

# 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:

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### AN ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

BY SOMEBODY.

In these days of romance, fun and frolic, it is no matter of surprise that young girls are now then guilty of sanctioning, if not committing very foolish things.

Jenny Richmond was one of those willful little misses, who conclude subjection to the powers that be, as little better than downright slavery, and resolved at a very unbecoming age, to decide for herself on all questions of importance. As a matter of course, she enjoyed frequent opportunities for repeating after the commission of some willful freak, the results of which sometimes demonstrated the axiom 'two heads are better than one, &c.'—Among the foolish notions, she cherished an unaccountable antipathy against her cousin Frank, that is; it would have been unaccountable, had it not been known that she once overheard her parents discussing the possibility of her union with the aforesaid cousin when both should obtain a suitable age.

Frank was a black-eyed, roguish looking boy of about fifteen, when the unfortunate conversation occurred; and Jenny a willful mix of twelve; so that parent plannings seemed rather premature in the estimation of one of the party.

From that day Frank dated a series of minor persecutions, but poorly calculated to concentrate his affections upon Jenny Richmond; still he could not throw aside entirely the cousinly interest with which he had heretofore regarded her. His pride too, was somewhat piqued, and he internally resolved to pay principal and interest, for the repeated slights, when the fortunate occasion occurred. Mr. Richmond, the father of Jenny and the guardian of Frank observing a growing coolness between the cousins; deemed a separation necessary. Frank was accordingly entered at Dartmouth, while the daughter found an asylum for the time being at Mrs. —'s fashionable Seminary.

Some three years passed in this manner, during which the cousins never met.—Jenny Richmond finished her course at the Seminary, and graduated with about as much honor as one of her peculiar temperament might have been expected to win.

At the expiration of Frank's college course, he asked and obtained leave to travel through the Southern States before his return to the family mansion; or engagement in his professional studies.

It so happened that Jenny, now Miss Richmond, had formed, among other pleasant acquaintances, an especial friendship for a young lady from whom she received an invitation to spend the ensuing winter. As her will had been for years the only law she acknowledged,

it required no great power of persuasion on her part, to induce her parents to consent to this arrangement, and Jenny left home accompanied by her father who had reluctantly offered himself as escort, if she would persist in so soon leaving home. Mr. Richmond had hoped to detain her, until Frank's return, while Jane was the more anxious to be absent from that very reason.

The beautiful Miss Richmond lost nothing in the eyes of the world by being the sole heiress to Judge Richmond's immense estate, though we are loth to conclude her fortune was the chief attraction of the multitudes who followed in her train.

The winter passed off gaily, and until near its close, with nothing particularly alarming to the prospects so long entertained by Judge Richmond, in regard to his daughter's union with her cousin.

So long as her heart was free, he had no fear; but, from a letter to her mother he was eventually led to infer that a change had come over the spirit of her dreams. She had met with a young gentleman so handsome, so intelligent and so agreeable, that her father deemed it desirable she should return home, before she made many discoveries of the gentleman's attractions. A letter urging her immediate return, was forwarded like multitudes of other parental requests, it was totally disregarded. She could not return then, possibly—her friend would be much disappointed, and besides she was infinitely better contented than during the first few weeks of her visit.

Fearing lest her headstrong will should lead her into irredeemable folly, Judge Richmond decided to go for her without delay.

His arrival was perfectly unexpected; and we are sorry to say, not quite welcome an event to his daughter, as might have been supposed.

Little Miss Willful, was willful still.—She was not ready to return, and could not possibly be under a month or so.

Judge Richmond insisted, while Jane continued unyielding. This continued in rather an unpleasant state for several days, till at length, as though weary of opposing his daughter, the Judge ceased his entreaties, and allowed her to pursue her own course. The very interesting young man, who, by the way, bore the very aristocratic cognomen of Stanley Markham, continued his attention despite of the hints so plentifully thrown out by the Judge. He was sincerely attached to the young lady, and believed she was to him, and he would not abandon her for forty fathers, unless she so decided.

As the case stood, it seemed impossible for the Judge to carry out his favorite scheme. The cousin must give place to a stranger, despite a father's wish. Discouraged, eventually, Judge R. returned home, to reconcile himself as best he might to his disappointment.

