



Columbia Democrat,

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

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

Select Poetry.

Addressed To The Clergy.

Ye Palpit men profess to preach, The Gospel of our God; Except when you are called on to the vengeance of his rod.

The Campaign of the Rappahannock.

The campaign of General Hooker is over, and the operations of the Army of the Rappahannock, upon the results of which many had looked with hope, and with anxiety, have ended in complete failure.

The confused and fragmentary accounts already published can give no adequate realization of events which the nine days have developed; and a resume, in concise order, of the various movements, maneuvers and conflicts can alone convey a correct idea of how far we were successful, how far we were defeated, and the causes of the present result, as far as they can be discerned.

The difficulties of the position in which the army was placed are too well known to need much explanation. A wide river and forty miles of earthworks were in front of the enemy for their defense. To carry this position by a front attack in face of such obstacles, was simply impossible, and to throw the entire army across the river above or below these works would necessitate an abandonment of the present base of supplies at Aquia Landing, for with our supplies and communication thus exposed the enemy could not possibly fail to take advantage of it.

While the First and Third corps were moving from the left wing to join General Hooker at Chancellorsville, and while Jackson was taking a circuitous route to reach the rear of General Hooker's line between Chancellorsville and the Rapidan, two divisions—Sykes of the Fifth Corps, and Williams of the twelfth, pushed on toward the rear of Fredericksburg.

General Hooker occupied the day in waiting the attack of the enemy, which was evidently expected in front. The movement of the enemy seem to indicate that they were retreating and as the main line of their retreat was occupied by our forces an attack to recover that line was confidently expected. What was the surprise, then, to find Stonewell Jackson, on Saturday afternoon, upon our extreme right and rear between Chancellorsville and Germania Mills? A most furious and desperate attack was made, and the right of our lines, which was held by the Eleventh corps, was almost broken and panic stricken, men in utter confusion, with and without muskets, hats and coats, rushed headlong from under fire down the only road which led to the bridges, and no power on earth could have stopped or prevented the complete and disgraceful rout of the soldiers who have hitherto shown better qualities under their former commander. General Howard could have no control over the cowardly fugitives, who stopped not to look back until they had reached the Rappahannock. So disgraceful a panic has never been seen in this army.

The Third corps, under General Sickles, was interposed in the breach thus made, and the excellence of this officer,

they were to cross the Rappahannock. Tuesday night, also, three other corps, the 1st, 3d, and 6th, were sent to Franklin's crossing, three miles below Fredericksburg, to be ready to undertake the crossing simultaneously with the other corps at Kelley's Ford on Wednesday morning.

Wednesday. The enemy were evidently not prepared to resist the crossing at either point, and the affair was so well managed that both divisions of the army had established themselves on the West bank of the river and covered their bridges without any serious opposition by the enemy.

Gen. Sedgwick, who commanded the three corps on the left wing, made no forward demonstrations, except enough to attract the enemy and prevent them from turning upon the detachment which was forcing its way towards the rear of the enemy's works in command of Gen. Stone-

Thursday. Sedgwick still threatened the enemy and held them near Fredericksburg while Slocum pressed on from the Rapidan and took his position across the plank-road (the enemy's line of retreat toward Gordville) at Chancellorsville. Couch's (Second corps) which had remained at Banks' Ford, now moved up to the United States Ford, and crossed to join Gen. Slocum—

Friday. While the First and Third corps were moving from the left wing to join General Hooker at Chancellorsville, and while Jackson was taking a circuitous route to reach the rear of General Hooker's line between Chancellorsville and the Rapidan, two divisions—Sykes of the Fifth Corps, and Williams of the twelfth, pushed on toward the rear of Fredericksburg.

