The Columbian Bloomsburg Democrat

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The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1869.

you may think she was a charmer-I

did, any how. Of all the magnum bonum

charmers I ever seed, she was the mag-

num bonest! And so all the young fellers

down. Lordy! there was a flutterin'

then equal to a saw-mill.'tween my two

that hour I was too big for my breeches;

he'd been married in before the Revolu-

tionary war, and come off at his knees;

but he was tall and I warn't, they came

below mine three or four inches. Agin

stiff-sister Sal, for the purpose, starch-

slick as a sheet of tin. This shirt had

the finest kind of flax linen in the bos-

om and collar, but the invisible part

iron just hot from the fire, down stairs

tumbles one o' the tarnal brats, knock-

in' the breath out'n it. It was Satur-

and ran to it in course, but afore it come

burnt two holes in the extremity of my

linen. Next mornin' I put it on as it

was, then dad's true blues, then the fust

"I was seventeen just that Sunday

Crumpton was at meetin' to show

reg'lar built par of shoes I'd ever had,

mornin', and in my Sunday riggin' felt

myself a man, and was resolved if Bet-

it. Well, she was thar, and I axt for

her side, I felt as light as nothin'-

skercely touched the ground I walked

on. But I shan't tell the fine things I

thought and said to her on the way,

and more after we got home. 'Oh, yes,

do,' said several voices. No, you'll

have enough without that, you're to

of the young ones slept below. I was

sun two hours high, breakfast on the

table, and me in bed! Just as I was

me in a moment that the hole in my

get down-I strained to break the hem

consolation I had not. I'd a cust my

nal whelps wo'd pull tother off.

through into a trough of soap under the

house! Gosh! I thought it was in the

pit that's bottomless! I sprung for my

life, but in doing this I threw myself

nto the face and stomach of Squire

Crumpton, who was cumin' on the run,

the whole family. The collision threw

him down the hill, and I followed heels

over head to the bottom. There I re-

covered my understanding, and with-

out any apologies, or even a word, I

struck a bee-line for home, just as I was

"But, b'hoys, I never went within a

afterwards-nor did I even cast sheep's

MR. AVERY, of Mobile, gives the la-

fire out 'n the flints every jump!

wullin' me.

ecount and some others.

skim the cream off the story yet.

would cable a steamboat.

COL. DEM .-- VOL. XXXIII NO. 37.

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The undersigned having purchased this well-known and centrally beated touss, the Exchange flotel citizen on MA NATREET in Bloomsburg intuctively opinate that clumbia county Court Being, respectfully flower theory friends and the public in general that their house is now in order for the respectfully shown their friends and the public in general that their house is now in order for the respectfully addictable ment of the velocity of the respectfully addictable ment of the velocity of the respectfully and the country of the respective for the respective flower proposed in expense in proparing the Exchange for the entertainment of their guests. these location.

Until these run at all times between the Exchange Brief and the various railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the properties stations in due time to meet the care.

Bloomsourg. April 9, 1868. Choice Poetry.

From the "Flag of our Union," (Boston.) Gettysburg After the Battle.

BY HENRY II. GOODBICH.

What wreck and ruin War hath made Around thy floids, fair Gettysburg! As if with mattock, hoe and spade, Death here had delved, thy fleids had dug. To make a fitting burial bed For heroes slain, -the glorious dead!

How changed thy tranquil harvest-scene Where he beneath his iron heel Hath crushed to earth its living green, Hath held wild revery of steel, Of blood and earnage o'er its sod— A Nation's holocaust to God! How woke the stillness of thine air, As rumbling drum and shrilly fife,

Announced the coming of that strife, Which, for all time, shall make thy name Like Marathon's-Platea's fame! And when the iron storm was o'er, The vanquished from the field had fiel,
And thousands lay in weltering gore—
The wounded, dying, and the dead—
Twas then thy painful task to see
How dear-bought was the victory!

And banners waving free and fair,

Th' unnumbered dead, that round thee lay Like harvest sheaves by reapers bound; the fair-haired boy, and veteran grey, Locked in that sleep that hears no sound, Nor echoes of the flery plain, Nor martial trump, shall rouse again,

The moan, the plaint of dying men, Which they in Naturo's feebleness Could ill-repress, nor yet as when Earth's glories fade to nothingness; Their parting words, their last farewell Ere from their lips no accents fell.

