



COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT. EDITED BY LEVI L. TATE, PROPRIETOR.

BLOOMSBURG: Saturday Morning, May 21, 1864.

In order to bring up the arrears of important political articles—original and selected—we have this week established an outside Editorial Department for the "COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT."

We are in exchange with a new and beautiful democratic paper, published by WILLIAM KENEDY, Esq., at Shippenburg, Cumberland county, Pa., entitled the "Falling Sentinel." It is one of the best papers in the State.

Wanted.—Col. E. L. DANA, of Wilkes barre, and our late neighbor, MORRIS VAN BUREN, of Bloomsburg, are reported to have been wounded in the late "Bat tles of the Wilderness."

The continued rains of last week in this vicinity, will ensure the country a plentiful crop of Grass. It now looks very promising. Old Hay, of which there is plenty in our county, will now be sold cheap.

One THOMAS BURN, as we notice in the war news, arrived last week at Washington, from the Seat of War, amongst the wounded Soldiers. The poor fellow has our deep sympathy in his misfortune, and hope he may speedily recover. We presume this is neither a relative or a brother of our "Thomas Denny," as there would not likely be two brothers of the same name, now is it likely, that if he were of the same breed of our hero, that he would ever have "smelled gun powder," but like him and his party here, would have layed at home, out of harm's way, to rob the "Government," and "steal the 500,000."

The Quota and Credit of Columbia county.

The following is a list of the quota of this county under the 700,000 bill, including the draft, volunteer and veteran credit: So the number of men yet required of each township. The volunteer and veteran credits are up to April 15, 1864. This list has been made up from official sources:

Table with columns: Township, 700,000 Credit, Vol. & Vet. Credit, Total. Lists townships like Bloomsburg, Union, etc.

THE COLUMBUS (Ohio) Crisis of the 25th ult., says: "It is folly to disguise any longer the unwelcome fact that the wheat crop of the entire West is a failure. Thousands of acres of wheat-own land are being ploughed up to plant in corn. It is the opinion of some of our best judges that there will be very little, if any, more wheat gathered than was sown last fall." This is certainly a most discouraging statement to receive at the present time, when the prices of every article of consumption are tending upwards at so alarming a rate. Oats and apples will also prove short crops.

CAPT. WHITE ACQUITTED.—We are glad to learn that Capt. W. W. White, late Provost Marshal of the Lycoming District, has been honorably acquitted of the charges preferred against him, and that his dismissal of January last has been revoked by the President.

The Pennsylvania railroad company, have donated \$50,000 for the orphan children of sailors and soldiers of Pennsylvania.

The Chicago Time says that the fund for the relief of Vallandigham will reach the sum of \$50,000.

The Republicans have carried Warsaw, Indiana, and elected a negro barber Road Supervisor.

The Age of Corruption.

Col. Wm. H. Hutter, publishes a fearless democratic journal, in Northampton county, entitled the "Easton Aegis." We like its manly tone and noble independence. In a late issue, Col. Hutter, says:—almost every mail brings us some additional evidence of the entire want of integrity pervading every department of our government. If this nation is not thoroughly demoralized, no nation ever was. One officer after another is proven guilty of dishonest practices while in the discharge of his public duties. The handsome and amiable Butler, down at Fort-ress Monroe, is publicly declared a thief, the Provost Marshal of Baltimore, (a mean Yankee First,) is sent to the Penitentiary, for taking bribes and robbing Ladies' trunks, and last Friday, Hon. FRANK BLAIR a Republican Congressman from Missouri, publicly declared on the floor of Congress, that the Treasury Department over which Mr. CHASE presides, was corrupt from stem to stern, (that it was a nest of debauched thieves and scoundrels—that the Treasury had been defrauded out of millions to enrich Chase's relatives, and that CHASE himself was a partner to the crime.

