

# COLUMBIA AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.



AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor.

"TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT OVER THE DARKENED EARTH."

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## THE Columbia Democrat

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### Choice Poetry.

LINES TO OUR DEPARTED MRS. P.

Lines to our departed Mrs. P. Gone to the grave! thy useful day Hath closed forever! bright and clear, Thine influence like a quenchless ray Still lights our stony pathway here.

### DEAL GENTLY WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

A little child when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied: "Somebody trod upon it, I suppose, when it was lit o'."

### Original Story.

Written for the Columbia Democrat.

#### CARRIE CARLETON.

(CONTINUED.)

#### Chapter III. INTERVIEW BETWEEN MARK AND LAMAN.

"How is it? What obstacle is there in the way of our union? Tell—tell me all about it," gasped Laman, almost mute with astonishment, at being so suddenly overwhelmed with grief.

Mark then related to him the story as we have given it, only in fewer words and of his own coloring. He narrated the different conversations between them. How Carrie refused to marry her cousin, even at his command. How, after pondering upon it, she had concluded that it was her duty to obey her parent, even at this great sacrifice. How deeply and how truly she loved Laman, and how she wished to be to him as a sister. And, also, how it was that Jacob Frantz came in the way of their union.

After Mark had concluded his narration and Laman had sufficiently governed his feelings he expressed a wish to know where Carrie had gone.

"She has gone out on her accustomed after-noon ride," answered Mark.

"At what time do you think she will return?"

"Probably by five o'clock, not sooner." Laman now took his leave, promising to return again in the evening.

"What a fine fellow Laman has got to be. I really think that Carrie had made a wise choice, in picking Laman for her future husband. How much rather would I that she should marry him than Jacob," said Mark after Laman had taken leave of him.

"But then it's impossible," in this way he attempted, and at times succeeded, in quieting his conscience, by making himself believe that it was really necessary that Jacob and his daughter should be united, as the only means of paying off the debt he owed to him.

uries of life, if with them she must accept her cousin to live with all her life! Her cousin whom she knew to be a monster in human form! Oh, what horror was there in the thought!

We say how gladly would she have accepted poverty and making her own living to wealth, at the sacrifice of her happiness in all her future, had her father only proposed these terms.

Carrie was a true hearted and noble-minded girl, and she determined not to wound her father's feelings, by herself proposing them.

Chapter IV. CARRIE'S SICKNESS.

After Laman had taken his leave of Mark, he rode down the street in order that he might the sooner reach his home and once more be clasped in the arms of his mother.

Scarcely had he gained half the distance to his mother's, till he was met by Azariah Fiick.

"Well, and where are you going, Az?" said Laman.

"Oh, Laman! Now for God's sake you hurry home," Azariah answered, almost breathless with anxiety.

"Why, Az, what can be the matter at home, that you see so much excited?"

"It is this, that troubles me," answered Azariah, "Carrie is at our house, the sickest person I ever seed in my life afore."

"My God! Can it be possible? Go for the doctor, quick, quick, and on your way back, stop at Mark's, and tell him to come, be off, be off, lose not one moment," said Laman, in a quick, hurried manner, slowing by his tones and by the anxiety which was plainly to be seen, the depth of the love he bore for her.

Azariah's feet horse dashed off with him "as swiftly as the bounding wind," he fled down the street and soon disappeared.

Laman now put spurs to his horse, and scarcely ten minutes had elapsed until he stood beside the bed whereon Carrie lay. He found her in a state somewhat resembling death. Death may be beautiful, but it is a horrid beauty. Oh how Laman's heart fluttered when he saw that dear face had assumed the ghastly hue of death.

"Is she dead, mother?" he asked, bursting into tears, for not a breath did she draw to testify that her spirit had not gone to its maker.

"Oh no, Laman," said his mother, "her pulse still beats faintly. I do not think that she is in any immediate danger; calm your fears, my boy."

"What do you think is the matter with her?"

"It is the result of over excitement. I think that in two or three weeks she may be well again," said Mrs. Morris.

