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. 18.—NO. 5. BLOOMSBURG, COUMBIA COUNTY, PENN'A., SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864. VOLUME 28.

New Advertisements.

Court Proclamation.

WHEREAS, the Hon. William Elwell, President judge of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and Court of Common Pleas and Orphan's Court, in the 26th Judicial District, composed of the counties of Columbia, Sullivan and Wyoming, and the Hon. John M'Reynolds & Stephen Baldy, Associate Judges of Columbia county, have issued their precept, bearing date the 7th day of Dec., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three and to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail delivery, General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Common Pleas and Orphan's Court, in Bloomsburg, in the county of Columbia, on the first Monday, being the 1st day of February next, to continue one week.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, the Justices of the Peace and Constables of the said county of Columbia that they be then and there in their proper persons at 12 o'clock in the forenoon of said day with their records, inquisitions and other remembrances to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done. And those that are bound by recognizance, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or may be in the Jail of said county of Columbia to be then and there to prosecute them as shall be just. Jurors are requested to be punctual in their attendance, agreeably to their notices.

Dated at Bloomsburg, the 4th day of Dec., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in the eighty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America. (God save the Commonwealth.)

JUSTUS H. FORMAN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bloomsburg, Mar. 26, 1864.

GRAND JURORS—MAY TERM

Bloom—Jacob Deidenbach, H. S. Wolfe, Lucas N Meyer, Samuel Shultz, Henry Wolf.
Beaver—John Dieterick, Jacob Dreisbach
Briarcreek—Jacob Creasy.
Cat. Branch—Benjamin Flower.
Franklin—Jacob Kleckner.
Greenwood—Joseph Reese, George Derr, George Girton.
Hemlock—Dan'l Yocum.
Jackson—John P Hess.
Mt Pleasant—George R Vander bilt, Peter Hippensteel.
Maine—Jacob Bateman.
Madison—George Hagenbuch, A D Watson.
Mifflin—Abraham Schappenberger.
Pine—John P Fowler.
Roaringcreek—Nathan Dreisbach.
Sugarloaf—Samuel Shultz.
Bloomsburg, March 26, 1864.

TRAVERSE JURORS—MAY TERM.

Bloom—Simon Lutz.
Beaver—John Coots, Daniel Gearhart.
Benton—Wm Baker, Simon Mellinger, Abraham Kline.
Briarcreek—Henry Beck.
Centre—Henry Hoffman.
Conyngham—Henry Hoffman.
Fishingcreek—Cyrus Sharpless, Alexander Cramer, Michael Yeager, David Kelchner, Nathan Tustenhiver, John Orth.
Greenwood—John Miller.
Hemlock—David Warner.
Jackson—Benjamin Dyer.
Locust—John Gibbons.
Mifflin—Jacob Snyder.
Mifflin—Jacob Snyder.
Madison—Simon Fox, Abram Funston, William Barton.
Montour—Daniel Diehl, Isaac G Grimes, Samuel Geiger, Henry Miller.
Pine—Jacob Kline.
Pine—William Pealer.
Roaringcreek—John Reiff.
Scott—Jacob Schlappenberger.
Sugarloaf—Andrew Gearhart, Richard Kirn, John N. Kisler.
Bloomsburg, March 26, 1864.

