

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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TERMS:

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MISCELLANEOUS.

LUCY CAROLL.—A SKETCH.

Take back the bowl—take back the bowl, the bowl—

Reserve it for polluted lips;
I would not bow a stainless seal
Beneath its dank and fould eclipse."

Lucy, my child, said Mrs. Carroll, do you know it is whispered that George Durwood is forming habits of dissipation? I would not grieve you Lucy—yet it is well to be warned of danger; and when even Durwood's friends are forced to acknowledge that he has altered, we have reason to fear that our ingenious and high minded friend is indeed listening with a charmed ear to the voice of that syren, the end of whose song is destruction. You have heard these reports, my child?

A slight quiver came over the lip of the young girl, who stood silent before her mother, as pale certainly and as beautiful as the most exquisite statue. Lifting her misty eyes to her mother, while an unthought energy kindled it, she answered—Yes, mother, Durwood's enemies have not been slow in conning such reports for my ear. I know—I have heard them all, but I do not believe them."

Lucy, the innocent, the lovely, the confiding Lucy, spoke as she thought. In her heart she could not believe that the whose nature was so noble, so generous, who evinced so many correct feelings and principles, and who possessed in an eminent degree, all the qualifications, she could not believe that he, by any possible temptation, could yield to the baneful insinuation, of the Destroyer, and degrade the dignity of manhood below the brutes that perish.

And why was it that amid the censures and harsh judgment of the world, the secret regrets of his friends, and open attacks of his enemies, Lucy shined deeper in her heart like the image of her lover? She loved him, and her heart, enthroned in the mantle of devotion, clung with increased tenacity to its object; and the light of affection shone warmer and brighter as the shadows of evils closed darker around her beloved.

Constancy is a striking and peculiarly beautiful trait in the character of Women, and in love like Lucy's there is surpassing strength. It has nothing gross or earthly in its yearnings, for its source is in the purest fountains of the heart. Alas for the soulless riches laid on the altar of love! It is seldom worthy of its fostering.

But—I was present at that bridal; for Lucy did become the wife of George Durwood. I marked the smile of conscious triumph and exulting love, as before God's holy altar he pledged that deep vow to be her husband, comforter and protector forever. And she, the gentle being at his side, I saw her look of trusting and entire confidence when she gave her hand to him with whom she had chosen to tread life's crowded path. I watched that widowed mother, too, when she gave her only darling to an untried guardianship. There was sorrow in the tones of her fond and fearful blessing on that fair young bride, who was then in the tenderest years, leaving the shelter and guardianship of a mother's love forever. And I heard too, the solemn injunction she gave as she committed her precious charge into his hands, that he should deal truly and kindly with her as he hoped God's blessing. I heard all, and I turned aside to conceal the tears which were unconsciously creeping into my eyes. An ill-omened melancholy came over me, but I strove to banish it, for why should I dim that fairy picture of happiness with my tears?

I have said that Lucy Carroll became the wife of Durwood; and alas! she became his victim also. The blight fell early on the rose, and the worm revelled amid leaves. We need not trace George Durwood on his erring path of folly and dissipation; enough

that he did bow down his high spirit at the unholy shrine of intemperance.

But Lucy—she who in the trusting earnestness of her pure heart had thrown all on the venture of his vow—she was made to feel the perishing of all that was bright, noble and elevated—it was her's to feel its most refined bitterness the keen and withering blight of disappointment, when she looked on him she called her husband.

For a long time, Lucy's believing spirit sustained her under her heavy trial; for one hope hung even as an anchor to her soul—the hope that he would reform—for he loved her too well, she thought, to make her unhappy. Alas, deceived woman! Love may be strong, but the wine cup hath a yet mightier power. But the truth came at last. That which Lucy had thought a sin even to think on, now stood before her lamentable and sure reality—her husband was an irreclaimable drunkard!

Lucy died early—but not before the last ray of hope was quenched in that stricken bosom, and a death like withering had come over her heart—not until every beautiful flow of affection had drooped and withered away, and all generous and devoted feelings had given place to loathing and indifference. Her last moments were unsoothed by the voice of a husband's affection—though at times, indeed, a bloated visage, with hag-gard expressionless eye, would bend over her couch and mutter words of inebriate and disgusting fondness; but with a look of abhorrence she motioned him away who had once been her blessing and delight.

Let woman—lovely, devoted, confiding woman, avoid even the appearance of evil." Let her beware of the revel, the wine cup, the feast—for vice and intemperance are ever found in their train. Let her remember that in uniting her destiny with a drunkard's, she is drawing on herself a fearful doom and incurring the heaviest curse of Heaven. It is like linking truth with perdition—the dove with the vulture; it is the wedlock of purity and pollution—beauty and the pestilence. Let woman beware of the Intemperate!