If these abolition gentlemen tell the truth, and we have no reason to disbelieve them, this government has fallen into the hands of as graceless a set of rascals as ever were shoe-leather. We really believe that the United States government is at this moment the most corrupt Government on the face of the earth. An equal number of convicts let loose from any Penitentiary, would not do worse. Stealing is the order of the day. Honesty is no longer a recommendation. Only so that a man is "loyal" and sound on the Nigger, he can steal as much as he pleases. Occasionally one of the small fry like First is sent to the State prison but great scoundrels like Butler, who steal millions, not only go scot free but are kept in power and fill places of honor and trust. War is at all times a great evil in itself, but when an army of officials take advantage of it to stuff their pockets with the earnings of the people, the burden becomes almost insupportable. All things have an end and we may well ask what will be the end of all this?

If this corrupt abolition administration is continued in power four years more, if the thieves who have fastened themselves upon the public treasury, are allowed to keep on their dishonest work another presidential term, the cry of REPUDIATION will arise and become popular. There is a limit to human endurance. The last pound on the camel's back will break down even that strong beast. We implore the people to look into these things. Do you not see that your rulers are the most corrupt men that ever disgraced any country? Do you not see the evidence of this fact staring you in the face at all points. What then is your duty? Clearly to hurl them from power.— Avail yourselves of every constitutional remedy to put an end to the reign of shoddy thieves and restore the government to what it was in the good and pure days of our fathers.

Capt. Sommes, during his cruise in Indian Seas, has destroyed seven federal ships, and he reckons the damage he did at five millions of dollars.

Old Abe has issued another Proclamation, requesting everybody to thank God for what has been done, and ask him to assist us in what is still to be done!— This Proclamation should certainly end the war.

THE WEATHER.—The fickleness of our spring weather was never more remarkably exemplified than in the suddenness with which sunshine and showers has succeeded each other of late. Storm chases storm across the sky, with delicious intervals of sunshine. The sweet refreshing showers, which so greatly benefit vegetation, come and depart with a suddenness that is extraordinary even in our changeable climate.

Simon Cameron has been made Chairman of the Abolition State Central Committee, in opposition to the wishes of a large majority of the delegates to the late Harrisburg Convention, who signed a letter to Mr. George V. Lawrence, the President, requesting him to make the Hon. Alexander K. McClure, of Franklin county, the Chairman of that Committee. There is great dissatisfaction among the anti-Cameron wing of the "Loyal" disunionists at the arbitrary disregard of their preference by Mr. Lawrence.

A Cold-Blooded Murder—A Man shoots his Sister.

The Lycoming Gazette says:—A cold blooded and deliberate murder was committed in Woodward township, about two miles above Linden, on Sunday afternoon. The facts, so far as we could gather them, are as follows: Jacob Lowmiller, and his sister Fanny, (both unmarried,) kept house together, but for some time past had not lived upon amicable terms. The brother was a drinking man, and the sister, was in the habit of scolding him frequently. It is alleged that he had often threatened to kill her, and had several times given her beatings. On the Sunday preceding the murder, he said he would shoot her and then shoot himself. (Some say he then fixed the day upon which he committed the deed as the time he would do it.) On the day of the murder he took his gun and made demonstrations to carry his threat, of a week before, into execution, which so frightened a niece living with them, the only person about the house, that she ran to a neighboring farm house to give the alarm. Whilst she was gone, Lowmiller shot his sister, then loaded his gun and shot her a second time—both times in the head—killing her instantly. He then took his gun and escaped into the woods, near by, and has not since been heard from. It is supposed that he first shot her from the outside of the house, by firing through the window, and then went inside and shot her the second time. Some suppose that after getting into the woods the murderer carried out the rest of his threat, by shooting himself, but those who know the man best think different.— Search has been made for him, but up to this time no trace of him has been discovered after he entered the woods. The murdered woman was 64 years of age and her murderer about 53 years.

The Legislative Apportionment.

The following is the Legislative Apportionment bill, passed at the recent session of the Legislature, districting the State into Senatorial and House of Representatives districts, for the next seven years.

