

# COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"That Government is the best which governs least."

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## POETRY.



### The Teacher's Office.

"Take heed that thou desire not one of these little ones."

Desirest thou a teacher's work? Ask wisdom from above.  
 It is a work of toil and care, of patience and of love.  
 Ask for an understanding heart, to rule in godly fear  
 The feeble flock of which the Lord hath made overseer.  
 Alas! thou surely mayest expect some evils to endure,  
 Even children's faults are hard to bear, and harder still to cure.  
 They may be wilful, proud, perverse; in temper unsubdued—  
 In mind obtuse and ignorant—in manner coarse and rude.  
 Thou may'st contend with sluggish minds, sad weary, and depressed—  
 To trace the windings of deceit, in many a youthful breast.  
 Yet scorn them not, remember Him, who loved his lambs to feed.  
 Who never quenched the smoking flax, nor broke the bruised reed;  
 Who for the thankless and the vile, poured out his precious blood—  
 Who makes his sun to rise upon the evil and the good.  
 The love of God extends to all the works his hand has framed;  
 He wills not that the meanest child should perish unreclaimed.  
 Pray that His Holy Spirit may, thy selfish heart incline,  
 To bear with all their waywardness, as He has borne with thine.  
 If by example or by word, thou leadest them to sin,  
 Thou perliest the precious souls, that Jesus died to win.  
 If thou from indolent neglect, should'st leave their minds uncared,  
 Or should'st their evil passions rouse, by yielding to thy own;  
 Should'st thou intimidate the weak, and so destroy their peace,  
 Or drive the stubborn to rebel, by harshness or caprice;  
 Should'st thou their kindlier feelings chill, by apathy and scorn,  
 Twere good for them and for thyself, that thou had'st ne'er been born.  
 But Oh! what blessings may be thine, when thou hast daily striven,  
 To guide them in the narrow path that leadeth up to Heaven.  
 What joy to see their youthful feet, in wisdom's ways remain,  
 To know that by the grace of God, thy labor is not vain;  
 To watch the dawn of perfect day, in many a hopeful child,  
 To see the crooked mind grow straight, the rugged temper mild—  
 To mark the sordid habit checked, the stubborn will subdued,  
 The cold and selfish spirit warmed by love and gratitude.  
 To read in many a sparkling eye a depth of love unknown,  
 To hear the voice of joy and truth in every silver tone.  
 If such the joys that now repay the Teacher's work of love;  
 If such the recompense on earth, what must it be above?  
 O blessed are the faithful dead, who die unto the Lord,  
 Sweet is the rest they find in Heaven, and great is their reward.  
 Their acts performed in humble faith, are all recorded there.  
 They see the travail of their souls, the answer to their prayer.  
 Then may the teacher and the taught, one glorious anthem raise,  
 And they who sow, and they who reap, unite in endless praise.

### The Golden Sand of Thought

BY THEODORE A. GOULD.

They speak of California's shore,  
 With mines of glittering treasure fraught;  
 The brain hath still a richer store,  
 The golden sands of thought?  
 This wealth ne'er taketh wings to fly,  
 It owns no more extraneous worth;  
 And nobler pleasures it will buy,  
 Than all the gold of earth.  
 This is the wealth that cannot cloy,  
 A broader light its rays impart?  
 It bleaseth with a purer joy—  
 It lifts to God the heart!  
 Oh, ye who seek in distant lands,  
 The dazzling ore of earth to find,  
 Do not forget the golden sands,  
 That sparkle in the mind!

### A Prostrate Politician.

From the Pennsylvanian.

The following confabulation will explain itself.

Mayor. Ralph Hutchinson, you were extricated from a mud puddle in Race street, last night; lying, like a beast, on your back.

Ralph. Hold, sir; that lying went do.

Mayor. How, sir—Lying? What do you mean?

Ralph. You say I was lying, like a beast, on my back. I never saw a beast lie on its back. Beasts lie generally on their bellies; sometimes on their sides, but never on their backs.

Mayor. You lie every way. A drunkard is a beast; and a drunkard commonly lies on his back.

