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: $2,00 PER ANNUM.

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COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

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LEVI L. TATE.
IN BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

OFFICE

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

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YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

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Married persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., speedily cured.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. Johnston, may religiously connide in his honor as a gentlemen, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

immediately cured and full vigor restored.

This Distressing Affection—which renders life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excess from not being aware of the dreadful consequence that may ensue.

Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent. Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offsprings, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged; the physical and mental functions weakened, loss of procreative power, nervous irritability, dyspepsia palpitation of the heart, indigestion, constitutional debility, a wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, decay and death.

OFFICE, No. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET.

Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.

Letters must be paid and contain a stamp. The Doctor's Diplomas hang in his office.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS
NO MERCURY OR NAUSEOUS DRUGS.

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Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the first Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded, Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas Depression of the Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, self-distrust, love of solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

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

YOUNG MEN.

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

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

MARRIAGE,

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

CAUSE OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill timed sense of shame or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who from education and respectability can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease makes their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, ulcerated nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones, and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth and bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration till death puts a period to his distressful sufferings by sending him to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns."

It is a *melancholy fact* that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison, Mercury*, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health, to the care of the many Unlearned and Worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly Educated Physicians incapable of Curing, they keep you trifling month after month taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment.

Dr. Johnson is the only Physician advertising.

His credential or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in this country and a most extensive *Private Practice* than any other Physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

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

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to his Institution, in the following manner:

JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.
Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital Baltimore, Maryland.
Jan. 1d, 1862. [March 17, 1860.

TINWARE & STOVE SHOP.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his old friends and customers, that he has purchased his brothers interest in the above establishment, and the concern will hereafter be conducted by himself exclusively.

He has just received and offers for sale, the largest and most extensive assortment of FANCY STOVES ever introduced into this market.

His stock consists of a complete assortment of the best Cooking and parlor stoves in the market, together with Stove Fixtures of every description, Oven and Box Stoves, Radiators, Cylinder Stoves, Cast Iron Air-Tight stoves, Cannon Stoves, &c., &c. Sheetiron and Tinware constantly on hand and manufactured to order.

All kinds of repairing done, as usual, on short notice.

The patronage of old friends and new customers respectfully solicited. A. M. RUPERT.

Bloomsburg, November 3d 1860.—tf.

Original Poetry.

For the Columbia Democrat.

The Dying Soldier.

BY REV. JOHN SUTTON.

The raging battle storm had past,
The smoky clouds arose at last,
When many a manly form was found,
Dead or dying on the ground.

There leaned a youth against a tree,
A noble looking youth was he;
He would not trample in the dust,
The principles he held were just.

He listened to his country's call,
And left his home and kindred all,
On duty's alter laid his life,
And plunged into the bloody strife.

Now bleeding, dying, there he stood,
And in his hand the word of God,
He hastely sought the precious place,
That plainly speaks of offered grace.

He trusted in the Lord of heaven,
He felt his sins were all forgiven,
His dimming eye began to close,
A presage of his long repose

One struggled effort, now, he made,
The stream of passing life he staid,
He thought of those so dear on Earth,
He thought of her, who gave him birth.

Then from his bosom quickly drew,
The miniature of her so true,
And while he gazed upon the form,
He wished that he could die at home.

O, mother, dear! could I feel now,
Thy hand upon my aching brow,
'Twould be to me a parting joy,
A cordial to your dying boy.

You said, when last we bade good-bye,
That if God's will was I should die,
"Let no dishonor stain thy name,
Or tinge thy mother's cheek with shame."

Dear mother! I have kept thy word,
I drew and used no traitor's sword,
But at my post—upon the field,
To Death's shaft only, did I yield.

I've lived a faithful Soldier's life,
In peaceful camps, or deadly strife,
And now with joy, I yield my breath,
I die a faithful Soldier's death.

He grasped the picture in his hand,
He felt he could no longer stand,
Adieu to Earth, he faintly cried,
And called upon his God and died

STILL WATER, Pa.

