

# 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:

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 discountance 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.

#### DEMOCRATIC ADDRESS.

The following address was unanimously adopted by the Democratic Delegates to the 4th of March Convention:

#### FELLOW CITIZENS OF PENNSYLVANIA:

Having fulfilled the important trusts committed by you to our charge, in nominating candidates to be supported for Governor of the Commonwealth, and Canal Commissioner, in October next, we respectfully submit to your examination, the considerations that have guided us in our selection, and which we respectfully apprehend, may have some influence in your decision. We are fully convinced that the essential welfare and liberty of the people of this Republic are in the keeping of the Democratic Republican part of this Union—and that whenever the day shall arrive that that party is finally overthrown, and the power in this country passes into the hands of its antagonists, the cause of rational liberty will be extinct here. Impressed with this conviction, we consider it our duty, and the duty of every true Democrat and friend to liberty, to devote his best thoughts and his most faithful exertions to retain and continue power in the hands of the people, and to make every reasonable sacrifice to support that cause, to establish and sustain which our fathers periled their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. If there be any truth that should be written in letters of burning light, and be kept always before the eyes of a people that would be free, it is this, 'that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance.' It is an important truth verified too frequently in the short history of this, yet favored, country, that whenever the enemies of the Democratic cause have succeeded to power, they have impressed some palpable wrong upon our country—inflicted some violence upon popular rights—or left some blot upon our institutions that years of prudent and just administration could not efface.

The cruel wrong done to the soldiers and patriots of our Revolution, by the iniquitous funding system of 1790, the alien and sedition law of 1798, and the appointment of the midnight judges—the establishment of the United States Bank in 1816, which has marred the natural prosperity of our country, and particularly that of Pennsylvania, for at least fifty years; for it was upon her that the chief calamity fell, and spread a moral blight over our country, more pernicious in its consequences than the taste of the forbidden manna—and 'last nor least' in the catalogue, passing over many other instances of flagrant abuses which it would be tedious and painful to recount, the passage of the nefarious Bankrupt act of 1842, the most stupendous fraud that was ever solemnized by a legislative enactment, and which struck at the vitals of morality and good faith among men. These are some of the bitter consequences of the imprudence of a free and rational people, in permitting the rule of their destiny to fall into the hands of those who hold in contempt the sacred principles of equal rights.

Pennsylvania has had a dear bought experience in lessons of political prudence. It now falls to the lot of the Democratic party, and the present generation, to repair the ravages and waste of many years of insane, wild, and prodigal rule. In order to do this it will require many years of the most patient endurance of the burdens of

taxation and self-denial by the virtuous yeomanry, and many years of prudent and prudent administration, under the guidance of the most rigid integrity, aided by wise legislation, to redeem our great and good State from her embarrassments. But discouraging as her condition may be, yet by a steady perseverance in the policy adopted under the present Governor, the Commonwealth can be redeemed, and restored to her former prosperity. Rigid prudence, sound judgment and unyielding integrity, are what are imperatively demanded in the guidance of our affairs, in the present condition of our State. These qualities distinguish, in an eminent degree, the present Chief Magistrate of our Commonwealth.—The name of FRANCIS R. SHUNK is intimately associated in the opinions of the people of Pennsylvania, with the idea of moral and political honesty. The rudiments of his political faith and morals were acquired under the auspices of the pure-minded and virtuous Simon Snyder; and forty years of faithful public service have proved the fidelity with which he has adhered to the sound doctrines, pure patriotism and rigid integrity of that great and good man. In Francis R. Shunk we see renewed the admirable virtues of that truly excellent magistrate, who for nine years, through a most stormy and trying period of our history, wielded the Executive destinies of our State without giving occasion to awaken the least suspicion of his integrity—wounding in the slightest degree the prosperity of the State, or sullering the lustre of his own pure fame.

In these stormy days when the good ship Pennsylvania is loaded down with a debt of forty millions of dollars, and while her people are embarrassed with a burdensome system of taxation—and while selfish interests are seeking to embarrass her still more by eluding the common burdens and casting them upon the shoulders of the industrious yeomanry, who already are made to bear an unequal share of the public load, it is the more necessary that we should have a steady and skilful hand at the helm to guide her safely through the breakers.

