

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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BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1845.

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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 a 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.

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Which is perfectly safe and it effectually destroys worms; neutralizes acidity or sourness of the stomach; increases appetite and acts as a general and permanent Tonic and is therefore exceedingly beneficial in intermittent and remittent fevers and indigestion; &c and is a certain and permanent cure for the fever and ague.

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They may be taken at all times and in most diseases.—In Inflammatory, intermittent, Remittent, Bilious, and every other form of Fever—Jaundice and Liver Complaint. For Dyspepsia they are really an invaluable article, gradually changing the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and producing healthy action in those important organs. They are very valuable in diseases of the Skin, and for what is commonly called 'Impurity of the blood'; also for Female Complaints, Costiveness &c., and in fact every disease where an Aperient, Alternative, or Purgative Medicine may be required.

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It always cures Asthma—two or three large doses will cure the Croup or Hives! Children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of Hooping Cough, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with 'Consumption,' have been restored to perfect health, by it.

In fact, as a remedy in Pulmonary Diseases, no medicine has ever obtained a higher, or more deserved reputation.

The above Medicine are all for sale at the store of JOHN R. MOYER, Bloomsburg. 36

Spectacles & Glasses.

THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of SPECTACLES and SPEC-TACLE GLASSES, of the best quality, of both white and green. from No. 2, upwards.

Persons afflicted with sore eyes, will find it to their advantage to call and get glasses from him, as they may feel assured of deriving a great benefit from their use.

G. L. SHULTZ.

Bloomsburg, May 17, 1845—4

Cabinet Making

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has taken in the shop lately occupied by B. S. Hayhurst, at the lower end of Market-street Bloomsburg, where he intends carrying on the above business in all its branches, and solicits a share of the patronage of the public.

In connection with the above business, he offers his services as an

UNDERTAKER.

He will always be ready to make COFFINS for the same prices heretofore charged in Bloomsburg, and having supplied himself with a good HEARSE he will attend with it at the Funeral without any extra charge.

JOHN BITTERS.

May, 1845—6m 3

ADDRESS,

Delivered in the Presbyterian Church before the members of Beaver Meadows Munch Chunk and Hazleton Lodges on the 19th of April, 1844.

By ANDREW D. COOL.

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:

Odd-Fellowship is the fruitful theme of my address, and the occasion; the anniversary of the introduction of the Order in B. Meadows. We come not to celebrate the triumphs of party, or the brilliant victories of the proud warrior, but to portray the more ennobling achievements of an Order whose members are united in the bonds of Friendship, Love and Truth, whose altars are reared upon Faith, Hope and Charity, and whose benevolent principles sprung into existence when the breath of life breathed into the nostrils of man. It inculcates the purest morality, and in God we Trust. In the day of prosperity, when flushed with health and joyous hopes, it silently and impressively admonishes us of the uncertainty of life, in the dark hours of adversity, it nourishes us, and soothes our depressed spirits, and in every situation, whether in the gay, social circle, or the house of mourning, bids us in solemn tones, 'Remember your Creator!'

It improves the morals, expands and softens the heart, enkindles the sparks of social feelings, checks the vain assumption of pride, and imposes no obligation inconsistent with our duty to our friends, our country, or our God. It teaches honesty, temperance, industry, and, as a guardian spirit, hovers around us and protects us from the snares and vicissitudes of this life. With the cold, selfish and avaricious, although virtues of Odd-Fellowship are dark, mysterious and inexplicable! Their love is self, their charity begins and ends at home, their friendship is 'But a name a charm that lulls to sleep. A shade that follows wealth or fame and leaves the wretch to reap.' They have no tear for the widow and orphan, no sorrow for the distressed, no sympathy for the friendless and destitute stranger, and every avenue to their hearts is closed to the bright rays of benevolence. The portals of her temples are open to the virtuous and respectable of every nation, of every political and religious creed, and as one family they mingle around her common altars, joined by the tender ties of brotherly love. The demon of party spirit that arouses all the baser passions, and persecutes for opinion sake, never desecrates her altars, the wild and ungovernable spirit of fanaticism that applies the torch, and rejoices in the death of its victim, never breathes within her solemn temples. Animated by the noblest impulses, and guided by the winged messenger of peace, she is deaf to the bitter strife of party; yet for the afflicted, the fatherless and helpless she hath a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity. When initiated into her lodges we give no pledge but our honour, and are sustained alone by the principle of voluntary association. It is the same principle that is shedding its benign influence in every quarter of the Globe and enables the zealous missionary to scatter the seeds of knowledge, and disseminate among heathens in the land of darkness and superstition, the pure doctrines of our blessed Saviour. It is this principle that is so powerful in the advancement of civilization, in the amelioration of the condition of mankind, and drags the intemperate even from the brink of ruin.