Historical Sketches.

From the New York Argus.

THE FORKS OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Within the region drained by the two branches of the Susquehanna, whose waters unite at Northumberland, lie some of the most beautiful, most romantic and most celebrated spots in the local history of Pennsylvania—comprising many rich and now populous counties, to which years ago, the hardy settlers flocked for cheap land, the pleasure of the chase and fishing rod. Within its borders occurred some of the most terrible and bloody battles in which the white and the red man contended for life and subsistence. Fierce and protracted were the struggles; and we find marks of them, not only on their very sites, but the Indians have indelibly stamped their own nomenclature upon the streams, the mountains, the passes and the valleys; and it should ever be a source of gratification that our noble and majestic rivers were permitted to retain their beautiful aboriginal names, instead of being be-Rhined and be-Rhoned and be-Tibered from the Old World.

Born within the forks of the Susquehanna, on the very bank and directly at the mouth of one of its most romantic tributaries, with the tempest roar and sunny sparkle of both streams the most familiar sounds and sights of my childhood, and the peculiar sweet sounding Indian name of both in my young ears, it is no wonder that the region watered by "the rivers of the winding shore," should be to me the loveliest spot of earth and from which God grant that war, pestilence and famine be ever absent.—And there is no valley in the world which for beauty of scenery, fertility of soil, salubrity of climate and facility of access—for the mineral wealth of its hills, the moral health, hospitality and intelligence of its inhabitants—surpasses that lying in the forks of the Susquehanna, in the good old commonwealth of Pennsylvania,

But it is not only for the things mentioned that this valley is celebrated. Its historical associations and recollections are fully worthy of its high character in other respects. Within that territory lies the beautiful Valley of Wyoming, the plain tale of thes massacre of whose citizens bring tears to the eyes of the most carcless reader, and whose charms and horrors have been painted, but not heightened by the magic pen of Campbell.—Here, too, the celebrated Van Campen followed the trail of the Indians, or suffered as a prisoner in their cruel hands, a narrative of whose adventures, some of them occurring almost in sight of where I write, would be more exciting than a romance. In this charmed region, Capt. Samuel Brady performed many of his famous exploits, and made his hair-breadth escapes; and numberless places are pointed out as the spots where the white and the red man met in deadly conflict.

The celebrated Montour family, which has left its name indelibly on one of our most beautiful mountains, lived, acted and died, and are believed to be buried in m the valley of the Susquehanna. Here dwelt the Lenni Lenape, 'the original people;" and the council fires of Tamanend, their most illustrious chieftain, were kindled in its forests. For many years annually on the first of May, throughout Pennsylvania, his festival was celebrated. In Philadelphia, the members of the "Tammany" society walked the streets in procession, their hats decorated with bucks' tails, and upon reaching the wigwam, had a talk, smoked the "peace pipe," and performed Indian dances.

The valley must have been very thickly populated, for many remains of Indian towns are pointed out. Very extensive burial grounds are known to exist at several places within the forks. Curiosities of various kinds—mounds, excavations and fortifications of undoubted Indian workmanship—are found in large numbers. Through this valley ran some of the most important and frequently-traveled "war paths" known in the history of the race.—Shall I trace them out for you by existing roads and villages! The writer has been over most of them, and you can put your finger on the "paths" on almost any map.

"The Shamokin Path" began at the place now known as Sunbury, and continued up the West Branch by the mouth of Warrior Run and an Indian town there located; thence through the gap in Muncy hills to the town of Muncy, where the public road now passes.

"The Wyoming Path" left Muncy on the West Branch, ran up Glade run, then through a gap on the hills to Fishing creek, which empties into the North Branch at Bloomsburg, twenty miles above the junction; crossed the creek, passed into (now) Luzerne county through the Nescopeck gap, and up the North Branch to Wyoming.