"Then I suppose I need not give myself much uneasiness," observed Laman.

"Not at present, at least," rejoined his mother.

"Was she sick when she came here?"

"She complained a little, but when Azariah Fiick came and said that you were at their house, she was thrown into this terrible paroxysm."

"Had she been speaking of me before Az. came in?" inquired Laman with earnestness.

"Yes, yes, she had been speaking of you," answered she, hesitatingly.

"Ah, Mother, you need not be so reserved," said Laman, "Mark has told me all."

"Alas! alas! that fate has reserved for you two; two who would have been so well suited together; so hard a lot," exclaimed Mrs. Morris.

"Let us speak of this at some future time, at present let us tend with assiduous care to dear Carrie," said Laman, still entertaining some fears as to the nature of her illness. "Is there anything that can be done for her?"

"Not till the doctor comes," she answered.

"Are you sure that she is not dangerously ill?" still inquired Laman.

"I do not think that there is any danger, unless she should suddenly change for the worse, which in her present state there is no likelihood of," answered Mrs. Morris.

her father, for, said she, "not for worlds would I bring sorrow upon him, now in his declining days."

Further conversation was prevented by the entrance of Doctor Bangs.

"Ah! good morning, Mrs. Morris," said the medical man, with excessive politeness.

"Good morning, sir."

"Hem! your son, I presume?" said the physician.

"Yes, sir."

After shaking hands with Laman, the doctor walked to the bedside, examined Carrie's pulse, inquired what the symptoms were, made up a prescription and departed, telling them that by careful nursing she would be well in a week or two.

Chapter V. LAMAN'S INTERVIEW WITH CARRIE—CARRIE RELEASED FROM HER ENGAGEMENT WITH JACOB.

Four weeks have passed by, and Carrie has again gained her wanted strength.

Again out taking her after-noon ride, she is overtaken by Laman, and the two ride together.

"Carrie," said Laman, "do not be in such poor spirits. Let us still entertain hopes."

"No, no, Laman, to hope for our union were vain. We are doomed, doomed, irrevocably doomed," said she.

"Do not think so. It might be otherwise, perhaps it is, let us hope so. But if it cannot be so, let us console ourselves with the thought that we can at last be to one another as a brother and sister."

"It is with this thought that I do mostly console myself," she answered, with one of those dismal forced smiles so indicative of an almost broken heart.

"Your father would not be willing to give to Jacob his money, and leave you to struggle up in the world. We could supply him with every comfort of life."

"No, no, he would not consent to such an arrangement. His disposition is avaricious. Knowing it to be such, I would not wound his feelings by proposing it, if by so doing I could gain worlds. Ah! Laman, let us, instead of hoping, learn to be reconciled to our lot. Yes, let us reconcile ourselves, for there are barriers, insurmountable barriers between us."

"Barriers, where are barriers that love cannot surmount? There are none. Yes, Carrie, we still have room for hope," said Laman, almost wildly.

"It is really cruel in you to try to inspire me with hope, when in a short time it must be crushed. You, who ought to encourage me in the path of right that I have chosen."

Hanging his head and musing for a moment, he looked up with a blush and said: "You are right, Carrie, I stand corrected."

Now turning their horses, the twain rode home in silence, each one busied with their own reflections.

After gaining her home and changing her toilet, she entered the sitting room, and who should first meet her sight but Jacob Frantz.

"How do you do Carrie," said he rising.

"I'm pretty well, I thank you," said she, giving him her hand, (for she had resolved to treat him with warmer civility,) which he took with a warmer and tighter grasp than it would seem pleased the sensitive maiden, from the remark which she made.

"Why cousin," said she, "do not squeeze my hand off."

"Why Carrie, that's not the calculation," said he, with a loud "haw! haw!"

"How are Uncle and Aunt?" asked Carrie.

"Pretty well, I thank you," answered Jacob, attempting to be polite a little beyond his knowledge of the "polite arts."