The shattered forms of human life; The battle's rage and flery strife, As blasted by the lightning's stroke, stood forth of beauty, strength bereft, Naught but their country's honors left, And all the sad have of the field:

The wild debris; all trodden down, Had it been spared, the sickle's yield; The soldier's vestments widely strown. And sword, and musket, bayonet Stained with his blood and gory wet. The noble, gallant steed o'erthrown; Prone to the earth which late his heel Had spurned—whence from his nostrils blov The breath of war—by broken wheel And catson, cannon, shot and shell, Where they in shattered ruin fell.

But vetagain the summer's bloom Where oft had broke the stubborn plough, As if sweet Nature's gindly hand ceforth would own thou'rt hallowed land

Above thy Cemetery's height, Where thou hadst laid thy villiage dead-Where waged the conflict's flercest fight, And blood of bravest men was shed— Perhaps the marble's fane shall riso And point in grandeur toward the skies.

Memorials of the eventful hour,
And each a nobler monument
Than sculptured stone of sculptor's power Wolf Hill and Round Top proudly stand, And bound thy scene on either hand.

But with thy charming landscape blent,

Yet, Muse of the Historic page, Immortal as her art divine, Shall best preserve, from age to age, Thy records in her burning line, befying Time's defacing rust That crumbles marble e'en to dust.

Inspired by her, oft to thy vales, Thy woody heights, thy murmris Her votaries shall come, thy tales To hear, and gaze in pensive dreams Upon each consecrated spot, Where sleep thy brave, forgotten not

Miscellancous.

LIFE IN THE BACK-WOODS. Old Jimmy Waddle's First Courtship

"TALKIN' o'sprees, boys, puts me in linen was over the post—and a tall post this way"

mind o' my young days. I should rath- tu! I kick'd and flounder'd and flounder guess I was in for 'em some myself er'd, but all to no purpose-I couldn't them times." This was said by an old man, whom but it was no go. Jist now all the

we will introduce as Mr. James Wad- hounds commenced yellin' so furiously dle, or rather as "old Jim Waddle." the old 'omen and both gals run in to Everybody, (except the reader) knows see what was up, and when they seed It was the evening of a militia training hollow for the Squire, while tothers day; there were a goodly number after through the cracks, with fishin' poles the company was dismissed from duty, battled the cursed bounds that were who were lounging around, and all gathered around the aforesaid old Jim, to hear his yarn, to which he had already begun the prelude, and only waited for somebody to urge him to go on. This there were enough to do. He then inquired what they would have-'one of his huntin' or courtin' sprees ?" latter. Then, after requesting that none of them should laugh till he got through, I couldn't make nothin' by pullin' with a few preparatory bems, and an assumption of a comically grave face, he commenced: [I wish I could report in his inimitable language, verbatim et

teers, and Kaintuck was a paradise for me to hunt bars and Ingins in. But I where the everlasting pups had dragged forgot, you want a courtin' story. Well, my trowsers. I cufft them off, but every a hearty laugh, but they wisely conaltho' I was always a cuttin' up some time I put one leg partly on, the inferdeviltry among the boys, yet, somehow, I was a little shy and skeery amongst the gals. I liked the critters prodigiously; but about the only way I could manage to show it, was by castin' sheep's eyes in abundance at 'em. We had meetins as well as frolies, some times. While the preacher was preachin' tender-heartedness, brotherly-kindness and love, I wasn't thinkin' o' nothin' else. I used to set where I could look the gals in the face-and then gaze at some purty one till she'd blushed as red as a pepper-pod. Then I felt so queer about the gizzard, and wish'd an earthquake would come and throw me right in her lap. I was in love, but I couldn't tell who I loved most. There was Peggy Masonhammer, a mighty fine gal, even in her tow-linen frock, her cheeks war as full as a China pig's, and as red as a turkey gobbler's; and then thar was Sally Perkips, with her gloriously striped home-made cotton frock, besides her ha'r and eyes as black as ink; and then thar was dimple cheek'd, blue ey'd Lottie Smith, who always toted her shoes and stockin's in her hands till she got in sight of meetin', Well, o' these three I couldn't tell, for my life, which I liked best-sometimes one and sometimes another, but allers the last one I looked at.

