COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor, Publisher & Proprietor.

"To hold and trim the torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth"

TERMS: One Dollar & Seventy-five cts, in advance.

VOL. XI.--NO. 42. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1857. VOL. XXI.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT

Published every Saturday Morning, by

LEVI L. TATE.

In Bloomsburg, Columbia Co.

OFFICE.—*In the new Brick Building, opposite the Exchange, by side of the Court House, "Democratic Head Quarters."*

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

$1,00 In advance, for one copy, for six months.
1,75 If in advance, for one copy, one year.
2,00 If not paid within the first three months.
2,25 If not paid within the first six months.
2,50 If not paid within the year.

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THE founder of his Celebrated Institution, offers the most certain, speedy, and only effectual remedy to the world for effects for Gleets, Stricures, Seminal weakness, Pains in the Loins, Constitutional Debility, Impotency, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Affections of the Kidneys, Palpitation of the Heart, Dispepsia, Nervous Irritability, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, and all those serious and melancholy Disorders arising from the destructive habits of Youth, which destroys both body and mind. These secret and solitary practices, are more fatal to their victims than the song of the Syrens to the mariners Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes of anticipations, rendering marriage &c, impossible.

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immediately cured and full vigor restored.

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Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. Graduate from one of the most eminent colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the first Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and other places, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with mercury in the bone and skin, even in infancy, great severe cases being attended with complete destruction of the nose and palate, and other parts of the body, rendered incurable by improper treatment.

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When the unfortunate victim of this dreadful disease finds that notwithstanding the secrecy with regard to his complaint, and the flattering promises of numerous quacks, he has not derived any benefit from their nostrums, but on the contrary, that his disease has become more deep seated, and has baffled the skill of those who promised a speedy cure, he then applies to the honorable Dr. Johnston, who has devoted his whole life to the study of these diseases, and who may be consulted on the most delicate diseases that flesh is heir to, even those which have baffled the skill of all others, he can confidently promise a speedy cure to the unfortunate victim of this horrid disease.

To the particular Notice.

Dr. J. would also call those who have injured themselves by improper indulgences in the early morning of life, and the sad and distressing effects produced generally, but not invariably, by the following symptoms, viz. Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Eruptions on the Face, Pimples on the Face, Universal Debility, symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY—The fearful effects upon the mind are much to be deplored, Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion of Society, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, loosing their vigor, becoming weak pale and emaciated, having singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of Consumption.

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Young Men

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school—the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country and the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons before contemplating

Marriage

should reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjugal happiness. Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

OFFICE NO. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK ST., *Baltimore, Md*

ALL SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED.

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The many thousands cured at this institution within the last 15 years, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the papers and many other persons, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

Take Notice.

N.B.—There are so many ignorant and worthless quacks advertising themselves Physicians, ruining the health of the already afflicted, that Dr. Johnston deems it necessary to say, especially to those unacquainted with his reputation, that his credentials and diplomas always hang in his office.

☞ Take Notice.—All letters must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp for the reply, or no answer will be sent.

January 7 1857.

FALL ARRIVAL.

CLOTHING.

THE undersigned, grateful for past patronage, respectfully informs his customers and the public generally, that he has just received from the Eastern cities, the largest and most select stock of

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING,

That has yet been opened in Bloomsburg, to which he invites the attention of his friends, and assures them that they are offered for sale at great bargains. His stock comprises a large assortment of

Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel,

Consisting of FASHIONABLE DRESS COATS, of every description; Pants, Vests, Shirts, Cravats, Stocks, Cotton Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Suspenders, &c.

Gold Watches and Jewelry,

Of every description, fine and cheap.

N. B.—Remember "*Lowsbery's Cheap Emporium*"—Call and see. No charge for examining Goods.

DAVID LOWENBERG.

Bloomsburg, Aug 22, 1857

Selected Poetry.

THE CROSS & THE CROWN.

Must Simon bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free;
No—there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
Yes—there's a cross on Calvary,
Through which, by faith, the Crown I see,
To me 'tis pardon bringing.
Oh! that's the Cross for me!

How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
Yes—perfect love will dry the tear,
And cast out all tormenting fear
Which round my heart is clinging;
Oh! that's the love for me—
Oh! that's the love for me!

