

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

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1845.

Number 87.]

Volume VIII.]

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT

OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

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.

Advertisements not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first insertion, 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.

Farewell, old friend, thy work is done,
The misty clouds shut out the sun;
The grapes are plucked, the hops are off,
The woods are stark; and I must doff
My old straw hat—but 'hide a wee,'
Fair skies we've seen, but we may see
Skies full as fair as those of yore,
And then we'd wander forth once more.
Farewell, till daisies deck the plain,
Farewell, till spring days come again—
My old straw hat.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

The Deluge

Many, and conflicting, are the speculations with regard to the Deluge, in relation to its extent; also the causes by which it was produced. The account as it is contained, in the seventh chapter of Genesis is by many wholly, or in part rejected. Some suppose that the deluge, was only over part of the earth, while others suppose that there never was any such thing. But among those who believe that there was such an universal deluge, we find a great variety of opinions existing. Some suppose that the earth was arrested in its diurnal revolution, which would be at once sufficient, to cause a universal deluge.

Others are of the opinion that there had been an unusual drought, & that therefore, the vapors had long been accumulating.

But let us examine, for a few moments this subject, and see if we cannot discover evidences of the fact, that there was such a deluge, and other causes to produce it, than have heretofore been assigned.

First that the deluge was universal, but it swept over the western continent as well as the eastern, we have indubitable evidences in the fact, that marvellous plants, animals and shells, are found in places very remote from the sea shore, and the fact that trees of an enormous size, have been found many feet beneath the surface of the earth, and that in situations where no trees of this description are at the present day to be found, from the fact that we find interruptions in the different strata of the earth, which could only have been produced, by some great convulsion of nature.

Thus then, having established the fact, of a universal deluge, let us proceed to examine the cause, or causes which might thus put all the elements in convulsions. The opinion of some, that a drought of an universal duration, was the cause of long and heavy rains, will not certainly hold good; and simply for this reason, that there is much water now in and upon the surface of the earth, as there was at the time of the deluge; and there was no more water on the earth at the time of the deluge, than there was at any time prior to that event. But the class of persons who hold these opinions, also hold that the earth is only a plain, and that it has no diurnal motion, and that instead of the earth revolving upon its own axis, so as to make day and night; the earth remains stationary, and the sun revolves around the earth. Having thus met the objections of those who deny that there ever was a deluge, and also exploded the theory of a partial deluge, such as is yearly caused by the overflowing of the Nile; and considered the unreasonable-ness of the theory, of the deluge having been produced by the vapors arising from the Seas, Oceans, Lakes and Rivers during a protracted drought.

I shall now consider the two remaining theories, viz. that of the deluge being produced by the stoppage of the earth in its revolution or diurnal motion, and secondly, that of the deluge being produced by the fusion of the polar ices. The theory that the deluge was produced by the earth being suddenly stopped in its revolutions upon its own axis, has met with many powerful advocates, but I think, that notwithstanding the advocates of this theory, are very dogmatical and very tenacious, it will hardly be supposed that the sudden arrest of the motion of the earth could cause so much vapor to arise as to form material for forty days rain. For it is said "that the windows of Heaven were opened, and the fountains of the great deep were broken up." But if this had been the case, (I mean the stop-

page of the revolution of the earth) a universal deluge I think, could not have taken place, and the one half of the earth would have been thrown in night, for forty days and the waves of the Ocean, when they came in contact with the shore would have rolled back, and broken the force of the succeeding waves, and thus there would have been no deluge; for when Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, it was nothing more nor less, than the earth that was stopped in its revolution.—Those who maintain this theory say, that in this case the earth being stopped would cause the water to gush out of the bowels of the earth, and spout up in the same manner that the Whale spouts out water at the sea; but, how come there such vast quantities of water in the bowels of the earth, as to cause it to rush to the surface with such violence, as to up heave the mountains. If such had been the case, the caves which are found, both in the mountains of the Old and New Worlds would exhibit greater marks of violence than they do at present. And, moreover, the amount of water, that was then or is now in a liquid state, is not sufficient to cause a universal deluge. I must here remark that I do not suppose that a single drop of water has been lost or added, since the creation or formation of this planet called the Earth which we inhabit. That there was no more water at the time of the deluge, than there was a thousand years before, nor more than there is at the present time in and upon the earth. Having this fact, viz. the rotundity of the earth fully established; and having also the fact of its daily revolution from west to east, duly established, I shall now enquire what may be termed the "fountains of the great deep;" for we are told that these were broken up. These I consider to be nothing more nor less than the polar ices; and I think that we have just grounds for this conclusion, viz: the vast mountains of ice which the poles are loaded being the "fountains of the great deep" because in these mountains of ice, I consider there is a water sufficient to deluge the earth at any time. I shall now endeavor to show how the two poles so loaded with ice were brought under the immediate action of the sun's rays. And here let me remark that at the time of the deluge the seasons were changed, for this is implied in the promise that "seed time and harvest should remain" now it is the regular change of the seasons which causes seed time and harvest, and therefore the seasons were changed or in other words there was only one season, and that was a rainy one which prevented seed from being sown.

