

# COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.



"That Government is the best which governs least."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY LEVI L. TATE.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1849.

OLD SERIES—VOL. TWELVE VOL. 3, NUMBER 31.

## POETRY.



Poetic Gem.—We find the subjoined beautiful and touching stanzas in a late Pennsylvanian. They are from the prolific pen of our esteemed democratic friend, L. Elliott, Esq., late of the Pittsburg Morning Post, now associate Editor of the Philadelphia Pennsylvanian. Mr. E., is the Son-in-Law of Wm. Robison, Esq., of this place and as the production refers to that relation, it may be presumed they will be perused with general interest by the numerous friends of that Lady in Bloomsburg.—Editor Col. Demo.

### To My wife.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING. I'm thinking of the time, Jane, the time when first we met; When thou wert not mine own, Jane,—Oh! I can ne'er forget; When other eyes were prais'd, Jane; when other hands were press'd;— But then those hands and eyes, Jane, could ne'er have made me bless'd. And I think upon thy smile, Jane; and the soft glance of thine eye; And the gentle tones I heard, Jane; and the laugh of ecstasy. I thought thee, then, a merry sprite, unheeding all control; For I saw not, midst thy mirthfulness, thy truly woman's soul. Yet often, as we'd part, Jane, and Thought to thee recur'd, I'd treasure up in memory, some sweetly precious word; Some noble, gen'rous idea, call'd forth by human woe. Revealing thy pure loveliness, in kindly feelings' flow. And I wish'd that thou wert mine, Jane, my wayward love to bless;— That thou and I together, Jane, might seek for happiness;— And then I strove to win thee, while doubt was on my soul;— And hardy deem'd the race, Jane, where all

## OFFICIAL. COLUMBIA ELECTION RETURNS, HELD OCTOBER 9, 1849.

Table with columns for various offices: Canal Com., Assembly, Sheriff, Treasurer, Commis., Auditor, Coroner. Lists names and vote counts for each office across various counties.

Majorities: 777 Democrats in small caps. Whigs in Roman. \* Kimber Cleaver, Native American, had 16 votes for Canal Commissioner.

Family Circle. Lost Time. I threw a bubble to the sea, A billow caught it hastily; Another billow quickly came Successfully the prize to claim; From wave to wave, uncheck'd, it pass'd, 'Till tossed upon the strand at last, Thus glide into the unknown shore, Those golden moments we deplore: Those moments which not thrown away, Might win for us eternal day. Autumn. 'Thou art bearing hence the flowers, Sweet summer, fare thee well.' The first chilling blast of autumn has come and gone! The beautiful verdure of the fields; the grand foliage of the forest; the sweet fragrance of sweeter flowers; all, all give symptoms of decay! How brief their existence; how sudden their decline! Scarcely have the soft breezes and invigorating days of spring warmed them into being, till they have done their work, and the world is left to the solitude and consolation of winter. Another summer is gone, and gone forever! Its toils and its crimes, its joys and its miseries, can only be found in the chequered canvass of the past, or in the unerring record on high. With some of us it may have left tender regrets and sacred recollections. It may have been the last to bloom on all that is mortal of some one whose hopes and sorrows we have shared. Among the countless number that have fallen during its fleeting existence, may be those for whom in our fondness, we had laid out years of gaily and usefulness, we had laid out years of gaily and usefulness. But they have gone. That decree whose will cannot be stayed by the weak petition of man, has completed its mission, and their forms repose in the cheerless tomb, while their spirits have gone to try the unknown. Like the faded leaves that came at the bidding of spring to spread freshness over the earth, they were given to us for a season; but they now moulder with the withered garb of summer o'er their graves. They have filled their allotment, and their fresh tombs join with the desolation of the season to teach us that we are mortal. At every step in life we are met with the melancholy whisper, but when nature yields her loveliness to our common destiny how forcibly it is attested, how impressively it is taught. The Time to Read. How often do we hear men excuse themselves from subscribing to a paper or periodical, by saying they have no time to read. When we hear a man thus excuse himself, we conclude he has never found time to confer any substantial advantage either upon his family, his country, or himself. To hear a freeman thus express himself, is truly humiliating and we can form no other opinion than that such a man is of little importance to

