

# NORTHERN DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME IV.

MONTROSE, PA. THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1847.

NUMBER 23.

## The Democrat

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

BY FULLER & HEMPTED.

## TERMS.

\$1.50 a year, if paid in advance, or \$2.00 if paid at the close of the year.

50¢ extra charged for postage if carried at the publishers' expense.

Miscellaneous optional, except when arrangements are made.

Advertisers one dollar per square of twelve lines, or less, for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Business letters and communications for the paper must be sent early to ensure attention.

## POETRY.

### The Three Preachers.

There are three preachers over preaching,  
Each with eloquence and power;  
One is old with looks of white,  
Skinny as an anchorite;

And he preaches every hour  
With a shrill fanatic voice,

And a bigot's fiery scorn;

"Backward ye presumptuous nations:

Man to misery is born!

Born to drudge and sweat, and suffer—

Born to labor and to pray;

Priests and Kings are God's Vicegerents,

Man must worship and obey,

Backward, ye presumptuous nations—

Back!—be humble, and obey!"

The second is a milder preacher;

Soft he talks as if he sung;

Sleek and slothful is his look,

And his words as from a book,

Issued glibly from the tongue,

With an air of self-content,

High he lifts his fair white hands—

"Stand ye still, ye restless nations,

And be happy all ye lands!"

Earth was made by One Almighty,

And to meddle is to mar;

Change is rash and ever was so;

We are happy as we are;

Stand ye still, ye restless nations,

And be ye happy as ye are."

Mightier is the younger preacher;

Gems flashing from his eyes;

And the crowds who hear his voice,

Give him, while their souls rejoice,

Throbbing bosoms for replies.

Awe they listen, yet elated,

While his stirring accents fall:

"Forward! ye deluded nations,

Progress is the rule of all—

Man was made for boastful efforts;

Tyranny has crushed him long,

He shall march from good to better,

Not be patient under wrong!

Forward! ye awakened nations,

And do battle with the wrong.

"Standing still is childish folly,

Going backward is a crime—

None shall patiently endure

All that he can cure;

Forward! keep the march of time;

Forward! while a wrong remains

To be conquered by the right;

While oppression lifts a finger

To affront us by its might;

While an error clouds the reason;

While a sorrow gnaws the heart;

While a slave awaits his freedom,

Action is the wise man's part—

Forward! ye awakened nations!

Action is the people's part.

"Forward! there are ills to conquer—

Ills that on yourselves you've brought;

There is wisdom to discern,

There is temperance to learn,

And enfranchisements for thought.

Hopeless Poverty and Toil

May be conquered, if you try;

Vice and wretchedness and Famine,

Give Benevolence the lie.

Forward! onward! and subdue them!

Root them out; their day is passed;

Goodness is alone immortal;

Evil was not made to last.

Forward! ye awakened people,

And your sorrow shall be past."

And the preaching of this preacher

Stirs the pulses of the world.

Tyranny has curbed its pride;

Errors that were deified;

Into darkness have been hurled;

Slavery and Liberty,

And the Wrong and Right have met,

To decide their ancient quarrel.

Forward! preacher, onward yet!

There are perils to tell your progress,

There are eyes that pine to read,

There are hearts that burn to aid,

There are arms in hour of need.

Forward, preacher! onward nations!

Will not ripen into Dens.

## MISCELLANY.

A PHILANTHROPIST.—There lives in the City of Boston, a man named John Augustus, who is in some respects the most remarkable man of his age. He is a mechanic by occupation, and some years since being in the Police Court of that city, his attention was called to the case of a young man poor, and probably vicious, who was charged with a simple assault. Augustus stepped forward, offered himself as his bail, took the young man home, fed and clothed him, and gave him employment. He reformed and became a good citizen. His success in this instance prompted him to further efforts, without fee or reward, and two only of them have abased his confidence. He has thus saved the city several thousand dollars in fees and costs, and the risk has not been half so great as if he had endorsed five hundred and eighty-two of the best men's notes in the city of Boston. More than two of them would have been protested. He is a good man and a most useful citizen. May he long live to continue his work of benevolence.—Sci. American.