Then followed a short silence, for Carrie's position was an embarrassing one. And Jacob was considerably puzzled for the want of something to say.

ually my bride, though we are not yet married. We are engaged, which is nearly as good, and a great deal better, for it cannot be broken off yet," he added mentally.

"Not quite as good, Jacob. An engagement may be honorably broken off, while a marriage ceremony can never be undone. Neither can man and wife separate with honor to both parties."

"Talk of breaking your engagement with me, do you?" asked Jacob, angrily.

"It is not as yet too late to do so," she answered firmly.

"Not too late, read that and see!" he hissed, his whole tone at once bespeaking the diabolicality of his disposition, and the meanness of the act he was about to commit.

Taking the paper, she read in a clear firm voice, the following:

"I, Thomas Carleton, being in sound mind, now while upon my death bed, do hereby acknowledge the debt of wrong done by me, upon my ward, William Frantz, in 1782. I abstracted from his (my ward's) amount of money, the sum of \$15,000 dollars. I leave this paper in the hands of my lawyer, requesting that he may give it to William Frantz, after I am dead and gone. (signed) THOMAS CARLETON."

"There, Carrie, seeing that I have that instrument, which is as good as any note, for the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, which sum, after adding the interest, will more than cover the whole of your father's fortune. So you see that I can, at my will, turn you on your home, and penniless at that. Say now that you can at your will, break off the engagement between us," said Jacob, in so terrific a manner, that any lady but one possessed of Carrie's firmness, would necessarily have been frightened into timidity.

"For myself, I defy you," said she energetically. "But for my old father, I hope you will have some feeling."

"Defy my worst, do you?" said he, almost wild with anger.

At this moment Mark entered the room in a great rage.

"No more of your threats to my daughter, sir," said he, with a firmness that almost made Jacob tremble with fear.

"Turn my daughter penniless from her home! there, sir, is thirty-four thousand dollars in specie, the exact amount of the debt I owe you, interest and all. There take it, and leave the house, and let me never again see you inside of it, dishonest wretch that you are!"

"Jacob took the money, but his wrath and mortification was so great that he did not move an inch from the spot whereon he stood, for a minute or two.

"Why don't you go? you impudent baboon!"

Still not a move. Mark waited for at least ten seconds, and not a move did he make.

At last, in the intensity of his excitement, he exclaimed with great anger: "Go! instantly!" and the toe of the old gentleman's boot came in contact, and none too lightly at that, with the extremity of Jacob's coat-tail.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

### A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

It was night. Jerusalem slept as quietly amid her hills as a child upon the breast of its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood like a statue at his post, and the philosopher's lamp burned dimly in the recess of the chamber.

But a darker night was abroad upon the earth. A moral darkness involved the nations in its unlighted shadows. Reason shed a faint glimmering over the mind of men, like the cold and inefficient shining of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown, his relations to heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was at this period that two forms of an aerial mold hovered about the land of God's chosen people. They seemed like sister angels, sent to earth on some embassy of love.

The one of majestic stature and well-formed limb, which her snowy drapery hardly concealed, in her erect bearing and steady eye exhibited the highest degree of strength and confidence. Her right arm was extended in an impressive gesture upward, where night appeared to have placed her darkest pavilion; while on the left reclined her delicate companion, in form and in countenance the contrast of the other, for she was drooping like a flower when moistened with refreshing dew, and her bright but troubled eyes scanned the air with ardent but varying glances. Suddenly a light, like the sun, flashed out from the heavens, and Faith and Hope hailed with exulting songs the ascending star of Bethlehem.

Years rolled away, and the stranger was seen in Jerusalem. He was a meek, unassuming man, whose happiness seemed to consist in acts of benevolence to the human race. There were deep traces of sorrow on his countenance, though so one knew why he grieved, for he lived in the practice of every virtue, and was loved by all the good and wise. By and by it was rumored that the stranger worked miracles; that the blind saw, the dumb spoke, the dead leaped, the ocean moderated its chafing tide, and the very thunder articulated he is the Son of God. Envy assailed him with the charge of impiety, and the voice of impious judges condemned him to death. Slowly, and thickly guarded, he ascended the hill of Calvary. But Faith leaned on his arm, and Hope, dipping her pinions in his blood, mounted to the skies.

earnestly urging upon all to come in to a place of rest, safety and Union. (Three cheers for FULLER.) Gentlemen, there's going to be a very heavy wet, (laughter,) come in out of the rain, (renewed laughter.)

