COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, EDITOR. "TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH." TERMS: $2 50 IN ADVANCE.

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RECEIPTS FOR FEBRUARY, TO THE

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

The following payments have been made to the *Columbia Democrat* office, during the month of February, 1865:

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☞ A fair return for the short month of February. We hope for more in March. Friends, we expect remittances by mail, and hope we will not be disappointed.

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January 28, 1865.—3m.

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Gentlemen's Hats.

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Select Poetry.

[From Garrison's Liberator.

A Rumpus in Tophet.

NORTH RIDGEVILLE, Ohio, Jan 27, 1 63.

HON. S. MCBURNEY: SIR—I send you the following lines comprising a leaf in history which I think has never yet been published. Should you think them worthy a place in the Crisis, you will please give them an insertion:

Come gentle muse and touch a strain,
'Twill echo back and sound again;
On scenes that passed we now must dwell,
When Old John Brown arrived in hell.

When Pluto heard John Brown was hung
Old Tophet with hosannas rung;
For well they knew the lying thief,
Would make for them an honored chief.

Brown to receive they did prepare,
All eager to the joy to share;
Old Satan from his throne came down,
And left his seat for brother Brown.

Not long indeed, for him they wait,
For soon he thundered at the gate:—
"Come in!" said Pluto, "quickly come,
Your welcome to your fiery home!"

Three cheers rolled forth in accents hi'ar,
To hail the Abolition chief;
Old John chim'd in, and thanked the fates
He'd safely passed the pearly gates.

While Arnold held him by the hand,
Old Satan took the Speaker's stand—
"Silence!" cried he, "now all sit down,
And hear me welcome brother Brown:—

"You're welcome John to your reward,
You've cheated fiddle and the Lord;
Though pearly gates wide open flew,
They did not catch my servant true.

"As oft you've murdered, lied and stole,
It did rejoice my burning soul;
You've run your length in earth's career,
And we are pleased to see you here.

"You'll take your seat at my left hand,
Why I doctrine you'll understand;
Be not surprised when I tell you
Old Abraham is coming too.

"There on my right that vacant chair,
Long since for him I did prepare;
And soon I knew that he will come—
His earthly race is almost run.

"John at my left, Abe at my right,
We'll give the heavenly hosts a sight;
A triune group we then shall be,
Yes, three in one and one in three.

"Abe's Cabinet, 'tis very true,
Will soon knock here as loud as you;
In short, the negrosing clan,
Are traveling here unto a man.

"I shall protest most long and loud,
'Gainst taking in the motley crowd;
For well I know, they'd me dethrone,
And swear that Tophet was their own

"Let Sumner, Stephens and their host,
When they on earth give up the ghost,
"Into above hell appear,
We have no room for them up here.

"The clergy too, I much do fear,
Attraction's law will draw them here;
Their earthly teachings, though I tell,
Are doctrines long since preached in Hell.

"They too must find a lower home,
For hither here they shall not come;
We're crowded now in every spot,
Save here and there a vacant lot.

"These I've reserved through all the fights,
For those who have pre-emption rights;
That corner lots for Backbone Tod,
A renegade accursed of God.

"The Traitor here from his own place,
Can view the scenes of Fortress Chase;
Laugh at the woes of his old friends,
Till his cursed life in horror ends.

"There's other traitors I could tell—
They are too mean to come to hell!
So let us go and hunt his hole,
For greenbacks here wont pay the toll.

"And now, O John, on earth oppressed,
You are with us a welcome guest,
On earth you played your part full well,
So now with us forever dwell!

P. GRIMES.

Losing Faith.

Henry Ward Beecher, who witnessed the disgraceful scene in the senate chamber at Washington, on the 4th inst., and others of his kind, wince under affected mortification. What is the matter with them, have they lost faith? But a little while ago these fanatics were loud in declaring the administration at Washington, to be the special instrument of Providence. Abe Lincoln, the smutty joder, has frequently been declarged an instrument in the hand of God. Has there been a change in that respect? Nay, nay, gentlemen, of the black robe, we have always been disposed to take you at your word; and we are not disposed to dispute it now. We have a remarkeble instance recorded in Scripture of the hand of Providence being seen writing "Mene, tekel, Upharsin," when Belshazzar and his friends were revelling in drunkeness. And certainly the city of Washington has been the abode of filth and drunkeness long enough to favor the idea that the same might occur again.

☞ Bringham Young, in a recent sermon, said: 'The North prays that their swords may strike into the heart of every Rebel, and I say amen! and the South prays that the North may be cut down on a thousand battle-fields, and again I say amen!

