COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"That Government is the best which governs least."

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The Child's Dream.

"Oh I'll have had a dream, mother,
So beautiful and strange;
Would I could sleep on, mother,
And the dream never change!"
"What hast thou dreamed, my dear one?
Thy look is bright and wild;
Thy mother's ear is ready
To listen to her child."

"I dreamed I lay asleep, mother,
Beneath an orange tree,
When a white bird came and sang, mother,
So sweetly unto me;
Though it woke me with its warbling,
Its notes were soft and low,
And it bade me rise and follow,
Wherever it might go.

"It led me on and on, mother,
Through groves and realms of light,
Until it came to ONE, mother,
Which dazzled—'t was so bright.
As tremblingly I entered,
An angle form drew near,
And bid me welcome thither,
Nor pain, nor sorrow fear.

"I knew not aught there, mother,
I only *felt* 't was bliss,
And joined that white bird's song, mother,
Oh! canst thou read me this?"
"Yes, dearest, to thy mother
Such happiness was given—
The *Holy Spirit* was *that bird*,
That grove of light was *Heaven!*"

Carrier Boy's Address,

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

SINCE first the printer's glorious art,
Illumed the darkness of the world,
And spread the light of truth abroad,
And freedom's ample flag unfurl'd,
It has been customary still,
Each New Year's Day, the Carrier Boy
To present his patrons—"nothing less"
Either in rhyme—however ill—
Than an Annual address."

Now last eve's sunset fall,
Threw his cloak,
Of ruin in a cloud-built hall,
Down to pass a joke;
Warm and kindred friends were they,
In all sorts of weather,
Rode onward in their rapid path
Harmony together.

Then began the first to boast,
Glossy walls and domes,
Which the spirit and the ghost,
Found congenial homes:
Vasted empires, fallen thrones
Kingdoms known in story,
Whose destruction he had made
Complete his ancient glory.

He heard the tale—his unsheathed scythe,
Lining by his side:
Lay sleeping far beneath,
The tower of his pride,
Crept o'er the slumbering earth,
Beauty in her charms,
Fered away the olden year
Ses confiding arms.

Let slumberer, sleep," said Father Time,
Dream of merry bells;
Parlor chat, the tender Rhyme,
Meetings and farewells.
Promise is the opening bud,
Fulness is the flower,
Hope leaflets, is the choicest wreath,
Wither in an hour."

Yet in my dark unerring march,
Hand of man hath driven,
Moral stamp, and fixed on earth,
Sovereignty of heaven;
Heaven born Freedom round the world,
Raising up its altars;
The despot from his throne is hurl'd,
The tyrant's war-voice falters."

God bless our country!—'tis the land
Chosen by FREEDOM for her own,
And Freedom's Sons—a glorious band
Of brothers, heart and soul are one!
Where rights of man are understood,
And Tyranny's despised by all,
Our noble sires, through toil and blood,
Have reared the pile—it must not fall!

Here equal rights and equal laws,
Alike enjoyed by rich and poor,
Claim from the whole a just applause,
And scatter blessings at each door!
Plenty and peace our common lot,
Crowned by contentment of the heart,
Will beautify the poor man's cot,
And fullest happiness impart.

Time, the genius of our hours
On his swift-winged steed,
Stops but a moment and away,
With wild and desperate speed;
Thus the merry New Year dawns,
Lovely on us all:
Still finds your humble Carrier-boy,
Upon his New Year's call.

DEMOCRAT.

The New Year.

THE freshness of another year is about us, and we still continue the most favored nation on the face of the globe. We have, therefore, much cause for gratulation—much reason for thankfulness to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe—the arbiter of the destinies of nations as well as men. Never has a new year dawned upon this people and found them in a higher state of prosperity, or witnessed among them so small an amount of human suffering. The multitude are contented and happy—the season has thus far, been pleasant—while abundance of employment invites the labor of the industrious, and thus enables the poor man to witness the faggot blazing upon his hearth, and the smile of peace and healthfulness illumine the face of the little ones who surround his fireside.

We are at peace, with all the nations of the earth—our commerce whitens every sea—our flag is every where respected—and in every section of the globe, the American citizen commands protection, and holds up his head with honor, proud of the land of his nativity. Our national treasury is filled to overflowing—the various members of the confederacy are still united together as a band of brothers, and it must be the prayer of every patriotic heart, that years upon years may pass away, and find them still *free, sovereign, independent* UNITED STATES.