Our Democratic friends, and I am always very happy to give them the right hand of fellowship, for my relations with them have always been of the most agreeable personal character, have heretofore been exceedingly adroit and skillful in the selection of their timber and the construction of their platforms. They have managed to hit the temper of the times, and therefore been most generally successful. But it would really seem now as if their master workmen had gone away (laughter), and unpracticed journeymen have so botched the material and bungled the construction that their fair edifice is likely to be rent in twain from turret to foundation stone.—(A voice—"that's true!") Their stately ship is on the wide sea, tempest-tossed, with open mutiny on board. They are loudly and fiercely hailed to pull down their false colors, and to throw their old log-book overboard, or else be forever submerged beneath the dark waters of the Southern ocean! (Cheers.) We hope to save them all, and now as their loud cry of distress fills the air, our humanity is excited, we point them to the lighthouse of Constitutional Union. (Cries of "that's the ticket!")

Our Republican brethren are at this time in Wigwam at Chicago, holding their solemn pow wow over the great question of availability. They will there solemnly determine how far it is safe to run the obnoxious through the troubled waters of our political sea. For years they have struggled to perform that work of modern SYSTEMS of rolling the rock of African civilization and African equality and universal suffrage up the steep acclivity which will at last, with crushing weight, fall back to break and destroy them.

Believing as we do that the great mass of Democrats and the great body of Republicans are sincerely and honestly patriotic in their purposes, we hope they may see in time the extreme tendencies of their respective organizations, and that they may yet, in defiance of past discipline and of present clamor, join the great army of the country. (Cheers.) It has been well said that party is the madness of the many for the gain of the few. We hope that now, like the Prodigal Son, after years of riot, they may come to themselves. What ever shall hereafter be left of these two antagonisms, we trust they may be made to answer the same useful purpose of equal quantities in algebraic fractions—that is, that they may extinguish each other.—(Cheers and laughter.)

There is fellow-citizens, in this country a large conservative element which has hitherto escaped public attention, because it has been listless and indifferent, so far as their right of suffrage is concerned.—There are in Pennsylvania fifty thousand voters who have never yet attended the polls, and with the other States their number can be hardly less than a million.—Absorbed in the occupations of business, secure in the protection of the State, they worship their household gods alone, and never enter the great temple of our nationality. They neglect the solemn service there. It may be that they are disgusted with the trickery, the falsehoods and corruptions of politics, and are willing to leave public concerns, therefore, to those whom they suppose will make them a trade.—They have as much disregarded this constitutional duty of suffrage as did the invited guests to the marriage supper spoken of in the Good Book. To such an extent have they neglected the duty of self-government that it has recently been a subject of Parliamentary discussion in the English House of Commons. And in that connection one of our own fellow-citizens was alluded to in terms of deserved commendation. We hope now to reach this body of men—surely, the "form and pressure of the times" must shake their nobility. We hope to see them awaken from their lethargy and make gallant battle for the security of their homes and the protection of their best interests, as now represented in the cause of Constitutional Union. (Tremendous applause.)

There is another body of men in this country who sometimes go to the polls, but they never yet have voted for a Whig, because he was a Whig, a Democrat because he was a Democrat, an American because he was an American, or a Republican because he was a Republican, but always for the best men and the best principles, according to their judgement. Those we shall have, of course—every man of them. (Cheers.) Where else could they go? A voice, (hundreds else.)

This brings me to speak of the action of the recent Baltimore Convention, whose nominations we have assembled to ratify. Look at their platform! Every man can read as he runs! The Constitution! The Union! The enforcement of the Laws.—(Cheers.)

