

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.

Volume X.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1846.

Number 3.

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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

On a fine summer's day, a clergyman was called to preach in a town in Indiana to a young Episcopal congregation. At the close of his discourse, he addressed his young hearers in some such words as these:

'Learn that the present life is a preparation for, and has a tendency to eternity. The present is linked with the future throughout creation, in the vegetable, in the animal and in a moral world. As is the seed so is the fruit, as is the egg so is the fowl, as is the boy so is the man, and as is the rational being in this world, so will he be in the next. Dives estranged from God here, is Dives estranged from God there, and Enoch walking with God here, is Enoch walking with God in a calmer and better world. I beseech you then live for a better eternity. Go to the worm that you tread upon and learn a lesson of wisdom. The very caterpillar seeks the food that fosters it for another and similar state, and more wisely than man builds, its own tomb, from whence in time, by a kind of resurrection it comes forth a new creature in almost angelic form. And now that which was hideous is beautiful, and that which crawled flies, and that which fed on comparatively gross food, sips the dews and revels in the rich pasture of paradise where flows the river of life, and grows the tree of life. Could the caterpillar have been diverted from its proper element and mode of life, it had never attained the butterfly's splendid form and hue, it had perished a worthless worm. Consider her ways and be wise. Let it not be said that ye are more negligent than worms, and your reason is less available than their instinct. As often as the butterfly flies across your path remember that it whispers in its flight—'Live for the future.'

With this the preacher closed his discourse but to deepen the impression, a butterfly, directed by the hand which guides the sun and an atom in its course fluttered through the church, as if commissioned by Heaven to repeat exhortation. There was neither speech nor language, but its voice was heard saying to the gazing audience—'Live for the future.'

From the New York Sun.

A REAL CONVERSATION.

'Sir,' said a poor, ragged, and rough looking man, upon whose countenance traces of sorrow and extreme suffering were visible to an individual whose sleek and seemingly ensemble betokened plenty and happiness. 'Sir, I am famishing. Will you assist me? Will you give me the means of procuring food and a night's lodging?'

'Go along, my man, I have nothing for you. You can go to the alms house I suppose. I'll give you a line to the Alderman.'

'Sir,' said the poor man, 'I'd rather not go to the alms house. I only desire a temporary relief. I expect to work in a day or two.'

'Oh! well scratch along my man, you are not so badly off as one would imagine.'

'I am absolutely starving. I'm sure you won't miss a quarter of a dollar.'

'Bless my soul do you think I gather my money from trees? Go along—don't be pertinacious, now do take yourself off there's a brave man.'

'You owe me money, sir. I would not

remind you of the fact sir, only that hunger makes me desperate.'

'Owe you money?' exclaimed the sleek man, stepping back a pace or two—'You are mad.'

'No, seven years ago I worked for you. You failed.'

'Oh! ah! an old score: Oh that's quite another matter. Did it ever strike you that I have taken the benefit of the Act—gone clean through?' creditors are no one now—can't touch me!

'Yes sir I earned that money by hard labor. You reaped the benefit of that labor, are rich while I am the poor wretch you see. You owe me that money, sir in spite of all bankruptcies.'

'I never do anything illegal. What is legal is honorable. The laws says I don't owe you a cent.'

'Honor says you do, and of the two honor generally tells more truths than law,' said the mendicant, evidently displeased.

'You are getting wearisome. Will you be kind enough to step out of the way.'

'You call yourself a christian.'

'I am a christian, I flatter myself a deacon.'

'You are esteemed a pious, honest, trustworthy gentleman.'

'I am as good a one as can be found in the whole religious community.'

'Then the dominions of the Evil One can boast of purity when compared with such communities, and the society of thieves is commended by more real honor. Your respectability, honor piety and justice are comprised of your broadcloths and fine words, and go no further. Keep your money. I'd starve before I'd touch a copper of it.'

Some time ago the above conversation actually took place in Broadway, near the American Museum. Some time ago, the mendicant—now a store dealer, in tolerable business—employed his oppressor reduced to want, as a porter, and after deducting the amount of the dishonored bill from his wages, when he earned the amount of the bill generously presented it to the fallen Pharisae. This is an absolute fact. Everyday life teems with such remarkable transactions and singular reverses. Restraintive justice sooner or late overtakes the evil doer and the ingenuity of man knows not how to avert the merited and never failing punishment.

