

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

SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN, A FEW DOORS BELOW MARKET-STREET.

TERMS:

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Spirit of the Times

APPLYING THE PRINCIPLE.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

A brace of legs, thrust considerably too far thro' a pair of mottled pants, and attached to a couple of the largest sized feet, which were encased in twin cow-hide brogans, formed under pinning to long, slab-sided body otherwise generous proportions, the whole being surmounted by a head, which was covered with a gray five year old (at least) seal skin cap. The sum total—legs, pants, feet shoes, body and chapeau—was the property, by possession, of Mr. Zenas Humspun.

Zenas had been on 'a bat' during the night previous, and had squandered full half a dollar on himself, in white eye-sweetening. But his returning senses made him feel philosophical and on the morning we speak of him, he stood at an early hour in—street gazing mechanically at the telegraphic wires—soiliquizing, thus wise:

"'ic!—That's the telegruff—w—'ic well, I don't poorseive nuthin' per—'ic—culler 'bout them strings, on'y one's bigger 'en t'other—'ic."

"That's the lightin' line, big 'un,' said an urchin in the door way near by.

"When does she—'is start?"
"You'd better ax in thar."

"What?"
"In the office, up thar."

The loafer was shown to the door of the building; and 'by hook or crook' found his way up three flights of stairs, into the Telegraphic office.—The attendants enquired 'what the gentleman had to forward?"

"For 'ud—'ic—who's she?"

"What will you send?"

"Send what?"

"This is the Telegraph office, sir."

"Well—'ic—who'n thunder said it wasn't?"

"I supposed you had business, sir."

"Nuthin' o' the sort—'ic, quite the contrary—'ic—verse o' the contrary."

"What will you have?"

"I want to make some 'ic—quies."

The hour being early, & little doing the clerks very charitably determined to have some fun with the fellow, with the view to sobering him. The opportunity for anything gratuitous escaped them, however—for as they commenced a consultation upon the best means to benefit the intruder, he stepped up to one of the batteries, which happened fortunately to be but lightly charged, and concluding that the nob's were portable, he pulled his cap over his forehead and attempted to remove one of the balls, the next moment Zenas lay stretched upon the floor.

He arose as best he could, and turning to the clerk, with

"Look here, Mister—'ic—wo's your name? I kin lick as many sich like kunks as you, as could be druv into a

forty siker lot! Wot in—did yer—'ic nock an innersent man down thar way fer?—'Eh?"

"Nobody touched you" said the clerk.

"The—'ic—didn't!"

"No, sir. You took the—"

"Took wot? Yere's your contemptible copper"—and proceeded to dash loose penny towards the attendant, which lay upon the machine—his fingers came in contact with the battery, and away he went again heels over head, across the floor.

"Look yere continued the sufferer, who by this time, was well nigh sobered—"

"'od blast yer infernal picur, what in thunder are you 'bout?"

"You musn't handle the tools"—observed the clerk, nearly bursting with laughter.

"Look yere! Mr. Wot's your name—sin't to be fooled this yer way for nuthin' I arn't. By thunder! I'm a independent individual, I am—and this yere norkin' people down, without notice of no kind, arn't the thing, by—"

"Ef you'll open that yere door I'll go out o' this, and no question asked—"

"That's the door, sir?"

"That brass handle?"

"Yes."

"I'm blowed if you do, though! This child don't meddle with no more hardware in this trap no how?"

The door was opened by the clerk, and the fellow sidled out. A suppressed laugh prevailed the countenance of the attendant, as Zenas departed, which, as the door closed, vented itself in a broad haw haw.

"You're a smart young gentleman—you are?" bawled the loafer, through the keyhole as he held the door fast with both hands—"

"You're a very smart young man, go to your breakfast, bimbeby; may be! An' of yer do git any grub afore noon, jist let a feller 'bout my sz know of it—will yer? I'll teach you to knock people down, simultaneously, for nuthin'—I will! and, from the preparations making on the outside, the prospect was that the 'insiders' were to be made prisoners.

A thought struck the attendant. He disconnected the wire, and placing it in contact with the nob of the door on the inside, his companion let on the battery.