- SENATORIAL. 1. 2, 3 and 4, Philadelphia city. 4 2. Chester, Delaware and Montgomery, 2 6. Bucks, 1 7. J-high and Northampton, 1 8. Berks, 1 9. Schuylkill, 1 10. Carbon, Monroe, Pike and Wayne, 1 11. Bradford, Susquehanna and Wyoming, 1 12. Luzerne, 1 13. Potter, Tioga, M'Keen and Clinton, 1 14. Lycoming, Union and Snyder, 1 15. Northumberland, Montour, Columbia and Sullivan, 1 16. Dauphin and Lebanon, 1 17. Lancaster, 2 18. York and Cumberland, 1 19. Adams and Franklin, 1 20. Somerset, Bedford and Fulton, 1 21. Blair, Huntingdon, Centre, Mifflin, Juniata and Perry, 2 22. Cambria, Indiana and Jefferson, 1 23. Clearfield, Cameron, Clarion, Forest and Elk, 1 24. Westmoreland, Fayette and Greensburg, 1 25. Allegheny, 2 26. Beaver and Washington, 1 27. Lawrence, Butler and Armstrong, 1 28. Mercer, Venango and Warren, 1 29. Crawford and Erie, 1 REPRESENTATIVES. Philadelphia, 18 Delaware, 18 Chester, 3 Montgomery, 3 Bucks, 2 Lehigh, 2 Northampton, 2 Carbon and Monroe, 2 Wayne and Pike, 3 Luzerne, 3 Susquehanna and Wyoming, 2 Lycoming, Union and Snyder, 1 Columbia and Montour, 1 Northumberland, 1 Tioga and Potter, 2 Clinton, Cameron and M'Keen, 2 Huntingdon, Juniata and Mifflin, 2 Berks, 3 Lancaster, 4 Lebanon, 2 Dauphin, 2 York, 2 Cumberland, 1 Perry and Franklin, 1 Adams, 2 Somerset, Bedford and Fulton, 2 Blair, 1 Cambria, 1 Clearfield, Elk and Forest, 1 Clarion and Jefferson, 1 Armstrong, 1 Indiana and Westmoreland, 1 Fayette, 1 Greene, 1 Beaver and Washington, 1 Venango and Warren, 1 Crawford, 1 Erie, 1 Allegheny, 1 Lawrence, Mercer and Butler, 4

POETRY.

Life and Death. [The following exquisite little poem is by Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, daughter of "Barry Cornwall," whose death was recently announced.] "What is life, father?" "A battle, my child, Where the strongest lanes may fall, Where the weakest eyes may be beguiled, And the stoutest heart may quail; Where the foes are gathered on every hand, And the feeble little ones must stand In the thickest of the fight?" "What is death, father?" "The rest, my child, When the strife and the toll are o'er; The angel of God, who, calm and mild, Says we need fight no more: Who driveth away the demon hand— His is the din of the battle cease— Takes the banner and spear from our falling hand And proclaims an eternal peace." "Let me die, father! I tremble and fear To yield in this terrible strife." "The crown must be won by Heaven, dear, In the battle-field of life, My child, though thy foes are strong and tried, He loveth the weak and small, The angels of Heaven are on thy side, And God is over all!"

Select Story.

OUR MARRION'S MARRIAGE.

A Beautiful Story.

"Mrs. Crofton! Mrs. Crofton!" "How odd it appears to me to be called Crofton, and Mrs., too! I can hardly believe that I am married although I am writing in this splendid library, and my husband has just left his morning kiss on my lips. It was really wonderful the way it all came about. It would certainly never have happened but for my visit to Mrs. Renton.

Last autumn I was invited with my parents and my two sisters to spend a couple of weeks at Firgrove with the Rentons.—Mamma refused at first to let me go, because she thought that four persons were enough for one party, but Mrs. Renton would not listen to her. She said that, apart from the pleasure of seeing me, she found me invaluable when the house was full, because I did a thousand things for her convenience and the pleasure of her guests, which a servant couldn't do, and no other visitor would do; and that she should like to keep me not only two weeks but two years.

My sisters had each a regular outfit for the occasion, but mamma said that I needed nothing. I suppose she was right, for I had a sprigged muslin for the warm days, made out of a dress which Josephine had worn the year before, and for cold weather I had green silk, made of one of Georgiana's. They pierced a trifle, to be sure, for they had originally been low in the waist, and I wore nothing that didn't button to the throat; but I had a good supply of crimped ruffles to wear with them and I thought then, and think still, that they were very pretty.

