



COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT

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Original Poetry.

Written—but not for—the Columbia Democrat

The Camp.

Fugitive Poetry—By a Soldier. The snow is falling thick and fast. The trees and ground are covered o'er. The horses shiver in the stall. Their limbs are tired, stiff and sore.

Communications.

The Truth vs. Falsehood.

To the Editor: As I noticed recently an article published in that abolition sheet of your Town, written by one Cornelius Reese, who was drafted and is now at Yorktown, Va. at which place he wrote the piece referred to, I have assumed the privilege of penning a few lines, regarding some assertions made in it, for which please permit space in the columns of your most valuable paper. This Abolitionist, to whose writing I have referred, says "There are a great many of the drafted men at Yorktown, who are disloyal," meaning the Democrats, and intimates that had it not been for this disloyalty in the army and the opposition in the north to the Administration's war policy, the rebellion might against this time have been quelled.

which has never before been known on the American continent, they have set the Constitution aside, assuming powers outside of it, by which they intend to accomplish their object, viz: the abolition of slavery. Let us notice some of the usurpations of power. The President has, by his proclamation of January 1st, 1863, disregarded the reserved rights of the States, and attempted by that proclamation to equalize the white and black races. He has persisted in listening to and carrying out the counsels of men whose avowed doctrines are inimical to free government. He has divided a State without the consent of her Legislature. He has degraded the Union army by receiving negroes into the service of the United States. He has in many instances suppressed the liberty of the Press and free speech—a liberty feared only by tyrants. Permit me to stop here, as time fails me to mention one-half of the unconstitutional and tyrannical acts committed by this Abolition Administration, since Mr. Lincoln's inauguration; acts which I do now and ever shall disapprove, and against which the majority of the people of the Free States protest. We would have this done (Recess) to understand that they are the enemies of the Constitution which we oppose, and so on else; and just so long as Mr. Lincoln and his aids, such as Greeley and Dr. John, continue to violate the Constitution, so long will they be held as enemies to their country. And because we, as a party, disapprove the unconstitutional acts of Mr. Lincoln and his crew, we are called Secessionists. I would here advise this smart hound, Mr. Reese, to keep his nigger trap shut hereafter, and not expose his ignorance to the public, for his mind is not very limited at best, or else he would not advocate the doctrines of a party whose avowed object has always been to dissolve the Union, and have, at last, effected their purpose. And what are the effects? War, with all its consequences! A DEMOCRAT.

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EDITED BY LEVI L. TATE, PROPRIETOR

Bloomsburg: SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.

