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Democratic Rallying Song. With Seymour and Blair We'll make the Rads stare, Till their eyeballs pop out of their sockets; Their bonds shall be paid, As the contract was made, But no Jacobin raid on our pockets!

With Grant and Colfax And the terrible tax That would surely succeed their election; The country would go To the vortex of woe, With no chance of a new resurrection! Then throw out, &c.

Then hip, hip, hurrah! For good order and law, With peace and good will thro' the nation; Let Radicals rant About Colfax and Grant, But our Seymour's the country's salvation! Then throw out, &c.

Questions for the Northern Industrial Classes. Who is it at present keeping white mechanics and laborers for seeking employment in the South? Who is making a barren waste of the most fertile and productive section of the Republic?

Why are there to-day hundreds of thousands of white men and women in the North, living in dread of starvation within the present year? Why are the commerce of the North, and the ship-building interests almost totally paralyzed?

Why have all the guarantees of the Constitution been broken down, and the rights of free born Americans subjugated to the arbitrary will of irresponsible straggs? Why are thirty millions of white men taxed for the special benefit of a class who pay no taxes on the great bulk of their property?

Why should there be over two thousand millions of dollars exempt from taxation? Why should there be special legislation for one class of the population, to the serious injury of the interests of every other? Why should the great agricultural population of the West be made tributary to the manufacturing lords of Yankee land?

If the national bankers are enabled to make twenty millions of dollars a year out of the industrial classes by their speculation in the necessities of life, why are they tolerated? If negroes are fit for freedom, why has a great poor house system for their support to be kept at the expense of Northern industry?

Why is it that the products of the South have fallen off to a great extent? Why are murders and outrages, and robberies so fearfully frequent all over the South? If the war was prosecuted for the preservation of the Union, why are States kept out of it? If the South is permitted to fall under negro domination, will it be fit for the habitation of white men?

The industrial classes of the North will find an answer to all the questions in the destructiveness. It is to them we are indebted for the evils by which the country is threatened. And the worst is yet to come. The negro refuses to work, and the great productivity of the South is lost to the country. The white men of the free States are oppressed with taxation, that they may be supported in idleness. Of the four or five hundred millions of dollars which are raised upon the industry of this section every year, a large portion is used in the devilish work of reversing the natural order of the races.

Working men of the North, will you, can you endure this infamous work? Do you not see that the perjured, plundering, Constitution breaking, law-defying, gang called Congress, is striking at your rights at your freedom, at your dearest interests, through reconstruction. There has not been a single act of legis-

lation, a single measure passed in Congress that has not been aimed at you. It is you that the National Banks are fleeing.

It is your families who are made to suffer, that the South may be Africanized and converted into a wilderness. It is out of your pockets that the taxes to pay the interest on untaxed bonds is paid. Nearly one half your labor is mortgaged for the support of a privileged class.

Your loaf of bread is the cents, because the South instead of contributing to the resources of the country from the fertile soil, is a drag and tax upon you industry. Look into Radicalism, and you will find in it the true cause of all the poverty, all the misery, all the wrongs from which the whole country is suffering.

The remedy is in your hands, and the time is hastening on when it can be applied. Organize and be prepared for the day of action, the day on which you can settle all sources with the party of ruin and anarchy, the party which seeks to maintain its power through the sacrifice of every right and principle vindicated in great revolution.

Organize for the salvation of the Republic, and rescue it from a beastly, degrading, mongrelism. Organize to save the land for white men, and make it the white man's inheritance. Organize to protect yourselves and families from the conspiracy of an unconstitutional Congress, and from the nefarious designs of an unprincipled bureaucracy.

Organize for the emancipation of eight millions of our own race and blood, from the most galling, crushing, binding despotism ever inflicted upon a people. Think of what they are to-day suffering. Think of their ruined homes, their waste-fires, their prostrate trades, their thousands of poverty-stricken orphans and widows.—Think of the fate which they are menaced. Think of the outrages perpetrated by a half savage race, instigated by their devils by Radical friends and cut-throats. Think of this, and resolve in your hearts that the accused party which has brought this woe, which has brought this flood of evils upon this land, shall, when the day of retribution comes, be crushed into the earth, under the tread of your triumphant majorities.—Metropolitan Record.

