



COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

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Change The Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.—St. James.

Chaos, confusion, yet were ours In the dark, silent halls of space, Great Central Light, without those rays Down flowing from thy dwelling place!

Each in its proper orbit placed, Thy works created live and move, Upheld by Thy controlling hand, Through the fair regions of Thy love.

And in the gloom of mortal things, Thyenlightenings were our day, Change—wonderful change—unmindful all Of Thy immutability.

The midnight of forgetfulness From hearts erst kind and faithful proved; The stern, cold winter of neglect In friends familiar and beloved;

Joy's clusters—rich as Bechole's—pressed, Upon the sacred scenes all, And trees of knowledge, fair to view, Yield fruits of wisdom, such as all;

The promise-beds of peace on-blown To sharpen those of harsh abuse; The realm of secret harmony Conspire to disperse the vilest use;

Honor's fair front, all veiled with wrongs; Malice's integrity's compeer, And virtuous youth in crime grown gray, As the world rolls from year to year.

Those varying shadows flitting past, We call our heritage, our lot;— And so we deem this life of ours A vale of tears, by Thy forgot.

Father of Lights, our vision purge! Over the dark shades mortality With all its changes flows around, Help us Thy changeful love to see!

Onward, and upward, lift us Lord, In the clear order of Thy plan, With sure progression, till we reach Thy throne and Thy full glory seen.

An Indian Adventure. I was the acknowledged belle of Clinton, a small village bordering on the western wilderness. I could not shoot any one, even the old woodmen that thronged our village.

My mother was kept in perpetual alarm by my daring exploits; in fact, as the old trappers said, I was cut out for a back woodsman's wife. I had two lovers then; one was Harry Cheverly, and the other Mark Rutson.

Harry Cheverly was a splendid specimen of an American back woodsman, with a heart true as steel; and, to my inexperienced eyes, he was the very personification of manly excellence.

Mark Rutson was contrary to him in every respect. Handsome he was, but on his face was such a hypocritical expression that I perfectly detested him.

One evening, as I was riding out, enjoying the mountain scenery, I approached a little eminence on which there was a thick growth of underwood; as I passed it, Mark Rutson rode out and joined me.

He pressed his suit with his usual fervor, his hypocritical face looking, if possible, more repulsive than ever. He finally offered me his hand and heart. Rising in my seat, I said: "Mark Rutson, no words can express the disgust I feel for you; and if you insult me again I will cowhide you, sir!"

It would be impossible to depict the expression of rage that swept over his face. "Jane Manncring, mark my words: I will be revenged!"

About this time we heard news of the depredations that the Indians were committing, by some passing stragglers which filled us with temporary uneasiness, but our fears soon passed away, and we regarded these reports as greatly exaggerated or totally untrue.

One evening Eddy returned from his daily ramble, bringing with him a moose-skin, which he said he had found in the woods. This filled me with alarm and uneasiness. I felt a presentiment of coming danger.

The next morning I mentioned my fears to Harry, but he only laughed at my terror, and playfully handing me a little revolver, bade me defend myself like a man, and then went to the woods to his daily work.

I slipped the revolver playfully in my pocket, but could not wholly divest myself of my fears. For an hour I sat in my low rocking chair, with my child at my side, counting the minutes as they flew, when my attention was attracted by a noise in the opposite side of the room.

Looking quickly around, to my dismay and terror I saw a dozen Indians evidently just returned from war, each bearing his bleeding scalp. The foremost advanced and appeared to be the chief of the party.

He approached and would have laid rough hands on me when my darling boy raised himself to his full height, his blue eyes flashing, demanded what they meant by their intrusion, and how they dare lay violent hands on his mother.

The chief paid no attention to him but bade his warriors bind us, which was quickly done, and, after a few moments, the chiefs retired in consultation; when seizing the opportunity, I scratched on the wall.

"Harry, we are in the hands of the Indians." The chiefs soon returned, and we were borne with rapid but noiseless steps into the depths of the wilderness. The chief who had bound us now attracted my attention. I was sure I had seen him before, where, I could not say.

Three days and nights without stopping we were borne away from home, and the fourth day we stopped in a small hollow, which I found strewn with bones and skulls. While contemplating this scene with horror, I looked up, and the Indian chief stood before me.

With a sneer over his dark features, he said, in good English: "Though you have forgotten me, Jane Manncring, for so I will call you, I have by no means forgotten you."

"Who are you?" said I. "I am Mark Rutson," the chief replied, and in the painted features I remembered the hypocritical face of the consummate villain.

