



COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY LEVI L. TATE. IN BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. OFFICE

In the new Brick Building, opposite the Exchange, by side of the Court House. "Democratic Head Quarters."

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. \$1 00 In advance, for one copy, for six months. \$2 00 In advance, for one copy, for one year. \$3 00 In advance, for one copy, for two years.

Advertisements inserted, and Job Work executed, at the established prices.

Select Poetry.

"And one Private Killed"

Cold words to tell a mother's doing love That her old age was desolate indeed; That the proud staff of her declining years Was taken from her, at her utmost need.

Select Story.

THE POISONED ARROW.

We would carry our readers back some thirty years to the times when civilization was slowly approaching the western wilds, and when the spirit of adventure led the hardy pioneers out from their native villages to the domain of the red man.

keep my rifle always ready to act as an interpreter.

"Come, then, let us prepare a shelter. We can so weave these boughs, as to form a very respectable house for the present. Out with your hatchet man, and to work."

"Suppose I make a fire, and roast this piece of venison. We shall be hungry when our task is done."

"Always provide for the appetite!—Well, be it so. Be careful, however, that you do not let your fire get among the dry branches, else we shall have a general conflagration."

"We shall postpone such a pyrotechnic disturbance till the fourth of the coming month."

In conversation like to this passed two or three hours, during which the brothers worked industriously, and found that they had, when the venison was ready for them, provided a very comfortable cabin.

"I will just dip my cup in the stream there," said Harry, "and try the properties of this water; hold on! put up your knife until I return. We must start fair! I object to your cutting off the finest pieces in advance."

"Nay, you need not indulge any alarm; you shall have the first cut; hurry, then, for I am famishing."

Harry sprang down the bank, and bent over the swift current. As he was in the act of dipping up the water, an arrow from some unseen bow pierced his arm and pinned it to his side.

"This cursed arrow must be poisoned!" he thought, "for I can feel its influence stealing through my system, numbing and paralyzing my every faculty. If I could but make Barton hear. What ho! brother Barton!"

So rapid had been the action of the irritating agent, wherewith the weapon had been charged, that his voice seemed to have become affected, and he could do little more than whisper. Meanwhile, Barton had become somewhat annoyed at his brother's absence. He had half a mind to commence an attack upon the venison which was fast growing cold, but he bethought him that he had better look down upon the river, to see what detained the youngster. He stood upon the edge of the bluff, but as far as he could see there were no signs of the missing brother.

Barton now grew anxious, he could form no satisfactory reason for his disappearance. There could be but one solution of the mystery; the Decotahs must have been watching them, and succeeded in capturing Harry. This conclusion arrived at, he turned to look far up the river, where rose upon the still air a tall column of smoke that told him he was near some Indian encampment.

"Yes, it must be so!" he muttered, as an agony of feeling stole across his soul. "My brother has been made, thus early in his frontier experience, a prisoner by these cursed savages. But he shall be rescued, or if too late for that, avenged!"

Without further delay he unbraced his horse from the limb to which it had been fastened while quietly grazing, replaced his saddle, examined the priming of his rifle, and vaulted upon his animal.

"Now, Barbary," he almost shouted, "you must bear your part nobly in this enterprise. We must bring back my brother, or return not at all."

As the sounds of footsteps died in the distance, and an unbroken silence brooded once more over the spot, there shot from the opposite bank a light canoe propelled by the practical hand of a young and beautiful forest maiden. With the rapidity of lightning it sped across the waters and touched at the very spot where Harry had received his wound. As it grazed the beach the girl sprang lightly from it, and ran swiftly up the bank to where the young man had fallen. She arrived just in time to see him stretch himself out with an agony of pain, throw his arms wildly above his head and sink almost insensible again. She bent over him and in a sweet whisper said:

"Come with me; the warrior's arrow has wounded the white bird, who flew to our forests for a home; but Atawakta will save the life of the pale face. Quick to my canoe, or the chieftains of my tribe will discover us. I saw you from yonder grove, watched the movements of the Decotahs, and am here to save you."

"No! I only wish to meet them in the broad light of day, face to face. We shall soon make friends of them if they approach us thus; but they may not stop to form friendships if they come upon us unawares."