A RECEIPT FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO BE SAVING.

Cut your bread on a flint board and save the crumbs. If you have any dry pieces of bread or crusts which are not burnt, break them small and put them with the crumbs. (It is a good plan to have a little pot or pan kept for the purpose of collecting them.) When you have enough put a little milk to them, not too much about enough to wet them thoroughly. When they are soaked through break them up with your hand, as fine as you can, conveniently. Put in soda enough to make the mixture sweet, but not enough to taste. Add an egg or two according to the quantity, a little salt, a little sugar if you like, and stir in enough flour to make it about the consistency of thick batter, bake them on a griddle, and you have slap jacks more light, more tender more palatable than can be made of flour alone, beside saving your fragments.

When you have on hand more broken bread than you can use, it is a good plan to dry it through and put it in a dry place. A coarse bag will keep it from dust and let in the air. The drier the better for use.

Pounded fine, it makes as good a pudding as ground rice, and is less trouble.

For my own part, I think this is a better way of using broken bread than pouring it into the baskets of professional street beggars, who will often throw it down before your door, and thus reward your good intentions by dirtying your side walk.

[Traveler.

'Here, you little rascal, walk up and account for yourself—where have you been?'

'After the girls, father?'

'Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?'

'No, sir—but mother did.'

A wise child that.

THE WAY TO GET A VOTE.

The election for the Borough of M— was close at hand, there were two candidates in the field, whose influence was so nearly balanced that a neck and neck contest was expected. Under these circumstances every vote was of consequence, and the utmost exertions were used by the friends of both candidates to draw strangers out of their opponent's ranks. Amongst the staunch supporters of Sir John B—, the Tory candidate, was an irritable old captain, who had threatened to set the house dog upon any one who might come to ask him for his vote for a liberal. The morning before the election, the old captain was working in his little garden when he perceived a strange gentleman whistling along the walk.

'Ah! How d'ye you do captain? Nice growing morning—peas coming up nicely, I see,' said the stranger, as he approached.

'I beg your pardon, sir, but I really don't remember having the honor of your acquaintance; may I be permitted to inquire your business?' replied the captain, drawing himself up.

'Oh! certainly! I'm canvassing for Sir John B—, and I've come to talk with you about your vote.'

'I think Sir John might have chosen a more civil mode of requesting my interest.'

'That's got nothing to do with the matter, sir. I'm here to ask you distinctly, do you mean to give him your vote and interest?' said the stranger pulling from his pocket a memorandum book.

'Sir,' said the captain, getting evidently angry, 'my political opinions are well known. I have ever supported the British constitution in church and state.'

'I cannot allow you to shirk the question, captain,' interrupted the stranger.

'Shirk, sir!—what do you mean, sir? and the captain, looking like a turkey-cock.

'I mean,' replied the other, with the utmost coolness, 'I ask you again, will you give your vote to Sir John?'

'What! I suppose you're coming here to bully me—to intimidate me—to—'

'By no means, captain, but I must repeat my question, will you give your vote to Sir John? Yes, or no?' said the canvasser, waiting, pencil in hand, to write down the old fellow's reply.

'Sir,' said the captain, who was now in a lowering passion, 'I consider this almost ungentlemanly, insulting and altogether unwarrantable—'

'Will you vote for Sir John, captain?'

'Sir, you may tell Sir John—'

'That you will vote for him?'

'No sir. I'll see him d— I first. I'll vote for that radical scoundrel. D—, whom I hate, just to show Sir John that I'm not to be bullied into supporting a puppy like him. Good morning; sir. Good morning!'

'Good morning, captain. Pray don't get angry; it is a matter of no consequence whatever,' said the stranger as he retired, whistling carelessly.

The old captain kept his word. He was one of the first who tendered his vote at the election on the following day.

'Who do you vote for?' asked the clerk.

'For Mr. D—,' replied the piqued captain, with a look of defiance towards the Tory candidate.

'Thank you, captain—thank you,' cried a gentleman who wore the liberal colors at his breast, grasping his hand cordially. It was the very person who the day before canvassed him on behalf of Sir John.

The captain perceived in an instant how he had been hoaxed, but it was too late to remedy his mistake; and to complete his mortification, the radical candidate to whom he had given his vote was returned by a majority of one.—London Sunday Times.

AN IRISH LETTER.