TRIAL LIST, MAY TERM, 1864

1 Philip Wintersteen vs Valentine Winterstein
2 Henry Waller vs George Hoover, &c.
3 David Lewis for use &c vs Benjamin Savage, Samuel L. Brown.
4 Philip Mentzer, &c, vs Christian Wolf.
5 Isaac Crossley vs Peter Smith.
6 Jacob Snyder vs Peter Snyder.
7 George Gaskins, Trustee, vs Philip Ent, et al.
8 David Hendershot vs Michael Snyder.
9 Robert Anderson vs Wm. Anderson.
10 Wm. H. Lyon, Adm'r of Wm. Lyon, dec'd, vs Christian Wolf, et al.
11 D & S Shearer vs Reuben Neely.
12 R P Richard & Bro vs Wm. D Foster.
13 Rebecca Tennis vs William Tennis.
14 Jacob Powell vs Benjamin Merrithew.
15 D H Rupert vs Benjamin Dewitt, et al.
16 David Mordan vs John Walters.
17 Sylvester Hartman vs R F Richard, et al.
18 John Diehl vs Robert H. Minich.
19 G Lombenberger, et al, vs Joshua Robinson and William Boyer.
20 Henry Gilmore vs Moses Crossley.
21 Case for the use of Elijah Rogers, et al vs Jacob Pealer.
22 Presbyterian Churches vs A J Manning, et al.
23 John Adams for use of his wife Sarah Ann vs John N Allegar.
24 Enoch Adams vs Daniel P Hughes, et al.
25 Samuel Winters vs Wm H Hartshorn, et al.
26 R F Richard vs Elizabeth Vastine, et al.
27 Lydia Rosenberry, Anna Maria Rosenberry vs Charles H Detrick.
28 James Dunn for use of Henry Frick vs John P Brock, et al.

JESSE COLEMAN, Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's Office, Bloomsburg, March 26, 1864.

PIANOS AND MELODEONS!

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

EVERY Instrument Warranted for Five Years.

Address,

A. P. BENNETT, *Agent.*

Elmira, New York.

☞ Orders left at the Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa., will be promptly attended to.

Bloomsburg, March, 26, 1864.—3m.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE Real Estate formerly owned by Elias Wertman, in Rohrsburg, Columbia county, Pa., is offered at Private Sale, consisting of Two Frame Dwellings and a frame Store House, with the necessary out-buildings, all in good order.

☞ Terms Easy. For further information inquire of Samuel Achenbach, Orangeville, Pa.

January 9, 1864.—3m

NOTICE.

THE undersigned would inform the customers of the late firm of C. & W. KREAMER, as Merchants in Jerseytown, that the firm has been dissolved by mutual consent, and that the Books and Accounts are in my hands for collection. Persons having accounts will please come and make an early settlement and oblige, &c.

Grain and lumber, taken on account.

WM. KREAMER.

Jerseytown, February 27, 1864.

WALNUT HOTEL,

LIGHT STREET, Columbia county, Pa

THE undersigned has located at the above name hotel, formerly occupied by Peter Shugard, and solicits a share of public patronage.

☞ Good accommodations for man and beast. The best Kind of Liquors at the bar.

J. D. RICE, Proprietor

April 11, 1863

S. H. DeWOLF'S CLOTHING HALL.

No. 202 North Second Street Phil'a.

CONSTANTLY on hand a full assortment of Ready Made Men and Boy's Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods, at Wholesale and Retail

January 9, 1864.—6m.

NOTICE AND CAUTION.

Whereas, my wife, Epha Ann Leiby, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, notice is therefore hereby given, notwithstanding any person or persons may trust her on my account, as I am determined to pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

JOSIAH U. LEIBY.

Locust twp., February 27, 1864.—3t.

HORSE BILLS;

Neatly printed on new and beautiful plates, on short notice at the Office of the "Columbia Democrat."

Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

A Little Light.

BY RAVEN.

A little light is rising—I see it from afar,
Like a glimmer on the mountain, or the twinkle of a Star.
I see it not in armies—in their gorgeous Pageantry
Nor in the splendid movement of the Horse or Infantry.
Nor in the shock of battle, or garments rolled in blood,
Nor in the shout of victory, nor in the purple flood,
In the groans of Brothers dying by the hands of Brother slain,
I see no light arising, all is darkness, death, and pain.
In the cries of breadless orphans, no cheering sound I hear,
Nor in the widow's wailing, is there music to my ear,
Nor in the pomp of power, mid a tyrant revelry,
Where man so much "loyalty," practice pagan devilry.
Nor in the sacred Temples, where altars reared to God,
And basely prostituted, to the worship of the sword
Where in the name of Jesus, naught but Bullets and war,
Are preached for our Religion; do I see this rising star.
But in the heart that's throbbing, for our bleeding country's good,
In spite of persecution, for the truth has always stood
Like a rock amid the surges, has endured the stormy wave
I see the light a breaking, that will yet our country save.
I see it in the sparring of the dolts about the throne,
Where each against the other, seek to elevate his own;
The pens against the Bayonet, the creator 'gainst his Lord,
One holds the power in greenbacks, the other in the sword.
I see it in the drooping breast, and in the tearful eye,
Or looking us back the days of peace a million voices cry;
A million hearts responding, and a million tongues declare,
That by some means or other we must stop this cruel war
They stop only look forward, till with a freeman's truth,
They know what are their sentiments, and what a freeman's right?
Do they know what are their burnings, and smothered through life?
Yes the spirit of a nation, a million-fold I see.
Shiloh, April, 1863.

