

# 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

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT

OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

### TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding at square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

## POETRY.



FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

Ye honest and candid come listen,  
Let reason your judgement now sway,  
What have the Coons for the country done,  
But promise and never repay.  
Reform and retrenchment they should,  
Through the nation by night and by day,  
And deceived by their Crocodile tears,  
The Democrats gave them the sway.

Then swift with the broom of proscription,  
Grainger swept his hundred a day,  
And the other partisan leaders,  
With cheerfulness marched the same way.  
Each office was then quickly summoned,  
His politics open must lay,  
And if they were found Democratic,  
Then his life the forfeit must pay.

From cellar to garret each office  
O'er which the Cabinet has sway,  
Of Democracy cleanly was swept,  
To this the coons dare not say nay,  
The expense of the nation was high,  
By millions too high did they say,  
But soon as they came into power,  
The thought of retrenchment was nay.

Thus each pledge and each promise they made,  
Stands plain but a falsehood to day,  
And confidence no more can they gain,  
For who can believe what they say,  
The prosperity that they promised,  
Like smoke has all vanished away,  
And the overflowing treasury,  
Has proved but a child's dreams of play.

A change in the administration,  
Has brought men to reason they say,  
And though the coons shout for protection,  
They can't protect Henry Clay,  
The Tariff is all they can offer  
But is the Tariff theirs now say,  
Was not the Tariff strongly opposed,  
And that in the Senate by Clay.

The Army the Spoons and the Carriage,  
In eighteen forty bore great sway,  
But such arguments are useless now,  
And carefully are packed away,  
And retrenchment too is out of date,  
Also reform has had its day,  
And all the Federal Coons can shout,  
Is Tariff, Tariff, Tariff, Clay.

NUMA.

THE FIRST GREY HAIR

BY CAROLINE BOWLES.

Silent warning! silvery streak!  
Not unheeded dost thou speak,  
Not with feelings light and vain,  
Not with fond regretful pain,  
Look I on the token sent,  
To declare the day far spent,  
Dark and troubled hath it been—  
Sore mis used—and yet between  
Gracious beams of peace and grace,  
Shining from a better place.

Brighter—brighter, blessed light!  
East approach the shades of night;  
When they quite enclose me round,  
May my lamp be burning found.

## The Students Revenge.

Poor J—, for numerous sins of commission relative to hen roosts and poultry yards, and omission concerning recitations, was expelled from B—college. He begged and wept for mercy in vain: The President was inexorable, and I— had to pack up and make ready to leave. It was a cold night in winter—the snow lay on the ground to the depth of twelve inches. J— got his baggage into a sleigh, and at 11 o'clock drove up in front of the President's house. Rapping pretty loudly at the door, he soon had the pleasure of seeing the President's head emerging from the window above.

"Who's there?" said the learned dignitary.  
"I, sir—J—; if you please to step to the door one moment, I will ask your pardon for many offences, and make you acquainted with a plot hatched by some of the students for your annoyance."

"Bless me.—, what can it be, but it is very cold, and I am undressed—"  
"I will not detain you a moment; but for your own sake come quickly—I am watching."

The President hurried down.  
"Now, J—, what is it?" he said, shaking with cold, as he opened the door.

"Why, simply this, you old rascal," shouted the enraged student, as he seized the unfortunate President, dragged him in front of the house, tore from him his shirt and plunged him naked into a snow bank.

"Murder!" shrieked the snow bank.  
"Do you know," said the student, stepping his victim's mouth with snow, "that a cold bath in cold weather is excellent, provided you are rubbed well." And the anxious solicitor for the President's health, commenced rubbing the body of the college official with snow—Every time the President attempted to give the alarm his mouth was filled with snow. At the end of half an hour, the unfortunate subject of the operation was nearly dead; the student thereupon kicked him into the house; jumped himself into the sleigh, and drove off amid the cheers of a large party of fellow students, who had been invited to witness the sport.

The President threatened prosecution, but as all who heard the story, laughed, he thought it best to forget it.

The Buffalonian says he would as soon try to go to sea on a shingle, make a ladder of fog, chase a streak of lightning through a crab apple orchard, swing the rapids of Niagara river; raise the dead, stop the tongue of a woman, or set Lake Erie on fire with Lucifer matches, as to stop two young uns from getting married when they take it into their heads to do so.

"My dear friend that woman has been talking about you again! She has been telling the awfulest lies you ever heard; why she railed away about you for a whole hour!"

"And you heard it all, did you?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, after this just bear in mind, that it takes two to make a slander, one tell it, and one to listen to it."

"Here, boy, hold my horse a moment." "Does he kick?" "Kick!—no." "Does he bite?" "Bite!—no; take hold of the bridle." "Does it take two to hold him?" "No." "Then hold him yourself," said the urchin.

