



COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY LEVI L. TATE, IN BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. OFFICE

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. In advance, for one copy, for six months, \$1.00; for three months, \$0.50; for one month, \$0.25. If not paid within the first three months, \$1.50; if not paid within the first six months, \$2.00; if not paid within the year, \$3.00.

Original Poetry.

A Welcome to the Birds.

Sweet birds so fair, that whistle and sing, While all the air is made to ring With melody, so soft and sweet, With harmony, at once replete; Come welcome through our northern clime, With music too, and sweetest rhyme.

The Tendency of Worldly Prosperity.

And Jackson seated 'neath a tree, "Think, There lived a man in days of old, In sacred scriptures we are told, And waiting for to be reborn, But how or why, when or where, He did this wicked act or bare, The scriptures don't depict.

EVENING.

Oh! sacred sacred twilight hour, When man's soul feels his Maker's power; When gentle zephyrs softly play In music's sweet and lowly lay; When sunny Pleiades' scattering rays No more his withering power display; When hushed to silence is the earth Our minds to noble thoughts give birth.

COMMUNICATIONS.

GREENWOOD, June 24th, 1861. Editor of the Columbia Democrat.

DEAR SIR:—I take this opportunity of making, publicly, a few comments on a private letter in my possession under date of June 17th.

The gentleman writing alleges that a report obtains respecting the illegality of a military company under drill some where in the vicinity of Rohrsburg, in this county and that the members of said company are avowed secessionists. He further stated that some persons had contemplated routing them and advised me that if I were in any way connected with the squad I had best report through the press and state our exact position. Although I deem this counsel altogether un-called-for yet for the benefit of men I would state that there is a company under military instructions in this neighborhood the members of which are chiefly, and perhaps exclusively, Democrats whose conduct in this crisis is altogether unexceptionable. I am proud to say that I am connected with the company and one in whom I can place the utmost confidence and that, the members having given me the command I think it part of my duty, openly to denounce the slander and exculpate our soldiers from blame. It must be evident to every observer that since the commencement of the present national troubles, there have been a few exceedingly officious persons who have made it their business to stir up animosities, and thus jeopardize our best interests. It is certainly surprising, that individuals professing to be the Union men should have the audacity to fabricate, and circulate willful falsehoods, knowing that such misconduct will tend to weaken the bonds that unite the people of the North.

To such persons we have but little to say, other than that we shall at all times defend our charge, from the abusive slander of insidious assassins, and knowing as we do, that the integrity of our company is unimpeachable, we shall stand by our rights at all hazards. We think it the duty of American Freemen, to brand falsifiers, with the stigma they merit, ere they marshal to meet an open enemy. Our credentials are open to the inspection of any person or persons, who ask it in the spirit of candor, but to such lawless miscreants who delight in disseminating falsehoods, to injure their countrymen, we have only to say, that we shall not bow to their scepter, nor submit tamely to their abuse. We claim to be true American citizens and can offer no better guaranty of our loyalty, than that we have ever been faithful to the trust vouchsafed us by our fore-fathers. It is well known that men differ and have the right of differing as to the causes which induced this melancholy state of things, yet while we entertain different political views we have earnestly advocated a unity of purpose. The North must be united, or her strength is with drawn, her destiny sealed, and a happy union can not be secured and maintained, so long as unprincipled men are allowed to disseminate untruths, ad-libitum.

Yours, with respect, &c., GEO. W. UTT.

WYOMING SEMINARY, Kingston, Pa., June 26, 1861. Editor of the Columbia Democrat.

The anniversary exercises of this far famed and deservedly popular Institution have just concluded, and I hasten to give you a brief account of them. They occupied the entire day, and were attended by an immense concourse, estimated by many to number at least two thousand persons, comfortably seated under a mammoth tent belonging to the Institution.

The exercises were all original. The following orations were delivered during the day by the young gentlemen: Our Country, by W. H. Abbott of Bloomsburg; Man, J. B. Lyon, Herriek; United, Welsh oration, D. S. Davis, Aberdare, Wales; Life, F. Asbury Dony, Honesdale; Waste of Intellect, L. G. Flory, Scranton; Enthusiasm, S. D. Jones, White Mills; Cities of the Past, T. H. B. Lyon, Herriek; The Crisis, J. M. Johnson, Mt. Vernon, Mich.; Mental Discipline, Amos Avery, Canonsville, N. Y.; Before the Fall, and Now, J. C. Leacock, Harveysville; Henry IV, Bradford Barner, Underwood, N. Y.; Tie a Knot in your Thread, S. H. Jenkins, Wyoming; Newspapers, Eli Barner, Underwood, N. Y.; Monuments, Valdeiotory, S. H. Jenkins, Wyoming.