Again, our country is at war with a foreign power, and hence it becomes necessary that the combined energy of the whole Union should be exerted to sustain the honor and integrity of the Republic, and bring the war, by a vigorous prosecution, to an honorable and prosperous termination. But since it is too apparent not to admit, the humiliating fact, that there is still an inflated party who are willing to rise as our country sinks, if they must sink as our country rises—and instead of that combined action of all hearts and all hands in the common cause, faction has reared its odious front, to cripple our energies, encourage the foe, and paralyze the arm of government, it becomes eminently necessary that we should have at the head of our Commonwealth—that Commonwealth which has been, is now, and ever will be, while the Union shall last, the chief bulwark of the Republic, a man whose patriotism cannot be doubted—a man whose attachment to the independence, security and glory of the Union, is too strong to be disturbed by any calculations of political preferment by the wanton sacrifice of the blood and treasure of the American people, to pave the way to the goal of any unworthy ambition. Such is Francis R. Shunk, whose conduct in responding with alacrity to the call of the Executive of the Union, and taking the most vigorous measures to furnish the double quota of troops required of Pennsylvania is worthy of all commendation.

When the present Governor first assumed the Executive chair of Pennsylvania, her finances were deranged and all her fiscal faculties were diseased and paralyzed. Immediately her resources were examined—her means economized—a state of encouragement and confidence was re-established; and credit restored. The public works have been kept in the most efficient condition to facilitate transportation and awaken the energies of trade—showing a lively interest on the part of the public agents, impelled by the example and

promptitude of the Executive, to afford every aid to the people in their exertions to retrieve the waste of former years, and to relieve themselves and the State from the embarrassments that rested on both. The interest on the public debt, which had been suffered to accumulate for many years, rolling up by compound ratio, and swelling the principle to the enormous amount 42,000,000 of dollars, has been regularly paid with a small deduction—and this too accomplished through the most exemplary promptitude and economy, aided mainly by that healthy confidence existing between the Executive and the people.

In the meantime, the present Executive has vigilantly watched over the rights of the people, resisting all such measures, legislative or otherwise, as were calculated to encroach upon the common welfare, and to build up the special and private interests of the many. The wisdom, prudence and fidelity evinced by the past acts of our excellent Governor, are the surest guarantee for the correctness of his future course. Besides, the people of Pennsylvania owe it to themselves—to their character, for a just appreciation of merit, as well to what is due to a faithful public servant, to manifest their decided approbation by re-electing him to the station he has filled with so much honor to himself and benefit to the Commonwealth. This mark of the approbation of a virtuous people for the faithful discharge of public duties, is the richest and most desirable reward that an honest man can receive.—Take away this impulse to virtuous action and you weaken—nay, sever, the strongest bond that binds man to his duty. It is the province of freemen, it is the mission of liberty, to reward fidelity and rebuke the unfaithful.

The delegates to this Convention were deeply impressed with the importance of the responsible duty they had to perform in the selection of a suitable candidate for the office of Canal Commissioner.—To this office is entrusted the high and onerous charge of managing and directing the public works of the Commonwealth, connected with an extensive official patronage, and the trust of disbursing a large amount of public money. The efficient and faithful management of this branch of the public administration for the last three or four years, has contributed in no small degree to sustain the public credit and it is due to the people that this important duty should be confided to men of capacity and undoubted integrity.

The candidate selected by the Convention is MORRIS LONGSTRETH, of Montgomery county.—He is well known as an unwavering advocate and supporter of the principles of Democracy—possesses the requisite experience and capacity, and is recommended to your support by his acknowledged firmness of purpose and integrity. We trust, therefore, that the candidates now presented to the Democracy of Pennsylvania, will receive, on the second Tuesday of October next, its undivided support. Parties must necessarily exist in a free government, and freedom cannot be long sustained without the effective organization of its supporters. It has been truly said that where there is no liberty they may be exempt from party strife. We conceive it to be the right, as well as the duty, of every freeman, to avow his sentiments as to the distinctive principles which guide the two great parties, into which the people of this country are divided. The Democratic party has implicit confidence in the virtue and intelligence of the people, and in the efficacy and security of the popular power.

