

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.

Volume XI.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1845.

Number 32.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT.
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

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 discount allowed, 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.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cul'd with care."

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE STARS OF HOPE.

BY CHARLES J. JONES.

'Mid sighs and tears,
'Mid doubts and fears,
When Sorrow's darkening clouds
With sombre hue,
Appear in view,
And grief my heart enshrouds:

A beautiful star
From words afar,
Comes piercing through the gloom,
And whispers rest,
Among the blest,
Beyond the yawning tomb.

Its cheering ray
Proclaims a day
Beyond all fears of night:
Where spotless truth
And endless youth,
Bask in eternal flight.

It points me where
A Shepherd's care,
With pleasant pasture feeds
His chosen flock;
While from the rock
The stream of life proceeds.

From 'neath God's throne
That stream hath flown
For endless ages on:
For sin unseal'd,
That all who yield
Their hearts to Christ the Son

May sit beside
Its silvery tide,
And watch its ceaseless,
May freely drink,
And cease to think
Of what was mortal woe.

This star proclaims
That what remains
Of life, is but a span;
That endless rest,
Among the blest,
Remains for rebel man.

Bright beacon thou!
By soul's e'en now
Expands with holy joy,
While thy bright rays
Invite my gaze
To bliss without alloy.

Dear star of Hope!
Still guide me up
To where bright angels sing
Of love esteemed,
And hosts redeemed,
Exalt their Heavenly King.

Then—Hope's bright gleam
No longer seen—
I'll find my nation's sun.
There I'll complete,
At Jesus' feet,
The work on Earth begun

MISCELLANEOUS

THE OLD BROWN COAT.

AN AMERICAN FALE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R. N.

"I reckon you see nothing very particular in this do you?" said an American acquaintance of mine, bringing out the cuff of an old coat, and holding it up before me, dangling it between his finger and thumb. "I can't say that I do," replied I, "but I presume it has some secret merit which remains to be explained."
"Ex-act-ly," replied my acquaintance, pronouncing each syllable of the word apart yet the coat, of which this is the remaining cuff, was the occasion of my being just now pretty considerably well to do in the world; I guess I'm right, isn't it?" continued he, appealing to his wife, a very pretty young woman, who stood by him.
"So you seem to think," replied she smiling; "but I am not convinced, so far as I am concerned in the business, that the coat had any thing to do with it."
"Well, then, I shall tell my story and leave you to decide," said he, turning to me. "You must know that there was a time when I was rather hard up, and how to go ahead was the business. I had tried at mercantile speculation, and sunk an immensity of dollars. I had turned lawyer, but that would not answer in any way.—I took to farming—no luck there.—Went out supercargo, ship went on a reef and lost cargo. Returned to New York, speculated a long while upon nothing; didn't lose much, that is certain, but didn't realize, at last I gave up business and resolved to amuse myself a little, so I went South and joined Bolivar, fought with him for three years, and a good officer he was, but he had one fault as a general, and that was, his army never got paid. I wanted my three years' pay, and had that there was neither pay nor plunder; I got tired of it, and made my way home to the States, and at last arrived at the Capitol with only one extra shirt, and not a cent in my pocket, I happened to meet with a tailor, whose customer I had once been when I had money and paid my bill, and he observed that my coat was rather shabby, and that I could not appear in it. I knew that very well, and what he wanted was an order for another; but as I had no chance of paying him, I thought it advisable not to take the hint.
"I think," said I, "that with a new velvet collar, brass buttons, it might do very well for an evening party."
"I see," says he, "that's an 'old country custom, wearing an old coat to a ball; I guess you're going to Mr. T's tomorrow night. A regular flare-up; I see told, President there, and every body else. It's hardly worth it," continued he, touching the threadbare cuff.
"Yes, it is," replied I; "there'll be a regular jam, and a new coat would be spoiled. I'll send it to you to night, and you must let me have it in the morning, so good-bye."
"Well, the coat came home the next day not early in the morning, and I walked up and down my bed-room in my trousers thinking what I should do. At three o'clock I called upon Mrs. P., and left my card; went back again and waited two hours for the invitation—no invitation. Called again at five, and left another card, telling the nigger that I had not received an invitation, and that there must be some mistake; whereupon an invitation came about an hour after my return, just as I was putting my hat on to call again and leave another card, in a very firm manner, I reckon. Well, I went early to the ball, and my coat looked remarkably gay. You could see that the velvet collar was new, and the buttons glittered famously, but you could not see that the cloth was not a little the worse for wear, in short, my brown coat looked very smart, and I was a considerable smart fellow myself just at that time.
"Well, I stood near the door, looking at the company coming in, hoping to know somebody; but I presume that I had grown out of all recollection, for nobody knew me, but as the company was announced I heard