What honest man will not stand on that platform? Who dare stand apart? The Constitution! on that rock there is safety; apart from it we tread with uncertain feet on breaking planks and shifting sands.—Our candidates! They are known to you all. JOHN BELL, of Tennessee! (three cheers.) For thirty years he has served the country; his ability and fidelity have both been tested; his qualifications come up to the highest standard. Good, faithful, able, he will make a good President, and his election would bring us back that era of good feeling which prevailed during the administration of JAMES MONROE.—We know him to be a warm friend of that

### Political.

Speech of Hon. Henry M. Fuller.

Fellow Citizens I am happy to meet you on this occasion. In obedience to your summons I come to mingle my voice with yours in behalf of the great cause of Constitutional Union. (Cheers.) The place is peculiarly appropriate for such a gathering as this. Penn Square, named after the illustrious founder of our Commonwealth, whose noble mission was Peace is properly the place for our assemblage; for the objects we propose to accomplish are Peace, Justice, and Concord, among brethren. (Cheers.) This imposing manifestation of interest and of numbers is encouraging indeed. Cheered and animated by his patriotic presence, we shall, with new zeal and increased firmness of purpose move on to the discharge of our patriotic duty. In the history of States and Governments there will be revolutions. I believe we are on the eve of one now. A great change of popular sentiment for public action is now going on within, among, and around us. It will be wise now to enquire into the cause—to consider the present condition of public affairs, and to contemplate probable futurity. It is but a little more than seventy years since our national existence commenced under the present Constitution of the United States. During that period our progress has been a marvel even to ourselves. In national and intellectual advancement we have surpassed every former age. It required four hundred and eighty-six years for the great Roman Empire, by force of arms, to subjugate Italy alone.—In the short period of seventy, we have by the arts of peace, subdued a continent.—We have established liberty. We have maintained peace. We have secured for the American name respect, and we have surrounded it with glory. We are prepared this day, if need be, to measure our physical arm with the proudest empire on earth. Yes, more, on our own soil and in our defence, we can resist the world in arms. (Tremendous cheering—prolonged.) Yet in full view of all the past, with the added glories of the present, and the still richer promise of the future, there are men at the South and in the North, who are willing to cast all this away; who ask, what all this is worth! and who now openly and boldly advocate disruption and disunion. What has produced this feeling so pregnant with personal and national disaster? Why is it that the work of separation is now rapidly becoming a fact? Why is it that the firm knots of the Union are becoming unloosed? Why is it that domestic insurrection has been deliberately planned, and its murderous execution attempted?

It is because the two leading political parties of the country have made the basis of political action the systematic agitation of a single social question. Cries of that's true! The popular mind has become inflamed, and large communities do now threaten revolution. They have been made to feel that the equality of States is threatened, and that their constitutional rights have been put in jeopardy. It is time this thing should end! It is time that the sober American people should become sober—that they should no longer influence each other—that there should be a revival of the Spirit of Union—that the same feeling of mutual respect and kindly regard which prevailed at the time of the formation and during the early administrations of the Republic, should be in full health and vigor restored! (Enthusiastic cheers.) For that purpose and to that end the people must now come to the rescue!

We are now witnessing in the political world a phenomenon which you all have seen in the natural world—a period of solemn silence and hushed quietude which forewarns a storm—when all nature is still when no leaf rustles upon the tree, when the flags fall listlessly to the masts, and the whole world stands in anxious expectation. But soon the imprisoned winds will break loose—the tempests will curtain the sky with its dark and angry folds—we shall hear the loud roll of that thunder which shakes the heavens from side to side and men will shrink with dismay from the lurid glare of its lightnings! On the raging flood there will ride in glorious state the ark of Constitutional Union. (Deafening applause!) Not with barred windows and closed doors, but with one door wide open to the south, another wide opened to the North, another portal wide opened to the East, and a fourth to the West, inviting all, excluding none, but

favorite policy of Pennsylvania which was announced in the American system of HENRY CLAY. (Cheers.) This is regarded as the wisest and best policy not only for Pennsylvania but for the whole country. We ask nothing for ourselves that we do not fully accord to others. But we cannot, and we will not give our support to any man whom we do not believe and know to be sincerely, earnestly and honestly in favor of the principal of protection to American industry. (Prolonged applause.)

