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.

VOL.16.—NO. 27. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862. VOLUME 26.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY
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."

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

$1 00 In advance, for one copy, for six months.
1 75 In advance, for one copy, one year.
2 00 If not paid within the first three months.
2 25 If not paid within the first six months.
2 50 If not paid within the year.

☞ No subscription taken for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages shall have been paid.

☞ Ordinary ADVERTISEMENTS inserted, and JOB WORK executed, at the established prices.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL

ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY.

The Only Place where a Cure can be Obtained.

DR. JOHNSTON has discovered the most Certain, Speedy and only Effectual Remedy in the World for all private Diseases, Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsy, Languor, Low Spirits Confusion of ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Tremblings, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or skin, Affections of the Liver Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those terrible Disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those SECRET and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Marines of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c. impossible.

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.

MARRIAGE.

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 confide 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 consequences 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.

DR. JOHNSTON

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.
MARRIAGE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselve by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ru in 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, Timity, &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 pitty 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

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conunbial 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.

DISEASE 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, diseased 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 desease becomes a horrid object of commiseration till death puts a period to his dreadful 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 poisonus compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you a 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 more 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 gentlemen 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 18, 1862. [March 17, 1860.

TINWARE & STOVE SHOP.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his old friend 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, Cylindar Stoves, Cast Iron Air Tight stoves, Cannon Stoves, &c., &c. Stovepipe 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 24 1860.—tf.

Choice Poetry.

The Homestead.

BY LADY SPENCER.

It is not as it used to be
When you and I were young;
When round each elm and maple tree
The honey-suckles clung;
But still I love the cottage where
I passed my early years,
Though not a single face is there
That memory endears.

It is not as it used to be!
The moss is on the roof,
And from their nest beneath the eaves,
The swallows keep aloof
The robin—how they used to sing
When you and I were young:
And how did flit the wild bee's wing
The opening flowers among!

It is not as it used to be!
The voices loved of yore,
And the forms we were wont to see,
We hear and see no more
No more! Alas we look in vain,
For those to whom we clung,
And love as we can love but once,
When you and I were young.

A Humorous Story.

COL. CRICKLEY'S HORSE.

I have never been able to ascertain the cause of the quarrel between the Crickley's and the Drake's. They have lived within a mile of each other in Illinois for five years; and from their first acquaintance there had been a mutual dislike between the two families.

One evening Mr. Drake, the elder, was returning home with his "pocket full of rocks" from Chicago, whither he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Barston was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his companion:

"What a beautiful shot Col. Crickley's old roan is over yonder!'

"Hang it!" exclaimed old Drake, "so it is."

The horse was standing under some trees about twelve rods from the road.

Involuntarily, Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful!" muttered Drake, lowering his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could drop old roan so easy."

"Shoot!" suggested Sam, who loved fun in any shape.

"No, no, 'twouldn't do," said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

"I won't tell," said Sam.

"Wal, I won't shoot this time, any way, tell, or no tell. The horse is too nigh. If he was fifty rods off instead of twelve, so ther'd be a bare possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is, I'd give the Colonel five dollars for a shot."

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.

"Well, why don't you shoot?"

The old man stammered out some words in confusion.

"Is that you, Colonel?" I—I was tempted to I declare! And, as I said, I'll give you a 'V' for one pull."

"Say an 'X' and it's a bargain?"

Drake felt his rifle and looked at the old roan.

"How much is the old horse wuth?" he muttered in Sam's ear.

"About fifty dollars."

"Gad, Colonel, I'll do it. Here's your X."

The Colonel took and pocketed the money muttering—Hang if I thought you'd take me up.

With high glee the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, stood up in the wagon, and drew a close sight on old roan.—Sam Barston chuckled. The Colonel put his hands before his face and chuckled too.

"Crack," went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat. Old roan never stirred.

Drake stared at his rifle with a face as black as Othello's.

"What's the matter with you, hey?"—Fust time you ever served me such a trick, I swan."

And Drake loaded the piece with great indignation and wrath.

"People said you'd lost your knack of shooting," observed the Colonel, in a cutting tone of satire.