"I have felt your powers of persuasion, and judging from their influence upon me, cannot doubt your winning qualities."

least guide you to her hut among the bushes there. You will die if you do not come."

With such gentle words the maiden strove to rouse him to the effort, and finally succeeded. He had sense enough remaining to know that if he did not accompany her his hours of life were numbered. He had heard of the medicinal knowledge that the Indians possessed, and he doubted not that she could aid him.

"My brother!" he said faintly. "Will return to this spot, and wait your coming; he has gone to seek you. He will never leave you till he meets you again. When the sickness is passed Atawakta will bring you here. Come, ere the warriors of my race shall discover you and me."

By a series of painful efforts Harry at last reached the canoe, into which he was assisted by his fair guide.

"Now you must trust yourself to Atawakta, who, by the help of the Great Spirit, will draw this arrow from your arm, and heal the wound. She could thus atone for the cruelty of him who drew the bow."

As Harry felt himself lifted from the frail barge, he cast a grateful look upon his preserver and became unconscious.

Four months had passed ere Harry was again able to leave the mats whereon he had reposed in utter prostration. The fever had at last left him, but he was very weak. Atawakta had clung to him with a singular devotion, and had been true to her promise. Aided by a couple of aged squaws she had brought him from the very gates of death far on to health. We find her now, after the lapse of so many weeks, still by his side either administering some restorative or sitting at his feet listening to the strange stories of the white man's home.

"You will soon leave the wilderness," sighed the maiden, "and I shall see you no more. Four moons have passed since I saw you—they have been happy days to me, but we must part. Look from this door upon the scene without. Already the leaves are withering and dying in the cool autumn blasts. Ere long the storm king will ride upon the wind, and wrap earth in its cold embrace. You will go to meet the warm hearts that watch for you, while Atawakta will grow cold as the snow. The winter will blight her very heart."

Harry turned from the contemplation of landscape to the bright eyes of the fair child of nature beside him. He read in their dark meaning, words that sent the warm flush to his cheek. His arm rested on her shoulder and almost encircled her neck, joining his hands he pressed her to his bosom.

"Atawakta," he whispered, "I love you, and must never leave this spot. Be mine and let me here live and die!"

With a glad smile the maiden raised her moist lips to his; but ere he could press them a shadow stole across her face, her head drooped again as she murmured sadly:

"No, no! it must not be! This has been a pleasing dream to the forest maid, but it cannot be realized. In a few moons Harry would tire of his Indian bride, and would long for the associations that he had abandoned: Better leave me now than then."

"Atawakta believes that there is truth in the heart!"

"Yes, but affection may grow cold."

"Listen to me, dearest! My life was preserved by you, and to you it should be devoted. Do not suppose that I wish merely to repay the debt—that I can never do; but over and above all other considerations is the love that can be answered by possession, I could not breathe a word of harm to you! I have left no one in the far off home of my childhood, for whose society I can languish. Fear not, then, my truth, for by the light of that great sun I swear—"

"No! not for me! The great Manitou will not bear an oath. I am yours forever! If in some future hour your heart should go back to the friends of earlier days, I will bid you depart and lay me down to die. At least you will be mine till then."

She did not longer hesitate, but with an impassioned gesture, clung about his neck, while Harry imprinted innumerable kisses upon her yielding lips.

As they stood thus, the sound of horses hoofs, falling rapidly upon the soft turf roused them from their absorption—at the same moment one of the squaws that had been in attendance upon the youthful

Wahpeta tells me that our warriors are in pursuit of a white man, who is urging his horse towards the crossing here. Let us go forth, for we may save him."

"It may be my brother!" exclaimed Harry, with a glad smile, as they hand in hand went into the forest. Soon the pursuers and pursued appeared in the distance. Harry at once recognized in the white man his brother.

"It is he! it is Barton. Heavens! he will be killed."

"Not so. He is my brother now," answered the maiden proudly, "and not one of our tribe shall dare to molest him."

As the horseman drew near, Harry cried: "Stop brother! Barton, do you not know me? It is your brother Harry that calls."

Although the rider heard the voice and recognized it, he could not check his steed until he had fairly reached the edge of the river. Atawakta placed herself directly in the way of the pursuers, and with a motion bade them pause. A short pause ensued, at the end of which the Decotahs turned their horses' heads and rode back from whence they came.

