# COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

## AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor. "TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH." $2 00 PER ANNUM.

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LEVI L. TATE.

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### SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

The world has many a battle-field
Where soldiers fight for fame,
Where mighty leaders dare not yield
Lest they might lose a name.

And every soldier wears a sword,
And keeps it burnished bright,
And learns, at his commander's word
To draw his sword aright.

By daily practice he secures
Skill in the warrior's art:
Ambition, too, his soul allures
To act the conqueror's part.

But earth has yet another field,
By Faith's few warriors trod;
Another sword they learn to wield,
It is the word of God.

This is the Christian's trusty sword,
By his great Captain given;
By it he triumphs with his Lord,
And thus he enters heaven.

And shall his sword not burnished be?
Shall rust corrode the blade?
For want of practice shall he flee
When Satan's hosts invade?

No, dearest Captain, fire his heart
With holy zeal and love;
Then shall he ever act his part—
With heavenly vigor move.

### THE QUAKER'S REVENGE.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbors; that is, they lived within half a mile of each other, and no person lived between their respective farms, which would have joined, had not a little strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to keep them separated. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly, a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him, and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was beset by men and dogs, and most severely abused. Things progressed thus for nearly a year, and the Quaker, a man of decided peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbor. But matters were drawing to a crisis, for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson. Chance favored his design. The Quaker had a high-blooded horse, (or filly, according to the western mode of speaking,) which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sun-down, as Watt Dood was passing around his cornfield, he discovered the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the hellish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence, that the horse might get into the corn during the night. He did so, and the next morning, bright and early, he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man whom he had recently employed heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes Dood, considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, where he stated that he had shot at and wounded a buck—that the deer had attacked him, and he hardly escaped with his life.

The story was credited by all but the newly employed hand, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and, from his manner, suspected that something was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched upon the earth, with a bullet-hole through the head, from which the warm blood was still oozing.

The animal was warm, and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard, and demanded, somewhat roughly, where he had been.

"I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant retort.

Watt paled for a moment, but collecting himself, he fiercely shouted:

"Do you dare to say I killed her?"

"How do you know she is dead?" replied the man.

Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then turning, walked into the house.

A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met friend Lawson, riding in search of his filly. No threat of recrimination escaped him; he did not even go to law to recover damages, but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he had paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains.

One morning, just as Obadiah was sitting down, his eldest son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well made beds and the vegetables they contained, out of all shape—a mischief impossible to repair.

"And what did thee do with her, Jacob?' quickly asked Obadiah.

"I put her in the farm-yard."

"Did thee beat her?"

"I never struck her a blow."

"Right, Jacob, right; sit down to thy breakfast, and when done eating, I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast, Lawson mounted a horse and rode over to Dood's, who was sitting under the porch in front of his house, and who, as he beheld the Quaker dismount, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it if he did get pay.

"Good morning, neighbor Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps and seated himself in a chair.

"I have a small affair to settle with thee this morning, and I came rather early."

"So I supposed," growled Watt.

"This morning, my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she has destroyed a good deal."

"And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening.

"What would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah.

"I'd shoot her," retorted Watt, madly, "as I suppose you have done; but we are only even. Heifer for filly is only fit for fat.'

"Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard; not even a blow has been struck her; she is where thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly, but the evil one prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil in my heart against my neighbors. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and I'll go home."

Obadiah rose from his chair, and was about to descend from the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked:

"What was your filly worth?"

"A hundred dollars is what I asked for her," replied Obadiah.

"Wait a moment;" and Dood rushed into the house, from whence he soon returned, holding some gold in his hand.—"Here's the price of you filly; and hereafter let there be pleasantness between us."

Obadiah mounted his horse and rode home with a lighter heart, and from that day to this, Dood has been as good a neighbor as any one could with to have—being completely reformed by the returning good for evil.

Strictly True.—An eccentric American was lately visiting an English nobleman at his seat in the South of England. Our fellow-countryman had a habit of saying, "how very appropriate!" by way of commendation, to almost everything he approved of, whether apropos or not. The statuary around the grounds received this favorable notice so frequently that the host became nettled, and determined to non plus his guest. So stopping before the family burying ground, he pointed to a figure on horseback, and said: "How do you like that statue of General Jackson?" "How very appropriate!" was the answer. "How do you make that out?" "Oh, General Jackson was apt to be found among dead Englishmen," was the ready reply.