## MARRYING FOR MONEY.

There is a gray haired gentleman in New York, a retired merchant, whose bland and hearty countenance may be seen every day in Broadway, through the window of his carriage as he takes his airing. There is nothing ostentious about his equipage—none of that labored display, unfortunately characteristic of too many in New York. He does not ape the manners of foreign aristocracy by attire his servants in liveries; and his carriage, though evidently of costly manufacture, is so barren of cinsel, and of so unpretending a construction that the passer by, as his eye falls in the midst of the ambitious turn outs, so numerous in Broadway, would never suspect its occupier to be the possessor of unbounded wealth—capable of buying up body and soul nine hundred and ninety-nine of the bedizened and bewiskered aspirants who dash by him as he leisurely rambles along, in their flashy gingerbread vehicles.

He is often accompanied by his wife and daughter; the former reserving in the wane of life, traces of loveliness; the latter in the drawing of lustrous beauty. The dress of those ladies corresponds with the elegant simplicity that test of true elevation and real gentility which we have remarked upon the distinguished husband and father. The jewels they wear are few and tasteful; and in their plain and becoming attire, they do not make their bodies locomotive milliner's signs nor tell a tale by extravagance of outerness of display, the conscious deficiency in mental superiority that would make a parade of the covering alone, that it would have been exhausted; had it been in her own possession, by the procurement of half the articles she had solicited. But her pride prevented her from listening with calmness, and she only gathered enough of his explanation to excite in her warped nature the suspicion that it was given to excuse himself for his meanness.

In a short time the thousand came up again and again; the last time immediately after breakfast. Flagg could bear it no more. Without a rejoinder he suddenly left the house. His wife saw that he was more than ordinarily moved—that his face wore a startling paler in reality a thousand dollars was, and how long it would have been exhausted, had it been in her own possession, by the procurement of half the articles she had solicited. But her pride prevented her from listening with calmness, and she only gathered enough of his explanation to excite in her warped nature the suspicion that it was given to excuse himself for his meanness.

This gentleman came to the city when a young man, poor adventurer. He left his father's humble fireside in the country, with a blessing and a pack of clothes, and with a five dollar note in his pocket—all that he was worth in the world—he turned his steps towards N.Y.; ignorant of mankind, of the thousand seeking like him, a livelihood, who congregate in that moral whirlpool—but full of expectation—of hope—of determination of energy. It was distant several days travel, but he did not greatly diminish his scanty funds, for the farrier's door at which he applied at nightfall was ever open to receive him; and a few hours of labor the succeeding day, required—for he would have scorned to have accepted of charity—the hospitality extended to him. He sought a mean cheap lodging house, when at last he trod with eager foot the streets of the city; and although wandering curiosity was awake, he wasted no time in idleness, but employed himself seeking occupation. Appearances are deceitful, and it is dangerous to put faith in them, but the merchant listened to Jacob Flagg's story, and taking the honesty depicted in his face as an endorsement of trust, made him his porter, and never had reason to regret it.

For four years he was a faithful servant, diligent, industrious, honest, frugal. Closing his duties soon after nightfall, his evenings were his own; and by the light of his lamp, he devoted them to the improvement of his mind.

At the end of four years with what he had saved from his earnings, and some little assistance from his employer, he opened a small shop in an obscure street: wherein he vendited a small stock of dry goods. From the beginning he succeeded—and the majority may succeed in precisely the same way. Whatsoever one's income may be, however trifling, let him live within it, and he is even then prospering; and to prosper in a great city, frugality never fails itself at fault. Subsistence and a home may be procured, meeting, to any quality of means; and he who casts pride out of doors, and indulges rather in that more ennobling satisfaction, the consciousness that he is wronging no fellow being by unjust self-indulgence, is laying a foundation for prosperity, that nothing can shake; though the goods of earth may gather slowly, the soul will be heaping up treasures. Extravagance, is a comparative term, and he who, with an income of a few hundreds, exceeds its bounds in his expenditures, is more than the possessor of millions, whose lavish hand scatters thousands from his revenue. Jacob Flagg had a little something left of his first year's gain, and a yet larger sum at the close of the second—tenfold after the third.

