

The Columbian.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1867.

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THE COLUMBIAN.



A Democratic Newspaper.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT
BLOOMSBURG, PENNA.

THE principles of this paper are the Jeffersonian school of politics. These principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindness shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The unity, happiness, and prosperity of the country is our aim and object; and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and earnestly for the harmony, successful growth and organization.

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ag—It is in our power, more likely to be satisfactory, both to subscribers and to the Publishers, that remittances and all communications respecting the business of the paper, be sent direct to the office of publication. All letters, whether relating to the editorial or business concerns of the paper, and all payments for subscriptions, advertising, or jobbing, are to be made to and addressed to—

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"Columbian Office,"
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Printed at Robinson's Buildings, near the Court House, by
CLAS. M. VANDERBILT,
FRANK H. SEYDLER.

THE LOST CAUSE.

THE ONLY STANDARD OFFICIAL
SOUTHERN HISTORY OF THE
WAR.

By Edward A. Pollard, of Virginia.

SAMUEL SCHWENDELER OF MIFFLIN Township, has purchased the money of Columbia County, for the sale of the above work. It comprises a full account of the rise and progress of the late Southern Confederacy, the campaigns, battles, incidents and adventures of the most gigantic struggle of the World's history. Compiled in one large volume of nearly 500 pages, with

PHILIPPS' FIRST BABY.

MRS. PHILIPPS WAS ON the very pinnacle of felicity. She was the mother of a boy which weighed eleven pounds.

He, Phillips, bid fair to lose his mind entirely. He danced and sang, and fired guns from the top of his corn-house, whistled Yankee Doodle while eating his breakfast, and wrung the necks of all the fowls on the place, to make a chicken pie for the celebration.

This worthy couple had been married ten years, and this was their first child. People had laughed at them ten years on account of their luck; people who were overruled with children, and whose lives were made miserable by the scoldings and spankings they found it necessary to inflict upon their wretched little offspring.

Now, Mrs. Phillips said, she guessed they'd laugh out the other side. There had never been so large a baby born in Smithfield before. Mrs. Jones' was only weighed nine pounds and had a pug nose. Mrs. Sawyers' was red-haired, and had a mole on his right foot—a sure sign that it would come to a bad end—and it only weighed seven pounds and fourteen ounces! She guessed folks had better look at home before they laughed.

Baby proved to be a Tartar. He had a temper like a windmill, and seemed determined to develop his feet and lungs to the utmost while he had leisure, for he screamed and kicked twenty-three out of the twenty-four hours.

But his mother declared he was an angel. We never can imagine an angel with puffy red cheeks, heels elevated in the air, sucking a sugar teat, and being lashed about in a pillow cradle to the tune of "High diddle dee!" but then our imagination is not by any means so vivid as it might be.

From the hour in which he was born, he was the Autocrat of the household; everything had to bow to his nod.

The scullery dog cowered; it was taken off the hinges, and the servant was in the draft all the time, because she might disturb the baby. For the same reason the coffee mill was moved into the wood-shed, the dishes must be washed out of doors—the clatter of the plates made the baby scream; the washing was done in the barn; all the clocks in the house were stopped; the dog was muzzled, and the cat choked—all from the fear of disturbing the baby.

Mr. Phillips paid a blacksmith, who was located within a quarter of a mile, one hundred dollars to move his shop, and Biddy was moved to the cock loft of the woodshed on account of snoring. The child's diseases were legion. It was a wonder that it could draw its breath with so many terrible ailments clinging to it. Mrs. Phillips was continually on the watch for some new demonstration.

"Charles!" cried she, waking her husband from slumber one cold winter night, "it seems to me the baby don't breathe just right."

Mr. Phillips sprang up and listened; "Good gracious, he's got the snuffles, ain't he?"

"Oh, dear, what shall we do if baby is going to be sick?"

Mr. Phillips got a light, and the anxious parents brought it to bear on the face of their child.

"Oh, heavens!" cried his mother, "his face is actually purple! he's going to have the scarlet fever. See that red spot on his elbow?"

Original Poetry.

FOR THE COLUMBIAN.

FORGIVE.

BY MARIAN BIRD.