General Hooker occupied the day in waiting the attack of the enemy, which was evidently expected in front. The movement of the enemy seem to indicate that they were retreating and as the main line of their retreat was occupied by our forces an attack to recover that line was confidently expected. What was the surprise, then, to find Stonewell Jackson, on Saturday afternoon, upon our extreme right and rear between Chancellorsville and Germania Mills? A most furious and desperate attack was made, and the right of our lines, which was held by the Eleventh corps, was almost broken and panic stricken, men in utter confusion, with and without muskets, hats and coats, rushed headlong from under fire down the only road which led to the bridges, and no power on earth could have stopped or prevented the complete and disgraceful rout of the soldiers who have hitherto shown better qualities under their former commander. General Howard could have no control over the cowardly fugitives, who stopped not to look back until they had reached the Rappahannock. So disgraceful a panic has never been seen in this army.

General Hooker occupied the day in waiting the attack of the enemy, which was evidently expected in front. The movement of the enemy seem to indicate that they were retreating and as the main line of their retreat was occupied by our forces an attack to recover that line was confidently expected. What was the surprise, then, to find Stonewell Jackson, on Saturday afternoon, upon our extreme right and rear between Chancellorsville and Germania Mills? A most furious and desperate attack was made, and the right of our lines, which was held by the Eleventh corps, was almost broken and panic stricken, men in utter confusion, with and without muskets, hats and coats, rushed headlong from under fire down the only road which led to the bridges, and no power on earth could have stopped or prevented the complete and disgraceful rout of the soldiers who have hitherto shown better qualities under their former commander. General Howard could have no control over the cowardly fugitives, who stopped not to look back until they had reached the Rappahannock. So disgraceful a panic has never been seen in this army.

General Hooker occupied the day in waiting the attack of the enemy, which was evidently expected in front. The movement of the enemy seem to indicate that they were retreating and as the main line of their retreat was occupied by our forces an attack to recover that line was confidently expected. What was the surprise, then, to find Stonewell Jackson, on Saturday afternoon, upon our extreme right and rear between Chancellorsville and Germania Mills? A most furious and desperate attack was made, and the right of our lines, which was held by the Eleventh corps, was almost broken and panic stricken, men in utter confusion, with and without muskets, hats and coats, rushed headlong from under fire down the only road which led to the bridges, and no power on earth could have stopped or prevented the complete and disgraceful rout of the soldiers who have hitherto shown better qualities under their former commander. General Howard could have no control over the cowardly fugitives, who stopped not to look back until they had reached the Rappahannock. So disgraceful a panic has never been seen in this army.

General Hooker occupied the day in waiting the attack of the enemy, which was evidently expected in front. The movement of the enemy seem to indicate that they were retreating and as the main line of their retreat was occupied by our forces an attack to recover that line was confidently expected. What was the surprise, then, to find Stonewell Jackson, on Saturday afternoon, upon our extreme right and rear between Chancellorsville and Germania Mills? A most furious and desperate attack was made, and the right of our lines, which was held by the Eleventh corps, was almost broken and panic stricken, men in utter confusion, with and without muskets, hats and coats, rushed headlong from under fire down the only road which led to the bridges, and no power on earth could have stopped or prevented the complete and disgraceful rout of the soldiers who have hitherto shown better qualities under their former commander. General Howard could have no control over the cowardly fugitives, who stopped not to look back until they had reached the Rappahannock. So disgraceful a panic has never been seen in this army.

with the better quantities which his corps exhibited, saved the further progress of the panic route, and the evil was temporarily stayed. But the poison was infused; the other corps had witnessed the utter confusion and panic of one full corps, and their enthusiasm was from that moment dampened, and the confidence they hitherto felt in their success under General Hooker was lost in the reflection that they could place but little confidence in one another.

The gallantry of General Hooker here shone out conspicuously, and every one will admire the self-sacrifice with which he threw his own life in the extreme of peril to restore the confidence of his men and put an end to the panic which had been created.

But a little ground was lost in this event, yet had an ill-bodded sense of fear that our men would not prove reliable and that our success thus far were but to prove fruitless in the end. This route of the Eleventh (formerly Sigel's) corps was the crisis. This was the turning point, from which our succeeding misfortunes can be most distinctly traced. Saturday closed the operations of the first week, with doubtful prospects of the final result, and the previous succession of the right wing seemed destined to end in disaster.