Facts for Workmen. While the producing industries of the country are unjustly taxed, and the almost intolerable burdens of the war rest upon those who fought the battles and made the sacrifices, those who till lands to produce supplies, and those who labored in the workshops, and the organs of the Radicals are asserting that the bondholders are the men who pay all our revenues. They sneeringly say that "not one laboring man in every hundred pays a penny of taxes to the government directly." True, the laboring man does not pay his taxes directly to the government, but every man of sense knows that the consumer pays the tax upon every article manufactured by capital. A practical working man, a few days since, handed us the following, which in itself is a volume of argument to show that the poor man does pay taxes:

Radical legislation requires the consumer to pay all taxes. It taxes the hat on your head. The boots on your feet. The clothes on your person. The food you eat. The tea and coffee you drink. The pot it is cooked in. The cup you drink it out of. The implements on your farm. The tools you work with. The paper you write on. The pen and ink you use. The papers and books you read. The furniture in your house. The gas or oil you burn. The coal you consume. The stove you burn it in. The match you light it with. The medicine you take. The tobacco you smoke. The pipe you smoke it in. The dishes on your table. All you eat off them.

The laboring man of the country, who owns a little house and lot, which he has earned by toiling from early morning to night, pays State, county, school, and road tax upon it; while his next door neighbor, who is a bondholder, owning \$50,000 in the bonds, pays no taxes whatever, draws interest in gold, laughs at his unfortunate neighbor, who has his money in a little home! If the masses of the laboring men desire the equal taxation of every species of property according to its real value—government bonds and other securities included—if they want one currency for the government and the people, the laborer and the office-holder, the pensioner and the soldier, the producer and the bondholder, they will not vote the Radical ticket, but will vote for that of the Democracy.

A MARRIED lady who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be taken ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, and then returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I come back?"

A TEACHER said to a little girl at school: "If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl, you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes, ma'am," she replied, "if I couldn't catch her!"

BRADLEY, the nigger jail-bird, is a candidate for Congress in Georgia. But what of that? Is not thief Butler a member of Congress, and Dan Sickles a shining light? They are exponents of moral ideas.

A Thrilling Sketch. In the year 1836, the inhabitants living in a district bordering on Rock River, in the northern part of the State of Illinois, were much incensed by the depredations of a band of horse thieves who infested that portion of the country. Every exertion had been made to discover the men engaged in the nefarious business, but hitherto in vain, and valuable animals were stolen, and lost to their owners, in defiance of the utmost vigilance and care.

During such a state of affairs, the citizens residing in the region of the thieves became thoroughly excited, and were wound up to such a pitch of indignation, that a body of men were formed styled Rangers, whose explicit duty was to expunge the district of all suspicious characters, and endeavor to put a stop to their depredations.

Shortly after this band commenced operations word was conveyed to the leader of the Rangers that a valuable horse, which had been stolen the night previous, could then be found on the premises of a man named Burt, locked up in the stable. Although Burt heretofore had been looked upon as an honest man and an upright citizen, yet the captain deemed it his duty to at least examine his farm and learn the truth or falsity of the report.

Accordingly he summoned some half dozen of his Rangers to meet him at a spot not far from Burt's house, and before morning set out for the same place himself. Daylight was hardly discernible in the east, and the hazy light of coming dawn had not yet penetrated the bottom, where the suspected man resided, as the Rangers, charged with the fearful mission of life or death, silently approached and surrounded the dwelling. Leaving three of the band to guard the entrance, the captain opened the door and found the missing horse, as had been stated, safely stalled inside.

Not a lingering doubt now remained of Burt's guilt, and with a stern determination to make an example of him that would deter others from a like transaction, the Rangers returned to the house. In the meantime Burt had risen, and upon coming to the door was seized by those in waiting, and upon demanding the reason was informed by them that a stolen animal was found in his stable, and that he was considered a thief. Muttering something about "he knew it would come to this at last," he quietly submitted to whatever his captors had in store for him.

A short consultation was held, and it was resolved to hang the criminal upon a large elm tree that grew in front of his own house, it being thought that such an act would strike terror and dismay into the ranks of the horse thieves.

Burt had asked half an hour to prepare for his death, and the sun had risen in all its golden majesty ere the fatal moment had arrived which would launch him into eternity. In vain his gray-headed father and mother pleaded for his life, with trembling tongues—they tottered forth from the dwelling, and kneeling in suppliant mood to his apparently merciless captors. In vain had the wife of his bosom knelt in tears of agony, and entreated them as husbands to spare his life, for each Ranger had suffered more or less in person, and they deemed the example absolutely necessary to deter others, and it seemed as though Burt must die.