There was no pity in his revengeful heart, and I read our doom in those hard features. "Do you see yonder tree," said he in a quick, sharp voice, "before the night your boy will be bound to that tree, and his young scalp will be clipped from his head, by my savage friends, and you will remain, and in the morning will share his fate."

A scornful silence was his answer. O, how quickly the day flew and the night approached; and just as twilight was setting in, a ruthless savage seized him roughly by the arm and bound him to the tree. First, he waved his tomahawk over his head to frighten him but the boy's blue eyes looked steadily at the savage in scorn, and his cheek never blanched.

In rage at his utter scorn, the Indian raised his tomahawk for the last time. Instinctively my hand rested on my revolver. I felt sure of my aim. I raised it, slowly pointing it at the savage's heart and fired. With a frightful yell he sprang into the air and fell dead.

With a scream of rage the Indians rushed upon me; another one fell by my revolver. Again I attempted to fire, but my pistol snapped; throwing it away I resigned to die; and just as the foremost Indian was about to sink his knife in my bosom, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard and the Indian fell, bathed in his own blood. The next moment the stalwart Harry Cheverly leaped into the ring.

All the Indians fled but their chief, who rushed upon my husband, shouting: "Ha! Harry Cheverly, revenge at last!" and pointed his pistol, which missed fire. The next moment my husband's knife was in the renegade's heart. Our meeting I need not describe. Harry had seen the lines I wrote him, and that of my child. We were troubled no more with savages, for the next year old Tippecanoe, with the avenging riflemen under his command drove away and cleared the forest of our dusky foes.

Improprieties About Churches.

From the Presbyterian Banner. 1. It is highly improper to go late to church when it can possibly be avoided. This interrupts the services, confuses the congregation, distracts the attention, and is a sure indication of slothfulness, or something worse, on the part of those wilfully and habitually guilty of sin.

2. No indecorum can be more palpable than standing about church doors during service, or whilst the people are assembling. A truly polite person will not do this. And yet we have seen members who thought themselves in good and regular standing, and even church officials, place themselves at the door of the sanctuary and gaze at the people as they entered just as if they were the regularly appointed inspectors of all church-goers.

3. Talking, laughing, whispering, giggling and all vocal or visible manifestations of social greetings when in the house of God, either before, during or after service indicates ill-breeding in all so acting. Politeness, to say nothing of piety, avoids all such indulgences. Still we have seen young lads and lasses, who fancy they move in the most decorous circles of social life, come into church with a giddy grin on their countenance that never left it until they had made many bows, gestures and sundry other eye and head manipulations to those around them, to the utter disgust of all lovers of true politeness.

4. Some leave the doors open as they enter church, and allow themselves to become so confused, that in going to a seat they rather run than walk, thus making a noise on the uncarpeted floor, somewhat similar in sound to that of the ox when treading out the corn. A real lady or gentleman never does so, but they enter the sanctuary in a mild, self-possessed way; and when they have taken their seat they deport themselves agreeably to the solemnity of the occasion, and not as though they were attending an opera or concert.

5. Some church members never try to furnish strangers seats. This is a branch of politeness to say the least, and a real indignity offered to the person neglected. It is almost as much an index of bad manners, as not to offer a friend a chair when calling upon us at our own houses.

To show strangers seats, is the sexton's business, says one; true, but if that functionary neglects his duty, this should make you and me the mere vigilant, that of reproach on the whole congregation. Not to have a hymn book to use yourself, or to offer to a stranger when need be, is also very improper in all church members.

6. Feet shuffling, tobacco chewing, sleeping, inattention, reading books, amusing children, spread eagling, with the arms akimbo on the seat in front of us, are vulgarities in church, that no person of cultivated manners will either indulge or excuse.

7. No individual of refinement will come into church and take his seat with his hat on; nor will he put it on his head till he have reached the door of exit. This thing of sitting in any house with hat on, argues a most inexcusable, ineluctable rusticity in the manners of all that do it.

8. Going out of church during service, is in some places a practice with many.—Where it is a mere habit, and not a necessity, it is an impropriety of the highest degree, evincing a thoughtless restiveness never seen in person of refined deportment, and never practiced but by the vain, the ignorant and the vicious.

9. The use of tobacco in the sanctuary of God, is such an intolerable nuisance that it is truly wonderful that any lover of decency can for a moment so far forget himself, as boldly to pollute the floor and furniture of the sacred edifice with the abomination.