Mrs. Renton appeared delighted to see me, although my sisters smiled at my credulity in thinking her sincere, my heart went out to meet her. Perhaps she didn't mean it at all, but I imagined she did, and that put me at ease at once. I will believe that I was right, for she gave me a little room which had belonged to her daughter Agnes, a lovely child, who died when she was only ten years old. There was her portrait, exquisitely painted, and with a heart full of love looking out from the meek blue eyes and voicing itself in the curves of the delicately moulded lips.

There, too, her bookcase—carved rosewood with glass doors—some of the most worn volumes, which were mature enough for girls of eighteen. There, also, were her writing desk and her work basket with needles in an unfinished leaf, just as she left it. The chambermaid told me that I was the first person who had occupied the chamber since Agnes died; and although I was a little awed, and perhaps a little frightened, when I first went into it, I think its tranquil atmosphere, and the memories of generosity and self-denial which thronged about the beautiful picture, helped me to bear patiently the annoyance which I experienced during my stay.

For there were annoyances which I could not avoid, and which were at times hard to endure; although I ought not to complain, since they occurred in consequence of the favor in which I was held by those I persons whom I admired and loved the most. The very first night after my arrival at Firgrove, Mrs. Renton sat down at my bed. For a few moments she was silent and I knew by her looks that it was her sorrowful to see me in Agnes' place. So I put my arm round her neck, and asked her to let me be, as far as I could, a true daughter of the house, and do, as far as I

knew how, all that Agnes would do if she were there instead of me.

Mrs. Renton did not answer immediately she wept silently, but I don't think there was any bitterness in her tears. Bye and bye she kissed me without saying anything of Agnes. Instead of alluding to her, she told me that some of her guests were selfish and exacting, and demanded more than their share of attention; others were feeble and had a claim upon her, while she desired to keep a little time for Mr. Renton and look a little after the twins, Maggie and Annie. "One day," she continued, "one day, my dear you will know what these perplexities mean."

I laughed and answered that I should never have a house of my own, for I was so small and dark and awkward that mamma despaired of seeing me married, and I was quite content to remain papa's darling for that was the title which he always gave me.

Mrs. Renton replied pleasantly that she knew very well from papa how necessary I was to him, but that it was just possible that I might become as indispensable to another as I was to him.

After she left me I lay awake a long time wishing I could know the very words papa used when he spoke of me to her; for although I knew she loved me very dearly, he never told me so except by the tone of his voice and the warm glance of his eyes. The principle topic of conversation among a part of the guests at Firgrove was the anticipated arrival of Mr. Gilbert Crofton, a brother of our hostess. Miss Amelia Monkton and her brother Conrad declared him to be by far the best match in the country. They spoke of him as remarkably handsome, of good family, possessed of a beautiful mansion, they said, with a magnificent lawn and garden, a fine library and endless quantities of silver and linen. I heard his name so often that I grew curious, and when a week passed by without bringing him, I said that I hoped we should have a peep at him before we should leave. I was sorry a minute after, for Josephine laughed sneeringly, and Georgiana replied that I expected to make a conquest of him.

He did arrive the same evening, but I saw very little of him, for in the carriage for me to drive, or a horse for me to ride and if walking was proposed the twins were sure to want me to dress their dolls or help on with a game. Then in the evening I was always needed to play the piano for the dancers, or make a fourth at whist or be beaten at chess by old Mr. Blakeman, who was so pettish and quarrelsome over the board that every one but me declined his invitations.

When the fortnight was over my parents and sisters returned home, but Mrs. Renton wouldn't listen to the proposal to take me with them. She said that she had not been able to do anything for my pleasure and that I must remain until there were fewer guests, so that I might have my share in the festivities of the house. After a deal of talking, mamma consented to leave me, on condition that I would spend three hours in the library every day over my Italian and German.

