

they days both the month of September,
the same may be said of June, April, November,
all in vain; he could recollect nothing
suited such an occasion. A suppre-
sion of the room admonished him
that he must proceed with something, and,
in the agony of desperation, he began—
"Know all men by these presents, that
—here he paused and looked up to the
ceiling; while an audible voice, in a cor-
ner of the room, was heard to say, 'He's
swung a deed to a tract of land,' and
they all laughed.

"In the name of God, amen!"—he
began a second time, only to hear another
voice in loud whisper, say—"He's making
his will now, I thought he could not
live long, he looks so powerful bad."

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord—"
was the next essay, when some erudite
gentleman remarked, "He is not dead, but
leapth."

"O Yes! O Yes!" continued the Squire,
his voice replied, "Oh not oh not don't
say that!" another whispered, "Wo Ball!"
some person out of doors sung out, "Come
into Court!" and the laughter was general.
The bridesmaids spilled the tallow from
their candles all over the floor, in the vain
attempts to look serious. One of them had
a red mark on her lips for a month after-
wards, where she had bit it. The bride-
groom put his hands in his pockets and
looked them out again; the bride looked like
she would faint, and so did the Squire.

But the Squire was an indefatigable man
and kept trying. His next effort was—
"To all and singular she"—Let's run!
he's going to level on us!" said two or three
of them.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the
face of Squire Tompkins. That dignitary
looked around all at once, with as much
self-satisfaction as Archimedes could have
felt when he discovered the method of as-
certaining the specific gravity of bodies. In
a grave and dignified manner he said, M.
Hodgkins, hold up your right hand." George
Washington obeyed, and held up his right
hand. "Miss Polly, hold up yours."

Miss Polly, in her confusion, held up the
left hand. "The other hand, Miss Peablos-
som." And the Squire proceeded in a
loud and composed manner to qualify them
—"You and each of you do solemnly swear
in the presence of Almighty God and the
present company, that you will perform
toward each other all and singular the func-
tions of a husband or wife as the case may
be—to the best of your knowledge and
ability, so help you God!"

"Good an'weat," said Captain Peablos-
som. "Polly, my gal, come kiss your old
father. I never felt so happy since the day
I was discharged from the army, and
went out homeward to see your mother."—*Mac-
on Georgia, 1842.*

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY 'DOW, JR.'

At the request of a subscriber to the Sun-
day Mercury in Alabama, I will preach
from this text:

To love is painful, that is true—
Not to love is painful too!

But oh! it gives the greatest pain
To love and not be loved again.

My hearers—I love to preach about love
for love forms a rosy wreath for the heart,
in which the green leaves of friendship,
the flowers of affection, and a few thorns
of pain are entwined, just for the sake of
variety. It is the precarious cement that
adheres soul to soul—the food for angels
in heaven, and a stimulant to mortal on
earth. It smooths down the asperities of
human nature—lines the breast with the
velvet of sympathy—and gives a silken
coating to the rough exterior of humanity.
To love ardently, deeply, devoutly, I ac-
knowledge is sometimes painful; never-
theless it is a pleasant pain, attended with
some delightful sensations. It is a kind of
inward itching, which requires the contin-
ual exercise of scratching, and yet the ir-
ritation is never allayed. The more we
scratch, the more we itch and nothing but
matrimony can serve as an effectual reme-
dy and that, in too many instances is far
worse than the disease.

My friends—not to love is painful too.
To have all our thoughts entombed in the
dark sepulchre of selfishness, and our hopes
lost in the cold mists of misanthropy, is
about as bad as being confined in a dun-
geon, to be fed with the fragments of one's
former follies. The light of love, admitted
through the windows of the heart, warms
and nourishes the soil of the soul—causes
the buds of benevolence to expand, and the
capsules of charity to be filled with the
ripe seeds of sympathy.—Without the gen-
eral influence of love the bosom freezes, and
barren as a goose-pasture in winter. If a
flower chances to bloom, it is destitute of
fragrance; or, if it have any, it wastes its
sweetness; as the poet says, upon the de-
sert air. To be without love is like being
without a fire in winter, a lamp at night,
and a sun at mid day. The heart that ne-
ver loves is as hard as a brick bat, as in-
sensible as a pickled clam to all the finer feel-
ings, and a stranger to every delightful
emotion. An Old bachelor; my friends,
whose heart is never warmed by affections,
is a miserably nobody in the world. His
is an cold blooded as a turtle, and looks as
soon as they begin to pinfeather—there is
no more sentiment in his soul than there is