The Wife. She sits in her chair from morning to night, 'Tis sew, work, sew; She rises at dawn with her heart so light, Goes sewing and sewing with all her might, Till the hour of rest. 'Tis her delight To work and sew, and sew. The needle goes in and the thread comes out, 'Tis sew, sew, sew; Now she sings to the baby a merry song, And cheers the hearts of the happy throng, While her fingers nimbly fly along To sew, sew, sew. The Husband. He sits in his chair from morning to night, 'Tis smoke, chew, smoke. He rises at dawn his cigar to light, Goes puffing and chewing with all his might, Till the hour of sleep. 'Tis his delight To smoke, chew, smoke. The quid goes in when the cigar goes out, 'Tis chew, chew, chew; Now a cloud of smoke pours from his throat, Then his mouth sends a constant stream afloat, Sufficient to carry a mill or a boat, 'Tis chew, chew, chew. An Ode to Woman. Who, in this world of care and strife, Doth kindly cheer and sweeten life, As friend, companion, and as wife? 'Tis Woman. Who, of a nature more refined, Doth soften man's rude, stubborn mind, And make him gentle mild, and kind? 'Tis Woman. Who, in a word, a touch, a sigh, The simplest glancing of her eye, Can fill the soul with ecstasy? 'Tis Woman. When hours of absence pass'd, we meet, Say who enraptured, runs to greet Our glad return with kisses sweet? 'Tis Woman. Who by a thousand tender wiles, By fond en'earments, and by smiles, Our bosom of its grief beguiles? 'Tis Woman. Who draws the scorpion sting of woe, And makes the heart with raptures glow— Who adds to every joy below? 'Tis Woman. Eden she lost when cunning, But well his she repair'd its loss, For earth has been made a Paradise.

Preserving Newspapers. One of the many things which I have to regret, says a correspondent of the British Banner, when I review my past life, is that I did not, from earliest youth, at least as soon as ever I was able to do it, take and preserve some good newspaper. How interesting would it be now to a sexagenarian to look into the papers which he read when he was twelve or sixteen, or twenty years old! How many events would this call to mind which he has entirely forgotten! How many interesting associations and feelings would it revive! What a view would it give of past years! What knowledge would it preserve by assisting the memory! And how many valuable purposes of even a literary kind, might it be rendered subservient to! How much do I wish that I could look into such a record when composing this short article! But newspapers are quite different things now from what they were sixty, or twenty years ago. They are unspeakably more interesting and valuable; in this respect, at least, (I believe in many others,) these times are better than the former.—Formerly the editors of newspapers were obliged to strain their wits and exhaust their means in order to obtain matter to fill their pages. Now the great difficulty is, to insert all the valuable, interesting materials that are poured upon them from every part of the world, and from every grade and phase of society. Now, newspapers contain many of the best thoughts of the most highly gifted men, on the most momentous subjects, and their reports of current events are among the most reliable, and will furnish an inexhaustible fund of entertainment to the end of life. Influence of Newspapers. Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply rewarded is its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from him at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I will remember what a marked difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had, and those who had not access to newspapers.—Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last, in debate, competition and general intelligence. History. Whichever instruction is reaped from history may be reaped from a newspaper, which is the history of the world for one day. It is the history of that world in which we now live, and with which we are, consequently, more immediately concerned than with those which have passed away, and exist only in remembrance. Liberty with or obedience is a change of feeling, which is always in the

MISCELLANEOUS. Thanksgiving. Bishop Potter has put forth the following form of Thanksgiving, to be used in the churches of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, until the first Sunday in Advent. SPECIAL THANKSGIVING.—Almighty God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, and through whom our sins are most justly punished, we render to thee our hearty praises that in the midst of thy judgments thou hast remembered mercy. We bless thee that thou hast been pleased to withdraw from us the grievous pestilence which has visited and afflicted our land; and we should offer unto thee as a living sacrifice the souls and bodies which thou hast delivered, earnestly beseeching thee to grant that thy fatherly correction may have its due influence upon us, and may cause us ever to remember how frail and uncertain our life is, that so we may apply our hearts unto that heavenly wisdom which may in the end bring us to everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. Advertising. V. B. PALMER, Esq., who has received the appointment of Agent for most, if not all the best newspapers of the United States, and whose constant and increasing efforts for the past several years, have been devoted to the mutual advantage of the country press and the business public, we are glad to learn is likely to be fairly rewarded for all his toil, by the growth, extension and prosperity of the business which he originated, and which his indomitable energy has built up, in the face of all the doubts, sneers and ridicule which he has encountered on the part of the thoughtless. The business public and the press of the country are glad to learn, are more than beginning to understand the truth of Palmer's business philosophy, as plainly indicated in his advertisements, and to appreciate the value of his services. Palmer's enterprise, accompanied as it is, with his untiring industry, clear sightedness, indomitable energy, and unwavering perseverance, deserves the reward which we have never doubted he would eventually receive.—Public Ledger. It was the saying of a great divine, based on long observation, that he had found more good in bad people, and more bad in good people, than ever he expected. PUSH.—Keep pushing; if you run against a snowbank or a rail fence, don't go back, but push forward, or to one side, and go on. It is of no use to cry and lament; it will not help the matter in the least. Tears never leaped a stream or dug through a mountain. Push ever, and keep pushing, and your fortune is half made, and your immortality secured. At the present rate of increase, the population of the United States, in the year 1900, will be 101,481,755 persons. The editor of an exchange paper says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner, who died without paying for his paper.—'Twas horrible to look upon—the ghost of Hamlet was no circumstance to it. A movement has been commenced in London to abolish all taxes on knowledge. Hon. James Buchanan. The delegates of the Democratic Convention of Allegheny County, together with a number of the citizens, invited this distinguished Statesman to visit Pittsburg while on his way to Meadville, Pa. The following is Mr. Buchanan's answer, and is one that will be read with much interest by the people in general:— WHEATLAND, NEAR LANCASTER, } September 24th, 1849. GENTLEMEN:—An absence from home of several weeks has prevented me from sooner acknowledging the receipt of your very kind invitation to visit Pittsburg, on my way to Meadville, where it is my purpose to go, immediately after the election. This invitation, proceeding as it does from the delegates to the late Democratic Convention of Allegheny County, as well as from a number of my other Democratic friends and fellow-citizens, I most cheerfully and gratefully accept. I shall esteem it a great privilege once more to enjoy the opportunity of meeting and cordially greeting those good and steadfast friends, to whose efficient and uniform support, amidst all the trying scenes of my political life, I have been so much indebted. I feel that you do me no more than justice in attributing to me "constancy, and devotion to the cause of pure and radical Democracy." This devotion has been inspired by a deep conviction, confirmed by long observation and experience, that the prosperity of the people of the States, and the perpetuity of the Union are identifi-