"But when Squire Crumpton come to one, Betsy. I shan't attempt to describe her; but when I tell you she had unless it might be the radicals would Oregonian. a calico frock, with yaller flowers, as run me for Congress." Sharp boy that. big as your hands, brass car-bobs, besides half-a-dozen strans o' beads, as large as the end of your little finger, that \$1,000 a yoke is paid for them.

Treating a Case Actively.

There ensues a description of "Treating a Case Actively," which made the collector of this omnium gatherum said too. When I first seed her, it was shake his sides, at the same time that at Deacon Snook's meetin'. I fastened it struck him as one of most effective he was a guardian, a "place" in Boston my eyes on her till her's met mine; she temperance stories he had met for many looked steadfastly, then smiled a charma long day. The tale is told by a phying smile, and blushed and looked sician who had been called in great haste to attend a"gentleman of respectablity." who had been discovered in his jacket pockets. I felt as a goner. From room lying senseless on the floor. He found his "patient" in great disof Sundays, I borried dad's breeches

tress of mind. "What is the matter with Mr. H.?"

asked the doctor. "I am afraid it is apoplexy," said his wife; "I found him lying upon the the meetin' I was prepared to cut a big floor as if he had suddenly fallen from his chair. His face is purple, and he ed and ironed my new shirt as stiff and breathes with great difficulty. The doctor examined the "patient,"

he sees no clearer indications of any of it was coarse tow, with a hem that actual or approaching congestion of the "Now, while Sal was smoothing the "Hadn't he better be bled, doctor ?" wrinkles near the said hem with an asked the anxious wife.

and finds this report correct, although

plied the doctor; "I think if we let him alone it will pass off in the course of a day night; and she was the only one up few hours." "A few hours! he may die in half an to, the iron had made its mark-that is,

"I don't know that it is necessary," re-

hour !" said the wife. "I don't think the case is so dangerous madam," remarked the doctor. "Apoplexy not dangerous!" said she,

The doctor delicately hinted that he might possibly have been drinking too much brandy. "No, doctor," said, she "the disease is more deeply scated than that; surely I should know. He had better be bled,

her company, and got it. Walkin' by He had better be bled. Won't you hleed him doctor ?" Thus urged, the doctor took from him about eight ounces of blood, but still he lay insensible.

"Something else must be done," urged his wife; "if he isn't relieved very soon, he must die!" The doctor was not the regular phy-

"She kept me up late, say two o'clock; sician, and felt his position to be a diffiand spite of the novelty-it being the cult one; he was therefore firm in his first time-I got sleepy. Now the resolution not to do any thing more for Squire had just come to these parts, and the patient until the family doctor put up a one-story, one-roomed log came. cabin, and the whole family,'cept some At length he arrived, and the two

a leetle bashful 'bout gwine to bed thar, ments, and then proceeded to the bedbut I was three miles from home, and side of the patient, it was rainin' like blue blazes; I had to There were still no signs of approachdo it, without exposin' the blank in my ing consciousness. linen. I resolved to be up afore any-"Don't you think his head ought to

doctors conversed aside for a few mo-

body else in the mornin' on the same be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife, anxiously. "This was the last I know'd till wak-"Yes, by all means," said the doctor. ened by the hounds (half a dozen of Send for the barber and a blister at which slept under the bed) a pullin' the

once." kivers off'n me. Holy heavens! the The barber came; the head was shaved, and a blister applied to the poor man's skin; but finally the pain ceased, and gwine to spring out, in pops the old he slept. When he awoke, his first exoman, with a plate o' sassage. It was

dog days now, and she cooked in the clamation was-"What's the matter with my head? shanty, I possumed sleep till she went It feels as if it was scalded. Where's out again, and then looked for my my hair? And what's my arm tied up for in this way ?"

the pups at the foot of the bed! I made His wife told him to be quiet, and he a mighty plunge over the foot-board to sunk back on his pillow with a sullen retake them, but oh, horrors! my head groan. Presently, however, he said to down and my heels up. What's the matter, thinks I-but it flashed across

"Sarah, why in the name of goodness did you let the doctors butcher me in

"It was to save your life, dear."
"Save the d-1!" "Hush,dear, every thing depends up-

on your being quiet." He only mouned, "Too bad! too bad !"