Such is the theory of Odd-Fellowship but how beautiful and instructive its practical operations! The poor, but honest, and industrious labourer arrives at our hospitable village, and admiring the benevolent character of the Order, enrolls his name among its members. He is now buoyant in spirits, prosperous in his vocation, and glowing with the freshness of health. Does he hear the cry of distress, he flies to its relief! He sees the pestilential blize sweep over our devoted village, and the young, the gay, the beautiful, wither beneath its poisonous influence. As the first born blossom of spring nipped with the lagging rear of winter's frost? He braves the destructive and

mysterious foe, lingers around the sick bed-watches by day and night the slow but erring stroke of death, and pours the oil of consolation in the desolate heart of the widow, and freely mingles his tears with those of the weeping orphans! The king of terrors has no fears for him, as he quietly roams through our deserted city, and visits the abode of the sick, or the solitary chamber of death. Yet his faith and good works do not shield him from the attacks of disease, and he is lingering under its deadly influence. His shop is closed, his gathered store, the fruit of his daily toil, vanishes & cold, chilling poverty greets him & his suffering household. All his wants are promptly supplied by weekly appropriations of his Lodge, and brethren of the 'mystic' are appointed to attend his lonely couch. But the rose here which glowed upon his manly cheek has faded, his generous heart that burned with the celestial fires of Friendship, Love, and Truth, has ceased to beat, those bright eyes that beamed with lustre are closed in death, and his immortal spirit hath fled to the bosom of his Creator. Though among strangers, far from kindred, his 'brothers' follow his remains, with me lull hearts to the cold and silent tomb.

There shall the morrow earliest stars bestow,
There the first rose of the year shall blow;
While angels with their wings o'er shade
The ground now sacred by their relics made.
A link may be broken, and our connexion dissolved with the dead, yet we have high and responsible duties to perform towards the living. The bereaved widow receives assistance from his Lodge, while the fatherless children are clothed, and educated by the fostering hand of Odd-Fellowship. The virtuous and the immortal that lurks within her inner temple! The principles of Odd-Fellowship may be traced for ages beyond the flood, but its purest organization is of recent date. We revere the venerable Patriarch whose locks are silvered with age, yet we bow not to the Order as a relic of antiquity. It is the benevolent and exalted principles, which have characterized it in the nineteenth century, that excite our highest admiration! Twenty-five years since & not an altar had been erected in the New World. But Odd-Fellowship has spread into every state and territory, her flags proudly wave upon a hundred temples, and around her altars are congregated a band of one hundred thousand brethren. Onward is its rapid march. It is not the desolating career of the ambitious military chieftain, whose path is marked by ruin, misery and blood! but she bears in her hand the olive branch, and proclaims 'peace and good will to all men!' A shout of victory may be wafted upon the breeze, but it is the triumph of charity! Its rise and progress is like the gentle rivulet that slowly meanders through green meadows, increasing in size, and the number of its tributaries, until it becomes the Fathers of all waters, and rolls as the mountains torrent into the common ocean.

The founders of the Order were not the opulent, revelling in ease and luxury, nor the thoughtless, glittering in the gay circle of fashion, but poor & honest laborers in the humble walks of life, who toiled for their daily bread, and whose generous bosoms throbbled with sympathy for the sufferings of humanity. They are the nucleus of our Order, the pillar of its strength, and their hands have reared the high pyramid of our glory! With what rapture does the philanthropist contemplate its future prospects in the land of Washington! As congenial to its growth and prosperity! It shall extend from our extreme northern limits to the Gulf of Mexico, every hill and valley be studded with its Lodges shining brightly as stars to the firmament, the waters of our lakes and rivers dash against her thousand temples, and millions hoist her standards, displaying the banners of Faith, Hope and Charity! But who in her rapid strides to grandeur, can estimate the blessings she has conferred, the sick she has relieved, the sorrow she has dispelled, the vice she has crushed in its bud, and the hearts she has filled with joy and gratitude! Such is a brief outline of the duties which

