

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT AND STAR. PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., BY JACOBY & KELLER.

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which the Republican party, propose to readmit them again into the Union. This gives the lie to all their professed loyalty to the Union...

Sir, we all understand well the meaning of this Resolution. For an extension of the lease of political power these Republicans are willing to declare, as Gospel truth, that the Union is dissolved, and broken up...

I am thankful that in the party to which I belong, there is no such crazy greed for power. Nor if such ill-disguised hypocrisy can be palmed off upon intelligent men, have I any disposition to arrest this last desperate and wicked game, until it is played to its legitimate end...

This Resolution proposes to rob certain States of former representation unless they give the negro the right to vote. Upon what principle of common honesty do you endeavor to force negro suffrage upon other States which you do not desire to propose such a thing in your own State?

Abolitionists and Abolitionism. NO. 1.

Messrs. Editors:—In the few short numbers I now propose to furnish for your columns a series of articles under the above caption. I shall use the term "Abolitionist," as applicable to that class of persons who in violation of the principles of our political fathers, and of the compact entered into by them, to establish this Union of States, have for many years, unnecessarily, agitated the subject of slavery in the family, in the social circle, in the district schools, in the seminaries, in the academies, in the colleges, in the Sunday schools, in the pulpits, in the churches, in the townships, in the State and general elections, in the State Legislatures, in Congress, and everywhere out of it.

And the term "Abolitionism" I shall apply to their doctrines and practices in commencing and promoting this unnecessary and wicked agitation. My first inquiry is, "What were the principles of our fathers?" These are happily laid down in the Declaration of Independence; enunciated by Thomas Jefferson, but reported by the committee of five, of which he was Chairman, unanimously adopted by Congress on the 4th of July, 1776. In this celebrated document their principles are fully set forth, but for my present purpose it will be sufficient to quote the Declaration, "That all men, (that is white men) are created equal."

But says the Abolitionist, "the negro was included in that Declaration." This cannot be proven, and is therefore untrue. The fathers of the Republic were just and acted consistently with the principles they declared, hence could not consistently have continued the African slave trade for more than thirty years after declaring negroes to have been created equal with white men.

Secondly, if our fathers included the negro in the Declaration "that all men are created equal," they could not honestly nor consistently have held slaves, (which they did) after adopting such Declaration; nor in making and establishing the Constitution, with a provision for a Congressional Fugitive Slave Law, under which runaway slaves should legally be returned to their masters.

Remarks of Prof. H. Carver, AT THE OPENING OF HIS SCHOOL IN BLOOMSBURG, APRIL 9, 1866.

Respected Students:—I desire your careful attention to a few remarks that I am about to make upon our mutual duties and relations. It is presumed that your special object in becoming members of this school, is to avail yourselves of its advantages, to improve your minds and hearts, and thus fit yourselves for usefulness and happiness; to cultivate your manners, and thus render yourselves agreeable to those around you. As you will, and have a right to expect that you as teachers will be faithful in the discharge of all our duties, so we have a right to require of your faithfulness in all that shall tend to your physical, intellectual and moral development. Your success depends more upon what you do, than upon what is done for you. A few moments spent in contemplating the nature and importance of the work you have in hand, may serve to render your school life, both more pleasant and profitable; and to aid you in such contemplation permit me to suggest:—First resolve to comply cheerfully with every requirement, and faithfully to perform every assigned and reasonable duty, and do not allow yourselves to decide upon the reasonableness of a requirement, until you have carefully examined into the effect that such compliance or refusal will have upon your future well being.

Your success in school and in after life contributes to the pleasure and honor of your teachers; from the very nature of the relation of pupil and teacher, it cannot be otherwise than that their interests are one; come to us then, with your troubles, and confide in us as your friends. Regard your school as sacred to the improvement of all your higher faculties, and to gaining power over your passions and evil impulses. Let it be a community of well-bred young ladies and gentlemen, who never indulge in rudeness, in loud and boisterous speaking, or any conduct that would be considered unbecoming in any good society of gentlemen and ladies. Lend your influence in every possible way to improve and elevate the character and reputation of each member of the school. By your own example and kind counsel assist in correcting the bad, if any there should be, and in forming good habits on the part of each and every member of the school. Observe order and neatness. "Have a place for everything, and everything in its place." Cultivate this habit as a virtue.