"Who said so?" It's a lie!" thundered Drake. "I can shoot—"

"A horse at ten rods, ha, ha."

Drake was livid.

"Look here Colonel I can't stand that," he began.

"Never mind, the horse can," sneared the Colonel. "I'll risk you."

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

"Here," he growled, "I'm bound to have another shot any way."

"Crack away," said the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake did crack away—with deadly aim too—but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage and unutterable astonishment of the hunter, old roan looked him right in the face, as if he rather liked the fun.

"Drake," cried Sam, "you're drunk! A horse at a dozen rods—oh my eye!"

"Just shut your mouth, or I'll shoot you, thundered the excited Drake.

"The bullet was hollow, I'll swear. The man lies that says I can't shoot. Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifty rods and I can do it again. Colonel, you can laugh, but I'll bet now, thirty dollars, I can bring old roan down at one shot."

The wager was readily accepted. The stakes were placed in Sam's hand. Elated with the idea of winning back his two tens and making a ten in the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball, and even buckskin patch, and headed the rifle.

It was now nearly dark, but the old hunter boasted of being able to shoot a bat by starlight, and without hesitation he drew a clear sight on old roan's head.

A minute later, Drake was driving thro' the grove, the most enraged, the most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of ire, lay with broken stock in the bottom of the wagon. Sam Barston was too much frightened to laugh. Meanwhile the gratified Colonel was rolling on the ground convulsed with mirth, and old roan was standing undisturbed under the trees.

When Drake reached home, his two sons discovering his ill humor, and the mutilated condition of his rifle stock, hastened to arouse his spirits with news, which they were sure would make him dance with joy.

"Clear out!" growled the old man. I don't want to hear any news; get away or I shall knock one of you down."

"But father, it's such a trick on the Colonel!"

"On the Colonel?" cried the old man, beginning to be interested. "Glad if you played the Colonel a trick. Let us hear it."

"Well father, Jed and I this afternoon went out for deer——"

"Hang the deer, come to the trick!"

"Couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something; so Jed banged away at the Colonel's old roan—shot him dead."

"Shot old roan?" thundered the old hunter. "Jed did you shoot the Colonel's old hoss?"

"I didn't do anything else."

"And then," paused Jed, confident the joke part must please his father, "Jim and I propped the horse up, and tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the tree just as if he was alive.—ha! ha! Fancy the Colonel going to catch him. Ho! ho! wan't it a joke?"

Old Drake's head fell on his breast.—He felt of his empty pocket book, and looked at his rifle. Then in a rueful tone he whispered to the boy—

"It's a joke! But if you ever tell of it—or if you do Sam Barston—I'll skin you alive. I've been shooting at that dead horse half an hour for ten dollars a shot.'

At that moment Sam fell into the gutter, and almost laughed himself to death.

☞ ALARMING.—The most alarming among all the signs of the times is the disregard shown by many of the leading political journals to the spirit and letter of the Constitution of the United States. It is no longer concealed, it is boldly avowed day after day that the Constitution may be invaded, overstepped, and trampled upon. It is an utter abandonment of national virtue, when men tell us that the Constitution is not to stand in the way of the President, in the management of public affairs. Such men should remember that the Constitution is above the President. No man swears allegiance to the President, but all men owe it to the Constitution.

☞ When we fall upon a rock we know how hard it is. When we are thrown upon our resources we learn how great they are.

☞ Why are women like beets? Because the younger they are the sweeter.

Miscellaneous.

Letter to the President.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 29, 1862.

My Dear Uncle Abraham:—Not in the name of twenty millions of freemen of the North, but on my own "personal curve," I am about to address you a few lines.—As a preliminary text, I offer you the following ticket to a fancy dress ball to be given south of the Potomac, which was left at my house a few days ago:

OFFICE OF THE U. S DEPUTY MARSHAL
For the Fifth Ward of the city of
Harrisburg, Aug. 26, 1862

To U. J. JONES.—TAKE NOTICE, that you have been enrolled as a citizen within the Fifth ward of the city of Harrisburg, in the said county, liable to military servic. If you claim exemption from any cause, the claim will be received and determined by the Commissioner to be appointed for that purpose for this county, at such time and place as he shall specify, by hand bills to be posted in said ward.