A humane woman.—While Osman Beg, the commander at Hasbeiya, betrayed the Christians, and refused to protect them, a Druse woman, a widow belonging to one of the chief families of the country, sent for all the Protestants to come to her place, where they found shelter. The Druses are said to have acted much more humanely than the Mohammedans.

### Fearful Ride on a Locomotive.

"Howard," the correspondent of the New York *Times*, who rode upon an excursion train upon the Lake Shore road, describes a ride on the locomotive as follows:

Twenty nine miles in thirty minutes!—Describe it? Impossible! I have always noticed that engineers were quiet, dignified, sober people, and now I understand it.—I should regard a joking, trifling engineer, as I would a jolly, whistling undertaker.

Describe my ride on the Huron? Never! The whistle nearly blew my ears off; the rushing air wore out my eyes; the jogging of the engine as it leaped from rail to rail all but broke the end of my backbone off; my hat, which was blown away in less than a minute after we started, was caught by the fireman in a miraculous manner; and every nerve in my body jumped, squirmed and wired, as relentlessly the iron steed kept up to "time."

Now the head of a luckless hen was nearly taken off; then two Hibernian gentlemen, who were quietly smoaking by the road-side, were apparently frightened out of their wits, and before they had recovered them we had rushed frantically, fearfully by a station, in such close proximity to a freight train that I held my breath and trembled lest the next second should be my last. I had no idea before of the manner in which an engine "jumps," but I do now. While we were going at this terrific speed, while the mileposts succeeded each other so swiftly that they seemed like fence stakes, and while the various growths of wheat, oats, potatoes and corn looked as if they were planted in a heap, the engine would jump, leap, skip, and roll, like a frightened horse, and in a "dreadful unsartin" manner. After a little I became used to the unnatural rush with which we were going, and I had more leisure to watch the engineer.

He was as calm as a May morning. He pulled a rod and an unearthly scream was heard. He pushed another one, and the speed, already like that of the arrow's dart, became that of the lightning's flash. All was under his control, and I could but admire his coolness, the firmness of purpose and quickness of execution which he unconsciously exhibited. No wonder that he is a quiet, uncommunicative person; he deals with facts, between which and unrevealed horror there is but a hand's breadth, and coming at any moment can only be warded off or remedied by his skill. I was glad, and yet sorry, when the twenty-nine miles were finished; glad because physically I was mentally fascinated and charmed by the novel sensations experienced during the ride.

Business Man.—The road along which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth is not a macademized one, nor does it ordinarly lead through the pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary it is a rough and rugged path, with "wait abit" thorns, and full of pit falls, which can only be avoided by the exercise of watchful care and circumspection. After each day's journey over this worse than corduroy turnpike, the wayfarer needs something more than rest. He requires solace and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and a thirst for the poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that social and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, found glances from bright eyes.

The welcome shouts of children, the thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love; the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old easy seat before we are aware of it.—These and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry, which reconcile us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men. Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortifications and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes, and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own fireside.

It Leaks.—"A friend," says an exchange, "returning from the depot a few days since, with a bottle of freshly imported Maine Law, saw a young lady whom he must inevitably join. So putting the bottle under his arm, he softly walked alongside. 'Well,' said the young lady, after disposing of health and weather, 'what is that under your arm, from which she discovered a dark fluid dropping. 'O nothing but a coat the tailor has been mending for me.' 'Oh, it's a coat, is it? Well, you'd better carry it back and get him to sew up one hole more—it leaks."

### Are Women Naturally Polite?

Mrs. Willys asks that question, and then elaborately answers it herself, thus:

Are women naturally polite, did you ask, dear, good-natured Public?

Did you ever know a woman to make room in an omnibus, on a side, when Number Six, was entering, flounced and velveted, until ordered by the driver?

Did you ever know a little pair of gaiter boots to turn one inch either to the right or left when they could have saved you from a streaming gutter by the operation? Patent leathers don't behave so—not they!

Did you ever know a woman to say, "I am sorry to have given so much trouble," when the dry goods clerks had turned things topsy turvy, without finding the shade or color that never existed?

Did you ever know a woman who did not know it was "outrageous" for another woman to travel with a baby, or who didn't regard it as "cruel and barbarous," if any one objected to the crying of *her* baby?

Did you ever know two women to talk over a third without ridiculing her, even if she was 'their dear particular friend?'

Did you ever praise one young lady in the presence of another, without being confidentially told of some enormous fault or deformity in the former which you hadn't dreamed of?