Marking or writing on books, desks, walls, or any part of the school premises manifests a very bad taste, if not a vicious disposition. Is it too much to say that, none but a reckless or vicious person will indulge in this habit? Seek for a high standard of scholarship—the means to be employed are study and recitation. In these exercises you should aim at perfection. In study depend upon yourselves. Seek aid of no one until you have made the greatest possible effort to solve the difficulty; then come to your teachers. Discipline and independent thought are as much to be desired as the knowledge obtained. Do not assist each other, or ask permission to study together. Learn your lessons with a view to know them, and not to simply answer the questions that may be asked.

Abolitionists and Abolitionism. NO. 2.

Messrs. Editors:—I closed my first number with the statement "that the principles of the Fathers and also their practices were in harmony with the laws of nature and Revelation." This I believe to be strictly true. But here is where the Abolitionists take issue with the Fathers and oppose the political fabric which they have established. Their opposition to the Constitution, the Union and the rights of the States, I will now proceed to prove from their own Abolition records.

"The Constitution of our Fathers was a mistake. Tear it in pieces and make a better. Don't say the machine is out of order, it is in order; it does what its framers intended—protects slavery. Our claim is disunion, breaking up the States! I have shown you that our (Abolition) work cannot be done under our institutions."—Wendell Phillips.

"This Union is a lie! The American Union is an imposture, a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell. I am for its overthrow. Up with the flag of Disunion, that we may have a free and glorious Republic of our own, and when the hour shall come, the hour will have arrived that shall witness the overthrow of slavery."—Wm. L. Garrison.

A gentleman having occasion to go to the city the other day, put up at one of those fashionable Hotels. Supposing that everybody who paid his bill at the office was treated alike; at the usual hour he went in to dine. It was as much as a bargain that he even got a respectable sized piece of roast beef—the most ordinary article that could be called for. After disposing of the beef, with a spoonful of mashed potatoes, he examined the bill of fare again, and selected "apple pie," and "sponge pudding;" not that he cared anything particularly about the "pudding," but simply on account of variety.

The nigger in attendance, who looked more like an angry bear with a sore head, than even a nigger—swooping at you all the time you were eating, as if he could eat you for presuming to be white, or something else—returned with the mere ghost of a piece of pie; and a piece, too, it was the mere fraction of a piece of pudding, whose entire length and breadth was, at the outside, one and one-half inch thick, with a teaspoon full of some kind of liquid upon it. The gentleman says "he remarked to the darkey that he thought he must have intended to stall him on that slice;" but this only added to the savage moroseness of coffee. He was indignant because a half dollar had not been quietly slipped into his palm, and was determined, at the risk of the reputation of the Hotel, to starve, or at least drive off, all such customers from the house in future.

The facts are, that this was the first visit of the gentleman to that Hotel; and we are assured, his last. So much is the system of "black-mailing" getting into disrepute, that we see some of the New York Hotels advertise that servants are not allowed to receive any compensation from travellers on the pain of immediate dismissal.

This is a wholesome beginning; and if the same rule was extended to some of the Hotels in Pittsburg, it would not only be a recommendation, but it would be the Hotel sought after by every gentleman who desires to see all men treated alike whether rich or poor, great or small, learned or unlearned—so that he pay his bill at the office.

Brick Dust for Sore Heads.

This reminds us of a little story! Say you radical, nigger loving, Anna Dickinson, Fred Douglass, Ben Butler style of republicans, how do you like Johnson? How do you like going out of the Union for a President? How do you like Tennessee statesmanship? How does it compare with flat boat style?

And God said let there be light, and there was light! This is Bible. "And being in torment, they lifted up their eyes and saw," not Abraham in the bosom of Lazarus, but Andrew Johnson in the White House. Pretty picture, isn't it, you freedom shrieking, protest mobbing, democrat hanging, cotton sealing, women robbing, plunder loving, prison advocating, democrat abusing, ballot box stuffing, office holding, sepulchres full of nigger's bones?

How do you like the new President?—Wouldn't you choke gently on Booth's windpipe, if he were still alive? How do you like this going into the Democratic party for a horse to hitch up with your mule?—The seed of white men shall bruise the head of Republicanism, and Johnson shall be the next President. Verily, we say unto you, now is the time to repent! It is a bad time for you fellows to swap horses when crossing a stream! Why don't you Republica, wench hugging, freedom shrieking, law breaking, union hating members of the only reasonable party in the Union, get drunk and parade with torches! Stand by the President! The President is the Government, you know.