Mr. Crofton left the same morning that my friends did and I didn't expect to see him again; nor did I feel any regret; for whenever he noticed me at all, it was in such a teasing way that I had hard work to appear indifferent. When I was fresh and in good spirits I ached to say something sharp unawakened, and when I was tired out the tears would scarcely be kept back. I think I really enjoyed his absence when he beheld late in the evening he re-appeared, accompanied by a young sister, whom he called Angelica, and who was both pretty and good natured; and bringing a man servant, three saddle horses and two dogs. Oddly enough, everything was changed for me from that moment. Angelica (she insisted upon me calling her by her first name) took turns with me in playing the piano, and while she was at the instrument I danced with her brother.—She occasionally took my seat at the whist-table, allowed herself to be beaten at chess by Blakeman and aided me in the nursery games.

One of the new saddle horses was kept for my sole use, and the two splendid dogs were never so happy as when trotting by my side about the grounds or curled up at my feet while I studied my dictionaries and grammars. Mr. Crofton was as teasing as ever when there were listeners about, but he defended me adroitly against Amelia Monkton and the Allans, who seemed to grudge me even a look at his face, and he seldom failed to share the library with me for at least a part of three hours confinement. Sometime we wrote letters, but more

frequently he read with me Italian and German poets, instructing respecting the force and point of the diction quoting kindred passages from other writers, and explaining such imagery and allusions as I didn't fully understand. At such moments there was in his manner a mingled deference and tenderness which wholly won my confidence, and I sometimes looked up suddenly from my book, half doubting if indeed he were the same person who shot so many sparkling arrows at me in the presence of the other guests.

My wardrobe began to look scanty, and although Amelia Monkton and the three Allans sneered at my one evening dress, I should never have thought of asking mamma for anything. Mrs. Renton must have hinted to her the propriety of sending me some more garments, for soon after she had added a postscript to one of my letters I received a handsome silk, cherry and black, beautifully trimmed with lace; a maroon colored merino, with nice velvet ribbons, and a stout walking dress, with extravagantly heavy boots. Amelia and her companions sneered again at my preparation for a winter campaign, but Mr. Crofton, who dropped into Mrs. Renton's private sitting room while she was looking at the articles, exclaimed upon seeing the boots that they were just the things I needed, and that he would ask me to try them in an excursion to the Crags, a high bluff which commanded a lovely landscape.

Accordingly, the next morning he made up a party for walking, but he led as purposely, I have since ascertained, through such tiresome path, and over such wearisome hills that everybody was full of complaints except Angelica and I, and after that he politely set the rest aside. I enjoyed these walks perfectly, because Mr. Crofton was at once so gentle and so enterprising. It was delightful to listen to fine poetry and spy anecdotes amid the charming scenery which we passed, an although I could add but little from my own stores to the conversation, yet I am sure my face must have expressed the pleasure which I received.

My sky was not always cheerful. The idea that Mr. Crofton could regard me as anything but a mere school girl had not occurred to me. Mrs. Renton told me and others that her brother was pleased to find in the house a child intelligent enough for a companion, yet too young for flirtation and scandal, and that were I older, he would not permit himself to offer such marked attentions. Yet Miss Monkton and her set made me so uncomfortably by series of petty annoyances that I dreaded to enter the drawing room once or twice I even dined in the nursery with the twins to escape their little malice.

I could not accomplish this, do as I would. I was sitting with Maggie one twilight, holding her hand while she went to sleep, when Amelia and Conrad stopped to talk in the hall. The door was partly opened, but they did not perceive it, and as my name was almost the first word spoken, I could not refrain from quietly listening to what came next.

"How ridiculous Gilbert Crofton's manner is toward that absurd child," said Amelia. "She isn't absurd, and he isn't ridiculous," responded Conrad. "She is a bright little thing, homely to be sure, but perfectly unassuming, and good natured almost to a fault; and he I imagine, is glad to come across one of the sex who doesn't say 'yes' eternally to his remarks and propositions however extravagant they may be."

At any rate it isn't for him to be so exclusively in his attentions. By and bye she will think he wants to marry her.

Perhaps he will want to marry her, but I lose my guess if she isn't as much astonished as anybody when he tells her so, if ever he does. One thing, however is certain, Amelia, you only lower yourself by joining these ill bred Allans in snubbing Miss Marion. I have seen Crofton's face turn absolutely white with rage when Clara Allan had stung her with her mean, suspicious shafts."

