

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.

A COMMON SENSE VIEW OF MILLERISM, FOR COMMON PEOPLE.

We are sometimes bewildered amidst the mazes of Theological discussion. A man starts a fine spun theory, brings in Scripture to his aid, makes his own interpretation, which his hearers have not the ability to controvert, and then quits the field with an air of triumph, having accomplished the laudable purpose of shaking the faith of some of the feeble minded, and crazing the intellects of others. It seems to me that common sense, if people would only exercise it is a sufficient corrective of this error. As all the Scriptures are confessedly dark on this point, and require the efforts of skilled Theologians to unravel them, I will suggest one or two simple thoughts which must convince any reflecting mind that the destruction of the earth is an event yet quite far distant.

One of the essential attributes of God is wisdom, and this is manifest in all his works by a perfect adaption of objects to their ends. Apply this principle to the case before us. The Gospel is the most sublime effort of Divine wisdom and benevolence, not limited in its sphere of operations like the law, but designed emphatically for all people. It required the long period of four thousand years to prepare the way. Mankind had to pass through various stages, before they were prepared for the reception of that system, which was to rectify the errors prevailing in society, to purify the springs of human action, and to open in the wilderness of the world a new moral creation. This plan has been developed. A knowledge of it has reached only a small part of the human race. For the eighteen centuries of its existence, it has had to contend with every species of opposition. Do the narrow spread and limited influence of the Gospel seem to be at all compatible with the grandeur and extent of those preparations which were destined to benefit the whole world? The destruction of the world at this time, is virtually charging a degree of folly against the Ruler of the Universe, which we would scarcely hazard against a fellow mortal in one of the ordinary transactions of life.

This view is strengthened, by considering the faculties now presented for accomplishing God's plan of benefiting the whole world. The rigours of Mahomedanism have been but recently so relaxed, as to open the whole of Asia Minor to Gospel influences. The recent victorious struggle of England in India, must produce the same result there. The conquests of France in North Africa, the American Colonies on the Western Coast, and other settlements on the South, seem to throw the first rays of promise upon that long benighted world. Was there ever such a juncture in the history of the world? Can we not see a change which has been wrought in the lands under the auspices of the Christian religion, presents another interesting feature. Every ship that now floats upon a foreign shore, instead of transporting the woe and luxuries of Christendom; will have streaming from her mast at least one truth of the Gospel displayed upon the Bethel Flag—

Does it seem then at all consistent with God's purposes to blot the earth from the map of creation, when on the end of soemphing the one to which all his Providential arrangements have been so long directed? Let common sense answer the question.

Let us take another view of the matter. From the earliest periods man has groaned under political oppression. Tyranny has impeded the current of the Gospel, and crushed the dignity of the human character. Since the American Revolution, what a change has been presented in the aspect of society every where? Follow the Gospel Message, "Let the oppressed go free," in its march through the world! Can any mind not be sensible of the pleasing reality, which is exhibited in every land? And now when man is just beginning to think, feel and act as a free born creature of God: when he has an opportunity of carrying out his exalted destiny; when institutions are springing up for meliorating every class of human woe; when absolute despotism over body and soul is in death struggle; shall we imagine that the great Author of life, liberty and salvation, will destroy the whole work, in the midst of its most successful experiment to elevate and better the condition of man?

Again, very recent experiments have shown that the earth is a vast store house of wonders, which may be made subservient to the convenience of man and the welfare of Society. Chemistry and Natural Philosophy have of late years brought some of them to light, and given us a faint idea of the power of mind over matter.—Look for example, at the steam engine, and from this conceive of what future uses the various combinations of nature's laboratory may be made. Can, then the man of common sense believe that the God who endowed nature with all these properties, would annihilate the whole, just when its uses had become known, and could be made subservient to his own glorious ends?

These are some plain reasons, designed not to subserve scripture testimony, but to substantiate that interpretation given to it by all the good and learned men in the land. Opposed to it, we have the theory of a man who calls himself a farmer, who makes no pretensions to learning, and whose highest claim is a perversion of scripture, which is in the mouth of every visionary enthusiast. "God has chosen the foolish of this world to confound the wise."

Need we add more to aid in scattering the fog which has enveloped many a mind, and in leading back every reflecting man to the good old faith? "Of that day and hour knoweth no man."

Speedy Remedy for a Foundered Horse.—As soon as you find your horse is foundered, bleed him in the neck in proportion to the greatness of the founder. In severe cases bleed as long as he can stand up. Then draw his head up as common in drenching, and salt, until you can get him to swallow one pint. Be careful not to let him drink too much. Then anoint around the edges of his hoofs with spirits of turpentine, and your horse will be well in an hour.