The lovers sped well in their wooing; after the departure of her father, and time of Jane's return arrived, Stanley Markham accompanied her to her father's house, as her accepted suitor and future husband. His daughter once more safely under his roof, Judge R. prohibited the attentions of the gentleman who had so far forgotten the rights of a father as to persist in them, when he was fully acquainted with that father's objections.—The sovereign will of woman was for once insufficient, and stolen interviews were their only resource. An elopement was projected, with as great a regard to secrecy as two romantic young lovers could exercise. A very dark night was chosen for their flight, Markham having arranged every-

thing so as to expedite their departure without the knowledge of the Judge.

To disobey her parents was so common an affair with Jane, that the present decision gave her no uneasiness whatever; but to leave the home of her youth, to forsake those who had watched over her from childhood; to abandon all for another, and that other acquaintance of but a few months, it was a trial she had little anticipated.

Creeping softly to the parlor she peeped before the portraits of her parents, as though their mute faces were pleading with her disobedience. Beside her own, was that of her cousin Frank; taken about the time she had overheard the conversation of her parents, in regard to her union with him.

This recalled all her former energy. She would not marry her cousin Frank to please anybody. She was old enough to choose for herself—and she would.

Making the best of her way through the garden; she gave no look behind, lest by that one glance she should lose the courage, the sight of her cousin's picture had inspired. Stanley was waiting with a carriage Springing in the door closed and the fugitives were soon beyond the reach of pursuit. Arrived in a small village, remote from the observation of the great world, the marriage ceremony was performed by the village pastor, and the wretched pair departed for New York.—Enclosed in close quarters at the Astor, Jane addressed her parents, informing them of her safety and the pleasure it would give her to see them.

To this letter Stanley appended a note whatever it was Jane did not see it. Its contents was to bring the Judge to New York, who, as he had entered the room of the runaway, exclaimed: 'Good enough for you, you ugly mix, I might have known Frank would outwit you in the end.'

A glance of surprise was Jane's only answer, as she witnessed the cordial greetings between her husband and father.

It was Frank, only cousin Frank, after all whom she had run away with and married. Five years absence, together with a huge pair of whiskers, had so completely changed him, that Jane never suspected him of being the cousin about whom she had railed so unmercifully, and Judge Richmond though he had informed Frank of Jane's contemplated visit to Virginia, never dreamed that he would trouble himself to look after her.

The still willful lady declares she will never be caught in such a scrape again—and we sincerely hope she never will.

### WASHINGTON.

His person and personal appearance. An epitome of his great physical powers. From the Census recollections and private Memoirs.

In person, WASHINGTON was unique. He looked like no one else. To a stature lofty and commanding, he united a form of the most beautiful proportions, limbs cast in Nature's finest mould, and a carriage the most graceful and imposing. No one ever approached the Pater Patrius that did not feel his presence.

So long ago as the vice regal court at Williamsburg, in the days of Lord Botetourt, Col. Washington, was remarkable for his splendid person, the air with which he wore a small sword, and his peculiar walk that had the light elastic tread acquired by his long service on the frontier, and was a matter of much observation especially to foreigners.

While Colonel Washington was on a visit to New York in 1772, it was boasted at the table of the British Governor that a regiment just landed from England, contained among its officers some of the finest

specimens of martial elegance in his majesty's service—in fact the most superb looking fellows ever landed upon the shores of the new world.

'I wager your Excellency a pair of gloves' said Mrs. Morris, an American lady, 'that I will show you a finer man in the procession to-morrow, than your Excellency can select from your famous regiments.'

'Done, madam,' replied the Governor. 'The morrow came, (the 4th of June), and the procession in honor of the birth day of the King, advanced through Broadway to the strains of military music.'

As the troops defiled before the Governor he pointed out to the lady several officers by name claiming her admiration for their superior person and brilliant equipments. In rear of the troops came a band of officers not on duty, Colonial officers of distinction. Immediately on their approach the attention of the Governor was to be seen directed towards a tall and martial figure, that marched with grave and measured tread, apparently indifferent to the scene around him. The lady now archly observed:

'I perceive your Excellency's eyes are directed towards the right object. What say you to your wager now, sir?'