Now the facts of the case were, that him and his penchant for yarn-spinning. It was me they run off-one begin to he couldn't take wine nor strong drink without being tempted into excess. To see was to taste-to taste was to full, At last his friends urged him to shut himself up at home for a certain time, and "Oh, I thought of Absolem and every see if total abstinence would not give body that ever did hang, but he didn't him strength.

hang by the wrong end, no, that was a He got on very well for a time-particularly as his coachman kept a wellfate like a Boston, but I remember'd I filled bottle for him in the carriagebelonged to meetin' and it was agin the house, to which he not unfrequently rules. I did howsomever think some resorted; but a too ardent devotion to The boys unanimously demanded the mighty hard words if I didn't speak the bottle brought on the supposed ap-'em. But all that didn't do any good. oplexy. The cure was effectual,

The patient kept quiet on the subject, downwards, so I thought I'd climb up and bore his shaved head upon his the post and unloose myself that way. I shoulders with as much philosophy as had nearly succeeded when one of the he could muster. A wig, after the sores unmannerly pups attacked me in the had disappeared that had been made by rear, and loosin' my holt, the bottom the blister, concealed the barber's work busted off, and I came out full length uutil his own hair had grown again. He dy moved from Virginia to Kaintuck. on the floor, in presisely the same state never ventured upon wine or brandy of fix Job said he came to the world. afterward, for fear of apoplexy. The next minit I was under the bed,

When the truth leaked out-as all cealed from the object of their merriment the fact that they knew any thing "I worried in this way some time, more than appeared of the cause of his when a puncheon gave way, and I fell supposed illness.

gaged board by the week at \$10 per week. Till some one who's rich, chance passes along, specting the Injuns was a massacreeing 'Now," said A. B., "I may be absent occasionally; what deduction will you make for that?" "Fifty cents a meal But, alas, not a wife, the word's out of place, landlord. Time wore on and A. B.was sometimes there, and sometimes not. Is not all that's required, in drifting through After a while the landlord presented in my native purity, at a speed that his bill for three week's board-\$30. In To form a companion-a dear little wife, split the winds, my toe-nails striking a short time A.B.appeared with a counter bill of deduction for meals and lodg- To think for a moment, in this world ings, missed. Meals eaten, three, \$1.50: quarter of a mile of Squire Crumpton's lodgings, seven, 3.50; meals missed, sixty, \$30; lodgings missed, fourteen, \$7; eyes at Betsy again, let alone gallanting balance in favor of A. B., \$2. The land lord, of course, was a little astonished at the result of the reckoning and therefore said not a word, for the best of test instance of the wonderful intellireasons, that he couldn't think of anygence of the redeemed and reconstruct- thing that would do justice to the subed African. Avery had a case in court ject. Whereupon A. B., to relieve the and a colored boy for witness. "Do you landlord's perplexity, remarked with know the nature, obligations and recool urbanity, "well, never mind the ed a watch and wanted to show it, was his knees in prayer, was no robber or sponsibilities of an oath?" sharply \$2; I'll take it out in board." The landasked the judge. "Yes, sir," responded lord couldn't see how to keep even with our diggins, his two gals took the shine Scipio Africanus. "Well, then, what such a boarder, and so the connection off the rest on' em, 'specially the oldest do you think would be done with you between him and A.B., as landlord and of you were to swear to a lie?" "Dunno | boarder, came to an end .- Portland

> -At a public sale in Augusta, Georg--They want oxen in Oregon so bad ia, recently, \$80,000 in Confederate notes were sold for \$50.