"The Wyalusing Path" was traced up the Muncy creek to its head, then crossed Loyal Sock creek, near where the Berwick turnpike crosses, then to Dushore thence to Wyalusing creek and to the flats above.

"The Sheshequin Path" ran up Bouser's run, thence to Lycoming creek, near the mouth of Mill creek, thence up Lycoming to the Beaver Dams, thence down Towanda creek to the Sheshequin flats.

"The Fishing creek Path" started on the flats near Bloomsburg, on the North Branch; up Fishing creek by Orangeville, to near Long Pond, thence across to Tunkhannock creek. It was on this very path that Van Campen, the most prominent Indian fighter on the North Branch, was captured, and within three miles of where I write,

Several other less important paths led into those great thoroughfares, and are well known in their neighborhoods.

What an interesting story would be that of the country lying in the forks of the Susquehanna! every creek and mountain pass has its history and with that history you generally find associated the Indian name. Where will you find so many names, somewhat corrupted, perhaps, but still easily traceable to their Indian origin as here?

Hark to the music of a few of them: We have Wyalusing, Tunkhannock, Lackawanna, Wyoming, Nanticoke, Cattawissa, Mahoning, Shamokin, Chillisquaque, Muncy, Loyal Sock, Lycoming, Towanda Kittanning, Sheshequin, and many others:

The Indians seems to have called what is now Towanda, 'Awandae;' and perhaps what is known as Pine Creek is a little easier of pronunciation that the aboriginal 'Tiadaghton.' So, also, what is now known as Muncy Creek was, in the native dialect, 'Ocohpocheny,' and by some of the tribes was called 'Longesérango.'—The name Muncy was doubtless given by the whites as easier of pronunciation, or because the tribes inhabiting the region were called the 'Monseys,' or Wolf tribes.

Lycoming was, in Indian, 'Locomick;' and 'Stonehauge, is by some given as the Indian name of Loyal Sock. It, as well as Muncy, may have been known to different tribes by different names; for Loyal Sock is undoubtedly Indian, and signifies 'Middle Fork'—the explanation being that it enters the Susquehanna about midway between Muncy creek and Lycoming creek. There is reason in this; and the authority for it, though mislaid, satisfied my mind.

Chillisquaque, 'The frozen Duck,' is named from the legend of a beautiful squaw having met an untimely death upon the banks of that quiet stream.

Nanticoke and Lackawanna are most certainly Indian, and I am informed by a Welshman that the roots of both words are certainly Welsh. He explains them to have reference to streams of water, in his own language, and their peculiarities answer exactly to those of the streams which they designate. It is impossible to say if the meaning of the words in both languages is the same; but it is a little remarkable, if the Welshman was not quizzing me, that in both, the words should have reference to water, rather than woods, fields or mountains.

Such is a skeleton of a history of the forks of the Susquehanna, a history that has been attempted in detached pieces by several writers, but without in a single instance making such a book as the facts and materials would warrant.—That history yet remains to be written.—When done, may it be done wisely and well!

LENNI LENAPE.

Army Correspondence.

5TH PENN'A CAVALRY,
Camp near Richmond, June 3, '62.

Col. Levi L. Tate,

Once more I seat myself to inform you of the past two days. On Saturday, the 31st of May, I was taking a nap about 2 o'clock, when I was aroused from my peaceful slumber by a volley of musketry. I thought nothing of that, until the second and third. Soon after the news came that twenty five thousand rebels had attacked our pickets and drove them in, and the grand ball at Richmond had opened. We soon got orders to saddle up—all hands jumped to their horses and were soon in line. We had orders to get in fighting trim. We were sent to pack our blankets on our saddles, and we soon found that we would be in the mess with the rest, for the shell and shot fell thick and fast. The enemy attacked us on our weakest point—our force was only about ten thousand.—This was a day similar to the battle at Pittsburg Landing. The fields were strewed with the dead. Our men fought desperately as we were driven back about one and a half miles. The enemy was too strong for us. The fight lasted for four hours, and we lost about three hundred killed, and five hundred wounded. The enemy, I think, did not lose so many. We slept on our arms all that night.