A Real Freak of Fortune.—"Two days ago," says the Audience, "a country girl who had spent all her money at a lottery of handkerchiefs, collars, and other articles, on a public promenade at Versailles, offered her umbrella to the keeper of the stall, as security for some more tickets. The man refused to comply with her request, but told her, that if she would allow him to cut off her hair, he would give her, in exchange for it, twenty tickets. The poor girl in the hope of redeeming her fortune consented, and in a minute, the scissors of the despoiler had deprived her of this ornament of her sex. The girl played on until nineteen of her tickets came up blanks. The twentieth was a prize. On opening the paper, the lottery-keeper read it aloud to the persons who were crowding around him, and who were convulsed with laughter—it was a comb."—Paris Paper.

Hope Deferred.—"Go to bed, sir, in the closet there," said an enraged father to a son who had given him just cause of offence: "were it not that these gentlemen are present, I would give you a sound whipping; but you shall have it before breakfast tomorrow, certain." The little rebel went to his crib with a heavy heart, and the enjoyments of the party continued until a late hour. Just when the party was about to break up, the closet door was quietly pulled back, and the young offender put out his head, requesting that the sentence might be put in execution. "Father, would ye just give me my licks (whipping) this night, for I cannot sleep without them!"—The Laird of Logan.

Old Hokey.—"We have often heard persons called 'Old Hokey;' but we were not aware of what gave rise to the cognomen until the other day, when a friend informed us, that an old gentleman used to pass regularly every morning along the Strand, wearing an old fashioned coat, with gaping pocket holes on the outside. It scarcely need be added, that he was frequently minus his pocket handkerchief, by the time he reached Temple-bar. A thought struck him, which he put into practice. He caused to be fastened inside of his coat pockets several large fish-hooks, and thus prepared, off he went as usual. When nearly opposite Essex street, he found a sharp tug at his pocket; then turning round sharply, there stood a fellow making horrid faces, & screaming out, with half a dozen hooks stuck in his hand. 'Ah! (said the old man,) have I caught you at last!"

Considering the punishment quite severe enough, he let the fellow go; but ever afterwards, when he passed the place, a parcel of pickpockets used to cry out. "There goes Old Hokey."—London Paper.

POLITICAL.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

That the present contest for the Presidency is emphatically between old and well-ripened Democracy on the one hand, and ancient and insincere Federalism on the other, the ever striving for the "greatest good of the greatest number," the other contending for chartered privileges for the few, and the welfare of the MANY.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE. that Harrison is clearly and unequivocally, as ANDREW JACKSON expresses himself in his letter, "the representative of Federal principles," and that if by any possibility he can succeed to the Presidency, we will have the monarchical and TORY doctrines of old John Adams and Alexander Hamilton REVIVED in the administration of the general government.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE. that Harrison, according to his own acknowledgment, was an open and avowed SUPPORTER OF THE ALIEN and SEDITION laws, passed by the federal party during the memorable REIGN OF TERROR, and that he entertained the strongest SYMPATHY for the administration, which passed and approved those laws and put them into practical force and operation.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE. that Harrison WORE THE BLACK COCKADE in 1800, the distinctive badge of Federalism, and that in support of the Sedition Law he was heard to say: "That it was PROVEN for Congress, the President, and heads of Department to have a SHIELD thrown around them, that they should not be in the mouth of every BLACKGUARD that walked the street," thereby meaning they should have their lips SEALED and GAO'D, as his own are at the present day.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE. that Harrison for a number of years was one of old John Adams' OFFICE HOLDERS, and must of course have justified the measure of that administration, in sending ARMED SOLDIERS among the people, to prevent them from erecting LIBERTY POLLS, and BLOWING DOWN those that have been already erected.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE. that Harrison voted in the Senate of Ohio in favor of a law, selling free WHITE men into SLAVERY for DEBT, under which a REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER could be SOLD into the service of a FREE NEGRO, and led into captivity by his sable MASTER! But for the exertions of ex-Governor Lucas and other distinguished Democrats, Harrison would have succeeded in introducing this revolting law into the free government of Ohio.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE. that in the state of Indiana, (when there was no Lucas to protest in solemn terms against its passage,) Harrison actually APPROVED and SIGNED such an iniquitous law, to which was super-added the penalty of THIRTY-NINE LASHES, if the white slave, be a MALE or FEMALE, sought liberty in escape and was apprehended—a law which we venture to assert is without a parallel in the darkest and most barbarous ages of antiquity, and the cruelty of which would cause the heart of even a South Sea Islander to bleed in mercy.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE. that Harrison by this law placed the LIBERTY OF THE POOR man and the MONEY OF THE RICH man on an equality! The man who was fortunate enough to have MONEY could pay his fine and BE FREE, but the man who had not money must necessarily FORFEIT HIS LIBERTY, and atone for his misfortunes in CHAINS & DUNGEONS! Here is the prime essence of Aristocracy!! Laborers and Mechanics! reflect upon it, when the HYPOCRITICAL SCRUB NOBILITY would feign present Gen. Harrison as your friend!!!

