

# The 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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### TERMS:

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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.

### THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,  
From various gardens culled with care."

### PULASKI'S BANNER.

Wrought by the Moravian Sisters at Bethlehem.

BY LOKOFELOW.

When the dying flame of day  
Through the chancel shot its ray,  
Far the glimmering tapers shed  
Faint light on the cowed head;  
And the censor burning swung,  
Where before the altar hung  
The blood-red banner, that with prayer,  
Had been consecrated there, (the while)  
And the nun's sweet hymn was heard  
Sung low in the dim mysterious aisle.

Take thy banner! May it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and brave,  
When the battle's distant wail  
Breaks the Sabbath of the vale;  
When the clarion's music thrills  
To the hearts of these lone hills;  
When the spear in conflict shakes,  
And the strong lance, shivering breaks:

Take thy banner! and beneath  
The war cloud's encircling wreath,  
Guard it! till our homes are free!  
Guard it! God will prosper thee!  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,  
In the rush of steel and men,  
His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner! But when night  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him! by our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him—he our love hath spared!  
Spare him as thou would'st be spared!

Take thy banner!—and if e'er  
Thou should'st press the soldier's bier,  
And the muffled drum should beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Marital cloak and shroud for thee.  
And the warrior took that banner proud!  
And it was his marital cloak and shroud!

### MUTUAL CONFIDENCE.

BY MRS. TIGHE.

Oh! who the exquisite delight can tell,  
The joy which mutual confidence imparts?  
Or who can paint the charm unspeakable  
Which links in tender bands two faithful hearts?  
In vain assailed by fortune's envious darts,  
Their mitigated woes are sweetly shared,  
And double joy reluctantly departs:  
Let but the sympathizing heart be spared,  
What sorrow seems not light, what peril is not dared!

Absence of Mind.—A girl once blew her lover out of the doors, and kissed the candle.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### Short Patent Sermon.

My text this morning is contained in these words:—

Don't tell me you 'haven't got time.'

That other things claim your attention; There's not the least reason or rhyme In the wisest excuse you can mention— Don't tell me about 'other fish.'

Your duty is done when you 'LUV 'em; And you never will relish the dish,

Unless you've a WOMAN to fry 'em.

MY HEARERS—I have no doubt that after you have heard my discourse, you will ask in your minds whether your preacher has taken unto himself a wife, and is now living in the tall clover of connubial bliss that he preaches thus. Therefore I answer beforetime, No, But; but I have got measured for one, and expect to conjugate as soon as my somewhat diverged rays of affection can be brought a little more to a focus through the burning lens of love. I deem it the duty of all to get married—once in their life-time at least. It is but yielding obedience to the wise commands of nature. Every gender has his goose, and the birds all mate at a proper season.

Whoever heard of an old gander going down to the grave gossamer, unless he was prevented from fulfilling his destination by the arbitrary customs of artificial society? It is God who tells the brute creation to cohabit and propagate, without the fuss and flummery of a long and tedious courtship and they implicitly obey, even to a wood-louse. The same God tells you to marry, and do the best you can to be fruitful, but you don't always do it. You frame some petty excuse or other—such as 'I have other fish to fry,' 'too busy to think of it now,' 'circumstances won't permit at present.' I'll think of it by and by, &c., and so you trudge on, thro' the wide world alone from the meridian of manhood to the sunset of age, without having effected the object for which you were placed upon earth, and of no more use than the fifth wheel to a coach, a moon in the day time, a lock without a key, or a saddle and no horse to ride.

Young man! if you have arrived at the right point in life for it, let every other consideration give way to that of getting married. Don't think of doing any thing else. Keep poking about among the rubbish of the world till you have stirred up a gem worth possessing, in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter, for you know delays, as well as wild boars are dangerous. A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have by your side while performing a journey of life—a dog isn't a touch to her. She is of more service, too, than you may at first imagine. She can smooth your linen and your cares for you—mend your trousers, and perchance your manners—sweeten your sour moment as well as your tea and coffee for you—ruffle her hips, your shirt bosom, but not your temper, and, instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sew buttons on your shirt, and plant happiness instead of sorrow teeth in your bosom. Yes—and if you are too confoundedly lazy or proud to do such work yourself, she will carry a will to the pigs, chop wood, and dig potatoes for dinner, for her love for her husband is such that she will do anything to please him—except receive company in her every day clothes. When a woman loves, she loves with a double-dilled devotedness, and when she hates, she hates on the high pressure principle.—Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as a hempin halter, and as immutable as the rock of ages. She won't change it, except it is in a very strong fit of jealousy, and even then it lingers, as if loth to part, like evening twilight at the windows of the west. Get married, by all means.—All the excuses you can fish up against 'doing the deed' aren't worth a spoonful of pigeon's milk. Mark this—if, blest with health and employment, you are not able to support a wife, depend upon it, you are not capable of supporting yourself.—Therefore, so much the more need of annexation, for in union, as well as in an union there is strength.