I once rode a hired horse 93 miles in two days, returning him at night the second day, and his owner would not have known he had been foundered if I had not have told him, and his founder was one of the deepest and worst kind.

Humane Wife.—The Pennsylvanian following account, and thinks the celebrated Widow Grizzle; of eel trap

"Pooh, pooh!" said a humane lady impatiently to her expiring husband, as he strove to give her a few last words, "don't stop to talk, but go on with your dying."

For one who sincerely pities our misfortunes, there are a thousand who sincerely hate our success.

SCENE IN THE REVOLUTION.

THE BATTLE OF COWPENS.

It may with truth be said, that in no battle of the American revolution was the contest more unequal, or the victory more signal and complete, than that of the Cowpens. The British army was superior in numbers, in discipline, and in every thing that can constitute an army, having the soul and spirit of the soldier, and the noble daring of the officer. In Infantry they were five to four, and in cavalry as three to one! The American army under Gen. Morgan, was a retreating detachment, without artillery, without proper arms, and without baggage or provisions.—In the language of a distinguished historian of that period—the earth was their bed, the heavens their covering, and the rivulets which they crossed, their only drink.

The battle ground of the Cowpens is in Spartanburg District, about 17 miles north of the Court House, and four or five miles from the North Carolina line. The surrounding country is a beautiful and almost perfect plain, with a fine surrounding growth of tall pines, oak and chesnut.

On the memorable 17th of January, 1781 the entire country for miles around the battle-ground, was one vast untouched forest. The inhabitants of the lower part of the district, had been in the habit of driving their cattle into this part of the country for the purpose of grazing, and had erected pens in the neighborhood for the purpose of salting and marking them. Hence the origin of the battle-ground. The field of the battle ground, however, is about two miles distant from the Cowpens; but in as much as there was no other or nearer known place in the neighborhood, it was called 'the Battle of the Cowpens.' The night previous to the battle, the American army had encamped on the grounds. The position was a favorable one and lay immediately between the head waters of 'Suck-Creek,' a branch of 'Buck Creek,' which are not more than two or three hundred yards apart. The forces under Gen. Morgan were drawn up about daylight, on the bridge extending from one of these spring branches to the other. These branches, at that time, were well lined with cane and small reeds, which made it exceedingly difficult to cross over them. General Morgan was retreating to North Carolina, and had determined to give battle on the other side of the Broad River, but General Pickens informed him if they crossed the river the militia could not be ket together. A large portion of them had joined the army the day previous, and were under no regular discipline. This determined the commanding General to wait for Tarleton, whose forces had been marching all night to overtake the American army before they could get over Broad River. The North and South Carolina militia, under the command of Gen. Pickens, were posted one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in advance of the continental troops, under Col. Howard. Col. Branton's regiment was placed on the left of the road leading from the Union District into N. Carolina, and the regiments of Colonels Thomas and Roebuck on the right. They were ordered to stand the fire of the enemy as long as possible and then retreat and form again on the right and left of the continental troops.

About sunrise the British army appeared in sight, and marched within one or two hundred yards of the American lines, and then displayed on the right and left, with a corps of cavalry on each wing. Gen. Pickens ordered the militia not to fire until the enemy came within thirty paces of them. They were also permitted to shelter themselves behind trees, which was at least a prudent, if not scientific mode of fighting. At the celebration of the anniversary of this battle in 1835, the writer of these sketches was shown, by several of the old soldiers, the identical trees from behind which they fired during the engagement. The British, when formed, rushed forward with a shout and a huzza, as if in anticipation of an easy victory. The horse

of Colonel Branton was shot down under him; and his regiment immediately fired on the enemy, in violation of their orders to await until he had approached within thirty paces. The regiments of Colonels Thomas and Roebuck soon commenced also a brisk and destructive fire. The enemy now made a charge with fixed bayonets, and the militia gave way. The brunt of the battle was now bravely born by the regular troops while the militia rallied in the rear and renewed the engagement. Three hundred of the British were killed and wounded, and five hundred taken prisoners. The remnant of Tarleton's cavalry was pursued by Col. Washington fifteen or twenty miles to Goudelock's where he was informed the British were out of his reach. This, however, was a false statement, made by Mrs. Goudelock in order to save the life of her husband, whom Tarleton had just pressed into his service to pilot him across the Pa. coast. This good lady supposed that if Col. Washington overtook the British that an engagement would necessarily ensue and her husband might be killed in the action. She therefore suffered the feelings of a wife to prevail over those of patriotism and morality. For the fact was Tarleton had just got out of sight as Washington rode up. Had the American cavalry continued their pursuit fifteen minutes longer, the remnant of the British troops could have been either captured or killed.

