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THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Volume I. Clearfield, Pa., March 28, 1850. Number 38.

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POETRY.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

This ...d, after all, is a great deal better than we give credit for. There is more of kindness, friendship and truth, than philosophers are willing to allow. We like these verses.—CASKET.

The world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
The whether good or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it.
For we scold and fret all day,
From dewy morn till even;
The world will ne'er afford to man
A foretaste here of heaven.

The world in truth's as good a world
As e'er was known to any,
Who have not seen another yet,
And these are very many;
And if the men and women too
Have plenty of employment,
Those surely must be hard to please
Who cannot find enjoyment.

This world is quite a clever world,
In rain or pleasant weather,
If people would but learn to live
In harmony together;
Nor seek to burst the kindly bond
By love and peace cemented.
And learn that best of lessons yet,
Always to be contented.

Then were the world a pleasant world,
And pleasant folks were in it;
The day would pass most pleasantly
To those who thus begin it;
And all the nameless grievances
Brought on by borrowed troubles,
Would prove, as certainly they are,
A mass of empty bubbles!

The Land of thy Choice.

Translated from the German.

A distinguished man in a large city died. During his illness his friends had merely said that he was a "little unwell;" and a few moments before the death-stroke, the doctor observed to the nurse, in a decorous whisper, "his appearance does not please me." The man himself had been so completely deceived, as to the fatal nature of his disease, that it was only when he felt the hand of death upon him, that he started and said, "I believe I am dangerously sick." A moment after with a sudden horror, the thought thrilled through his soul,—"THOU ART DYING." He struggled for a few moments—then all grew dark, he sunk into an insensibility, which he supposed to be the commencement of annihilation. His friends stood horror stricken and stupified; and now, at length, they ventured to speak of his death.

* * * * * *

The night winds in the lonely churchyard sighed heavily over the fresh grave mound of the departed; and above it, wavering in the moonbeam, a shadowy form seemed slowly and gradually disengaging itself from the earth. It was the soul of the dead now breaking itself loose from its earthly tenement, as the butterfly frees itself from its withered and useless shell.

"And am I then still living," sighed the departed, "and is there, what I never believed, a life after death? But how cold, how dreary this solitude! Whither shall I go!" Here the cheerful voices of some travellers, who were passing by the graveyard into the city, struck upon his ears, and stretching his arms towards them, in an imploring tone, he besought them to take him with them into the city; but he perceived they neither saw nor heard him.

"Ah! I see how it is. I am no longer able to hold communion with living men, I am forever seperated from the warm and breathing forms with whom I have hitherto lived. Whither then shall I go! Who will guide me in this cold and lonely world which I have entered!"

As he spoke these words, an angle form swept downward from the skies and approached him; his figure was glorious, and his face marked with a strong benevolent yet somewhat sorrowful expression.

"Son of Adam," said he, "thy connection with life is over. Thy Creator hath placed the in a territory of the spiritual world. To which part of it do you now desire to be led?"

At first the spirit seemed overawed by this address, but striving to overcome himself he replied;

"You treat me with more consideration than I had reason to expect, in the event of my coming into such a life as this. In my past existence, priests were wont to threaten hell and eternal torments to people of my habits and turn of thinking.—I am now glad that I could see farther through the subject than they, and that I always treated their threats with contempt. But as you ask me whither I would go I say let me remain in this world, as here are all the things in which I have ever taken any interest."

"You forget," replied the angel, "that you can no longer hold any communion with men, or partake in any of their modes and enjoyment."

"Ah! too true," replied the dead. "I should only be a forlorn wanderer among the scenes of former pleasures; and could I reveal myself to my former friends, I should only be an object of terror. Well take me then into the better land with you."

"The better land," replied the angel seriously "is large and wide. In my father's house are many mansions. To which of these would you be led;"

"To the most perfect of all, good angel," replied the departed.

"The most perfect," replied the angel, "is where God unveils his face—where Jesus is surrounded by the spirits of the just made perfect—where praises and hallelujahs to God and the Lamb are continually resounding."

The countenance of the departed expressed a feeling of ill repressed disgust, as he answered:

"Is there no other place but that, good angel? I never liked to hear about Jesus Christ and I am sure it would be very repugnant to my feelings to be any where in his presence; and as to all this psalm singing and *pietistic* jargon, I always had the utmost contempt for it, and do not find the least disposition to conform to it now. But bring me into the society of intellectual men, of philosophers and men of learning."

"There is no learning in this world but the study of God and of Jesus, as seen in all the multiplied forms of creation. If it displeases you to hear of Jesus, there is nothing that you can investigate with pleasure, for in him are hid all treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and all things are by and for him, and is before all things and by him all things do exist."

