



COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

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When the misguided and impatient vanity of pleasure finds its indulgence in the most pernicious habits, it is too often that a fatal disease is contracted, which, if not cured, terminates in the most fatal manner.

A CERTAIN DISEASE: When the misguided and impatient vanity of pleasure finds its indulgence in the most pernicious habits, it is too often that a fatal disease is contracted, which, if not cured, terminates in the most fatal manner.

These are some of the most pernicious and deadly effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Testes, Constipation, Difficulty of Urine, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Palpitation of the Heart, Dropsy, Nervous Irritability, Discharge of the Urine, Thick, Sour, and all other serious and melancholy Disorders arising from the destructive habits of Youth, which destroy the body and mind, and which, if not cured, terminate in the most fatal manner.

MENTALLY: The fearful effects upon the mind are much to be dreaded. Loss of Memory, Constipation, Depression of the Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Timidity, &c., are some of the most pernicious and deadly effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Testes, Constipation, Difficulty of Urine, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Palpitation of the Heart, Dropsy, Nervous Irritability, Discharge of the Urine, Thick, Sour, and all other serious and melancholy Disorders arising from the destructive habits of Youth, which destroy the body and mind, and which, if not cured, terminate in the most fatal manner.

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Select Poetry.

From the Journal of Commerce.

"It may be necessary to put the foot down Army."

Mr. Lincoln.

"Tramp—Tramp—Tramp."—Burger's Lennora.

The legion is armed for the battle, The charger is hot for the fray.

The thunders of musketry rattle,— You angle shall feast on the prey;

The cereus like diamond are gleaming, The standard of blood is unfurled;

Yes, put the foot down, Mr. Lincoln, And trample them out of the world!

The hosts of the West are in motion, The North sends a ravenous pack:

Like waves on a pitiless ocean, When the heavens above them are black,

They surge upon mountain and prairie,— Wild billows the tempest has curled;

Yes, put the foot down, Mr. Lincoln, And trample them out of the world!

The stars in their courses are silent, The willows in a agony weep,

The wind o'er the waves murmurs sadly, Where the ashes of Washington sleep:

The cryer is shaken with horror, The glory of morning is afloat;

But, put the foot down, Mr. Lincoln, And trample them out of the world!

In the chamber once vocal with music, The clarion now screams for the conflict,

And the terrible tocsin is heard; A torrent is chafing its channel;

Where only a rivulet purled: So put the foot down, Mr. Lincoln, And trample them out of the world!

Weak in the clouds like Anteus, Strong upon touching the earth,

Stomach as Castor and Pollux, Twins of Olympian birth;

Blazing with eyes like lightning, Love at Prometheus hurled;

Put the foot down, Mr. Lincoln, And trample them out of the world!

What though the land is in sackcloth, With blood and red cross unfiled;

And through sweet Wyoming's valleys Echoes the roll of the drum;

What though from city and hamlet Tears and entreaties are poured;

Put the foot down, Mr. Lincoln, Laughing the dove with the sword!

Attila, fearful destroyer, Merciless Genghis Khan,

Veiled like the sage of Khorsanan, Utter the trumpet ban;

Bright as the spear in his armor, With blood and red cross unfiled;

Trample the instant dragon, Trample it out of the world.

On the rice-fields of fair Carolina The head of the man is bowed;

And the cryer is shaken with horror, The glory of morning is afloat;

He thinks of the glory of Sumpter, The valor of Marion's men,

And his heart leaps the gulf in an instant, That yawns 'twixt the now and the then.

The daughters of Georgia are weeping, Though Rannah's aid voices are stilled;

For the earliest violets are peeping Where their lovers' hearts' blood shall be spilled;

Her yeoman all chant the bold stanza Of tyrants to infamy hurled;

But put the foot down, Mr. Lincoln, And trample them out of the world!

The rangers of Texas are mounting, And will presently scour the plain;

And, have for their home and their kindred, Will cover the field with the slain;

Marked you the dark dashing eye-balls, And the lip that so scornfully curled?

Then plant the foot firm, Mr. Lincoln, And trample them out of the world!

Florida, gem of the ocean, Bride of the wondering sea,

Through thy sons' ardent devotion, Born to be dauntless and free;

Thy fame is as bright as thy coastland, With diamond sheen impregnated;

But put the foot down, Mr. Lincoln, And trample her out of the world!