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE. that Harrison as Governor of Indiana also APPROVED and SIGNED a law, imposing a PROPERTY QUALIFICATION upon voters, to entitle them to the right of suffrage!! The man who owned a FREEHOLD OF FIFTY ACRES of land was allowed to approach the ballot-boxes, but he who did not own such freehold, was debarred the privilege of voting. Was this manifesting love for the poor man? Heaven defend us from "love like this!"

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE. that Harrison RESIGNED his commission during the last war, during the hottest and thickest of the fight, and returned to his home, leaving the fighting to be done by the gallant and intrepid JACKSON, who ended the war in a "blaze of glory" at New Orleans.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE. that the Senate of the United States immediately after the war REFUSED to present

Harrison with a medal and vote of thanks, although it was proposed to do so, and that on motion of Abner Liscock of Pa. (one of his own party,) "the name of Harrison was STRICKEN FROM the resolution."

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE. that the select and common council of the city of New York about the same time, by a vote of 12 to 5, REFUSED granting Harrison the freedom of the city, although they had previously thus honored Decatur, Parry, &c. The Federalists have been repeatedly CHALLENGED to assign a cause for this refusal, but they DARE not attempt it.

Keep it before the people, that Harrison in 1824, ran on the Adams electoral ticket in Ohio and was defeated; that he ran in 1832 for Congress on the federal ticket and was defeated by 66% majority; that in 1831 he ran on the federal ticket for the lower house of the legislature and was defeated; that in 1820 he ran on the federal ticket for Governor and received but 4,248 out of nearly 50,000 polled, in his own county he received not a single vote, and that four years ago President Van Buren beat him 822 votes in his own county! Does this look like being popular at home?

Keep it before the people, that Harrison by his own written and printed acknowledgment, "became a member of an Abolition society at the age of 18," a fact which he procured his friend Judge Gatch to certify to, and that he has never renounced his allegiance to the society, but declares he "faithfully performed all its duties!"

Keep it before the people, that Harrison was nominated by means of the influence of the Northern Abolitionists and as a propitiation to their support; that he is secretly in league with these dangerous fanatics, court their favor and promising them his countenance and support, although he holds another face to the South, and at the same time (Janus like) endeavors to conciliate their support also? Can either party trust a hypocrite? No!

Keep it before the people, that Harrison presents the first, (as we trust for the honor of human nature it will be the last,) example of an aspirant for the Presidential chair standing mute before his fellow-countrymen, whose suffrages he asks, and refusing to "make any declaration of his principles to the public eye!" Would Washington, would Jefferson, Madison, Monroe or the gallant Jackson have done so? No! they would have scorned conduct so diametrically at war with the genius and spirit of our free institutions.

Keep it before the people, that Harrison has entrenched himself behind an irresponsible committee of three, composed in hardened Federalists, who direct his footsteps, lead his counsels, dictate his actions, and write his letters, taking care however not to commit him either FOR OR AGAINST any important measure of public policy! Still they ask you to take him as he is for your President without letting you know whether he has eyes to see, ears to hear, or a tongue to talk! Will you, freemen of the United States, will you do it? Are you prepared to entrust the federal "credit system" even to such an extent as this?

Keep it before the people also, that Harrison still hangs on to his clerkship in Hamilton county, and won't resign, although his friends affect to believe that his election to the Presidency is certain! Does this look as if he believed their assurances himself?

Keep it before the people, that the Harrison party has thrown all principle or profession of principle to the winds, and now put all their hopes of success in idle mummery and unmeaning pagantry, such as log-cabins and canoes, hard-cider and rolling balls, silver pencils and earthen pitchers, golden breast pins and bass-wood snuff-boxes, coon-skins and caricatures, tattered saddles and hard-cider walking canes, silk handkerchiefs and log-cabin letter paper, pictures and pin-cushions, live eagles and dead canaries, and all the other grand paraphernalia of federal humbuggery!! By these things, reader, they hope to deceive you and impose upon your intelligence!!