Tollymucclshrag, Parish of Ballyragget, near Ballysluchgubhey, Jan. 22 1840.

My dear Nephew—I haven't sent you a letter since the last time, I wrote to you, because we have moved from our former place of living and I didn't know where a letter would find you, but I now with pleasure take up my pen to inform you of the death of your own ivin' uncle Kilpatrick, who died very suddenly last week after a lingering illness of six months. The poor man was in violent convulsion the whole time of his sickness, lying perfectly quate and speechless all the while talking incoherently and crying for waither. I had no opportunity of informing you of his death sooner, except I wrote to you by the last post, which went off two days before he died, and then you'd had postage to pay. I am at loss to tell what his death was occasioned at but I fear it was by his last sickness, for he never was in days together during the whole time of his confinement—and I believe his death was occasioned by his eating too much of rabbits stuffed with peas and gravy, or peas and gravy stuffed with rabbits, I can't tel which, but be that as it will, as soon as he breathed his last, the leathers gave over all hopes of his recovery. I wasn't tel you anything about his age, for you well know that on March six, he would have been twenty five years old, lackin' tin months; and had he lived till that time he would thin hav bin jist six months dead. His property now devolves to his next kin, who all died some time ago, so that I expect it will be divided between us, and you know his property was very considerable, for he had a fine estate, which was would to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost in a horse race; but it was the opinion of every body at the time, that he would have won the race if the horse he run against hadn't bin too fast for him. I never saw a man, and the doethers all say so, that observed directions or tuck medicine better than he did! He said he would as lave bither as swate, if it had only the same taste—and I pickeed a viskey punch, if it would only put him in the same humor for fighting! But, poor as well, he will never ate nor drink more; and ye haven't a livin' relation in the world except myself and your two cousins who were kilt in the last war.

I can't dwell on this mournful subject, and shall sale my lether wid black salin wax and put on it your uncle's coat of arms, so I beg you not brake the sale when you open the lether, and don't open it till three or four days after you receive it, by which time you will be prepared for the sorrowful tidings. Your owld swateheart sinds her love to you unknowns to me. When Terry M'Gee arrives in Americk, ax for Terry lether, and if he disn't know it from the rest, tell him its the one that spoke about your uncle's death and siled it black.

I remain your affectionate owld Grandmother,

JUDY O'HOOOLIGAN.

To Larry O'Hooligan, late of the town of Tollymucclshrag, Parish of Ballyragget, near Ballysluchgubhey, in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland.

P. S.—Don't write to me till you save this.

N. B.—When you come to this place stop and don't rade no more till my next.

Congressional.

Correspondence of the Public Ledger.

WASHINGTON APRIL 27

Mr. Webster and Mr. Ingersoll—Exciting Discussion—The House was the theatre of excitement to-day. I sent you the substance of the scene by Magnetic Telegraph, but was obliged to curtail my despatch to find half its original length, to enable me to have it in Baltimore in time for the 3 o'clock cars. As it was, the last word was there at 5 minutes before 8 o'clock.

Immediately after the reading of the journal Mr. Ingersoll rose and asked leave to make a personal explanation.

Objections were made, and in answer to a question from Mr. Henley, the Speaker stated that there was no such legislation recognized by the rules as a 'personal explanation.' Such explanation would only be made by a suspension of the rules.

Mr. Ingersoll asked suspension of the rules, and on this the yeas and nays were demanded, and resulted, yeas 102, nays 25. So the rules were suspended.

Mr. Speaker:—When Mr. Webster, in virulent terms, in Senate assailed my truth concerning transaction of which proof ought to be in the Department of State, I went there in search of them for my vindication. As a member of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, for some years, I have some freedom of access there, though probably none which any other member of Congress is not entitled to.

When the President's answer to the resolution of the House of Representatives required certain documents, I resided, in general assertion, the fact of his calquing, and added that it is easily susceptible of proof. My friends advised me to go no further, supposing that Mr. Webster would challenge investigation.

Not having done so but having again, with approbrious language, in Senate, charged me with slander, and called on me to substantiate my accusation of him, I now submit a short statement which may be tested as to truth.

There are three charges of delinquency:

First. Unlawful use of the fund appropriated for the contingent service of foreign intercourse, commonly called the secret service fund.

Secondly. Misapplying part of that fund to corrupt party presses.

Thirdly. Leaving the Department of State in default to that fund.