The Girls and the Wives

Somebody has written the following about the girls—we collect on an equal share of experience:

Give to us the girls
Who so joyous coming
Blend with our evening dreams;
They haunt our lives
Like spirit wives,
Or as music livelit the streams.

They sooth our pains,
They lift our brains
With dreams of summer bowers;
God bless the girls,
God bless their curls,
God bless our heaven flowers.

The wives, we think are, quite as deserving as the girls—therefore the following is respectfully submitted:

God bless the wives,
They fill our lives,
With life's love and joy;
They ease life's shocks
They mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money!

When we are sick,
They hear us speak—
They say, if they love us;
If not, we die,
And yet they cry,
And place handkerchiefs above us.

Of English girls
With stony souls,
We sing in fancy dream;
But wives—from wives—
Throughout our lives,
Are everything they seem

The Pilot's Revenge.

It was towards night on the 21st of Sept., 1764. A small English war-brig, which had been fitted out for the suppression of smugglers, was lazily creeping along over the heavy monotonous swells, just off the coast of Galway, and on her deck was being enacted a scene of somewhat more than common interest. The day before, she had captured a small boat laden with contraband articles, together with an old man and a boy who had charge of them. The captain of the brig, whose name was Dracut, had ordered that the old smuggler should be put in irons. To this indignity the old man made a stout resistance, and in the heat of the moment he had so far forgotten himself as to strike the captain a blow which had laid him upon the deck. Such an insult to an English officer was past endurance, and in punishment for the offense the smuggler was condemned to die

A single whip was driven at the starboard foreyard arm, and all hands were called to witness the execution. The rope was noosed and slipped over the culprit's head, and the running and put through a small snatch block on the deck. Until this moment not a word had escaped the boy. He trembled as he beheld the awful preparations, and as the fatal noose was passed over the head and drawn tight, the color forsook his cheeks, and he sprang forward and dropped upon his knees before the incensed captain.

"Mercy, sir—mercy!"

"For whom?" asked the officer, while a contemptuous smile rested upon his lips.

"For that old man who you are about to kill."

"He dies, boy."

"But he is my father, sir!"

"No matter if he were my own father; that man who strikes an English officer while in the performance of his duty must die!"

"But he was manacled—he was insulted" urged the boy.

"Insulted?" replied the captain, "who insulted him!"

"You did sir," replied the boy while his face flushed up with indignation.

"Get up, sir, and be careful that you do not get the same treatment," said the captain in a savage tone.

The old man heard this appeal from his son, and as the last words dropped from lips of his captor, he raised his head and as a look of the utmost defiance passed over his features, he exclaimed:

"Ask no favors, Robert. Old Karl Kintock can die now as well as any time: let them do their worst."

Then turning to Captain Dracut, and changing his voice to one of deep supplication he said:

"Do what you please with me, sir, but do not harm my boy, for he has done no wrong. I am ready for your sentence and the sooner you finish it the better."

"Lay hold of the whip!" shouted the captain. "Lay hold, every man of you, and run the villain up!"

In obedience to the order the men ranged themselves along the deck, and every one laid hold of the rope. Robert Kintock looked first at his father, and then he ran his eye along the line of men who were to his executioners But not one sympathizing or pitying look could he detect. Their faces were hard and cold, and all seemed anxious to consummate their murderous work.

"What!" cried the boy, while a tear started from his eye; "is there not one even who can pity?"