'Lost, madam,' replied the gallant Governor. 'When I laid my wager, I was not aware that Col. Washington was in New York.'

To a question that we have been asked a thousand and one times, viz. to what individual known to any who are yet living did the person of Washington bear the nearest resemblance? we answer to Ralph Izard, Senator from South Carolina, in the first Congress under the Constitution. The form of Izard was cast in Nature's marvellous mould, while his air and manner were both dignified and imposing. He acquired great distinction while pursuing his studies in England, for his remarkable prowess in the athletic exercises of that distant period.

An officer in the Life Guard has often been heard to observe, that the Commander-in-Chief was thought to be the strongest man in his army, and yet what these and sinews were to be found in the Revolution in 1781, a company of riflemen from the county of Augusta, in Virginia reinforced the troops of La Fayette. As the starwar hand of mountaineers defied before the General, the astonished & admiring Frenchman exclaimed:

'Mon Dieu! what a people are these Americans! they have reinforced me with a band of giants!'

Washington's great physical powers were in his limbs: they were long, large and sinewy. His frame was of equal breadth from the shoulder to the hips. His chest though broad and expansive, was not prominent, but rather hollowed in the centre. He had suffered from pulmonary affection in early life, from which he never entirely recovered. His frame showed an extraordinary development of bone & muscle; his joints were large as were his feet; and could a cast have been preserved of his hand, to be exhibited in these degenerate days, it would be said to have belonged to a being of the fabulous age. During the last visit of LAFAYETTE to Mount Vernon among many and interesting relations of events that occurred in older days, he said to the writer:—'It was in this parlor that you were introduced to me in 1784; you were then holding by a single finger the good General's remarkable hand, which was all that you could do, my dear sir, at that time.'

In the various exhibitions of Washington's great physical powers they were apparently attended by scarcely any effort. When he overthrew the strong man of Virginia in wrestling, while many of the finest of the young athletes of the times were engaged in the manly games, Washington had retired to the shade of a tree, intent upon the perusal of a favorite volume; and it was only when the champion of the games strode through the ring calling for nobler competitors, and turning the student with the reproach that it was the fear of encountering so redoubted an antagonist, that kept him from the ring, that Washington closed his book, and, without divesting himself of his coat, calmly walked into the arena—in

Washington's lion-like grasp he became powerless, and was hauled to the ground with a force that seemed to jar his very marrow in his bones; while the victor regardless of the shouts that proclaimed his triumph, leisurely retired to his shade and the enjoyment of his favorite volume.

The power of Washington's arm was displayed in several memorable instances. In his throwing a stone across the Rappahannock river below Fredericksburg, another from the bed of the stream to the top of the Natural Bridge, and yet another over the Palisades into the Hudson.—While the late and venerable C. H. PEALE, was at Mount Vernon in 1772, engaged in painting the portrait of the provincial Colonel, some young men were engaged in the exercise of pitching the bar. Washington looked on for a time, then grasping the missile in his master hand, whirled the iron through the air, which struck far, very far, beyond any of its former limits—the Colonel observing with a smile.

'You perceive, young gentlemen, that my arm yet retains some portion of the vigor of my earlier days.'

He was then in his fortieth year and probably in the full meridian of his physical powers; but those powers became rather melted than decayed by time, for his age was like a lustrous winter, frosty yet kindly, and up to his sixty-eighth year he mounted a horse with surprising agility, and rode with the ease and gracefulness of his better days. His personal prowess that elicited the admiration of a people who have nearly all passed away, still serves as a model for the manhood of modern times.

With all its development of muscular power the form of Washington had no appearance of bulkiness, and so harmonious were its proportions that he did not appear so passing tall as his portraits have represented. He was rather spare than full during his whole life: this is readily ascertained by his weight. The last time he was weighed was in the summer of 1796, when having made a tour of his farms accompanied by an English gentleman, he called at his mills and weighed.—The writer placed the weight in the scales. The Englishman, no so tall, but stout, square built, and fleshy, weighed heavily, and expressed much surprise that the General had not outweighed him, when Washington observed that the best weight of his best days, never exceeded 210 to 220. In this instance alluded to he weighed a little rising 210.