FORGIVE! let mercy's voice refuse
To speak the pardoning word,
Which can sweet solace give the heart
By true repentance stirred.

Shall friendship's golden chain, forever,
By pride or wrath be riveted?
If one hath wronged thee, oh, forgive
As thou wouldst be forgiven!

Forgive! thou knowest not the pain
They coldness can impart,
Thou knowest not what anguish keen
May such a loving heart.

Perchance 'twas but a needless word,
A jealous pang, or some known wrong,
And while the lips have wrunged, the heart
Was tender still, and true.

Forgive thy friend—the love of years,
Is never cold or dead,
Forgive thy foe, and burning coals
Thou'lt heap upon his head.

Forgive! the foul repentant heart
Shall shed through life to thee,
And the reward of all the true,
Thy future portion be.

Forgive, though justice sternly sit,
Above thy cruel wrongs,
Vengeance is God's, but Charity
To all mankind belongs.

Forgive, if at the judgment seat
Thou'lt stand not in plain view;
Forgive, forgive, for His dear sake,
Who for the sins was slain.

Miscellaneous.

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"It may be where he's laid it on!" remarked Mr. Phillips.

of clothing he could lay his hands on, which proved to be his wife's embroidered petticoat, but he was in too much haste, and altogether too much excited to notice dress particularly. He hung the garment over his head, and tied it around his waist—slipped on his shoes and plunged into the keen air. The Doctor was asleep, and did not care about turning out, but on being told that it was a case of life or death, he yielded at once.

Mr. Phillips left him dressing, and sped to the residence of Granny Bates. The old lady was wise, but she was very superstitious, and believed in warnings and apparitions. Phillips gave a thundering rap at the door, and directly a night-capped head appeared at an upper window.

"What do you want at this time of night, and who be ye?" said a cracked voice.

Phillips stepped out and stood plainly revealed by the light of a dim moon.

"Good gracious, massy!" cried the old woman, "it's got a scalloped petticoat on. Land! I didn't think they wasted their time on such vanities as that are."

"It's a dying!" exclaimed Phillips—"come down quick!"

"Not I! I ain't so green as to trust my old body to a supernatural ghost!" and down went the window with a bang. Phillips pounded at the door until he was tired, and then made tracks for home.

Dr. Gray had just arrived. Mrs. Phillips was preparing to go into hysterics as soon as she heard his opinion.

Baby was much worse; it not only sucked its thumbs, but wiggled its toes. It could not continue long. The doctor, with a grave face, entered the sick room. Biddy rubbed her mistress with camphor. Mr. Phillips stood by, wiping his eyes with the drapery of his scant attire.

"Oh, doctor! will it die? Only save it doctor, and you may take all I have!" cried Mrs. Phillips, wringing her hands.

"I'll get down on my knees to you and thank you forever!"

"Keep your sitting, marm, keep your sitting," said the doctor, taking a large pinch of snuff.

"Don't keep me in suspense! Only see its precious little arm! What is it! For the love of heaven tell me—let me know the worst!"

"Well, marm, if I speak out you promise not to blame me?" asked the doctor gravely.

"No, no!"

"Marm," said he, with his long face still more fearfully elongated, "it is my opinion as a man and a physician, that the child has been bitten by four bed-bugs, or else he has been bitten in four places by one insect of that description."

"Dr. Gray," cried the father, "do you mean to insult us?"

"By no means, sir; I repeat it—'No, you don't!' yellow Mr. P. It's enough to insult that I have bed-bugs, to say nothing of the label on that little angel cherub. Get out of this house this instant, you mean, cheating, insulting old vagabond!" and seizing the butter ladle from the table, where Biddy had laid it full of hot pepper tea, she flung it at him. The doctor knew enough about women to realize that in flight lay safety, and with a hasty bow he backed off the step and started for his gig. The ground was inclined, and quite dry. His heels flew up, his head went down, and his whole body spun down the hill like a steel-shod cutter.

Mrs. P. nothing daunted, rushed after him and shared the same fate. The two brought up together at the foot of the hill, in a watering trough, but no words of sympathy were exchanged. The doctor got up as quick as he could, and galloped home, and Mrs. Phillips followed his example.