"Up with him!" shouted the Captain.

Robert buried his face in his hands at the next moment his father was swinging at the yard arm. He heard the passing rope and the creaking block, and he knew that he was fatherless.

Half an hour afterwards the boy knelt beside a ghastly corpse, and a simple prayer escaped his lips. Then another low murmuring sound came from his bosom, but none of those who stood around knew its import. I was a pledge of deep revenge.

Just as the old man's body slid from the gang-board into the water, a vivid flash of lightning streamed through the heavens, and in another instant the dreadful artillery of nature sent forth a roar so long and loud, that the men actually put their hands to their ears to shut out the deafening sound Robert Kintock started at the sound and what caused dread in other bosoms, sent a thrill of satisfaction to his own.

"Oh, revenge! revenge!" he muttered to himself, as he cast his eyes over the foam crested waves which had already risen beneath the sudden storm

The darkness had come as quickly as did the storm, and all that could be distinguished from the deck of the brig, save the breaking sea, was the fearful, craggy shore as flash after flash illuminated the heavens.

"Light ho!" shouted the man forward, and the next moment all eyes were directed to a bright light which had suddenly flashed up among the distant rocks.

The wind was now at its height, and with its giant power it sent the ill-fated brig directly upon the surf-bound shore of rocks and reefs, and every face save one was blanched with fear. In vain did they try to lay the brig to the wind, but not a sail would for an instant stand the wind, until at length the men managed to get up a fore and main storm-sail, and then the brig stood for a short time bravely up against the heaving sea. But it was evident that should she succeed in keeping to the wind, she would eventually be driven ashore, for the power of the in-setting waves was greater than that of the wind.

"Boy, do you know what light that is?" asked the captain, as he stood holding on to the main rigging to keep his feet

"Yes, sir," replied Robert, it is Ballymore's Crag."

"What is it there for?"

"It marks the entrance to a little harbor sir, which lies in the back of it."

"And can it be entered by a vessel of this size?" asked the captain, while a gleam of hope shot across his face.

'Oh, yes, sir! large ships can easily enter there.'

'And do you know the passage?'

'Yes, sir. I have spent my whole life on this coast, and know every turn in it.'

'Could you take the brig in there in this storm?"

'Yes, sir,' answer the boy.

'And will you do it?' eagerly asked the captain,

'On two conditions.'

'Name them quickly.'

'The first is, that you let me go in peace; and the next that you trouble none of the smugglers should they be there."

"I promise," said the capt in, "and will give you a hundred pounds beside.—Now set about your work; but mark me, if you deceive me, by St. George, I'll shoot you on the moment!"

The brig was soon put before the wind, and Robert Kintock stationed himself at the star board fore-yard-arm, from whence his orders were passed along to the helmsman. The bounding vessel soon came in sight of the ragged crags, and the heart of every man leaped with fearful thrill as they swept past a frowning rock, which almost grazed them as on they the brig, and thicker and more fearful became the rocks which raised their heads on every side.

'Port!' shouted the boy.

'Port it is!'

'Steady—So.'

'Steady it is.'

'Starboard quick.'

'Aye, aye—starboard it is.'

At this moment the vessel swept on past an overhanging cliff, and just as a vivid flash of lightning shot through the heavens and revealed the horrors a loud shout was heard from the young pilot, and in a moment all eyes were turned toward him.—He stood on the extreme end of the yard, and held him by the lift. In a moment more he crouched down like a tiger after his prey, and then with one wild leap he reached the projecting rocks.

'Revenge! revenge!" was all that the doomed men heard, and they were swept away into the boiling surge beyond.

'Breakers!—a reef!' screamed the man forward, 'Starboard, quick!'

But it was too late late! Ere the helm was half way up, a low, tremendous grating of th brig's keel was felt, and the next instant there came a crash which sounded high above the roar of the elements, and the heavy mast went sweeping away to to the leeward followed by large portions of the ill fated vessel's cargo and wreck. Shriek after shriek went up from those doomed men, but they were in the grasp of a power that knows no mercy. The Storm King took them for his own!