GEO. GARVERICH, Jr.,
Deputy Marshal.

Physically disqualified to dance to the music of an orchestra composed of the "spirit stirring drum and ear piercing fife" the whistling bomb shell and minnie ball, it is not likely that I shall be present; but, assuming, my dear Uncle, that I was as sound as a dollar, would it not be ungenerous to ask me to do the State some service after serving it for sixteen days in prison as an example and terror to evil doers.

In this city there are now no less than two thousand niggers, being an increase of about twenty per centum since the summer of 1860. How the increase was made I am at a loss to say—some people assert that contrabands came here by aid of government transportation, the same as an addition was made to Philadelphia, and others say not—but be that as it may, the largest portion of them constitute an idle, vicious and dissolute class, which subsists by begging and stealing—the jail being nearly all the time filled with these valuable chattles.

On the 1st day of August, the anniversary of emancipation in the British West India Islands, a number of these darkies assembled in a woods near this city, where they gave vent to the wildest and most enthusiastic joy at the prospect of the speedy downfall of slavery, and a recognition of their own rights to social and political equality.

In all cities there are boys who are fond of fun *Videlicit*, Baltimore, where the exhuberant spirits of the youth used to prompt them to attend the polls with bobtailed pistoles and pegging awls to keep Dutch and Irish Democrats from voting. Of course boys in a one horse city like this do not permit their fancy to lead them quite so far, nevertheless they are fond of fun, and on Saturday, the 23d of August, two desciples of Faust hit upon the idea of giving the niggers a big scare. Printer boys, as a general thing, are rather intelligent, and keep themselves posted, they had read the extravagant eulogies published in your organ in this city on Hunter's negro Brigade—how it was composed of brave and able-bodied contrabands who would be serviceable, followed by loud demands that all the negroes should be armed. They had also seen it stated without denial that Governor Andrews was about to enroll the negroes of Massachusetts for military purposes, and that Lane had gone to Kansas with authority to raise, arm and equip negroes. For the double purpose of seeing how many of the brave colored population would respond, and how many would suffer a terrible scare, they included to put out a handbill inviting the valiant darkies to "come to time." A form of bill was drawn up by me, and somewhat altered by them, and a dozen or so copies were printed and stuck upon the dead walls of the city by these young practical jokers. This was on the 4th day of August—a day upon which the recruiting business was lively, and excitement ran so high that the joke nearly proved a failure. Everybody, however, understood it to be a hoax. At the appointed time of the meeting, some ten or twelve, mostly No. 1 porters, who wheel trunks from the depot on the arrival of trains, and spend the interim in sleeping upon wheelbarrows, assembled at the market house, waited an hour, and then left, and this would probably have been the last of it, but your organ here came out boldly and insisted that the bill was put up for the purpose of discouraging enlistments. In other words, the editor declared that the attempt to carry out his own theory practically was *treason*. On a charge made against me by—I do not know, and probably never will know, who, I was arrested, and in company with others who knew no more about the hand bill than your Excellency, taken to the Old Capitol jail under a military escort, composed of one of your Generals, an Assistant Provost Marshall, and two soldiers with fixed bayonets. The keeper of this modern Bastile assigned us a room well ventilated, containing a table and a few chairs and four dirty bunks, or if you please to so designate them—beds. In this place we remained for sixteen days restrained of our liberty, subsisting upon such articles as we could purchase—being served with what one of your late bondsmen of the District (freed as a military necessity) called "beef, and *pull it*," and such other fare as we had been totally unused to—while at the same time upwards of a hundred persons who would gladly have done their best to ameliorate our condition, were not only denied admission, but prevented from sending anything in to us, notwithstanding the secession prisoners daily received hampers full of the best provisions the *loyal(?)* citizens of Washington city could prepare for them.

And to wit: we finally obtuined a hearing at which no charge was produced and no accuser appeared—and at which the Judge Advocate himself, as well as the General who made the arrest, acknowledged that the whole thing was frivolous. Had they said a mere pretext to try an experiment, they would have come nearer the mark.