"But then, if I cannot associate with your learned men," replied the departed, "bring me, at least, to the society of artists; for I have spent much of my life in the contemplation of the fine arts, and always found in them the greatest enjoyment. I think I am fitted for company of this sort."

"It is true there is such society here, replied the angel, "but the object of all art is to shadow forth, and express, by new images, the Divine beauty, and grandeur, as it appears in all his works; but most of all as it is reflected from the face of Jesus Christ. If you can take an eternal delight in such exercises of the creative power, come with me."

"No, no," replied the dead angrily, and shrinking back from the touch of the angel, "are these same ideas to haunt me everywhere? Take me to the society of the polite, the refined, the courteous; to such society, in short, as I have been accustomed to on earth."

"But what is refinement but purity?" replied the angel. "Those whom you seek, are these same ones who stand with uncovered heart, beneath the eye of God, yet look up to his face without fear; in whose bosoms every passing thought may be read, yet not a blush rise to his cheek, or one shrinking feeling lead them to draw away from God, or each other. If with unveiled heart, you too can be happy among these, ascend with me."

"For Heaven's sake, no," replied the dead, with a mixture of terror and anger. "What! have all MY thoughts seen!—MY heart forever unveiled!—a fine eternity that would be for me!" and he laughed in a bitter derisive tone. "You must know—you must see," he suddenly add, "how you mock me, by presenting at every turn these same ideas. You know I always hated and disliked all these images and associations; my whole life has been an effort to keep them out of sight; and do you suppose I can change in a moment so as to take pleasure in them?"

"I only tell you what it is," replied the angel, in a grave and steady tone, "and again I ask if all these things displease you whither would you go!

"Take me to those who feel and think as I do," rejoined the departed.

"You exile yourself from all good in saying so," sighed the angel; "nevertheless, come with me."

Then, with a broad wing the angel swept upward; they came near to a fair, a golden star, where might be seen forms of unearthly beauty passing to & fro; and as they passed, they seemed to be communing in an earnest and loving manner, or singing hymns in a sweet, mild, full-hearted joyfulness: and though there were many different voices, yet there was no discord, but all blended together in a calm and soothing harmony. But the spirit of the dead rebounded back from the sphere of the star, as by some natural repulsion, and passed downward into some shadowy region. And now they drew near to another world where were forms of men, walking slowly and conversing with each other and ever and anon they looked upward with an earnest and imploring expression.

"In this world," said the angel, "are those who never fully in their life received the offer of the Gospel by Jesus, but who died with a longing after truth, and undeveloped germ of good in their souls.—Here, by prayer and by searching, this germ is unfolded, till they ascend to the presence of God."

"Nay," said the dead, "this is not the place I am in quest of. I suppose here I should find an army of churches and priests all in array to make a proselyte of me.—No, let me go where all these things are never heard of."

"Then go," replied the angel, "to thy own place;" and with the [illegible] it of the departed sunk to a gloomy region that lay far below. The angel followed him not, but stood above. He then found himself joined by two ill-looking figures, one of whom, laying hold of him roughly, saluted him by a vile name, that reminded him of the sins of his youth.

"How is this?" he exclaimed. "Where am I now? Are there no laws—no police to protect me from abuse?"

The angel from above answered, "that police which you found so convenient in the world you have forsaken, owes all its efficiency to that moral sentiment inspired by the religion of Christ, which you say you always despised. You wished to be where nothing of the sort existed, and your wishes granted. This is a world where no relic of those restraints, which come from God, in any shape remain—where there is no trace of any kind of virtue that had its origin his laws and institutions. All that can be expected from the associations of the ungodly and profane—the haters of God, you will find here; but look not for security, rest or peace of mind in such society. These only are to be had among the friends of God."

Then the face of the dead man grew dark with anger and blasphemy, as he bitterly replied:

"I see now how it is, thou most holy, most virtuous, most devout son of God, thou most excellent preacher of righteousness. I am in the so called regions of despair: *this* is what I am to understand: and call you this the land of my choice—this gloomy and sterile desert, where no one flower can unfold? Such a residence is contrary to my taste, and therefore contrary to justice."

"Nay," replied the angel, "is it not meet that the beautiful mansions of my Father's house should be inhabited by his children, who love his presence and enjoy his smile? Because thou canst not bear him and them; because all that thou findest there is disgusting and painful to thee, therefore it is that thou art compelled to seek this outer darkness. According to the character of the soul, so doth the material world form itself around it. Around the pure and peaceful spirit, pure and peaceful skies arise; around the lovely, and the good, forms of loveliness and beauty are constantly springing; but around the dark minded and impure, and passionate, dark and stormy clouds forever arise; for the world without must forever image the world within. Such is the immutable law, and does it seem to thee to be just."