On an occasion like the present, it becomes us to look back—to examine the deeds of the past, repent us of our errors, and endeavor to avoid their recurrence. Human nature, in its best and most exalted estate, is weak and fallable. Our passions too frequently control the judgment, and plunge us into excesses from which, in our calmer and wiser moments, we turn with shame and sorrow. How has it been with *you*, gentle reader, during the year that has just departed! Have *you* nothing to repent of—no unkind word to recall—no broken friendship to renew—no act of immorality or crime to ask forgiveness for! Are you better, wiser, happier than you were this time twelve months? Let these questions be asked calmly and philosophically, and considered in the spirit of christianity, and the investigation may not prove altogether fruitless.

We are all traveling towards the same goal.—Thousands who were here last year, are "dust and ashes" now. Thousands who are here now, will be "food for worms" a year hence. These are plain facts by all admitted, and they are full of admonition. For what were we created, and whither do our footsteps tend! Half a century hence, and the majority of those who constitute the living and moving multitude of the present time, will be tenants of other spheres—the mortal part will have passed away, but what of the *immortal*—the soul—the spirit? It cannot be that like the poor insect that is crushed under the foot of the heedless passenger, there will be for man no hereafter. It cannot be, that *his* career will terminate *here*—that the principle imparted to dust at the beginning will not survive the existence of that dust. No—he was created for higher ends, with more ennobling objects, for a more immortal destiny. The action *here*, however, may—nay, *will* govern the destiny hereafter. This sphere is but a trial place—an ordeal, a mere prelude to the grand drama of another life—and another world. But enough in this tone.

A Happy New Year to you, gentle reader—May Health attend your footsteps and Contentment sit smiling by your fireside.—

And when at last the "dust," to dust is given
On—on—may angels wing the soul to Heaven!

Letter from the Gold Region.

NO. 2.

We spread before the readers of the Columbia Democrat, last week, a long and ably written semi-official letter from Capt. J. L. Folsom, to Maj. Gen. Jessup, detailing the latest and most interesting intelligence from the California Gold Region.—This week we present our readers with another, from the same source, which we have denominated No. 2. We have on file another of equal interest, although from a different writer, for our next week's publication.

As all are more or less interested in the "Gold mania," with which the whole country has been suddenly convulsed, we feel assured we cannot treat our readers to a more acceptable entertainment than the perusal of one of these letters weekly. Presuming that all into whose hands this paper may fall have fallen, have carefully perused the first letter, we scarcely deem it necessary to invite attention to the contents of the present number. We will only add, that they are the production of an officer of the American Government, not interested in the Gold speculation, but who is capable of observing closely and detailing accurately:—

Extracts from another letter of Capt. J. L. Folsom to General Jessup, dated

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
October 2, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR: After the long semi official letter which I send to you at this time, in relation to the gold mines of this country, I have little more to say upon that topic at present; and that little relates to the effect of these discoveries upon the business of the country and the means of living.

The prices of labor here will create surprise in the United States. Kannakes, or Sandwich Islanders, the worst of laborers, are now employed constantly about town in storing and landing merchandise at a dollar an hour each; and the most indifferent laborers are hired by the week together at six or eight dollars per day. Mechanics obtain, when employed by the day, eight or ten dollars per day, and by the month about six. In a few days, as the sickly season is over, I presume wages will advance, for most of the laboring classes are returning to the mines.

It is impossible to give you a fair idea of the insuperable difficulties we all meet with in any business which we are called upon to do. I can best effect this, however, by stating facts for your information. I have just completed the repairs upon a Government lighter, preparatory to discharging the cargo of the transport ship Huntress. I attempted to hire a lighter to effect this, but could not get one capable of containing one hundred and twenty barrels, manned by two men, short of fifty dollars per day. I have had the master of the Government lighter employed for several days in getting a crew for her; and when he offers eighty dollars per month for sailors, he is laughed at, and told that a man can get that amount in the mines in one day! A few days since, I sent a wagon-master to employ some men to handle stores in the public warehouse. After searching about the town, in vain, for several hours he saw a man on the deck whom he felt sure of getting, for the individual in question did not seem to be blessed with a redundancy of this world's gear. He was wearing [illegible] without a crown, a dilapidated [illegible] shirt or frock, a very uncle[illegible] with pantaloons hanging [illegible] had an apology for a covering [illegible] one buckskin moccasin, [illegible] and age. When asked if he [illegible] he replied in the affirma[illegible] man was proceeding to [illegible] to have him do, he w[illegible] not that kind of work, [illegible] same time taking a bag [illegible] *quarts* of gold dust from h[illegible] want to work in the mines, sir. Look here, stranger, do you see this? This bag contains gold dust; and do you suppose I am to make a damned nigger of myself, handling boxes and barrels for *eight or ten dollars per day?* I should think not, stranger!" And our friend left in a most contemptuous manner. Nor was this a solitary instance of like conduct; they occur daily and hourly in this village.