Sunday. The assault of General Sedgwick, upon the heights of Fredericksburg, was commenced on Sunday morning. A more determined and desperate attack has not been made. No men ever attacked the fortifications of an enemy with more enthusiasm or vigor. The bank was steep, the fire of shot and shell was terrific, and the slaughter of General Sumner's corps, four months ago, gave little promise of success. To almost certain death the men charged up and carried the works, drove the artillerists from their guns, captured twelve pieces of the best and a heaviest artillery, and many prisoners of war in their trenches. With the heaviest losses, Sedgwick followed up his success with the boldest energy, and pursued the enemy toward Chancellorsville with the purpose of uniting with General Hooker at that place.

But this brilliant success came too late, for the enemy held the plank road which the rout of the Eleventh Corps had yielded to them on the previous night, and the enemy was enabled to throw a sufficient force against him to prevent his junction with Hooker. This was speedily done, and soon Sedgwick's fine Corps, the largest and perhaps the best of the army, was cut off from communication either with Hooker or with Fredericksburg, and thus isolated, was compelled to fall back upon the river at Bank's Ford, where bridges had been thrown over, by which if severely pressed, he could make safe his retreat across the Rappahannock again. Thus followed misfortune, on misfortune, not for lack of skill or bravery, but for the conduct of the miscreants who had fled from their position on the previous night almost upon the first attack of the enemy.

But another repulse was sustained on Sunday morning by the army near Chancellorsville. The enemy renewed the attack and again drove back our lines for half a mile. From the large brick house which gives the name to this vicinity, the lines of the enemy could be seen sweeping slowly, but confidently, determinedly, and surely, through the clearings which extended in front. Nothing could excite more admiration for the best qualities of the veteran soldier that the manner in which the enemy swept out, as they moved steadily onward, the force which was opposed to them. We say it reluctantly, and for the first time, that the enemy have showed the finest qualities, and we acknowledge on this occasion their superiority in the open field to our own men.

They delivered their fire with precision, and were apparently inflexible and immovable under the storm of bullets and shell which they were constantly receiving. Coming to a piece of timber, which was occupied by a division of our own men, half a number were detailed to clear the woods. It seemed certain that here they would be repulsed; but they marched right through the wood, driving our own soldiers out, who delivered their fire and fell back, halted again, fired and fell back as before, seeming to concede to the enemy, as a matter of course, the su-

periority which they evidently felt themselves. Our own men fought well. There was no lack of courage; but an evident feeling, apparently the result of having been so often whipped, or of having witnessed the rout on the night previous, that they were destined to be beaten, and the only thing for them to do was to fire and retreat. The enemy felt confident that they were to be victorious, and our own men had, from some occasion, imbibed the same impression. Our men showed lack of earnestness and enthusiasm, but no want of courage. All that they needed was the inspiration of a series of victories to look back upon, and an earnestness and confidence in the success of the cause for which they were fighting. Thus ended the Sabbath and another chapter in this series of our disasters.

Monday. Another day of misfortune, and the day was hardly ushered in before the enemy in force came down upon the detachments which had been thought sufficient to hold the works upon them, and after strongly contesting the position they were compelled to yield and fall back under the protection of the town. The enemy formed their line of battle on the outskirts, and within the town the two brigades of General Gibbon held them in check as long as could be. Many wounded men here in the hospitals, and the position was maintained as long as possible. At length the ground was given up, the troops were withdrawn the bridges taken up, and Fredericksburg was given back to the enemy.

They were now at liberty to turn their attention to Sedgwick, and they lost no time in concentrating their forces against him. They were to strong for him. After a most obstinate fight, in which the enemy almost was successful in destroying his bridges, and the possibility of his escape, he made good his retreat also to the bank of the Rappahannock. His losses were appalling. He suffered terribly, and in their retreat there was much confusion and disorder among the troops. A few at the first onset laid down their arms and yielded themselves up prisoners without firing a musket, but generally the men of this corps displayed the greatest gallantry in fighting, and only yielded when overpowered by superior numbers.