This question touches every man's head. There is not a working man who is not nearly and immediately affected by it.—Pennsylvania has great natural capacity. On the east she rests upon the sea—on the West upon the great rivers. She has a soil of wonderful fertility, but richer than all are the mines of coal and of iron which lie deep embosomed in her mountains. These must be drawn forth, the agencies of human muscle and of steam have to be employed, that they may be converted to profitable use. We desire that this labor should be fairly and fully paid—for well paid labor is the great producing cause of nation's happiness and prosperity. (Cheers.)

I need say nothing in praise of EDWARD EVERETT, of Massachusetts. His fame as a scholar, as an orator, as a statesman and a patriot, now fills both hemispheres. No man in any country has a purer or a wider reputation. His record is clean and spotless. As Governor of Massachusetts, as Senator in Congress, as an ambassador abroad, as Cabinet Minister in the Department of State, he has discharged every duty with fidelity and signal ability. His last act of unselfish patriotism, that of redeeming the birthplace of Washington, entitles him to the kindest regard and warmest support of every good citizen.

Gentlemen, this is the ticket, and it must win. I have heard a very strong objection to it, and as a candid man must state it, even though it should be fatal.—It is strongly and seriously objected that the ticket is too respectable. (Great laughter.) For the purpose of cooling the natural enthusiasm with which it should be received, in order to hang icicles upon it, it is called the Old Gentlemen's ticket.—Fellow citizens! this Government, for the next four years, has a very hard road to travel. (That's so.) This road will be full of deep ruts, big rocks, bogs, and therefore, declivities, and threatening precipices. We must, therefore, have a strong limbed, well nated, even paced, steady team, to lift us out of the ruts, to pass us over the rocks and logs, and pass us up the hills without breaking the harness, or smashing the wagon. (Cheers and laughter.) Now some of our friends are advising us to wait for the action of sitting and coming conventions. (Here the speaker convulsed the crowd by some anecdote appropriate to the absurdity of waiting.)

We represent the great Union party of the country, and invite the cordial participation and support of all men who prefer their country to the success of mere party, who are willing to abandon organizations and forget old controversies, and to act for the welfare of the whole. Our desire is to elect statesmen to public office, to fill the councils of the nation with true statesmen—with men of temperate thought and matured wisdom, men who not only read, but men who think, men familiar with our past history, and who can comprehend the noble aims and high destiny of the republic. If the principles of Constitutional Union prevail and control the administration of our government, full justice will be done to every section, the rights of every citizen protected, the equality of States maintained, and we will come out of this as of every past fiery trial, without so much as the smell of smoke on our garments.—(The speaker sat down with universal cheers.)

After the conclusion of Mr. FULLER'S speech, there were loud cries for "HENRY! HENRY!"

Mr. INGERSOLL then arose, and, amid great applause, introduced to the audience the grandson of PATRICK HENRY.

"A young man advertises his desire for a wife—privately and entirely ignorant of the fact. Evidently he wants a fool. Any smart, pretty woman knows she's pretty—but she wouldn't be smart if she didn't."

"Why do men who are about to fight a duel generally choose a field for the place of action? For the purpose of allowing the ball to graze."

Milton was asked by a friend if he would instruct his daughters in the different languages. "No," said he, "one tongue is enough for a woman."

A Western editor advises his readers if they wish to get teeth inserted gratis, to go and steal fruit where his watch dog is on guard.

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow than to have ruined an empire.

Despise nothing because it seems weak. The flies and locusts have done more hurt than ever the bears and lions did.

It is stated that "Idaho" the name of the new Territory of Pike's Peak, signifies "gem of the mountain."

Why is the world like a piano? Because it is full of notes and flats.