We'll bear the consecrated cross,
Till from the Cross we're free;
And then go home to wear the Crown,
For there's a crown for me.
Yes! there's a Crown in Heaven above,
The purchase of my Saviour's love
For me to be appearing;
Oh! that's the Crown for me—
Oh! that's the Crown for me!

The Church has heard the midnight cry,
The Lord will soon appear;
Ye Virgins rise with burning lamps,
Go meet Him in the air.
Yes—there's a house in Heaven prepared—
A house no wicked man hath shared,
Where Christ is interceding;
Oh! that's the home for me—
Oh! that's the home for me!

The Value of a Good Wife.

A SERMON PREACHED IN PINE ST. CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A FEMALE MEMBER OF THE CHURCH.

BY REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, D. D.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. So that he shall have no need of spoil—PROV. xxxi, 11.

The richest blessings are not always the most obvious. It is the hidden moisture which refreshes the flower. It is the hidden spring which supplies the well. It is the nutriment buried in the earth, which feeds the fibres of the vine and tree, and thus develops the nourishing grape and the shady oak. The noisy cataract is not so beneficen as the gentle rill that glides without a murmur, and is best known by the lively green of its borders, and the flowers which deck its meandering course. To the lightning's flash there is sublimity, but in usefulness it yields to the gentle taper that lights up a cottage evening.—Mankind are moved by exhibitions of power. They are affected by social changes, which leave their mark in the world. Hence they pause to moralize over the death of statesmen and heroes—over scholars and millionaires—but few have ever devoted time and thought and eulogy to mark their estimate of the value of a good wife—a good mother—a good woman.

In this respect, as in most others, the Bible is in advance of human wisdom, and above human aptitude and tendency. It selects for its most elaborate, carefully worded and emphatic eulogy the domestic virtues of a faithful wife and mother. As the light of home is almost the only radiance which cheers the darkness of man's earthly lot, King Solomon turns aside to pronounce a benediction upon her who presides as a guardian angel at the altar.

There was sufficient reason for this.—What are the outside revellings of pleasure worth to him who is compelled to return to a filthy and disordered home? What is fame worth to him who meets discord and reproach at his own door and his own chamber? What can wealth do for him whose household is devoid of taste, order and comfort? What can the admiration of a crowd avail to him whose own fireside is heartless and desolate?

Is it not wonderful, then, that the wisest of men, King Solomon, estimating things at their real value, should ask, 'Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.'

Elsewhere it is said, 'A prudent wife is from the *Lord*,' and the gift is worthy of the *giver*.

The text, speaking of such a wife, says—'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.' There is a peculiarity in this language. Ordinarily it is the office of divine truth to weaken our confidence in earthly blessings. Thus it is said: 'He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool'—'Trust not in man whose breath is in his nostrils,' 'Put not your trust in princes.' 'Trust not in uncertain riches.' Human friendships are treacherous. Wealth is too cold to fill a warm heart. Fame hangs on a breath of air, and comes and goes, rises and falls, by the caprices of a crowd. God ordinarily represents all earthly things as *vanity*.

But in the text he seems to make an exception in favor of a virtuous woman—of a true and faithful wife. He says: 'the heart of her husband doth safely trust in *her*.'

And for what may the husband trust in such a wife?

1. *He may trust in her unselfish and permanent affection.* I say it with reverence. God covets the love of his creatures: and man, made in God's image, craves the love of others, as essential to his own happiness. The man who expects none is a child of despair. There may be hearts so frozen by selfishness, or ossified by pride and egotism, or paralyzed by disappointment, as to be indifferent to affection.

But these are icebergs drifting in darkness, on Polar seas; cold, barren, desolate. In them no tree or shrub plants a root: no flower sheds its fragrance there. No melody of living joy is chanted there. God found that it was not good for man to be alone, chiefly because he needed the conscious affection of a female heart, to soften the asperities of his own, and thus give completeness to his being.

In the deep full affection of a wife's heart, the husband finds that appreciation and interest which almost every soul covets. This stimulates his enterprises. This makes him brave in peril. This cheers his hard labor. This comforts him under irritation, slander, reproach, in the outside world. To meet this craving of man woman is adapted. She is not ambitious of wealth or fame. She shrinks from great changes or great perils. She is not fitted for the struggles of forum, the conflict of arms or the labors of the field. Her home is her earthly Heaven: and she holds a loving heart to cheer him, to whom God has given a loftier ambition, a deeper craving of earth's wealth a stronger arm and a higher courage.