"It may be so," murmured the dead, angrily, "but these vile forms around me, are these my equals?"

"They are so," replied the angel.—"He who first addressed you was indeed a low and coarse voluptuary; thou wast a polished and refined one; but still ye are both of the same order; and the artificial distinctions which separated you in yonder world no longer exist."

"And how long," rejoined the spirit angrily, "is this to be my residence!"

"Till thou canst love God whom thou now hatest; till thou canst fall in repentance and submission at the feet of Jesus; till thy heart beats with the heart of the blessed—not till then."

"Till then!" rejoins the dead man; "I love God!—I ask forgiveness from Jesus! Never! never! never! Outer darkness—eternal storm—eternal fire were better than that. Here I shall at least have one comfort—to hate and dispise and hold them in utter contempt forever—be subdued! no, never!"

"No never!" responded the angel, in a voice that thrilled through the dark region.

"No, never! Thou hast spoken it!."—AMEN.

THE INDIAN WAR IN YUCATAN.—Recent advices from Yucatan state that there is a pleasing prospect of the pacification of that country. The rebel Indians, it appears, received a severe whipping, forty miles from Tihosuco, when 400 of them were made prisoners, 600 muskets were taken, and 5000 silver dollars. After this defeat on the 2d, the chiefs sent to the government, asking for peace, and offering to lay down their arms, on condition of being permitted to remain and cultivate their lands, and have their caciques re-established over them. They abandoned their former extravagant pretensions to a division of the territory of the State.—Their movement, it is believed, is not pleasing to the British settlers of the Balize.

The propositions heretofore insisted upon by the insurgent chief, were in substance as follows: That the war should be put an end to, on the condition of granting to the insurgents the whole of the territory comprehended between the line drawn from south, to north, drawn from Bacalar, as far as to the entrance into the Gulf of Mexico, and that all within the area bounded by this line, should remain independent of the Yucatan government, and recognized as the independent government of Belize."

It is thought that these terms were proposed at the suggestion of the British inhabitants of the Balize. The extent of country thus demanded, is so great, that the Indians within it would be masters of the capital, and ten of the most populous [illegible] tlements.

Translated from the German for the Pittsburg Post, by C. F. Sanders.

THE GERMAN THERMOPYLÆ.

A SKETCH OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

There are, we presume, but few of our readers who have not heard of the beautiful Wyoming Valley, that rich and fertile tract of land, situated in the State of Pennsylvania, and which has often been celebrated by poets and writers. This valley was first and chiefly settled by Germans. It contains rich farms, fields and meadows, together with valuable timber land, and was visited with fire & sword, by a party of American Tories, British, & Indians, in the year 1778, at a time when the male population of the settlement, which number amounted to about 350 souls, had joined the army of the great & immortal WASHINGTON, at a distance of several days journey, where they expected to encounter the main army of the enemy.

The Colonel of these Wyoming Germans, was *Hollenbach*, a justice of the peace. He was an intimate friend of Washington, who knew how to appreciate his distinguished qualities, as well as his rare intelligence; although as to matters regarding religion, their views and opinions differed greatly from each other, as it is well known that Washington was a strict believer in the Bible; whereas Hollenbach did adhere to the doctrines of Thomas Paine, who was a philosopher and freethinker.

The heart-rending call in distress, of their parents, wives and children, which they had left at home, soon reached the ears of the Wyoming Volunteers, and in an instant Hollenbach found himself surrounded by his men, who urged him to meet the enemy, whose force consisted of more than 2,000 men.

In vain were the representations of Washington, who, being aware of the superior numerical strength of these barbarous and plundering hordes, had prognosticated to all a sure death.

Terror and agony moved the heart of every one at the thought of the dear ones which they had left behind and unprotected, and clinched their fists in eagerness for combat and vengeance at the gloomy prospects of their ruined happiness; and it was now no longer possible for them to remain with the army.

At the sound of the trumpet, and headed by their colonel, they began to return homeward in great haste, marching day and night, until they arrived at their settlement, instead of meeting again their peaceable abodes, they beheld the smoking ruins of destroyed dwellings, near to which the enemy had comfortably erected their tents. their morning fire blazing triumphantly in the air, intermingled with their huzzas.