Get married, I repeat, young man! Concentrate your affections upon one object, & do not distribute crumb by crumb among the host of Sarahs, Marys, Betseys, Peggies and Dorothies—allowing, each scarcely enough to nibble at. Get married, and have some body to cheer you up as you journey thro' this 'lowly vale of tears'—somebody to scour up your dull, melancholy moments, and keep your whole life and whatever linen you possess, in some sort of a Sunday-go-to-meeting order.

Young woman! I need not tell you to look out for a husband, for I know that you are fixing contrivances to catch one.

#### Gen. Jackson's last Moments

The following interesting account of the last moments of this distinguished soldier, patriot and statesman, from the Washington Union, is furnished by Dr. John N. Esselman, Gen. Jackson's family physician, in a letter to F. P. Blair, and will be read with deep interest. It shows how peaceful and tranquil was the close of his eventful life, and how bright his hope of a blissful hereafter. His last was his proudest—it was a Christian's triumph and his dying sentiments will sink deep into a nation's heart:

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NASHVILLE, (Tenn.) June, 1845.

Dear Sir:—It is probable before this shall have reached you, you will have heard of the death of our venerable friend, Andrew Jackson, who departed this on yesterday afternoon precisely at six o'clock. Knowing that you have been his papers, and being well assured that he has always taken a lively interest in while living, and believing you would be pleased to know something of his last moments in life, I have thought proper to send you this communication, as I saw of him during his last illness, and as present at his death. I have been frequently in his family, as physician, for several years past; and on my return home from the east, in April, I visited him in company with his particular friend, Gen. Robert Armstrong. We found him very feeble laboring under a dropsical affection—particularly that form of dropsy known as *anasarca*. He informed me he had suffered much bodily pain, in consequence of the great effusion or swollen condition of his extremities. The cough which had fastened him so much for years, had nearly breathing appeared to be increased. I prescribed for him, and visited him occasionally. The remedies appeared at first to afford him considerable relief, as it respected his dropsical condition; but his system had been so undermined by previous diseases, that medicine appeared to have lost its impression or effect. The dropsical effusion returned, and I was requested to visit him on the 1st of this instant, and found him suffering excessively from the distension occasioned by the accumulation of water. I immediately tapped him, and drew off a very considerable quantity of water, which afforded him immediate relief. He took an opiate at night, and informed me, the next morning, that he had passed a better night than he had done for the last six months.

Drs. Robertson and Waters were in consultation on the next morning. We agreed on a prescription, which was administered and which gave him temporary relief. This was all we could expect to obtain, considering his situation. I was sent for again on Saturday, the 6th instant. The messenger informed me that the general was much worse. I hastened to the Hermitage, and found him very much exhausted. He had great difficulty in respiration, in consequence of an accumulation of water in his chest. He requested that I should remain with him, as he was well sworn, that his dissolution was near at hand. He took an opiate and expectorant, and appeared to pass the first part of the night tolerably comfortable. He had not been able to lie down for the last six months. He had to be propped up in his bed at night, and in his arm chair during the day. On Sunday morning the 8th instant, (the day on which he died,) on entering his room, I found him sitting in his arm chair, with his two faithful servants, George and Dick, by his side, who had just removed him from his bed. I immediately perceived that the hand of death was upon him. I informed his son that he could not survive but a few hours, and he immediately despatched a servant for Major William B. Lewis, the general's devoted friend. Mr. Jackson informed me that it was the general's request, that, in case he grew worse, or was thought to be near his death, Major Lewis should be sent for, as he wished him to be near him in his last moments. He was instantly removed to his bed; but, before he could be placed there, he had swooned away. His family and servants, believing him to be dead, were very much alarmed, and manifested the

#### THE WIZARD AND THE WEDDING RING.

A few weeks since, during the performance of the Wizards Wonders at Glasgow, Scotland, one of the most extraordinary scenes occurred that we ever remember to have heard of. The Wizard was about to commence the performance of his celebrated wedding-ring trick, when he enquired if any lady in the hall would favor him with her wedding-ring. The Wizard appealed in vain for the golden circle, and was about to give up the execution of this strange delusion, when an old lady in the second seat said he might have here if he would assure her that he would return it safe. The Wizard pledged his word to return the ring uninjured. As soon as he had got it fairly in his possession, he took the hammer and commenced breaking the pledge of love into pieces, when the old lady got up, and exclaimed, with a scream—