The next morning a small party of came from the rocks and moved along the shore. It was strewn with scattered fragments from the wreck and here and there the mutilated and bruised forms of the brig's crew. Among the wreckers was Robert Kintock, and eagerly did he search among the ghastly corpses, as though there was one he was eager to find. At length he stooped over one, upon the shoulders of which were two gold epaulets. It was the captain of the brig—the murderer of his father. They boy placed his foot upon the body, and while a strange light beamed from his eyes, and a shudder passed over his countenance, he muttered:

'Father you are amply revenged."

The boy spoke truly. Fearful in conception and fearful in consummation had been the PILOT'S REVENGE.

Trouble Brewing.

The Chicago *Journal*, a Lincoln paper, says of this movement:

A secret movement against Mr. Lincoln's re nomination is extending all over the North. It is headed and conducted by disappointed office seekers in Washington, New York city and elsewhere. We hear of its workings in New England, New York, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. It has male and female travelling agents, correspondents, popular lecturers and newspapers, employed to promote its object. We state these facts, with a full knowledge of their truth, in order to put the friends of Mr. Lincoln on their guard. The leaders in this movement resort to such unusual and dishonorable means, that men of honorable principle may well be suspicious of them.

☞ A MAN named Oats was hauled up recently for beating his wife and children. On being sentenced to imprisonment, the brute remarked that it was very hard that a man was not allowed to thrash his own oats.

☞ A ROBBER was seized for stealing snuff out of a tobacconist's shop, by way of excusing himself, exclaimed that he was not aware of any law that forbade a man from taking snuff.

"CALL A MAN."

Any one who is disposed to try a laugh will do well to read on.

John Jackson was a hard-working man of twenty-three. Being the eldest child and the only son, he had always remained home at assisting his father on the farm. John was much respected by every on in the neighborhood, and many a bright-eyed girl had secretly thought she would like to be Mrs.—But John was no ladies' man. He would rather hoe all day than undergo the ceremony of an introduction to a young lady. Not that he disliked the dear creatures; far from it. We believe that he, in common with all bashful and well-meaning men, entertained the highest respect and admiration for them. And this no doubt was the principal cause of his bashfulness. He felt that shey were superior beings, and that he was unworthy to associate with them upon terms of equality. But we cannot stop to moralize.

Nancy Clarke was the daughter of a very respectable farmer, whose land adjoined the Jackson farm. Nancy was a pretty, saucy little witch, and she liked John Jackson. When they were children they attended the same school, and although a few years her senior, he was usuallay her champion in her childish disputes that arose, and her champion in coming and going. John discovered too that he was growing out of shape. His feet and legs appeared very awkward; he did not know what to do with his hands; his face pained him, and, takink al. in all, he was inclined to think he was not more than half put together.

As novelists say, it was a lovely day in August. The sun was clear, and serene and beautiful, the trees were laden with golden fruit, and the beautiful birds twittered their songs of love in the branches Earth, (there, we've slid down to earth once more; such lofty heights—they make our head dizzy.) We were prepared to say that "earth yielded a bountiful harvest of grass and clover and honeysuckles, which the noble yeomanry of Chesterville had garnered within her stone houses, but upon second thought we have concluded it thus: "The farmers of Chesterville had done harvesting."

John Jackson's sister had a quilting that afternoon. His father had gone to Keith's Mills, to get some wheat ground, and left John to prepare tools, to be ready on the morrow to commence mowing the meadow grass. Suddenly it occurred to John, that if he remained about the house that afternoon he would be called in at tea-time, and made to do the honors of the table. To avoid this he shouldered his scythe, and stole away to the meadow, half a mile distant, fully resolved that he would stay there until it was so dark that he could not see to mow, in order to avoid seeing the girls.

The meadow was surrounded on all sides by a thick forest, which effectually shut out what little breeze there might chance to be stirring. The sun poured its rays as though the meadow was the focus point, where their heat was concentrated. John mowed and sweat—sweat and mowed, he was obliged to sit down and cool off. Then it ocurred to John that if he took off his pants he might be more comfortable. There could be no impropriety in it, for he was entirely concealed from observation, and there was not the slighest reason to suppose that he could be seen by any person.