Odd-Fellowship assumes and enjoins; and certainly the enforcement of these and their kindred virtues, and the easy terms on which the privileges of the Order are offered to all respectable men, cannot be presented in any light as good causes of detraction. But the objection most frequently and earnestly urged against our institution is that it is a secret society. That any association should in this enlightened age be thought worthy of utter condemnation, merely because it professes to have secrets which are not imparted to the world at large, only shows that communities are like individuals in this, that they do not outgrow the childish superstitions of the nursery, and as the mature man will sometimes startle at his shadow, so a civilized community will bristle with honor at the mention of a catch word which recalls the memory of some imaginary chimera that brooded over its infancy. The instances so often so readily adduced from history, of secret associations whose influences were inimical to liberty and knowledge, are of those whose purposes were not only unhallowed, but which mingled the bane of exclusiveness in their very origin and aims, and it was for this reason rather than because they were secret, that they were formidable to society. On the other hand, all history is full of instances of secret associations, open to all kindred spirits, whose aim has been the advancement and liberation of mankind, and whose success has been equal to their noble purposes. By far the greatest portion of the past ages of the world have been those of darkness and oppression. In such ages the individual man can do nothing, and even a multitude of men united in a good purpose could accomplish nothing against the power of a despotic monarch. It is the very existence of such associations have originated the most glorious social impulses which are now advancing the destinies of mankind, and such has been the birth of moral force, whose increasing momentum will continue to rush onward, producing accumulating results of good as lasting as eternity. Of such instances the moral, religious, and political history of the world is so full, that it would be almost invidious to select illustrations from any particular age or nation. We have our secrets too, but they are such as concern ourselves only. They have no possible connexion with the interests of any other association than our own. Their primary object is to shield us from imposition. The objects of our Institution, and the principles by which those objects are to be attained, are no mystery. We are from the very nature of our pursuits, retiring and self-wrapped; we seek not collision with the world, our objects are few, and their pursuit is necessarily quiet and secret, and we have, as Odd-Fellows taught in common with the mass of mankind, we aim at naught in politics, nor at the acquisition of gain, nor the extension of a creed by proselytism. We seek only to promote brotherly love and true social virtue among ourselves, to benefit each other, and indirectly to benefit the world by our improvement. Why then should we expose our proceedings to the gaze of an inquisitive prying world? It has been customary on occasions like this, to apologize to the other sect for their exclusion from our Order. Though excluded from our Lodges, every Odd-Fellow covets the approbation and edifying smiles of woman. She participates in all our joys, soothes and sustains us in our adversity, and what were fame without the wreath entwined by beauty's hand? Her gentleness, her meekness, and sympathy require no combination or artificial means to practice deeds of Love and Charity.

It is not our purpose to present an assemblage of imaginary duties, or a detail of requirements too exalted for the attainment of fallen humanity, or to surround the teachings of a meagre ritual with tropes and figures, to allure and deceive, but simply to endeavor to present the character of Odd-Fellowship as a moral institution, and to show that the present disordered condition of the world requires such an instrument to effect a change in human ac-

tion. We ask the question, 'Does the present condition of the world require such an institution as the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows to aid in elevating human charity?' In order to answer this question understandingly, let us cast our eyes abroad and see the present condition of our race, and it matters not what point we direct our view; or how often we may change the horizon, the same melancholy picture of human wretchedness presents itself, either in mild or aggravated forms.

Fraud still ravages under the masks of friendship—duplicity and deceit assumes the garb of frankness and honor—coordinate selfishness starts up on every hand, while truth and justice seem by agreements to have been banished from the haunts of men. The whisperings of the slanderer, diffusing moral leprosy, are heard by his victim, robbing of fair fame, and dooming to misery and despair. Who has not suffered from his assassin blows? With hyena spirit, he has invaded the sanctuary of the dead—like the snail, his path may be traced by the disgusting slime that he leaves behind him. But I stop the disgusting picture! the world in its actual thoughts and affections is false—its truth lies, its honors mockery, its promises deception! But let us turn from its moral depravity, and look to its physical ills. They rise up on every hand like the death lights of the church-yard, pointing out the homes of the dead. Squallid poverty; unrelieved hun-

drreds and thousands suffering with want; that the crumbs of the rich man's table would relieve, and yet they starve unpitied sickness, with no watchers by its couch, smooth its pillow, or wipe the damp from its fevered brow, the grave, and no friend to do the rites of sepulchre, the poor heba, the water spent, and the feeble moans of a famishing dying child tugging at her heart strings, no friend near, she turns her face from the object of her solicitude, and in the accents of a broken heart, while the tears of a mother's love bedew her cheek, she cries 'let me not see the death of the child'—the orphan reared in ignorance, and the noble faculties of the soul laying dormant, while passions are all alive to the call of vice.

Little do we think of the sufferings of mankind, and limited our knowledge of human affairs, if such scenes have not of ten risen up before us to urge to moral action. There are a variety of events in life, to occasion many an honest man to leave his family and his home in quest of employment, and after having travelled one or two hundred miles, without success, wet, cold, and hungry, stung with the most piercing sensation for the fate of those who are most near and dear to him; how often has it proved the case that the miserable man has perished.