Sunday, June 1.—About 7 o'clock, this morning, the enemy made another attack on our lines, but met with a warm reception, as we were reinforced with 40,000 men on Saturday night. The 1st Penn'a. Battery was planted on the outside of the wood, and one brigade to support it. The enemy made a charge out of the woods which they occupied, on our Battery A., First U. S., when the Captain said, "don't shoot until I tell you." The enemy come within fifty yards, when the order was given to fire, and no sooner said than six cannon poured out their contents, killing near five hundred of the enemy. The rest of that regiment took to the woods again. The second regiment came up, but they were not cut up as much as the first. They got tired of charging on our Batterys and stayed in the woods, and poured their lead at us in torrents. Then the Irish Brigade (Hooker's Division) made a charge and completely routed them, capturing one regiment of Sharp-shooters.

There was not much cannonading yesterday, it was all musketry, and one of the hardest battles that ever was fought, and our men fought well all day. To-day the enemy's loss was ten to our one. Our men mowed them down like grass. The enemy used their own dead men for breast-works, and would stand behind them and shoot at us.

Gen. McClellan came in the field about 9 o'clock, in the morning, and cheered the men—it done our men as much good to see the General as forty thousand reinforcement. You would not believe the difference in the men. They then started after the enemy and chased them three miles, capturing several of their Batterys, baggage wagous, and prisoners. We have in our camp near a thousand. On their retreat, the 8th Penn'a. Cavalry was sent after them and our orders were not to show any quarters. It was not long until we were cutting and slashing right and left, strewing them all along the road.—About 4 o'clock our pickets were posted and they soon drove them in; but it was soon changed, for the sinners were soon going again, with their coat-tails sticking straight out that you could sit on them. This day the rebels were whipped badly.

Monday, June 2.—As I am about wore out with fatigue, of the last two days and nights, that I did not go out with the Regiment. There is hard fighting on the right of us. While I write the cannons are booming and it is roaring like thunder. Prof. Lowe is up in his balloon now, looking at the movement. There were thirteen of the Richmond Home Guards brought in. They left there yesterday. All praise is due to one of our gallent men for capturing one of the Richmond omnibuses. They came out with one white man and a negro driver. There was only one of our men in the field at the time he ordered the man on the buss to surrender, the man refused, our shot him, loaded the vehicle with our dead and brought them in. It is a good buss, of the latest and most fashionable style, and as good horses as you would wish to drive.

We are now burying our dead and and sending the wounded to Philadelphia. We had two wounded in our Company, one will prove fatal, the other will have his right leg amputated. On Saturday the rebels showed the white flag, and soon after fired in on our men again. The cars are now running on the Richmond & York River Rail Road. The rebels tell us that they are near starving, and that the whole North cannot get into Richmond. They also tell us that Davis had the field yesterday. The loss of Saturday and Sunday, on our side, was between six and eight hundred killed, and one thousand wounded. On the enemy's side from fifteen to eighteen hundred killed, and one thousand wounded. The enemy's shots were not as fatal as ours, for they wound many, our shot strikes the head and breast and nearly all prove fatal.

Before this reaches you, I have no doubt we will be in Richmond. To-day it is very warm. I will write you soon again.

I remain yours,
OVENSHINE.

WHO IS OLD?—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe he will be doing for himself, his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life Washington was at work. So was Franklin and Young and Howard and Newton. No rust marred their spirits.—It is a foolish idea to suppose we must lie down and die because we are old? Not the man of energy; not the day laborer in science, art, os benevolence; but he only suffers his energies to waste, away, and the springs of life to become motionless on whose bands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. Is he old? should not be put; but, is he active? can he breathe and move with agility? There are scores of grey headed men we should prefer, in any important enterprise, to those young gentlemen who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale at a lion in their path, at a harsh word or frown.

