

# 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.

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**TERMS:**  
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## THE GARLAND.



—With sweetest flowers entwined,  
From various gardens culled with care—

## The Nest among the Graves.

The dullest son went down  
Upon a church-yard stone,  
And there a quiet nest he made  
In an evergreen.  
As wandering near the hollow'd mound  
With velvet verdure dress'd,  
I found where two sweet sisters lay  
In death's unknown rest.  
There was a marble seat  
Beside that southern clay  
When oft the mother sat  
To pluck the weeds away.  
And bless each infant foot  
And every blossom bud.  
That brought a sign of fragrance round  
The folds of her care.  
The unfaded wreath had flown  
Far from their nest away,  
Yet still within the impenetrable  
Those gentle slippers lay.  
But surely as those bright-wing'd birds  
Forsook the sheltering tree  
And war'd with joyous flight to heaven  
Such shall their rising be.

## THE TRUE DOCTRINE.

A friend thus eloquently speaks: "The true doctrine is this—if a man has 10 cents in his pocket and owns no more anything he is rich—yes rich—for above those who with all the externals of wealth and pomp and hollow-headed fashion are in reality poor in heart, poor in pleasure. Just as a man increases in dollars he decreases in the capability of enjoying life. And I hold it true that the world was made to be enjoyed, and that duty is hourly—a few minutes I would not give a fig for such a pleasure as comes alone from wealth. A man must have it in him."

A young French traveller, who had not learned to manage the English language, went to dine with a gentleman to whom he brought a letter of introduction. The first spoonful of soup burned his mouth. "Ma foi!" exclaimed he, "la dis soupe is too much summer."

The next day he wished to order a chicken for his dinner, but he could not recollect the name. In his perplexity he inquired of the waiter, & his eye caught sight of a weather-cock on a church.

"At you call that?" exclaimed he, pointing.

"That is a church tower," answered the master of the hotel.

"Den I wish you have the kindness to roast von church tower for my dinner."

It is stated that a subject of the King of Prussia, a talented mechanic, being about to emigrate to America, was arrested and brought before his Majesty.

"Well, my good friend," said the King, "how can we persuade you to remain in Prussia?"

"Most gracious sire, only by making Prussia what America is."

He was allowed to emigrate.

A young fop, about starting down to Rotterdam, proposed to purchase a life preserver.

"Oh you'd not want it," suggested the clerk—"bags of wind won't sink."

"Gentle will always work its way through," said the poet, "when his own hand is in the elbow of his coat."

## MISCELLANEOUS

### WONDERFUL PRESERVATION OF LIFE.

Rev. H. A. Rowland, formerly pastor of the Pearl St. Presbyterian Church in New York, but now a resident of Honesdale, Pa., has sent to the Commercial Advertiser a circumstantial account of the terrible calamity at Carbondale, caused by the falling in of coal mines at that place. The manner in which the life of Mr. John Hosie, formerly of New York, was preserved, is so remarkable that we cannot forbear copying Mr. Rowland's description:

Mr. Hosie went into Mine No. 2, intending to join Mr. Clarkson presently, and had proceeded about a mile, when instantly the mountain over his head descended with an awful crash of every thing which opposed its progress, and shot down over him, filling up the road with crushed coal and banding him double, leaving not a foot of space between the solid mass above and the crushed coal below. The distance descended was the height of the mine, or from six to eight feet. So great was the pressure of the air that it produced a painful sensation as if some sharp instrument had been thrust into his ears. All was total darkness, every light in the mine being instantly extinguished. Ever and anon the thunder of the falling masses roared through the cavern. After waiting a suitable length of time for the rocks to cease falling, Mr. Hosie began to remove the loose material around him and to creep. He tried one way and it was closed. He then proceeded in the other direction and after nine hours incessant toil, creeping, removing loose coal and slate, and squeezing himself past obstacles, he reached his way into the open mine. Here he tried to strike a light, but his matches had become damp and would not ignite. He then left around him and discovered by the direction of the railroad that, instead of making his way out, he had gone farther into the mine, and was cut off from a return by the mass which had settled down upon the road. He then behought him of the air hole, and attempted to reach it; but the passage had been crushed in and closed. Being in the vicinity of the mining operations, he found some powder, and pressing it on the floor, endeavored with a pick to ignite it, but could not. He found also a can of oil, which he pressed in case of necessity to use for food.