All sorts of labor is got at enormous rates of compensation. Common clerks and salesmen in the stores about town, often receive as high as $2,500 and their board. The clerk now in my office is a young boy, who, until a few weeks since, was a *private* of *volunteers*, and I am now paying him $1,500 per annum. This will not appear high, when I tell you that I have just seen upon his table a wash bill, made out and paid, at the rate of eight dollars per dozen; and that almost everything else is at corresponding prices. The principal waiter in the hotel where I board is paid $1,500 per year, and several others from $1,000 to $1,500! I fortunately have an Indian boy, or I should be forced to clean my own boots, for I could not employ a good body servant for the full amount of my salary as a Government officer. It will be impossible for any army officer to live here upon his pay, without becoming rapidly impoverished, for his time is not his own to enter upon business; and although he might have money, his opportunities for making it would be few, unless he invests it in real estate. Unless something is done, I am unable to say how it is possible for officers, living upon the salaries granted by law to military men, to support themselves in this country. I believe every army officer in California, with one or two exceptions, would have resigned last summer, could they have done it and been free at once to commence for themselves. But the war was not then terminated, and no one could hope to obtain a release with Washington correspondence so slow, an answer in less time than six or eight months. Fortunately for me, I arrived here in August and [illegible] the officers of Monterey were entirely without servants, and the Governor (Colonel Mason) actually took his turn in cooking for his mess.—Unless some prompt action is taken to pay both officers and men serving in this country in proportion to the unavoidable expenses to be incurred, the former will resign, and the latter will desert, and it will be impossible to maintain a military force in California. It cannot be expected that officers will devote their services to the Government at a rate of compensation which will not enable them to employ a servant, to say nothing of living in such a manner as may become their station; and it is utterly impossible for them to live in California upon the salaries allowed by law.

The chief object for correspondence here heretofore has been to say that I have not written yet in relation to this country and its resources, but as I have now the means of transmitting letters across Mexico in a month, I shall take every occasion to inform you and my friends in the country, and such events as I consider of importance to the public, such as commercial enterprises and [illegible]. At present I have but little time to devote to it, and it must suffice to say, that I look upon California as perhaps the richest mineral country on the globe. I have written you at great length as to the gold, and since the date of that letter, other and richer mines have been discovered. Rich silver mines are known to exist in various parts of the country, but they are not worked. Quicksilver mines are found at innumerable places, and many of them afford the richest ores. The New Almaden mine at Santa Clara gives the richest ore of which we have any accounts. With very imperfect machinery, it yields upwards of fifty per cent.; and the proprietors are now working it, and are preparing to quadruple their force.—Iron, copper, lead, tin, sulphur, zinc, platinum, cobalt, &c., are said to be found in abundance, and most of them are known to exist in various sections of the country.

As an agricultural territory, its great disadvantage is a want of rain; but this is by no means so great as has been represented. I believe California can be made to produce as fine wheat, rye, oats, buckwheat, barley, vegetables, and fruits, especially grapes, as any portion of the world.—Nothing that has been fairly tried has failed, and nearly everything has produced wonderfully.—The portions of the soil which are capable of cultivation are inconsiderable in comparison with the whole area of the country, but the soil about this bay, and in many of the large valleys, is equal to the wants of a dense population. It is proverbially healthy, and, with the exception of portions of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, no country ever had, [illegible] of its settlement, a more salubrious climate. Until some reaction takes place in the mining business, agriculture must of course languish, and the general prosperity of the country be retarded; and for this reason [illegible] well-wisher of California would be hap[illegible] the profits derived from gold digging [illegible] government regulations as [illegible] of the inhabitants into the more [illegible] cupations, without which [illegible] time really prosperous and [illegible]

I think Cal[illegible] means the investment of capital [illegible] tries offer. [illegible] now with [illegible] his money [illegible] will be made [illegible] told that [illegible] have al[illegible] Whole [illegible] of about [illegible] day in gold [illegible]

When I came to this place I expected a few hundred dollars in waste lots, covered with bushes and sand hills. The chapter of events which has followed is likely to make this property quite valuable, if I am able to look after it. What cost me less than $800, I suppose I could now sell for $8,000. It is this consideration which makes me willing to return to a country where my salary is insufficient for my support. If Congress does not increase the pay of officers serving here, I should still be willing to return, in the expectation that my private interests would justify a measure which would otherwise be uncertain to impoverish me.