## A GAPING.

"Your heel must be somewhat better, I think," said a gentleman to a buxom lass, who had a hole in the heel of her stocking.

"Why so?" she asked.  
"Because, Miss," replied the gentleman, "I perceive it is getting out."

"You are a coward," said a low Londoner to a poor country man who had refused to fight.—"No I beant," said the countryman, "I have nothing to do with cowst; I am a shepherd."

## POLITICAL.

### DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

Pursuant to the call of the State Central Committee, the delegates of the Democratic State Convention, for the nomination of a candidate for Governor, to supply the place of the lamented MUEHLBERG, met in the Court House, in the borough of Harrisburg, on Monday, September 2. The Convention was called to order at 10 o'clock, A. M. by the President.

The following gentlemen took their seats as officers of the Convention:

President:

Hon JACOB FRY, Montgomery.

Vice Presidents:

Wm. F. Coplan, Fayette,  
Alexander Johnston, Westmoreland,  
George Gilbert, Philadelphia city,  
Benj. Crispin, Phila. co.,  
Henry Welsh, York,  
Gen. R. H. Hammond, North'd.

Secretaries:

Francis L. Bowman, Luzerne,  
Franklin Vansant, Bucks.

Hon. JACOB FRY, President of the Convention addressed the members as follows:

GENTLEMEN—The occasion which has made it necessary for the re-assembly of this Convention, is one both extraordinary and melancholy—extraordinary because of its being the first instance of the kind which has occurred in this State; and melancholy, because it has been brought about by the sudden and unexpected demise of one whose memory is dear to all who knew him; and one in whose welfare, from the relations in which he stood to us, we had a paramount interest.

Little did we expect, when we separated in March last, that time in its onward course should so soon blast the result of our labors; and little did I expect, while on my return from the Convention, when for the last time I gave him the right hand of fellowship and brotherly affection, that a few short months should terminate his earthly career, and leave the country to mourn his loss—that those eyes which then beamed with gratitude for the high honor conferred upon him, should so soon be closed forever—that those lips which were then wont to express high regard for every member of the Convention should so soon be sealed in death. But he decree had gone forth—the summons had issued—and although apparently in the enjoyment of every earthly blessing, and surrounded by kindest friends, the fell destroyer, as if waiting his opportunity, suddenly arrested him and hurried him down to the narrow cell, which he now occupies. Peace to his ashes—peace to his grave—peace to his memory.

H. A. Muhlenberg, the nominee of the Democratic party for Governor, is no more; and it only remains for this Convention, in the full and final discharge of the duty for which we were originally elected, now to supply his place.

Fortunately the task is no difficult one. Public opinion, with a degree of unanimity almost without a parallel, has already spoken in tones which cannot be misunderstood, who that man shall be. Every mountain and valley—every hill and house-top echoes the same name; how much closer and stronger must it not draw the cords that long since united him with the Democracy of the Keystone State; and when the ballot boxes shall have triumphantly ratified our proceedings to day, how much deeper and more abiding must be felt the obligation resting upon him, to enter upon the discharge of his duty with a fixed determination to administer the Government to the best interests, the happiness and welfare of an honest and confiding people.

On motion of Mr. Rowley of Philadelphia, it was resolved, that the list of delegates be called over, and the credentials of substitutes received.

The list having been called over by the Secretaries, it appeared that every county in the state was represented.

The following letter from Geo. M. Dallas, to Judge Bucher, and others, was read, and ordered to be incorporated with the proceedings:

PHILADELPHIA, August 6, 1844.

GENTLEMEN—A professional engagement which I cannot control will prevent my participating in the proposed Democratic meeting at Harrisburg, invited to welcome the formal nomination of our candidate for the chief executive office of the State.

I have said formal, because, in reality and substance, the nomination has already been made by those with whom reside the unquestionable right and power to make it when and as they please.—The People of Pennsylvania have loudly spoken their prompt and harmonious sentiment on the subject. Of this not the shadow of a doubt can or will be suggested. As far as constituting him the candidate of the Republican Party is involved, it may justly be averred that the prevailing popular unanimity rendered it unnecessary to re-assemble the convention, and that FRANCIS R. SHUNK has been for some time and from the highest authority, designated *de facto et de jure*, for our support.

We have reason to rejoice in the condition of our politics, when so serious and sudden a loss as that experienced in the departed death of Henry A. Muhlenberg can be thus immediately and thus fully supplied. The fact is eloquent of union, of generous and cordial confidence, of an entire absence of small local or personal jealousies, of a high devotion to the cause and a hearty will to maintain it. The Keystone Democrats, so embodied and so animated, never have been and never will be defeated. Governor Shunk will adduce, in confirmation of this historical and prophetic declaration, very many thousand unanswerable ballot proofs.