Ralph. If he does, that's better than lying in his throat. But I was not drunk, sir, precisely; I threw myself on the ground in a fit of despair and unutterable anguish.

Mayor. On what account, pray?

Ralph. Can your honor be a Whig and ask that question? Are we not used up, root and branch? As soon as the terrible news of our defeat came to my ears, I fell into a swoon, with my face on the ground, just as if I had been knocked down with a brick-bat.

Mayor. With your face on the ground! But how does that account for your being found on your back?

Ralph. When I had lain insensible for about fifteen minutes, I turned over and looked upward, as if to see if there were any dawnings of hope for us. But all was impenetrable dark.

Mayor. No wonder, when it was half-past twelve o'clock.

Ralph. I saw what seemed to be a glimmering star in the distance. This afforded me some comfort. The twinkling luminary drew nearer, and at last I discovered it to be a lighted cigar in the mouth of a tipsy watchman. He took the weed out of his potatoe-trap; spit about half a pint of rank tobacco juice in my face, and then asked me what I was doing there, making a hog of myself.

Mayor. And a very penitent question it was, I think. Now if you had sense enough to see and observe all this, why didn't you get out of the mud?

Ralph. Well, the sense of shame and distress I felt for the ruined prospects of our party, made me feel like I didn't care where I was. Think I, if Whiggery's gone to the dogs, I might as well go among the hogs; so I wallowed in the mud like a real grunter. The ground was pretty dry when I first fell down; but I shed so many tears for the ruin of Whig cause, that I made it a real quagmire.

Mayor. Humph! I wonder you were not afraid of being taken up as drunk.

Ralph. Why I thought of that; but then I considered that if any fool of a watchman should have the impudence to take me, your honor would have sense enough to set all to rights.

Mayor. This tale will hardly do, Mr. Hutchinson; but considering all circumstances, you may go. Only take care not to give way to such extravagant grief another time, as my successor might have little discretion enough to mistake your case for one of intoxication.

Ralph. Very likely, sir. I'll take your advice. Good morning, sir. Exit.

**ALL THE DEGENCY.**—Fitz Henry Warren, second assistant Post Master General, was arrested at the depot in Springfield, Mass., on Tuesday, just before the departure of the southern train, by officer Gorham, at the instance of a creditor in Worcester, whose claim amounts to about \$1100. Mr. Warren gave bail for his appearance on the 20th of next month.

The Telegraph line from Philadelphia, through Doylestown, Easton, and Bethlehem, to Allentown, has been in successful operation for several weeks. It works well, and is doing a fair business.

The burden of Park Benjamin's last good thing is, that Mr. Clayton voluntarily gave to M. Poussin what his government had steadily refused to a brother Republic—Liberty to (Rome) Rome.

## A Proclamation.

PENNSYLVANIA, 38.

In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, by WILLIAM F. JOHNSTON, Governor of the said Commonwealth.

A beneficent God has blessed the people of this Commonwealth with health and abundance. The fields have yielded bountiful returns to the labors of the husbandman. The enterprizes of the citizens in all branches of industry have been appropriately rewarded. Peace with all nations has been vouchsafed to the country. Civil and religious liberty, under the institutions of free government, have been preserved inviolate, and the largest measure of earthly happiness, has been graciously dispensed by an all wise and merciful Providence.

These blessings demand our gratitude to Him, in whose hands are issues of life and death—who controls and directs the affairs of man—who will is omnipotent to save or destroy; and who mingles in the justice of His judgments, the attributes of His mercy—before whose power nations are exalted or cast down, and they call upon us as one people to unite in solemn Thanksgiving—in humble supplication and praise to the Almighty Author of every good and perfect gift, for these His undeserved blessings, for His weak and sinful creatures. They require the profound reverence of penitent hearts, sensible of the unworthiness of humanity and of the enduring mercy of a righteous God.