Now, this earth being only a speck in the innumerable family of planets, it was only necessary for the Almighty to bid it to spin round in the direction of a meridian, instead of following a degree of latitude. This would throw the polar ices under the immediate influence of the sun's rays, and cause a great fusion of the polar ices which would indeed, be a breaking up of the "fountain of the deep." This too would cause the vapors to rise in such profusion that they would form materials for heavy and protracted rains.

This theory, I think in harmony both with nature, reason and revelation. Because nature teaches that the poles are loaded with mountains of ice, and here is a natural process by which they are brought into the liquid state. And this process would continue while the polar ices would remain, and as the poles would be thus exposed, it is easy to account for the "forty days rain." All know what vast quantities of vapor rise from the melting of the ice in our small creeks, and even when the frost is coming out of the ground in the spring of the year; and it is a well established fact, that these vapors form clouds and fall again in rain. Then when we take into the account, that these polar ices are in themselves not only mountains, but vast continents, containing mountains higher than any mountain in the United States; or perhaps in North America. Here would be a real increase of water, and that by the simplest means in nature, viz: the fusion of the polar ices, and that in the same manner that the ice, on our rivers and creeks, are converted into water. And all who have witnessed the effects of this in-

crease of water along our creeks and rivers, have but to enlarge the field so as to embrace the polar ices and their fusion by the rays of a vertical sun, and they will find the waters as it were bursting and boiling from the bottom of the Ocean, while the vapors which would be constantly rising, would condense in the higher atmosphere, or in connexion with the deluge, was produced by natural means. This would at once account for the universal deluge, and by means the most natural and comprehensible to the reflecting mind.— This would also explain the duration of the deluge; and the trace of the waters returning off of the earth. God having caused the earth to make its revolution, in the direction of a meridian, in order that the polar ices should be fused by the rays of a vertical sun upon them, and this fusion having been accelerated by the rains which would continue so long as the vapors arising in sufficient quantities were condensed would supply the clouds with water, this natural process would go on until the polar ices were all changed to water, which would occupy the space of "forty days."— We have now seen the waters prevailing until they have reached their utmost extent, all the polar ices have been dissolved, and every part of the earth is covered, even the peaks of the highest mountains, and there is no spot of land visible.

The rains is restrained, but not until the water in the clouds has fallen and the subject for which the deluge was sent is accomplished. The Almighty having thus covered the earth with water, and seen the raging of the elements, speak and the earth again assumes its former revolution from West to East, and immediately the ice begins to accumulate at the poles which causes the water to abate, and the dry land begins to appear, first the top of the highest mountains appear, and as the ice accumulates at the poles the water upon the earth becomes less. Thus may we account for a universal deluge without departing in the least from the account as it is contained in the book of Genesis, and this theory either will also, I apprehend, be found to coincide with the Mosaic account of the history of the creation of the world, when "darkness brooded over the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Which would imply that at the creation of this planet, it was submerged, and dry land was made to appear, only when the water had congealed at the poles. By this theory we have satisfactorily obtained that, there is the same amount of water now that there was at any period of the world's existence, and that should this planet remain for as many years yet to come, as it has stood days, the quantity of water would still be the same as when the Almighty spoke it into existence.

NUMA.

ORATOR.

At a late political meeting in the west the orator electrified his hearers by the following eloquent remarks—"Every man and woman is born free and equal except niggers. They ain't born so in naith, for I am six foot and my brother Rip is only four foot and a half and thick through in proportion. They ain't born so in point of strength, for I can double up any he-creature between here and the forks of Red River. They ain't born so in point of gumption, for I know a smart piece, while cousin Leafy was born a n'at'ral. We ain't so in point of running, for I can run down a steamboat a panther, or a railway car; nor we ain't so in point of taking rye, for I can put the bung-hole to my mouth and swallow half a barrel. Then what is we born equal in? I'll tell you how we're equal. When you go to the polls next 'lection day, if you'll vote for me to go to Congress, I swear to you by all the eyes in my breeches pocket, that every one of you shall have a grant, and I'll take a grant too, and then we shall all be equal."