The baby lived and thrived. As it grew older its clatter-sound became more and more absolute. Phillips was down on all fours for the greater part of his time, that the baby might ride on his back; and Mrs. Phillips went without crinoline, and left her arms bare in the coldest weather because the steel spring and her dress sleeve hurt the baby.

Baby made a complete wreck of all the crockery in the house—pounded it with a hammer; he kicked his heels through the looking glass and tore the inwards out of pa's gold watch, unmoored it, it pleased the deary, weary, seary baby, his mother said—the little mitty sugar plummy baby.

One day, when the wonderful baby was a year old, the village inhabitants were startled by the disheveled apparition of Mrs. Phillips—bare headed, and wearing a wild expression of countenance—hurrying at a frantic rate to the joiner's shop, where her husband worked; and instantly re-appeared, followed by Phillips at a dog trot.

Old squire Smith saw them, and became a man who lived in constant dread of fire, he thought it must be the residence of Mr. Phillips was in flames. The old gentleman was perfectly insane on the subject of conflagration, and at the top of his lungs raised the cry: "Fire! fire! fire!"

"Where? where?" cried a score of voices.

"Charley Phillips' house!" said the old gentleman.

"I do not understand you," said Mrs. P. "but the baby has walked two steps—two steps on his own feet alone!"

"Sold! by Jupiter!" cried the freeman and now, boys, here's threepence three to the baby that walked two steps! Hearty my men!"

And they gave the cheers—drank a barrel of cider which Mr. Phillips rolled out, and then returned home.

AFRICA.

M DE CHATELAIN in a lecture on Africa delivered a few days ago, has the following:

"In these equatorial forests there are found a vast number of ants—without the H which I got accustomed to in England—(laughter)—some of which are so terrible to man, and even to the beasts of the woods, from their voracious bite, their fierce temper, and voracity, that their path is freely abandoned to them. The most remarkable and most dreaded of all, is the black Bashikonay. Bashikonay is the name given by the Bakalal. There are two other varieties of Bashikonay beside the black kind. These black Bashikonay may be well called the lords of the forest. It is the most voracious creature I ever met. It is the dread of all living animals from the leopard to the smallest insects. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long, regular line, a line about two inches broad and often several miles in length; all along this line are larger ants who act as officers—stand outside the ranks and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build an underground tunnel through which the whole army pass in columns to the forest beyond. When they grow hungry, as by a sudden command the long file spreads itself through the forest advancing forward, attacking and devouring all living things with a fury that is quite irresistible. The elephant and the gorilla fly before them; the black men run away; every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. In an incredibly short space of time those that are caught are overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and only the bare skeleton remains. Many a time have I been awakened out of a sleep and obliged to rush into the water to save myself from them. When they enter a house they clear it of every living thing. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant; rats and mice spring around the room in vain. They will not touch vegetable matter, they are very useful, clearing the country of many insects. When on their march the insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a Bashikonay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the top of the trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap, instantly the strong pincers are fastened and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such a time this little insect seems animated by a kind of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety. The negroes relate that criminals, by some means generally mean wizards, have sometimes been exposed on the path of the Bashikonay ants, tied to a tree so they might not escape, and then were devoured to the bones. They are larger than any ants we have in America. The number of one of their armies is so great that one does not like to enter into calculations, but I have seen a continuous line passing at a good speed a particular place for twelve hours. So you may imagine how many millions they have been."

PHARISEES HOWLING.

THIS release of Mr. Davis affords to some of our cotemporaries a pretext for malignant vituperation. The editor of this journal is howled at with a vindictiveness which is comforting so far as it shows that the tongues of certain of our friends have not yet cleaved to the roof of their mouths. Let that pass as the idle wind which we heed not. One or two observations, however, may be ventured in reference to a matter which seems to excite more than ordinary interest.