Will you thus be imposed upon? No, we are sure you must feel yourself insulted by the attempt and will nobly redress yourselves at the ballot boxes!! Finally we ask you, Democrats one and all.

Keep it before the people, and more especially before the people of Pennsylvania, that Harrison is the candidate of the base faction of which Ritner, Barrowes, Stevens, Penrose, &c. are the leaders. He is the candidate of the men, who in the fall of '33 conspired to "TREAT THE ELECTION AS IF IT NEVER HAD BEEN HELD," who when the legislature met, attempted to carry this threat into execution by withholding the legal election returns from the legislature, and sending in false returns, to smuggle men into there, who had been rejected by the people; who fled from the back windows of the Senate Chamber, to avoid the

pangs of conscious guilt; who subsequently called more than one thousand soldiers to their aid, and marched with "bricks and ball" into the capitol of your state, with instructions to shoot down as wolves of the forest all who should raise a tongue against their daring usurpation; who afterwards, on finding that 99 out of 100 of the military of this state were democrats, and would in case of the coming of the worst have turned their bayonets upon the usurpers, and not upon the people, called upon the General Government for the United States Army, to assist them in their treason, which was however righteously refused by President Van Buren. Had Gen. Harrison been in the Presidential chair at that time, think you not the request would have been granted, and that bloody civil war would have ensued? Follow countrymen! pause! pause! before you act so suicidal a part as to commit the destinies of our happy America into the hands of so a vile faction!!!!

From the Spirit of the Times. WHO ARE DEMOCRATS?

The severity of our remarks upon the hypocrisy of the whigs, and the mass of testimony we have brought to prove their adoption of the old Federal creed, has woken up from them, a continuous discharge of their small arms, and even batteries, against our devoted head. Let it come. We do not blow the horn before we draw the sword. Confident in a good cause, in our own rectitude, in the virtue of the people, and in the justice, folly, and desperate designs of our foes, we fear not for the result. They have only to be exposed to be deserted. Already their fabric is tottering to the base: a few strokes more will bring it tumbling about their ears. Their bitterness, their shameless livels, their almost fiendish malignity is only a proof that our blows have been well sent, and that

"The galled jade winces
The democratic party is the only one in our country. Every other clique of politicians, or even league of cliques, is nothing but a faction. Unless men can prove themselves, to be unblinded Democrats they cannot hope success. The Whigs themselves admitted the truth of this remark by discarding their old name of National Republicans and setting up for Democrats; but they have opened shop with such a scanty stock in trade, that like the apothecary's in Shakespeare, it presents only "a beggerly account of empty boxes."

The leaders of the Whigs have been long distinguished as the enemies to the republican party. In the early days of Jackson, when his antagonist called his supporters democratic contemptuously, and themselves "The National Republicans," were not Clay, Adams, and the leading Whigs of this day, the open foes to the hero of New Orleans? Have they not subsequently continued their deadly hostility to the venerable General, persecuting him even in his retirement, and denouncing every man who supported him or his principles? Do they not now, in the face of day, malign his successor because as they choose to have it, "he follows in the footsteps" of that noble hero? They do all this—and yet they call themselves Democrats.—Through years of toil, danger, and many a desperate field they have been known as the bitter foes of democracy. The conversion of such men is even beyond hope.—Israel is joined to his idols, let him alone."

Nor are their principles more in accordance with the Democratic creed. All the leading doctrines of the old Federal party, the Whigs of the present day, as we have shown at various times, assert and maintain, some with more boldness, some with less, some with variations, some with none but all with singular pertinacity, the same disregard to the expressed will of the people—the same flagrant attempts to set aside elections by secret and sometimes even open fraud—the same pretended love to, but real hatred of the honest, hard-working man—the same favoritism, in all their legislation, towards the moneyed class at the expense of the laborer, and, finally, the same determination to fasten the funding and banking systems on our country by means of which they can enslave us in fact, though nominally we shall remain free, distinguished the party of Jno. Adams, who would have betrayed the constitution, in like manner, as it distinguishes the party of Harrison, by whom, if successful, that constitution may be overthrown. Who then are the democratic party. Not the profligate faction now struggling to obtain power; but the friends and supporters of Martin Van Buren.

Appropriate.—The Federalists of this village had in their Log Cabin procession on the 12th, a throne with a king seated on it dressed in the royal habiliments. A lit emblem.—Rome Sentinel.