Believing the solemn truths; deeply impressed with the duty of devout adoration, and humble prayer; in compliance with a venerated custom, and the desires of the great body of the people: I, WILLIAM F. JOHNSTON, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby appoint and designate, **THURSDAY**, the 29th day of November next, as a day of general Thanksgiving throughout the State, and I hereby recommend and earnestly invite all the good people of this Commonwealth to a sincere and prayerful observance of the same.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this twenty-fifth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, and of the Commonwealth the seventy-fourth.

By the Governor:  
**TOWNSEND HAINES,**  
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

## State Treasurer.

MR. EDITOR:

The late elections having resulted in the election of a Democratic majority in both branches of the Legislature, it follows, as a matter of course, that a Democratic State Treasurer will be chosen by that body; allow me, therefore, to suggest the name of JOHN SNOODGRASS, of Westmoreland county, for that office. He is known all over the State as a faithful and untiring business man, and a consistent and unwavering Democrat. The office of State Treasurer is one of great importance and responsibility, and should be filled by a good and competent man—such is he whom I have named.

WEST.

## From Washington.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Republican, Washington, Oct. 20, 1849.

Dear Argus:—The appointment today of McClintock Young, Esq., to the post of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has created quite a sensation in the Whig ranks. They are galled at the idea of a Democrat being called to so important a post, and whose service are deemed so essential to assist in performing the duties assigned the Secretary. As a gentleman and scholar, Mr. Young has no superior; and, as to capacity, it is useless for me to add anything to his wide spread reputation.

Mr. Penrose returns, I learn, to his residence in Philadelphia, disgusted with the whole Taylor party, as must be every sober-thinking man, who has had cognizance of its corruption.

I have understood that the Congressional delegation of several of the States, have addressed Gen. Taylor, requesting him to dismiss two or three members of his Cabinet, or the party is irretrievably lost—totally annihilated! So you may expect a blow up soon after the annual reports are submitted to Congress. It is said that Ewig's mission to Ohio is to calm the troubled waters. Go it, you say of the Interior of the State of Ohio.

## Domestic Life.

He cannot be an unhappy man, who has the love and smiles of woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without—enemies may gather in his path—but when he returns to the fireside and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and his troubles, and is a comparatively happy man. He is but half prepared for the journey of life, who takes not with him, to soothe and comfort him, that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows—increase his joys—lift the veil from his heart and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes—No man cannot be miserable, who has such a companion, be he ever so poor, despised and trodden upon by the world.

[Who is the author of the following gem? We have seen it going the rounds of the press for a number of years in a state of orphanage, like "Japhet in search of his father," and we send it on its way again, in hopes that so pretty a bauble may not always be bereft of parentage.]

## The Sea Boy's Farewell.

Wail, ye winds, till I repeat  
A parting signal to the fleet,  
Whose station is at home.  
Then wait the sea boy's prayer,  
And let it o'er be whispered there  
While other climes I roam.

Farewell to father, ro'nd bulk,  
Who, spite of metal, spite of hulk,  
May soon his cables slip;  
And while the parting tear is moist,  
The flag of gratitude I'll hoist,  
In duty to the ship.

Farewell to Mother—first-class she,  
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,  
And rigged me fore and aft;  
May Providence her timbers spare,  
And keep her hull in good repair,  
To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to sister lovely yacht,  
But whether she'll be manne'd or not,  
I cannot now foresee:  
May some good ship a tender prove,  
Well found in stores of truth and love,  
And take her under lee.

Farewell to George the jolly boat,  
And all the little craft aloft  
In home's delightful bay;  
When they arrive at sailing age,  
May wisdom give the weather-gage  
And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all on life's rude main—  
Perhaps we ne'er may meet again,  
Thro' stress of stormy weather:  
But summon'd by the board above,  
May harbor in the port of Love,  
And all be moor'd together.

By THOMAS J. GROSS, for many years assistant clerk of the House of Representatives of this State, died at his residence near the Trappe, on the 25th inst., aged 40 years.

## Great Freshet.

From the Easton Sentinel, Nov. 2.