So John stripped off, and with no cover save his linen—commonly called a shirt he resumed his work. He was just congeatulating himself upon the good time he had made from meeting the girls, when he chanced to disturb a huge black snake, a genuine twister, with a white ring around his neck.

John was no coward, but he was mortally afraid of a snake. "Self-preservation" was the first "passage" that flashed across his mind, and "legs do your duty! was the next. Dropping his scythe, and springing around like a top, he was ready to strike a 2;40 gait, when, at that moment, the snake was ready to hook his crooked teeth into John's shirt, just above the hem. With a tremenduous spring, he started off with the speed of a locomotive. His first jump took the snake clear from the ground, and as he stole a hasty glance over his shoulder, he was horrified to see the reptile securely fastened to the extremity of his garment, while the rapidity with which he rushed forward, kept the serpent extended, at an angle of ninty degress with his body.

Here was a quandary. If he stopped the snake would coil about his body, and squeeze him to death if he continued the race he must fall from sheer exhaustion. On he flew, scarce daring to think how this dreadful race was to end. Instinctively he had taken the direction of home; a feeling of security came over him. Suddenly flashed o'er his mind the true state of affairs—his father gone, the quilting, and, worse than all, the girls! The next moment he felt the body of the cold, clammy monster in contact with his bare legs his tail creeping around them in a sort of cozening way, as if to tickle John upon the knees. This was too much for human endurance. With a yell—such as man never uttered, save in mortal terror—poor John set forward at break-neck speed and once he had the pleasure of seeing the snake re-ume its horizontal position somewhat like the tail of a comet.

On, he flew! John forgot the quilting, forgot the girls, forgot everything but the snake.

His active exercise, together with the excessive heat, had brought on the nose bleed, and as he ran, ears erect, and head thrown back, his chin, throat and shirt-bosom were stained with the flowing stream.

His first shriek had started the girls, and forth they rushed, wondering if some Indian were prowling about. By this time John was within a few rods of the barn, still running at the top of his speed, his head turned so that he could keep one eye on the snake, and with the other, observe what course he might take. The friendly barn now concealed him from the sight of the girls. He knew they were in the yard, having caught a glimpse of them as they rushed from the house. A few more bounds and he would be in their midst. For a momen modesty overcame fear, and he halted. The snake, evidently pleased with the rapid transportation, manifested his gratitude by attempting to enfold the legs of our hero in his embrace

With an explosive "ouch," and urged forward by "circumstances over which he had no control," John bounded on. The next moment he was in full view of the girls, and as he turned the corner of the barn the snake came around with a whiz much after the fashion of a coachwhip.

Having reached the barn-yard, to his dismay, he found the bars up. Time was too precious to be wasted in letting down bars. Gathering himself, he bounded into the air, snake ditto; and, as he alighted on the other side, the snake's tail cracked across the upper bars, snapping like an Indian cracker.

Again John set forward, now utterly regardless of the girls, for the extra tickle from the snake's as he leaped the bars, banished his bashfulness and modesty, and again he had the pleasure of finding the snake perfectly taut, and drawing steadily on the hem of his solitary garment.

The house now became the centre of attraction, and around it he revolved with the speed of thought. Four times in each revolution as he turned the corner, his snakeship came around with a whiz that was quite refreshing.

While describing the third circle, as he came near the group of wonder-struck girls, without removing his gaze from the snake, he managed to cry out:

"Call a man!"

The next moment he had whisked out of sight, as quick as thought he re-apeared at the other end of the house.

"*Call a man!*"

Away he whirled again, turning the corner so rapidly that the whiz of the snake sounded half way between a whistle and the repeated pronunciation of double o

Before either of the girls had stirred from their tracks, he had performed another revolution.

"CALL A MAN!"

Away he flew once more, but his strength was rapidly failing. Nancy Clarke was the first to recover her presence of mind, and seizing a hoop-pole, she took her station near the corner of the house, and as John re-appeared, brought it down upon the snake with a force tha broke his back, and his hold upon John's neither garment at the same time.