As his condition improved, he cautiously and advisedly improved his mode of living. He removed to a more genteel boarding house—and then a better still—very careful, however, not to deceive himself and run ahead of duty.

The second change was ripe with momentous influences upon his destiny; for there boarded in the same house a widow and her daughter, the last an heiress worth a thousand dollars! This widow named Watkins—not her real name by the by, for our veracity we are telling a true story, and it might give offence to be too particular—was not overstocked with it, and was compelled to question her wants and wishes, when he was disposed to gratify them, as he was liberal, free, as soon as his prosperity would authorize.

Reader, this Flagg is the same Hale old fellow whom we have spoken of as riding in his carriage in Broadway, and that wife is the same Helen. Flagg, after his release from prison, had been a faithful and industrious servant, and had积存了数万英镑。他现在是自由的，而且他的妻子也有了一个继承人。

CURIOSITY.—A traveller going from Erie to Pittsburgh fell in with a Yankee, both being mounted on horseback. The first was rather inclined to taciturnity, and bore with great patience the questions with which the New Englander assailed him from time to time. Finally, upon the Yankee noticing that he had lost an arm, and inquiring the reason, he replied, "I will tell you, my friend, if you will promise, on your honor, to ask no more questions." The promise was made. "Well," said the stranger, "it was bit off." The Yankee rode on in silence for several miles, but in an agony of curiosity—At last, in a transport of despair, he exclaimed, "I vow to gracious, I would give a million to know what bit it off!"—Cin. Adr.

Under the title of "The Presbyterian Church in America," a new Church was founded in Cincinnati a few weeks ago, which adheres to the old standards, but repudiates the

[From Headley's Washington and his Generals.]

## CHARACTER of Putnam.

Putnam was a brave and efficient commander, possessing great and striking military qualities. In person he was stout, and his rough, weather-beaten face, indicated the exposed and boisterous life he had led. His courage was proverbial in the army, and his fortitude was equal to his courage. Headlong as an avalanche in his charge, he was nevertheless patient under restraint. His bravery was of that extravagant kind—like Murat's—which never allowed one to count the enemy or see obstacles in his path. He would go anywhere, dare any danger, if he could only get his men to follow him. At the same time he was perfectly cool and self-possessed in the fight, and would stand all alone amid the raining balls as calmly as if he were impervious to death.

Whether facing down an angry wolf, already

gathering for the spring, or standing wrapped in flame and smoke before a magazine of powder, or hurrying his men with shouts to the onset, or sending up the first strong, great war

cry from the top of Bunker Hill, he is the same fearless and resolute man.

Overcome by no hardships, repelled by no difficulties, daunted by no dangers, he moves through his eventful career like one who bears a charmed life.

Living in an adventurous period, his history

seems stranger than any fiction. Exposed to

every variety of peril, and subjected to all

forms of trial, his iron frame held out to three

score years, and his stout will even after that.

Loving the excitement of battle, and at home

amid the roar of musketry, he gallantly fought

his way up from captain of a military compa-

nny to major-general of the army of the United

States. As a commander, his excellency lay

in the daring of his plans and the vigor with

which he pushed them. His tenacity of purpose was almost unconquerable; he would not be beaten, and struggled with such fierceness on the threshold of defeat, that he would often turn it into a victory. He carried great

moral power with him, for men were afraid of

one who was afraid of nothing. They knew

when he resolved on a thing, if human daring

and human energy could accomplish it, it would

be done. He lacked, however, combination, and was not fit to conduct a campaign designed

to cover a large territory, and embrace the

movements of different bodies of men.

He required to have