* * * * * *

Something should be done here at once for the establishment of peace and good order in the country. A [illegible] law, both civil and military, exist on coal. Among the mines, and indeed in most parts of the country out of the villages, no authority but that of the strongest exists; and outrages of the most disgraceful nature are constantly occurring, and the offenders go unpunished. There are now a boat twenty-five vessels in this port, and I believe there is not one of them that has a crew to go to sea. Frequently the sailors arm themselves, take the ships' boats and leave in the most open manner, defying both their officers and the civil magistrates. These things are dogging fol to the country and the flag; and while vessels have to pay port charges, duties, &c., their owners ought to be protected. The tariff law of 1846 is now in force in California.

We have not had an American man-of-war in this port for more than a year, and all the naval possessions of the United States on this coast are concentrated at Monterey, which is not a harbor but an open roadstead, and which lies not one-fourth of the business on its waters which is done in this bay. The naval storekeeper, and the surgeon of naval stores are all there; while every person who possesses the least knowledge of the situation of the two places must have seen that this must be the great commercial point on the coast, best adapted to government purposes, most deserving of the protection of government establishments for the preservation of good order. During the whole year that I was collector of this port there was not a gun mounted for commanding the entrance of the port, and there was not a United States man-of-war in the harbor. We were exposed to a "military contribution," and we possessed not the slightest means of preventing consignees leaving in defiance of our authority. Indeed, the threat to do so was made more than once during that time. For months past there have seldom been more than one or two vessels at Monterey at a time and frequently none at all; and still it is the general place of resort for the coast for months [illegible]. At this time [illegible] the [illegible] officers [illegible] at least [illegible] could [illegible] consistently do so.

[illegible] will be [illegible] Pacific [illegible] and the port is to be [illegible] coal, and [illegible] course a stopping point in passing, both ways.—The starting of the line of steamers on this coast is likely to be an undertaking of very great difficulty, and at this time, such is its importance with reference to both Oregon and California, that its failure might be looked upon as a national calamity. Still, unless some kind of protection is extended to the shipping of this port, it is not at all improbable that it may fail for want of the necessary laborers as soon as the boats reach this harbor. Indeed, it is altogether probable, unless some competent authority is found here at the time to preserve order, the crew will quit in a body as soon as the first vessel arrives. Every possible assurance should be extended to insure the success of this company, and every reasonable latitude should be granted in the execution of their contract. It is now uncertain if the steamers can enter Columbia river at all times in the winter; and they may find it necessary to run up to Puget's Sound. This would be a small inconvenience in comparison to the loss of one of these vessels upon the very dangerous bar at the mouth of the Columbia—an event not at all improbable, if they enter that river in the winter.

If this letter happens to contain anything you think of public interest you can allow the *information* it contains to be used; but the epistle, you will see, is not intended for the public. If you think my long letter of the 18th ultimo, relating to the mines of any public interest, you can publish it, or any portion of it you think proper. I believe all the statements it contains may be considered as within the bounds of moderation.—I am certain it would be looked upon in this country as an under-statement rather than an exaggeration of the reality, as it is seen to exist.

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The Wild Woods Free.

BY J. T. QUISENBERRY.

Some love to ride on the billowy tide,
Far, far out at sea;
But give me the home where o't I can roam
In the wild woods free.

O, let me go where the buck and the doe
Bound over the lea,
And wild flowers are seen adorning the green;
'Tis the place for me.

Yet, I must own I would not be alone
In the wild woods free,
If I could persue some lovely maid
To ramble with me.

☞ *Col. Freemont.*—A writer in the Buffaloe Advertiser expresses the conjecture that Col. Freemont, who recently resigned his position in the army and left St. Louis with a numerous and carefully picked party for California, on his resources, was well aware of the immense gold deposites on his route, and goes with the intention of enriching himself and his party therefrom.

☞ *Texas.*—According to the accounts, Texas is making a very rapid progress in population.—Emigration thither, particularly from Mississippi, is said to have been going on at a great rate.

☞ *Extraordinary Feat of a Mare.*—A Yankee veteran of the turf, John Sherman of Cincinnati, Mississippi, has celebrated mare Lady Romp twenty miles within an hour, on Tuesday last, at the Washington Trotting Course. Including the old man, his saddle, &c., the mare had to carry over 200 pounds—a feat, they say, never before equalled.