Soft is thy name, Alabama, And soft is flower-laden gle,

As it whens the prospered soil, Like yonder stricken wild fowl,

With bleeding pinion furled, Thy glory is soon to be smitten,

And trampled out of the world.

Beautiful Louisiana, Queen of the river and plain,

Booming with verdant savannah, Rich with the tropical cane;

Over thee floats the proud emblem Now on the breeze unfurled,

That darts the unfolding oppressor To trample thee out of the world.

From thy glad fertile realm, Mississippi, Where cotton is picked by the slave,

The path ascends to heaven, Of liberty won by the brave,

As a sound of tumultuous waters Comes the din of the camp and the march

Of those who rise on the tempest, Whom thou'lt be slaves neversore!

An honest son of Erin, green from his peregrinations, put his head into a lawyer's office, and asked the inmate:

"An' what do you sell here?"

"Blockheads," replied the limb of the law.

"Och, thin, to be sure," said Pat, "it must be a good trade, for I see there is but one of them left."

The Retiring President.

Two or three days before Mr. Buchanan retired from the Presidential Chair, that able, dignified, and impartial Journal, the Washington National Intelligencer, published the following brief, yet comprehensive review of the life of the President. While the small politicians of the country, following in the lead of Forney's Press; howl like Jackalls on the chase, and deny to the retiring chief Magistrate, either integrity or intelligence; the most able and reliable journal of the opposition, shaming the baseness of its colleagues of the press, puts on record its deliberate endorsement of the honesty, integrity and ability of Mr. Buchanan. We commend the article to the attention of those men who are accustomed to see nothing good, and nothing right in the acts of the late president.

The distinguished individual who is about to retire from the administration of the Government of the United States has lived in eventful times and performed a conspicuous part on the stage of public events. No incumbent of the highest office in the gift of the people has been more honored and none deserves to be held in more grateful remembrance for the benefits he has actually conferred upon the country, for the impulse he has given to the firmness with which he has repelled the aggressions upon our rights by foreign nations, and for the skill with which he has often disentangled the web of difficulties in which our domestic affairs have been involved by the wars of parties and the conflicts of sections with each other.

Mr. Buchanan has united the advantages of a clear and vigorous understanding and thorough information with a large experience, acquired in eminent and responsible positions, both at home and abroad. His purposes have been uniformly pacific and liberal, embracing the interests of the whole country. In one of the earliest speeches which he made in the House of Representatives, the subject under consideration being the tariff on imports, he said: "If I know myself, I am a politician neither of the East nor of the West, of the North nor of the South. I therefore shall forever avoid any expressions, the tendency of which must be to create sectional jealousies, sectional divisions, and at length disunion, that worst and last of all political calamities."

He supported a revenue tariff, revenue being as he said, the rule and protection the incident. He fought against a general bankruptcy law as equally demoralizing and unconstitutional. He was, at the commencement of his Congressional career, and always has been, in favor of the acquisition of Cuba. He advocated in 1829 Gen. Jackson's election to the Presidency, and sustained most of his measures. During his Administration he was placed at the head of the Judiciary Committee in the House of Representatives; and, being appointed one of the managers to conduct the prosecution of Judge Peck, made in that case a most able and eloquent argument. In 1821 Gen. Jackson appointed him Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to St. Petersburg, where he negotiated a treaty of great value to our commerce and navigation in the Baltic and Black Seas. On his return from Russia, in 1833, he was elected to a seat in the United States Senate. In 1835 the reception of abolition petitions had become a subject of angry controversy between the North and South. His idea was that the petitions should be received, but there should be a distinct and positive declaration on the part of Congress, that it had no power to legislate on the subject of slavery. He desired to leave it, he said, where the Constitution had left it, to the States themselves. On this subject his course has been uniform, and he has ever manifested an unflinching determination to maintain the rights and institutions of the South against all opposition. He was among the earliest of the Senators to urge the recognition of the independence of Texas and her admission into the Union. He maintained the justice of the claims of American citizens for indemnity against the French Government, reviewing the whole subject with masterly ability.

