



LEVI L. TATE, Editor.

TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAIVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH.

TERMS: \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 16.—NO. 19.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1862.

VOLUME 26.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. \$1 00 In Advance, for six months. 1 50 In Advance, for one year. 2 00 If not paid within the first six months. 2 50 If not paid within the year.

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BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FOR QUACKERY. The Only Place where a Cure can be Obtained.

DR. JOHNSON has discovered the most certain remedy for all the various diseases of the Back and Limbs, Stricture, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, etc.

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MARRIAGE Married persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of their weakness, organic or acquired, should be consulted by Dr. Johnson.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS Immediately cured and full vigor restored.

OFFICE, No. 7 SOUTH FREDRICK STREET, Baltimore, Md. Letters must be paid and contain a stamp.

Original Poetry.

My Country.

By Rev. John Sutton.

Hail Columbia, favored nation, Blest with all that's great and free,

Rolling oceans greet thy borders, Noble rivers set thy plains, Nature's powers obey thy orders,

Recher still in mental treasures, Science spreads her golden wings,

Of my country what dost thou care, Not contented with thy state,

Why these notes of preparation? Why these notes in martial strict?

Has some proud foe from foreign land, Invaded now thy fair domain?

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Select Poetry.

There's A Letter Awaiting for You.

The New England Route Agents will no doubt be gratified to learn that they at last have a genuine Poet in their official ranks.

There's a letter awaiting for you, Lizzie Lee, From Jamie, who went away over the sea,

As Jamie sped off on the wave; Yet you smile through your grief, although high broken hearted.

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Miscellaneous.

A Confirmed Grumbler.

Some time ago there lived in Edinburg, a well-known grumbler named Sandy Black, whose often-recurring fits of spleen of indignation produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability, which were highly relished by all except the brute's good patient little wife.

One morning Sandy rose bent on a quarrel; the haddies and eggs were excellent done to a turn, and had been ordered by himself the previous evening; and breakfast passed without the looked-for cause of complaint.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" said Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam," said the husband.

"Confound it, madam, if you had been a good and considerate wife, you'd have known before this what I liked," Sandy growled out, and slamming the door behind him, left the house.

The dinner-time came, and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner; the fish was eaten in silence, and, on raising the cover of the dish before him, in a towering passion he called out, "Boiled chicken!"

Immediately the cover was raised for another chicken, roasted to a turn.

"Madam, I won't eat roast chicken," roared Sandy; "you know how it should have been cooked!"

"Without green peas!" roared the grumbler.

"Here they are, dear," said Mrs. Black.

"How dare you spend my money in that way?"

"They were a present," said the wife, interrupting him.

Rising from his chair and rushing from the room, amidst a roar of laughter from his friend, he clenched his fist and shouted "How dare you receive a present without my leave!"

SOUND OF CANNON.—We stated that the reports of cannon were heard plainly at this place on Tuesday, the 3d instant.

It is now known that on that day fighting occurred throughout the whole forenoon at Strasburg, Va., over one hundred miles in a direct line from this place, over hills, mountains and valleys.

A gentleman in whom we place implicit reliance informs us that on Saturday, the 31st of May, the day the great battle near Richmond he was riding on the road near Baltimore.

and heard a continuous roar in that direction, and at a time when there no indications of thunder. We are fully impressed with the idea that the firing of cannon can be heard much further than is supposed.

It must be over one hundred and fifty miles to Richmond.—Timesonsen's Ad.

THE STATE FAIR. The regular Annual Exhibition of the State Agricultural Society will be held on the grounds of the East Pennsylvania Agricultural and Mechanical Society, in Norristown, commencing on Tuesday, September 30th, and closing on Friday, October 3d.

THE LATEST ROMISH MIRACLE.—A pastoral letter from the Archbishop of Spoleto to his flock has been published, relating to a series of "miracles" which, he asserts, have just been performed by an old and discoloured image of the Virgin Mary near Spoleto.

"Some months ago," he says, "this venerable image, to some extent, received its worship by means of a voice, which was several times heard by a child under five years of age, named Henri, whom it called by its name. It also showed itself to this child in a manner we cannot describe."

The Bishop then goes on to narrate that several villages suffering under dangerous and painful afflictions, especially persons laboring under rheumatic affections, felt themselves inspired to visit this image and worship it, and were restored to perfect health.

A man whose feet had been crushed by the wheels of a wagon, no sooner approached the image than he was able to stand and walk as before.

Moral miracles have also been performed. Scoffers who have gone to the spot have, on drawing near, experienced a complete change of heart.

The exhibition has not been unproductive to the treasury of the Church. Every visitor is expected to leave some deposit; and the Archbishop speaks indignantly of an attempt made by the police officer of the Italian Government to procure a satisfactory account of the receipts.

The Archbishop has had a medal struck in honour of "the divine image."

TURNED UP ALIVE.—Some time since, Mr. David Yohe, of Pigeon Creek, Washington county, Pa., went to the battle field of Fort Donelson and had disinterred (as he supposed) the body of his son, who had received a wound during the fight, of which he died and was buried.

The body was conveyed home and reinterred in the family burial ground, at Pigeon Creek, all the family being satisfied of the identity of the body, except a sister of the deceased.

Last week Mr. Yohe was astonished at receiving a letter from his son, whom he supposed dead and buried, stating that after some weeks, treatment in the hospital he had recovered, so as to be able to rejoin his company, and expect to take part in the next battle.

The joy of the family can better be imagined than described.

MEANNESS shows itself oftener in little things; in scant measure, light weight, saving half cents in making change, requesting a merchant to take a few cents short to save changing a bill, in being last at work and first at dinner, in watching the clock or the sun at the close of a day's work, and in similar trifles.

Likes drops of water they are felt, and in time will wear out the endurance of the best customer and the patience of the most indulgent employer.

THE SHOE BUSINESS.—The Newburyport Herald says that the shoe business is reviving, all the shoe towns feel the good effects. In Lynn, Marblehead, Haverhill, and a hundred other towns in this State, work is abundant, and the working people are few; wages have advanced, and the manufacturers refuse to take orders for the future at present prices, so that wages may be better yet.

Real estate is advancing, the tradesmen are very hopeful and everything looks first rate.

HOW SOON FORGOTTEN.—So lately dead; so soon forgotten. 'Tis the way of the world. We flourish for a while. Men take us by the hand, and are anxious about the health of our bodies, and laugh at our jokes, and we really think, like the fly on the wheel, that we have something to do with the turning of the earth.

The sun does not stop for one funeral; everything goes on as usual; we are not missed in the streets; men laugh at new jokes; one or two hearts feel the wound of affliction, one or two memories still hold our names and from; but the crowd moves on its daily circle; and in three days the great wave of time sweeps our steps, and washes out the last vestige of our lives.

AN exchange comes to us with the notice that 'Truth' is crowded out of this issue. This is almost as bad as the up-country editor who said: 'For the evil effects of intoxicating drinks, see our inside.'

When we look around us now upon the ruin of our country, it is a proud and grateful consciousness to feel that we can 'look into the blue sky,' and say 'it is no fault of ours.'

A German writer observes that in America there is such a scarcity of thieves, that they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been lately straightened by circumstances."

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