The dreadful preparations were completed—the half hour had expired—and the criminal was arranged under the limb of a stout elm, over which a rope was thrown, one end being noosed around the prisoner's neck, and the other by three of the Rangers.

Then came a moment of dreadful silence, that awful stillness which precedes the launching of a fellow-being into eternity—while the three strong men, who held the rope's end, gazed fixedly upon the captain for the signal. It was given by raising the right arm; and already the noose was tightening around the doomed man's neck, when the wife of Burt issued forth from the house holding an infant a little more than a year old in her arms.

Rushing forward, she fell on her knees directly in front of the captain, and raising the child, with arms outstretched, towards him, she exclaimed in tones that would have pierced a heart of steel—"If you will not spare him for the sake of his gray-haired sire, or the wife of his bosom, spare him in the name of God for the sake of his infant boy!"

Another dead silence reigned like a pall over the spot; then, as though inspired by heaven itself, the child also stretched out its little arms towards its father and exclaimed, in a voice heard by all, the single word: "Papa!"

And then, as though despairing of success, huddled into its mother's bosom, and burst into a sobbing cry. It was more than the Rangers could stand, and after a short consultation, the rope was taken from the criminal's neck, and the band left the spot; and Burt became a reformed man through the powerful effects of his "Infant's Appeal."

When intoxicated, a Frenchman wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gamble, an Englishman to eat, an Italian to boast, a Russian to be affectionate, an Irishman to fight, and an American to make a speech.

Tennessee has produced a big arrolite, that frightened people as much as the great snake, and made a deep hole in solid rock, from which issued smoke and steam. Parson Brownlow fears it was a message to him.

A Wedding Night Shift. It wasn't hardly the fair thing that the boys did to Joe Thompson, the night he was married, but the temptation was irresistible. They could not have helped it to save their lives. I'll tell you how it was.

Joe was about the most fancy dressed buck in town—over nice and particular—a perfect Miss Nancy in manners, always putting on airs, and more dainty and modest than a girl. Well, when his wedding day came, he was dressed trunk empty, and his pants, especially fitted him as candle moulds, and his legs caddles, ran into them. Tight was no name for them. Their set was immense, and he was prouder than a half a dozen peacocks.

"Aren't they nice, boys?" he asked of the two boys who were to be groomsmen, and saw that he threw himself away after the most approved manner. "Stunning! Gorgeous!" replied Tom Bennett. "Never saw equal to them. But I say, Joe, aren't they the least bit too tight? It strikes me that you will have some difficulty in bending, won't you?" "Pshaw, no, they are as easy as an old glove. See!"

To prove the matter, he bent down so as to touch his patent leathers, when crack, crack, followed like twin reports of a revolver. "Thunder!" exclaimed Joe, as he put his hand behind and found a rent in the cassimer from stem to stern. "Thunder! the pants have burst and what shall I do?" "I should rather think they had," answered Tom, getting purple in the face, as he endeavored to control his laughter; "but there is no time to get another pair. It only wants half an hour to the standing up time, and we have got a mile to go—carriage waiting too."

"What shall I do, oh! what shall I do?" "I'll tell you what, if mine would fit you you should have them and welcome, but they are about a mile too big; they would set like a shirt on a bean pole. I see no way but to have them mended."

"Who can I get to do it, Tom?" "Well, I am something of a tailor, and can fix them so they won't show. Hold on a minute, and I'll get a needle and thread." "Can you? May heaven bless you!" "Off with your coat," commanded Tom, as he came back.

"Now lay yourself over on the bed and I'll fix you in short order." The command was obeyed; the pants mended; the coat tails carefully pinned over, so as to conceal the 'distress for rent,' and all went merry as the marriage bell until Joe followed the bride to the nuptial couch.

There was only a dim light in the room, but it enabled Joe, as he glanced bashfully around, to see the sweetest face in the world the rosy cheeks and bright lips, the lovely and loving blue eyes, and the golden curls just peeping from out the snowy sheets, and he distinguished it altogether, and hastened to extirpate himself. Off came coat, vest, fancy necktie and collar, boots and socks in a hurry, but somehow the pants stuck.—The more he tried the more they wouldn't come, and he uttered vainly for half an hour.

"Thunder!" muttered Joe. "What's the matter, dear?" came in the softest of accents from the bed, where somebody was wondering if he was ever coming, and, forgetting his accustomed bashfulness, he blurted out: "Moll, that cursed Tom Bennett has sewed my pants, drawers, shirt and undershirt all together!"