10. Persons given to politeness always conform to the rules of the church in which they may happen to be. If kneeling, standing or sitting, be the posture of prayer, they gracefully assume it. In all these things they act decorously, ever remembering who and what they are. In fine you must go to church if you wish to learn who the real lady or gentleman is, and not to the ball-room, the dancing-school, or the gay party. Politeness here may be formal, stiff, and up to the Chesterfield rule, but it is cold, heartless, superficial and often false.

Indeed, if a person is ill-mannered at church he will be good mannered nowhere—our behavior there is the exponent of our deportment everywhere. Reader, are you ever guilty of any of these, or of similar improprieties at church? Say—S. L. D.

Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge on Secession.

This distinguished Kentuckian and noted minister of our Church, delivered a discourse on the "Fast Day," in Old Fellows' Hall, Lexington, Ky., in which he took high ground for the preservation of the Union, showed the entire invalidity of the pretensions of the seceding States, warned Kentucky against involving herself with them, and told her in the plainest terms that her only hope of safety and prosperity as a State was to be found in clinging to the border free States.

With respect to the figment of the right of secession and State sovereignty, he thus expressed himself: "If it is the right of any State to do this thing—First. We have no National Government, and never had any. Secondly. It is perfectly idle to speak of a new Constitution, since a new Constitution can have no more force than the Constitution already despised. Thirdly. The possibility is ended—ended in the very theory of the case illustrated, in the utter failure of its practice—the possibility is ended of uniting republican freedom with national strength in any country, or under any form of government. But, according to my belief, and according to the universal belief of the American people a little while ago, no such right, legal or constitutional, as that of secession does or can exist under such institutions as ours.

"In the first place, no States in the Union ever had any sovereignty at all, in dependent of, or except as they were United States. When they speak about recovering their sovereignty—when they speak about returning to the condition of sovereigns, in which they were before they were members of the confederacy, called at first the United Colonies, then the United States, they speak of a thing that has no existence. They speak of a thing that is historically without foundation. They were not States. They were Colonies of the British Crown. They were Colonies of the Dutch Government. They were Colonies granted by charter to particular individuals, or to particular companies of individuals. Pennsylvania was a Colony, the property of William Penn. Georgia—a large portion of it—belonged to Oglethorpe. They were chartered to individuals or companies, as were the Colonies of foreign nations or kings. As States they revolted; as such, before their revolt, they united in a Continental Government more or less complete, and as such United Colonies they pronounced that famous Declaration of Independence, which, after a war of seven years, still as United Colonies they made good. That great Washington who led the war, was the commander-in-chief of the army of the United Colonies: As such they were torn States.—The treaties of peace that made them independent treated them as United States. What sovereignty did Kentucky ever have except the sovereignty she had as a State of these United States, born at the same time that her sovereignty, as an independent State, was born. We were a Colony or District of Virginia. We became a State one of the United States at the same time, for the same purpose, and for good and all. What I mean by this, my friends, is this: to point out that in fact the complex system of government which we had in this country, did always, does now, and in the nature of the case, must contemplate these States as united into a common government, and that government as really a part of our political system, as it contemplated them as separate sovereignties, as such parts of that political system.

"The States can no more legally throw off the allegiance of its people to the nation, than the nation can legally absolve the allegiance due by the people of the State to the State they live in. Either attempt, considered in any legal, constitutional or historical light, is pure madness."

PARENTS IN CHINA.—The extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinese of forty years old, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends. "Why do you weep?"—"Alas, things are not as they used to be! The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day!"

Dr. ADAM CLARKE, who had a strong aversion to pork, was called upon to say grace at a dinner, where the principal dish was a roast pig. He is reported to have said: "O Lord, if thou canst bless under the gospel what thou didst curse under the law, bless the pig."

Tiger Chase by Baboons.