As you value the great truths of De-

mocracy, as essential to the preservation of our liberties, it is your duty, fellow-citizens, to oppose an undivided front to your enemies in the approaching political contest, and to feel and exhibit that steady confidence and zeal that a just cause cannot fail to inspire, to ensure the triumph of your candidates and your principles.

It is very apparent that the Federal Whig party are exceedingly anxious to bring the Democratic party of Pennsylvania in hostile collision with the Democracy of the Union, upon certain points of policy, not yet perhaps, well understood by all, and the imprudent agitation of which might be fatal to the general harmony. The object of this exceeding anxiety to bring about the collision, is too apparent to need further explanation. Pennsylvania has no true interest inconsistent with the genuine interests of her sister States.

Our glorious old Commonwealth has no legitimate interest which should place her in a hostile attitude towards the great Democratic family of the Union, but on the contrary, it is respectfully believed that it is the true policy of the Democracy of the whole Union, as a measure of common prudence and common safety; and we have a right to distrust whoever would inculcate a different policy.

Through some slight errors in policy Pennsylvania has not assumed the rank in the confederacy that she deserves. Yet her purposes have ever been patriotic. By adopting a magnanimous and elevated code of politics in regard to the Union, she would occupy that high and commanding position, to which her power, her population and her resources give her a title. She would sit as the great Arbitress among the American sisterhood, poised aloft the scales of justice, quieting their minds and calming their passions—supporting the humble and humbling the proud, and commanding the homage of all by her impartiality.

#### EDUCATE THE PEOPLE.

MEN of wealth, men of learning, pour instructions upon the heads of the people—you owe them that baptism. Look at the gutter! hatless, shoeless, and naked, he is a part of our king; a part of our sovereignty. Should he not receive a sovereign's education? Should he not be prepared for the throne our institutions have given him? There is a gem in every human form; let the diamond be polished, and it will shine in truth and beauty. There is still in the most debased a beam ethereal, though sullied and dishonored, still divine.—And our motto should be—Teach and habituate the people to make a right use of the faculties which God has given them and then trust them fearlessly to themselves. Give democracies education, and freedom of action, and then let them alone.

'Uneducated mind, is educated vice,' for God made man to know. He is the creature of instruction; for in a right education there is a divine alchemy which turns all the baser parts of man's nature into gold. We are told by the ancients that as soon as the first rays of the morning sun fell upon the Statues of Memnon, it sent up music. It is after the first rays of knowledge fall upon man that his nature discourses harmony—all before is the darkness of barbarism.

I can see that wickedness leads to misery, yet very few find out that which is equally certain that ignorance leads to misery, and misery to wickedness. Dr. Johnson was once asked:—'Who is the most miserable man?' and the reply of the sage was: 'that man who cannot read on a rainy day.' The writer was

one passing through a park, and saw nailed to one of the trees this warning:—'All dogs found in this park will be shot.—A friend who was with us, remarking, 'unless dogs can read they are pretty badly off here.' Now God has not only written his laws upon the trees but in the stars and the flowers; his laws are above us, and beneath us, on our right and on our left, and if a man is not able to read, he is pretty badly off here—worse off than the dog, for the dog has a master to read for him; but man has no master between him and his God.

A maxim, of more truth and force than any I remember ever to have seen, was thrown off by a British statesman—by a man who was in learning vivid, varied and philosophical, and who in conversation threw out more gems, sparkling and brilliant as they come, than any other man of his age. His profound apothegm was that 'Education is the cheap defence of nations.' And if I might put a truism by the side of this, I would say, it is cheaper to educate the infant mind, than to support aged criminals. Yes, bestow the *penne* on common schools, and say *pounds* on prisons. Man was not made to be sent to prison, but to be educated; and the very worst use you can put a man to is to hang him.' Neither is a man a Human Poor Box into whose mouth we are to drop a few cents daily. 'The ignorant child left to grow up darkening in to the deeper ignorance of manhood with all its jealousies, and its narrow-mindedness and its superstitious, and its penury of enjoyment; poor amid the intellectual and moral riches of the universe; blind in this splendid temple which God has lighted up, and famishing amid the professions of omnipotence. O, woe for those who trample on the mind that fearful thing! they know not what they do. Nor what they deal with—' To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there.'