John rushed into the house and into his room, and at tea time appeared in his best Sunday Suit, but little worse for the race, and to all appearances, entirely cured of his bashfulness. That night he went home with Nancy Clarke. The next New Year they were married; and now, when he feels inclined to laugh at his wife's hoops, or any other peculiarity, she has only to say "Call a man," and he instantly sobers down.

MOVING for a new trial—Courting a second wife.

Sound Truths.

Colone HUTTER who for the last twenty years has conducted the old "*Easton Argus*" and discharged the duties of the position with ability, in the last issue of his paper, thus speaks of the scenes through which he has passed and the past and present condition of the Country!

TWENTY YEARS.—This number completes the 20th volume of the *Argus* since it has been published by the present proprietor. As we glance over our books and see the names of the gentlemen who were among our earliest and most generous supporters—David D. Wagner, Jacob Wagner, Dr. R. E. James, Michael Meyers, Jacob Cope, Daniel Siegfried, Jefferson K. Heckman, Richard Brodhead, Joseph Hillman, and many other prominent Democrats, all of whom have passed away, we fully realize that in these twenty years a new generation has grown up around us. Could those of them whose spirits departed before the breaking out of this un-civil shoddy war, return to their earthly stage of action, but for a brief period, and see the land they left so quiet, so peaceable so happy and so prosperous, filled from Main to Georgia with soldiers, the whole country swarming with military satraps a public debt, almost countless, oppressing the people, with all the paraphernalia of war meeting them at every point, they would scarcely realize that this was really the land they had left but a few years ago, the pride and boast of the world—the greatest nation on the face of the earth. Great God, what a change!

We have passed through strange scenes in these twenty years. And amid them all we have clung to the old democratic land marks of our fathers, endeavored to cherish their virtues, to profit by their experience and to assist in upholding the sacred trust they committed to our hands. We passed through the exciteing political contests of 1844, 1848, 1852 and 1856 emerging from them all a contented people and our nation went on prospering and to prosper, as no nat'on ever prospered before. It is not until the demon of sectionrlism raised its hideous head and became a power in the land, that all this prosperity, all this happiness, was dashed to the earth and our boasted Republic, under abolition rule, became the laughing stock of the world, compelled tamely to submit to repeated insults by the crowned monarchs of Europe, and falling to pieces in consequence of the rottenness of its own rulers. To-day the once proud United States are a bleeding, distracted, ruined nation. And all in consequence of the unreasonable, senseless, impious fanaticism of the abolition, puritan element in our political structure. It is this that has plunged us into all this misery—that has brought mourning and desolation on the land, sacrificed thousands of valuable lives and expended millions and millions of treasure. It is the fanaticism we are indebted for the sad devastation that has been brought on the fairest portion of our land, for the fierce hatred that has been engendered, not only between citizens of the two sections, but among former friends and near neighbors. Deny it as you will Abolitionism has brought this terrible calamity on the country and either Abolitionism or the country must perish.

But we cannot pursue this theme. We can scarcely hope to occupy or present position twenty years more; but as long as we do, we shall continue to cling to the old democratic party and battle for its enduring principles with all the zeal and all the energy that God has given us. Twenty years close observation and experience have served to convince us that those principles are the only ones adapted to the successful governing of a Republic such as ours, and the only principles that can sever restore the nation to its former purity, peace and greatness.

☞ TRULY SWEET.—"When I am in pecuniary difficulties, "said a pensive bankrupt," my garden, my flowers, all fresh and sparkling in the morning, console my heart."

"Indeed?" asked his sympathizing friend. "I should have thought they would remind you of your trouble, for, like your bills, they are all over dew."

☞ A GENTLEMAN was agreebly surprised the other day to find a plump turkey served up for dinner, and inquired how it was obtained. "Why, sir," was replied, 'that there turkey has been roosting on our fence three nights, so this morning I seized him for rent."

☞ A TRAVELER, relating his adventures, told the company that he and his servant made fifty wild Arabs run, which startled them; but he observed that there was no great merit in that, for said he, we ran, and they ran after us.