their names, and if they did not know who I was, at all events I found out who they were.
"This won't do," says I as the rooms became quite full. I may stick against this wall till daylight, but I shall never go ahead so at last, perceiving a young lady speaking to a daughter of the Secretary of the Navy after they parted; I went up and bowed to her. Having heard her name, I pretended to be an old acquaintance, and accused her of having forgotten me. As I was very positive and very bold, she presumed it was he was, & when I gave her my name, which I refused to do till we had been talking some minutes, as it happened to be a very good one, considered that it was all right, and in another quarter of an hour we became very intimate. I then asked her if she knew Miss E., the daughter of the Secretary of the Navy. She replied that she did, and I requested her to introduce me and offering her my arm, we walked to the young lady together, and I was introduced. Now, thought I, I am going ahead a little. After the introduction I commenced a conversation with Miss E., and a gentleman fortunately relieved me of my first acquaintance, whose arm had dropped; I continued my attentions to Miss E.—exerted myself to the utmost, and on the strength of my introduction and my agreeableness, I was soon intimate with her, and accepted my arm. As I passed her up and down the room I asked her if she knew the daughter of General S., who was near us. She replied in the affirmative, and I requested an introduction, which was immediately complied with, and I offered Miss S., my other arm, and paraded them both up and down the room, making them laugh not a little.
"Now I am going ahead, thinks I, and my old brown coat looks remarkably well."
"Here is the President coming up," said Miss E.—"Do you know him?"
"I did once, a little, but he must have forgotten me," since I have been in South America so long.
"The President came right to us and addressed the young ladies; I made a sort of half bow.
"You don't recollect Mr. —?" said Miss S.—
"I recollect the name well," replied the President. "You are well supported, Mr. — you have the Navy and Army on each side of you."
"And the Highest Officer of the State before me," replied I with a bow.—"I ought, indeed, to feel proud. It makes a mends for all the privation that I underwent in my last campaign with General Bolivar, for the general and his decamps fared no better than the meanest soldier."
"That last was a bit. I did not say that I was aide-de-camp to Bolivar, but they thought proper to fancy so: the President made me a bow, and, as it appeared, he wanted to have some information from the quarter and he asked me many questions, all of which I was able to answer with precision. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, during which the whole room were wondering who it was that was so intimate with the President and many were trying to catch what was said, the President presuming, as Bolivar's aide-de-camp, that I could give him information upon a certain point, and not wishing to have the matter made public said to the young ladies, "I am going to do a very rude thing; I wish to ask a question which Mr. — would not like to reply to except in strict confidence; I must take him away from you a minute or two. I beg your pardon, Mr. —, but I feel I shall be truly grateful for the great assistance you will make in giving up for one moment such charming society. I fear the loss will only be on my part," said I to the young ladies, as I dropped their arms & followed the President to a vacant spot near to the architect. The question which the President put to me, was one which I could not well answer but he helped me out of the difficulty by answering it himself according to his own views, and then appealing to me if he was not correct. I replied that I certainly was not at liberty, although I had left the service of General Bolivar, to repeat all

that I knew, fortunately," continued I bowing, "where such clear-sightedness is apparent, there is no occasion for the question being answered." "You are right, Mr. —. I wish all those about me had your discretion and high sense of honour," replied the President, who had one of my new brass buttons between his thumb and finger; and I perceive by your reply, that I was also right in my conjecture. I am much obliged to you, and trust I shall see you at Government House. I bowed and retired.
"I am going ahead now, at all events," thought I, as every one was looking at me as I retreated. I had been walking arm-in-arm with the daughters of the two first officers of State; I had been in confidential communication with the President, and that before all the eyes of Washington. I can now venture to order another suit of clothes, but never will forget you my old brown coat.
"The next day the tailor came to me; he had heard what had taken place at the ball, commended my wardrobe. Every body came to me for orders, and I ordered every thing Cards, were left in showers I was received everywhere, the President was my friend and from that moment I went ahead faster and faster every day, till I am, as you now see, well off, well married, and well up in the world.
"Now I do pertinaciously declare that it was all owing to the old brown coat, and I have kept this cuff, which I show now & then to my wife to prove I am grateful for had it not been for the old brown coat I should never have been blessed with her for a companion."
"But —," said his wife, round whose waist he had gently circled his arm, "the old brown coat could have done nothing without the velvet collar and new brass buttons."
"Certainly not, my dear."
"And they would not have effected much without they had been backed by —"
"What?"
"Impudence," replied the lady, giving him a slight slap on the cheek.