UNION LEAGUES.—We observe that the Abolition papers are busily engaged in efforts to get up what they call Union Leagues. This is a piece of gross deception. There is no Unionism in the Abolition party. The Union League is an organization to prevent a restoration of the Union. Phillips has truly declared that the Abolitionists "hoped for and planned disunion," and Thad. Stevens has declared in Congress that "with his consent, the Union shall never be restored." Those, therefore, who join these Leagues, do it to destroy the Union. The following facts form a somewhat singular coincidence:—In the fall of 1852 Horatio Seymour, democrat, was elected Governor of New York, and in the following spring Thomas H. Seymour, democrat, was chosen Governor of Connecticut. Last fall Horatio Seymour, after a lapse of ten years, was elected a second time Governor of New York, and Thomas H. Seymour again follows as the democratic candidate for the Executive chair of Connecticut. Nothing remains to make the coincidence perfect but for the conservative men in the latter State to elect their candidate. "Grassing Hell."—Parson Brownlow and Henry Ward Beecher have for some time been running a race in profanity and vulgarity. In vulgarity, Brownlow generally gets a little the start, but Beecher slips up on himself in profanity. Brownlow, at Cleveland, got a full neck ahead of his more polished friend and brother in the Lord. He said: "There are eight regiments of runaway East Tennesseeans in Rosecrank's army. He hoped when they returned to their native region under the command of that officer, they would be able to grease hell forty times with the gut fat of rebels." A Scene in the West. Col. Bassey, Post Commandant, is a true gentleman and well liked. Prompt, courteous, and business like he is a good man for the position. Every day negroes are coming into his camp with their little bundles, claiming protection and food—Thursday afternoon the following actual event took place: J. B. Pillow, brother of the rebel General, who has a beautiful plantation a few miles from Helena, and who was worth half a million of dollars previous to the war, came into camp, through the lines, with one hundred and eighty-three negroes, of both sexes and of all ages. At the head of his servants, who followed in single file, he walked to the Colonel's headquarters, where the following conversation took place: "Good morning, sir." "Good morning, sir." "Where is the commandant of the post?" "Before you, sir." "Well, Colonel, here is my small charge, in the shape of free American citizens of African descent, which I deliver over to you. Here is a correct list of their names, ages, sexes and occupations. Please send them on to the President, with my compliments, and say to him that, if he wishes anything else under my roof, on my grounds, or in my pockets, all he has to do is to ask and receive." "Mr. Pillow, I cannot receive these people—I have no food for them—have nothing for them to do—have not food enough for our soldiers." "And I've not used them. I had bacon to keep them on, but it has been stolen.—I had corn, but it has been gobbled. Now I have nothing for them to eat, and as Lincoln has turned his army into a bigger boarding-house, you will please seat these people at your table." "But I have no such power." "Then give them work. If you fail to manage them, I will teach you. The art can be learned in about thirty years." "I have nothing for them to do." "Nor have I. You will not see them starve, I hope. I am a loyal man—have been a prosperous one, but can no longer care for these people."

Letter from a Judge of the United States Supreme Court.

Some time in the latter part of the last summer, President Lincoln appointed Daniel F. Miller a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. We remember distinctly that, when the appointment was announced, the question was asked by almost everybody, "Who is Daniel F. Miller?" He was a man unknown to fame, and the general impression was that "Sonest Abe" had elevated to the highest legal tribunal of the nation an old crony of his with whom he had been accustomed to crack jokes during the court term in the western districts. At length we learn something of the man from himself. If we cannot ascertain who he is, we are at least informed what he is—and the information is satisfactory to us. If Judge Miller is as sound a lawyer as he is a politician, we must give the President credit for having made one good appointment. The Judge, in a letter dated "Keokuk, Iowa Nov. 11, 1862," declining on account of his professional engagements to attend a "grand jubilee of the friends of Constitutional liberty and of the Union," thus declares his sentiments: "The recent elections have gladdened my heart more than I can find language to express for I feel that by the success of the Democracy we shall have a speedy restoration of the Union and Constitutional liberty. I am an old Clay Whig, as you all know and when that party went down, I united with the Republicans, in the hope and belief that succeed to all the loyal and national virtues of the Whig party, and that we would have Whig principles and policy prevail under another name. But I got more than I bargained for. It was not in the covenant that we should have civil war as a consequence of Republican success; that the public treasury was to be plundered by wholesale; that "free soil" in loyal States should be covered with martial law; that "free speech" should be chained in the dungeons of the bastille; that free loaves should be sacked to desolation, and the free men should be confined in its practical application to the negroes of the South, and the Abolition wing of the Republican party at the North.—No! We old Whigs, in uniting with the Republican party, did not consent to be a party to any such violations of Constitutional liberty. Had the counsels of Gen. Scott, Millard Fillmore, John J. Crittenden, Stephen A. Douglas, and indeed of all the wise and good men of our nation been heeded, we would not now be afflicted with the civil war that is upon us. They could not have prevented South Carolina from her attempt at revolution, but the Crittenden proposition would have saved all the rest of the Southern States, and long before this, at a trifling expense of money, and at a small loss of life, the rebellious States would have been humbled before the flag of the Union. But how did the phrenzy of the Abolition leaders meet that proposition? They said away with it, away with it, and cruelly all who administer it. They further said, leave the slave States go! We can do without them, and we will speedily reap the advantages of a separation.—When the conservative element of the nation proclaimed itself for the Union, then the Abolitionists assumed that they were the war party, and denounced all others as rebel sympathizers. That the Abolitionists are in favor of prosecuting the war for the love of the Union I am sure it is not the case. Their object is to abolish slavery only, and if that should fail they will again speedily raise their old cry of "let the Union slide." Gentlemen, it is the mission of the Democratic party to save the Union. It has always been a loyal and national party it has ever upheld Constitutional law as the only safeguard of freedom. It was the party that hurled from power the authors of the alien and sedition laws, sixty years ago, and for all that period they guided our ship of State successfully and gloriously through the waves of civil commotion and the dangers of foreign wars. I regard the Clay Whig party, and the Douglas Democracy as genuine branches of the old Democratic party of 1798.—When I see Gen. Scott and Millard Fillmore, and Crittenden, and Ketchum, and Hunt, and all the old prominent Whigs of twenty-five years ago, now united at the polls with the Democracy, I can have no doubt that if the immortal sage of Ashland, that purest of patriots, most eloquent of orators, and wisest of statesmen, Henry Clay, were still alive and