All was total darkness, and the part of mountain over him was also settling, throwing off high pieces of slate and exposing him to imminent danger at every step. For not a part of the way a horse had gone down at once, and the other seemed likely to follow. Sensible of his danger, Mr. Hosie protected himself as well as he could; he waded up his chest, and felt the time by his hands. He also, with a piece of chalk, wrote in different places his name and the hour when he was certain points. Being in total darkness, he never but missed his way but was enabled through his acquaintance with the mines to set himself right. He first tried to reach No. 1, but after toiling in that road, found that it was also crushed in. His only chance seemed then to proceed at right angles with the main arteries of the mine and pass over to No. 3, and thus he labored to do in accordance with his best judgment.

At one time he passed through a narrow entrance into a chamber, and in endeavoring to creep out the other side, he was caught in a narrow place by the hill above settling down upon him, and remained in this position an hour, expecting to die there. But another settling of the mass crushed out some of the materials around him, and he was enabled to free himself and draw back into the chamber of the mine. In returning, however, to the hole by which he had received the entrance, he found to his dismay that it was closed and he was compelled to hunt a new passage, and finally to dig his way out with his hands.

Thus, after working for more than thirty-six hours, he at length reached No. 3, where he rested, and then when the hill had partially ceased its working, proceeded toward the mouth of the mines. On his way he met Mr. Bryden, one of the superintendents, who, with his men was exploring the cavern with lights in search of him; and at about five o'clock in the morning he emerged to the light of day, having been given up as dead, and been incarcerated in utter darkness beneath a settling mountain for forty-eight hours. Mr. Hosie told me many of these particulars, and the others I gleaned from the principal officers of the company, to whom they were narrated.

At one time Mr. Hosie saw lights at a distance, but they soon vanished. They were the lights of men in number three seeking for him. These lights however, scared him that he was pursuing the right course. Mr. Hosie's hands were scratched and cut up by working, so as to be completely covered with sores. He never for one moment lost his self-possession and in his fact, added to his tact and perseverance is to be ascribed his deliverance.

There were about forty men in the mines when the catastrophe occurred, and the 20 who escaped owed their preservation, in a great measure, to Mr. Bryden, one of the superintendents, who conducted them out with great coolness and self-possession, while portions of the hill other than those which first fell, were settling down around them. Learning that one poor Irish laborer, who had been struck down by a slate, was left, with his leg broken, he went back and bro't him out. Sometimes he was compelled to creep and draw the man after him, thro' crevices which were soon after closed by the settling of the hill. In two hours more the whole had shut down, so that if he had been left, his death would have been inevitable. Thanks to Mr. Bryden for his coolness, intrepidity and humanity.

The greatest possible efforts are now made by working night and day to reach the place where the lost men were at work, but faint hopes, however are cherished, respecting them. The place cannot probably be reached before the middle of next week if then. The probability is that they have been crushed to death. Most of them were men with families. One boy is known with certainty to be dead.

**IRISH SUPERSTITION.**  
For years a curious superstition prevailed among the Irish, that the hole of a man's head, when he possessed the power to do much good by the application of gifts as well as blessings to all the good in need of them. The distinguished Irish poet, Lowry, was once once applied to know, if he should by the fortunate fate, how he would die. He replied as follows: "In worldly wisdom, I should say, 'I'd die the martyr's death, and to the paled tip of steel.'"

"The scene of happier years—  
And friends that had been long estranged,  
And hearts that had grown cold  
I'd cause to meet again like parted oceans  
And mingle as of old—  
And thus I'd use the radiant power,  
To scatter bliss around,  
Till not a tear or sobbing heart—  
Could in the world be found."

Oh! that the moral contained in this poem, could at the present time be properly appreciated and fully carried out. Men would be happy and virtuous, and noble, generous and true principles as disengaged by Hell, he'd his life on the altar fully resigned, the tongue of the standard would lose its venom; the hand of the murderer would be stayed and the many blackening and detestable crimes which afflict man from his God, and render unhappy and miserable—subjecting him to every rank of misery and to every form of torture would be completely dispelled. If it were possible for such a state of things to exist, the world instead of being a perfect hell garden, might be a pure Eden, before the serpent entered its groves.