A Dull Clerk. Pickernal, a successful dry goods merchant of Boston, was waited upon at his hotel by a gentleman farmer who was desirous of getting a boy, for whom of course he was an uncommon smart boy, quick in figures, strong of intuition and one every way fit as he should 'judge,' to become a merchant. Pickernal thought it over, and said he would try and make a place for him. In due time the boy arrived at Pickernel's store, his broad face ruddy with health, and soapy from the morning wash, his hair slicked, his clothes new and uncomfortable, and a stiff dickey cutting

his ears. He announced himself as the "Ah, you are the boy, are you?" said

Pickernel. "Yes, I s'pose so," replied youngster "Well, come in here, then; I am very busy, but I will examine you in a few practical questions."

The boy came in and sitting down on the desk, swung his heels underneath it as though he felt entirely at home, wait-

ing the questions, "Well," said Pickernel, "suppose a lady should come in here, and buy a dress of fifteen and a half yards of calico at eleven and a half cents a yard, what would it come to?"

The boy looked at his questioner, at the ceiling, at the floor, in a state of great bewilderment "How much caliker?" he asked,

"Fifteen and a half yards." "What price?" "Eleven and a half cents."

He thought a moment. "Well," said he, "I'm darned if

'lieve any woman ever wanted so much cloth for a dress as that." This was throwing up the sponge, and Pickernel put another question.

"How much would five and a half and three quarter cents per pound ?" ame as the other, and after waiting a grows whiter and whiter.

minute, he asked-"Was it green or black tea ?" Without answering, Pickernal put an-

ther question-"Suppose I should send you out with two dollar bill, and you should buy fourteen and a half pounds of beef at seven and a half cents a pound, how

much money would you have left ?"

The boy looked at him for an instant and then indulged in a low whistle. "You don't s'pose," said he, "you can get beef anywhere at seven and a half

cents a pound, do ye?" Pickernel gave up at this. He asked him no more questions, but sent him back next day with alletter, stating that he didn't think he would answer,

EMBARRASSING .-- A gentlemanly agent of a certain city was collecting rares from the passengers of a very full dividual could pass around from house omnibus one morning. All paid prompt- to house about ten o'clock on a Sunday ly except one fat old lady, who sat next morning, he would be likely to hear a the door, and who seemed to be reach. list of excuses for not attending church ing down as if to get some thing she something like the following:

The youth looked at the other passenamong them blushed scarlet, and he beat a sudden retreat, muttering something about not charging old ladies, etc. His cash was short that morning the

fare of one passenger. low with a villainous imagination has been guilty of getting off the following effusion. We do not, by any means, endorse the sentiments, and only publish vile slanders they can be subjected to: There are many young ladies now diffung

through life. That think they were born to be somebody's That sigh in the morning, and pout all their

Because some one was absent, the previous night. That sit by the window, and wonder who'll be

There are none very ugly-these innocent girls, With their chignons and luces, their flounces

and curls; They are a sweet looking tribe, with nothing But sit by the window, promenadors to view,

To play the piano, on luxuries feed,

And the latest sensation, in literature read Of course never idle, in these little things For the time unemployed, she lovingly sings A JOKE ON A HOTEL KEEPER.-One To some she's met yesterday in the street, of our Portland hotel keepers was not Where a little flirtation, so charmingly sweet long since victimized in the following Was indulged in; of course the won't marry manner: A. B. went to him and en- Her poor cousin Larry, but rather she'll tarry

> belong. fine

life strife

Of ever becoming a somebody's wife-May banish the thought-they alas seek i They are born for, no other reason 'tis plain

A reason—assuredly every "somebody" knows, They were born for them only, to buy them their clothes.

shopping at a dry-goods store in Springupon her, she inquired: "Can you tell father's roof. me what time the 12 o'clock train starts

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Religious Column.

THE HEAVENLY CITY.