Pennsylvania Militia.

The Adjutant General, in compliance with a resolution of the House of Representatives of the 15th ult., says: "I have the honor to state that, under the call of the Governor, of the 11th of September last, upon the invasion of Maryland by the rebel forces under Gen. Lee, and the consequent threatening of the border of Pennsylvania, twenty five regiments of infantry were organized and, actually placed in the service, of the United States, with the full complement of field and company officers to each, which, with twelve unattached companies, (eleven of cavalry and one of infantry,) also fully organized, would make an aggregate of 23,000 men. That the President of the United States having by letter to the Governor, sanctioned his call and agreed to receive these troops into the service of the United States, I proceeded to the city of Washington, by the direction of the Governor, on the 27th ultimo, and submitted to the Secretary of War an estimate of appropriation required for their payment, and for transportation required for their payment and for transportation and subsistence furnished by individuals. This estimate received the approval of the Secretary of War, and was transmitted by him to the Chairman of the committee of Ways and Means, and as I am officially advised, has been inserted in the General Appropriation Bill. As soon as the bill shall become a law, the war Department will make arrangements for the time they were in service, and for the liquidation of all proper claims arising under the call. Very respectfully, A. L. RUSSELL, Adjutant General of Pennsylvania. We publish the above for the benefit of those of our readers who have been looking for some definite action as to the payment of those troops who, under Governor Curtin's order, relinquished the ties of home and sacrificed pecuniary interest to march to resist the invasion of their native and adopted State. In these dark days of speculation and fraud, they do not feel disposed that the money due them shall go into the pockets of the hangers on of the Administration. It is for this reason they will hail with satisfaction, and pleasure the information contained above. If the Government were not able, there is not a man among the volunteers, we venture to say, who would urge the shadow of a claim. But, in these days of superabundant "greenbacks" and abundant fraud, the case is an entirely different one. MAXIM FOR HUSBANDS.—Resolve in morning to be patient and cheerful during the day. Laugh heartily on finding all the buttons off your shirt—as usual. Say, merrily, "Boys will be boys," when you discover that the children have emptied the contents of the water jug into your boots. On gashing your chin with a razor, remember that beauty is but skin deep; and in order to divert your thoughts from the pain, recite a speech from Hamlet or indulge in one of the harmonies of your own native land. If breakfast is not ready for you chuckle and grin pleasantly at the menials, think that a merry heart is a continual feast, and depart to your daily business, imagining yourself a sufferer from indigestion. MARK IT.—Horace Greeley, in a late issue of his New York Tribune, says: "I was willing in the winter of 1860-61, to let the Cotton States go, if they really desired it. I was not only then willing that the Union should in good faith make them the offer, but I now deeply regret that it was not made and acted on." While such is the avowal of the most influential man and paper in the Republican ranks, the Republican papers here have the impudence to assert that the war is prosecuted to preserve the Union! THE following appeared on a letter from a soldier, addressed to a young lady "Soldier's letter, and carry a red. Hard tack in place of bread. Postmaster shove this through. I've nary a stamp, but seven months due." CONFERENCE CONVENTION.—The Conference to elect a Senatorial Delegate to the State Convention, from the counties of Columbia, Montour, Northumberland and Snyder, will meet at Northumberland on Monday the 16th day of March, inst. THE appointment of G. Nelson Smith, of Johnstonva, as a Paymaster in the army has been confirmed by the Senate.