He who speaks against the President is a traitor. Let traitors be hung! Why don't you get drunk, burn printing offices, murder a few democrats, throw a few printing presses into the street, stop your newspaper, hold prayer meetings in barns and get drunk as ows, as you did when the other President spoke! "Who's pin here since I sh pin zone?" Who elected Johnson? Why in the thunder don't you get out the Wide Awakes, burn democrats in effigy, shoot at them as they go around corners, waylay them in post offices, shout "rah for Link-Johnson, and hold fast to the prize you found down south."

"Way down South in the land of Dixie!" Ain't that a pretty little song? How do you like this "expedient" dodge? Why don't you cackle when your President lays an egg? Why don't you celebrate, jubilate, investigate, operate and the arid tongs irrigate as you used to once?

Why don't you laugh—snile—talk—say something, if it is not so all-fired smart? Gracious, but you fellows are busy about now! This is your President! God gave him to you. You selected and elected him. What's the trouble in your camp? Oh but you are a wet set of roosters! Well, never mind. We sn't hurt you. We won't the mob you—prison you—hang you—abuse you—harass you in business—malign you—insult you—rob you and use you as you have for five years used us. You needn't look scary like when you see a rope, a prison or a gun.

The "Other End of the Line."

From the Harrisburg Patriot and Union. Come all ye sound Conservatives, And listen to my song; 'Tis but a little ditty, and It will not keep you long. 'Tis of three sneaking traitor-men, As you may well divine, Who keep up the disunion fight At the other end of the line.

So Stevens, Sumner, Phillips, too, Be sure you ever shun; They run the nigger Congress at The town of Washington. They are three sneaking traitor-men, Who the President malign, And keep up the disunion fight At the other end of the line.

For four long years we fought the South, The Union to restore; Now Thad, and Charles want to fight, In Congress, four years more. Because they're sneaking traitor-men, Who foully do combine, To keep up the disunion fight At the other end of the line.

But there's a man from Tennessee, And Johnson is his name, Who figures by the rule of three, And always bags his game. And he will take those traitor-men, So long as the sun doth shine, And hang them high as Haman hung, At the other end of the line.

The Old Woman and the Crow.

The following amusing anecdote which has never yet appeared in print, struck me as containing a point so keenly satirical, that I determined to write it down and have it "placed on the records." It was told me by one who was both an eye and ear witness and who, of course, speaks from the book. The story will lose much of its ludicrousness in my style of writing, and his of telling it, but here goes:—

At a certain cross-roads, in the State of Alabama, stood a small grocery, or "whisker-shop," previous to the rebellion, where "bust head" and "chain-lightning" were dealt out to the thirsty, unwashed at the small sum of five cents a drink, or twenty-five cents a quart. The presiding genius of this delectable institution was one Bill Sikes who among various other pets, had a domesticated crow, black as the ace of spades. This crow had learned, among other things, to repeat quite plainly the words "damn you!" which, he of course, heard frequently used in the grocery. During the prevalence of a knock-down and drag-out fight one day, however, the crow was frightened from his home and flew off into the woods, never to return.

About three miles from the grocery was a settlement meeting-house, an old tumble-down, dilapidated affair, only used on certain occasions, when a "circuit-rider" happened to pass that way. In this building went the crow, taking peacable possession; and two days thereafter the church was thrown open for preaching, and a large crowd assembled, among whom was a very old lady, who was compelled to use crutches in walking, who took her seat in the "front pew," and was soon deeply absorbed in the eloquence of the preacher. The reverend gentleman had scarcely got under full headway, and commenced thundering his anathemas at all grades of sinners, when a hoarse croaking voice from above uttered the ominous words:—

"Damn you!" "The preacher and congregation looked aghast at such profanity, and each peered in his neighbor's face in vain to detect some sign of guilt. Quiet was at length restored however and the sermon proceeded, but ere ten minutes had elapsed the ominous "damn you!" again electrified the audience, and just as the preacher cast his eyes upwards to search for the delinquent, the crow flew down from his perch, and lighting on the Bible, calmly surveyed the terrified crowd, as he gave another doleful croak:—