Having always been loyal as my published writings since the beginning of the war amply prove, I do not think you should ask me to go and fight, even if I was qualified. No, sir-ee e!—I should rather be indemnified for loss of time and money involved in my trip to Washington—but that I cannot look for under existing circumstances; but I hope to live to see the day when the Union will be restored, and when the administeation of the Government will again revert to those who made us a nation, and those who preserved it from sectional strife, and steered the bark of State clear from quicksands, shoals and brakers for three quarters of a century. I shall then be amply recompensed for the indignities offered me. If I should die before that time, my three sons will inherit nothing but the democratic principles of their father which have already taken root in them, and which must grow and strengthen with their years.

You may put all the Northern Democrats in jail to crush this rebellion, or a part of them—or none of them—you may crush this rebellion in a month—(and God grant you may,) but neither you, nor any other power, save an established military despotism, can crush out the Democratic party of Pennsylvania.

Yours, THE LOCAL.

WEBSTER PITCHING HAY.—Mr. Webster had great power of bones and muscle, reluctant as he was from his boyhood to show it except upon particular occasions.—John Taylor related the following feat, which occurred the last time but one of his visiting "Elm Farm." If was in the season of haying, when the skies were cloudless, the weather perfect, and a large force of stalwart workmen were doing their best under the eye of Mr. Webster, with scythe rake and fork. One day when they had shorn many an acre of its glory, and the winrows were rolling up thick snd high for transportation to the barn in the afternoon. Mr. Webster having invited the mowers to dine with him, afterwards challenged any one to pitch hay as fast as he could. One having accepted, Mr. Webster threw off his coat, and driving the team himself to the field, and entering the hay car between two winrows, selected the right side row for his pitching, his rival taking the left, John gave the strange haymaker the best pitchfork on the premises. Then came the fight! Greek met Greek! Webster *versus* all his haymakers! The orator and statesman pitching into both winrows and pitchers?—All eyes were turned upon the strife, while shouts filled the air, and animated the contest, as though a new Isthmiat game had been inaugurated Soon one load was on, which Mr. Webster drove to the barn; and driving out again, repeated the operation: and then piling on a third load, concluded the singular contest, and all admiring his strength and ability, and admitting that, if he was not *facil princeps* of haymaker and pitchers, he was, at least superior to any they could produce. At night, however, he was taken sick from this exhausting effort, and obliged to send for the doctor.

Taylor kept the pitchfork, whose handle he polished, and exibited it on rare occasions like a weapon picked up from some great battlefield.

Gen. McClellan—Truth Coming Out.

The Boston *Post* publishes the following extract from a letter from an officer of much military knowledge and ability in the Army of the Potomac, to a friend in that city. It fully confirms much that we have said on the same subject:

"McClellan was allowed to commit himself to a plan of campaign based on the employment of one hundred and sixty thousand men. After the first conflict—at Yorktown—the very night of the fight, he was advised that *the* corps (the body on which depended the flank movement which was to dislodge, and which would have dislodged the rebel army at once, and in all probability have bagged it), that of McDowell was *withdrawn* from his command. This was immediately followed by another order, depriving him of the use of Fortress Monroe, and all of Wool's troops.

"The first result was the loss of a month at Yorktown. Then he advanced with a steady fire of representations of the need of more troops, which were all worse than neglected.

"Then came, as an inevitable result of our position, (that of any army attacking another of equal strength, discipline and bravery, strongly entrenched, (the necessity of providing a fortified position, behind which, in case of repulse, shelter from absolute ruin could be found.

"It would have been absurd and criminal in McClellan to have pushed an army, on unknown ground, and in a hostile country, against an intrenched position, garrisoned by a force equal to his own—and staked the whole result, and the absolute ruin of his army and of the cause, upon the success of the first assult.

"Fair Oaks followed. *Then* the Department Cow began to give down her milk, and Wool's troops were sent him; but, like the sending of Franklin's corps, it was too late, to do any good; it did not even make good our loss.