"It is too bad! wait a moment my dear." A little stockinged foot peeped out first, then a ruffled night dress, the lamp was lighted, a pair of scissors drawn, and Joe released; and although he denies it, Tom Bennett swears that his wedding shirt was of the shortest possible extent, reasoning a posteriori.

Speak Kindly to Him. A farmer once saved a very poor boy from drowning. After his restoration he said to the grateful fellow: "What can I do for you, my boy?" "Speak a kind word to me sometimes," replied the boy, as the tears gushed from his eyes. "I ain't got a mother like some of them."

A kind word! Think of it. That farmer had it in his power to give that boy money, clothes, playthings, but the poor fellow craved nothing so much as a kind word now and then. If the farmer had ever so little heart the boy must certainly have had his wish granted.

A kind word! You have many such spoken to you daily, and you don't think much of their value; but that poor boy in your village, at whom every other boy laughs, would think he had found a treasure if some one would speak one kind word to him. Suppose you speak it! The next time you meet him, instead of laughing at him, speak kindly to him. Then watch him and see how he looks. See if his eyes do not brighten, and his lips smile. Try it. Kind words! They are blessed things. Speak them, children, every day. Scatter them like sunbeams everywhere. They will bless others, and then return to bless your own heart. Kind words forever!

AMONG the gifts to a newly married pair at a town in New Jersey, the other evening, was a broom sent to the lady, accompanied with the following sentiment: This trifling gift accept from me, Its use I would commend; In sunshine use the brushy part, In storm the other end.

Song of the Union. Raise the Banner of the Union, Sound its music, keep the step, 'Tis the signal flag of glory, On the land and o'er the deep.

Rally, freedom, round the Union! Hark! the battle cry we hear; 'Tis the covenant of our fathers, Sound it far and sound it near.

Fight for it, our precious Union, 'Tis the heritage bequeathed, Bought with blood our fathers treasured, Dearer than the air they breathed.

Strike a good blow for the Union, Ye who've loved it long and well; Old men grey in freedom's service, Let your blows on treason tell.

Strike a good blow for the Union, Ye whose hearts with passion glow! Young men panting for distinction, Lead the battle on the foe.

Ask ye who despise the Union? Ask ye who the traitors are? They are those who seek to break it; Judge them by the fruits they bear.

Hatching hate between its sections, Bringing forth fraternal war, Under cover of religion, Such as these the traitors.

Beat the long roll of the Union, Wake the guards and man the walls; Drop the drawbridge of the Union, Brains for ballots, votes for balls.

An Episode in the History of General Butler. When in New Orleans Butler was passing at the head of some troops, the residence of a very respectable young lady, who, with some lady friends were enjoying the cool air of a balcony. This young lady, whose name we omit for a reason that will soon appear, was one of those impulsive, light-hearted, joyous creatures, whose life is made up of smiles and more demonstrative outbursts of joy. Just as Butler himself was opposite, some remark was made, or something visible to the eye of a mirth-provoking character, caused her to break out in a ringing laugh.

Butler stopped short his horse, and looking up said, in his rough and repulsive style: "What are you laughing at?" Surprised at the question, and insulted by the manner in which it was asked, the young lady instantly ceased her laugh, but made no response. Butler turned away, but had proceeded but a short distance, when the same clear ringing laugh met the ear, and turning again he saw still more brutal insolence demanded: "Young woman, what are you laughing at?" There was no mistaking his meaning this time, and the hot blood of the sunny South flushed to the cheek of the maiden as she scornfully replied, "None of your business, sir." Butler, with a threatening gesture, but no reply, rode away. An hour or two after this a file of soldiers appeared at the residence of the young lady with an order for her arrest. She was torn from the bosom of her family, taken to the military prison or guard-house, and there kept confined until the men in whose society she was thrown, either as keepers or fellow-prisoners, accomplished her ruin. These facts can be sustained by parties now residing at Kendall, Orleans county, N. Y., or by Dr. McLane, or wife, and others of New Orleans, the latter having witnessed the transaction related above, from the opposite side of the street.