Tuesday night the Army of the Rappahannock was withdrawn and our entire force brought again to this side of the river, with the exception of many dead and wounded, who were left behind to the tender mercies of the enemy. Thus ended the nine days' campaign on the Rappahannock. What was, it would seem, the most difficult part of the task was accomplished most successfully. The army was concentrated in the rear of the enemy's works, and they were forced to come out of them and give battle in the open field. Strange to say, the army failed to beat the enemy on comparatively equal ground and upon even footing.

Our losses. During these nine days our losses can hardly fall short of 15,000 men. Possibly they will be more.

Goon.—During the Reign of Terror the mob got hold of the Abbe Maury, and resolved to sacrifice him. "To the lamp-post with him!" was the universal cry.

The Abbe was in a bad fix with a mob for his judges—the tender mercies of a mob! With the utmost coolness the Abbe said to those who were dragging him along— "Well, if you hang me to the lamp-post will you see any clearer for it?"

This bright rally tickled his executioners and saved his life.

Hard on the Leaguers. Parson Brownlow, in a letter to an Abolition League meeting at Chicago, used the following plain language.— "You citizens of Chicago call yourselves loyal; you glory in your loyalty, you proclaim it upon the streets, and herald it in your press, and declare it from every platform, but it costs nothing to be loyal here in Chicago, so far away from danger. Loyalty leads to the gall!"

Communications.

Philadelphia, May 13th, 1863.

Col. Tate.—That distinguished Constitutional Democrat, ex-Senator Wall, of New Jersey, addressed a densely jammed audience at the Democratic headquarters on Walnut Street, 1st Saturday evening. High as were pitched the expectations of the public, in view of the great reputation of Senator Wall, for ability and sound stirring eloquence, those expectations were fully met by the distinguished orator, and his honest, scathing allusions to the political mendacity of this administration were greeted with thunders of tumultuous applause. He opened with an allusion to the threatening import of the circumstances which now beset the very life of the Republic, and in well-chosen, and burning sentences, went on to describe the motives, character and history of the Black Republican party, charging home upon them, with all the power of a vigorous mind, wounded by a sense of the guilt of that faction in producing the present unhappy state of National affairs, its exclusive responsibility sowing in other years the fatal seed which have now ripened into a harvest of blood and National desolation.

From this point he proceeded to show, by unanswerable quotations from the Congressional history, the efforts of Mr. Douglass, Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Pugh, and other Copperhead lovers of the good old Constitution and Union in the Senate to avert the direful agonies of toil now efforts which were frustrated by the determined, uncompromising tenacity of Black Republican Senators to plunge, from mere party considerations, this great nation into the red gulf of civil war. The Crittenden Peace Resolutions, he showed were endorsed by the Legislators of Virginia and Kentucky; were afterwards submitted to Congress, but were met in the Senate by the hostile vote of every Republican Senator—and were thus killed, though they received the support of every Democratic and Southern Senator! Thus the last chance of averting civil war was lost, and the consequences, in the shape of a broken nation, the multiplication of grave yards, the wails of countless widows, and the tears of bereaved orphans are upon us,—all to insure future Black Republican ascendancy! It was acknowledged by Senator Chandler of Michigan, at the time, in a letter to Gov. Blair of his State, (which I have before me,) that it was "necessary to defeat the passage of the peace resolutions in order to save the Republican party from rupture!" What was confessed there, is true to-day,—the return of peace is the signal of death to that wicked fanatical action, which hyena-like, lives by gnawing the bones of our slaughtered volunteers—and quenches its insatiable thirst by drinking the blood of its victims.

Mr. Wall, concluded by an appeal to history to show that not by the agonies of war can national fraternity be secured. Upon this and kindred points he spoke at length—always logical, frequently impassioned, and constitutional to the core. In other words, it was a first class Copperhead speech, for he preferred the Constitution to the Chicago Platform—the restoration of the Union to its destruction or reorganization.

