

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man.—Thomas Jefferson.

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POETRY.

A HYMN,

Written for the Ladies of Bloomsburg.

BY FRANCIS ROBERT.

Look down from heaven, O God above,
With kind compassion and with love;
Our hearts revive with all true grace;
For thou art all in every place.

O may we at thy throne impend,
Through him for us will intercede;
For thou art holy, only love,
Thou God who art our joy above.

May we thy goodness always feel;
In joy, in hope, in woe or weal,
Our sins forsake, and always try,
To love thee better in the sky.

O may we all in heaven come,
For that is our only home;
Thy righteousness and praise extol;
Thou friend of ours, of every soul.

Thy spirit unto us impart,
To rule in us, in every heart,
Who now in groans and travail lay.

May we in honor of thy Son,
In spirit always all be one;
The same relationship may in,
As he to thee, and we to him.

The richness of thy love may all,
Forever taste both great and small;
And never more thy word confound,
For grace shall more, than sin abound.

The gospel enterprise, it is,
That we may reach that heavenly bliss;
That none shall ever be undone,
That all shall be in Christ made one.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TWO ROADS TO WEALTH.

What a fine thing it is to be rich! exclaimed Charles Ashton, as he passed Esquire Wilkins' great house.

A fine thing, indeed, replied his friend Frank May, provided—

Provided what?

Provided we can have a few other good things with it.

Other good things! Why man, money will buy all the good things in the world.

Not quite, replied Frank. To be sure, it will buy some small matters which are convenient, but there are things essential that it will not buy.

Such as what? interrupted his friend.

Such as health, happiness, and clear conscience.

Well, Frank, I suppose it would not be exactly the right coin for these commodities, but I'll tell you of one nice article which it will buy.

And what is that?

A wife!

Ah! replied Frank, that's the only article in the world which I should rather beg than buy!

Well, Frank, you are a man of independent feelings, but I'm afraid you'll never be a man of independent property.

Why, Charles, what makes you think so? I like money, and I mean to get my share, provided I can do it honestly.

Ah! you will be too much hindered with scruples, to make any headway in the world. My motto is, Go ahead, hit or miss!

And I, said Frank, should as lief have nothing to eat but sugar, as to have nothing to enjoy but wealth.

Here the friends parted, one to his workshop, and the other to his counting-room.

These two young men lived in a villa, on the banks of the Connecticut. Charles

Ashton was a merchant, and Frank May was a mechanic. They were both what the world call 'very fine young men.' Its eyes never look down into the heart. It is the prerogative of one Eye alone to look on the secret springs of action; to that Eye the difference between the two characters was very great.

Both applied themselves with all diligence to their respective callings, and hoped to be rich.

Frank May resolved that every dollar should be gained, not only honestly but honorably. As for Charles Ashton, he had but one purpose, and that was to acquire wealth—untrammelled by scruples about ways and means.

'I'll be a rich man before I die!' said he to himself one night, as he was studying his ledger—the only book in the world that he thought entertaining. He was untiring in his application to business; and if he did not absolutely cheat, he made what are called 'pretty tight bargains.' 'Hard and honest,' was his maxim; which some think means 'hardly honest.'

He soon acquired the reputation of a keen, money-making man. But making money is not always making friends. At the end of ten years, Mr. Ashton was a richer man than his friend May, but he was surprised to find himself not so much respected, or so happy. He began to think there were some things money would not buy.

'But I'll see if it won't buy me a wife,' said he. 'I believe its living a bachelor that makes me so blue!'

Now it never occurred to our friend that a wife who could be bought, might not be worth having. But it did occur, naturally enough, that while he was about it, he might as well try for a rich one. So he went peeping around among the heiresses—nothing doubting that a young lady who was an heir to a fine fortune, would inherit every other fine quality. It was not long before he fixed his affections? no—his thoughts! on Miss Jemima Wilkins, the youngest daughter of Esquire Wilkins. It was not the color of Miss Jemima's hair, or the sparkle of her eye, or the dimple in her cheeks, that attracted our hero's attention. Oh no, those were too sensible and unimportant matters of choice.