We are pained to learn that the heavy rain of Monday, caused a tremendous flood in Hickory Run, a tributary of the Lehigh, in Kidder township, Carbon county, which caused the breaking of no less than three dams, and the destruction of three saw-mills; one belonging to J. & S. Gould, and two to Mahlon K. Taylor, Esq., and several dwellings. Nor is this the worst of the catastrophe—seven lives were lost. One, a daughter of Mr. Gould, and the entire family of Mr. West, an enterprising blacksmith, who had settled there some time since; whose dwelling was swept off, and family, with the exception of himself, drowned.

The Mauch Chunk Gazette furnishes us with the following additional particulars:

It appears that on Hickory Run a stream which empties into the Lehigh, about five miles below White Haven, there was a large dam, belonging to Mahlon K. Taylor, which covered about 70 acres of ground when full, and in some places 40 feet deep. During Monday night, in consequence of the heavy rains on that day, this dam filled to overflowing, (the waste gates having been neglected to be hoisted,) and the dam gave way about midnight, sweeping everything before it. Houses with their sleeping inmates, were dashed to atoms, and their inhabitants, without a moment's warning, carried away by the mighty flood.

Nothing has been heard from below the mouth of the creek; and serious apprehensions are entertained for several families living just below, in a narrow gorge. They must have perished.

As the Lehigh was high at the time, we very much fear there has been disastrous work along the whole line of the Lehigh navigation.

## The Duel between Decatur and Barron.

From Kennedy's life of Wirt, we take the following letter to Judge Carr, upon the ill-omened duel between Decatur and Barron, in which a gallant patriot threw away his life:

WASHINGTON, April 2, 1820.

I thank you, my dear friend, for your short letter, which I would have sooner answered, but for causes beyond my control. Instead of attempting to give you an account of the quarrel between our lamented Decatur and Barron, I propose to send you in this paper a copy of their correspondence which we are promised from the Intelligence press to-morrow. Decatur showed me this correspondence, in confidence, late last fall, so far as it had then gone; and I used every effort to prevent the fight, which he was very far from wishing to bring on, but which he considered as forced upon him in such a way that there was no avoiding it but by disavowing what he had already said and thought of Barron, and of this I need not say he was incapable. He did not approve of duelling.

He then passed to his own case. Fighting, he said, was his profession, and it would be impossible for him to keep his station and preserve his respectability, without showing himself ready at all times, to answer the call of any one who bore the name of a gentleman.

After my return from Baltimore, I heard nothing more of it till he was brought home mortally wounded; and then I saw him no more till he was a corpse. As I stood near him, alone, and looked at his dear face, marked as it still was, with the traces of his departed spirit, I could not help saying: "What is life, and what all the glory that this world can give?" The soliloquy is not a very novel one, indeed. I have made it, in common with others, a thousand times before, but I never felt its force till then; for never till then, had I seen the corpse of such a man. They both fell at the shot, which was so simultaneous that the report of two pistols could not be heard by those who stood out of sight, though close within ear-shot. This I heard from Commodore Porter, who was standing then with Rogers. He exclaimed immediately—"One of them is killed for there is only one shot."

Very different was the scene when he got to the ground. Decatur was apparently shot dead; he revived soon after, and he and Barron held a parley as they lay upon the ground. Doctor Washington, who got up just then, says that it reminded him of the closing scene of a tragedy—Hamlet and Laertes. Com. Barron proposed that they should make friends before they met in heaven, (for he supposed they would both die immediately.) Decatur said he had never been his enemy, that he freely forgave him his death—though he could not forgive those who stimulated him to seek his life. One report says that Barron exclaimed, "Would to God you had said so much yesterday!" It is certain that the parley was a friendly one, and that they parted in peace.

Decatur knew he was to die, and his only sorrow was that he had not died in the service of his country. It is believed that Barron will recover—though this is far from certain. The papers will tell you everything as to Decatur's funeral, procession, &c.

Your friend,  
WM. WIRT.