☞ "I Think," said a farmer, "I should make a good Congressman, for I use their language. I received two bills the other day, with a request for immediate payment. The one I ordered to be laid on the table, the other to be read that day six months.

Interesting Sketch.

BROTHER TOM'S WIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'If you marry that girl brother Tom, I'll have nothing to do with her. I won't visit her, nor call her sister, nor speak to her!"

And Lizzie Dawton put on as outraged and indignant an air as it was possible for her to assume.

'What's the objection?" asked Tom in his cool way, fixing his large calm eyes upon the pretty face of his sister, as she sat uneasily swaying half around and back again on the piana stool.

'Objection!" The young lady's cherry lip curled. 'Who is she? What is she?'

'A sweet-tempered, true-hearted young woman, who will make me a good little wife Are you not answered, sister mine?'

'A sewing-girl!' said Lizzie, contemptuously.

'What our mother was, as I have been told, before her marriage,' answered brother Tom. 'And, if my eyes have not deceived me, she has been a sewing woman since my recollection of her.'

'That's another thing,' said the sister. 'Mother was superior to her class, and has risen above it.'

'Suppose I answer your objections to Harriet, and say that she is superior to her class, and will rise above it? What then? My father made a good matrimonial venture, and I may do the same.'

'But why, brother Tom,' urged the sister, 'don't you choose a wife from among those on your own level?'

'What do you mean by those on your own level? Let us understand each other.'

'From among those who move in our own circle. From the educated, refined and accomplished.'

'Such as the Misses Waltons, for instance.'

'Yes, or the Misses Edens.'

'Whose father supports them in idleness, and expect the young men who marry them to do the same. Now Lizzie, the fact of the business is, I like Mary Eden very well, and once came so near falling in love with her, that I was really frightened. I did not go near her pretty face again for six months after I felt the firts movement of the tender passion.'

'Dear Mary! O, Tom! why not marry her? I could love her as my own sister.'

'Can't afford it, pretty. I'm but a poor young man, and have only my talents and industry to help me forward in the world. Mary can't do anything herself, and would xpect me to put her in an establishment but little less costly than the one her father owns.'

'Oh, but, Tom there'll be no necessity for going to housekeeping at first. And then, you know, her father is well off in the world, and he'll give her a house and furnish it, no doubt, when she is married.'

But Tom shook his head.

'Mary Eden's father may or may not be rich,' he replied. 'My own private opinion is, that he is living up to, if not a little beyond his income. And as to the house and furniture which Mary's husband is going to get, that is something very fine to feed a fancy upon. The real bricks and mortar is another affair.'

'Oh but Mr. Eden's rich Tom.'

'The rich men of to-day are our poor men of to-morrow, Lizzie. I wouldn't give the snap of a finger for a rich father-in-law as a dependence. I mean to trust in myself, an honest purpose and a clear conscience. And as for a wife, I want a woman with life, purpose, industry and independence in her, not a great bundle of silks, laces, bonnets and curl-papers, with a pretty little helpless do-nothing doll, hidden somewhere inside of the crinoline circumvallation. And then, again, Lizzie, I am something of an independent young man, wonderfully given to the work of takcare of myself. I happen to be at the bottom of the ladder, and if I ever get to the top my own strength will carry me there. Now, a wife on my back, instead of one of the rounds of a ladder, keeping step with me upwards, would be a dead weight, and keep me at or near the foot forever. No, no, pretty, I cannot afford one of your finished boarding-school misses for a wife—the luxury is too expensive for me. So I am going to marry a girl who knows something of real life—a true, good, patient enduring, self-denying, sweet darling little body, who is not ashamed to earn her living with the needle. And I can tell you what, Dolly, I only wish you were like Harriet Parker; there would be forty chances in favor of your marrying a man of sense to those you have now.—Don't you know that a new society has been formed among young men, and that some of the very best 'catches' among them have signed a pledge not to marry any girl who is not willing to commence matrimonial life with two rooms and kitchen, and who dosen't know how to bake, cook and sew, and to wash and iron into the bargain? I am the President.'

'Preposterous! exclaimed Lizzie.

'You'll cry some other word when you get on the old maids' list, and see your place filled in the home of some man that is a man by a woman who was not ashamed of useful employment when she was a girl. I can tell you what, my dainty little sister, there's a reform at work, and men worth having are beginning to choose between no marriage or marriage with girls of plainer notions and more useful accomplishments than are possessed by the butterflies who lounge on sofas all day knitting zephyr or reading novels. So make up your mind to a reform or old maidism. And now, as in all probability you understand that I am in earnest about marrying Harriet Parker, I hope you will reconsidered your hasty resolution about not speaking to your sister-in-law. The loss, let me tell you, will be all on your own side.'

