

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. 7.—NO. 10.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENN'A., SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1863.

VOLUME 27

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

In the new Brick Building, opposite the Exchange, by the Court House. "Democratic Head Quarters."

"The Age."

A National Democratic Newspaper, TO BE PUBLISHED DAILY AND WEEKLY IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA BY A. J. GLOSSBRENNER & CO.

The "Age" will advocate the principles and policy of the Democratic party, and will, in return, receive every favor from the restoration of the Union as it was, and defend the Constitution of the United States, and that of this Commonwealth.

TERMS: WEEKLY: PER ANNUM: \$2.00; PER MONTH: \$0.50; PER QUARTER: \$1.25; PER SIX MONTHS: \$2.50; PER YEAR: \$5.00.

TWO FARMS FOR SALE OR RENT

The subscriber offers for sale or rent the following farms: One Hundred Acres, One Hundred & Thirty-Five Acres.

WALL PAPER.

10,000 PIECES WALL PAPERS IN FINE GOLD PAPERS, GOLD AND PAPER DECORATIONS, NEAT AND GLAZED PAPERS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of Jonathan Fry, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Columbia County.

WILLIAM G. PERRY, BOOK-SELLER, Stationer, Book-Binder, Blank book manufacturer, and Dealer in Imported and American Stationery.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of Henry Gearhart, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Columbia County.

NOTICE & CAUTION

All persons are hereby notified and cautioned against trespassing on the fishing hunting, shooting or in any other way trespassing upon any portion of the premises of the undersigned.

DISSOLUTION

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, in the Mercantile Business, was dissolved upon the 31st day of April, 1863.

Select Poetry. The First Blue Bird of Spring.

Sweet prophet of the early spring, That from the leafless spray, Or, poised on light and fluttering wing, Dost pour thy tonal lay.

Select Sketch. Death in the School-Room.

A FACT. Ting-a-ling-ling-ling!—went the little bell at the teacher's desk of a village-school one morning.

The one to whom he spoke came forward. He was a slight fair looking boy of about fourteen, and his face had a laugh ing, good-humored expression, which even the change now preferred against him, and the stern to re and threatening look of the teacher, had not entirely dissipated.

The one to whom he spoke came forward. He was a slight fair looking boy of about fourteen, and his face had a laugh ing, good-humored expression, which even the change now preferred against him, and the stern to re and threatening look of the teacher, had not entirely dissipated.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of Jonathan Fry, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Columbia County.

WILLIAM G. PERRY, BOOK-SELLER, Stationer, Book-Binder, Blank book manufacturer, and Dealer in Imported and American Stationery.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of Henry Gearhart, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Columbia County.

NOTICE & CAUTION

All persons are hereby notified and cautioned against trespassing on the fishing hunting, shooting or in any other way trespassing upon any portion of the premises of the undersigned.

DISSOLUTION

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, in the Mercantile Business, was dissolved upon the 31st day of April, 1863.

completely cleared. Now sir, what was there in the bag?

Like fire itself glowed the face of the de tected lad. He spoke not a word. All the school had their eyes directed at him.

'Speak, sir!' exclaimed Lugare, with a loud stroke of his ratan on the desk.

The boy looked as though he would faint. But the unmerciful teacher, confident of having brought to light a criminal and exulting in the idea of the severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still greater and greater degree of passion.

'I hardly can, sir,' said the poor fellow faintly. His voice was husky and thick 'I will tell you some—some other time. Please to let me go to my seat—I ain't well.'

'Oh, yes, that's very likely,' and Mr. Lugare bugged out his nose and cheeks with contempt. 'Do you think to make me believe your lies? I've found you out sir, plainly enough; and I am satisfied that you are as precious a little villain as there is in the State. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall then call you up again; and if you don't tell the whole truth then, I'll give you something that'll make you remember Mr. Nichols's melons for many a month to come.—Go to your seat.'

Glad enough of the ungracious permis sion, and answering not a sound, the child crept trembling to his bench. He felt very strangely, dizzily—more as if he was in a dream, an in-r-al life; and laying his arms on his desk, bowed down his face between them. The pupils turned to their accustomed studies, for during the reign of Lugare in the village school, they had been so used to scenes of violence and severe chastisement, that such things made but little interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now, while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the mystery of the bag, and of young Barker being under the garden-fence on the preceding night.

The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the narrowest limits. His father died when he was six years old, and little Tim was left sickly, emaciated infant who no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the poor little child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, as he certainly did his size and good looks.—This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician who had a country-seat in the neighborhood, and who had been interested in the widow's little family.—Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his disease; but everything was uncertain. It was a mysterious and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of ap parent health be suddenly taken away.

