



COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT

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PRaise

[The following hymn is by Robt. M. the author of "Ode on the Death of every Christian."] Mighty God! while angels bless thee, May a mortal lip thy name praise; Lord of men, as well as angels! Thou art every creature's theme; Lord of every land and nation, Ancient of eternal days! Sounded through the wide creation, Be thy just and awful praise.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"Come, Joe, tell us what made you turn pale awhile ago when Jack told us that he had seen a grave, and asked whose it was?" "Bah, boys! turn pale, did I? There are circumstances in the lives of most men who live on the frontier, which, to have them recalled, will make them turn pale. And mentioning that grave, and asking whose it was, revealed a fearful event in my experience. But as the night is young yet, I will tell you about it; and perhaps it will be a warning to you never to trust too much to a stranger, or throw temptation in his way."

a state of unconsciousness I was troubled with such wild-like dreams, that I would rather I had remained broad awake. At last, about midnight, I went to sleep soundly; how long I lay I do not know, but I awakened suddenly to find some one kneeling over me and very carefully cutting my shirt open. Now I have always had the power (call it presence of mind, or anything else) of comprehending in an instant all that is going on around me, no matter from how sound a sleep I may be waked. It is anything but pleasant to wake and find one's self in the power of a desperado who will have no hesitation in plunging a knife into your heart. I felt myself in anything but an enviable situation, knowing that the slightest indication on my part of being awake would cause the villain to give me between the ribs the length of his bowie, or the contents of his pistol. For, although I could not see his pistol, I felt sure that he had it handy.

The Splendor of Damascus.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sand of the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel, an island of verdure in a desert, 'a predestined capital'—with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was "near Damascus" that Saul of Tarsus saw the "light from heaven above the brightness of the sun;" the street which is called Strait, in which it is said "he prayeth," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there are still the sheik, the ass, and the water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and of the Mediterranean, still 'occupy' these "with the multitude of their wares." The City which Mohammed surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter because it is given to have but one Paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world, is to this day, what Julian called the eye of the East, as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria." From Damascus came the Damascus or blue plum, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called Damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the arts into Persia; and the beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic—engraving and sculpture united—called Damascening, with which boxes and bureaus, and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright water; the streams of Lebanon, the "rivers of Damascus," the "rivers of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of "Syrian gardens."

How a Child may do Good.

"Oh dear! if I were only a boy, and could earn money as Willie does, I might do some good in the world," says some little longing spirit that wants to be of "some use to somebody." "But I am only a little girl, and I can not do any thing. Oh dear!" We can all do more good than we think, dear children, if we only try, and if we are willing to do little things instead of waiting to do some great thing. I will tell you how one little girl did a great deal of good without knowing it. Her mother sat one morning busy at her work, feeling very sadly. Her husband had lost his property and was out of business, and the future looked dark, as she thought of the many, many dollars it would take to feed, and clothe, and educate her little ones, so that they could take care of themselves, and be useful to others. The cloud was growing thick about her, and her eyes were blinding with tears, when a dear little child, at her play, broke out in singing the single line, "What ever we want to live kindly provide," and then the play went on as before. The little girl, only five years old, knew not how much good she had done by that one line of comfort. Her mother's heart was cheered. She felt reproved, too, for she had been thinking all the time there was no one but the parents to plan and do for their children, when it was the Lord who was going to do it all, and they were only to carry out his plans so far as he should make them know.

Waterloo a day after the Battle.

On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle, was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered firearms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments, lance-caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plume and penon; musical instrument, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles, but, good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten battle field?—each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle. Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amid its desolation, for the object of their love. Mothers, and wives, and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and confusion of the corpses, friends and foe intermingled, as they were often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible. In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, exposed to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lance and cuirass were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in the hopeless essay by the musketry of the inner files. Farther on, you trace the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered; chasseur and Hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horses of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the gray chargers which had carried Alby's chivalry. Here the Highlander and trapper lay, side by side, together; and a heavy dragon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer. On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was embowered with dead, and trodden felloek-deep in mud and gore by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-stemmed corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favored corpse, on whom his last chances rested, had been annihilated, and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard attempted to meet the British, and afford time to their disorganized companions to rally.

RESOURCES OF SICILY.