Of the portraits of Washington, the most of them give to his person a fullness that it did not possess, together with an abdominal enlargement greater than in life while his matchless limbs have but in two instances been faithfully portrayed. In the equestrian portrait by Trumbull of 1790 a copy of which is in the City Hall of New York, and in an engraving by Losier from a painting by Cogniet French Artists of distinguished merit. The latter is not an original painting the head being from Stuart but the delineation of the limbs is the most perfect extant.

Of the remarkable degree of awe and reverence which the presence of Washington always inspired, we shall give one out of a thousand instances. During the encampment of the American Army at Valley Forge some officers of the 4th Pennsylvania regiment, were engaged in a game of five. In the midst of their sport, they discovered the Commander-in-Chief leaning upon the enclosure and beholding the game with evident satisfaction. In a moment all things were changed. The ball was suffered to roll idly away, the gay laugh and joyous shout of excitement were hushed into a profound silence and the officers were gravely grouped together. It was in vain the chief begged of the players that they would proceed with the game, declared the pleasure he had experienced in witnessing their skill, spoke of a proficiency in manly exercises that he himself could have boasted in other days. All would not do. Not a man could be induced to move, till the General finding that his presence hindered their amusement, bowed, and wishing them good sport retired.

'Tis home where the heart is.

*A Good One.*—One Mr. Patrick F. was annoyed exceedingly by a strange dog.—Coleridge says, harmless dog—who invaded his domicile, made abstractions from his cellar, and was very much in the way of Mrs. Patrick F., in the kitchen. On a cold winter night, the wind cutting like a knife, and snow frozen so as to burn like carbonic acid gas frozen, after the dog had been turned out of doors no less than three times, and the last time requested to a warmer place unmentionable, Pat was awakened out of a warm and comfortable sleep by the noise of rather an expensive fracture of glass. The dog was in the house again. Patrick waited upon him out, and both were absent some fifteen minutes, so Mrs. Patrick F., becoming surprised if not alarmed at such prolonged absence, arose also and went to the window.

From the point of observation, she saw in the moonlight, her lord standing natural abilities, barring the shirte, and the wind making free with that, as of course it would, at the northeast corner of the house. The dog seemed to be sustained on his 'last legs,' his fore legs forming two sides of an acute triangle.

'What can you be doing there, Patrick?'

'There was such a chattering of teeth that the answer for some time was somewhat unintelligible—at last in came: 'I am trying to fix the devilish base to death!'

*Three Faults of Nurses.*—1. To lie in baby style, when the same words, in an endearing tone, would please as well—the reverse should be—the voice clear emphatic and each syllable distinctly articulated, for intimation.

2. To tell of witches ghosts and goblins—such superstitious impressions upon young minds are rarely got rid of.

3. To direct a child to act like a man whereas it is not often becoming for a little boy to ape the man but only to conform his demeanor to his age—every age has its own peculiar decorum.—New Eng. Galaxy.

How absurd is avarice in an old man. It is like a man scraping money anxiously together to pay his turnpikes, after he has got to the end of the road.

There are more lies told in the brief sentence, 'I am glad to see you,' than in any other single sentence in the English language.

'Ma' said a little girl to her mother, 'do the men want to get married as much as the women do.'—'Pah! what are you talking about?'—'Why ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married; the men don't do so.'

'Mother, don't you wish you had the tree of evil in your garden?'

'Why, Jesh, you serpent, what do you mean?'

'As money's the root of all evil, if we had the tree couldn't we get all the precious stuff?'

'Do not you, you peaky vermin, you're getting too smart, entirely, that's what comes of sending to boys macademies!'

A Methodist preacher, being on a visit among the blacks in Virginia, asked one of them if he knew what the Bible was.—

Being answered in the affirmative, he demanded whether he knew the use of it. 'O yes,' replied the black, 'massa strap his razor wid it.'

A fellow describing his wife, to whom he has been recently married, to an absent friend says—'She has a small mouth a plump, pretty face, lively eyes & a temper—whereas mine is as explosive as gun cotton!'

There are 620,060 young ladies at this moment receiving their education in French Convents.