The following account of a tiger chase is extracted from the North Lincoln (Sphinx), a regimental paper, published at Graham's Town. The writer, after alluding to his sporting experiences of all kinds, and in all quarters of the globe, declares that he never witnessed so novel or intensely exciting a chase as that about to be described: Not long ago I spent a few days at Fort Brown, a small military post on the banks of the Great Fish river, where my friend W. was stationed. One evening, as my friend and I were returning home, after a somewhat fatiguing day's buckshooting, we were startled by hearing the most extraordinary noises, not far from us. It seemed as if all the demons in the infernal regions had been unchained, and were amusing themselves by trying to frighten us poor mortals by their horrid yelling. We stood in breathless expectation, not knowing what could possibly be the cause of this diabolical row, with all sorts of strange conjectures flashing across our minds. Nearer and nearer the yelling and screaming approached, and presently the cause became visible to our astonished eyes. Some three or four hundred yards to our right, upon the brow of a small hill, a spotted leopard (commonly called, in this country, a tiger, though much smaller than the lord of the Indian jungles) came in view, bounding along with all the speed and energy of despair, while close behind him followed an enormous pack of baboons, from whose throats proceeded the demoniacal sounds that had, a few seconds before, startled us. Our excitement in the chase, as you may suppose, was intense. On went the tiger, making for the river, the baboons following like avenging demons, and evidently gaining ground upon their nearly exhausted foe, though their exulting yells seemed each moment to increase his terror and his speed. They reached the stream, the tiger still a few yards in advance, and with a tremendous bound, he cast himself into its muddy waters and made for the opposite bank. The next moment his pursuers, in admirable confusion, were struggling after him, and as the tiger (now fearfully exhausted) clambered on the land again, the largest and strongest of the baboons were close at his heels, though many of the pack (the old, the very young, and the weakly) were still struggling in the water. In a few moments all had passed from our sight, behind the brow of the opposite bank; but their increased yelling, now stationary behind the hill, told us that the tiger had met his doom, and that their strong arms and jaws were tearing him limb from limb. As the baboons came from home, we did not cross the river to be in at the death; but, next morning, a few bones and scattered fragments of flesh and skin showed what had been the tiger's fate. On our return home we were told by some Dutch gentlemen that such hunts are not uncommon when a tiger is rash enough to attack the young baboons, which often happens. All these creatures, for miles around, assemble and pursue their enemy, with relentless fury to his death. Sometimes the chase lasts for days, but it invariably closes with the destruction of the tiger—a striking instance that the idea of retributive justice is not confined to man alone.

THE FIRST DISUNION SPEECH IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.—The first disunion speech made in the United States Senate was made by Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, in regard to the Louisiana enabling act, on January the 14th, 1811. He said:—

"I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion that if this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved, that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligations; and that, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation—AMICABLY IF THEY CAN, VIOLENTLY IF THEY MUST."

This same Josiah Quincy is yet alive, and despite his advanced age, is one of the most radical and extreme Abolitionists in New England, and is for coercing those who are acting on the doctrine which he enunciated in his youthful manhood.

A Teacher of vocal music asked an old lady if her grandson had any ear for music. "Well," said the old woman, "I really don't know. Wou'd you take the candle and see?"

JEREMS says, the quickest way to reach the "seat of war" is to sit down on a "hornet's nest."

Oil Wells of Pennsylvania.

In order to gratify the curiosity of many of our readers, respecting the first discoveries of the Oil Wells in Pennsylvania, we copy the following from the Surveyor General's late Annual Report, which says:—

The discovery of the oil was made many years since; hence the name of Oil creek. The Seneca Indians applied it by mixing with their war paint, and for religious purposes. "The great Chief would recite the conquest and heroism of their ancestors. The surface of the stream was covered with a thick scum, which burst into a complete conflagration. The oil had been gathered and lighted with a torch. At the sight of the flames the Indians gave forth a triumphant shout, that made the hills re-echo again! Here is revived the ancient fire-worship of the East. Here, then, are the children of the Sun." This description was written more than one hundred years ago to Gen. Montcalm.—The first settler acquainted with the locality of the oil springs was Nathaniel Curry, of Franklin, seventy years since.

On the 26th of August, 1859, a vein of oil was struck at the depth of seventy-one feet, on Oil creek, below Titusville, in Venango county, superintended by Col. E. L. Drake, the projector of the Pioneer well. To him much of the credit is due in bringing to light this important branch of business. His energy and perseverance, amid delays, difficulties and a vast outlay of expenditure, triumphed over natural obstacles, and the more severe trial of the laugh and sneers of his neighbors.