The speakers passed on, leaving me grieved and angry, and crushed beneath the vague sense of injustice which I could not entirely understand. I half resolved not to go down to dinner, and then I remembered that Angelica was gone, and no one would be willing to play for the dancing or to bear poor Mr. Blakeman's pettishness; so instead of indulging myself in one unhappy evening alone, I made my prettiest toilet, did my duty thoroughly and cheerfully, and was rewarded by a precious half hour with Mrs. Renton in her room before retiring to mine. The Monktons and Allans departed,

and two other acts came and went, but my hostess still found some excellent reason why I should remain, especially after Angelica had left. For two weeks we had an old gentleman who wanted somebody to read to him every day, so I gave my three hours of translation, a good exercise for him and for me, since I always selected something lively, if not positively comic. Next an aunt of Mrs. Renton's arrived, who was nearly blind. Usually, during her visit, Mrs. Renton was her constant companion. She walked, and drove, and sat beside her, describing everybody and everything about them, and suggestions which in conversation are telegraphed by the eyes. But I took her place, a great relief to her and no hardship to me, especially as Mr. Crofton sometimes assisted me for an hour, thus giving me time to run about the garden and fulfill my promises to mamma.

I had been at Firgrove three months when papa wrote me that he could no longer spare his darling. Mr. Crofton brought the letter to me in the library, and stood waiting for me to read it, after which he wished me to join Mrs. Renton and himself in a walk to the Crags.

"What does pa write? he asked, as I began to unfold the sheet.

"He writes that I must go home directly, for he cannot spare his darling any longer."

Then Mr. Crofton said gravely and tenderly, "Neither can I spare my darling."

Notwithstanding he was so serious, I thought he was making sport of me. My cheeks crimsoned and my eyes flashed, and I said, "When you have teased me heretofore, Mr. Crofton, it has been on different subjects. To make sport of me now amounts to an insult."

"I am not making sport of you, Marion," he answered very gently. "I have loved you, God alone knows how much, ever since the first week of our acquaintance, when you moved so quietly about, sending peace and sunshine through the discordant elements of my sister's house. I ought to have spent this autumn at Aspinholt, but I could not leave you. I cannot part with you now, Marion. Let me try to make you love me."

He took my hand as he spoke and looked full into my eyes. I think he saw there an answering fervor, for that moment I became conscious of my affection for him—an affection that had been strengthening hour by hour for many days. He must have seen it, I am sure, for he snatched me up in his arms, and carrying me straight to Mrs. Renton's sitting room, he exclaimed, "Mrs. I have won her!"

I expected that Mrs. Renton would be overwhelmed with astonishment, and perhaps anger, but she embraced me quietly and warmly, and said, "Three months ago, dear Marion, I knew that you would one day be Gilbert's and mine." Mrs. Renton accompanied Gilbert and me to my home. Papa was silently happy to see me again, silently sad at the thought that he had ceased to be first in my heart; but I cannot describe the reception mamma and the girls gave us.—There was a refined deference in their manner toward my companion, which I never saw them exhibit before, and to me they were, for the first time, heartily affectionate. The period of petty neglect and small snubbing was over, as also was that of dresses made to disregard garments.—Scarcely, indeed, was Mrs. Renton out of the house, before mamma started for the city to commence preparations for a splendid outfit.

I can with difficulty persuade myself that that was six months ago, or that I am really writing in this noble library, with my husband's kiss warm upon my lips, and the servant's "Mrs. Crofton" echoing in my ears.

CONDUCTOR KILLED.—Mr. Wright, a conductor on the Williamsport & Elmira Railroad, was killed on Wednesday, near Causton, by being thrown from the platform of a car.

We direct attention to the Meeting of the Agricultural Society, to day, in the Court House, Bloomsburg. It is stated that Gen. A. L. Leo and nineteen other officers are under arrest in New Orleans, for declaring that the Red River expedition was not for fighting, but for thieving and speculating.

Miscegenation, according to radicals, is a new way of carrying the war into Africa.—Louisville Democrat.

The women of Utah have recently altered the orthography of their creed.—They now spell it *Mormon*. Chicago Post.