music in a corn stalk saddle—his thoughts
are wrapped up in the shroud of self—he
knows not the pleasures attendant on the
sexual amalgamation of souls—his abode
is fixed in the solitary wild of celibacy,
where all is cheerless, comfortless and
dreary. There he lives and there he dies,
unhonored and unwept; and when he is
finally carried away by the current of time,
we can only say, There goes another
parcel of rubbish into the gulf of sterni-
ty!

My hearers—it is painful to love, and
painful not to love—painful any how you
can fix it; but oh! it is excruciating pain
to love and not have it reciprocated! To
go to an extravagant outlay of affection,
and then have it all wasted, or sent home
as sour as swill, is enough to make a man
tear his shirt and tread on his own coxus,
It's manslaughter for a girl to spurn a
young man's love, when she knows that
by so doing she will drive the poor fellow
to destruction in a considerable of herry
It's murder in the first degree—it's cruelty
to helpless animals—it's worse than skin-
ning eels alive; and any female guilty of
such a wanton act, ought to be courted by
fiends during her lifetime, and wedded to
the devil at last. When any of you, my
young friends, get so tangled up with the
object of your loves that you don't hardly
know to which gender you belong, you
know very well that you care a precious
little who, what or how you are so long
as you remain in such a happy, pleasing
perplexity; but let the least breeze of
jealousy doubt or disappointment blow,
you straighten out, like a dead frog. Your
bosom fill up with buttermilk and bitter
meditations—your stomachs with bile, and
your heads, with suicidal ideas. You grow
saturine—get sick—neglect your business
—and then perhaps, to wind up the whole
admit the common atmosphere in to your
gizzards with a dirk knife, or ventilate
your brains' cells with a pistol.—Oh!
unreciprocated love has fed the jaws of
Death with many a precious morsel of
humanity; and Cupid's arrow, which is
said to tickle while it wounds, sometimes
tickles pretty confounded hard. His head
is often dipped in poison, and we betake
the poor victim it pierces! I don't know,
myself, exactly how a fellow feels when
he loves almost to distraction, and then
suddenly sees his adored one flirting with,
or wedded to another; but I suppose he
feels at first as though a piece of ice was
thrust under his shirt, and his bosom ready
to collapse. He must endure the torments
of the damned, for a time at least; and the
only way in which he can heal his wounds,
is to plaster them over with the salve of
forgetfulness and swallow this consoling
anodyne: "There are yet as good fish in
the sea as have been here."

My dear friends—if you were all to love
one another, in a moderate but sincere
christianlike way, you might be sure of
being loved, not only by your sister, wo-
man, and your brother, man, but also by
your Father, God. Then would peace,
harmony, and happiness prevail upon earth
and joy among the angels of heaven. Then
would our thorn covered ways be turned to
flowery lawns—then would the rank weeds
of hatred put forth the sweet blossom of
friendship—and then might we all partake
of the pleasures of love unpoisoned by pain.
So mote it be.

SMITH, THE AMERICAN DIVER.

We noticed a short time since, a daring
but successful leap made by this fortune-
achieving and dauntless young American
from the lamp-post on Sunderland Bridge,
England. From our papers by the Britan-
nia, we perceive that he has taken
another leap from the same place, which
came near losing his life. The height from
which he jumped, it will be remembered, is
110 feet. A correspondent of the Northern
Times give the following particulars of the
result:

When Smith arrived at the surface of the
water the shock was tremendous. It ap-
peared that his right lower extremities first
touched the water. He disappeared for
about two or three seconds, and then com-
menced to swim most gallantly. I order-
ed the boat to make for him with all speed,
but another boat being nearer to him, dragged
him into it. I then saw that he lay against
the side of the boat in a state of inaction.
The boats approached side by side, and I
observed that he was insensible, that the
blood had left his lips. I ordered them to
change his position to the angle of 45 de-
grees, and opened the collar of his shirt,
which was firmly buttoned. There was
no sign of respiration, and pulsation at the
wrist had ceased. I opened his hands,
and struck them with my own open hands
several times, when he appeared to return
to animation, and in a few seconds he spoke
to me. I asked him if he was hurt in any
part of the body, when he told me faintly,
"upon the right thigh the leg, and to a cer-
tain extent upon the breast." He stated
also, that the current of wind, which was
much greater than he expected, "slewed"
him around in his descent, and that wind
was taken out of him. I begged that he
would go as quietly to his quarters as he
could, and that every care would be taken
of him. I returned to his quarters, at Win-
ter's Hotel, near the bridge, and found him
haranguing the people who were assembled
in the street in front of the house. This I
did not approve of, and with some entreaty
he walked into an adjoining room. I had
him stripped, and found much extravasa-
tion on the right thigh. My friend, Dr.
Ogden, was with me in the boat, and spar-

ed no pains at the moment of danger. About
an hour and a half after this tremendous
leap, i. e. at the moment of writing this
hurry report, his pulse mounted to 180,
though all his faculties appeared to be re-
stored to him, which I restrained, and told
him that he should be kept, and no curi-
ous friends should be permitted to interfere
with the needful tranquillity. I expressed
to Smith an earnest wish that he would
never again make such a fearful experiment
but I am afraid that this is not to be the
last.

DEMOCRAT.

"TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR"

BLOOMSBURG:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1842.

FOR PRESIDENT.

JAMES

BUCHANAN.

(Subject to the decision of a National
Convention.)

WANTED,

A FEW BUSHEL OF

WHEAT, CORN, OATS, BUCKWHEAT
AND POTATOES;

In payment for papers at this Office.

THE LOCAL QUESTION.

The Danville faction through their organ,
the Intelligencer, echo the assertion of the
Berwick Sentinel, "that the division men, as
a body, voted for Snyder, as a choice of
evils," and reiterate their arguments in favor
of a division, thus proving conclusively, our
assertion, before the election, that they
would aid the division so far as it lay in
their power. We were prepared for them
to secretly operate with the members of
the legislature in favor of a division, but we
could not believe that they would, thus
openly, so soon after the election, and so
soon too, after their strong assertions,
throughout the county, that they would op-
pose a division under all circumstances,
advocate a division, a measure, so utterly
destructive to the best interests of the
county, and so decidedly against the interest
and wishes of all, except a few interested
individuals in Berwick and Danville. But
it seems, having become desperate at the
thought of a removal, and knowing no other
way to head the strong expression in the
county in its favor, they are now deter-
mined to sacrifice the county to their own
cupidity,—that is, effect a division let the
consequences be what they may. Will
they be able to do it? Will the people of
the county permit it? Will they allow the
county of Columbia to be struck almost
entirely from existence that a few individ-
uals in Danville may be benefited thereby?
How are they to do it? Who are to aid
them. Columbia county is decidedly op-
posed to it, so much so that the Danville
candidate for the legislature was compelled
to pledge himself against it, to begin, to
get any thing like a vote. The inhabitants
included within the limits of the new
county, are NINE out of TEN opposed to
it. Luzerne county as a body, as well as
the inhabitants within its proposed limits,
are opposed to it. The members from
Luzerne and Columbia are pledged against
it. Will Senator Headley with all this
strong expression of the people against,
sustain it? We cannot believe it. He is
too much of a democrat, and has too much
regard for the voice of the people to go
counter to so strong an expression of their
will as there is in this case. Will the leg-
islature for one moment under the circum-
stances, entertain a proposition of the kind?
No, they will not, they cannot, if they un-
derstand the circumstances rightly. Then
how do they calculate to effect it? By mys-
tifying the principles upon which the late
election was decided, and to do this, they
are trying to prove that, which, no one
"in their hearts believe," not even the editors
of the Berwick Sentinel, that "the division
men, as a body, voted for Snyder."