Subjected, by the ordinance of God and the laws of the land to abide a sterner will than her own: she is furnished with a wealth of affection which makes her burden of subordination light, and melts and moulds to tenderness the controller, of her destiny.

'I am loved at home,' says the husband or the son: and this thought nerves his principle in the hour of temptation, and gives solace to hardships on the land or on the lone sea.

The reasures of a wife's affection, like the grace of God, is given, not bought.—Gold is power. It can sweep down forests, raise cities, build roads and docks houses. It can collect troops of batteries, and inspire awe and fear; but alas wealth can never purchase love. Bonaparte essayed the subjugation of Europe under the influence of a genius almost inspired—an ambition insatiable—and backed by millions of armed men. He almost succeeded in swaying his sceptre from the straits of Dover to the Mediterranean: From the Bay of Biscay to the Sea of Azoff. On many a bloody field his banner floated in triumph but you will all hear witness that, his greatest conquest was the unbought heart of Josephine—his sweetest and most precious treasure, her outraged but unchanged love. If men have failed to estimate the affection of a true hearted wife, he will be likely to mark the value in his loss, when the heart which loved him is stilled by death.

II. *The heart of her husband doth safely trust in a faithful wife for companionship.*

The family relation gives retirement without solitude, and society without the rough intrusion of the world. It plants in the husband's dwelling a friend who can bear his silence with at we rines.—who can appreciate his repetition of events only important as they are embalmed in the heart. Common friends are linked to us by a slender thread. We must retain them by ministering in some way to their interest or their employment.

As we cannot always give novelty and interest to our conversation; as we cannot always make it for the interest, convenience, and pleasure of our friends to adhere to us, as we are liable to those pecuniary and social vicissitudes which may tax their patience or their purses, our ordinary friends, like summer birds, are liable to come and go, to be coldest when we most need sympathy, and absent and indifferent when we most need their support.

What a luxury it is for a man to feel that in his own home there is a true and affectionate being, in whose presence he may throw off restraint without danger to his dignity; may confide without the fear of treachery; and be sick or unfortunate without being abandoned.

If in the outward world he grows weary of human selfishness, his heart can safely trust in one whose soul yearns for his happiness and whose indulgence overlooks his defects. No wonder he says:

'My every earthly joy to blend
And harmonize in me life,
Give me a true and tender friend,
And be that friend my *Wife*.'

III. *The heart of her husband doth safely trust in a faithful wife for personal comfort.*

Who is it that gives care to the neatness, order and tidiness of our dwellings, our halls, our parlor, our chambers? Who is it that consults our tastes, our affinities, our repellances, and so regulates our tables our couches, our apparel, as to minister to our comfort?

Who is it that supplies our lack of interest in ordinary things, and sends us out into society prepared to meet the claims of decency, taste and propriety? Who cares for our appetites and swelters in heated kitchens for our indulgence; and often, unthanked and unblessed, plies the needle, in the lone evening for our benefit?

Who is it that schemes by a rigid economy to get the most elegance and comfort from the least tax on our incomes? Who furnishes the ready pin, the napkin, the bandage for our wounds, the cup for our thirst the friction for our aching head, the medicine for our pains? What angel of mercy is it that watches by our sick pillow, bears all our complaints and irritations, and moves with muffled step when we slumber.

The assiduities of a faithful wife are so common, so various, so cheerful, so unobtrusive, that husbands are likely to regard her kindness as they do the sunlight and the dews of heaven, matters of course, to be received without gratitude. But the constancy which makes them familiar, to a rightly constituted mind, deepens the sense of obligation. While the husband safely trusts in the companion of his years for his personal comforts, she has a right to expect that her beneficence shall be appreciated. If not, he will be likely to find her worth in her loss. Her absence or death is, to a little world of home, like the loss of the glowing sun, which alone protects our earth from eternal darkness and frost.

SHARP BUT GRASSY.—A couple of youths, about 12 years old, but for the present nameless, who had been foraging about the streets to little purpose for some time, took into their heads on Monday last that, they could make better use of their talents, and having heard that the toll-gate house on the Washington turnpike was vacant, concluded they would try their hands at toll collecting, and peradventure make a raise. Accordingly, they repaired to the scene of action, entered the house, swept it up, spread a piece of carpet, hung out the rates of tolls, and established themselves.