☞ *Col. Whittelsey*, who lately visited Raving Lake, upon the Northern border of Minnesota, upon a Government survey, states that a species of wild rice grows in the water of that region, quite equal to the rice of the Southern States. It is gathered and used extensively by the Indians as an article of food.

☞ *Gen. Taylor.*—The editor of the New York Courier, on his return from Washington, says that for man they know, or pretends to know, whom Gen. Taylor intends calling into his cabinet.

☞ *Miss Lydia Moore*, has just recovered a verdict in the Common pleas of Bucks county, against Howard Stewert, whom she sued for a breach of marriage promise. Verdict *One Dollar* damages.

☞ *South Carolina.*—In the Senate, on the 13th inst., the bill giving the election of Presidential electors to the people was lost—yeas 22, nays, 23.

☞ *Gold in Massachusetts.*—It is stated in the Taunton (Mass.) Gazette, that a lump of ore has been found in the vicinity of that village, which was pronounced by competent judges to contain at least 50 per cent of pure gold.

☞ *The Editor* of the National Intelligencer, speaking upon the authority of some Indy friends, declares that the specimens of Brazillian Tea, recently brought to Washington, by the Brazillian Minister, are equal to the best Chinese product, in all similar kinds.

☞ *Exhibition.* New papers are published in Boston, of which fourteen are daily, nine semi-weekly and fifty-eight weekly.

☞ The Irish population of Boston and vicinity amounts to 41,000.

[*From the Doylestown Democrat.*]

Productive Farming—A Great Crop.

The following is from one of the shrewdest, most practical and therefore, most successful farmers and manufacturers of Northern Pennsylvania.

CATTAWISSA, Columbia Co., Penna.,

MR. EDITOR:—If you think the following worth a place in your paper, its at your service; if not worth publishing, throw it among your wasted papers.

I occasionally notice in the works on agriculture accounts of large crops, which in my opinion have an influence on others to cause them to try and do likewise; at least it has such effect on the undersigned.

With other lands that I farm, I have two lots together containing seven and three quarter acres, naturally light land. I raised the following crop from these two lots this season:

Thirteen tons of good Timothy Hay:
Eighteen hundred Punkins:
Over eighteen hundred sheaves of corn fodder:
Seven hundred bushels of ears
More than sixteen hundred bu
Turnips, of excellent quality:
More Radishes than I could use away.

One lot is prettily in with Wint Timothy, and the other in fine co for Corn next season.

The value of a crop greatly depend its location. If near a city, such a would be of considerable value—at th distance it is less so. Hay is worth ten dollars per ton; Corn fifty cents bushel. I could sell one half the of turnips from 25 to 30 cents per bushe and, finally told all to come and get at teen cents per bushel, they to gather an top them. I believe that nearly Farmer has it in his power to raise a similar, or better crop, on the same measure of land, by good farming, without much additional expense, which would soon produce plenty in the land.

Respectfully yours,
JOSEPH PAXTON.

VALUE OF THE CROP.

350 bushels of Corn at 50 cents,	$175
1800 Punkins,	18
1800 Sheaves corn fodder,	18
13 Tons of Hay, at $10 per ton,	320
Sold Pasture, for,	2
Radishes not valued.	
	$563

P. S. Such a crop produced in the vicinity of Pottsville where Hay is worth $20 per ton; Corn 65 cents per bushel, and Pumpkins and Horse fodder in proportion, would be worth more than 1300 dollars.—Such a reward for labor would almost place a Farmer on the list of speculators.

J. P.

CONGRESS—THE SLAVERY QUESTION.—Four propositions for the settlement of the slavery question are now before Congress, viz:

1. Douglass' bill making one State of California to be organized immediately, and leaving the question of slavery to the people.

2. The petition of the people of New Mexico, for organization into a State, slavery excluded expressly by law.

3. Clayton's old compromise bill, leaving the matter to the Supreme Court.

4. The resolutions of the House of Representatives, instructing the Territorial Committee to report a bill for the organization of territorial governments, excluding slavery.

The Credit System.

"Mrs. Jones, mother wants to know if you'll lend her your baby to go begging with to morrow; she'll give you half' sixpence."

"No, tell her I wont, because she owes me a quarter for the last time she borrowed it, and besides, she poked cherry stones into its throat and stuck pins in it to make it cry!"

"Jack," said one sailor to another, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, by my timbers if I don't think you have a tiny watch."

☞ A man was kicked in person from the Boston, for smoking a cigar, one morning.