Brother Tom understood his own position entirely. He was not a man to stoop below himself in marrying. He could not unite himself with one who was ignorant and unrefined—against that his generously cultivated soul would have revolted. But he wanted a real, not an artificial, woman—one who could take her place beside him, as he said on the lowest round of fortune's ladder, and keep step with him upward. Such a one he had found in Harriet Parker, and he was independent enough to make her his wife.

Lizzie soon discovered, after her brother Tom actually got married and commenced housekeeping in two rooms, with his modest, cheerful, earnest-minded wife, that her new sister about her something that insensibly won the love, commanded the respect and almost extorted the admiration of all who were so fortunate as to make her acquaintance.

'Marriage, they say, makes or mars a man,' the brother overheard Lizzie once saying, in an undertone to a lady friend. 'But it will not mar the fortune of brother Tom. He's got just the wife to help him along in the world; and one that will grace any position to which they may rise.'

'My own sentiments exactly, pretty,' spoke out brother Tom. 'She's a jewel, and worth a thousand of your paste and tinsel women. I told you so. But you couldn't believe me. Now, if you'll go and apprentice yourself to a dress-maker or a milliner, or learn to do any useful work—useful not simply ornamental I mean, I will recommend you to the new president of the society I told you about. I had to resign when I got married. He's a splendid specimen, and will make a husband worthy of a queen.'

SEVEN-UP FOR A WIFE;
OR,
Good as Wheat.

In the State of Illinois there is a certain village boasting of a tavern, three stores and four groceries, where from morning till night, and from night till morning, a person entering the town may find in the tavern, stores and groceries aforesaid one or more groups of persons playing cards—gambling is reduced to a science—the history of the four kings is thoroughly studied, and from the school boy to the gray headed veteran, from the miss in her teens to the mother of a large family, they are initiated into the mysteries of high low, jack, game, right and left bowers, the honors and the odd tricks. One of the best players in the village was Maj. Smith, the tavern keeper; or, as he expressed it, the proprietor of the hotel—a widower, who, like

——'Jeptha, Judge of Israel,
Had a daughter, passing fair.'

Fanny, the daughter, was one of the prettiest girls in the village. The sweetheart of Fanny was a young farmer, residing in the neighborhood whom we shall designate by the name of Bob.

It happened that one day before harvest the young man was detained in the village and night found him as usual at the hotel seated between the Major and his daughter. After a desultory conversation between the two gentlemen on the state of weather, the prospects of the approaching harvest, and important staples of conversation, the Major asked Bob how his wheat crop promised to yield. In reply he was told that the young farmer expected to have at least five hundred bushels. The Major appeared to study for a moment, then abruptly proposed a game of "old sledge," or seven-up, the stake to be his daughter Fanny against the crop of wheat. This of course the young man indignantly refused, because he could not bear the idea that the hand of her loved should be made the subject of a bet; or that he should win a wife by gambling for her; and perhaps because he knew the old man was hard to beat, and there was a strong probability of losing both wheat and wife.

It was not until the Major, with his usual obstinancy, had sworn that unless he won her he should never have her, that the young man was forced reluctantly to consent to play.

The table was placed, candles lit, the cards produced, and the players took their seats with Fanny between them, to watch the progress of the game. The cards were regularly shuffled and it fell to the Major's lot to deal. The first hand was played, and Bob made gift to his opponent's high, low game. Bob dealt; the Major again made three to his opponent's one.

"Six to two," said Miss Fanny, with a sigh.

The Major, as he dealt the cards winked knowingly and said:

"I'm good for the wheat, Master Bob"

The old man turned up a trump—it was a spade. Fanny glanced at her father's hand—her heart sank; he held the tray, eight-spot, and the king. She then looked at Robert's hand and lo, he had the ace, queen, deuce, and jack, or knave. She whispered to Bob to beg—he did so.

"Take it," said the Major.

Robert led the dence which the old man took with his three spot; and he then followed by playing the kink, Bob putting his queen upon it. The Major, supposing it to be the young man's last trump, leaned over the table, and trapping the last trick with his finger, said:

"That's good as wheat."

"Is it?" asked Bob, as he displayed to the astonished Major the ace and jack yet in his hands.

"High, low, jack, and game," shouted Bob.

"Cut," ejaculated Fanny.

"Good as wheat," added Bob, as he flung his arms around her neck and kissed her.