On Van Buren's accession to the Presidency he supported his great measure of an Independent Treasury. During Mr. Tyler's administration he successfully advocated the veto power of the President under the Constitution against Mr. Clay's efforts to abolish it. When Mr. Polk was elected to the highest office in the country, he invited Mr. Buchanan to the most honorable seat in his Cabinet, that of Secretary of State. Occupying this high position, Mr. Buchanan entered into a negotiation with Mr. Pakenham, Her British Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the American Government, for the settlement of the claims of the two Governments to the Northwestern Territory, each claiming the entirety. Mr. Buchanan proposed the compromise line of 49deg. north, previously offered by Mr. Tyler, and it was ultimately adopted. In the prosecution of the Mexican war Buchanan was the adviser of the President, and at its conclusion added him with his counsels in adjusting the difficult question of boundaries between the two countries. While in Mr. Polk's Cabinet he wrote his Harvest Home letter, recommending the extension of the Missouri Compromise line of 36 deg. 30 min. north to the Pacific ocean, with a view to quiet the agitation of the slavery question; but

the proposition was voted down when offered to Congress. The compromise measures of 1850 received his approval and advocacy. When Mr. Pierce succeeded to the Presidency, he appointed Mr. Buchanan Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and entrusted him with the settlement of the complicated Central American question. In 1856 he returned home, and in the month of June of that year, was unanimously nominated, by the Democratic Convention, for the Presidency of the United States, and was subsequently elected.

The recent administration of Mr. Buchanan has been, and will continue to be, a subject of much comment. His position, amidst the quarrels of parties and the struggles of sections, has been one of peculiar difficulty. In some quarters his conduct of affairs has provoked censure, in others it has awakened admiration and excited applause, and these diversities of opinion are attributable to the different political standpoints from which his acts have been contemplated. Time and cool reflection must intervene before men are prepared to pronounce a deliberate and impartial judgment upon the conduct of functionaries who have occupied public stations of great eminence. In respect to some measures that have illustrated his administration, the whole country, even now is prepared to render an unchangeable verdict. In the settlement of the Mormon troubles, the Central American embroglio, the right of search question, and other wise problems that have arisen during the period in which he has held the reins of government, bearing particularly on our commercial relations with foreign countries, and our troubles with them, he has manifested a degree of statesmanship unsurpassed by that of any of his predecessors; and, if all his measures have not been crowned with success, the reason of their failure will be found to exist, not in any want of energy and sagacity on his part, but in the fact that some important recommendations have failed to secure the concurrence of a collateral branch of the Government.

History will do justice to his name and his administration; and to his faithful records, free from the biases of inordinate friendship, the blights of partisan rancor and of sectional prejudice, he may triumphantly appeal for the purity of his motives and the energy and beneficence that have marked his entire career.

A Tale of the Tombs.

Among the prisoners in the female department of the Tombs is Catharine Carr, a girl not yet out of her teens, who was lately sentenced to two years imprisonment at Sing Sing. The case of this poor creature is one that deserves the utmost commiseration. She was a girl of the town, and, like most of her class, had a lover, Michael Justin, a mechanic, who supported himself by his trade. On the night of the 31st of December—New-Year's eve—these two persons were standing in Duane street near Broadway, in conversation, when Roger Loftus, a turbulent, intemperate person, came up, and, without the slightest provocation, assailed Justin. In the struggle, Justin was thrown down and severely handled. Catharine, seeing the danger of her lover, ran up, and, on the impulse of the moment, drew a small pen-knife, with which she struck at Loftus, wounding him in the arm. The police came up, and took the wounded man to the hospital while Justin was removed to a cell. Loftus lost a great deal of blood, the weapon having punctured an artery, but no fear of his life was entertained till erysipelas set in, which took him off in five days. A corner's inquest was held, and Justin, who was still under arrest, was in a fair way to be returned as the murderer; but on the second day, Catharine appeared as a witness, and testified what no one knew before save herself, and perhaps her lover, that it was her hand that struck the fatal blow, and that Justin was innocent of the deed. She was sent to prison, and jointly indicted with Justin, the case coming up yesterday in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, for trial. Here she pleaded guilty of manslaughter in the third degree and her lover, by her evidence, was acquitted. Mr. Justice Leonard in passing upon the case strongly condemned adultery and pointed out to Justin that had the girl been his wife instead of his leman, her act in his defense would have been justifiable. By way of making Catharine all the reparation in his power, for the shame and sorrow which her love for him had brought upon her, he asked the Court to make her his wife. The Justice cheerfully complied with his wishes, the Sheriff, interpreter, and officer of the Court witnessing the marriage bond. After receiving some wholesome advice from the Bench, the newly-married couple left the court-room, parting at the door, the husband to go to his workshop, the wife to her cell, to await her removal to the State Prison. The writer of this was in the Tombs yesterday afternoon, when Mr. Beale, the worthy agent of the Prison Association, pointed out to the girl as the person to whom the clemency of

A Boulevard Romance.