The door flew open instantaneously, and our valiant stranger, with the seal skin cap, was discovered in the act of anti-angular descent down stairs, the side of his head scraping the paint from the edges of the steps, and his legs, meantime performing an involuntary pirouette, which would have done infinite credit to a French dancing master.

It so chanced that Zenas had purchased a bunch of lucifer matches the night before, which had been deposited in his coat pocket. In his progress down the stairs the matches had become ignited, & by the time he had reached the first flight he had partially recovered from the first effects of 'the shock'—but the fluid tingled through his veins, his coat tails were on fire, and he was not 'set forward' in his imagination any, by this last effort of his tormentors. He discovered the fire, and presumed it was part and parcel of the 'consid invention' he sprang to his feet, and with both hands briskly at work behind, for the purpose of smothering the flame, which was roasting the seat of his inexpressible—'he 'put' for the street door at full gallop!

"Fire! Fire! Help! yere! Oue! mure—fire! help!" shouted the victim, as he darted into the street.

Away he dashed towards Baltimore, at a speed which the 'lightin' line' itself might have been proud of. Luckily, a square off he discovered a servant with a

hose attached to one of the hydrants, busily engaged in washing off the pavement. He rushed to the spot and turning short before him—a posteriori—he begged him, at the top of his voice 'for God's sake' to 'put him out!'

Perhaps his sable friend's eyes didn't glisten, may be his 'ivory' didn't shine, as he charitably turned 'the current of that stream' upon the unmentionable portion of the poor devil's netherment!

"The fire was extinguished without serious damages," as the papers say—the loafer was thoroughly saturated—and having exchanged his heavy inside wet for a skin drenching, he departed, perfectly sober, amidst the jeers of the crowd who had witnessed the finale—most vociferously cursing all improvements in magnetism and combustibles!

NO PAY—NO WORK.

"Little boy, will you help a poor old man up the hill with his load?"

These words were spoken by an old gray headed man who was drawing a handcart which contained a bag of corn for the mill.

"I can't I'm in a hurry," said Hanson, the boy addressed.

He was in a hurry to get to the school-house, that he might enjoy a few minutes' play with boys before school began.

The old man sat down on a stone at the foot of the hill to rest himself, and gather strength for the ascent. He gazed after Hanson as he passed rapidly on, and sighed as he thought of the days of his youth now so far off in the distance, and of the friends of his youth now in the grave. A tear was beginning to gather in his eye, when John Wilson came along and said, "Shall I help you up the hill with your load, sir?"

The old man brushed his eyes with the cuff of his coat and replied, "I shall be glad to have you! have the rheumatism in my right arm so badly that it is no use to me, and my left arm is never very strong."

He arose and taking the tongue of his cart while John pushed behind, they ascended as rapidly as his faltering steps would permit. When they reached the top of the hill they discovered a rent in the bag on the under side, from which the corn was escaping. With great effort, and considerable expenses of time he bag was turned, so that there was no further loss of corn.

"I'm much obliged to you," said the old man, as John set out upon a run for the school house, "and may the Lord reward you!" This last expression was not heard by John.

When John reached the school-house, he was about ten minutes too late, and in consequence received a mark for the want of punctuality and promptness. If he had told the teacher the cause of his detention, he would have been excused; but he thought it would look a little ostentatious to do so.

At recess, Hansen said to John, "What did you get a mark for?"

"Because I wasn't here when school began," said John.

"I know that; but why wasn't you here in time? You were only a little ways behind me at the foot of the hill."

"I know it."

"I suppose you stopped to help old Stevenson up the hill with his grist. He used to stop me, but I don't work for nothing."

"Nor I neither."

"I know you don't; you got a mark for your job this morning, that's all you got."

"You dont know that."

"Did you get anything else?"

"I didn't do it expecting to get anything for it."

"What did you do it for then?"

"Because I thought I ought to help the poor old man."

"It is the business of his relations to help him?"

"It is everybody's business to help everybody who needs help."

"If you are a mind to be such a fool as to work for nothing you may. No Pay—No work, is my motto."

"To be kind and tender hearted, is my motto, John might have said with truth but he did not say so. John did not think he worked for nothing when he performed acts of kindness. In the first place, he had the approbation of his conscience, and regarded that as worth something. In the second place, he had the pleasure of doing good, and regarded that as worth something. And in the third place, he had the gratitude and love of many, and he regarded that as something. And finally, he had the living promise of a reward for even so small an act of benevolence as giving a cup of cold water to a disciple; and that he regarded as worth a great deal.