The Difference.—A preacher at Nashville, the other day, made the following distinction between a "coquette" and a "flirt."—"A flirt is a creature with a heart but without brains; a coquette is a creature with brains but without a heart."

Love and Madness.

A most affecting anecdote is related by Dr. Uwins, in his Treatise on Disorders of the Brain. A lady on the point of marriage, whose intended husband usually travelled by the stage coach to visit her went one day to meet him, & found, instead of the affection that had befallen her, ceased from that fatal moment," says the author, "has this unfortunate female, for fifty years in all seasons, traversed the distance of a few miles to where she expected her future husband to alight from the coach, and every day she uttered in a plaintive tone, He is not come yet. I will return to-morrow." There is a more remarkable case, in which love, after it had long been apparently extinct, produced a like effect upon being accidentally revived. It is recorded in a Glasgow newspaper. An old man, residing in the neighborhood of that city, found a miniature of his wife, taken in her youth. She had been dead many years, and he was a person of strictly sedate and religious habits; but the sight of this picture overcame him. From the time of its discovery till his death, which took place some months afterwards, he neglected all his ordinary duties and employments, and became in a manner imbecile, spending whole days without uttering a word, or manifesting the slightest interest in passing occurrences. The only one with whom he would hold any communication, was a little grandchild who strikingly resembled the portrait; to her he was perfectly docile; and a day or two before his death, he gave her his purse, and strictly enjoined her to lay the picture beside him in the coffin—a request which was accordingly fulfilled.

FRIENDSHIP.

Chesterville observes their is a kind of short lived friendship which takes place among men from a connection in their pleasures only; a friendship too often attended with bad consequences. This companion of our pleasures, young and inexperienced will probably in the heat of convivial mirth sow a perpetual friendship, and unfold himself to you without the least reserve, but new associations, change of place, will soon break this ill-timed connection, and the folly of such hasty attachments. The observation will apply to young females. I have frequently witnessed with regret, with what warmth & excitement they enter into new alliances of friendship; repose, in some short lived acquaintance, all their secrets of sentiment—pour out their every thought of affection in an aggravated strain; appear perfectly happy in its development. For a young female to be without a confident in affairs of the heart, argues much for her understanding, and I always take it for granted, that she who takes pleasure in making every acquaintance the repository of her dearest secrets, is somewhat touched with idocy. A mother—or any other senior relative who acts in that capacity—if she be a woman perfectly chaste of sentiment—perfectly affable of disposition, and perfectly capable of discrimination—is the only counsellor that a young female should require, in regulating that most precious and invaluable of all gifts, her affections. It may be, when long years of acquaintance have deeply and successfully tried a young friend, that she shall be worthy of all confidence, still, until time and experience have pictured to her the ways of the world, she will be an unfit counsellor, although a sincere and affectionate associate.

THE FARMER.

It does one's heart good to see a merry round-faced farmer. So independent, and yet so free from vanities and pride. So rich, and yet so industrious—so patient and preserving in his calling, and yet so kind, social and obliging.—There are a thousand noble traits about his character. He is generally hospitable—eat and drink with him, and he won't set a mark on you and sweat it out of you with double compound interest, as some I know will—you are welcome. He will do you kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation—it is not so with every body. He is generally more honest and sincere—less disposed to deal in low and underhand cunning, than many I could name. He gives society its best support—is the firmest pillar that supports the edifice of government—he is the lord of nature. Look at him in his homespun and grey, bucks—gentlemen!—laugh at him if you will—but believe me, he can laugh back if he pleases.

"I blush deeply under the heat of your passion" as the lobster said to the boiling water.

YELLOW JACK.

Fear is a mighty conjurer up of forms and a ready adapter of ideas. An Irish man landed yesterday on the Levee, lumbered with no other baggage than a small trunk. A mulatto approached him first, as he stopped, asked, what's your name?

Mulatto—My name is John, massa, but dey calls me Jack.
Irishman—O, you thief of the world don't lay a hand on that trunk, er I won't leave a bone in your yellow skin that I won't pound as fine as brick dust; be off, I say, you nutherin Yellow Jack—be off, out of me sight this very minute—shure they say your very touch is contagious; I heard enough of you elsewhere; and now, you treacherous yellow thief, you want to attack me before I even wet my wistle in the city. Clear out, I say; and here he twirled his shillelah, and would actually have laid it on the mulatto, had he not run off. The fact was, the Irishman confounded Yellow Jack the mulatto, with Yellow Jack, the epidemic, and hence his apprehension.—N. O. Peayune.