The poor widow was at first in a con tinual state of uneasiness; but several years had now passed, and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed confident that he would live, and be a help and an honor to old age; and the two struggled to gether, and enduring much of poverty and discomfort without repining, each for the other's sake.

Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many friends in the village, and among the rest a farmer named Jones, who with his eldest brother, worked a large farm in the neighborhood on shares. Jones very frequently made Tim a pres ent of a bag of potatoes or corn, or some garden vegetables, which he took from his own stock; but as his partner was a parsimonious, hightempered man and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow, and ought not to be helped because he did not work, Jones generally made his gifts in such a manner that no one knew anything about them, except himself and the grate ful kindness. It might be too, that the widow was loath to have it understood by the neighbors that she received food from any one; for there is often an excusable pride in people of her condition which makes them shrink from being considered as objects of 'charity' as they would from the severest pains. On the night in ques tion, Tim had been told that Jones would send them a bag of potatoes, and the place at which they were to be waiting for him

was fixed at Mr. Nichol's garden fence.—It was this bag that Tim had been seen staggering under, and which accused the unlucky boy to be accused and convicted by his teacher as a thief. That teacher was one little fitted for his important and responsible office. Hasty to decide, and and inflexibly severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so despotically. Punishment he seemed to delight in.—Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in children's breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for sternness, and loved by none. I would that he were an isolate instance in his profession.

The hour of grace had drawn to its close, and the time approached at which it was usual for Lugare to give his school a joyfully received dismissal. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in pity, sometimes in indifference or inquiry.—They knew that he would have no mercy shown him, and though most of them loved him, whipping was too common there to exact much sympathy. Every inquiring glance, however, remained unsatisfied, for at the end of the hour, Tim remained with his face completely hidden, and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaned himself when he first went to his seat. Lugare looked at the boy occasion ally with a scowl which seemed to bode vengeance for his sullenness. At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Lugare seated himself behind the desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest ratan before him.

'Now, Barker,' he said, 'we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up here.'

Tim did not move. The school-room was as still as the grave. Not a sound was to be heard, except occasionally a long-drawn breath.

'Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you. Step up here, and take off your jacket!'

The boy did not stir any more than he had been made of wood. Lugare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to break his vengeance. That minute, passed in death-like silence, was fearful one to some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as it slowly dropped away, like the minute which precedes the climax of an exquisitely-performed tragedy when some mighty master of the histrionic art is treading the stage, and you and the multitude around you are waiting with stretched nerves and suspended breath, in expectation of the terrible catastrophe.

'Tim is asleep, sir,' at length said one of the boys who sat near him.

Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed his features to relax from their expression of savage anger into a smile, but that smile looked more malignant, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he was glowing in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake the poor little slumberer.

'Asleep! are you, my young gentle man!' let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case, boys. Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little flogging, for the thought of it can't even keep the little scoundrel awake.'

Lugare smiled again as he made the last observation. He grasped his ratan firmly, and descended from his seat.—With light and stealthy steps he crossed the room, and stood behind the unlucky sleeper. The boy was still as unconscious of his impending punishment as ever.—He might be dreaming some golden dream of youth and pleasure; perhaps he was far away in the world of fancy, seeing scenes and feeling delights, which cold reality never can bestow. Lugare lifted his ratan high over his head, and with true and expert aim which he had acquired by long practice, brought it down on Tim's back with a force and wacking sound which seemed sufficient to awake a freezing man in his last lethargy. Quick and fast, blow followed blow. Without waiting to see the effect of the first cut the brutal wretch piled his instrument of torture first on one side of the boy's back, and then on the other, and only stopped at the end of two or three minutes from very weariness.—But still Tim showed no signs of motion; and as Lugare, provoked at his stupidity, jerke away one of the child's arms, on which he had been leaning over on the desk, his head dropped on the board with a dull sound, and his face turned up and exposed to view. When Lugare saw it, he stood like one transfixed by a basilisk. His countenance turned to a leaden white

ness; the ratan dropped from his grasp; and his eyes, stretched wide open, glared as at some monstrous spectacle of horror and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted, and showed his teeth; and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, each limb quivering like the tongue of a snake; and his strength seemed as though it would momentarily fail him. The boy was dead. He had probably been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was now childless too. Death was in the school-room, and Lugare had been flogging a corpse.

What the Democrats mean to do when they get into Power.