A large crowd was assembled on the outside of the building during the delivering of the speech but the presence of the police and a formidable admixture of hard-fisted Democrats restrained the turbulence of the Black Republican element, and confined it on this occasion, as it is bound to do after October, within the limits of law and order. Mr. Wall, was escorted to the Girard House, from the hall, by a strong party of his friends, followed by a gang of Lincoln monarchists, whose courage failed to bring them up to the striking point. Their forbearance on this, as on another recent occasion, when the office of the "Age" was the object, but not the subject, of Republican vengeance, rather an illustration of any real prudence than an evidence of any real respect for the sacred cause of law and order. All is quiet now.

The city has been profoundly agitated within the last few days, by our reverses on the Rappahannock. I am more grieved than surprised over these untoward results. The hot, uncalculating dash of Hooker, is no doubt as gratifying to the rebels as to the Administration. The report circulating here of the taking of Richmond, by Keyes, is, of course a false one, and only served for the moment, to turn the brains of the unreflecting. Even the re-crossing

of the Rappahannock, by Hooker, to the Fredericksburg side, is not fully credited by thoughtful minds. Before your paper goes to press, however, you will probably be in possession of all the facts.

God grant a speedy and honorable termination of this cruel war, and the complete annihilation, politically, of its authors and abettors.— No local news worth communicating. Truly— A. J. W.

Desirous of doing justice to all persons, we give a place to the following communication on the subject of the Benton Exhibition being a statement in reply to one appeared in the Democrat week before last. It is unfortunate that any difficulty should occur in such an affair as school exhibitions; and now both sides having been heard, we think it best to close our columns on that question. ED. DEM.

Mr. Editor. In looking over the Democrat of week before last, I noticed an article over the signature of "spectacles," giving a description of the late exhibition at Benton. Now I do not intend this as a reply to the black guard that penned that article, but in order that the reading public of all parties may know the facts in the case, I make the following statement.

The teachers of Benton district held an institute last winter, and at the last one held by the request of the scholars and several citizens, we decided having an exhibition at the Benton church. Accordingly arrangements were made, and four of the schools joined; embracing both political parties; and I think it fair to estimate that three fourths of the scholars were democrats. Mr. Silas W. McHenry, a highly respectable citizen, and a radical democrat, brought his whole school, every scholar of which I believe are children of democrats, and participated in the exercises. We never thought of having a party concern of it, and the people generally appeared to be interested in the enterprise; and at the time appointed, a very large crowd assembled. Several men were appointed to assist in keeping order, all of whom were democrats, and we believe did the best they could, to have order. But there were a lot of rowdies present who appeared determined on mischief, and we learned since that they came for that purpose. They too claim to be democrats, but the respectable portion of democrats are ashamed to own them.

One of the chief rioters, not many years since, sported the title of J. P., and is also a professor of religion. O, shame, where is thy blush? JOSIAH KLINE.

MARY OF THE WILD MOOR.

A BEAUTIFUL BALLAD. It was on one cold winter's night, As the wind blew across the wild moor, When Mary came wandering home with her babe, "Till she came to her own father's door: "Oh father, dear father," she cried, "Come down and open the door, Or the child may never see you no more, For the winds that blow across the wild moor. Oh why did I leave this dear spot, Where once I was happy and free, But now doomed to roam, without friends or home, And no one to take pity on me. The old man was deaf to her cries, Not a sound of her voice reached his ear, But the watch dog did howl and the village bell toll'd, And the wind blew across the wild moor. But how met the old man have felt, When he came to the door in the morn— Poor Mary was dead, but the child was alive, Close pressed in its dead mother's arms: Half frantic he tore his gray hair, And the tears down his cheeks, did pour: Saying, "This cold winter's night, she perished & died, By the wind that blew across the wild moor. The old man in grief pined away, The child to its mother went soon, And no one, they say, has lived true to this day, And the cottage to ruin has gone: The villagers point on the spot, Where the willow droops over the door, Saying there Mary died, once a gay village bride, By the wind that blew across the wild moor.