ANECDOTE.
Some correspondence of the New York Spirit of the Times tells a story of a young man who came somewhat unexpectedly into a fortune, but was determined to expend it in a gentleman-like manner. He was living at a hotel in Bangor Me., diffusing his wealth very liberally, when a bill for taxes was one day presented. This was quite a novelty to him, and not understanding the matter, he proceeded at once to his landlord to have it elucidated.
"I say, landlord," said he, "what's this?"
"What, Mr. Morse," answered the landlord, casting his eyes over the paper, "is a tax bill?"
"A tax bill?" murmured Bill, regarding it with an inquisitive glance—"yes, but what's that?"
"Why," answered the landlord, smiling, "it's your proportion of the expenses of the city."
"My proportion!" said Bill, "What does every one pay?"
"Certainly," replied the landlord; "every one who can afford it."
"O, I can afford it," said Bill who was sorely touched upon a tender point. "I'll send and have it paid."
The bill was settled, and in preparation a second made its appearance. Bill hastened to the landlord.
"Look here," said he in astonishment, "here's another of them tax bills."
"Of course," said the landlord; "they come once a year."
"The devil they do," cried Bill; "so the my gets into debt every year, does it?"
"Regularly," replied the landlord; "it can't be helped."
"Well, then, hang me!" cried Bill; "in high passions, if the city hasn't got any better business to do than to keep on running up debts for me to help her out because I did it once, she'll find herself extensively mistaken—I'll see her managed before I give her another red cent!"
He who clothes the poor, clothes his own soul. He that sweetens the cup of affliction, sweetens his own heart. He that feeds the hungry, spreads out a banquet for himself, sweetens and refreshing than luxury can bestow.

BEHAVIOR AT TABLE.

It is very rude when at a table, to scratch any part of your body.
We should likewise be careful not to cram in our food so greedily and with so voracious an appetite, as to cause us to hiccup, or to be guilty of anything that may offend the eyes or the ears of the company; which they do who eat in such a hurry, as, by their puffing and blowing, to be troublesome to those who sit near them.
It is also very indecent to rub your teeth with the table-cloth or napkin, and endeavor to pick them with your fingers; it is more so.
In the presence also of others, to wash your mouth, and to squirt out the whole with which you have performed the operation, is very unpolite.
When the table is cleared to carry about your mouth-pick in your mouth, like a bird going to build his nest, or to stick behind your ear, as a barber does his comb is no very genteel custom.
They, also, are undoubtedly mistaken in their notions of politeness, who carry their tooth-picks cases hanging down from their necks; for besides it is an odd sight for a gentleman to produce any thing of that kind from his bosom, like some strolling pedlar, this incongruity must also follow from such a practice, that he who acts thus, discovers that he is but too well furnished with every instrument of luxury and too anxious about every thing that relates to the belly; and I can see no reason why the same persons might not as well display a silver spoon hanging about their necks.
To lean with your elbows on the table, or to fill your checks so full that your jaws seem swollen, is by no means agreeable.
Neither ought you by any token or gesture to discover that you take too great pleasure in any kind of food or wine which is a custom more proper for inn-keepers and parasites.
To invite those who sit at the table with you to eat, expressions of this kind, "What have you proclaimed too fast to-day?" or "perhaps there is nothing at the table you can make a dinner of?" or "pray, sit taste this or that dish;" thus to invite people, I say, is by no means a polite custom, though now become familiar to almost every one, and practised in every family, for though these officious people show that the person whom they thus invite is really the object of their care, yet they give occasion, by his means, to the person invited to be less free in his behavior, and make him blush at the thought of being the subject of observation.