The following essays were read by the graduating class of young ladies: The Thinker, by Miss Albertine Brace of Wyoming; Mary Queen of Scots, Miss Minnie Evans, Tunkhannock; The Object of Study, Miss S. B. Edwards, Plymouth; Man's Inhumanity to Man, Miss Jesse-

phine Houghton, Kingston; Intellect and Monuments Eternal, Miss Carrie M. Woodruff, Dimmock; The Moors of Spain, Miss Mary M. Lyon, Herriek; The Crown on the Mountain Top, Miss Lillie T. Sharpless, Fairville; and The Unseen, Miss Esther A. Pugh, Plymouth.

In exercises like the above, where all are good, comparisons seem invidious. Abundant evidence was given of close thought, cultivated taste, and careful preparation on the part of every orator and essayist. A colloquy entitled "Contrast," written by Miss E. A. Pugh, was spoken by some twenty or thirty of the juvenile members of the school, showing the wide difference between society at the present and in the olden times. The colloquy was well written, and the "little folks" had been so thoroughly trained that they acted their several parts most admirably.

The gentlemen's colloquy came off as usual in the afternoon. It was really a fine thing. It was entitled a Court Scene, and was written by Messrs. B. and E. Barner. One Mr. Sweeney (very green) was sued for breach of promise by a Miss Badger, and the trial of the case in the court room was as natural as life. Just as the judge had nearly completed his charge to the jury, a military detachment came in, and judge, jury, lawyers, witnesses, and the parties in the suit, amid great excitement, joined the company and marched away to the tune of Yankee Doodle. There were some forty different actors, and each did exceedingly well.

The students' part of the Anniversary was concluded with a valedictory already noticed—an able effort, creditable alike to the head and heart of the young man who spoke it. Then followed the Anniversary Address by Hon. H. B. Wright; subject—Our Government. He spoke of its origin, its cost, and its perpetuity. The address throughout was most able, patriotic and impressive. The frequent and hearty cheers from the audience evinced their high appreciation of the address, and that their hearts were in sympathy with the sentiment and spirit of the speaker. It was universally conceded to have been one of the Colonel's happiest efforts. And why should he not speak well since he certainly must feel well, having just been elected to Congress from this district as a Union candidate, receiving a majority of about six thousand over his opponent.

Before closing I wish to say that the examination of classes in the above Institution, on Friday and Monday last, fully sustained the high reputation of the school.

The citizens of the valley and surrounding country are justly proud of their noble institution. And I may add, from what I learn of the strict discipline, thorough drilling of the students, and superior advantages to be enjoyed here, that no parents need desire a better institution at which to place their sons and daughters.

OBSEVER.

Miscellaneous.

BANGOR.—The Rev. Mr. Martie, of Burlington, Maine, a man of decided talent and worth, was somewhat noted for his eccentricity and humor, which occasionally showed themselves in his public ministrations. In the time of the great land speculations in Maine, several of his prominent parishioners and church members were carried away with the mania of buying lumber tracts. The reverend gentleman resisted this speculating spirit, and more than once rebuked it in his sermons. One evening, at his regular weekly prayer-meeting, he noticed that several of his prominent men were absent, and he knew at once they had gone to Bangor to attend a great land sale. After singing a hymn, he said:

"Brother Allen, will you lead us in prayer?" Some one spoke out and said, "He has gone to Bangor." The pastor, not disconcerted in the least called out: "Deacon Barber, will you lead us in prayer?" "He has gone to Bangor," another answered. Again the pastor asked: "Squire Clark, will you pray?" "The Squire has gone to Bangor," said some one; and the pastor being now satisfied, looked around upon the little assembly as if the same reply would probably be given to every similar request, and very calmly said: "The choir will sing BANGOR, and then we will dismiss the meeting."

Select Story.

MY FELLOW PASSENGER.

BY PETER AGATE.