In a very short time a man came along with a drove of sheep, from which they made a collection without much difficulty, and they might have realized more in the same way, but such unexpected success quite satisfied them for the present and they suspended, in order to invest their capital. One of the youths, the elder, continued his travels into the country for a load of walnuts, the other came to town forthwith, and sinking his share of the proceeds—sad to say—in bad whiskey, towards evening we saw him surrounded with urchins, dead drunk, unable to stand alone and his mother helping him home, where a stomach pump had to be brought into requisition, in order to save his life. The parents of the boys should attend to them or they will certainly come to evil ends, and the authorities should lay a heavy hand on the wretch whoever he was, that sold the whiskey.—*Wellsburgh (Va.) Herald.*

GOOD FOR SAMBO.—An old farmer who feared neither God nor man, had hired a devout negro, and to get some Sunday work out of him, he would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday would put that point to the man's conscience. One morning old Sambo proved refractory; he would "work no more on Sundays." The master then argued with him that it was a "case of necessity; the scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit on the Sabbath day, a beast that had fallen in." "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spend Saturday in digging de pit for de very purpose."

☞ 'Well,' said his honor to an old negro, who had been hauled up for stealing a pullet, "What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nuffin, but dis, boss; I was crazy as a bedbug when I stole dat ar pullet; cos I might have stole he big rooster, and neber done it. Dat shows clusively dat I was labouring under de delirium tremendous."

☞ "Tis strange," muttered a young man as he staggered home from a supper party, 'how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler myself."

HYMN—For Christmas Eve.

Eve of the morn our Christ was born.
A babe in Bethlehem's manger sleeping;
Eve of the night whose heavenly light
Illumes a world its rest keeping:
Eve of the day, when far away,
In fields where lonely shepherds tended,
An angel's word, of men was heard
To spread the joy from Heaven descended.

Again we hail the wondrous tale.
The angels herdsmen heard receiving—
'Glory to Heaven, the highest given,
Peace and good-will, to mortals' still
The angel voice through earth is crying,
Hrpinke, as when the care of men
Heard where the Heaven-born child was lying.

The night is cold, the year is old,
The pulse of Time is beating slowly;
But Christmas cheer, to night is near,
And christmas thoughts are high and holy;
We weep no tears for dying years;
We recite of life the common story;
But give to truth, eternal youth
And crown its natal day with glory.

The hearth is warm, though fierce with storm,
The bitter wind without is blowing;
For Christmas time's the tropic clime,
Of hearts with cheerful homage glowing;
The winter grieves over withered leaves,
And leafless branches sigh and quiver;
But green shall be our Christmas Tree,
And beautiful in hope forever.

Daniel Boon.

Of all men saving Scylla the man-slayer,
Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
Of the great names which in our mess stare,
The General Boon, backwoodsman of Kentucky,
Was happiest in life and death he,
For killing nothing but a bear or buck he,
Enjoyed the lonely, vigorous, harmless days
Of his old days in the wilds of deepest maze.

So says Byron; Bancroft gives the following sketch of the Kentucky patriarch:

In his peaceful habitation on the banks of the Yadakin river, in North Carolina, Daniel Boon, the illustrious hunter, had heard Finley, a trader, so memorable as the pioneer, describe a tract of land west of Virginia, as the richest in North America, or in the world. In May, 1769, leaving his wife and offspring, having Finley as his pilot, and four others as his companions, the young man of about three and twenty wandered through the wilderness of America, "in quest of the country of Kentucky," known to the savages as "the Dark and Bloody Ground," 'the Middle Ground,' between the subjects of the Five Nations and the Cherokees. After a long and fatiguing journey through mountain ranges, the party found themselves in June on the Red Bank, a tributary to the Kentucky and from the top of an eminence surveyed with delight the beautiful plain that stretched to the northwest. Here they built their shelter and began to reconnoiter and to hunt. All the kinds of wild beasts that were natural to America—the stately elk, the timid deer, the antlered stag, the wild cat, the bear, the panther, and wolf—crouched among the canes, or roamed over the rich grasses, which, even beneath the thickest shades, sprang luxuriantly out of the generous soil. The buffaloes cropped fearlessly the herbage or browsed on the leaves of the reed, and were more frequent than cattle in a settlement of Carolina herdsmen. Sometimes there were hundreds in a drove, and round the salt licks their number was amazing.