In due time they were married, and ever after that when anything occurred of a pleasant nature to the happy couple they would express their emphatic approbation of it by the phrase, "Good as wheat!"

TIT FOR TAT.—A certain Mr. Robert Thomas, residing somewhere in the western section of this State, having advertised his wife Rebecca as "leaving his bed and board without just cause," cautioning the public, at the same time, "not to trust her on his account," Mrs. Thomas, evidently not pleased to be so scandalized, comes back at her spouse as follows:

'I must justify myself by stating that I had good reasons for leaving, as he was so cross that no one could do anything to please him. He turned us out to the inclemency of the weather and raged and stormed and threatened until I was afraid he would kill me. I had to work out in the fields for the sake of keeping peace, and still could not, and rather than fight with him I left his bed and board. As for the bed, it was my own before marrying him, and as for board it was poor grub; but my boarding was all I got for work in doors and out. Caution all persons from buying any household property from him as the most in his house I took there. As for trusting me on his account I don't thank any one for so doing, for I always had good credit myself. I never lived such a life as I have for the last few months and as I have decent relations to live among I thought I would better myself than live with him, and all this I can prove. He made his other wife be hostler, and harrow and go to mill with and old ox and every thing of mens work, and I am too old for such work."

A CARPENTER who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five story building, upon which had fallen a rain. The roof being slippery, he lost his footing, and as he was descending towards the eaves, he exclaimed: "Just as I told you!" Catching however, in the tin spout, he kicked off his shoes and regained a place of safety, from which he thus delivered himself; "I knowed it; there's a pair of shoes gone to thunder."

☞ A querulous wife, who was desirous of visiting Greenwood Cemetery, said to her husband, "you have never taken me to the cemetery." "No dear," said he, 'that is a pleasure I have yet had only in 'anticipation."

Vast Armies and their Movements.

There have been vast armies and grand movements in ancient times. Here is a record of some them:

Sennacherib, the Bible tells us, lost in a single night 185,000 by the destroying angel.

The city of Thebes had a hundred gates, and could send out of each gate 10,000 fighting men and 200 charriots; in all, 1,000,000 men and 2,000 chariots.

The army of Tserah, king of Ethiopia, consisted of 1,000,000 men, and 300 chariots of war.

Sessostris, king of Egypt, led against his enemies 600,000 men, 24,000 cavalry, and 27 scythe-armed chariots; 1491 before Christ.

Hamilcar went from Carthage, and landed near Palermo. He had a fleet of 2,000 ships and 3,000 small vessels, and a land force of 300,000 men. At the battle in which he was defeated, 150,000 were slain.

Ninus, the Assyrian king, about 2,200 years before Christ, led against the Bactrians an army of 1,700,000 foot, 1,700,000 horses and 16,000 chariots armed with scythes.

Semiramis employed 2,000,000 men in building Babylon. She took 100,000 prisoners at the Indus and sank, 1,000 boats.

A short time after the taking of Babylon, the forces of Cyrus consisted of 600,000 foot, 120,000 horse, and 2,000 chariots, armed with scythes.

Army of Cambyses, 50,000 strong, was buried in the desert sands of Africa by a south wind.

When Xerxes arrived at Thermopylæ, his land and sea forces amounted to 2,614,510, exclusive of servants, eunuchs, women, sutlers, etc., in all numbering 5,283,220. So say Herodotus, Plutarch, and Isocrates.

The army of Artaxerxes before the battle of Cunaxa amounted to about 1,200,000.

Ten thousand horses and 100,000 foot fell on the fatal field of Issus.

When Jerusalem was taken by Titus, 1,100,000 perished in various ways.

The army of Tamerlane is said to have amounted to 1,600,000, and that of his antagonist, Baljazet, to 1,400,000.—*Zion's Herald.*

PRESIDENT J. Q. ADAMS ON THE MORAL OF THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO.—When John Q. Adams was President, he was travelling incog. through New York State; and never having seen Chancellor Kent, concluded to give him a call. He reached his house quite late in the evening, and without sending up his name was ushered into the library where the Chancellor was busily reading. He looked up from his book and requested his unknown visitor to be seated, and resumed reading. After looking around for a few minutes, the President addressed the Chancellor, and the following conversation ensued:

'I see you have a great many books here,' said the President.

'Yes.'

'I see you have Shakspeare,' said the President, 'have you ever read it?'

'Yes.'

'Do you know the moral of Othello?'

'Certainly, every one knows the moral of Othello,' said the Chancellor.

'What is it?'