First. Congress appropriates annually a small sum, commonly, \$20,000, for the contingent expenses of foreign intercourse, the disbursement of part of which is sometimes usefully clandestine, but never, as has been erroneously supposed, corrupt. Whenever, in the President's opinion, it would be wrong to make public how any or part of it is disposed of, he so certifies, and, by act of Congress, his mere certificate is sufficient voucher at the treasury for the required settlement.

These funds have, for the last sixteen years, if not always, been in the hands of a clerk, called, by act of Congress, the disbursing agent of the Department of State, who keeps them in banks, as agent. The official routine is for the President, on the requisition of the Secretary of State, to authorize payment of the money from the treasury to the disbursing agent of the State Department. The disbursing agent is debited at the treasury with the sum drawn into the Department of State, keeps it to his credit as agent, in bank, and gives checks as required by the Secretary, for payment to any person he may designate.

In this way the check I saw, when I went to the department, was drawn by the agent for the services at New York in McLeod's case, \$1,000.

But shortly after President Harrison's death, and before Vice-president Tyler was at home in chief magistracy—in April, 1841.—Mr. Secretary Webster began an entirely novel method of dealing with the secret service fund. Instead of directing the disbursing agent to pay any third person,

Mr. Webster required the money to be paid to himself.

In this way he drew to himself, from the disbursing agent, twelve thousand dollars during the first twelve months of Mr. Webster's incumbency as Secretary, about \$1,300 a month in 1841 and three thousand dollars more early in 1842.

Thus he took into his own hands fifteen thousand dollars in his first twelve months. The President (there is written evidence in the department to show) never authorized this—knew nothing of it; and when first apprised of it more than fourteen months after it had been going on to the large amount of fifteen thousand dollars refused it his sanction.

It was not till July, 1842, as the evidence in the department shows, Mr. Webster's handwriting; that he got a President's certificate for four thousand four hundred and sixty dollars, (\$4,460.)

That President's certificate, of which I took a minute, dated 19th July, 1842, is—

To J. J. Crittenden, for expenses of journey to New York. \$ 100

To F. O. J. Smith, for services connected with the north-eastern boundary 2,000

To Alexander Powell, for journey to, and stay on the frontier, in 1841, on the subject of the disturbances 1,000

With several other items.

The first item in this short account concerning McLeod will show how I was led from that to other objects; and some of the other items will show the agents whom, as Secretary of State, Mr. Webster employed. Both houses of Congress if not the public at large, have not been left in ignorance of the characters of some of those on whom the Secretary of State bestowed large sums of public money if their receipts correctly vouch what they got.

In a memorandum of payments to Mr. Webster by authority of the President there is a minute dated June 22 1842. By cash returned \$5000.

After drawing \$15,000 to himself during fifteen months during which period there is no trace of what he did with those large sums he appears to have returned one-third of the amount withdrawn. Why return it if taken for any public purpose? Where had it been kept? If in any place of deposit was it separate from Mr. Webster's private funds? Did he use it?

These \$5000 were returned ten days after according to the published correspondence his negotiation with the British ambassador extraordinary began by conversation and confidential intercourse without protocols or other usual records of such transactions.

In 1843 Mr. Webster took to himself \$2000 more, making altogether \$17,000.

On closing his accounts, crediting the \$5,000 returned, and various other sums, there remained a balance against him of \$2,200 of the secret service fund. One of his credits against it was for \$1,400, published in House document, report No. 29, first session, 25th Congress—report of Mr. Rogers for maps, charts, surveys, and expenses of bringing them to the seat of government, and for copies of transcripts, and for various agencies to procure information connected with the boundary treaty.

This inarticulate and comprehensive mixture of many incongruous items, without specification of prices dates, or any apparent test of rectitude, Mr. Secretary Webster certified himself as a proper credit for himself, and deducted from his debit to the secret service fund. Without that credit his default to that fund would have been \$5,600, instead of \$2,200, which it was when it was removed from office.

The \$17,000 were in his hands contrary to uniform usage, if used by him, contrary to the sub-treasury act. Whether so, is for him to make appear. The burden of proof is on him.

Secondly. Application of the secret service fund to corrupt party presses. The Ashburton treaty bears date the 9th August 1842. Congress were then in session and, as Mr. Adams has charged me lately, and I confess I did what little I could as one of