Barton soon made known to his brother the various events he had passed through as he followed for months the trails of different tribes of Indians, in search of the lost one, until his hopes died out, and he turned to retrace his steps; he had been met by those who were following him, and had to run for his life.

Harry Newton and his Indian bride lived to see a flourishing town grow upon the spot where they first met, for he never left her in life.

General & Political.

Lord Butler.

WILKES-BARRE, Nov. 28, 1861.

The writer of this has just returned from the chamber where rests, in the silence of death, all that is mortal—all that is earthly, of Lord Butler, whose death occurred suddenly, yesterday, November 27, 1861, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. His age was about 55 years. He had been in a state of declining health two or three years, seeming to be wasting away under the influence of some inward destroying agent. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon he called to visit his only surviving sister Mrs. Judge Conyngnam, and now the only surviving member of the family of the late Lord Butler, Sr., so well and so favorably known in years gone by. After spending a little time in cheerful converse, Mr. Butler returned home. From indications discovered after his death, there is reason to believe that a blood vessel had been ruptured, while he was in the street. He entered his abode undiscovered by any other of its inmates, except by a domestic, who noticed him walking hastily through the back part of his dwelling, into the sitting room, where he was soon after discovered by a young daughter, lying upon the floor. Mrs. Butler being called, approached, and found him lifeless—a puddle of blood near by, plainly indicating death from copious hemorrhage of the lungs.

The writer of this, from youth, had cherished an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Butler. About forty years ago, in our youth—a short time apart—we both united with the M. E. Church in Wilkes-Barre. Since then we knew each other as true and confiding friends only know each other. The cares, anxieties and heart emotions of one, was known to the other, as nearly as proper for one thus to look into the heart of another. Associated with him thus, and in various official stations in the church, may I not speak of him? Who more proper to pen a feeble tribute to departed worth, than he who so well appreciated it?

As a citizen and a man, Mr. Butler was intelligent, patriotic, liberal, upright, honest and guileless—a man of spotless integrity. He had a high sense of honor that sometimes—very rarely—caused an impulsive resentment of an apparently intended indignity. If any supposed he had a prominent fault, they probably would have traced its exhibition here.—But such need only to have known how free his bosom was from ungenerous resentment, to be enabled to discriminate between a fault, and a principle to repel what seemed to him to be a grovelling indignity, or an unmanly act.

As a neighbor, Mr. Butler was kind, sympathizing, and ever ready to meet every possible requirement enjoined either by relative duty or the laws of kindness.

As a friend, Mr. Butler was confiding, reliable, true and trusty, unselfish, and generous almost to a fault. A friend parting from him for a time, knew just where to find him when they again met.—His confidence was given, in close friendship, to only such as he could confide in without misgiving or fear. And when thus given, not easily moved. He was a true friend.

As a husband and parent, Mr. Butler was everything desirable in those relations. He was kind and thoughtful in regard to the comfort and well being of his family, looking closely and diligently to their happiness in every respect.

As a Christian, Mr. Butler was intelligent, consistent, meek and without guile. He was warmly attached to the church of his choice, as all good men are; but he was no bigot. He loved to see the spirit of the Christian exemplified everywhere, and he recognized and loved it wherever he saw its exemplification. During his manhood life, he filled many official places in the church, such as class leader, steward, exhorter, trustee, Sabbath school superintendent and teacher; in each of which he gave the most unbounded satisfaction. In these various relations he was governed by the principles that he ought to have been influenced by, as nearly as possible, perhaps, for a mortal to bring to his guidance proper motives and incentives. He was a useful man—a consistent member of the church militant. He was a reading, praying, circumspect Christian. For a layman, he was well read in theology. He was well established in the principles and doctrines of the Gospel, and in the particular tenets of the church of his choice. He was always ready to give an intelligent reason for his hope, and for his belief in the doctrines he had embraced.

Such is scarcely an outline of Lord Butler. I have not attempted to write a sketch of him. Above is only a summary transcript of his history, as indelicately written on my heart, during our years of close intimacy. His record and his history are on high, with his spirit has doubtless gone, released from the clay tenement that was liable to suffering, toil, pain and death.

