"Law yes; he invited me to his house; palace they call it there."

"Well, and did ye go?" said a number of voices at once.

"Yes, d'ye think I woul'd go, when ax'd?"

"Well, and what did he say to ye?"

"Oh he ax'd me how I did, &c. &c."

"Now what did you say to him?"

"Why, I said I come from the free states, and I hoped to see his folks all well."

"Yes; he told the lad to make him half a mug of flip, for a friend had come a great way see him—so he and I set down and drinks it together."

"Now do tell us, did you see the Queen, and how was she dressed?"

"No, could't see her,—King made her excuses, and said it was Monday, it was washing day with her, and she was not fit to be seen in the forenoon. So I came a-

A Parson's Tougher.—Old Parson M. of—, Worcester county, used sometimes to be absent on a missionary tour. Once on a time, having just returned from one of these excursions, he found his congregation quite drowsy, and wishing to wake them up, he broke off in the midst of his sermon, and began to tell them of what wonderful things he had seen in York State—among other wonders he said he had seen monstrous great moschetoes—so large that many of them would weigh a pound!—"The people were by this time wide awake. "Yes," continued parson M., "and moreover they are often known to climb up on the trees, and bark!"

The next day one of the Deacons called upon him, telling him that many of the brethren were much scandalized at the big stories he told the day before. "What stories?" says parson M. "Why sir, you said that the moschetoes in York State were so large that many of them would weigh a pound!" "Well," rejoined the minister, "I do really think that a great many of them would weigh a pound." "But," continues the Deacon, "you also said they would climb up on the trees, and bark!" "Well, sir," says parson M., "as to their climbing up on the trees, I have seen them do that—haven't you Deacon?" "O yes." "Well, how could they climb up on the trees and not climb on the bark?" The Deacon was of course nonplussed.

From the Pennsylvanian.

The late elections have caused it to be generally conceded that the opposition to Mr. Van Buren in 1840, if an opposition can be rallied to take the field against him, will be a mere formality to preserve something resembling party organization. Recent events have so powerfully demonstrated the correctness of the principles supported by the democracy, that since the days of Monroe there never has been a time when the anti-democrat and anti-administration feeling was more completely subdued.—The force arrayed against Andrew Jackson and so potently operative against Martin Van Buren at the period of his election and for a year or two afterwards, is to a great extent immersed in the ranks of the democratic party, and where it still continues to make head, as for instance in New York, its comparative weakness and rapid decrease of strength tells plainly enough what will be its fate next year. Even in Massachusetts, the stronghold, the Gibraltar of federal whiggery; the opposition, if not completely prostrated, are so near it that their victory, should it prove such, is quite disastrous in its effect as a total defeat would have been. In the midst, however, of all this discomfiture and all these evidences of the irresistible popular tide now setting in favor of a divorce of bank and state, and the reform of banking system, it is amusing to observe that all our old opponents have not lost heart. The Herald and Sentinel of this city, for instance, walks cheerily over the fragments of its party, and draws the brightest omens from mishap. Yesterday favored its readers with an article announcing the premonitions of Mr. Van Buren's defeat next year in a style resembling tone of former days, and with as much confidence as if this were 1837 instead of being 1839, and as if the present bank suspension were producing effects similar to those of great panics and the suspension two years ago. With a buoyancy of spirit even exceeding that which the Inquisitor used to display under adverse circumstances, the Herald seriously announces that the next election will "send Mr. Van Buren home to Kinderhook as certainly as death follows a bullet wound through the heart!" It is certainly something to find that in the long line of opposition journals, in general so worn down by reverses and dejected by overthrows, there is at least one to be found which feels inclined to raise a shout and clash its sounding arms, like the Carlist, Cabrera who alone flaunts the standard of routed Conservatism, and continues to fight as it were on his own hook, and merely for the honor of the thing. The Herald is of

a most happy constitution if it is convinced of the correctness of its own assertions, and has the honor to stand "solitary and alone" in its anticipation for 1840.

Terrible Earthquake in Birmah.—We have been favored, says the Madras Courier of May 9, with the following graphic account of the effects, at Amaraopora, of the earthquake that was so severely felt there on the morning of the 23d ult. and which appears to have been of a most awful nature, involving considerable loss of life:—"We have been visited by a terrible earthquake here. About two on the morning of the 23d, we were awoke by the house rocking to and fro in the most frightful manner. We had two terrible shocks, with several others throughout the night and the whole of the next day. In the morning we found every pagoda had been partly thrown down, not one standing whole. Every brick house in the place was more or less dilapidated, some three or four only being left standing, more or less damaged, and the others all down, burying many people in their ruins. In one large brick house eleven persons were buried, seven killed, two much hurt, and two unhurt. Under every house some have been killed: twelve of them in the Mussulman mosque the whole of which building came down. The earth opened in many places, many of which continue open, and are sufficiently large to stow away a man of war. From all these fissures a large quantity of water was thrown up. The river rose and flowed upwards three times, and numerous wrecks were strewn along the banks. It appears to have done still more damage at Ava, where the palace is down, and many fissures opened in the town. Not a pagoda is to be seen on the Tsagain side of the river. An Armenian gentleman, Mr. Harapeit, was taken from out of the ruins of his house, his legs and arms crushed, and his chest broken: he soon expired."

The Ignited Horse.—The actors in the recent cruel exploit of setting fire to a horse at Cambridge, with spirit gas, had to pony up to the tune of a cool hundred and trimmings. Something like a joke did grow out of the barbarous transaction. The burning harness emitted a bright white flame, and an old lady, who had seen some notices of the painting of "Death on the Pale Horse," exclaimed, on seeing the frantic horse dashing along in silver light—"Mercy on me! if there aint the Pale Horse they have been showing in Boston. He has broke out of his stable, and is running to West Cambridge, like all natur."

A Gentle Hint.—"If I am not at home from the party to-night at 10 o'clock," said a husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me."

"That I won't," replied the lady, significantly, "I won't wait but I'll come for you!"

The gentleman returned at 10 o'clock precisely.

A Strong Wind.—A Tennessee paper says, that John L. Wind, Esq. of Mississippi, it is said recently thrashed three men in four minutes. That wind must have blown a strong hurricane at the time. The chap could make a fortune in the West Indies by running an opposition against tornadoes.

Friendship.—Friendship is a dangerous word for young ladies; it is love full fledged, and waiting for a day to fly.

Matrimony.—Matrimony is a medicine very proper for young men to take. It decides their fate—kills or cures.

A gentleman being called on to subscribe to a course of lectures objected, "because," said he, "my wife reads me a gratuitous lecture every evening."