It is hard to confess: but I can remember when there was not a line of railway in the world. We went bumping about in stage coaches on long leather springs, nine inside, and four or five outside, with four or six horses, and thought ten miles an hour something wonderful. Yet a day's ride inside such a coach, through a fine country, and with a pleasant company, was not the worst evil of this mortal life; and I have thought sometimes when lumbering along a western railway, fifteen miles an hour, in a close unventilated car, filled with filthy, tobacco chewing fellow citizens, that I would cheerfully go back to the coach and four.

Did you ever ride on the outside, with a nice girl beside you, whom it was necessary to take good care of, some pleasant morning, say up the Connecticut valley? I have—and there are few things in this sublunary existence not exhilarating!—We go through the country in these, our fast days, with lightning trains and sleeping cars—but do we travel! There is another mode of travel we antediluvians used to think pleasant, it was slow, and has become obsolete; but what could be nicer than to glide all day through a constantly changing panorama of beautiful scenery, on a canal packet?

The present generation knows nothing about it. There was the long, slender, elegant packet, with its row of windows on each side, where you could lounge, play whist, read, walk or sleep. At the breakfast, dinner, or supper hours, the tables were set, and it was wonderful what excellent repasts came out of the little cupboard-like kitchens. In fine weather we could walk on the long narrow deck, or sit on the trunks and enjoy the scenery. The canal winds along the banks of small rivers, and through the villages which have sprung up beside it. There was a time when thousands of passengers were conveyed from Albany to Buffalo, through the Erie canal, in gaily painted packet boats, each drawn by three or four handsome horses, at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles in twenty four hours—not very rapid but pleasant and tolerably safe.

I landed on the deck at Buffalo, from that loud old, high pressure steamer Constitution, Captain Applebee; and taking my carpet bag in my hand, to the disgust of runners, porters, and Jehus, made my way unassisted, to the old City Hotel, and the canal basin, where lay one of the Red Bird line of packets, with steam up—horses harnessed, I mean and boys mounted, ready to start at the minute, and make connections with all the stage lines along the canal.

As I came near the boat, I overtook a lady who had the same destination. Startled, perhaps by my quick footsteps, in a part of the town where a lady did not like to walk unattended, she struck her foot against something on the tow-path, stumbled and would have fallen into the canal had I not sprung forward and caught her. She was frightened, but thanked me heartily—and allowed me to assist her upon the boat.

What trifles govern our lives, and even decide the destiny of nations. A pebble on the walk was my introduction to one of the loveliest and most brilliant of women. We had been on the packet an hour before I knew that she had been on a visit to Buffalo, and was summoned home to Rochester by the sickness of her mother.—And it was less than that time before her dark eyes her voice of passionate music, her form of singular grace and her charming ingenuities had thrown a spell around me, which seemed to change the whole current of my life. That gliding packetboat was grander than all navies; that canal—which had been profanely called a ditch—was more than rivers, seas and oceans; diminutive beside it seemed the Atlantic, the Pacific, and broad Indian seas. Here was the centre of the universe, that swept around us, and all the rest was of little worth compared to the breathing loveliness that stood beside me.

How I recall the day—a rich lovely Summer day, fanned by cooling zephyrs from the greatest lakes and Niagara. The sun was half veiled by fleecy clouds. We went upon the dock, where she seemed a queen to whom my heart paid an infatigable homage, but with whom I became every moment more confused, constrained, and incapable of manifesting the feelings which had sprung so suddenly into their intensest activity. We stood there on the deck—strangers. An hour before I had never seen her, unless in my dreams, or in some former state of being, of which we seem at times to have vague glimpses. But it seemed to me as if I had known and loved her a thousand years. But all this long acquaintance did not hinder me from being as bashful and confused as ever a lover was in the presence of his mistress. Still I made a desperate effort to keep up conversation. "This is my day of good fortune," said I, "a never-to-be-forgotten day, when I had the happiness of meeting you—"

"And romantically rescuing me from being drowned in the raging canal," said she, with a benevolent effort to help me out of my embarrassment. "O grand canal," I cried, gathering courage, "finer than the Nile, with all its cities, pyramids, and Cleopatra's barges, because it bears upon its bosom a lover—"

"Bridge," shouted the steersman. I was not thinking of bridges, and had not the lady caught me and pulled me down beside her, low kneeling on the deck, that bridge would have interrupted at once my eloquence and my life. The boat passed under the huge beams of the bridge; I proffered my assistance to my beautiful companion, and we stood erect again. "Even proud people sometimes practice the virtue of humility," said the lady, laughing at my narrow escape. "I hope you find it no hardship to kneel."