Did he work for nothing? Does anybody work for nothing when he does good?"

During a debate in the House of Representatives on the 16th of December, 1846 on a motion to refer the President's Message to the appropriate committee: Mr. Kennedy, while replying to Mr. Gentry, made the following remarks:

Mr. KENNEDY did not suppose it very material to that committee to know whether he had intended to speak on this occasion or not. The gentleman over the way, however, had informed them that he had not intended to make a speech now, but was induced to do so that he might bring himself under the denunciation of the President of the United States. And did the gentleman, then, intend to give aid and comfort to our enemies? It was against such persons only that the President's denunciation had been directed. When Mr. K. heard the gentleman say this, he thought that, if such was his object, he must be possessed of nerve, both moral and physical, equal to all that he professed. For a man to avow that the object of his speech was to give aid and comfort to the enemies of his country, proved that he had nerve indeed.

Mr. GENTRY inquired whether the gentleman was meaning to speak of him?

Mr. KENNEDY said, as he had declared his object to be to bring himself under the denunciation of the President, and as the President had denounced only those who gave aid and comfort to our enemies, he inferred that such must be the gentleman's object.

Mr. GENTRY said his object had been to show how much he despised and scorned him.

Mr. KENNEDY, resuming, said that, though the gentleman might have displayed some ability in giving aid and comfort to the enemy, he had exhibited a great want of tact in doing it, and though if Mexico might show great zeal and courage on the field of battle, her friends showed but little skill in their movements on this floor.

Mr. GENTRY said the gentleman, of course, had a right to draw any conclusions from his speech which he chose, but when he contended that Mr. G. had had for his object to aid and comfort the enemies of his country, he inferred what was without foundation. What he had spoken for was, to show that the President had violated the Constitution, and to remind the Representatives of the people that a usurping President was more dangerous, if not resisted, than a hundred Mexican armies.

Mr. KENNEDY asked if the gentleman intended to add this to his speech? If he did, it was not fair.

Mr. K. also did not stop to comment on the gentleman's language or gesture when speaking about the Democracy's fawning on the public power; he thought it neither very classical nor very beautiful. Did the gentleman feel himself to be capable of such conduct? If not, why did he impute it to other? Mr. K. showed that he held himself above all such motives by refraining from charging them upon his opponents.

He held that the President had a right to speak to the American people; and, in doing so, it was both his right and his duty to denounce those who were engaged in an unholy effort to balk and to thwart the efforts of their country when engaged in war. Gentlemen denounced the President on this floor in the manner the House had witnessed. If he denounced their conduct in turn, a fair issue was made up between; the parties of which the world would judge for themselves. If gentlemen had a right to charge improper and unworthy motives upon the Administration, surely the Administration had the same right on its part. Why should the power of speech and of the press belong only to those who libelled their own Government? He had not understood the rights and duties of American representatives in that light.

It was sometimes said we were a great people, and a great Congress; but what were we doing? Here was the second week of the second session, and after we, the first session of this same Congress, passed a vote declaring the war, here we were criticizing and denouncing our own President for carrying out that declaration; and all this in the face of our enemy. The old-fashioned way of proceeding war, when men thought a war was wrong, to vote boldly and openly against it, and to continue to denounce it all through, as was done by some in our last war. True, they had had their epithets written by the finger of public scorn; yet they were at least entitled to the praise of honesty and consistency. How did they stand in comparison with men who first voted for a war, and then denounced it as unholy? A man might be honest, and still vote against a war in which his country was engaged; but the man who first voted for a war, and then denounced all who carried it on, was a knave. What, were we become so thoroughly degraded that we were afraid to take the responsibility of our own acts? Were gentlemen willing first to sneak into a war, and then to sneak out of it?

But the gentleman had said that Congress had been constrained to vote a lie, or to sacrifice Taylor and his brave little army. Did not the gentleman, when he gave that vote, know perfectly that before that time General Taylor had either extricated himself, or was beyond the reach of what that vote would do for him? Certainly he did; and therefore, Mr. K. sat down all he said on that subject as what western people called *clishmactaver*.