I said I had just visited the chamber where the dead body of my friend lay.—It was almost as natural as life—the same placid smile was there. But he spoke not. How sober, an yet, in one sense, how pleasant my reflections. I have again and again knelt beside him in the praying circle—in the public congregation—at the sacramental board—in the private room. I knelt near his body this morning, in the lonely chamber where it lay—his body and myself alone. But he knelt not beside me. I wept—but he wept not. He gave me no response. His spirit was not there. The jewel had left the casket.—God had taken him to the home of the saved ones. He had lived a Christian life and now God had taken him. He had

Calmly stood on the Jordan of death— And smiled as the waves passed by— He had laid his head on his Saviour's breast. He had found a better place of rest. In the home of the saints on high.

So my friend bled me not as he had been wont to do—and I left the lonely chamber with a thoughtful consciousness that I had derived benefit from our early and long association—and with a full assurance that he had reached that endless home, to secure a mansion in which, had been a leading object with him, in health and in sickness, and for many years.

Oh! how often had this been our topic. And in God's own good time, in distant worlds, and after death, may we, together, "the pleasing theme renew." S. D. L.

Secretary Cameron's Views More Fully Expressed.

The original draft of the Report of the Secretary of War, before it was submitted to the President, contained the following passage, for which the concluding portion of the Report was afterwards substituted:

"It has become a grave question for determination what shall be done with the slaves abandoned by their owners on the advance of our troops into Southern territory as in the Beaufort district in South Carolina. The whole white population therein is 6,000, while the number of negroes exceeds 32,000. The panic which drove their masters in wild confusion from their homes, leaves them in undisputed possession of the soil. Shall they, armed by their masters, be placed in the field to fight against us, or shall their labor be continually employed in reproducing the means for supporting the arms of rebellion?"

The war into which this Government has been forced by rebellious traitors is carried on for the purpose of repossessing the property violently and treacherously seized upon by the enemies of the Government, and to re-establish the authority of the laws of the United States in the places where it is opposed or overthrown by armed insurrection and rebellion. Its purpose is to recover and defend what is justly its own.

War, even between independent nations, is made to subdue the enemy, and all that belongs to that enemy, by occupying the hostile country, and exercising dominion over all the men and things within its territory. This being true in respect to independent nations at war with each other, it follows that rebels, who are laboring by force of arms to overthrow a Government, justly bring upon themselves all the consequences of war, and provoke the destruction merited by the worst of crimes. That Government would be false to national trust, and would justly excite the ridicule of the civilized world, that would abstain from the use of any efficient means to preserve its own existence, or to overcome a rebellious and traitorous enemy, by sparing or protecting the property of those who are waging war against it.

The principal wealth and power of the rebel States is a peculiar species of property, consisting of the service or labor of African slaves, or the descendants of Africans. This property has been variously estimated at the value of from \$700,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000.

Why should this property be exempt from the hazards and consequences of a rebellious war?

It was the boast of the leader of the rebellion, while he yet had a seat in the Senate of the United States, that the Southern States would be comparatively safe and free from the burdens of war, if it should be brought on by the contemplated rebellion, and that boast was accompanied by the savage threat that "Northern towns and cities would become the victims of ravine and military spoil," and that "Northern men should smell Southern gunpowder and feel Southern steel." No one doubts the disposition of the rebels to carry that threat into execution. The wealth of Northern towns and cities, the produce of Northern farms, Northern workshops and manufactories, would certainly be seized, destroyed, or appropriated as military spoils. No property in the North would be spared from the hands of the rebels, and their rapine would be defended under the laws of war. While the loyal States thus have all their property and possessions at stake, are the insurgent rebels to carry on warfare against the Government in peace and security to their own property?

Reason and justice and self preservation forbid that such should be the policy of this Government, but demand, on the contrary, that being forced by traitors and rebels to the extremity of war, all the rights and powers of war, should be exercised to bring it to a speedy end.

Those who make war against the Government justly forfeit all rights of property, privilege, or security, derived from the Constitution and laws, against which they are in armed rebellion, and as the labor and service of their slaves constitute the chief property of the rebels, such property should share the common fate of war to which they have devoted the property of loyal citizens.