Recent Parisian papers tell a very nice little story about two lovers who were so foolish as to suppose that the grand passion could be proportioned to the almighty dollar, and got up a sort of Gaite tragedy when they found that a purse was altogether too small to hold half their affection.—The hero of the romance was a gallant young corporal of the sixth regiment, named Roudard, who never thought of having a chere amie until he was recently endowed with the bounty due to him at the expiration of his term of service. No sooner did the glittering Napoleons jingle in his purse than he suddenly made up his mind to see the Parisian elephant in a manner becoming a soldier and a gentleman; and, in order to enjoy the animal to its full extent, of course he must have a feminine associate. Casting about him for a suitable dulcinea, he soon found a pretty little *ouvriere*, named Denise Herbin, whom he proposed to marry. Before consummating the bargain, however he stipulated that he should be at perfect liberty again as soon as his money was gone. Not caring to retain a husband without cash, Denise agreed to this most enthusiastically, and the accommodating pair were married forthwith. They had soon installed themselves in comfortable quarters, Denise furnished herself with all the fashionable follies of the day, and the corporal's money commenced to flow in earnest. After breakfast, each morning, they would sally forth gaily to see the shops, visit the picture galleries, take cozy drives to the suburbs, and enjoy rare dinners and suppers at the cafes. In fact they had a jolly time of it; but presently the husband's purse began to show bottom, and finally it was quite empty. This brought Roudard to his senses, and he became conscious that his engagement of Denise was at an end; but, in spite of his determination, he had actually fallen in love with her, and how to give her up he knew not. Denise, too, had conceived a prodigious attachment for her cavalier, and would sooner die than leave him. Roudard, however was a man of honor, according to the French standard, and summoned up enough determination to tell his wife that they must part; that her beauty and amiability would soon gain another husband for her, and that he would remove all obstacles in the way of a second marriage by slaying himself. Denise listened to his argument patiently, and then deliberately declared that she would die with him. Entreaties were in vain; they must die together, and the sooner the better. Accordingly, one evening last month, they took possession of a cabinet at a celebrated restaurant, ordered a fine supper, ate it with intense relish, and then left the world together. With his sword Roudard first stabbed Denise to the heart, and then performed a similar operation on himself. The servants found them dead, locked in each other's arms, and weltering in blood.

Death of an ex-Empress.

An ex-Empress died in Philadelphia a week or two since. We refer to Madame Huate de Yturbe, widow of the former Emperor of Mexico, whose decease took place on Thursday, March 21st, 1861, at her lodgings in Broad street. This estimable lady, who has resided in Philadelphia since the execution of her husband by the Mexican Government, in 1824, belonged to a distinguished Spanish family long resident in Mexico. Her misfortunes as well as her good qualities as a woman, had secured her the regard of the society in which she moved. A pension from the Mexican Government enabled her to educate her family liberally, and she has performed her duties as a mother and a member of society in a faithful and exemplary manner.

One or two of the sons of Madame Yturbe have, we believe, resided in Mexico of late years, and have held offices under the Government. Her daughters were unable to be present at the funeral, which took place on Saturday morning, at St. Joseph's Church. The service was of the simplest, most unostentatious kind.—There none of the kindred of the noble were lady, who once worn a crown, to follow her remains to the grave. A few gentlemen of Philadelphia, whose social position had brought them into intimate relations with the family in past times, attended the funeral; and scarcely one in ten thousand of the vast population of the city where she had long resided, knew that the grave had that day closed over one who once held rank as an Empress.

The sad affliction that has thus befallen the family of Madame Yturbe recalls to the memory the heroic career of her noble husband. He was the great man of the best days of Mexico. He was the author of her separation from Spain, and the Mexican people, in the first flush of their gratitude, fairly thrust upon him the crown, which he had designed, in the famous "Plan of Iguala," for a Spanish prince. He was proclaimed Emperor with the title of "Augustin the First," on the night of May 18th, 1822. For a long time he refused the proffered crown, and it was only after the Congress had voted for him by a vote of 77 to 15, that he accepted it. In the following month the Congress voted unanimously for making the crown hereditary in the family of Yturbe, and soon after he was solemnly crowned.