ed with the ascendancy of Democratic principles. Indeed, our political opponents themselves have, by their conduct, borne ample, though tardy testimony to the excellence of the Democratic measures which they, at the first opposed. It is a curious historical fact, well worthy of ample development, that the whig party have finally, though slowly and reluctantly, yielded their acquiescence, one by one, to nearly all these measures, and they have now become the established policy of the country. When we review the many important political questions which, since the commencement of Mr. Jefferson's administration, have, in their day, agitated the nation and ever threatened the Union, and reflect that these have all, with scarcely an exception, been satisfactorily settled by the Democratic party, we must be deeply impressed with this high tribute to the Democratic principles, our political opponents themselves being the judges. From the very nature of things, as well as from the peculiar character of our institutions, two great parties must always exist, and I may add, always ought to exist, in this country; the one conservative the other progressive. The one clinging to the past, the other intent upon advancing gradually with the spirit of the age. The one claiming power for the Government, the other for the people. The one acting as a clog to the other, and sometimes perhaps impeding its too rapid progress.—The one is the great Whig, and the other the great Democratic party of the country. It is our pride and our glory to belong to the party which, whilst holding fast to the good, entertains no such slavish reverence for antiquity as to prevent it from advocating and adopting all new measures, consistent with liberty and order, calculated to benefit the great mass of mankind. Holding these principles, we should cease to be Democrats if we did not ardently and actively sympathize with the patriots of all nations in their struggles to free themselves from the shackles of despotism, and to regain the lost rights of man. We have witnessed with intense anxiety, the many heroic efforts, within the past and present year, of the downtrodden people throughout Europe, to achieve liberty and independence, and have had to deplore their disastrous termination. Brute force now rules in that quarter of the globe; but yet Europe is not destined to become Cossack. It is true that the brave Hungarians and Germans and Romans have been conquered; but their blood has not yet been shed in vain. In the Providence of God, it will sooner or later rise from the earth and claim a just retribution. The Spartan band at Thermopylae were sacrificed by treachery and overwhelmed by numbers; but this sacrifice was both the prelude and the incentive to the triumph of liberty over the innumerable host of a barbarous and despotic invader. Man's destiny is to be free; to worship his God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and to establish the form of Government best adapted to secure his rights and liberties. Reason has long since exploded the slavish doctrine of the divine right of Kings. In the meantime, we ought to be aware that our Government is an object of inextinguishable hate to the despots of the earth. The existence of a free Democratic Republic any where is a standing reproach to them; and if they had the power to immolate our institutions they would eagerly rush to the sacrifice. It is our example which has disturbed the dismal and oppressive calm of despotism throughout the world, and encouraged mankind to assert their rights. No unworthy compliance on the part of our government to foreign despotism,—no trucking to them,—will ever conciliate their favor, however it may purchase their contempt. To act an independent part, yielding them justice but nothing more, is our true course, and the only policy worthy of a great, free, and independent nation. It is power, and power alone, which commands their respect; and thank God! we possess this power. If we did not, the fate which now threatens the ancient and renowned federal Republic of Switzerland, might soon be ours. Your friend and fellow-citizen, JAMES BUCHANAN.