General Stone, we are informed, has been assigned to duty in the Department of the Gulf and will soon leave for that field of service. So ends, by a public confession, nearly the most shameful injustice which the administration has perpetrated against any individual. Arrested without cause, imprisoned without trial, shut out from the service to which he has devoted his life and to which the country owes the safety of its capital, disgraced in the eyes of the whole country when worthy only of honor, and in spite of the repeated protests and appeals of his commander for his trial, General Stone at last receives tardy justice. He has done well to bide his time, and by his patience to extort exoneration from the department which disgraced him. Such injustice could not last forever, but the infamy of it will cling to this administration so long as its history is remembered among men.

Army Correspondence.

Yorktown, Va., March 16th, 1863.

Dear Sir.—I am in good health and am very thankful for that. I am in the land of hostility but have not been engaged in any conflict yet. I am as anxious as any other man for the restoration of the union, and also for the restoration of the constitution. I think the violation of that in Washington, is as criminal and as disastrous to our country as it is in Richmond. The soldiers all are willing to help suppress rebellion, but are not willing to help Emancipate negroes. We see the impropriety of the whole scheme. Our observations of the negroes character shows us plainly, that they are not capable of self government and history teaches the same. So the colonization is mere nonsense and to emancipate them, and let them run would be doing great injustice to any civilized community. Our northern towns are pestered enough with black vagrants now. And the equal distribution of nearly four millions of negroes through the whole of the States, would be a nuisance almost unendurable, and to give them equal rights among us, and amalgamate them with the whites at the ballot box, and in our legislative halls, or place one in the Presidential Chair, would be destroying the pride and self-respect of the Nation. The history of Mexico should teach us not to try the experiment. The negro is naturally adapted to slavery.— Give them liberty, and they are indolent and lazy. There are several hundred of them here that have the benefit of the presidents proclamation and some of the most intelligent of them acknowledge that their condition was better in slavery, than the way it is. I have heard them say it. They will generally express the same sentiments when they dare to. They are mostly under government employ. They get eight dollars per month and their families found. Their rations are regularly dealt out to them and they have to help unload boats, and work on the Fortifications, and out wood for the bakery. But to get any thing out of them, some of them have to be dealt with rigorously. There are some soldiers placed over them, who use them rough, and some times they have to be drove out to work, and kept there by a guard with their bayonets; and they occasionally have a cannon ball chained to their legs, for running away from their work. But the most disgusting scene that I have ever witnessed, was two wenchies, but a few rods from my tent, chained to cannon balls nearly the whole day; their crime was, lolly conduct and public at that; and their accomplice, were white soldiers, but who dodged detection and escaped punishment. I could not help but wishing the poor degraded wenchies were under the protection of masters. We have frequently heard some of them pray for the prosperity of their masters, and their restoration to them. The dissolution of churches has done much injury to the negro. Their religious privileges were extensive before.— The slave and his master were members of the same church. We can see the difference. The old negroes show some knowledge of christianity, and resignations and good manners; but the young ones are rough and saucy. The last acts of congress will reduce the white poor to equality with the negro in slavery. The bill giving the president power to suspend the writ of habeas corpus and power to draft men enough to sustain him, makes him a grater monarch than has sat upon the British throne, for the last six hundred years. I do not see how this once happy and prosperous country will ever be restored to peace and prosperity again, without Divine aid. I do not know whether we are entitled to providential interference. Yours with respect, A SOLDIER.

To Clear a House of Vermin.—Barleigh, of the Boston Journal, says:—"I tell you, ladies, a secret worth your knowledge—a new remedy to clear a house of roaches and vermine has been found. So complete is the remedy, that men offer to rid premises of all these pestilential nuisances by contract. The article is sold under the name of French Green, and other high-sounding names, at quite a high price; but the article, in plain English, is common green paint in powder.— Six cents' worth about any house, will clear the kitchen, and all its surroundings."

Gold in New York, 11th inst., down to 143—Blacksnakes down to the mouth.