I know her walls are jasper, her palaces are fair, And to the sound of harpings the saints are singing there; I know that living waters flow under multiful

But ah ! to make my heaven it needeth to

Besid on the peraly gateways and the streets of

No temple hath that city for none is needed there; No sun nor moon entighteneth; can darkness, then be fair? Ahl now the glad reveating, the crowning Joy of What need or other sunlight where God is all in

He fills the wide ethercal with glory all His own, He whom my soul adoreth, the Lamb amid the heaven without my Saviour would be n

heaven to me; Durk were the walls of jusper, rayless the crystal He gilds earth's darkest valley with thit and joy. and pence; What, then, must be the radiance when night

and death shall cease? Speed on, O lagging moments! Come, birthday

How long the night appeareth; the hours, how the willing bride! And when mine eyes behold him I shall be sat

THE GOOD PREACHING MAY DO. -A gentleman was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching ground where a woman was at work watering her web of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to church, what she heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered. She could not even tell the text of the last sermon.

"And what good can the preaching do you," said he, "if you forget it all?" "Ah sir," replied the poor woman,"if sounds of tea come to at seventy-five you look at this web on the grass, you will see that as I put the water on it the He received this pretty much the sun dries it all up; and yet, Mr. I see it

> girl at one of our Sunday Schools was told by her teacher that she must be a good little girl in order that when she died she might become an angel. She replied that she did not want to be an angel. On being asked why, she replied that she didn't wish "to take off her pretty clothes and wear fedders like a hen." She is sister to the little boy who didn't want to "be born again, for fear he might turn out a girl." There is no hope for these two children.

"The good died young, While those whose lives are dry as summer's dust

Burn to the socket." How Apour Ir!-If some unseen in-

had dropped on the floor. When her Overslept myself. Could not dress in time came to pay she raised her head time. Too cold. Too windy, Too dusty, and thus addressed the blushing youth: Too wet, Too damp. Too sunny. Too "I allers, when I travels, carry my cloudy. Don't feel disposed. No other money in my stockin, for you sees, time to myself. Look over my drawers. nothing can get at it thar, and I'd thank | Put my papers to rights. Letters to you, young man, jist to retch it for me, write to my friends. Mean to take a as I'm so jammed in that I can't git to it." | walk. Going to take a ride. Tied to business six days in the week. No fresh gers, some of whom were laughing, at | air but on Sundays. Can't breathe in his plight; one or two young ladies | church, always so full. Feel a little feverish. Feel a little chilly. Feel very lazy. Expect company to dinner. New

> bonnet not come home. ginia banker, who was chairman of a noted infidel club, was once traveling through Kentucky, having bank bills to the amount of about \$25,000. When he came to a lonely forest where murderers and robbers were said to frequent he was soon lost, through taking the

The darkness of the night came over him and how to escape from the threatenlag danger he knew not. In his alarm he suddenly espied in the distance, a dim light, and urging his horse on ward, he at length came to a wretched cabin. He knocked, and the door was opened by a woman, who said that her husbank was out hunting, but would soon return. The gentleman put up his horse and entered the cabin, but with feelings that can be better imagined han described. Here he was, with a large sum of money, and perhaps in the house of one of the robbers whose name was a terror to the country.

In a short time the man of the house returned. He had on a deer skin shirt, a bear skin cap, much fatigued, and in no talkative mood. He felt for pistols in his pockets and placed them so as to be ready for instant use.

The man usked the stranger to retire to bed but he declined, saying he would sit by the fire all night. The manurged, Who's hand-ome, and probably, to him she'll but the more the man urged the more the infidel was alarmed. He felt assured that this was his last night upon and fifty cents a lodging," replied the For a beautiful form, and a sweet looking earth, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. His fear grew into agony. What was to be

At length the backwoodsman arose, reached to the wooden shelf, took down an old book and said:

"Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is my habit to read a chapter of the Holy Scriptures before I

What a change these words produced. Alarm was at once removed from the skeptic's mind. Though avowing himself an infidel, he now had confidence in the Bible. He felt that a man who kept an old Bible in his house, and bent murderer. He listened to the paryer of field, a few days since. Drawing it forth with a flourish, and glancing at it fears and laid down, in his rude cable and the young man who was waiting and slept as calmly as he did under his

From that time he ceased to revile for Northampton?" "About noon," the good old Bible. He became a sinvery quietly replied the young man, cere Christian, and often related the "Ah, indeed! then I have just fifteen story of his eventful journey, to prove the folly of infidelity.

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VOLUME III..... NO. 44

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