☞ THE BENICIA BOY.—John C. Heenan is cutting quite a swell in England—He is with Howes' American Circus, at a salary of $500 a week. He gives exhibitions of the art of self-defence in the ring, with Linsey, the "Lancashire Sampson." Mr. Howes has recently purchase the Duchess of Kent's state carriage, at a cost of five hundred guineas, to convey the renowned John to and from his hotel to the circus. Four chargers and two liveried footmen are attached to the turnout.

☞ United States officers recently from Beaufort and Port Royal, represent the attempt at instructing or enrolling the negroes as a ridiculous failure. The pure Congou breed there rejects all humanizing approach, and is lazy, inert and repulsive. Uncle Sam's rations are what they comprehend much better than Uncle Sam's work. The officers and troops are said to be disgusted at the contact and intercourse with negroes enforced upon them "by authority."

☞ CALIFORNIA GOLD.—The total product of gold in California in 1861, was sixty millions of dollars; being fourteen millions less than in the previous year. In 1853, the total product was one hundred millions; but it has been so gradually declining since that date. It is not impossible that, after a lapse of time, California may become exhausted of the reapplendent metal. It is a well ascertained fact, that countries, which in ancient times abounded in the precious metals, are now entirely destitute of them.

☞ Speak well of all men, whether others speak well of you or not.

Miscellaneous.

The Democratic Party.

There was a time in the history of this country when the Democratic party was an honor to itself and an honor to this great republic. Founded as it was by the immortal Jefferson, on the principles of truth justice and equal rights, it was destined to accomplish a great and good work. And we are free to acknowledge that our country prospered well under Democratic rule.

We clip the above from the *Pittston Gazette*, of week before last. With its personalities aside we regard the *Gazette* as the fairest, as it certainly is much the ablest, Republican paper in the county.—The article sounds to us as though it had been written by one who had once been a Democrat, but who from personal considerations, disappointed ambition perhaps, or likely enough like many others, in some dark hour of the history of the party was foolish enough to exchange for a new faith and for new associations, and is now, when too late, bewailing in sackcloth and ashes the fate of his country and the madness and infatuation of his own judgment. It looks to us as though this were the case because it is hard to find one of the old Federal stock of Republicans who will now admit that the principles on which Jefferson founded the Democratic party were correct, or that the Democratic party ever was anything else than a positive curse to the country. Another reason why we think it was written by a man who had once been a Democrat is, that it goes on to use the same arguments that every renegade always has at his tongue's end. The stale old cry of corruption—that the Democratic party had been corrupt—is the same that Simon Cameron, Secretary Welles, John W. Forney, Dave Wilmot, and every other scoundrel that has ever been kicked out of the Demorratic party uses as an excuse for leaving it. We by no means mean to call the *Gazette* editors scoundrels—we only say that they are unfortunate in the respects we have mentioned, in their use of language and style of thought.

Since the organization of the government there have never been but two great political parties in this country, and as the *Gazette* frankly admits, that Thomas Jefferson was the founder of the Democratic party. Who in Jefferson's time was the founder of the other—known at that day as the Federal? From every candid political historian the answer is at once, Alexander Hamilton—the party that was represented by the administration of John Adams. Adams was a Federalist and believed in a strong central government—just as the Republican party has always advocated the centralization of power in Congress to legislate for the domestic concerns and institutions of the territories, in opposition to the doctrine of peoples' sovereignty. Adams advocated more power in the hands of the President, hence the Alien an Sedition Laws, by which, at the will of the President, newspapers could be suppressed and individuals imprisoned or sent out of the country for speaking ill of the President or his administration, just as the present administration has done ever since it has come into power. Thomas Jefferson advocated the doctrine of giving all power to the people, and he and his party made war upon the Alien and Sedition Laws, which never ceased till they had wiped out those laws and driven the administration from power, just as the Democratic party of to-day is opposing the unconstitutional measures of Lincoln and doing battle for the rights that the constitution guarantees to every person, high and low, who is entitled to its protection.