A Christian General.

The following correspondence ought to have appeared earlier in our paper. It was first published in the Boston Courier, which said:—"We rejoice in the opportunity to publish the following profoundly interesting and effecting correspondence, communicated to us by a valued friend:" My Dear Sir:—The following correspondence between Gen M'Clellan and Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, took place immediately after the battle of Antietam. The Bishop, who had known the General for years, allowed me to take a copy of the correspondence—but not for publication. Since the removal of General M'Clellan, however, there would seem to be no impropriety in the publication, and possibly may throw some light on the secret of his power over the army, in gaining their love and inspiring their confidence. Yours, &c., J. A. B. [Copy.] HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. My Dear Bishop:—Will you do me the favor to perform Divine Service in my camp this evening? If you can give me a couple hours notice, I shall be glad of it that I may be able inform the Corps in the vicinity. After the great success that God has vouchsafed us I feel that we cannot do less than to avail ourselves of the first opportunity to render to Him the thanks that are due him alone. I, for one feel that result is the result of His great mercy: and would be glad that you should be the medium to offer the thanks I feel due from this army and from the country. Earnestly hoping you will accede to my request. I am, very respectfully, Your humble servant, G. B. M'CLELLAN, Major Gen. Com'g. To Bishop Whipple. FREDERICK, Sept. 21, 1862. My Dear General:—I have spent the day in visiting your brave boys who are in the hospital here. I had the privilege also to visit the wayside hospitals, between here and the camps. I am sure it will gadden your heart, as it did my own to see the great love they bear you. When I told them how tenderly you had spoken of them, and how you knelt with me in prayer for God's blessing upon them, many a brave fellow wept for joy; and on every side I heard, "God bless him," "God bless the General," while here and there some veteran claimed the privilege to say, "God bless little Mac." I had the opportunity to commend some dying men to God, and to whisper the Savior's name in their ear for the last journey. If I did not fear of worrying you, I could write an hour, telling you of words of loving confidence spoken by those brave sufferers, who have been with you in good and evil report. I will not. But I cannot close without telling you how sweet is the remembrance of the pleasant service held in your camp, nor to assure you that it is a pleasure every day to ask God to bless you. Your way is rough. Many do not know you. Many are jealous of your success. Many will try to fetter you. But let no cloud above, or thorn beneath, trouble you. Above you is God our Father, Christ our Savior, the Holy Ghost our Comforter. God will hear our prayers. It may be a weary, hot sore way, but there is light beyond. God bless you. I am, with love, Your servant for Christ's sake. H. B. WHIPPLE. Last summer the editor of the Milwaukee published a lot of lies about Mr. Purdy, the editor of the Sunbury Democrat. Mr. Purdy presented the lying Abolition whelp, which brought him to his senses. To get out of the scrape, the skunk agreed to pay Mr. Purdy's attorneys and all the other costs, and also publish a retraction. The following is the RETRACTION: An article published in the Milwaukee of July 25th, 1862, in reference to T. H. Purdy, Esq., of the Sunbury Democrat, having been made the subject of prosecution against myself and Lee M. Morton, upon the ground of its utter falsity, as detrimental to his character, I hereby assert that I believe the article in so far as it refers to him was unjust and untrue, as I know of nothing against the character of Mr. Purdy as a man of integrity and honor. I therefore retract any and all parts of said article, which may in any manner impeach his standing as a man of honor before the public. L. H. FUNK. "I think I have seen you before, sir; are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh, yes, I'm Owen Jones, and Owen Jones and Owen every body."