EXCITEMENT AT A CIRCUS.—A thousand persons gathered under a circus tent in Flemingsburg, Ky., on the 30th ultimo, and the riders were about to enter the ring, when a rainstorm arose. At first, there was but little excitement among the spectators, but when the stakes of the outer canvass gave way, and the immense center-pole of the large one commenced to sway and groan, the sides to flop and give way—when the lions commenced to growl and roar, the elephant to swing his large proboscis around, and the horses to neigh and stamp—the confusion was indescribable, and the excitement the wildest we ever saw. Every-body rushed pell mell for the entrance, gentlemen and ladies in a confused mass, calling alternately for help and friends. Of course, on the top of seats some jumped to the bottom, some fell through, some were caught and suspended while falling, and a great many out their way through the canvass. At this juncture the elephant broke out among the people and created a terrible excitement. The rain was falling in torrents, the lightning flashed and the thunder crashed. Men, in their fright, ran against the ticket wagon, over ladies, to and fro. Many of the ladies screamed, fainted and fell. After the storm had abated the great canvass was explored, but no one was found to be seriously injured.

The word "rebels" should never more be applied to the white men of South Carolina. The great Democratic ratification meeting which was addressed by Hampton, Kershaw, and others recently, was held in Columbia, S. C., in the open air, in the very midst of the ruins created by Sherman's army—an immense opening in the very heart of the city—and covered with fire-scarred walls and chimneys, as the victorious army left it. It was known that Blair commanded the famous Seventeenth Corps, which swept Carolina's sons, including Hampton, whose own house is among the ruins, rent the air with cheers for Seymour and Blair. Why? Because Blair fought for a Constitutional Union, and not for a military negro government. Me is for the same Union still, and these people—having accepted the issues of the war—now stand on his platform, and ask no more than constitutional liberty.—Will the American people refuse to restore them this?

"Captain D.," said one of his lady passengers, "You must be a happy man to be master of so beautiful a boat." "She is a beautiful boat, madam; sits on the water like a duck." He was "in town" as long as the conversation was about steamboats.

"Captain D.," said another lady, a bluestocking of the Lydia Langish tribe, "what do you think of the immortal Shakespeare?" "Think, madam! think! I think she burns too much wood, draws too much water, and carries too little freight."

All Sorts of Items. Kind-erpest—Throwing watermelon rinds on the pavement.

.....He overcomes a stout enemy that overcomes his own anger. ....The high destiny for which Butler is reserved—the gallows.

.....The greatest portrait painter—a fashionable belle. She paints her own face. ....The height of impudence—taking shelter from the rain in an umbrella shop.

....."Don't swear, boy; you will never catch any fish." "I'll swear if I don't, you bet." ....Beast Butler declares he never fell in love. Ben, however, must feel spoozy at times.

.....Fleehy persons may become lean by eating slate pencils. It reduces them to a mere cipher. ....A grand mass temperance meeting will be held in Steele's grove, Chester Co., on the 3d inst.

.....An Irishman remarked of a lady who had been very kind to him, "Bedad, she's a perfect gentleman!" ....Mans a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it's only a full stomach.

.....The Supreme Court of the Sandwich Islands has decided that a man cannot be hung for the crime of suicide. ...."No man is perfect," is a common aphorism. We deny it. We have known many who were perfect—fools.

.....A sentimental bard wishes to know "what is a home without a mother?" A motherless home, we suppose. ...."The cradle is woman's ballot-box!" Yes, some of them deposit two ballots at once. Now, isn't that illegal?

.....The colored Odd Fellows of Pennsylvania contemplate having a grand parade in Harrisburg on the 15th of October next. ....A man who claims an extraordinary amount of veneration, says he respects old age in everything except chickens for dinner.

.....The child's idea of a smile "is the whisper of a laugh." Some folks' idea of a "smile" is something that comes out of a black bottle. ....A Fort Wayne gander charged upon a couple of timid young ladies and frightened them into convulsions. Was it with, or without feathers?

.....The fewer relations or friends we have the happier we are. In your poverty they never help you; in your prosperity they always help themselves. ....Children wouldn't cross their parents so often when they are grown up, if they were to cross their parents' knees a little oftener when they were little.

.....It is said that the reason why the Radicals reduced the tax on whiskey is because it will take such an immense quantity to carry on the Grant and Colfax campaign. ...."How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he had sinned?" asked an admirable car's sposa of her loving husband. "Till he got a wife," answered the husband, calmly.

.....A young lady from the country, now visiting the city, writes thus: "Nobody isn't nothin' now which doesn't hole up her cloze, and 'heer you hole em up the more you are noticed." ....Miniature photographs of Grant, set in breastpins, have been served out to the southern negroes by the Radical party, and are worn by those fragrant suffragans in the bosoms of such as have shirts.

.....A husband complains sadly at the price of "ducks." His wife recently bought three for two hundred and twenty-six dollars, viz: A "duck" of a dress, a "duck" of a bonnet, and a "duck" of a parasol.