Did you ever tell your wife what a beautiful new dress your neighbor had got, without learning that "it was only that dowdy old silk dyed over?"

Did you ever know a pretty woman to make an expression without a half a dozen other pretty women ruining it the instant she left the room?

Did you ever know a woman to apologize for having knocked another woman's bonnet into "pi" (that's printerism, but expressive, notwithstanding,) with the corner of her parasol?

Did you ever hear of a woman who had an idea that she was making trouble by her little airs and grace?

We don't believe you ever did, reader. They are a race of unaccountables, these women, just as sweet and piquant as June roses, sometimes, and then again, bristling like so many venomous thorn bushes.

There's one thing we never ceased to be inwardly thankful for—that we'er not a man, and consequently not obliged to marry one of 'em. Why she would drive us crazy in a week, with her whims and fancies, her exactions and her petty ways.—We would make the most henpecked husband in the world, unless, indeed, we had the nerve to run away from her or shut her up in a closet for a week, until she promised to behave better. When a woman choses she can be the nearest thing to an angel of anything in the world, and what a pity it is she doesn't always choose.—*Life Illustrated.*

The Joke of the Oil Regions.—The following story is current in Titusville. In a neighborhood on the creek lived and labored a son of Vulcan, who with his limited means, had barely enough to secure a small piece of land and to obtain a scanty living for his rising family. The ideas of the children had been taught to shoot but little in any direction towards knowledge and refinement, and he little expected to be anything else but the village blacksmith. But when the oil fever broke out, learning the success of his neighors in finding oil, he thought that he might while away his spare hours in drilling a hole upon his own homestead lot; and having tools convenient, he went to work, and, after a few weeks of patient industry, was successful in obtaining a good show of oil.

It was soon noised about the village, and the blacksmith was somebody at once. He had a daughter, almost unnoticed and unknown, but who now became more an object of interest to the few young men in that small community. It at once became a question how to break the ice of former indifference, and to secure a favorable acquaintance with this heiress of the oil well. For a while the natural timidity of the boys kept them aloof; but at last one of the boldest and best-favored among them determined to try his luck, and on Sunday evening, attired in his best, resolutely marched forward and offered to escort the damsel home, imagine his chagrin when she turning upon him a look of lofty independence that would have done credit to a Broadway belle, replied in language more severe than chaste: "Nonsense! you can't come that! Dad has struck ile!"

The Milkaukie *Sentinel* says there are now about a thousand orphans in that city, rendered so by the *Lady Elgin* calamity. Many of these children are thrown upon the charity of the community.

### Sublime Idea.

The closing passage in one of Professor Mitchels recent lectures in New York on astronomy after speaking of the unfathomable distances which no telescope can penetrate, lying far beyond the system on which the earth revolves, and yet filled with independent system of words of infinite numbers, as follows:

"Light traverses a space at the rate of a million miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star requires ten years to reach the earth, and Herschels telescope revealed stars 2,300 times further distant. The great telescope of Lord Ross, pursued the creations of God still deeper into space, and having resolved the nebulæ of the Milky Way into stars, beautiful diamond points glittering through the black darkness beyond. When he beheld this amazing abyss—when he reflected upon the immense distance, enormous magnitude, and the countless millions of worlds that belonged to them, it seemed to him as though the wild dream of the German poet had been more than realized.

God called a man in his dream into the vestibule of heaven, saying 'come hither and I will show thee the glory of my house. And to his angels who stood around his throne he said, "take him, strip him of his affection, put a new breath into his nostrils; but touch not his human heart—the heart that fears and hopes and trembles. A moment, and it was done, the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under guidance of a mighty angel, with sounds of flying pinions they sped away from the battlement of heaven. Some time on the mighty angels wings they fled through Saharas darkness, wilderness to death—length from a distance not counted save in the arithmatic of Heaven, a light beamed upon them—a sleepy frame as seen thro' a hazy cloud. In a moment the blazing of the suns around—a moment the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight, then again on the right hand and on the left appeared more constellations. At last the man sank down crying, "Angel, I can go no further; let me lie down in the grave and hide myself from the infinitude of the universe, for end there is none.'—'End there is none?' demanded the angel. And from the glittering stars that shone around, there came a coral shout, 'End there is none!' 'End there is none.'"