1. They will restore the liberty of the press.

2. They will restore the freedom of speech.

3. They will restore personal liberty, by restoring the privilege of the writ of HABEAS CORPUS.

4. They will re-establish the supremacy of the law, by subjecting the military to the civil authority of the country.

5. They will dismiss the army of provost marshal in the loyal States.

6. They will not allow the military to be drawn up in line at the polls, during a popular election.

7. They will not allow the voters to be bribed or intimidated by Government officials.

8. They will call shoddy contractors, rascally Government agents, and middle men to a strict account, and perhaps make them disgorge some of their profits.

9. They will stop all arbitrary arrests, and hold the party who caused them to be made, answerable for their crimes, notwithstanding the unconstitutional bill of indemnity.

10. They will endeavor by these and all other lawful means to restore the Constitution. And, finally,

11. They will use all their power, and all the statesmanship which they can muster to their aid, to re-store the Union as it was before an insane, fanatical party en deavored to carry out the unconstitutional Chicago platform.

Now, we call on the Abolitionists to give us their platform. Let us see whether they have any thing else in view than to prolong the war beyond the next Presi dential election and use the ballot to defeat the Democrats at the ballot box. Will the people submit to it!

THE ABOLITION WAGON. BY KATE. Come all ye brave republicans and join our hostile band, We're going to attack the Southern men 'n' drive them from our land; Disunion is our motto, and Satan is our guide, So jump into the wagon and we'll all take a ride.

Wait for the wagon, The abolition wagon, The niggers in the wagon And we'll all take a ride.

Corcoran is our watchword, submission we demand; And to liberate the nigger we pledge our heart and hand; With King Abe the Union splitter, and Seward by his side, Jim Lane the Kansas robber would like to take a ride.

Wait for the wagon, &c. Our wagon's plenty big enough, the running gear is good, 'Tis lined with coffin board the side and made of Yankee wood; Ward Beecher is the driver, with Greely by his side, Ben Wade will hold the flag up, and we'll all take a ride.

Wait for the wagon, &c. Summer, Hale and Garrison are also in the ring; They didn't like the Union 'cause the nigger wasn't king; Giddings, Chase and Dennison, have long ago repudied, And Fremont had his fixens on and tried to take a ride.

Wait for the wagon, &c. Fred Douglas too, and Lovejoy, were never very slow; They needn't mind to hurry, they'll all have time enough to go; Thurlow Weed and Phillips, long since made up their minds, And old backbone stands ready to take up behind.

Wait for the wagon, &c. Our cause is most unholy, and we are disloyal too, And to smash the Constitution is what we want to do, With means to crown our efforts and Satan for our guide, We'll jump into the wagon and to Tophet we will ride.

Come hurry up the wagon, The Abolition wagon, Disunion is er wagon, And we'll all take a ride.

THE CONSCRIPTION LAW. The bill passed by the last Congress is the first conscription law enacted under our Constitution. One was recommended, though wholly different in its features, by the Secretary of War, in 1814, which failed in a Congress composed of a majority of his political friends, mainly upon the ground that it was unconstitutional, and a different law was enacted for filling up the army. The first intellects of that day were divided upon the question. At some future time we may discuss it, but we shall not now even express an opinion upon it. But the people have the constitutional right to discuss, and express their opinions, both as to its constitutionality and its policy. They have also the right to bring it before the judiciary, to take its opinion upon its validity.—Such a resistance is legal and proper, and the right to do so is sacredly invested in every citizen. All other resistance we deprecate and war against. They may be mistaken in their opinions, and so may the Executive and the Legislature. The courts are instituted to determine which is right, and all parties are bound to acqui-

That Time Will Come. That time is coming. That month, that day, that hour, that moment, is coming on apace, and draws nearer and nearer, with every rising and with every setting sun. What time most solemn, important and full of surpassing interests to you, reader, of any moment of your existence. It is the time when you will die. That hour, that moment will stamp on your destiny the seal of eternity. What a time that will be to each individual! How near and full of interest! And yet how little think the gay and pleasure loving people of that coming hour! Could they lift life's spy-glass and look away into the future, and see that messenger on the pale horse approaching with every passing hour, how different would be the conduct of many from what it is now! Yet that hour, that moment is coming. The time to die will come.

The man who minds his own business has obtained steady employment.

Communications.