'Is that my ring you are breaking into pieces? Is that the ring my poor husband put on my finger?' Not thinking the old lady intended anything serious, the Wizard replied in the affirmative, when the old lady scrambling through the crowd, got upon the stage. She seized the pieces which the Wizard had broken, and, looking at the fragments of the ring, exclaimed—

'You are a fiend! a monster! the devil himself! The curses of the old woman be upon you! May the spirit of him who placed that ring upon my finger forever haunt you! I see him now coming at me—telling me that the tie in Heaven is broken, which bound us together on earth, and that we shall not meet hereafter!' Ahrenzy, seized the Wizard by the hand and said—

'If you have any pity for a broken-hearted widow, as you love the happiness of your own mother, restore my ring, or I shall go mad!' The Wizard, alarmed at the old lady's excitement and powerful language, replied—

'My good woman, I will not harm your ring, for look! it is on your finger!' The old lady, in a fit of joy, fainted and was carried into an ante-room.

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.  
'How old are ye?' said Major Kiplins to a drowsy young man.  
'Twenty.'  
'I wonder you aren't right down ashamed of being no bigger, you look like a boy of ten.'  
'All comes of being a dutiful child.'  
'How so?'  
'When I was ten, father put his hand on my head and said, 'stay there!' and he then ran away. I've never seen him since, and didn't think it right in me to go on growing without his leave!'

REWARDING HONESTY.  
A colored servant sweeping out a bachelor's room, found a sixpence on the carpet, which he carried to the owner.  
'You may keep it for your honesty,' said he.  
A short time after, he missed his gold pencil case, and inquired of his servant if he had seen it.  
'Yes sir,' was the reply.  
'And what did you do with it?'  
'Kept it for my honesty, sir!'  
The old bachelor disappeared.

DE INSCRIPTION.  
'Epheram, what's good for the rheumatise?'  
'Eh! who got 'em, Pomp?'  
'Why, me got 'em in de back ob my neck, and all bofe my legs de same time! Cues 'em, how day sike?'  
'Well, I tell you first rate antigate for 'em, what'll cure you just as soon as a hoo handle, if you follow my inscription.'  
'What dat, Epheram?'  
'If you jst git de brains ob an iron wedge and de blood ob a mallet, and de leaf fat ob a weddin' hoe wid half a pint ob pigeon's milk, and stow 'em together in a hog's horn lined with cat's feathers, and take it three times a day, before breakfast eternally, and a little ob the outside every minue, it'll cure you!'  
'Eh! nigger, I tried dat.'

THE MILLER'S PUN.  
'I can't find bread for my family,' said a 1825 fellow in company.  
'Nor I,' replied an industrious miller, 'I am obliged to work for it.'

#### A LAWYER 'DONE BROWN.'

An old lawyer of the city of New York, tells a good joke about one of his clients.

A fellow had been arraigned before the police for stealing a set of silver spoons. The stolen articles were found upon the culprit, and there was no use in attempting to deny the charge. Lawyer G—was applied to by the prisoner as counsel, and seeing no escape for his client, except on the plea of insanity or idiocy, he instructed the fellow to put on a silly look as possible and when any question was put to him to utter in a drawing manner, with odious expression, the word 'spoons!' If successful the fee was to be \$20. The court proceeded to business, the charge was read, and the question put to the prisoner, 'Guilty or not Guilty?'

'Spoons!' ejaculated the culprit. The court put several questions to him, but—  
'Spoons,' 'spoons!' was all the answer it could elicit.  
'The fellow is a fool!' said the judge—let him go about his business.  
The prisoner left the room, and the lawyer followed close in his wake, and when they had got into the hall, the counsellor caught his client on the shoulder, saying—  
'Now my good fellow, that twenty dollars.'

The rogue looking the lawyer full in the face and putting on a grotesque and silly expression and winking with one eye, exclaimed—  
'Spoon!' and then made tracks.

Impossibility.—Dip the Mississippi dry with a teaspoon—stop the second Municipality from going ahead—twist your heels into the toe of your boot—make post mortem perform their promises—send up fishing hooks with balloons and fish for stars—get astride a gossamer and chase a comet—when a rain storm is coming down like the cataract of Niagara, remember where your efi your umbrella—choke a mosquito with a brickbat—in short prove all things hitherto considered impossible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will when she has once made up her mind to say she won't.