Some have exposed themselves to the iron hand of justice by fraudulent attacks, others contrary to their inclinations, have enlisted for soldiers or seamen; others have been obliged to part with their apparel to support the cravings of nature, and loosing through a continued reverse of fortune all hopes have put an end to their existence. Should any of this description be Odd Fellows, they are relieved from the severity of such trials, and are enabled by the benevolent assistance of others to pursue their way both peaceably and comfortably to another town, where they may again be replenished, should necessity require. Let no one however, imagine that by painting the fair form of charity in her liveliest colors, by arousing the feelings and awakening the sympathies of our nature, that our moral susceptibilities are not sharpened and kept in tune. Virtue always gains in beholding her own loveliness and never loses in the contemplations and warmest admiration of herself. Every noble impulse that she counts, every generous principle that she patronizes, derive new strength from the remembrance of the good they afforded. She throws into the mind such lingering associations of moral beauty and loveliness, that may save it from the storm of passion and lead it back to the paths of peace and joy. A pause in the career of folly, a link broken in a train

of corrupting associations, inures, impregnability, we admit, to the power of her rule: as the student may, after perusing his book, be unable to specify any particular advantage he has gained, or progress made; nevertheless the mind has been strengthened by the exercise of its faculties; it has caught the spirit of the writer, and been imbued with the sentiments of the author; as it counted the pearls that glittered along the pages.

But the manner, arising from its peculiar organization, in which our order diffuses its charity, commends it, on account of its superiority over the usual mode of indiscriminate benevolence, respecting, as it does, and nourishing those gentle, tender and finer feelings of the soul, which are the guards and the very towers of strength of virtue itself. There is in our nature a spirit of manly independence that rebels at the idea of soliciting aid or accepting a favor, that prides itself on the employment of its own energies, and this is often and the more keenly felt by those whose hearts have been deeply scarred by the blasts of adversity, and over whose hopes, misfortune's dark tide has rolled its bitter waters. To such the needy and keenly sensitive, what agony of heart and despair of mind, what crushing of hopes and bitterness of feeling, when lean jawed famine drives them shivering to the rich man's gate.

And then, perhaps, to feel the glance of suspicion bent upon them, to hear the tone of despair, the tremulous language of want, and the tears of agony decided, as mere acting, to work upon the sympathies of the donor. Tell me if such a condition that will subsist as long as there are imposters who deceive men, and down the barriers of virtue itself? For, can a donation; under these circumstances, relieve the sufferings of the applicant—pour balm into the wounded spirit, or warm the heart of the giver? Does it leave the mind any association of joy and pleasure, which always lingers around the remembrance of good deeds performed! There is a charity and it is noble—on whose ear, the accent of misery strikes, and it wide opens the store house and the granary, but there is a charity, and it is the nobler—on whose ear the note of despair falls, and it opens wide the door of the soul, breaks up the depths of feeling, and thrills the heart with the refining pleasure of feeling for another woe.

This is sympathy which is always attended by gratitude, the noblest virtues that bloom and entwine around the human heart, exhaling delicious odors, that fill the wave of passion, hate and prejudice, and induce a calm and gentle twilight over the soul. The conflicts of mind, emits a scintilla that warms and lends a glow to the intellect, that sparkles in the eye and flushes from the countenance. So these virtues, nourished in and by their own fragrance, warm, enlarge and adorn our moral nature, as the dew drop that trembles on the leaf yields to the warmth of him that beautifies and gilds it. All of those benefits, both to the giver and receiver, and many others besides, flow from our mode of distribution without any of the bitter miseries to which I have referred, as resulting from indiscriminate charity. Because, every member, or brother, who receives the weekly sum paid to him during his sickness, as well as the sums which may be applied in defraying the funeral expenses of himself or wife, or in educating his destitute orphans, knows that they are taken from a fund which he himself has augmented, that they are but dividends upon capital raised, to some extent, by his own agency, he feels that he is not begging, and that the personal attendances, which he may receive in his last hour is no more than what he has given to others, and what, under other circumstances, he would cheerfully have accorded to those who await around his own bed-side. These specific duties which each Odd Fellow in proves upon himself, have as we have seen, the most happy influence upon all concerned. They soften & harmonize our nature, & infuse new elements in the formation of

of corrupting associations, inures, impregnability, we admit, to the power of her rule: as the student may, after perusing his book, be unable to specify any particular advantage he has gained, or progress made; nevertheless the mind has been strengthened by the exercise of its faculties; it has caught the spirit of the writer, and been imbued with the sentiments of the author; as it counted the pearls that glittered along the pages.