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Some time in the latter part of the last summer, President Lincoln appointed Daniel F. Miller a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. We remember distinctly that, when the appointment was announced, the question was asked by almost everybody, "Who is Daniel F. Miller?" He was a man unknown to fame, and the general impression was that "Sonest Abe" had elevated to the highest legal tribunal of the nation an old crony of his with whom he had been accustomed to crack jokes during the court term in the western districts. At length we learn something of the man from himself. If we cannot ascertain who he is, we are at least informed what he is—and the information is satisfactory to us. If Judge Miller is as sound a lawyer as he is a politician, we must give the President credit for having made one good appointment. The Judge, in a letter dated "Keokuk, Iowa Nov. 11, 1862," declining on account of his professional engagements to attend a "grand jubilee of the friends of Constitutional liberty and of the Union," thus declares his sentiments: "The recent elections have gladdened my heart more than I can find language to express for I feel that by the success of the Democracy we shall have a speedy restoration of the Union and Constitutional liberty. I am an old Clay Whig, as you all know and when that party went down, I united with the Republicans, in the hope and belief that succeed to all the loyal and national virtues of the Whig party, and that we would have Whig principles and policy prevail under another name. But I got more than I bargained for. It was not in the covenant that we should have civil war as a consequence of Republican success; that the public treasury was to be plundered by wholesale; that "free soil" in loyal States should be covered with martial law; that "free speech" should be chained in the dungeons of the bastille; that free loaves should be sacked to desolation, and the free men should be confined in its practical application to the negroes of the South, and the Abolition wing of the Republican party at the North.—No! We old Whigs, in uniting with the Republican party, did not consent to be a party to any such violations of Constitutional liberty. Had the counsels of Gen. Scott, Millard Fillmore, John J. Crittenden, Stephen A. Douglas, and indeed of all the wise and good men of our nation been heeded, we would not now be afflicted with the civil war that is upon us. They could not have prevented South Carolina from her attempt at revolution, but the Crittenden proposition would have saved all the rest of the Southern States, and long before this, at a trifling expense of money, and at a small loss of life, the rebellious States would have been humbled before the flag of the Union. But how did the phrenzy of the Abolition leaders meet that proposition? They said away with it, away with it, and cruelly all who administer it. They further said, leave the slave States go! We can do without them, and we will speedily reap the advantages of a separation.—When the conservative element of the nation proclaimed itself for the Union, then the Abolitionists assumed that they were the war party, and denounced all others as rebel sympathizers. That the Abolitionists are in favor of prosecuting the war for the love of the Union I am sure it is not the case. Their object is to abolish slavery only, and if that should fail they will again speedily raise their old cry of "let the Union slide." Gentlemen, it is the mission of the Democratic party to save the Union. It has always been a loyal and national party it has ever upheld Constitutional law as the only safeguard of freedom. It was the party that hurled from power the authors of the alien and sedition laws, sixty years ago, and for all that period they guided our ship of State successfully and gloriously through the waves of civil commotion and the dangers of foreign wars. I regard the Clay Whig party, and the Douglas Democracy as genuine branches of the old Democratic party of 1798.—When I see Gen. Scott and Millard Fillmore, and Crittenden, and Ketchum, and Hunt, and all the old prominent Whigs of twenty-five years ago, now united at the polls with the Democracy, I can have no doubt that if the immortal sage of Ashland, that purest of patriots, most eloquent of orators, and wisest of statesmen, Henry Clay, were still alive and