DEEP PLOUGHING.
We have occasionally urged the importance of deepening the soil, by turning up and mixing with the surface, small portions of the sub-soil, where its use is such to produce beneficial effects.—We have known many instances of the beneficial effects of such a course. Dr. H. R. Johnson, of Farmington, Ontario co., New York, being compelled to prepare a piece of ground for wheat, late in the summer, ploughed it very deep, not less in any places than eight inches, but averaging one or ten inches. This was thoroughly harrowed, with a sand dressing of rotted manure, and sowed upon the inverted sod. The produce was 25 bushels per acre, on land where twenty bushels are usually considered a heavy crop. Another skilful farmer of our acquaintance, finds so much benefit from the sub-soil, that he considers a decided advantage would result, so far as raising wheat is concerned, if six inches of the surface of his land were entirely removed and carried off.
Subsoil ploughing would doubtless be useful in such cases to a certain extent; but we would more particularly recommend three trench ploughing—I plough to follow the first, so as to loosen and brow up the soil to the depth of at least one foot—the last team to be double and attached to a strong plough.
"What is the matter with you?" said a gentleman to an old Dutchman, as he was crossing the park. "I got de rhu maas." The gentleman advised him to rub himself with brandy and it contrived well? "Oh man, I oon puter as da," replied Mynheer; "I dronks de brandy, and den I rubs my leg wit de pottle."

ANECDOTE OF THE OLD IRON SIDES.

The most brilliant navy action of the last war undoubtedly was that of the old American frigate Constitution, 44, commanded by Commodore Stewart, when she captured the two British coveters, Cyane and Levant of greatly superior force, each of them being equal to the old fashioned 32 gun frigates. The handling of the American frigate was throughout scientific and unexceptionable. By no manoeuvring could either of the British vessels obtain a position to rake the Constitution. Still their ground as they would Old Ironsides was between them blazing away upon both vessels at the same time. During the whole action Stewart instead of mounting the horseblock, set in a more exposed situation, astride of the hammock nettings the better to observe the manoeuvring of his antagonist. This was the first to strike in brother Jonathan—not an unusual thing with British vessels during that war. The first Lieutenant came in haste to the Commodore to announce the fact. "The board ship has struck, sir," said the officer. "I know it, sir," replied the Commodore; "The battle is just half won." "Shall I order the band to strike Yankee Doodle, sir?" inquired the Lieutenant. "Here the Commodore took a huge pinch of snuff and then answered quickly, "I have not better whip the other crew, sir?" "Ay, ay, sir," replied the Lieutenant, taking the hint, and went to his quarters. In a few minutes afterwards the Levant, lowered the cross of Old England to the stars and stripes, and the battle was ended. The Lieutenant, feel somewhat emboldened at his premature exultation upon the surrender of the first vessel, was rather shy of approaching his commander again; but Stewart beckoning to him and with a smile—"Don't you think the band had better strike up Yankee Doodle now sir?" It an instant the spirit-stirring strain was floating in the breeze, played as no other than a Yankee band could play it and the gallant crew shouted forth their cheers of victory, no other than a Yankee crew could do it.

READ THE NEWSPAPER.
If you have no regard to the fertilization of your mind and the expansion of your ideas—if you care nothing about being well-informed and of having a knowledge of the world you live in—if you are content with a degree of ignorance or which an intelligent boy in the early part of his teens, might be ashamed of—still you should read the newspaper. It not only be on the score of economy and safety. Scarcely a day passes that we do not see the record of the victimization of some poor verdant one, by the rogues who abound in populous places and who can tell at once by your air, your gait, your general manner whether you read the newspapers or not. If no—and it may be seen in your dull glance and heavy aspect—your mouth wide open, and the wondering existence of your lower lip—the swifter and impetuous marks you down his every prey, and he is not mistaken. Robbed and plundered by some shallow truck, you run to the police office; but in general too late—your money is gone—your watch—perhaps your horse; and every body is inclined to laugh at the simplicity which thus allows itself to be played upon by cunning rogues. It would have been cheaper to read the newspapers to know of the evil that is in progress, and to be able to avoid it. No compensation—or at least very little is due to that "sot-headedness," which always its pockets to be emptied by hungry droppets; mock auction people and all that sort of thing, of the existence of which and its mode and manner of operation, the world is continually informed in the journals. Read the newspaper, then and be safe.—Ned.

A Miss Steel, of New York city, lately sued her lover for breach of promise, and recovered \$1000.—His apology for deserting her might have been that Miss Steel was rather hard tempered!

A tailor, while travelling on the Lakes was asked by a Yankee, where he lived when his business was, &c., to which he replied that he lived in Toledo, and that his profession was sitting on the smooth side of poverty, and jerking out the cords of affliction.