They soon recognized the red hordes of Brant, the notorious spoilers of the "German Flat," who had joined the rapacious and blood-thirsty Tories and British, who but a short time ago in Cherry Valley had given such terrible proofs of their cruelties

With doleful looks, Hollenbach regarded his gallant little band, who gnashing their teeth for rage and vengeance, stood near the place of destruction, and the looks of his men announced to him the inmost thoughts of their hearts.

There was none who would have trembled at an assault on these hordes of murderers.

"Brothers," exclaimed Hollenbach, "against such cowards, who watch for our absence, and who now rejoice in victory over women and children only. Every one of us can stand the ground against eight of them. Let us send these brutes to h—l in such a manner, that even the d—l himself must have respect for the Germans of Wyoming Valley."

And raising himself from his saddle he waved his sword in the air, and spurred his horse onward. And thundering hurras followed his words, and his men rushed forward, eager for the ensuing combat.—At the first volley, more than one hundred of these red skins (which formed the advance guard of the enemy) were weltering in their blood. The enemy were quietly reposing in their camp, but in an instant the whole army of the enemy was apprised of the assault, and from all sides they rushed upon the gallant little corps. The sun rose, spreading its animating beams upon the exhausted Germans, who in a moment made arrangements to take the stand behind a row of ruins, and to wait for the approach of their enemies.—The first assault of the enemy was repulsed, and many kissed the earth in death, caused by the dense drift of bullets sent forth from behind the entrenchments.

The mockery about this powerful resistance and bravery, which the appearance of the little band so openly demonstrated towards the enemy, soon engaged its whole army in a furious combat, but they were not able to stand their ground against the discharge of the pieces of the little band, which rattling, cleared their ranks. Repulsed repeatedly, and again hurrying into [illegible] not gain [illegible] guns [illegible] powerful [illegible] hours.

Finally, and with the last glowing of the setting sun, the fate of the day was decided—300 Germans had fallen in defence of their adopted country; and 50 more lay badly wounded, who would not seek for quarter, and still striving to make a last effort against the enemy, who seeing their determination, had almost been driven to madness on account of their bravery.

What a noble military achievement!—What persevering heroism! *Had these men been Americans, they would up to this day have been remembered by the nation as the "Immortal Wyoming Boys,"* but they were *only Germans*, and their memory, which is as worthy of immortality as that of the Helens of Thermopylæ, remains silently recorded in the book of History of two Pennsylvania counties!

Trifles and Consequences.

If in the world of spirits the consequence of every trifling act of an individual shall be plainly visible to him, how great will be the remorse of those whose evil works and words are as numerous as the sands of the sea shore. Who is there that cannot trace back to the most trifling incident or accident the cause of an entire change in his whole life? Some have been made immensely rich by the turning of a feather, their children educated, given influence, and perhaps charged with the destiny of a nation: while another has become poor in consequence of some slight and almost imperceptible incident. Poverty has brought on disease or dissipation, and a vagabond's life, or a drunkard's grave become his portion. Some of our richest and most influential merchants—sons of farmers—can trace their coming to New York to the meeting of a play-fellow in the street, or the running away of a colt, or perhaps, as in an instance we have heard of, the breaking of a bowl. Had these boys remained at home and been farmers, how different would have been the situation of their families. Their daughters, instead of flaunting in silks in Broadway and enjoying a seat at the opera, might have been engaged in the more worthy occupation of making butter and cheese.—Steamships that now form regular lines to different quarters of the globe, and effect the destiny of nations, would not have been built; wars might have been made or avoided, as subsequent circumstances have dictated.

Thirty years ago two boys in N Hampshire quarrelled about a box of blacking. To get rid of one of them, he was sent to New York, and is now one of the first shipping merchants, a director in a bank, and owner of a line of steamers. A dispute about a tin didper with the steward of a steamboat, resulted in a lawsuit that cost a thousand dollars, and laid the foundation of the fortune of one of our millionaires, who now owns more tin dippers and steamboats than any other one man in the world—once a deck hand of a boat, now the captain of the "upper ten." An accident made him, an accident may unmake him.

By the disobedience of a lad in 1809, a garden gate in Rhode Island was left open; a pig got in and destroyed a few plants; a quarrel between the owners of the pig and the garden grew out of it, which spread among their friends, defeated the Federal candidate to the Legislature, and gave the State a democratic Senator, by whose vote war was declared in 1812 with Great Britain. Can that boy, now in another world, see the consequences of that one act of disobedience? and does he suffer the remorse of the murder of a thousand human beings?

Napoleon became a soldier in consequence of one disobedient act of his mother; then General, Consul, Emperor, tyrant and exile.