'Why to beware of Jealousy, &c.'

'No sir, you are wrong.'

"What is it then?" said the Chancellor greatly surprised.

'The moral of Othello,' said the President, 'is that a white woman must not marry a black man.'

At a doctrine so moral, and a moral so original, the Chancellor concluded that his visitor was an escaped lunatic, so he ran to the door, calling 'William, Willam!' [his son] 'come up here; there is a crazy man in my room.' As soon as John Q. Adams could sufficiently control his laughter to speak, he introduced himself, and the Chancellor then had some doubts as to his sanity.

THE following verses were written in England in 1686. That was just 179 years ago. They might have been written in America yesterday.

Unhappier age who ever saw,
When truth doth go for treason;
Every blockhead's will is law,
And concomb's sense is reason.

Religion's made the bawd of state,
To serve the pimps and panders;
Our liberty a prison gate;
And scoundrels are commanders.

O how wretched is our fate!
What dangers do we run?
We must be wicked to be great,
And to be just—undone.

Andy Johnson's Inaugural.

The special reporter of New York *Herald* gives a long and minute account of the proceedings at Washinton on inauguration day. Among other matters he mentions the *debut* of "Andy Johnson" as Vice President. The *Herald* correspondent says that Johnson "walkad unsteadily *probably from excitement.*" In the Senate chamber, when Vice President Hamlin had concluded his valedictory, Vice President elect, Mr. Johnson, commenced his address, before he had taken the oath of office. He had been talking about five minutes when the President entered the door from the Senate lobby, at the right of the Clerk's desk, escorted by Senators Hendricks and Foster, Mr. Lincoln taking his seat at the end of the Clerk's desk, near the members of his Cabinet.

A JOKE PLAYED ON THE SISTERS.—About ten o'clock on Tuesday night, as officer Bresnehan, of the first ward, was going his rounds, he was called by one of the Sisters of Charity, at the corner of Eighteeth street and New York avenue.—She stated that the door bell of the institution had been rung, and on going to the door she found a basket on the steps, but the person who placed it there was not to be seen. She proceeded to examine the contents of the basket, supposing some destitute and depraved mother had bequeathed to the Institution a baby. She carefully uncovered the basket, when she discovered a rag baby, with a nursing bottle full of milk. A brick had also been placed in the basket, doubtless to give weight to the deception. Officer Bresnehan took charge of the basket and contents and conveyed them to the station house.—*Washington Union.*

PATIENCE OF GOD.—How wonderful it is! Think what he hears and sees and yet though immaculately holy, so that sin is infinitely offensive to him and infinitely powerful, so that he can punish it, how he spares! Take the oaths that are uttered. He hears them all, and they roar up in one horrid chorus to the skies. Take the cries which wrong and outrage extort from the widows, orphans, and the oppressed. He hears them all; and how, as Abel's slaughtered corpse called from the ground, must they pierce his ear and demand vengence! The blood which is unjustly shed, drawn from the veins of innocence, he sees it all, and is sufficient to make rivers. What a foul stench reeks up from the corrupt city dwellings, and hearts of depraved humanity! And it all mounts to him. Yet how he spares, keeps back the struggling thunders!—How amazing his patience; he is God and not man, and therefore his compassion fails not.—*Rev J. Brace.*

SOMETHING TO THINK OF.—An eminent statesman has said:

"Compromise is the first law of combinations—I had said almost of nature. It is the law of society—all government—all united action. Partners in business compromise—members of church socities compromise—members of political, charitable, useful societies compromise—Kings compromise with each other—they compromise with their subjects or lose them—Wars end by compromise—the family circle is a compromise—Husbands compromise with their wives—fathers compromise with their disobedient children—and if our religion is true, God Almighty compromised with man when he accepted in his behalf the atonement of His Son, and shall we refuse to do what nature, reason, religion, and history all command."

☞ There is now residing in the town of Caledonia, Columbia county, Wisconsin, a man named Joseph Crele, who is supposed to be the oldest man in the world. He was born in Detroit, of French parents, and the record of his baptism shows that he is 130 years old. He was first married in New Orleans, 109 yeras ago, and is now living with a daughter by his third wife, who is over 70 years ago. He is still active; is able to chop wood, and to walk several miles.

THE eagerness with which men and women adopt the sayings of Lincoln reminds us of a disgusting picture, painted by Galaton, which represented Homer vomiting precious stones, and the other poets standing around swallowing what came out of his mouth. Now that Old Abe vomits precious stones; but, whatever he does throw up, the dirty Loyal Leaguers swallow with the greedy hungry dogs.