For the Columbia Democrat. COL. TATE:—In conformity to the request of several of my Democrat friend I set about performing the task assigned me, by them of giving a brief history of the late Exhibition at Benton. And, in so doing, I shall endeavor to be as brief as the occasion will permit. The Abolition tories of Benton and vicinity, recently held an Exhibition at the Benton Church, a description of which is the duty devolved upon me to perform. In order, however, to explain the circumstance more fully, bear with me, in calling to mind a circumstance which had taken place, some six weeks previous to the one in question.

The people of Still-Water, early in the spring, determined on having an exhibition some two or three weeks subsequent and accordingly made preparations. The time arrived and the people concentrated from all directions to the place appointed. Notwithstanding the roads were very muddy, there was a large turnout. These who participated in the exercises, excepting two or three, were Democrats. The Superintendent (Mr. A McHENRY) is also a sound Democrat. The order and competency with which the exercises passed off, demand the praise of all who were present. The entertainment was so good the people all but the Abolitionists, felt re-joiced, saying the performances exceeded anything in the country of that kind.

But, now for an explanation of the case under consideration. The tories, as I have already mentioned, of Benton and vicinity after hearing that a grand exhibition the Democrats had, and feeling envious at their success, thought they would have one that would out-vie the one held at Still water. According, arrangements were made and the time appointed, some five or six weeks subsequent as they thought it very necessary to have a good time to practice in order to accomplish their purpose. They announced that they were going to have a Union exhibition, and considered those who were not willing to participate with them, as secessionists. But as the Democrats of Fishingcreek, are not willing to associate, nor have anything to do with Abolitionists, they did not join with the tories of Benton in their exercises. But we all went, at the time appointed, to see the proceedings of the Tories. An Abolitionist by the name of JOSIAH KLINE was their head man, whose incompetency was displayed to the people in conducting the exercises. The disorder and incompetency with which the exercises were performed, and the object for which the exhibition was gotten up being known rendered the performances uninteresting, and there was nothing but confusion. When the exercises were about half out a tory by the name of C—D—U, who had been awhile in the army, commenced giving a history of history of his life and travels while soldiering, lauding the Administration in all it had done and throwing out insinuations against the Democrats. The Democrats at once silenced him and drove him behind the curtain. The tory at the head before the exercises were near out began also to insinuate on the Democrats, as being disloyal, when the whole Democracy shut down on the tories and dispersed them; some of them jumping out of the windows. Thus escaping due punishment which they would have received had they been brave enough to have passed out at the door.

SPECTACLES. The Conscription Law.

The bill passed by the last Congress is the first conscription law enacted under our Constitution. One was recommended, though wholly different in its features, by the Secretary of War, in 1814, which failed in a Congress composed of a majority of his political friends, mainly upon the ground that it was unconstitutional, and a different law was enacted for filling up the army. The first intellects of that day were divided upon the question. At some future time we may discuss it, but we shall not now even express an opinion upon it. But the people have the constitutional right to discuss, and express their opinions, both as to its constitutionality and its policy. They have also the right to bring it before the judiciary, to take its opinion upon its validity.—Such a resistance is legal and proper, and the right to do so is sacredly invested in every citizen. All other resistance we deprecate and war against. They may be mistaken in their opinions, and so may the Executive and the Legislature. The courts are instituted to determine which is right, and all parties are bound to acqui-

Wait for the wagon, The abolition wagon, The niggers in the wagon And we'll all take a ride.

Corcoran is our watchword, submission we demand; And to liberate the nigger we pledge our heart and hand; With King Abe the Union splitter, and Seward by his side, Jim Lane the Kansas robber would like to take a ride.

Wait for the wagon, &c. Our wagon's plenty big enough, the running gear is good, 'Tis lined with coffin board the side and made of Yankee wood; Ward Beecher is the driver, with Greely by his side, Ben Wade will hold the flag up, and we'll all take a ride.

Wait for the wagon, &c. Summer, Hale and Garrison are also in the ring; They didn't like the Union 'cause the nigger wasn't king; Giddings, Chase and Dennison, have long ago repudied, And Fremont had his fixens on and tried to take a ride.

Wait for the wagon, &c. Fred Douglas too, and Lovejoy, were never very slow; They needn't mind to hurry, they'll all have time enough to go; Thurlow Weed and Phillips, long since made up their minds, And old backbone stands ready to take up behind.

Wait for the wagon, &c. Our cause is most unholy, and we are disloyal too, And to smash the Constitution is what we want to do, With means to crown our efforts and Satan for our guide, We'll jump into the wagon and to Tophet we will ride.

Come hurry up the wagon, The Abolition wagon, Disunion is er wagon, And we'll all take a ride.