



COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT

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PRaise

[The following hymn is by Robt. M. Child, 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. For the grandeur of thy name, Grand beyond a seraph's thought; For the wonders of creation, Works with skill and kindness wrought; For thy providence that governs Through thine empire's wide domain, Wings an angel, guide a sparrow, Bless'd be thy gentle reign. But thy rich, thy free redemption, Bright through darkness all along— Thought is poor, and poor expression; Who can sing that wonderful song? Brightness of the Father's glory! Shall the praise of angels die? Fresh, my tongue, each gully adore; Sing the Lord! who came to die— From the highest throne of glory To the cross of deepest woe, All to ransom guilty captives? Flow my praise, for ever done! Come, and oh! to love it never. Come, Lord Jesus, take thy throne! Quickly come, and reign forever, Be the kingdom all thine own!

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, was 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." Thus spoke your humble servant some months ago, to a party of prospectors, of whom he was one. The following is the story to which I alluded above: Several years ago, I was out with a party prospecting for silver, high up the Gila River. We had been some time without meeting with any success, and were returning to Fort Yuma, disgusted with the country. We had left the Pines village a day's journey behind us, when we fell in with a man traveling the same way that we were. He was without grub or blankets, and said he was going to California. As we had some spare mules, we told him that if he could ride a pack saddle he could go with us as far as Fort Yuma. None of us liked the looks of the fellow. He had such a thoroughly villainous expression. But as he seemed so badly used up, we took pity on him and made him the offer that we did. He accepted without any hesitation. We found him factious, never speaking unless he was spoken to. When we camped he would take the saddle off his mule and go off by himself, never helping to get the grub ready and when it was ready he would come and pitch in with the rest of us. However, though we did not like him or his actions, we said nothing, thinking he might have some secret errow that we had no right to pry into. We had traveled two days when what I am about to tell you occurred. We had camped at noon, and as the weather was very warm some one proposed that we should all take a bath. All had felt that it would be a delicious cool amusement, bathing in the shade of the cotton-wood trees which hung over the banks of the river. We stripped instantly, and were soon enjoying ourselves gloriously. I had a belt around me with several twentys in it, and took it off to give me free play in the water. I laid it down on my clothes carelessly, never thinking of hiding it from any of the company, as they all knew that I had the money, and I had no idea that the stranger would be tempted to take it. As I came out of the water, I noticed the stranger looking very long at my belt, but thought no more about it. That night, from some cause, I could not sleep well, and when I would fall into

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 wakened 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. To secure my pistol without letting him know that I was awake, was a very delicate operation, and I attempted to accomplish it in the following manner: My pistol and bowie-knife were both under my saddle, which I used for a pillow. I threw my right arm up over my head, taking care not to touch the robber, and yawned as if I was half awake, but ready with my left hand to catch his arm in the event of his attempting to stab me. I had my eyes partly shut, so that he could not easily see them glisten, but sufficiently open to see his every move, which I could easily do as it was a clear star-light night. On the instant that I moved, he raised his arm to strike, and I was nearly betraying him by being awake by throwing off my left hand, but some strong impulse prevented me from doing it, and he held his knife suspended to give the blow had I made another move. When I threw my hand over my head, with the same movement I placed it under the saddle and on the butt of my pistol, which was cocked, ready for use. I lay in that position for about half a minute, but it seemed like an hour. By that time I had power over my breathing, which on first waking came very quick. As soon as he thought that I was sound asleep again, he lowered his hand and commenced operating on my shirt, clearing it away from the belt. Then I thought my opportunity had come, and tried to jerk my six shooter, but it was foul some way and it would not come. I thought my time had arrived, for, as quick as thought he drew and struck with his knife. He struck at my throat. My eyes were broad open then, and I saw where the knife was coming. By a quick involuntary movement, I threw myself aside, and he must have overreached himself, for the knife struck into the saddle, and so tight that he could not get it out. In trying to get my pistol, my hand touched the cold silver hilt of my bowie. Instinctively I took hold of it, abandoning the pistol, and was nerving my arm for the pistol, when I felt the cold muzzle of his pistol against my forehead. I struck out blindly, and, as I did so, there was the stunning report of his pistol. How I escaped I do not know; my face was blackened with the powder, and my whiskers nearly burned off, but that was all the damage done to me. My blow though struck at random had proved a severe one. My knife had gone into the left side of his neck, inside of the collar bone. The knife must have reached his heart, for as I drew out to strike again, he fell on me with his whole weight, and his blood spiring all over my face. He gave one quiver, and stretched out his length and lay perfectly still—stone dead! The whole transaction did not take three quarters of a minute. The report of the pistol had aroused the company, every man sprung to his arms. Some were looking for the mules, while others were asking who fired the shot and where the Indians were. I called to the boys to take the dead man off of me, for I was as weak as a child. A couple of them did as I requested, while others threw fresh age brush on the half smoldering camp-fire, and we soon had plenty of light to see what had happened. I told the boys all about what had occurred. We found all the mules in their places but mine, which was staked off about twenty yards from the camp, with one of the other boys saddle and bridle on her. I went into the river and cleansed myself from his blood, and then sat down by the camp fire, where I remained till morning unable to sleep.

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 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."

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 trailer 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.

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 pucker his mouth to take hold of the private teat, he could not fail to scare away all the niggers in the United States when he came to take hold of the great public teat.—Valley Spirit.

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.

A PORTLANDER TRAVELING TOWARDS MANCHESTER, N. H., arrived at the fork of a road where their stood a sign-board, which read thus: "Manchester four miles."—"Man chased her four miles!" cried Pat. "Be the holy poker, and it's meself 'u like to know what's the mancing of a post schript like that!"

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 calmy; 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.