The next day after the battle, a portion of the militia was despatched to bury the dead. Three places of burying are now to be distinctly seen. The largest is near the chimney of a cabin some hundred yards above the battle ground. The second is fifty to one hundred yards distant and the third on the spot where the battle took place. One of the soldiers who assisted at the burying, observed, at the celebration before alluded to, that the dead were found in straight lines across the battle ground, and that it gave them a most singular appearance when seen at distance. The only vestiges of the battle, now to be seen, are the trees which have been cut for bullets. Some of these cops are twenty feet high—an evidence of bad shooting by one or the other of the parties. A great many of the bullets are yet to be found in the trees. The writer saw several which were pewter, and no doubt been moulded from a spoon or plate. Lead being scarce, some good Whig had made the best substitute in his power, at the expense of his table, and the convenience of his family. At the time the battle was fought, there was no undergrowth on the ground, and objects might be seen a great distance through the woods; but since that time bushes and saplings have sprung up and destroyed, in a great measure the beauty of the forest.

AFFECTING SCENE.

The New Orleans Tropic of Tuesday says that Judge Canonge paid a visit on Sunday to Larkin, the murdered, whose sentence of death was recorded some days ago. The criminal spoke freely upon the subject of his awful end, and desired most earnestly that a minister of the Methodist persuasion might be allowed to wait upon him. There was one little incident in his conversation that is well worthy of record although the sentiments spring from the breast of one who has crimsoned his hands in the blood of a fellow creature. He said that his father was dead, but that his mother is now living, and that there is but one thing connected with the horrid crime for which he must soon pay the just penalty, that brought peace on his mind and afforded him, unhappy as he is, a gleam of consolation. In making out the accusation, the attorney accidentally spelt his name improperly, yet he answered to it an never corrected the mistake, for the reason that the poor mother might never know that it was her son who had suffered a felon's death. There is something beautiful in this, and it serves to show that the heart of man, although dyed with the blackest crime, may still be susceptible of

the holiest emotions of our nature. To hear one foe whom the hangman waits, express a feeling that the purest of us adore—to hear him say that he thanks God that his mother will never be apprised of her erring child's untimely end—may well enlist the sympathy of the strongest of our kind in behalf of one from whom all shrink as from a basilisk.

A TRAITOR'S REWARD.

Mr. Hammond, in his last work. The History of Political parties in the State of New York, gives an interesting instance of political treachery and its speedy and deserving punishment. It occurred in 1810, under the administration of Gov. Tompkins. It appears that in that year the federalists, owing to some sudden mutation of parties found themselves in a majority in the Assembly. It was then the practice of that body to appoint one Senator from each of the Senate Districts (of which there were 4) who, with the Governor, formed the Council of appointment and, who appointed all the officers for the State.—It happened that two of these districts were represented wholly by republicans, so that the federalists were compelled to select two from that political class. These with the Governor would have formed the majority; but it happened that one of them, Mr. Robt. Williams, of the middle district, proved faithless to his friends & as a consequence, a general and merciless sweep was made of all the state officers. Mr. Hammond, thus describes the effects upon the author of this unpardonable treachery.

The indignation of the republicans against Williams was every where intense, but in no part of the state was that indignation nearer bursting forth into open outrage than in his own district. The very friends who had exerted their influence, employed their times and expended their money to procure his election, were those who, by his casting vote, were ejected from office, office upon the emoluments of which some of them depended for the support of their families. He was stigmatised as a traitor and labeled as a Judas Iscariot. Who would purchase short-lived power at such a price? Mr. Williams, though a man of considerable activity, address and enterprise, after he ceased to be a member of the Council, was neglected by all parties and was never afterwards heard of in political life. His fate should operate as a beacon to politicians. The people are too just to condemn any individual for his political opinions, provided he expresses them frankly & supports them fairly. It is concealment, hypocrisy and treachery which are in politics the unpardonable sin, a sin which merits and generally receives a condemnation which is perpetuated.

NEW CHAPEL AT BELLEVUE.

We have a touching account of the ceremony of inaugurating a small chapel to the memory of the victims of the railway accident of the 8th May, on the spot of its occurrence at Bellevue. The monument dedicated to Notre Dame des Flammes, is triangular in form, built entirely of hewn stone, supported on three large columns, and surmounted by a small statue of its patron saint. On the principle facade, over the door of entrance, is inscribed 'Peace to the Victims of the 8th May!' Within, above the altar, is a second statue of 'Our Lady of the Flames;' having, like the other, for its base, a burning globe, on which is cut, in characters representing flame, the words—'To the Victims of the 8th May, 1842.'—and beneath, 'Oh, good and tender Mary, preserve us from the flames of earth! still more from those of Eternity!' The chapel has no other ornament. The relatives of the victims were present in great numbers, joining in the mass for the dead; and the surrounding banks were crowded with silent and sympathising spectators.