The Summer in which for the first time a party of white men enjoyed the brilliancy of nature near and in the valley of Elkhorn, passed away in the occupations of exploring parties and the chase. But one by one Boon's companions dropped off, till he was left alone with John Stewart. They jointly fond and unceasing delight in the wonders of the forest, till one evening near the Kentucky, river, they were taken prisoners by a band of Indians, wanderers like themselves. They escaped and were joined by Boon's brother; so that when Stewart was soon after killed by savages, the first victim among the hecatomb of white men slain by them in their desperate battling for the lovely hunting ground, Boon still had his brother to share with him the dangers and attractions of the wilderness, they building and occupying the first cottage in Kentucky.

In the spring of 1770, that brother returned to the settlements for horses and supplies of ammunitions, leaving the renowned hunter "by himself, without bread, or salt, or sugar, or even a horse or dog." "The idea of a beloved wife," anxious for his safety" tinged his thoughts with sadness; but otherwise the cheerful, meditative man, careless of wealth, knowing the use of the rifle, not the plough, of a strong, robust frame, in the vigorous health of early manhood, ignorant of books, but versed in the forest and forest life, even fond of tracking the deer on foot away from men, yet in his disposition, humane, generous and gentle, was happy in the uninterrupted succession of "sylvan pleasure."

One calm summer's evening, as he climbed a commanding ridge, and looked upon the remote "venerable mountains," and the nearer ample plains, he caught a glimpse in the distance of the Ohio, which bounded the land of his affections with magic grandure, his heart exulted in the region he had discovered. "All things were still." Not a breeze so much as shook a leaf. He kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and fasted on the loin of a buck. He was no more alone than a bee among flowers, but communed familiarly with the whole universe of life. Nature was his intimate, and as the raving woodsman leaned confidingly on her bosom, she responded to his intelligence.

For him the rocks and fountains, the leaf and the blades of grass, had life; the cooling air laden with the wild perfume, came to him as a friend; the dewy morning wrapped him in its embrace; the trees stood up gloriously around about him as so many myriads of companions. All were the character of design or peril. But how could he be afraid? Triumphing over danger, he knew no fear. The perpetual howling of the wolves by night round his cottage or his bivouac in the brake, was his diversion; and by day he had joy in surveying the various species of animals that surrounded him. He loved the solitude better than the towered city or the hum of business.

Near the end of July, 1770, his faithful brother came back to meet him at the old camp. Shortly after they proceeded to Cumberland river, giving names to the different waters, and he then returned to his wife and children, fixed in his purpose at the risk of his life and fortune, to bring them as soon as possible to live in Kentucky, which he esteemed as a second Paradise.

Odds and Ends.

A miss is as good as a mile of old women.

☞ It is a good head of hair that has no turning.

☞ There are as fine bulls in Ireland as ever came out of it.

☞ Necessity has no law, but an uncommon number of lawyers.

☞ Better to look like a great fool, than be the great fool you look.

☞ The book keeper who fell from a column of figures, is still in a critical state

☞ The son of Buffon was a natural.—Rivarol said of him, "He is the worst chapter of his father's 'Natural History.'

☞ An Irish paper, describing a late duel, says that one of the combatants was sho through the fleshy part of the thigh bone.

☞ "A borrowed horse and your own spurs make short miles," is a Danish rendering of a rather universal practice.

☞ Why is a pen-maker the most dishonest man in the world? Because he makes people steel pens, and says they do write.

☞ Why is a lady's hair like the latest news? Because in the morning it is found in the papers.

☞ Would you rather die by the guillotine, or be roasted to death? By the latter process; because a hot steake (steak) is better than a cold chop.

☞ Strict Constructionist. *Boy*—You don't want to buy any wood, do you? *Quaker*—Friend, thee first tellest a lie and then thee asketh a question,

☞ A lady consulted St. Francis, of Sales, on the lawfulness of using rouge—"Why," said he, "some pious men object to it; others see no harm in it; I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on *one* cheek."

☞ It seems that the French language has 5000 more words than the English. Upon this fact being mentioned to a lady she said, "Well, I'm sure they must want them all, for the French talk ever so much more than we do."

☞ 'Did the defendant approach the plaintiff's *seriatem*?' inquired an attorney in a case of assault and battery, the other day. "No, sir-ee," was the reply, "he went *at 'em* with a porker."