"Then came the absolute certainiy that Jackson was really playing the game that McClellan told them he was playing; so McCall was sent. Again it was too late. In the meantime, troops were pouring into Richmond from the South, and Jackson was coming from the North,

"Overpowered by numbers, betrayed by those whose sworn duty it was to carry through this army, we had to manœver for our very existance.

"The thing stands thus: On a flimsy pretex McDowell's corps was withdrawn, and the whole plan of the campaign defeated at its outset.

"Had it not beed for this, it is now as assured fact, as positively certain as such a thing can be, that the redels, would have evacuated Yorktown before the 14th of April, or their whole army below West Point have been captured; that by the 1st of June we would have occupied Richmond, by the 15th been in possession of Raleigh, North Carolina, and Virginia cleared of troops, *but* the weakening of McClellan made the siege of Yorktown a necessity, revealed our plans, and gave ample time to the enemy to prepare.

"Franklin was sent down *too late* to do any good—too feeble to accomplish at his last hour, what was intended at West Point for McDowell's whole corps at first.

"When McCall and Wool's troops arrived, it was too late to do more than fill up our gaps, made greater by the overworking of our men on the Chickahominy and so, always too feeble, we have at last failed—and now here lies the condemnation.

"As the department got frightened, it doled out to us in driblets nearly all of McDowell's corps, showing that they were not required elsewhere, and that the Department knew it. For certainly, with Jackson flushed with victory in the Valley, and Banks and Shields routed, Washington was in greater danger than if McClellan, at the head of one hundred and sixty thousand men, was leaving Old Point for Richmond.

"The *sending* of these regiments is what clinches the proof of wrong in withdrawing them, leaving sixty thousand men sucking their thumbs on the Rappahannock whilst one hundred thousand were toiling in the marshes of the Chickahominy, and grappling with the whole power of the Southern Confederacy."

DONATION.—The Cumberland Co., (Pa.) Agricultural Society on Saturday donated $500 to the society in Washington for the relief of sick and wounded Pennsylvanian soldiers.

☞ Sure to go under, the Abolitionists this fall.

Letter from President Lincoln—Greeley Snubbed.

Horace Greeley lately addressed the President a letter through the *Tribune*, thrusting his advice upon that official, unasked, concerning the disposition of slavery. The President has taken a somewhat unusual course in replying to such a piece of impertinence at all; but in doing so he snubbs poor Greeley at a terrible rate, virtually telling him that he (Greeley) hed better mind his newspaper business, and he (Lincoln) will take care of the Goveroment. The following is the letter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Aug. 22, 1862.

Hon. Horace Greeley:

DEAR SIR—I have just read yours of the 19th instant, addressed to myself through the New York *Tribune*.

If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact of which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them.

If there be any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them.

If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution.

The sooner the national authority can be restored the nearer the Union will be, the Union as it was.

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them.

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them.

My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery.

If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it—and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it—and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union, and what I forbear I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause.

I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my views of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours, A. LINCOLN.

BATON ROUGE—*Official.*—Colonel Cahill's official report of the battle at Baton Rogue gives the total loss at 343. Of these were killed 79; wounded 246; missing 28. Colonel Cahill praises highly all the Federal troops engaged in the action; his report is quite interesting but contains no material facts that we have not already published.

☞ LITTLE SIS—"Oh, Bobby, I'm going to have a hooped dress, an oyster shell bonnet, a pair of ear drops and a little baby."

LITTLE BOBBY—"The thunder you is. Well I don't care, I'm going to have a pair of tight pants, a shanghae coat, a shaved head, a crooked cane, a meerschaum pipe, and a pistol."

☞ A midland farmer, who is acquainted with navigation, having read that "the yards of the school-ship have been sent aloft,' wished to know' if these yards are the boys' play grounds."

☞ A bad wife is a shackle on her husband's feet, a burden on his shoulders, a palsy to his hands, smoke to his eyes vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, a dagger to his heart.

☞ "I do not say," remarked Mr. Brown, "that Jones is a thief, but I do say that if his farm joined mine I would not try to keep sheep."

☞ A wise man gets learning from those who have none themselves.