Washington became in early life, a favorite with men of influence and power because of his obedience to his mother.—An accident made this known to one who never lost sight of the obedient boy, which resulted in his becoming head of the American army.

One single vote sent Oliver Cromwell to the long parliament, Charles Stuart to the scaffold, revolutionized England, and made Great Britain free.

Four votes in the city of New York, made Thomas Jefferson President of the United States; one vote gave us the tariff of 1842, and one vote made the tariff of 1846. One vote gave us Texas, made war with Mexico, slew thousands of our people and purchased California, turned thither the tide of emigration and will change the destiny of the world.

By not giving the right change for a newspaper, a boy prevented a passenger from getting on board a ferry boat. On the next boat he met a friend, in conversation with whom a plan for the transaction of a simple business was adopted which in its carrying out, has agitated the nation and is fast becoming the subject of a newspaper discussion on both sides of the civilized world. It will [illegible] commerce of nations and [illegible] war.

We cannot tell [illegible] one act of [illegible] know. We know that a right action will bring no misery. These things are worth reflection. The boy who tried to cheat the ferry-boat passenger may have been made a newsboy by some unlucky stroke or fretful exclamation of his mother. The boy who left open the garden gate and brought on the last war may have been indulged or neglected or wrongly instructed by his parents. The quarrel about the tin dipper, which made one man poor, and another rich, may have risen from a still more trifling incident. If our spirits in another world can see all these things—can trace all effects to their causes—count the evil of every wrong, and measure the amount of human misery and human happiness that every act has produced, they will enjoy the pleasures of heaven or suffer the pangs of hell.—*N. Y. Day Book.*

Character of a Bachelor.

A bachelor is a sort of a whimsical being, which nature never intended to create. He was formed out of the *odds* and *ends* of what materials were left after the great work was over. Unluckily for him, the *finer* passions are all mixed up in the composition of those creatures intended for social enjoyment. What remains for the bachelor, is hardly enough to rub round the crusty mould into which he is thrown. To avoid waste, that he may not be quite insipid, some seasoning must be substituted in the stead of more valuable ingredients; so in dame Nature tosses *self-love*, without weight or measure—a kind of understanding that is fit for no other use—a sprinkling of wisdom, which turns to acid, from the sour disposition of the vessel in which it is contained; and the whole composition is concluded with an immoderate portion of oddities. Thus *formed*, thus *finished*, a bachelor is popped into the world mere lumber, without a possibility of being happy himself, or essentially contributing to the happiness of others.

His only business is to keep himself *quiet*. He gets up, to lie down; he lies down, to get up. No tender passions enliven his waking hours; no agreeable reveries diversify his dronish slumbers. If he ever speaks the language of sensibility, he speaks it on the excellence of some favorite dish, or on the choice liquors with which his cellar abounds. On such subjects he feels the rapture of a lover.

The pace of the bachelor is *sober*. He would hardly mend it to get out of a storm, though the storm were to threaten a deluge. But show him a woman entitled to the compliment of his hat, and he will shuffle on, as if he were walking for a wager. His housekeeper, or his laundress, he can speak to without reserve; but any other of the sex, whose condition is above a useful dependant, is his terror.

A coffee-house is his *sanctum sanctorum* against *bright eyes* and *dazzling complexions*. Here he lounges out half his days. At home, he solitarily sits down to his *unsocial* meal; and when his *palate* is pleased, he has no other passion to gratify.

Such is a bachelor—such the life of a bachelor; what becomes of him *after death*, I am not casuist enough to determine.

Sweets of Home.

He who has no home, has not the sweetest pleasures of life, he feels not the thousand endearments that cluster around that hallowed spot to fill the void of his aching heart, and while away his leisure moments in the sweetest of life's joys. Is misfortune your lot, and friends turn from your path, at home you will meet a friendly welcome from hearts beating true to your own. The chosen partner of your toil has for you a smile of approbation where others frown, a word of hope when others have deserted, a hand to help when all others refuse, and a heart to feel your sorrows as her own. Or a smiling cherub with prattling glee, or with a joyous laugh, will drive all sorrow from a care worn brow, and clothe it in the wreaths of domestic bliss.

No matter how humble that home may be, how destitute its stores, or how poorly its inmates are clad, if true hearts dwell there, it is yet a home—a cheerful prudent wife, obedient and affectionate children, will give their possessors more real joy, than bags of gold and windy honors.

The home of a temperate, industrious, honest man, will be his greatest joy. [illegible] comes to it "weary and worn," but [illegible] music of the merry [illegible] and [illegible] voice of chil[illegible] [illegible] but healt[illegible] ambition [illegible] and [illegible] w[illegible]