☞ An administrator on the estate of a deceased female in New Hampshire, advertises for sale at auction—"The wearing apparel of Mrs. A—— O——, deceased, consisting of one bed, two carpets, and one sleigh."

☞ A rather thick-headed witness in the police court at St. Louis was asked the question whether the party accused, 'stood on the defensive.' He innocently replied, "he stood on a bench."

☞ Dr. Stone, of New Orleans, speaking of yellow fever, says—'The fever has a certain course to run. Keep the patient from dying, and he'll get well." There's wisdom for you.

☞ "Have you anything else old?" said an English lady at Rome to a boy, of whom she had bought some modern antiques. "Yes," said the young urchin, thrusting forward his hat, which had seen a me dozen summers, "my hat is old!" The lady rewarded his wit.

☞ Of all the mean and contemptible men—or persons calling themselves men—in this world, he that sneakes through life on tip-toe, with his ear at the keyhole of everybody's business except his own, is the most to be detested.

For the Columbia Democrat.

COL. L. L. TATE:—

I see the name of Col. John R. Eck, of the Milton Democrat, mentioned as a proper person to be elected SERGEANT-AT ARMS of the Senate of this State. Will you permit me, through the columns of your paper, to say I have known the Col. long and know him well. His connection with the Democratic party dates back with his apprenticeship in the office of the Lycoming Gazette, when the present Governor elect, Gen. Packer, was the editor. He was afterwards a partner of Gen. Packer, in conducting the Gazette, and has ever since mentioned the confidence and good opinion of his former master and subsequent partner. This itself is no small recommendation. But in addition, the Col. has every necessary qualification, being a gentleman of extensive information and well acquainted with the leading members of the democratic party, the principles of which he has for years been an able defender. In this, however, like most editors, but little has been done for himself, and his friends now ask that he may receive this mark of respect for services rendered to the good cause.

The writer of this article has seen much of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and of course has some knowledge of the sort of man the office referred to requires; and from this knowledge feels warranted in saying, that few men can be found so peculiarly fitted for it as Col. Eck. His fine genteel appearance and address, together with his popular manners, all paint him out as the proper person for the place.

A DEMOCRAT.

☞ God has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air—upon the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon every pencilled sheet that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon the works he has written, "None liveth for himself."

☞ The Rev. Dr. B——, of Philadelphia, is noted for brief, sententious saying in the pulpit and out of it. As he was coming down Chesnut street the other day, a gentleman asked him. "Sir, can you tell me how to find the Sheriff's office?"—"Yes, sir," was the reply, "*every time you earn five dollars spend ten!*" Saying this, the Doctor walked on, leaving his questioner gaping upon the sidewalk.

☞ Sheridan, being on a parliamentary committee, one day entered the room as all the members were seated, and ready to commence business; perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and looking round the table with a droll expression of countenance, said,

"Will any gentleman *move* that I may take the *chair?*"

☞ Biddy, bring me some salt."

"Sure and I will, your riverence."

Forthwith appeared Biddy with the article in her hand. Said the master,

"Never again bring me anything in your hand. You should have brought it on a plate."

The evening meal being over, the bell was again rung, and, the faithful domestic instantly appeared.

"I want my slippers."

Biddy went, and returned, bearing in her hand a plate, *upon which were the priest's slippers!*

☞ Cousin—Charlie!—Just fancy what people are saying!"

Captain Charlie—"Well Susie."

Cousin—"That—that—you and I are going—a—a—to be—married!"

Charlie (*with presence of mind*)—"A—never mind, Susie,—We know better—we are not so foolish!"

CONSIDERATE.—A hatter in one of the large cities presented a clergyman with a hat of the finest quality.

"What is the value of this hat?" he asked.

"Ten dollars."

"That is a high price."

"It is a present, and I never make a poor one."

"Won't you make an exchange?"

"I might."

"Well, I would not care to make one, if you agree."

"What do you propose?"

"Well, this is too good and high-priced a hat for me, and I propose that you take it back and give me a five dollar hat and five dollars in cash."

This rather staggered the hatter, but he agreed.

☞ A lady in Calcutta asked a Colonel for a mango, and, as he rolled it, along, it fell into a plate of kiss-misses—a species of grape.

"How natural," observed the Colonel, "man-goes to kiss-misses."

A western editor expressed his delight at having been nearly called "honey" by the girl he loves, because she saluted him as old "Beeswax" at their last meeting.