It will thus be seen that the same general doctrines upon which the two parties were constructed distinguished them to-day. The Democratic party, through all the mutations of time and circumstances, has preserved its organization, name and doctrines, under which the *Gazette* admits the country prospered to a wonderful degree. The other party has been as shifting as the sands of the desert, till they finally protest that they are now 'no party.'—Four times since John Adams they have temporarily acquired power, only to bring the country into difficulty and distress.—Going on from bad to worse, the fourth time, under Lincoln, they have involved the nation into civil war—a civil war the most stupendous the world has ever seen. Nearly a million of our own countrymen cutting each others throats, is the result of the mad and fatal policy of that party now—a result predicted by Jefferson himself, and against which we have been admonished by the greatest statesmen and the purest patriots from Washington to the present time. This is not such prosperity as the *Gazette* acknowledges the country had under Democratic administrations.

Nor need we stop here with the parallel. Jefferson, now acknowledged to be the great and the good, in his day was denounced by the opposition, and his party just as bitterly as the Democratic party is now denounced. He was called an infidel, and his party a party of Bible-Burners; and the pulpit, filled with political priests then as now, made opposition to the Democratic party an article of Christain faith, and enveighed long and loud in prayers and preachings against the party that was rushing the country on to destruction. The anathemas of Heaven were thundered at those who differed in political faith from the standard set up by those wolves in sheep's clothing; so now all who will not blindly fall down and shout "abolition! abolition!!" are denounced by the same class of men who called Jefferson a Bible-burner, as secessionists, traitors and every other epithet that partizan maligunity can invent; but the sober sense of the people finally triumphed, just as it is returning now and just as it is bound to triumph in time to come.

We thank the *Gazette* for its candid admission, and we think that that very paper will see, after a little cool reflection, that the same political elements exist in the country now as in the days of Jefferson, and that if the great apostle of Democracy were alive to day and leading his party, he would be denounced now as he was in his life time.

Luzerne Union.

☞ The following is a good story about a clergyman who lost his horse on Saturevening. After hunting in company with a boy until after midnight he gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went into the pulpit, and took for his text the following passage from Job:

"Oh that I knew where I might find him!"

The boy who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of his thought, cried out:—

"I know where he is: he's in Deacon Smith's barn!"

☞ In the 3rd Wisconsin volunteers, it is a rule that no soldier can leave the camp without a pass. The chaplain one day was distributing tracts; among them was one headed, "Come sinners, come!" soon after the tract was picked up in camp, and under the heading was penciled.—"Can't do it; Colonel Rogers won't sign any pass."

☞ A Maine editor thus distinguished between different sorts of patriotis; 'Some esteem it sweet and decorous to die for one's country; others regard it sweeter to live for one's country; and yet others hold it to be sweeter still to live on one's country."

☞ Captain Boggs of United States gun-boat Varuna, who sunk six rebel steamers on the Mississippi,, and fought his vessel until she was sunk, is a nephew of the gallant Lawence, whose "Don't give up the ship" has become historic.

☞ There are thousands of people calling themselves patriots, who are extremely anxious to have Gen. McClellan put down. Well, says Prentice, the country will gladly put him down—as one of the greatest Generals of any age.

☞ An old Jew, who sold exclusively for cash, said that he did it for the benefit of his neighbors. He did not wish to see them "deeq in debt mit him, ven dey ish got no monish pay mit.

☞ Endeavoring to make violent love to a pretty girl under the table, and pressing the wrong foot—that of your wife, whose corns are tender—is describe as one of the miseries of married life.

☞ "Well, Bill," said a doctor to a lad, whose lover had been attending during her illness, "how is Miss V———?" "She's dead, I *thank you sir!*"

☞ The principal difference between the original British lion and the Canadian variety of the animal is that the latter wants Maine.

☞ Who first introduced salt provisions into the navy? Noah for he had Ham in the ark.

☞ The surest way to loose your health is to be very frequently drinking that of others.