While it is plain that the slave property of the South is justly subjected to all the consequences of this rebellious war, and that the Government would be untrue to its trust in not employing all the rights and powers of war to bring it to a speedy close, the details of the plan for doing so, like all other military measures, must, in a great degree, be left to be determined by particular exigencies. The disposition of other property belonging to the rebels that becomes subject to our arms is governed by the circumstances of the case.—

The Government has no power to hold slaves, none to restrain a slave of his liberty, or to exact his service. It has a right, however, to use the voluntary services of slaves liberated by war from their rebel masters, like any other property of the rebels, in whatever mode may be most efficient for the defence of the Government, the prosecution of the war, and the suppression of the rebellion. It is as clearly a right of the Government to arm slaves when it may become necessary as it is to use gunpowder taken from the enemy.

It is plain in view of the great object of overcoming the rebels, re-establishing the laws, and restoring peace to the nation. It is vain for the Government to carry on this war, or hope to maintain its existence against a rebellious force, without employing all the rights and powers of war. As has been said, the right to deprive the rebels of their property in slaves and slave labor, it is as clear and absolute as the right to take forage from the field, or cotton from the warehouse, or powder and arms from the magazine. To leave the enemy in possession of such property as forage, and cotton and military stores, and the means of constantly producing them, would be madness. It is, therefore, equal madness to leave them in peaceful and secure possession of slave property, more valuable and efficient to them for war than forage, cotton and military stores. Such policy would be national suicide. What do with the species of property, is a question that time and circumstances will solve, and need not be anticipated further than to repeat that they cannot be held by the Government as slaves. It would be useless to keep them as prisoners of war, and self preservation, the highest duty of a Government, or of individuals, demands that they should be disposed of or employed in the most effective manner that will tend most speedily to suppress the insurrection and restore the authority of the Government.

If it shall be found that the men who have been held by the rebels as slaves are capable of bearing arms and performing efficient military service, it is the right, and may become the duty of the Government to arm and equip them, and employ their services against the rebels, under proper military regulation, discipline and command. But in whatever manner they may be used by the Government, it is plain that, once liberated by the rebellious act of their masters, they should never again be restored to bondage. By the master's treason and rebellion he forfeits all right to the labor and service of his slave; and the slave of the rebellious master, by his service to the Government, becomes justly entitled to freedom and protection. The disposition to be made to the slaves of rebels, after the close of the war, can be safely left to the wisdom and patriotism of Congress. The Representatives of the people will unquestionably secure to the loyal slaveholders every right to which they are entitled under the Constitution of the country. SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War. TO THE PRESIDENT.

More Zeal than Discretion.

Not a bad joke is told of one of the New York night inspectors. It happened a few evenings since, shortly after the wharf watch was set, that a plain looking countryman was seen leaving a brig lying at pier No 6, with a suspicious-looking bundle in his hands. It was a large package and a heavy one, and the stranger tagged along slowly up the pier with it, and turned the corner, sweating under his load.

"Aha! my fine fellow," ejaculated the lynx eyed inspector—a sharp set official by the way—"aha! I've got you this time!" and approaching the countryman he said: "Good evening. Let me relieve you of that load my friend."

"Eh!" responded the man, uneasily. "I'll take that bundle, if you please."

"Thank you."

"It's heavy isn't it?" said the officer.

"Yaa! Which way you goin' nabur?"

"Come along—it's all right; I'll take care of this—come on!"

"Edzactly—much obliged. It's tarnaal heavy, an' I've got to git it up to the Howard House."

"Come along," continued the officer, knowingly; "we'll see about that!" and in a few minutes they reached the Howard when the stranger observed that the inspector had no idea of halting.

"Hallo! which way, friend! I'm stopping here," said the countryman.

"It's no matter. I've seized this property, and you can explain matters at the Custom House to-morrow," continued the shrewd inspector.

"Luk here, friend! Not too fast, if yew please. I've paid my dooties on that 'ere lot' o' good. Jest you look at this, now," and he drew forth a bit of paper from his vest pocket, signed by the collector.

"Why, you seamp!" said the inspector, "this is a permit for your goods! Why didn't you show that before?"

"Why, in the first place, you didn't ask me tew; and in the next place, of I had, you'd seen me break my back afore you'd ha' brought the bundle clear up here for me, I know!"

The inspector bowed his nose, and cursing the countryman for a fool, turned down pine street instanter, to resume his lonely round. The stranger put his permit in his pocket, and returned to the wharf.