It has been my good fortune to know Mr. Shunk long and well, and to have noted the unstained purity of his private life as well as the manly patriotism of his political career. I cannot be mistaken in the conviction that he richly deserves the whole-souled backing of every one of us, that is one whose creed is Jeffersonian, of every one who professes the faith for which he has vigorously and consistently, and generously, and always battled. No firmer morals than his; no nonester purposes; no deeper sense of the obligations of public duty; no more unerring industry; no clearer intelligence; no wider experience in the business; and wants of this Commonwealth; no purer democracy! He is fit for the office, fit for the occasion, fit as a statesman, fit as a party man. We, who cling to the precepts and practices of republicanism, who eschew corporate monopolies and moneyed monsters; who inculcate economy, love good faith, toleration, frugal and plain habits, and equality; we I say can fasten our reliance upon Mr. Shunk as fearlessly as ever mariners looked to the tried and truest pilot. Whom, indeed, could we more proudly and safely trust than one who, during war, with equal modesty and devotion, wheeled into the ranks as a common soldier—who, during peace, fronted firmly and victoriously, in the very halls of our Capitol, the menaces and machinations of treason, and whose unvarying tenor of individual and official deportment has been marked by uprightness, justice, peace, and good will to all? That he will be our candidate appears to me almost a matter of course; but it would delight me to see the national lesson, *"e pluribus unum,"* exemplified in the action of the Convention, and the one hundred and thirty voices at once concentrated upon his name.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, sincerely and respectfully,  
your friend and fellow citizen,  
G. M. DALLAS.

To J. C. Bucher, Jacob Sallade, John B. Bratton, H. Buchler, and others.

ROBERT M. BARR, Esq. of Berks rose and addressed the Convention as follows:

Members of the Convention.—Never have the vicissitudes of life imposed upon me a more melancholy duty than I have now risen to perform. While the state and nation have sustained an irreparable bereavement, I have suffered deep anguish. On the 4th of March last we convened in this place, and united in presenting to the public consideration, as the candidate of the Democratic party for the office of Governor of Pennsylvania, the name of HENRY A. MUEHLBERG. We separated, not only in harmony, but with an abiding confidence that our labors would in due season, be crowned with the approving plaudits of our common constituency.—At that time our distinguished favorite

had in store the apparent promise of many years of protracted activity and usefulness, and we all rejoiced in the unclouded certainty of the future.

We rejoiced both for his sake, and the sake of our glorious state, that seemed soon destined to reap the benefit of his pure and patriotic services.

But by the mysterious dispensation of that over-ruling Providence, from whose hand alone promotion cometh, these hopes were unexpectedly and forever blasted. They were the vision of a night, which when the day returned, were all blotted from existence. On the 11th ultimo, our beloved Muhlenberg was suddenly translated from the agonies of time to the peaceful rest of eternity, leaving his friends to realize, in bitterness of spirit, that "all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the field." In the hour when the calamity was least to be borne, and reconciliations to our loss most difficult, he has been called from our midst to the enjoyment of the more substantial glories of "another and a better world" beyond the skies.

It was my fortune to have known Henry A. Muhlenberg long and well, to have shared in his sympathies, and enjoyed his confidence. Would that every other man had known him as well I believe he would have lived, as he died, without a single enemy? More than this it could have scarcely needed to have hushed the tempestuous waves of partisanship into a calm, and to have secured his elevation to the chair of State by acclamation!

As a public man the distinguished subject of my remarks might have justly served as a model for the American Statesman. With talents of a high order, a benignant serenity of mind characterized his every action. He possessed firmness, without violence, and fervent zeal, without passion. Inheriting from revolutionary ancestors, a chivalric devotion to the great cause of Human Equality, every pulsation of his heart vibrated in unison with the final triumph of its principles. Whether at home or abroad—on his native soil, or in foreign climes—he furnished irrefragable proofs of his unswerving devotion to the country and its institutions.

But it was in private life—the more appropriate empire of the heart—that the virtues of Mr. Muhlenberg shone with transcendent lustre. There did he reap rich harvests of felicity—there did he gain the golden prize which the purple robe and jewelled diadem cannot confer. Whilst his integrity was strong as a wall of adamant, his Charity was pure and diffusive as the atmosphere in which he lived, and moved, and had his being. His ministrations to the destitute were of the most ample and unostentatious character, and of daily, nay hourly, occurrence. His whole life, indeed, bloomed with the mellow fruit of true goodness, yielding an exuberant harvest of disinterested philanthropy.—The loss of such a man from a society which he thus highly ornamented, cannot but be viewed as a great public calamity. To his beloved family the event came like a swift winged Messenger of Destruction, and fountains of tears have flowed from eyes that before beamed with the proofs of domestic love and felicity.