A FRIEND of ours told an good thing on himself. Spending the summer up in the Catskills he found woodchucks more plenty than roast beef; and rather complained one day, to his wife, that she did not understand preparing wild game; "For," said he, "woodchuck is very fine if only thoroughly prepared." "Have you ever eaten any?" inquired his wife. "Why, no; but I know they must be good—it is unreasonable to think so clean and fat an animal is not as good as lamb or roast pig. I will eat one if you will prepare it by stuffing and carefully roasting it." So he skinned a fine one which the dogs had that morning dug out; and the obliging wife prepared it as he requested. It really did look tempting, when it came on the table, and smelled as savory as a feast or roast pig. It opened beautifully—it really looked charmingly on the plate. "There," the enthusiastic artist remarked, "I told you so—just as nice as if it had cost two dollars." He conveyed a rich morsel to his mouth, chewed it slightly, and down it went. The wife looked on admiringly and said: "My dear, do fetch home another w-o-o-d-c-h-u-c-k with you for supper!" This was too much; so the artist stopped, seized a fence post and tried to pull it up, as he thought, to beat his wife; but his madness spent itself on it; and he returned to the house, ere long, a wiser and a more fastidious man. The wife, for a long time, kept from her husband a fact which came to her knowledge a day or two after the preparation of "the beast." A paper of black snuff had been opened and used, in the stead of black pepper, in seasoning the animal—which accounted for the nausea to her husband's stomach. But, to this day, the artist cannot bear to hear of woodchuck.

In raising the treasures of the steamer Malabar, which was wrecked last summer on the coast of Ceylon, the divers worked under water through nine feet of sand, and then cut away large iron plates half an inch thick, forming the sides of the mail room of the steamer. Eighty thousand dollars worth of treasure were thus obtained in one day. The steamer had over \$1,500,000 in gold on board, all of which has been saved.

THE grave is indeed hallowed, when the moss of the churchyard can cover a memory save that of love.

AN INDIAN SCALP DANCE AT SANTA FE.

A newspaper correspondent writing from Santa Fe says: "In the Plaza yesterday a novel sight was presented. A band of Pueblos, fifty in number, marched into town with all the pomp and glorious circumstance of war, bearing aloft four Navajo scalps, which they had recently torn from the reeking heads of as many Indians. After breaking their fast at the hospitable mansion of commissioner Collins, they marched in the form of a crescent to the music of a drum of their own rude manufacture, accompanied by their harmonious voices, which at once brought business of every kind to stand still. After marching around the plaza in the form in which they entered, they halted in front of the 'Palacio' in which the Governor resides, and, I presume, through respect for official station, they commenced the scalp dance, which was more wildly grotesque than the dances of witches in old Kirk Alloway. Their costumes were varied and seemed to have borrowed every color of the rainbow, which, with the alternate shading of ochre, was million and lamp-black upon their ugly mugs, to the uninitiated seemed as if pandemonium had opened her doors and let loose upon our people about fifty of her choicest devils. The dance went on and the multitude went off, and the Indians, becoming weary and out of breath, soon marched away in the same order as they in which they first made their grand entrance."

HEROISM OF A MISSIONARY.—Rev. H. C. Mather related the following incident, in an address to a missionary meeting in London: When the fort of Agra was about to be invested by the mutineers (during the last rebellion in India,) the entire population, both of the city and in the entonnments, took refuge in the forts. There were 850 native Christians in the town, who fled towards the fort, and expected to be admitted with the rest, but, to their astonishment, they were told that they could not come in. There were at this moment in the fort upwards of 1000 Hindoos, and some 250 Mohammedans, (who afterwards deserted the English,) yet these 850 Christians could not be admitted, but must remain outside in danger of losing their lives. When it was stated that the native Christians had been refused entrance into the fort, Mr. French, the agent of the Church Missionary Society, came forward and said: "My blood shall flow for theirs; if they are not admitted into the fort, I will go out to them." Here was a man that was truly worthy of the name of martyr rather to perish with his brethren, than that they should be left outside. I am happy to add, that in consequence of the statement of Mr. French, the Governor ordered the gates to be thrown open to the native Christians, and they were admitted into the fort.

SATURDAY NIGHT.—How many associations sweet and hallowed, crowd around that short sentence, "Saturday night." It is but a prelude to more heavenly associations, which the tired frame and thankful soul hail with renewed joy at each succeeding return. "Tis then the busy day of life ceases; that cares and anxieties are forgotten; that the wornout frame seeks necessary repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns; with joy looking for the coming day of rest, so wisely and beneficially set apart for mental peace and happiness.

The tired laborer seeks his own cottage to which perhaps he has been a stranger the past week, where a loved wife and smiling children meet him with smiles and caresses. Here he realizes the bliss of hard earned comforts, and at this time perhaps more than any other, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings.

Released from the disturbing cares of the week, the professional man beholds the return of Saturday night, and he gladly seeks the clustering vines nourished by his parental care, the reality of these joys which are only his own to know at their peculiar seasons.

The lone widow, too, has toiled on day after day, to support her little charge, how gratefully does she resign her cares at the return of Saturday night, and thank her God for this kind resting place on the way, by which she is encouraged from week, to week to hold on her course.

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