Jefferson Davis was taken prisoner two years since. He was arrested as an assassin—and for his arrest the Government paid the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. The President claimed to know in offering this reward that Mr. Davis was the accomplice of Wilkes Booth. He was thrown into a dungeon, and manacled, and held in harassing duress. As an assassin, especially as the assassin of Mr. Lincoln, the rigor and vigilance did not seem unnecessary, and we were content. With all the proofs the Administration claimed to have, was it not wise, nay, was it not due to the memory of the martyred dead, that speedy justice should be visited upon the great offender? Certainly, if Jefferson Davis was concerned in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, he was the chief assassin. The wretches who were so swiftly hanged on a midsummer's day, were the mere instruments in the hands of the great criminal. The belief induced Mr. Davis's arrest, and the payment of an enormous reward. What came of the arrest? With evidence of his guilt in the possession of Mr. Stanton—with a hundred generals only too happy to be assigned to court-martial duty—with the courts open, able lawyers and district-attorneys duly commissioned, the great criminal was permitted to remain in prison, and not a word was said of justice. For two years this has continued, and now, at the end of two years, the Government permits him an unpunished assassin, to be taken from prison and released on bail. If this is right now, when did it become right? If, after all, the Government has no evidence showing the complicity of Davis and Booth, why was not the charge withdrawn?

Well, it was as a traitor, and not as an assassin, that Mr. Davis was held, and as such he should have been kept in jail. But why keep him in jail? Treason is a crime, and a crime, according to Mr. Johnson, that should be punished. There is a lawful way of punishing men in this country. To keep a man in prison without trial is a violation of law, not obedience to it. Mr. Davis may have committed many crimes—so many indeed that, according to one howling Pharisee, "it is a disgrace and a blot on our country that he should ever be permitted to decorate with his traitor's 'foot-prints the soil of a free State.' But how do we know that he committed crimes? There is but one way of knowing it—the verdict of twelve trusty men. Because Mr. Davis is a criminal, must we also be criminals? Because he is known to have committed treason, must we also commit what is certainly moral treason to the Constitution? If it is right to take Jefferson Davis, citizen, and imprison him two years without judge or jury, why not citizen Thurlow Weed, or citizen William Cullen Bryant? But it is popularly believed that if Mr. Thurlow Weed had his deserts he would long ago have been in Sing Sing. We have no legal knowledge of the fact. Mr. Weed has never been arrested nor tried; nor has even an indictment been found. He is at liberty, and so long as he is not legally accused, we shall insist that he remain at liberty, and if necessary we shall find twenty bondsmen who will answer for his security until tried. The principle is the same, whether it applies to Davis or Weed, or citizen Democrat arrested for assault and battery. The law has no prejudices—the Constitution no "popular" punishments.

Certain citizens testify their appreciation of the principle so conspicuously violated in the case of Mr. Davis by becoming his bondsmen. Listen to the Pharisees howling. It is popular to howl at Mr. Davis, and hence all this loudly-echoing indignation. What is justice? What is law? What is the Constitution? What are the honor and dignity of this nation? Mr. Davis is a traitor, and should be hanged! Well, Johnson is a patriot, and why did he not hang him? The Pharisees who howl over Davis huzzas for Johnson. So long as Davis was a fact, we opposed him. The Rebellion he led, the slave system he cherished, the disunion he preached, and we were warned upon. We war upon them now, and shall continue to do so until this land is a land of universal freedom and impartial suffrage. But Jefferson Davis is no longer a fact. He no longer represents armed treason. He is our victim, our prisoner, the creature of the laws, and one in whose person the laws have for two years been dishonored. Against that injustice we have protested, against injustice in any form, no matter how lofty or lowly the victim. This we do because we believe it to be right. The Pharisees may howl notwithstanding. We have heard them many and many a time before.—N. Y. Tribune.

REV. JOHN BECKWITH, of New Orleans, has been elected Bishop of Georgia, to succeed Bishop Elliott, deceased.

TO PAY TAXES.

It is estimated that the land which would be saved to use, by a proper levee system for the Mississippi river amounts to about seven millions of acres; an area larger than some of the States. The value of the cotton that could be raised on this land, now comparatively worthless, would at present rates, 28 cents a pound, be about \$970,000,000. Taxed two and a half cents a pound, this crop would pay to the United States annually a tax of \$87,500,000. This is more than the whole receipts of the United States from duties on imports during the fiscal year 1865, five times the revenue from the tax on raw cotton for the fiscal year 1866, and nearly one-fifth of the whole revenue of the United States for the latter year. Thus it is evident that this mass of real estate is a very important portion of the landed property, that is of the material strength, of the United States.