The Moons.—In the earliest times the people on the European and African sides of the Straits of Gibraltar were the same, and the intercourse between them over the narrow channel frequent. In the subsequent movements of warlike tribes and people Spain and Barbary were successively, whole or in part, overrun by the Carthagenians, Romans, Goths, Vandals, and Saracens or Arabs leaving both Spain and Barbary, in the early part of the eighth century, under the dominion of the latter. Both became provinces of the Caliphs of Bagdad, and were ruled by their governors. The Moors, as the Arabs of Spain and Morocco were called, mingled their blood with the inhabitants of the country, and for eight hundred years—much of the time as the predominant power in the Spanish Peninsula, notwithstanding the invasions and civil wars, instigated by religious bigotry, to which they were subjected—maintained themselves in Spain, and under their sway the country became powerful and great. At the end of this period they were subdued by the Christian States which had arisen among them, and the establishment of the Inquisition placed their lives and every thing they possessed at the mercy of their conquerors. A century of persecution succeeded; when what remained of them, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, whom neither fire nor faggot could convert, were expelled from Spain and driven into Africa. This, and the expulsion of the Jews which followed, destroyed the greatness of Spain—her commerce, her revenues, and her power—leaving her crippled, lying helpless at the mouth of the grave she had dug; from which condition, after a lapse of two centuries, she is only now beginning to recover. The Spaniards, like all the central and southern nations of Europe, are of mixed blood, made up of the several peoples who have overrun their land; but in many of the provinces, especially at the south and east, the Moorish blood still predominates.

"Sarah," said a girl looking out of the upper story window of a small grocery, and addressing another girl who was trying to enter at the front door, "we've all been to Camp Meeting and been converted; so when you want milk on Sundays, you will have to come in the back way."

### A Few Plain Questions.

A correspondent of the *Christian Observer* asks of the *Evangelist*, and other anti-slavery editors who are in the habit of denouncing slaveholding as sin, a categorical answer to the following inquiries:

1st. In the covenant which God made with Abraham, and his spiritual children, which is understood to be the Gospel covenant, was it *wrong* to provide for the purchase of bondmen, or slaves? Genesis, chap. 17: 12 and 13.

2d. Was it *wrong* for the angel, when meeting Hagar in the wilderness, fleeing from her mistress, who had treated her badly, to send her back into the state of servitude from which she had so happily escaped? Gen: 9.

3d. Was it *wrong* for Moses, acting under a direct commission from God, to authorize the Israelites to purchase bondmen, or slaves, from the heathen, and leave them as an inheritance to their children forever? Levit. 25: 44, 45, 46.

4th. Was it *wrong* for the Savior, when he healed the Centurion's servant, to commend the faith of the master without reproving him for the sin of slaveholding?

5th. Was it *wrong* for the Apostle Paul to send a runaway slave back to his master Philemon, without a single word of admonition about the sin of slaveholding?

6th. Was it *wrong* for the Apostle to speak of masters who had servants under the yoke (or servitude) *as faithful and beloved*, and to state that as a reason *why* their slaves (under the yoke) should render them a cheerful obedience? 1 Tim. 6: 1, 2, 3.

7th. Was it *wrong* for the Apostle in immediate connection with such teaching to *condemn* those who *teach otherwise*, as *ignorant and proud*, *doting* about questions and strife of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, and preverse disputings? 1 Tim. 6: 4, 5, 6.

8th. Is there anything in the relation of master to his servant to make *that* to be a sin now, which was not a sin in the days of Paul and Moses?

9th. If slaveholding be a sin, have not Paul, and Jesus, and Moses, and the Great God himself (I speak it reverently,) given explicit permission for the existence of this sin, without a single word of rebuke?

10th. Is not the "royal law"—*thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself*—as truly and readily obeyed by the master to his slave, as by the employer to those in his service—and is there not as much injustice and oppresion exercised over those in servitude at the North as there is over the colored population of the South?

Anecdote of Washington.—During the Revolution a Corporal was giving orders to his men, who were endeavoring to raise a heavy log to the top of some military works they were repairing. An officer not in military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not aid. The latter turning around with all the pomp of an Emperor, said, "Sir, I am a Corporal!" "I ask your pardon Mr. Corporal," said the officer, dismounting, lifted till the work was finished when, turning to the commander he said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such a job, and have not men sufficient, send for your Commander-in-Chief and I will come and help you the second time." It was Washington.