The present population of Sicily scarcely reaches two millions. This number might be rapidly increased, under good government, to five times the amount; and the land would sustain even more. No one can doubt that who remembers that, according to the most authentic chronicles, Syracuse alone contained 1,800,000 inhabitants when besieged by the Romans under Marcellus, B. C. 215. The siege lasted three years, being protracted to that unusual length principally through the mechanical contrivances of Archimedes. At that time the circumference of the city exceeded twenty-two English miles; but it is now confined to the small island of Ortigia, while the inhabitants have dwindled down to eighteen thousand within the walls. Agrigento, also, at the period of its greatest prosperity, numbered eight hundred thousand souls. Its descendant, the modern Girgenti can with difficulty enumerate seventeen thousand. In ancient days, Cicero and other writers called Sicily the granary of Rome; and so she proved herself in more than one season of dearth. Corn is not now the staple commodity of the island, but it might be cultivated to any extent with little labor and less outlay. Notwithstanding the ravages of Etna, it cannot be doubted that to this same volcano, and to the mineral and sulphureous water existing in many localities, much of the natural fertility of the land is to be attributed. Since the days of Diodorus, the facility with which the corn grows, in the absence of almost any sort of culture, has ever been proverbial.—Dublin University Magazine.

Why He Emigrated.

It is well known that old Abe Lincoln, the Northern Disunion candidate for the Presidency, emigrated from Kentucky to Illinois in early life. But the reason why he emigrated is not generally understood. We have found it out. Old Abe's extreme ugliness has been remarked by all who have seen him or his picture. We are reliably informed that it was his frightful phiz that led to his exodus from his native State. His father was a slaveholder, and he got along finely with his slaves before Abe was born. He treated them well, as Southern gentlemen generally treat their negroes, and they were happy and contented, and never thought of going off the plantation. But when Abe came into the world and the house servants saw him pucker his mouth for an assault on the maternal bosom, they all got scared and run away. When he grew old enough to walk out, and the field hands got a glimpse of him, they went after the house servants and never came back. And when he became a young man and got to riding around the neighborhood, the niggers decamped from every plantation he visited. It was the first time in their lives that they had seen a living thing uglier than themselves, and the apparition was too much for them. They imagined that the day of judgment was near at hand, and that "the old boy" was going around to pick his men in advance. At length the slaveholders resolved that they would no longer submit to the scaring away of their servants, and they appointed a committee to wait on Abe and request him to leave. He was advised to go to Illinois, where his ugliness might be turned to good account in scaring away the wolves with which that region was infested. He took the advice of his old neighbors and turned his ugly face westward, and the wolves fled before him as he made his way into the interior of the Prairie State. It is supposed that the idea of taking to splitting rails after he got there was suggested to him by his success in making niggers "split" before he went. This is the true history of old Abe's emigration from Kentucky. And this is why the Abolitionists nominated him for President. They confidently expect to rid the country of slavery through the instrumentality of his frightful face if they get him elected. They argue that if, in his early infancy, he could make a face ugly enough to scare off his father's house servants when he puckered his mouth to take hold of the private part, he could not fail to scare away all the niggers in the United States when he came to take hold of the great public tent.—Valley Spirit.

A BAD CHARACTER.

"We always were aware of the importance of preserving a good reputation for truth and honesty, but we have met with nothing lately, so well calculated to impress the disadvantages of having a bad character upon the mind, as the following anecdote: A mortal fever prevailed on board a ship at sea, and a negro man was appointed to throw the bodies of those who died from time to time overboard. One day when the Captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the fore-castle a sick man who was struggling violently to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrating very bitterly against the cruelty of being buried alive. "What are you going to do with that man, you black rascal?" said the captain. "Going to throw him overboard, massa, cause he dead!" "Dead? you scoundrel!" said the captain. "Don't you see he moves and speaks?" "Yes, massa, I know he says he no dead but he always lie so, nobody never know when to believe him!"

He Died Poor.

"It was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker; "the saddest I have attended for years." "That of Edmondson?" "Yes." "How did he die?" "Poor—poor as poverty; his life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with gilded promises that were destined never to know fulfillment." "Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company. "Patient as a Christian—enduring as a martyr," was the answer. "Poor man, he was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success." "Did he not succeed?" questioned the one who had spoken of his perseverance and endurance. "No, sir; he died poor, as I have just said. Nothing that he put his hands to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise." "I was with him in his last moments," said another, "and thought he died rich." "No, he has left nothing behind," was replied. The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of the estate." "He left a good name," said one, "and that is something." "And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another. "Lessons of patience in suffering, of hope in adversity, of heavenly confidence when no sunbeams fell upon his bewildering path," was the testimony of another. "And high trust, manly courage, heroic fortitude." "Then he died rich?" was the emphatic declaration; "richer than the millionaire who went to his long home the same day, a miserable pauper in all but gold. 'A sad funeral,' did you say? No, my friend, it was rather a triumphal procession! Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonial attendant of translation of an angel. Did not succeed? Why, his whole life was a series of success. In every conflict he came off the victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow. Any grasping, soulless, selfish man, with a share of brains, may gather in money, and learn the art of keeping it; but not one in a hundred can bravely conquer in the battle of life as Edmondson has conquered, and step forth from the ranks of men a Christian hero."

Abiding in Christ.