It was well that he quite forgot to look for graces of mind or person, for the young lady was sensibly endowed. But then she had 'ten thousand charms' in the shape of good round dollars, and that was enough for Ashton. He was the richest young man in the village, and that was enough for Jemima. So the bargain was struck up in a trice, and no time lost in moonlight walks and serenades, and no money wasted in rides and presents.

This interesting couple were married and took possession of a nice new house, full of nice new furniture, and settled themselves down, to get as much comfort as empty heads and empty hearts, with a full purse, could give.

Here we will leave them in the full glory of the honey moon, to look after our friend, Frank May. Let us see what the lapse of ten years did him. He was not a whit behind Ashton in activity and industry, and he reaped the usual rewards of present comforts and prospective plenty. Though, as he told his friend, he meant to acquire wealth, it was not for his own sake, but for the benefit of others. It was good proof of his sincerity that he did not defer doing good till the time should arrive when he could call himself rich. He knew that if he did not form the habit now he would not have the heart hereafter. He knew, and what is better, he felt, that no one should live to himself—not even a young man, just setting out in the world, who had his fortune to build up with his own hands. He early came to the conclusion that he had four things to attend to in this life, viz: his own temporal and spiritual welfare and the temporal and spiritual welfare of others—that is, of all the human family who came under his influence, either directly or indirectly. Here was a noble work; sufficient to fill the largest heart, and task the highest energies. This was the grand outline of his scheme of life, and left it to the finger of Providence to point out daily the particular manner in which it was to be filled up. With these views he stood ready for every good word and work. He was never so busy about his own affairs, that he could not stop to do a good act. When called upon to leave his work to do something for a poor neighbor, or hand around a subscription paper in aid of some benevolent object, or do something for the church, or the village, he did not call it an interruption, but considered it as a branch of his business.

Ashton used to laugh at him, and tell him he had chosen a strange road to wealth.

'Never mind,' Frank would say, 'my road is rather circuitous, to be sure, but it is pleasant. You, Charles, are on the high

road to wealth—a straight, dull turnpike, where there are so many driving by, and so many trying to overtake you, that you are blinded with dust. While my path is through a green lane among murmuring brooks and singing birds.

'Good bye, to you, Frank,' replied his friend, 'you are welcome to your books and birds and shady laze: I like the turnpike best, and don't mind getting a little gold-dust in my eyes, providing the rest settles in my pockets.'

Though Charles spoke so gaily as he turned away, there was a still small voice which whispered to his heart and told him Frank was right and he was wrong. But as this monitor had not been listened to when its tones were low, was it to be expected that it would be heard now?

Among the poor neighbors who shared Frank's kind attentions, was one, whose peculiar lonely and desolate condition, gave her a strong claim to sympathy and kindness. The widow Green, as she was commonly called, had seen better days; but she had lost her husband, her children, and her property. One, after another, she had laid her little ones in the grave, till only two remained, a son and a daughter. All the generous sympathies of Frank's nature were moved, when the only son was cut down just as he had reached an age at which his poor mother might begin to lean upon him. He resolved, in the fullness of his heart, to make this widow his especial care, and to do all in his power to supply the place of her lost son. He was unwearied in his attention, and though time was money with him, he gave it freely to provide for her comfort. The widow Green had, as I have said, an only daughter, this was all that had been saved from the wreck of her earthly happiness. A rich treasure was this daughter—at least so thought the widow—and so thought another.

Now I beg the reader not to call in question the disinterestedness of Frank's attentions to the widow; for I do assure you, that when he resolved to be a son to her, he had no idea of a *literal* fulfillment. But benevolence sometimes meets with unexpected rewards.

Mary Green was at this time thirteen years old. I suggest you were a dozen as pretty, perhaps prettier; but I don't believe one who had a kinder heart, or more sweet and gentle manners. Though, while her features were at rest, you would not say she was handsome, but, if they were lighted up with thought and feeling, as they always were in conversation, you would acknowledge there was beauty there. And the very best kind of beauty, too—that which will not fade. This was just the sort of beauty to take with Frank. He found too, that her views of duty, of the great end of life, accorded with his own. That the afflictions of her family had chastened her character, and produced a chastened and elevated spirit, which eminently fitted her for the companionship of one whose great desire was to be good and do good.