A great Miller camp meeting has been
held at Newark, N. Jersey. It is said that
several thousand people were in attendance.
Miller appears to be determined to make
the people believe that the second advent
will be on the 23d of April next.

W. S. Derrick, Esq. of Philadelphia,
arrived at Newark, N. Jersey, on Sunday last,
from England, bringing with him the ratifica-
tion of the late treaty between that country
and the United States, relating to the North
Eastern boundary.

The Danville faction having now openly
and unreservedly expressed their determi-
nation to effect a division, what is the duty
of those opposed to a division? Either a
division or removal will be effected the
coming session of the legislature. Every
man who opposes a removal will be con-
sidered by the division faction as in
their favor. They will pretend that it is
virtually saying, we prefer a division to a
removal. Then every man in the county
must take his position either for or against
division, and if he wishes to prevent a divi-
sion he must take an active part for the
removal as the only preventative against it.—
There must be no luke warmness in the
matter. All should put their shoulder to
the wheel, for it is a cause in which all are
deeply interested, not only for themselves,
but for their posterity. A division ruins
the county forever. A removal keeps the
county together, and makes it eventually,
one of the richest and most populous coun-
ties in the state, of its territory. Then let
every well wisher of Columbia county de-
nounce a division, and all who raise their
suicidal arms to effect it.

We do not thank our friend, the editor of
the Union Times for his advice to us not to
enlarge our paper, as he appears to know
as little about our prospects, and the ability
of the removal party to sustain a handsome
sheet, as he appears to know the principles
upon which our late election was decided.
Nor do we or the people of Columbia coun-
ty, thank him for interfering in their local
concerns, and recommending a division of
our county, against the wishes of nineteen
twentieths of its inhabitants, merely because
he thinks some of his neighbors want a
division of Union county. We shall not
consent to the division of Columbia county,
to gratify the wishes of the Danville fac-
tion whether expressed through the Danville
Intelligencer or the Union Times. Let
Columbia county alone, our good friend, and
we will not interfere with Union county.—
Beware in time, and not permit your paw
to be used to rake open a bed of coals, for
others to cook their meat upon.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

The State Capitol Gazette, in speaking
of the candidate for the Presidency, makes
the following judicious remarks: "The
unanimous action of the democracy of
Pennsylvania, is the best omen of the har-
mony and zeal which will secure the elec-
tion of their favorite, should he receive the
nomination of a National Convention. With
one voice will the 8th of January Conven-
tion recommend JAMES BUCHANAN,
and with every exultation will his nomina-
tion be received by the democratic republi-
cans of the State. The admiration of his
talents and principles are unbounded, and
their love for the man is spontaneous. But
how could it be otherwise? His moral
character is unsullied—even beyond the
reproach of his vindictive federal opponents;
and as a statesman, no one claims superior
knowledge of the laws and science of gov-
ernment. His eminent talents are aided
by long experience in various and impor-
tant stations, and as a leading member of
the great democratic party, he has always
firmly and zealously contended for its
venerated faith and doctrines. He enjoys the
full confidence and esteem of the entire de-
mocratic party of the Union, and is pecu-
liarly the favorite of the great and good men
whom the democracy have delighted to
honor; and his bitterest opponents are found
amongst the leading enemies of Jefferson
and Jackson—such as vilified the author of
our declaration of Independence, and who
thought Madison "worthy of a halter!"—
He is the architect of his own fortune and
greatness, having sprung from an humble,
though respectable family—he is intimately
acquainted with the interests and feelings
of the people, and he has always boldly and
eloquently represented their wants, and
contended for their rights. In his deport-
ment he is the gentleman and scholar; affa-
ble in his manners, courteous and accessible
to all, and in his intercourse with his fellow
citizens clearly proves himself one of the
people. Such is JAMES BUCHANAN,
feebly described; and should the democracy
select him as the Chief Magistrate of the
Union, they would find him ever steadfast
in the support of their cardinal principles,
and ever zealous in promoting the happiness
and advocating the interests of the American
people.