Gentlemen! my task is done!—Our deceased friend has already received the homage of universal eulogy, that which neither storied urn nor animated bust can impart a purer splendor, or confer a more lasting immortality.—Day has dawned upon the night of the grave. May we not, therefore, indulge the hope, that whilst the mortal vestments of the departed are mingling with the clouds of the valley, his emancipated spirit is reposing in the bosom of its Creator and Redeemer? Let this bright and glorious hope soothe our grief, and wipe the tear of dejection from the mourning cheek! To us no other duty now remains than to designate a successor for the high office to which Mr. Muhlenberg had been named, and it is an alleviation to our regrets to know that this duty can be easily performed, as the People and the Press have already, with unexampled unanimity, made the path of duty plain. Whilst we mourn over the loss of a great and good man, may we not rejoice that his mantle has fallen upon another, eminently worthy of our suffrages!

MR. FINDLAY rose and addressed the Convention as follows:

Mr. President, after the announcement which has just been made by the gentleman from Berks, there is a first and sacred duty for this Convention to perform, before filling the void which death has made in the Democratic ticket, to pay a tribute to the memory of the honored dead.

Mr. President, it is well known that at the former meeting of this Convention, I took an active part in favor of the nomination of the gentleman who was the principal competitor of the deceased; but, sir, I beg leave to say now, as I said then, that though I had personal preferences, I had no personal antipathies. To the honor of the memory of him who is gone, he had the magnanimity to appreciate an open and generous opposition, a magnanimity worthy of his position and his character.

Mr. President, alas! the uncertainty of human life—the instability of human grandeur! He, whose parental affection diffused happiness round the domestic circle; he to whom a noble constituency repeatedly confided important trusts; he who was commissioned by his country to be her faithful sentinel over her high seas, abroad; to him at the moment when he was bearing aloft the glorious Standard of Democracy which the Convention had confided to his hands, came the inevitable hour which awaits us all. He fell under the stroke of inexorable death and has sunk into the grave—the grave—the inexorable grave. Oh! Mr. President, permit me to say in the sincerity of my heart, green and sacred be the spot where his honored ashes repose.—Let its verdure be the first to quicken under the earliest dews of Spring—let it be the last to fade under the frosts of Autumn. Let his memory be enshrined in the hearts of bereaved relatives, affectionate friends and admiring countrymen. All that can now be done to dry up the tears which trickle down the cheeks of bereaved orphans, and repair the desolation of hearts over which the sudden and awful tempest has swept, is to pay a feeble and perfect tribute to his memory. I beg leave, therefore, to offer the following resolutions, viz:

Resolved—That this Convention deeply lament the premature death of the Hon. HENRY A. MUEHLBERG, recently the nominee of the Democratic party of this Commonwealth; and unite, with unfeigned sympathy, with the Democracy of this State in bearing testimony, to his unsullied virtues as a private citizen and the high toned patriotism which marked his character as a public man: And that we deplore his sudden transition from time to eternity, not only as a mournful and irreparable loss to those with whom he was most intimately associated in private life, but as a public loss which will be long felt by the Democratic party.

Resolved—That the members of this Convention, as a testimony of their high sense of the public and private virtues of the deceased, and in testimony of their deep regret, will wear crepe on the left arm for thirty days.

Resolved—That Messrs. Findlay of Lancaster, Wright of Luzerne, Penniman of Philadelphia co., Dillinger of Lehigh, and Eyles of Berks, be appointed a Committee to communicate to the family of the deceased, the condolence of this Convention for the loss they have sustained.

The resolutions were seconded by Mr. JAMES of Allegheny and unanimously adopted.

On motion of Mr. WELSH, of York, it was

Resolved—That a committee of five be appointed in charge of the erection of an appropriate tablet, in honor of Henry A. Muhlenberg, in the Lutheran Church at Reading, of which he was for many years a member.

The following gentlemen were appointed the committee. Messrs. Welsh, H. S. Magraw, Frazer, R. M. Barr; G. R. EsPY.

MR. BARR said: Whilst we mourn the loss of a great and good man, we may be permitted to rejoice that his mantle will fall on one pre eminently worthy of the honor to be conferred upon him, and as the duty seems to have devolved upon me of nominating in this Convention a successor to our lamented friend, I nominate FRANCIS R. SHUNK of Allegheny, in the room of HENRY A. MUEHLBERG, deceased, as the candidate of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania for Governor; and I move you that this nomination be concurred in by acclamation.

JOHN M. READ, Esq., said: that from the great number of persons here ready to second the resolution of the gentleman from Berks, (Mr. Barr) it was, perhaps, hard

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