Fatal Fire.—On Friday evening a week, the dwelling house of Mr. John Marksteller near Kemerer's Saw Mill, in Upper Towamensing, was destroyed by fire. A little boy aged ten years, perished in the flames. The child had been left to take care of the house during the temporary absence of Mr. and Mrs. Marksteller. It is not known how the fire originated. Mr. Marksteller lost everything. A horse in the adjoining premises was also consumed.—*Carbon Democrat.*

An Irishman, travelling on one of the railroads the other day, got out of the cars for refreshments at a way station, and unfortunately the bell rang and the train was off before he had finished his pie and coffee. "Hould on!" cried Pat, and he ran like a madman after the cars, 'hould on, ye muthering ould stame ingine—ye've got a passenger aboard that is left behind!"

A little fellow four years old, the other day nonplussed his mother by making the following inquiry:—"Mother, if a man is a Mister, ain't a woman a Mistery?"

An editor says—"On our outside will be found some fine suggestions for raising peaches.' We suppose that on his inside may be found the peaches themselves.

The old fogy who poked his head from "behind the times," had it knocked soundly by a "passing event."

### Apprentices.

How extremely difficult it has in all ages been found, to convince the Apprentice that his own interest and prosperity are advanced exactly in proportion to the degree of faithfulness with which he discharges his duties to his employer, and the exertion he makes to promote his master's interest. This arises in a measure, from the proneness of young men to take thought only for the present. They do not generally give themselves the least anxiety about the future, and seem to forget that they too may at some period not far distant become masters and employers, and called upon to occupy responsible stations in society.

We have often been pained to witness the want of respect manifested by apprentices for their employers, and the degree of indifference and neglect shown by the former towards the interest of the latter. Indeed so extensive has been the mischief arising from this ruinous and mischievious course of apprentices, that the question is already agitated among employers whether the trouble and perplexity of boys at the present day, do not overbalance all the value of their services.

These things ought not so to be, and it need not be thus. Let our young friends reflect on what we have said, and each ask himself if all and more is not true; and let him resolve at once that it shall be no longer true of them. We beseech you be faithful and respectful to those under whose charge and guardianship you have been placed, for by so doing you will not only secure the confidence and respect of all around you, but it will prepare you for a course of faithfulness to yourselves in after life, and place within your reach, important advantages when you come to act for yourself.

Seven White Men Burned by Indians.—A correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*, writing from Virginia City, confirms the recent tidings of seven white men having been burned to death dy Indians in the Washoe region. It appears that these victims formed the party of Norman H. Canfield, of Butte county, which was out prospecting when the war between the whites and Indians at Williams' Ranch broke out, and were not heard of afterwards. The correspondent thus tells the story:—

"Among the volunteers in the late Indian expedition under Colonel Hays, were two very intimate friends of Mr. Canfield, who used every effort to ascertain the fate of his party; but though the form and features of all the discovered dead were very carefully scrutinized, none were recognized as bearing any resemblance to him or his known companions. A few days after the volunteers were withdrawn from Pyramid Lake, the regulars being then stationed there, some of the latter discovered, among the cotton woods below where the Indian village had stood, and near the place where the Truckee empties into the Lake, tied to as many trees, the bodies, or charred remains, of seven men who had been burned to death.

"Two or three had been fastened to the trees with log chains and the flesh had been entirely burned from them; the others had been tied with raw hides; and the upper portions of their bodies bore traces of identification, particularly that of Canfield, who was a robust and powerful man, remarkable in form and feature. His lower limbs and lower part of his frame had been consumed, with the evident design to protract susceptability to pain, till the bones were charred; but the upper part of the chest, the arms and shoulders and the head were entire—even the grim military whiskers worn by the victim were unsinged. Further description and details have also been furnished, but the revolting hideousness of the picture forbids elaboration. Suffice it, that the evidence leaves to the friends of Mr. Canfield and his companions no possibility of doubt as to his identity, and the horrible process of his and their deaths.

"The remains of the victims of this terrible deed were all carefully interred in one grave, beneath a large buttonwood tree, near the spot on which they died, by the soldiers under Capt. Stewart. Whether they were made the bloody offering to the demon of war, or the formal preparation of the Pah-Utahs to attack the whites, or were doomed to avenge the slain of the tribe who subsequently fell in battle, will most probably forever remain a mystery. They died—died the most terrible of all deaths which it is possible for the imagination to conceive. Canfield was from Cambridge, Washington county, New York, where his family resided when he came to California, in 1849. He was about 33 years of age at the time of his death.