President Dwight used to say to his classes, as they went out from under his care, "Young men, it is not great talent, it is not great learning that is to enable you to do good, abiding in Christ." He then added, "The young man of whom we expected least all the way through college, has now attained to the greatest excellence and usefulness, and has done the most for the upbuilding of the cause of the Master." That man was Dr. Nettleton. His hopes were not bright, he was gloomy and despondent all the way through his college course; but he afterwards shook off this dark mantle, and richly exemplified the power and beauty of the religion of Jesus. He was eminently a holy man—because he abode in Christ, and wherever he went Christ went with him, and glorified himself through an arm of flesh. THE INFANT.—A lovely child lay sleeping, the moonbeams kissed its forehead, and in every ray of light an angel sported. No wonder they should leave their Eden home to linger awhile on earth to gaze upon night so lovely. Pure as the snow wreath which mantles the Alpine hills, or the lily with its sin-brown bedecked with pearls, was this infant—sin had never touched it. Its little heart was far from guile as was the seraph's which looked down upon its beauty. Nor were the angels alone gazing; no, no—a fond mother watched it, and as the moonbeams played around its cheek, she thought of the innocence which dwelt within the heart of her cherished infant. He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel, and example builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other. EVERY year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep—the antechamber of the grave—were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world. THE most direct method of determining horse power, is to stand near and tickle his hind legs with a briar.

COMMUNICATED.

FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT. MR. EDITOR:—Old Father Time, in his ever varied round, has again brought on the season of the "scar and yellow leaf." That celebrated personage, rejoicing in the cognomen of "Jack Frost," too, begins to be a constant, nightly visitor; paying his tribute to mother earth, by beautifully silvering o'er the gaudy carpet, with which the God of Nature hath so nicely clothed the surface of this terrestrial ball; giving the variegated colors of the rainbow, to the vegetable Kingdom. What a beautiful season of the year this is! With what soft, mellow rays does the glorious sun light and cheer us on, in our journey of life! And when the evening shades draw nigh, how grand do the heavens appear; studded as they are, myriads of shining orbs; some stationary; others travelling far and wide, through the illimitable bounds of space, all subject to the will of that GREAT FIRST CAUSE, who created them, and whose omnipotent hand guides them through all their functions.—And what sweet refreshing sleep visits the couch of the man whom honest toil has made weary. Unlike the hot and oppressive nights of Summer, one can now "stare in" and sleep soundly, all through the silent watches; instead of twisting and turning, in order to find a cool place on which to lay one's head; but I must hasten on. A spirit of improvement has been awakened, this season, in the heads of our citizens unsurpassed for years—a fine thing it is too; for improvements are very much needed, in this town. Among other buildings going up, is the one for the Orangeville Male and Female Academy. It is being erected back of the town, on an eminence, overlooking the town and surrounding country. It will be a good and substantial, as well as comfortable and commodious building, being seventy-six feet long by thirty-six feet wide. The frame is now erected, and the work of completion is now going rapidly forward. The intention is to have the school-room, at least, ready to enter at the commencement of the winter term; and should the work proceed as rapidly in future, as now, the room will be ready. The school is now in successful operation under the guidance of Professor J. A. SHANK, who is ably qualified to fill the station, and under whose care, I am certain, the school will prosper. The Political excitement of this place is not very great. People seem to take things calmly; but when the 9th of October comes, I think you will find us all O. K. for the Democratic Ticket—throughout. Our miner digging away at the mountain, tho' it goes very slow. His signs for coal continue good. The slate rock, or something that resembles it very much, has made its appearance. Particles of pure coal too, are found interstratified with the slate. "Of one thing we are morally sure and that is, that there is coal here, whether there is any quantity of it or not we can't tell; time and the miner alone must do that; and we hope it will not be long until they do; for suspense is painful; but I am encroaching, and will therefore close for the present. Yours &c. AMICUS. Orangeville, Oct. 6th 1860. We once heard a fellow, famous all over the country for his tough yarns, tell the following. He was talking what heavy wheat, he had seen in New York: "My father," said he, "once had a field of wheat, the heads of which were so close together that the wild turkeys when they came to eat could walk around on the top of it anywhere. We suggested that the turkeys must have been small ones. "No sir," continued he "they were very large ones. I shot one of them, one day, and when I took hold of his legs to carry him his head dragged in the snow behind. "A curious country you must have had to snow in harvest time!" "Well I declare," said he looking a little foolish, "I reckon I've got part of two stories mixed!" An Irishwoman appeared in the County Court of Louisville, recently, to be appointed guardian for her child, when the following colloquy ensued— "What estate has your child?" "Plaze your honor, I don't understand you." "I say what has he got?" "Chills and fayer, plaze your honor." It is doing some service to humanity to amuse innocently; and they know very little of society who think we can bear to be always employed either in duties or meditations without any relaxation.