Did gentlemen, when they voted to give the President ten millions of dollars and fifty thousand mer, expect that was to liberate Taylor from his danger? No, not at all. No; it was the old leaven that was a work. Gentlemen were against their nation's war, but they had before their eyes the dread of the denunciations of a virtuous people, and therefore they dared not vote against it; but now they wanted to crawl out from under the weight of their own vote declaring the war and providing for it, and lay all the blame upon the President.

This might be all very fair and very honorable, but how would gentlemen look supposing they could succeed in convincing mankind that our country was engaged in an unjust war? Did they want to disgrace their country? Did they want what they said believed abroad? No; he did not think they were as unpatriotic as they affected to be. They did not, in their hearts, believe this war to be wrong. They knew the war had been forced upon us. They well knew that if England had pursued such a course toward us, or anything like it, we should have declared war long long ago. But Mexico was our neighbor, and her government approximated at least to a republic and she had much of our sympathies as having once resisted the tyranny of the mother country. But Mexico had taken advantage of this feeling on our part, and had made an onslaught upon our people. They had driven us to the wall; they had driven us to the necessity of vindicating our national dignity. But Mr. K. would tell them what was the true secret of all their complaints: though they believed their Government was bound to make war, they hated the head of

the Government so profoundly, because he was a Democrat, that though they well knew the war to be right, for the poor, pitiful end of pulling him down and getting the reins of power into their own hands, they thus violently denounced the war.

Was it creditable to them thus to give aid and comfort to our enemies? Was not such a course rather unpatriotic? Here was our Government engaged in a righteous war, and they, knowing this to be so, set themselves to work to frustrate and embarrass its progress, and to denounce the President for carrying it on. The truth, the whole truth was, that the Administration had carried on the war with more success than gentlemen thought they could or would have done. Now if, instead of this, our army had been badly whipped two or three times, and we had lost a part of our territory, (especially in Texas,) would not gentlemen have come here in a much better humor than they were in now? Mr. K. had no such thing as personal dislike to gentlemen who thus acted; he knew, on the contrary that very many of them were clever fellows; but they certainly were in a great error. What had they done? Had they not ordered the President to carry on this war? And what then did they complain of? That he had conquered California and New Mexico? No; but only that he held on to them. They were for his not holding to the position we had gained.

As to executive usurpation, the most pertinacious, captious quibbler could find nothing to quibble about. Where was all this to end? Did gentlemen mean to cripple the Administration in carrying on this war? Was that their object? If it was, let them say so. Did they want us to lose some of our territory? How could a gentleman, coming himself from a slave State, attempt to be the gentleman from Tennessee had done, to throw firebrands among his own household, and to set up the slave States against the free? The gentleman had intimated that if we did get any of the Mexican territory, the moment we got it we should fall on and quarrel about it like dogs over a bone. He could tell the gentleman that he greatly feared this wish was father to his thought. He thought that the Democracy could not be whipped unless such a firebrand was thrown among them. But the gentleman showed that he did not understand the nature of those ties by which the Democratic party was held together. He judged of them by the Whigs—and thought what would separate the Whigs would separate them but no, they did not regard such petty matters. They held by great national questions—they were united on the inherent rights of men—their right to self-government, & their right to prevent the few from preying on the many. These, and such principles as these, were what held them so firmly together.

But the gentleman apprehended that there were some who were trying to break our Union; he wondered what could have put that into the gentleman's head. He just wanted to see any man try it. He could tell that gentleman that if all the politicians in both our great parties were to lay aside all party strifes, and unite hand to hand to effect a dissolution of this Union, they could not do it. No, the great masses of the people knew full well its inestimable value—and they would hiss out of sight the man who should propose to them such an act—and he would soon become what all would sooner or later become who occupied themselves in vilifying their own Government when engaged in a just war.

Mr. K. had not risen here to vindicate the President he cared no more for the President than he did for any other man that treated him genteelly. But he was the executive magistrate, and Mr. K. hoped he should be spared the self-mortification of ever denouncing him as a liar. Mr. K. asserted that if the President had failed to advance his army to the Rio Grande, when, and as he had done, and to maintain his position there, he would have been justly impeachable, and, what was worse, he believed that in that case the Opposition would have tried their hand at impeaching him.

We had adopted Texas into this Union;