One evening Frank and Mary had been taking a long walk, (it was a bright moon-light evening, of course,) and they reached home just as the village clock struck nine. They stopped before the little gate, which was fastened with a string.

'Mary,' said Frank, as he reached over to undo the string,

'Well,

'I have been thinking, Mary—hem,'—here he stopped, and worked away for some seconds on the string. It had got into a hard knot, I suppose.

'I have been thinking,' he began again, and then he waited so long, that Mary wondered what he had been thinking about, and whether he would ever be done thinking.

'I have been thinking, Mary, that,—as he had now advanced one word further, he would probably have got out the whole sentence, but just then widow Green, who had been sitting at the window, and seeing Frank working so long over the gate, the kind officious old lady must needs come out, to see 'what was the matter with that string.' So Mary was left to finish the sentence according to the dictates of her own feelings or imaginations. But Frank took the more satisfactory method of finishing it on paper.

How the sentence really ended, may be inferred from the fact that the next week Frank was bustling about, with an extraordinary degree of satisfaction on his fine countenance, making preparations for building a house. A light heart makes light work.—In an incredible short time he had finished one of the prettiest little cottages you ever saw. It was painted white, with green blinds, and a portico all around. It stood far enough from the road to allow a large garden, which was enclosed a white fence,

with a little gate fastened by a string. Behind the house, at some distance, rolled the Connecticut river, with its beautiful expanse of interval land on each side, ornamented here and there with a solitary, graceful elm. Is there a river in the world whose path is marked with more beauty and verdure than the Connecticut? Among all dwellers on its banks, perhaps there never was a happier couple than the one who, on May day, took possession of this new cottage.

'And so,' said Miss Jemima Wilkins that was, as she was returning with others from the wedding visit, 'poor Mary Green is Mrs. Francis May! I suppose she will carry her head pretty high now.'

'Frank's a fool,' thought Mr. Ashton, 'to marry a girl who has not a cent in the world.'

But two years wrought a change in the condition of the parties. Frank and Mary continued on in their even tenor—he applying himself with assiduity to his business, and managing with economy, while Mary made every thing go like clock-work at home.

In the mean while Ashton went on as before, until, becoming tired of the turnpike he determined to make a flying leap, and with his father-in-law, Esq. Wilkins, engaged in a grand speculation which was to make them both millionaires. But it failed, and involved both in irretrievable ruin.

And then, while mourning one day on his blighted prospects and the wreck of his property, he met Frank out in his working dress, who had on also a cheerful countenance; and when he saw how steadily he had won his way in public confidence, and to the enjoyment of a respectable competence, he said to him—

'Aye, Frank! yours was the right road to wealth after all.'

POLITICAL.

ADDRESS

To the People of Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania, citizens, let present an occasion to submit to you a brief survey of the measures, principles and candidates of the democratic and federal parties, on which you are to pass judgment, at the approaching general election. This duty is rendered especially necessary, by the gross and unprincipled attempts made by the federal party, to deceive and mislead the people.—The trick of deception is not a new one. It has always characterized the electioneering manoeuvres of the federal party, and it must ever do so, while their measures and principles are unpopular, and opposed to the advancement of the public good.

The federal party has always sought to maintain its ascendancy by vaunting and blustering. Its victories are all in anticipation—its shouts of triumph before the battle is fought—its council and reflection, after defeat and dishonor have crowned its efforts and scattered its forces to the winds. So wild it be now: Thus will its idle and empty "log cabin" and "hard cider" cry, end in the wailings of defeat and utter prostration.

But let not our over-confidence of success prevent us from exhibiting to the public, the real nature of the questions involved in the contest. Even success would afford us little gratification, if we did not gain it in defence of the truth, and of sound political virtue. We ask not to triumph because we can triumph, but because all honest men must desire to see us triumph. This appeal has ever been the shield and buckler of democracy—it seeks for nothing more.—What are the principles and measures involved in the pending election for President and Vice President of the United States? Precisely those involved in the election of Thomas Jefferson. It was to preserve a pure, uncontaminated constitution—a simple safe, economical government, then, it is just the same thing now. Federalism has changed its name, its guises, its stratagems a thousand times, but its object has been unchanging—to submit the people, and make the many labor, for the especial benefit of the few. To this end, have been all its devices, including banks, framed and put into execution. Its approaches were open, till the people discovering its design hurled its leaders from power; they are now covert, but not the less certain and effectual.