Wit and Humor.

ELECTIONEERING STORY.

A story is going about the London clubs of a candidate for a vacant seat in Parliament. He was walking through the streets of the borough with his attorney, when a neutral voter was pointed out. The legal adviser said that the candidate had better tackle the voter at once.

"What is his profession?" said the candidate.

"I am not sure," was the reply, "but I rather think he is a trunk maker."

"How do you do, how do you do, my dear sir?" says the candidate. "How very fortunate that I have made your acquaintance. Mrs. X. has been traveling about a good deal lately, and has worn out her trunk. Please make me the very best trunk that you possibly can."

"I am much flattered by your commands," said the voter, "but I am not a trunk maker."

"Oh! yes, you are," said the candidate.

"No, indeed, I am not," says the voter.

"Then, pray, what are you?" says the candidate.

"If you please, sir, I am a coffin maker."

"Oh, that will do just as well," said Mr. X., the candidate. "Please make me a coffin; the very best coffin you possibly can."

The voter said: "Please, sir, you are joking now; I don't like that."

Mr. X., in reply, "Never was more serious in my life."

"Well," said the voter, "all is fair in the way of business. But be good enough to give me a written order."

"By all manner of means," said Mr. X., who at once gave him a written order.

About a week afterward a hearse with plumes and feathers drew up at a comfortable family mansion in one of the London parks, and out came a coffin. The servants were horrified, and declined to take the dark object in doors. The undertaker was inexorable. Mr. X. was at dinner; and being interrogated by his servant, desired the coffin to be brought into the house.

"But were shall we put it?" said Mr. X.

"Under the bed," said Mr. X.

To this Mrs. X. decidedly objected. Soon all the servants came and began to insinuate symptoms of giving warning. They could not think of abiding in the house with a coffin. Mr. X. then ordered it to be taken to his chambers in the Temple. On one of his friends asking him what he had done with his coffin, he admitted that he had put a whole set of voluminous law reports into it. The said candidate is likely to hear more of this when he goes among his newly-formed acquaintances in the borough.

BOILERING A WITNESS.—About twenty years ago, when Franklin Pierce and the present Senator Clark stood at the head of the Hillsborough bar, in New Hampshire, there was upon the docket a celebrated suit called the "Horse Case." This action was brought by Smith and Jones, heavy stable keepers, against one White, to recover the value of a pair of horses alleged to have been killed by the defendant while conveying an insane man to the asylum at Concord. There was plenty of proof that the horses died soon after their arrival there; but the defendant took the ground that they died of disease, and not from being overheated, and that a sufficient time had been allowed them to travel that distance with ease. Then it became necessary to show the jury the time of starting and the time of arrival. Many citizens were brought forward among them a tall, bony, slab-sided, lanky, sleepy-looking fellow, who officiated as ostler at the stable. I give you the substance of the concluding portion of the examination:

"What time, sir, did I understand you to say it was when the horses were driven up to the stable?"

"Just as I was going to dinner."

"What time was it when you went to dinner the day before—by the clock?"

"Just twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

THE AMERICAN CENT.

The first copper cent was produced in 1782 by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and was named by Jefferson, two years later. It began to make its appearance from the Mint in 1792. It then bore the head of Washington on one side and a chain of thirteen links on the other. The French Revolution soon after created a rage for French ideas in America, which put for the cent, instead of the head of Washington, the head of the Goddess of Liberty, with neck thrust forward and flowing locks. The chain on the reverse was replaced by the olive wreath of peace. But the French liberty was short lived, and so was our portrait on our cent. In its stead a staid, classic dame, with finely chiselled Grecian features, and a fillet round the hair, came into fashion forty or fifty years ago, and continued until about ten years since, when the much smaller and more convenient nickel cent appeared, with a flying eagle in the place of Liberty's head, in order that it might not be mistaken for the five dollar gold piece. In the present new cent the Liberty head has been restored.

"TOMMY MY SON," said a fond mother "do you say your prayers night and morning?"

"Yes; that is, nights—but my smart boy can take care of himself in the daytime."

CONSCIENCE is the chamber of justice.

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