A Newspaper is a Family.—The minds of active children are ever agog, after something on which their fancy may rest. This principle of the human faculty never can be satisfied short of enjoyment in some thing. This being a self evident position, the question fairly arises, what is the best food for such minds? If we wish their faculties to remain useless, deprive children as much as possible of all sources of information, teach them that all polish, of what ever kind it may be, is superfluous. Then they will either be drones or vagabonds according as the bent of their inclination may lead them. But on the contrary, if you would like to have the offspring of your charge both active and useful, place such incentives before them as would lead a tender and susceptible mind into a train of useful thoughts, which would so bias future conduct, as to justify the saying of the wise man, that "train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

PRINTING OFFICES.

When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law first discovered that the young man had a banking for her daughter, the good lady said she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer—there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was not certain the country would support them.

Interesting to Account and writers.—It is said that when ink marks on paper are erased, by scratching out, that a little rub of the spot with the edge of fresh India rubber, will render it fit to receive a new mark without the ink spreading, and is better than pounce for that purpose.

A SAGE LESSON.

Lookman; the Ethiopian sage was asked from he received his first lesson of wisdom. He answered: From the blind who never take a step till they have first felt the ground before them.

GOOD JOKE.

A rather green sort of a well dressed individual walked into the Broadway House the other morning and stretching himself up to his full height exclaimed in a loud voice.
Where are all the whigs? Show me a whig, gentlemen,' said he and I will show you a thief!
A large Company of quiet gentlemen was present and in an instant one of them stood before the noisy inquirer in a warlike attitude and said—
'I am a whig sir!
'Are you indeed?
'Yes sir I am!
Well just step down to the Tanks with me and I will show you a thief'—N. Y. Mirror.

A GROUND FOR STEADFASTNESS.

If I were not penetrated with a conviction of the truth of the bible and the reality of my own experience I should be confounded on all sides—from within and from without—in the world and in the church.

Small things often decide a man's destination, as the ruder of a ship directs her course.

POETRY.



The Old Straw Hat.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Farewell, old friend, we part at last,
Fruits, flowers, and summer all are past,
And when the beech leaves bid adieu,
My old straw hat must vanish too.
We've been together many an hour,
In grassy dell and garden bower,
And paint and ribbon, scorched and torn,
Proclaim how well thou hast been worn.
We've had a time, gay, bright and long,
To let me sing a grateful song,
And if one bay-leaf falls to me,
I'll stick it firm and fast in thee.
My old straw hat.

Thy flapping shades and flying strings,
Are worth a thousand close-tied things;
I love thy easy flitting crown,
Thrust lightly back of slouching down;
I can not brook a muffled ear,
When lark and blackbird whistle near;
And dearly like to meet and seek
The fresh wind with unguarded cheek.
Toss'd in a tree thou'lt bear no harm,
Lung on the sod thou'lt lose no charm,
Like many a real friend on earth,
Tough usage only proves thy worth,
My old straw hat.

The world will gaze on those who wear
Rich snowy pearls in raven hair,
And diamonds flashing bravely out,
In chestnut tresses wreathed about,
The golden bands may twine and twirl,
Like shining snakes through each fair curl;
And soft down with imperial grace,
May bend o'er Beauty's blushing face,
But much I doubt if brows that bear
That jewell'd clasp and plume rare,
Or temples bound with creascent wreath,
Are half so cool as mine, beneath
My old straw hat.

Minerva's helmet! what of that!
Thou'rt quite as good, my own straw hat;
For I can think and muse and dream,
With pering brain and busy scheme,
Can inform with cravins soul,
How wild bees work and planets roll,
And be all silent, grave and grim,
Beneath the shelter of thy brim.
The cap of Liberty! forsooth!
Thou art the thing to me in truth;
For slavish passion no'er can break
Into the green paths where I take
My old straw hat.

My old straw hat, my conscience tells
Thou hast been hung with Foll's bells
Yet fully rings a pleasant chime,
If the rogue will but 'mind his time,'
And not come jingling on the way
When sober minstrels ought to play.
For oft when hearts and eyes are light,
Old Wisdom should keep out of sight.
But now the rustic bench is left,
The trees of every leaf bereft,
And merry voices all are still,
That welcomed to the well known hill
My old straw hat.