Revert to the "reign of terror" under the elder Adams. He was a bold patriot in 1776, but imbibing false principles and misled by bad advisers, he almost subverted the National Constitution in four years. The life giving principle of democracy was called forth. It warmed the bosoms of the

people with its holy fire—it illuminated the path of the remotest cottager in the Union—it purified the political atmosphere, and consumed those who would fain extinguish its beacon light.

Again it slumbered till the war of 1812—inspired its enemies with renewed hope. They assembled at Hartford—they aimed at democracy, but they struck at the vitals of their country. They saw the "Star Spangled" flag hauled down and trampled on by the British, and they saw it with rejoicing, because the hand that upheld it was the hand of a democrat. Still democracy triumphed over both British and federal foes and gloriously held on in its career.

Federalism once more crept into obscurity and began to invent further schemes of fraud, to accomplish what it could not do by force.

The election of the younger Adams, in conformity to the letter, but in open defiance of the spirit of the constitution, aroused the fallen spirits of the Hartford contemners. Short was their triumph. The people indignantly crushed their hopes—elected the illustrious Jackson—and fixed a brand on the forehead of federalism, that will never be effaced while history endures.

Mad and writhing like a scotched serpent, federalism continued to assail this great and good man and his administration, with the most rancorous hate. According to the representations of his political foes, he was a devil incarnate—his object was destruction—his measures fraught with ruin—and his friends a band of robbers and banditti. But what was the truth? After eight years of unprecedented toil and conflict with the most unscrupulous and talented opposition ever encountered, he was completely victorious—he prostrated, we trust forever, the Bank of the United States—cleansed the governments of corruption—and left his power peaceably in the hands of his friends.

President Van Buren, "following in his footsteps" has been honored with the fullest confidence and support of the people, and we doubt not, will retain them for his two democratic terms.

Glancing for a few moments, from the National to the state dominion of federalism, we find a similar evidence of its recent success in Pennsylvania. It has recently been elected to a three years and mortifying chastisement of a three years federal reign. During that profligate reign, the Bank of the United States was re-chartered with unheard of privileges, and against the repeated and almost universal remonstrances of the people—corruption so foul and rank, that it "smelled to Heaven," crept into all the departments of government—freemen were disfranchised for opinions sake—favorites made fortunes in a few months by plundering the public—elections became a mockery and a farce—the decree of the majority, was sought to be disregarded, and the military aid, armed with "buckshot and ball," was invoked to consummate the downfall of our liberty.—For the first time in the history of Pennsylvania since the revolution, was an armed host seen in our streets, with flags flying, bayonets glistening, swords flashing, and cannons menacing, not only the safety of the very Legislative Hall, in which the representatives of the sovereign people were assembled to legislate for the public good.

The invincible spirit of democracy, did not forsake Pennsylvania, in this dark and perilous crisis. Though Gov. Ritner and his advisers, were surrounded by a thousand armed soldiers, and were seeking to procure more from the general government—courage and resolution beat warm and high in the hearts of those, who had determined to maintain their rights. Their blood flowed with a cool unflinching courage in their veins—they stood firmly and fearlessly, but tranquilly waiting for the issue, while those who surrounded Governor Ritner's council board, were trembling with terror, in the midst of swords, bayonets, and cannons, summoned to protect them, from the people whose rights they had basely trampled on and betrayed.

Again was democracy victorious. The affrighted federal usurpers skulked from the broad gaze of day. They dared not look a wronged and insulted, unarmed people in the face. The calm fearless eye of honesty riveted their very souls. They threw down their arms, and retired with curses on the heads of the people, to contrive new plots to cheat and defraud them. Of the same nature, though more wily and less bold, was the recent attempt of the federal Governor of New Jersey, to foist into Congress a whole delegation of members, who were not duly elected by the people. He was merely profiting by Secretary Burrows' celebrated order to his political advisers, to "treat the election as if it had heretofore, to "treat the election as if it had not taken place." He no doubt hoped his "broad seal" would cover the iniquity, and