**Take Interest of 1846.**—A summary of conditions for the last year upon the loss during the period of navigation, gives the number of lives lost as follows: vessels ashore 36; total wrecks 29; and an aggregate of \$180,000 damages.

### CHARCOAL FOR PEACH TREES.

A Friend of mine has just informed me of the success he has met with, by the application of charcoal to his peach trees; a few years ago he had some fine trees in his garden which invariably had a bad wormy fruit; when the fruit was about the size of marbles, he had the bark removed from each tree about a foot around and 3 inches deep, and filled up with charcoal; the result was that the fruit grew to a fine size free from worms; and every year since, the fruit has been good, and the trees become healthy and free from gum; while two trees left without the charcoal, continue to bear wormy fruit, and the trees are unhealthy; as this will be in time for the readers of the Cultivator to make a trial this year, and should it prove as good with others as in this case, it would be of great benefit to the fruit grower.

If farmers will plant their pumpkins, melons, and other vines on land that brought over last year they will never be troubled with the striped bug. This course has been practised here for many years, and has always proved successful, when vines planted on land that has any other crop, even vines the year previous, are destroyed by the bug.

### TURNING UNDER CLOVER.

Mr. Tucker.—There is, perhaps, no method of enriching lands more efficiently, and at so cheap a rate, as that of plowing down green clover. Clover is acknowledged by all practical farmers as one of the best, if not the very best grass in existence for fertilizing lands; its long tap roots reach into the sub-soil below, and loosen and render the soil light and mellow; and there is a substance which gathers around the roots over clover in the form of rich mold, which I think no other grass is capable of producing. Yet with these general facts before the eyes of farmers, how few of us have yet resorted to this method of renovating and enriching our worn-out lands. Many of us farmers, when we get a crop of clover grown, think to plow it in, as it looks so good to be wasted, and the consequence is that it is not for long, and few instances one if it is not spoiled in making, but by the time it gets into the barn, it is nothing but a bunch of stems. There are many different opinions as to the management of clover, and as the best time of turning it under for enriching the soil. Some prefer to have the soil under a crop of clover for a year or two, and then to plow it in. We have succeeded in plowing the largest crop of clover which was ever raised by plowing a crop of clover two years, and then turning the whole under, without any manure, and then have the mass of rotten down clover, together with the droppings of the animals turned under for a crop of corn or grass the next year. We have succeeded in plowing the largest crop of clover which was ever raised by plowing a crop of clover two years, and then turning the whole under, without any manure, and then have the mass of rotten down clover, together with the droppings of the animals turned under for a crop of corn or grass the next year. We have succeeded in plowing the largest crop of clover which was ever raised by plowing a crop of clover two years, and then turning the whole under, without any manure, and then have the mass of rotten down clover, together with the droppings of the animals turned under for a crop of corn or grass the next year.

I would say that on such lands, commence with buckwheat, and turn in crop or two of that, and then oats, and then try clover, and do not be discouraged if the first crop of clover is not as thick as you could wish, but try a another crop, and you will soon have the satisfaction of seeing your worn-out land in a state of fertility. In conclusion, I would say to the farmer, that whether you feed off your clover or turn it under green, or make it into hay or clover.

### FARMER'S BOYS AND WINTER EVENINGS.

We copy the following good and timely suggestions from the Farmer's Cabinet:

"All know that it is by little and little that the birds build their nest, and the bee her cell. Industry and perseverance will accomplish in time, far more than the unreflecting are apt to suspect. Farmer's boys, for instance, who would spend a couple of hours these long winter evenings in some useful book, would, accomplish in three or four months, what would require one who is accustomed to loafing away these quiet portions of the day without employment. Sixty hours in the month, saved from evenings, which might otherwise have been spent away in the course of a long winter, to as much time, and would enable a lad to accomplish as much as would several weeks' schooling. And the boy who will thus perseveringly attend to his own improvement, may rely upon it that his increased intelligence will not only add to his respectability, but he will be all the better fitted for the active and responsible duties of life towards which he is often impatiently looking.

In selecting books for reading, we say to farmer's boys reject such as are founded on fiction, and choose those only which deal with instructive facts—such as natural history, voyages, travel and biographies, ancient and modern history—that of your own country is preference to all others—You will soon find that your time is better devoted to fruitless reading—which though some times unobjectionable in its tendency, is quite of a contrary character and seldom indeed really useful. A young man has observed, you should be as particular in the choice of your books as in the choice of your friends. If you early contract a habit of devoting your leisure hours to useful reading, you will find the date to grow with you, and you will become improved by the exercise of the mental power, as your bodies are by gym.