## Minesota.

The St. Paul's (Minnesota) Chronicle furnishes some interesting particulars respecting the climate, productions, &c., of that territory. Esculents of every description and of superior quality are produced in abundance, and the crops of oats and Indian corn are spoken of as being much heavier than those of Ohio and Indiana. Mechanics, and particularly house-builders, are in great demand, and it is believed that artisans of small means could there acquire property and grow up with the country.

The lumber business is spoken of as attracting much attention, and increasing in importance with the return of every spring, and the rapid augmentation of the population. Mercantile and professional pursuits are in small demand, although St. Paul's, it is believed, would compare favorably in this respect with any other town of the same size. The oldest inhabitants of the territory declare that at no place where they had formerly resided, have they, or their families, enjoyed a greater share of health than at Minnesota.

## Extract of a letter from Colonel Fremont to Col. Benton, dated.

MONTREY, June 24, 1849.

"I shall be anxious to receive the best information relative to your plan for the railroad—what the prospects are for its adoption, and towards what point of this country it will probably be directed.

"In conversing with Mr. Butler King and General Persifer Smith, a few days since, this road was subject of general interest. I mentioned that the line explored in my last journey, was admirably calculated for the road, passing the mountains between the Arkansas and the Del Norte, and scarcely an inequality of profile, and with knowledge obtained since our disaster showed what would have been the character of its extension further west, to the Great Basin. A reference to the map will show you that this line crosses the valley of the Del Norte at the northern edge of the New Mexican settlements, a handsome and fertile country whence a branch road might be thrown down the valley of the river, and though the settlements, to Santa Fe. The road would enter the basin at the southern end of the Mormon settlements, and cross by way of Humboldt river about midway of the river's course, a large valley opens into it, and up this lies an excellent way to a pass near the head of the lower Sacramento valley. Before reaching this pass, a way diverging to the north affords a very practicable valley road into Oregon; and, in my opinion, far the best by which you can reach that country.

"Immediately after this conversation, General Smith determined upon a party to explore that part of the route which I have last described, with a view to report upon it at the ensuing session of Congress. He afterwards called upon me to request that I would send him a written communication, to the same effect in order that hereafter the suggestion might remain with me. It is not pleasant to see the work pass into other hands, but private means are inadequate to such undertakings here."

CHARLES KING has retired from the N. Y. Courier.

## Old and New Members.

On looking over the list of members elected to the next House, says the Harrisburg Union, we observe that there are twenty-four members elected who were members of the last House. In addition to these there are some six or eight who have been members of the House at some former period. Amongst the new members we notice that there are several gentlemen on both sides possessing great talents and ability, so that we may expect the House to compare very favorably with preceding Houses.

The NET GAIN of communicants to the Baptist Church in the United States, for the last year, has been set down at 18,057.

HARRISBURG, Sunday morning, Oct. 28, 1849. Messrs. Hamilton, Forney & Co.—gentleman A fire was discovered at 2 1/2 o'clock this morning, in the four story building, occupied by McKinley & Lessure, proprietors of the Democratic Union, and Printers for the State, which destroyed nearly everything in the second story of the building in which the newspaper and job materials were located: The principal part of the materials on which the State Printing is done being on the third story was saved by the efficient exertions of our firemen.

The valuable stock of Law Book in the first and second story, was principally saved, the loss of these confined to a lot on the first story. The steam engine and machine presses were but partially injured.

Yours.

The Governor of Ohio has appointed the 29th inst. as a day of Thanksgiving.

## Overland Emigrants.

It is thought 15,000 emigrants to California by the plains, will have to winter at the Mormon settlement at the Salt Lake, owing to the earlier parties of emigrants having set fire to and burned the grass.—They will fortunately be able to obtain subsistence there, as the Mormons have raised immense crops of grain, their farms extending eighty miles in length, and more than twenty in width, though they have been there but two years. Surely these Mormons are a singular people.

SOUTHERN CONVENTION.—The Mississippi state convention, which met to discuss the best method of protecting the rights of the south, in relation to the question of slavery, has just concluded its sittings, and adopted a resolution providing for a convention of the slaveholding states in the city of Nashville, on the first Monday in June next, "to devise and adopt some mode of resistance to the aggressions of the North."