Who knows anything of the REPUBLIC OF ANDORRE? There is such a republic, under the joint protection of France and Spain. It has laws by prescription, which are administered by two judges, one French and the other Spanish. This little republic comprises fifty-four villages, with a population of 12,000 inhabitants, living on the produce of flocks and herds, their chief wealth. When Napoleon crossed the Pyrenees, on his way into Spain, he stopped to Andorre the capital, and promised to confer on the republic a written code of laws. But this promise concurrent political events prevented him from performing—the inhabitants have at length formed a code for themselves, and it was promulgated last month at the chief town. It is of the greatest simplicity, comprising all its enactments, civil and criminal, in 100 articles only. Murder is a crime extremely rare in this little state, and when sentence of death is pronounced, it can not be executed until it is confirmed by a general assembly of representatives of the villages, convoked at Andorre. The mode of execution is consistent with the nature of the people. At a short distance from the road into Catalonia is a tremendous precipice, the bottom of which no eye of man can discover. The criminal, with his eyes bound, is led to the edge, and, in the presence of all who wish to attend, is thrown over by the executioner.—*Home Journal.*

FOR PARENTS—Pour water hastily into a vessel of a narrow neck, little enters—pour gradually, and by small quantities the vessel is filled. Such is the simile employed by Quintilian to show the folly of teaching children too much at a time, and saw nailed to one of the trees this warning:—'All dogs found in this park will be shot.—A friend who was with us, remarking, 'unless dogs can read they are pretty badly off here.' Now God has not only written his laws upon the trees but in the stars and the flowers; his laws are above us, and beneath us, on our right and on our left, and if a man is not able to read, he is pretty badly off here—worse off than the dog, for the dog has a master to read for him; but man has no master between him and his God.

#### A GREAT CLOCK.

Henry C. Wright in a recent letter to the Liberator, thus describes the great clock in the cathedral of Strasburg:

'The priests and military have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock—from the top not less than one hundred feet, about thirty feet wide and fifteen deep. Around me are many strangers, waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock: it now wants five minutes of twelve.—The clock has struck, and the people are gone, except a few whom the sexton or head man, with a wand and sword, is conducting round the building.—The clock is struck in this way: The dial is some twenty feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub or little boy with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell. The cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, that on the right the second quarter. Some fifty feet over the dial, in a large niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell in his left, a scythe in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter on the bell in the hand of Time, and then turns and glides with a slow step round behind Time; out comes an old man with a mallet, and places himself in front of him. As the hour of twelve comes, the old man deliberately raises his mallet and strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building and is heard all round the region of the church. Then the old man glides slowly behind Father Time and the young man comes on ready to perform his part as the time comes round again.—Soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some twenty feet higher still. It is thus—There is a high cross with an image of Christ on it. The instant twelve has struck, one of the apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns—facing the cross, bows and walks on round to his place. As he does so, another comes out in front, turns, bows and passes in, so twelve apostles, figures large as life, walk round, bow and pass on. As the last appears, an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, stretches forth its neck and crows three times so loud as to be heard outside the church to some distance, and so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock.—Then all is as silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1571, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years when it stood out of repair.

He that putteth a Bible into the hands of a child gives him more than a kingdom—for it gives him a key to the kingdom of heaven.

HOPE—A mistress whom we still love and still believe, though she has often deceived us, because we cannot be happy without her.

In making some people Nature appears to have made a mistake. Instead of the heart being soft and the head hard, it is vice versa.

No man was ever cast down by the injustice of fortune, unless he had before suffered himself to be deceived by her favors. Every man hath his circles of possibilities both intellectually and morally, beyond which he may not easily go any more than an animal which is tethered—but let him rug hard and perseveringly at the rope—unlike the animal's, it will lengthen for ever.

He is a brave man who trembles not when he walks at midnight through the dark silent chamber of his heart.

Of all the tricks man's passions play him that is about the cunningest, when he is persuaded that he is governing even at the same time he is gratifying them.

Think twice before you speak once—or at least think once before you speak twice.

Above all other bad men avoid a man for not without reason was the devil named the Father of Lies.