Mr. Buchanan's course in the Senate of
the United States not only distinguished
him for possessing superior genius and elo-
quence, but for unbounded love of country

and an unwavering advocacy of the beloved
doctrines of republicanism. From one end
of the Union to the other, in its length and
in its breadth, did the democratic press and
people proudly hail this champion of their
sacred rights, and gratefully acknowledge
the wisdom and sagacity which gave inspi-
ration to his patriotism. He occupies a
position at present which no other aspirant
pretends to assume; for he has the unlimited
confidence of the whole democratic party
of the Union, regardless of local views or
sectional considerations. Then let the de-
mocracy of other States see and feel the
necessity of placing this eminent statesman
at the head of Government—let them dis-
play their high regard for distinguished tal-
ents, and their devoted attachment to a
faithful and long-tried champion of their
principles. With him all would be safe—
his nomination securing his election, and
his election being a guarantee for the care-
ful preservation of our adored institutions of
freedom. The principles of democracy are
the same every where; and in the elevation
of Mr. Buchanan to the Chief Magistracy
of the Union, the democratic party and the
American people will have a faithful, vigi-
lant, and powerful guardian of their unalien-
able rights and liberal doctrines of govern-
ment. What say the unflinching and victo-
rious democracy of Ohio? What say the
sterling democracy of New York? With
Pennsylvania, you have avowed your admi-
ration of her favorite son, and your panegy-
rics upon his greatness and patriotism have
been responded to by the democracy every
where. Then with the same pure prin-
ciples, declare your preference, and let the
democracy of the Union unite upon one
candidate—one who is free from sectional
bias, and whose avowed sentiments are in
the hands of every freeman. Let the candi-
date be JAMES BUCHANAN; and by
an early union upon so well known a favor-
ite, the harmonious action of our party will
be secured, and our triumph rendered cer-
tain and glorious. It would be the funeral
knell of federalism—it would stifle the
deluding aspirations of the coalition dema-
gogues; and we anxiously anticipate such a
rally from the numerous clans of the great
republican family. His principles are iden-
tified with the democracy; and his name
would prove a host in securing their per-
petuation.

FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

The political campaign for 1842, in the
county of Columbia, now being closed, it is
very natural to inquire as to the result.—
What then have the victors gained? And
what have the vanquished lost? First then
what have the victors gained? Much every-
way. They have gained a most glorious,
bloodless, and triumphant victory, in elect-
ing the WHOLE REMOVAL TICKET,
without the LOSS OF A SINGLE MAN,
and let this fact be but fairly brought before
the intelligence of our state legislature, and
I feel satisfied, that the long sought and
prayed for act of justice, (the removal of the
seat of justice from Danville to some more
central position) will at once be effected, so
far as the legislature is concerned. They
have gained the approbation, not only of the
friends of justice and their own conscience,
but they have gained the admiration of their
opponents, by the bold and firm stand which
they took and maintained, by their honest
and straightforward course of conduct, and
such advantages gained, speak loud in favor
of the intelligence of those by whom they
were gained. They have gained a knowl-
edge of their own strength and resources,
which could be gained in no other way
possible. Then, take all the points gained,
and they constitute a prize worth contend-
ing for, and that manfully, and manfully
indeed did the victors contend.

And what have the vanquished lost? They
have lost time, labor, friends, confidence
and money.

Then, I say, friends and fellow soldiers
in this campaign in which our cause has
been triumphant, let us not domineer over
a fallen foe. Seeing their heavy losses, let
us pity that obstinacy of disposition, that
has so long prompted them to withhold
justice, and to glory in such a cause. No
one, I presume, will pretend to say, that I
am incorrect in my views on this point. I
mean the obstinacy of disposition in our op-
ponents, in refusing to grant the demands of
justice. Nay, they have even lost more.—
They have lost the power of redeeming the
pledge made to the legislature last session,
that it was morally impossible to elect a
removal man upon removal principles.

And yet, notwithstanding all the loss
sustained by the vanquished, some of the
leaders are now laboring to put a false
coloring upon the result of the election. This
I hold to be downright dishonesty. Would
it not show more of honesty, to frankly
acknowledge that the cause of removal has
signally triumphed over the cause of divi-
sion, and acquiesce in the true principle of
democracy, that the majority should always
rule when their views are right, which all
will admit is true in this case.

There are many considerations why Dan-