"To you or with you, never," I replied, and so our conversation went on—mine in a playful baiting, with which she parried my attacks, and kept me at a respectful distance. But the more we conversed together, walking on the narrow deck, watching the ever shifting scenery, or sitting on a seat I improvised from some luggage, the more I admired, not only her beauty, her elegance and a certain charm that hovered around her, or enveloped her like an atmosphere, but her wit, her taste, her sense and cultivation.

And I was, though entirely and deeply respectful, frank and bold in the expression of my feelings. It seemed but just that I should express the admiration I felt.—And when I did so, though there was a slight flush on her cheek and brow, she still answered playfully: "But my dear Mr. Stranger, do you remember how long it is since you first saw me?"

"A few brief hours," I replied, "but they might have been ages. My soul has known you always. It has been seeking you through the eternities. Who can a man know so well as his ideal of all that is beautiful, noble and lovely? To whom else should he bow his spirit? So must I bow to—"

"Low bridge," shouted the steersman, sharply; and it was time. The bridge was very low. It was not enough to crouch or kneel. We were obliged to throw ourselves fairly and flatly on the deck, where we lay, side by side in the gloom of the shadow, until the light broke upon us as we passed beneath the last low string piece. There was something ludicrous in our prostrate condition, and in my efforts to pick myself up in haste, and assist the lady, that I did not attempt to finish the speech which had been so unceremoniously interrupted.

The dinner bell rang, and I placed myself beside her at the table. How self-possessed, how graceful, how charming she was. Her conversation sparkled with wit; she told little anecdotes with an exquisite humor. Her rare beauty, like a gem, was set in a manner and style of singular elegance. In my long, indeed, but somewhat varied experience, I had never met so lovely a person.

"Now for a flirtation," said I at the beginning—but it soon became too serious a matter with me. But the lady—the more entangled I became—the more adroit and confident was she. How skillfully she parried my attacks! I could find out nothing about her besides her first volunteered explanations, even by my most daring efforts.

"Don't you want to know me?" said I as we sat in the cabin after our really good dinner. "Know you? I flatter myself I do know you pretty well. You must think me very dull, to suppose me ignorant of a gentleman after half a day's interesting conversation, and seeing him in so many positions." "But it might be convenient to know my name?" said I, determined to find out here, if the thing were possible.

"And why, pray? The lawyers do very well with John Doe and Richard Roe.—Your name may be Jonathan or Jeremiah—what matters! "The rose by any other name would smell as sweet"—and John Smith is as good as another. Pocahontas though is heroic."

"You won't hear my name nor tell me yours?"

"Oh! there it is? If I have your name, I must give you mine in exchange. How do you know that would be a fair bargain? Mine may be twice as pretty. It may be Rosa Matilda, for aught you know. No doubt you have imagined something very elegant and romantic. Do you think I shall undecieve you? Would you have me say I was Miss or Mistress Nancy Higgings? No, sir; I respect your feelings too much to overwhelm you with such an avowal!"

"You are very cruel." "Indeed!—you are finding out my imperfections, then? How long since you thought me perfect?"

"A gentleman who would be happy to assert his power, must first make sure of it."

"I surrender at discretion." "Then you have more discretion than I gave you credit for," said she, enjoying her triumph with a quiet but evident delight. We walked upon the deck again. I had learned the trick of the bridges, and to assist my fellow voyager in our frequent prostrations. We became very friendly, and as long as I refrained from complaints, or the expression of the admiration I found it hard to suppress, she talked with a freedom, a gaiety, a sense of humor I have seldom known. The afternoon wore away rapidly, as we neared the end of our journey.

It had been my intention to spend a day or two in Rochester. I wished to visit the Falls of Genesee, and the young and growing city of flour mills. Now I had another inducement. I was determined to see more of this charming lady—we may say it is enough to know a person—what say we care for their condition or surroundings? It is not enough. The universal question—"Who is he?" or "Who is she?" requires more for its answer than the personal appearance before you.—"Look!"—is not the all sufficient answer.

As the sun was sinking in the West, we saw spires glittering in the eastern horizon. "There is my house," said my friend, pointing with her finger, and unconsciously (perhaps) assuming an attitude full of beauty—a living statue on the prow of the boat, gliding along the willows, and relieved against the shell like hues of the sunset sky.

"Your home, that is to snatch you from me," I exclaimed with bitterness, "and forever! You amuse yourself a few hours with a passing traveler, who will be forgotten to-morrow." "No, my friend, not forgotten," she said. "Now you are unjust! I shall be very happy to see you again, while you stay in Rochester, and at all times."