If the young could but justly appreciate the inestimable value of knowledge, the power it has over ignorance—the influence it has in securing virtue, respectability, and even worldliness—they never would spend in frivolous amusements or waste in idleness, a single hour of winter evenings, which they might devote to profitable study or reading. Where there is no opportunity for farmer's sons to get books from libraries, their parents should by all means purchase them for them if possibly within their power. Even one or two good books each winter, would be of great advantage to them—and indeed, the number would be better than too many—as they would be likely to derive more profit from becoming well acquainted with the contents of a few, than from a superficial perusal of many. One interested in reading or study, progress is certain, and profit ultimately sure.

"Knowledge is power" it is pleasure, it is wealth. He who to a pure heart unites an undisciplined mind, possesses a treasure, composed with which the coarsest and heaviest of metals cannot compare. Farmer's sons, we are addressing you in particular; improve whatever opportunities you have to inform your minds, be assured that when you shall have become young men, your influence and standing in society will depend vast deal upon the extent of your knowledge. A man is in our important respect, superior to another, in as much as he is more intelligent than another—and ignorance must always pay tribute to knowledge. Store it, then in your youth—for remember the truth of the truthful aphorism of Goldsmith: 'This boy is father to a man.'

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

GENTLEMEN:—The Bill entitled 'An act incorporating the Armstrong county Bank,' was presented for my signature on the 10th day of April last. It contemplates the establishment of a Bank at Katumung, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, which may be increased to one hundred thousand dollars, at the pleasure of the Stockholders.

This bill involves the policy of increasing the banking capital of the State, and the establishment of new Banks in various sections of the Commonwealth, against which I have expressed my views at large in the message transmitted to the Legislature at the commencement of the present Session.

There does not appear to be anything in the condition, pursuits and business of the people of Armstrong county, differing from those of many other counties of the State, which would justify the establishment of a bank. Their pursuits are essentially agricultural, which of all the industrial employments of the people, require, and happily require, least the benefit of and from Bank accumulations.

However useful Banks may be, in facilitating commercial transactions, experience has shown, that those agricultural districts which have been furthest removed from their influence, have suffered least from pecuniary and pecuniary embarrassments.

It is by no means certain, that the men engaged in the increasing manufactures of Armstrong county, where capital is so immediately productive, require the aid, or would be materially benefited by the establishment of a bank. Their business transactions concentrate in Pittsburg, the great market for their iron and other productions, at that point they lay the foundations of credit and establish claims to accommodations.

The creation of a bank does not, under any circumstances, present a strictly local question. Each of these institutions, adds its proportion to the general circulation of paper money, and thus affects the currency of the whole State, in the soundness of which, all are interested. Our currency now is comparatively good, and I regard it an imperative duty of the Executive as well as the Legislature, to guard against its depreciation. We are admonished by recent experience of the disastrous effects of excessive banking, from which the citizens have not yet entirely recovered, not to sanction a course of policy tending to produce like results.

In addition to these reasons for withholding my approval of the bill, more careful consideration than I found leisure to bestow upon the subject during the first months of my official duty has satisfied me that in order to make the principle of individual liability of stockholders effective, it should embrace all the liabilities of the corporation. By the provisions of the bill before me, it is limited to note holders.

It is true that deposits are made voluntarily, while men are compelled to receive in payment of their dues the currency which is in general circulation. But this does not affect the rule that stockholders who derive profits from a corporation, should incur a correspondent liability for all its engagements.

All the contracts of a bank are voluntary, it may refuse to accept a deposit, as readily as it may decline issuing its promissory notes; then why should the liability of its shareholders in case of failure, not extend to all its debts. It is true that one contract may be more favored by the law than another, in the order of payment, when the fund is sufficient to pay all; but I can perceive no reason for exonerating a solvent debtor from the payment of all his debts. Indeed the depositor of moneys for safe keeping, is in general regarded as a creditor of the most meritorious rank, as he bargains neither for interest nor profit—his debt partakes of the most character which his just claims to preponderate. It is one of the Legislature which authorizes the creation of a paper currency, is under special obligation