"Damn you!" The effect was electrical. Giving one startled and terrified glance at the intruder, the preacher sprang through a window, carrying sash, glass and all with him, and set off at a break-neck pace through the woods, closely followed by his horror stricken congregation, who had piled out of the building pell mell after him. In the general scramble, the old lady with the crutches had been knocked down in the church, where she lay unable to rise, and on observing her, the crow (who was after something to eat) flew down beside her, and cocking up his eye at her very knowingly, again croaked:—

"Damn you!" The old lady eyed him savagely for a few moments, and then burst forth in a tone of reckless defiance:— "Ye—o damn you too! I had nothing to do with getting up this Methodist meeting, and you know it too?" The poor old soul had mistaken the crow for the Devil, and concluded to propitiate, if possible, the wrath of his Satanic majesty by denying all complicity in the affair. The world is full of just such people.

REMARKS OF HON. WM. H. JACOBY.

ON THE RECONSTRUCTION RESOLUTION, DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, ON THE 5TH OF APRIL, 1866.

Mr. Speaker:—I do not propose to prolong this discussion, but simply make a few remarks. When this Resolution was introduced in the House, I did not intend to say one word upon it; but, since the discussion has taken such a broad range, the clergy and the bar having had, as it would seem, their entire satisfaction in discussing the Resolution, it would hardly be expected that the press remain entirely silent upon this subject. I shall not make any attempt to reply to the argument advanced by the gentleman from Philadelphia [Mr. REDDING] as I fail to discover, as all must who heard it, anything in it requiring attention, but shall confine myself to the Resolution before the House.

GUBERNATORIAL—No. 4.

Editors Democrat & Star.—The Gubernatorial contest is now the all-absorbing question with the people of Pennsylvania. Upon its result depends the material interests of Free Government and Constitutional Liberty, not only for the present time, but for all time to come; a legacy of inexhaustible wealth, or an endless curse to unborn generations.

I propose in these brief essays, as time advances, to discuss with candor, the measures of the respective parties and the principles of the opposing candidates. Mr. Clymer's character beyond reproach and his political record has long since gone into history, and is not only clear and clean, but is part and parcel of the history of the great Democratic party of the State and Nation. His enemies slander him when they say that he refused to legislate appropriations for the Government, or to volunteer for the suppression of the Rebellion.—He did both, and I defy successful contradiction.

Mr. Geary has no public record, and is one of those political nondescripts which is all things to all men, and can shape his course to suit all shades of politicians. Passing over the fact, that but a few months ago, John W. Geary claimed to be a Democrat, and was "begging the nomination of the Democratic Convention for the office of Governor. I would call attention to his course in the Mexican War. When his regiment was engaged with the enemy, Col. Geary took shelter in a ditch, and left his men to be commanded by the subordinate officers. This is a historical truth, attested by men who served in the same company, and not one of whom, I am assured, will support him for Governor.

City Hotels.

One of the greatest nuisances connected with City Hotels is the "black mail" levied upon travellers and others by the niggers who wait upon the tables. So great has this evil become, that a modest man, who pays his three dollars and fifty cents per day, exorbitant as it is, at the office, can scarcely get through to eat. Men of means indulge their scornful in this system of robbery, and landlords wink at it, to such an extent, that it has become a cry.

REMARKS OF HON. J. J. JACKSON.

At the opening of his school in Bloomsburg, April 9, 1866. Respected Students:—I desire your careful attention to a few remarks that I am about to make upon our mutual duties and relations. It is presumed that your special object in becoming members of this school, is to avail yourselves of its advantages, to improve your minds and hearts, and thus fit yourselves for usefulness and happiness; to cultivate your manners, and thus render yourselves agreeable to those around you. As you will, and have a right to expect that you as teachers will be faithful in the discharge of all our duties, so we have a right to require of your faithfulness in all that shall tend to your physical, intellectual and moral development. Your success depends more upon what you do, than upon what is done for you. A few moments spent in contemplating the nature and importance of the work you have in hand, may serve to render your school life, both more pleasant and profitable; and to aid you in such contemplation permit me to suggest:—First resolve to comply cheerfully with every requirement, and faithfully to perform every assigned and reasonable duty, and do not allow yourselves to decide upon the reasonableness of a requirement, until you have carefully examined into the effect that such compliance or refusal will have upon your future well being.