But the fickle and faithless Mexican people did not stand by the monarch they had chosen. The military leaders that have been the curse of the country began to conspire against the Government. A civil war arose, in which Santa Anna soon became a prominent leader against the Emperor. A republic was proclaimed and on the 20th of March, 1823, after a turbulent reign of less than a year, Yturbe abdicated. Permission was granted to him to leave the country, and a pension of \$25,000 a year was granted to him. He went with his family to Italy, but returned in 1824 to Mexico, where, in the meantime, he had been proscribed as a traitor, though he did not know the fact.

Gen. Garza, the Governor of Tamaulipas, pretending friendship, betrayed him to the Congress of that State, and he was immediately arrested and, without a trial, was sentenced to death. The sentence was carried into effect at Padilla, July 19th, 1824, less than a week from the time of his landing on the coast, and before an appeal could be made to the general Government at Mexico.

He died like a hero, addressing some manly words to the soldiers, and himself adjusting the bandage over his eyes before he was shot. Mexico has never had a braver man or a purer patriot in her Government.

The Duchess of Kent.

The Queen of England's mother, Maria-Louisa-Victoria, Duchess of Kent, died on Saturday, March 16th, at her residence, Frogmore, near Windsor Castle. An incurable cancer, which had long preyed upon her, has at last proved fatal. As the mother of the honored lady who so well fills the British throne, she has always been regarded with interest; and as Queen Victoria was devotedly fond of her, the event that now fills her with sorrow is matter for public comment.

Old King George the Third had fifteen sons and daughters, and yet in 1818, after the death of Princess Charlotte, there were fears that there would be no lineal descendants of his to wear the crown. By one of his sons were then married. The Prince Regent had lost his only child, and was separated from his wife. The Duke of York was separated from his Duchess, the Duke of Cumberland was divorced and widowed, and the marriage of the Duke of Sussex, being without the royal assent, availed nothing for the occasion. So there was haste made to marry the other surviving royal children, none of whom were young. It was even thought desirable to get a husband for the Princess Elizabeth, who was forty-eight years old, and she was married to the Prince of Hesse-Homburg. The Duke of Clarence (late William IV.) married the Princess Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, who bore him no children. The Duke of Cambridge married the Princess Augusta of Hesse, who is still living, and has three children. The Duke of Kent, who was older than the Duke of Cambridge, married the lady whose death is just announced.

None of the royal marriages thus arranged pleased the English people, except that of the Duke of Kent. The lady selected for him was the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg, widow of the Prince of Leiningen, and sister of Prince Leopold, the husband of the lamented Princess Charlotte, now King of the Belgians.

The marriage took place at Cobourg, May 29th, and at London, July 11th, 1818. A daughter, the present Queen of England, was born May 24th, 1819, and the Duke of Kent died on the 23d of the following January. The Duchess, thus a second time a widow, devoted herself to the care and training of her infant daughter, and it was, in a great degree, due to her admirable motherly discipline and careful education, that the Princess Victoria was so well fitted to occupy the throne at the early age of eighteen. The Duchess has always been popular with the English people, and her death will create real sorrow among them.

She was born August 17th, 1786, so that she was in her 75th year. The courts of England, Belgium, Prussia, Saxe-Cobourg and numerous others, will be placed in mourning by her decease.

SCHOOL MARM—Thomas what does t-e-a spell? 'Thomas—"Don't know, Ma'am." School Marm—"What do you drink at breakfast?" Thomas—"Rye coffee." School Marm—"What does g-l-a-s-s spell?" Thomas—"Don't know." School Marm—"Don't know! What have you in the windows at home?" Thomas—"Old hats." School Marm—"What does b-o-o-n-o-h spell?" Thomas—"Can't tell, Ma'am." School Marm—"Why you little numskull, what are you sitting on?" Thomas, (looking sheepish)—"I don't like to tell."

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle means to curb his temper. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by frank good humor. If indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even the most onerous duties with alacrity.

THE Choctaw News states, in authority of a citizen that there is in that county "a male of the cow kind" nearly sixty-two years old.—Ez. A masculine cow, sixty years old will do pretty well for the Choctaw Nation.—It must be a bully country that produces such cattle. THERE is a Quaker out west, so tender-hearted, that he always chloroforms his hogs before he kills them.