The warmth and tenderness with which I thanked her, made, I thought, a strange impression. A flush passed over her face, and she bit her lip, then stood a few moments in silence; and then, with a sudden drollery, said:

"Mr. Doe, or Mr. Roe, perhaps, after all, it may be as well that I should know the name you are usually called by, for we shall be at the landing in a few moments, and I shall wish to introduce a gentleman who has shown me so many attentions—to my husband."

"To your husband?"

"Yes; to my husband, if you have no objection. He will be happy to see you, and you will like him, I am sure."

"Madame," said I, with all the dignity I could assume, "it is unnecessary. My name is of no consequence, and I should much prefer that whatever I have said to you to-day should be strictly anonymous."

"You won't stay?"

"Madam, no." "Don't bear malice, said she, holding out her hand. "Good bye. Say you forgive me."

I know that I deserved it, coxcomb as I was, and lady-killer as I thought myself. It served me right, but my amuseur progre was too deeply wounded to recover itself in a moment. I took the offered hand—I pressed it to my lips, but said nothing—I hurried away as if my feelings were too deep for utterance, rushed into the cabin, and watched her from the cabin window, as she went ashore with a tall and decidedly handsome fellow. She looked around, trying to catch a

and pitiful, that I was on the point of springing ashore to follow her. But the packet started, and my last glimpse of her beautiful face was, when she turned again to look at the receding boat, under a lamp-post.

I have never seen her since—but if she still lives, she may know how well I remember, and how much happiness I wish MY FELLOW PASSENGER.

HOW A SOLDIER FEELS IN BATTLE.—A young French officer thus writes of his first experience in battle:

"Our officer kept us back, for we were not numerous enough to charge upon the enemy. This was most prudent, for the murderous fire, so fatal to the white coats, did us but little harm. Our conical balls penetrated their dense masses, whilst those of the Austrians whistled past our ears and respected our persons. It was the first time I had faced fire, nor was I the only one. Well, I am satisfied with myself. True, I dodged the first balls, but Henry IV. did the same at the beginning of every battle. It is in fact a physical effect, independent of the will.

But, this tribute paid, if you could only feel how each shot electrifies you. It is like a whip on a racer's legs. The balls whistle past you, turn up the earth around, kill one, wound another, and you hardly notice them. You grow intoxicated, the smell of gunpowder mounts to your brain. The eyes become bloodshot and the look is fixed upon the enemy. There is something of all the passions in that terrible passion excited in a soldier by the sight of blood and the tumult of battle.

Everybody who has tried it testifies to the peculiar intoxication that is produced by being in battle. There is an infatuating influence about the smell of powder, the shrill whistle of a bullet, and the sight of human blood, that instantly transforms men from cowards to heroes—from women sometimes to monsters. No one can tell of the nature of mystery of that influence but those who have been in the fray themselves."

WOMAN'S ADVANTAGES.—Some of the advantages of women over men are as follows:

A woman can say what she chooses without being knocked down for it. She can take a snooze after dinner while her husband goes to work. She can go into the street without being asked to treat at every saloon.

She can paint her face if it is too pale, and powder if it is too red. She can stay at home in time of war, and can get married again if her husband is killed.

She can wear corsets if too thick—other fixins if too thin.

She can eat, drink, and be merry, without costing her a cent.

She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees one she likes better.

She can get her husband in debt all over, until he warns the public by advertisements not to trust her on his account.

"Go to grass!" said a mother to her daughter.

"Well, then, I 'spose I'll have to marry," ejaculated the fair damsel.

"Why so?" inquired the astonished mother.

"Because all men are grass." The old lady survived.

"SWEAR not at all Abimelech; swear not at all." "That's just what I do. I don't swear at all; I only cusses the school-master."

The last we saw of Abimelech, he was going over a garden fence, closely pursued by a rawhide.

"MR. SMITH, you said you boarded at the Columbia Hotel six months; did you foot your bill?" "No sir; but what amounted to the same thing—the landlord footed me."

An old soaker in Boston being found in the gutter on a rainy night, the water making a clear breach over him from head to heels was asked by a passer, what he was doing. "I agreed to meet a man here."

ENLISTMENTS for the navy are briskly going on in the maritime cities.

Dogs are said to speak with their tails. Would it not be better to call a short-tailed