



POETRY.

The Battle Field.

Yes! a battle's a very nice thing when you're fighting. These smoke ups and downs are so very exciting.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Columbia Democrat. MILLVILLE, Pa., Oct. 19, 1863. Mr. Editor—Permit me through the columns of your paper to say to Dr. John and his deluded readers, that I did say at the Light Street meeting that I was a "Southern Sympathizer," but not in wicked rebellion against the best Government that ever existed.

Answer these questions, and next time please invite your Light Street informant to tell you the whole truth.

MILLVILLE.

The Back Townships.

COLONEL TATE. Dear Sir:—Much has been said about the "back townships," that they are "too radical," "opposed to the war," "the fruitful soil of Copperheadism" &c., and, the reason assigned for it is, "the people are ignorant," "don't take the papers, can't read them," &c. Now, while it is conceded that, the people of the central townships have had greater literary advantages than we, and that, because the public business is done at the County seat and large towns, talent and intelligence naturally concentrate there, we deny that the mass of the people have any more good sense or native talent than those of the back townships, and we venture to say, that a good proportion of the best talent at the centre, was first developed in the back townships.

LIFE OR DEATH.

A TEXAN RANGER'S BEST SHOT.

Wilson and Cameron stood apart from their companions. With folded arms and thoughtful faces, they watched the shadows of night stealing over Lake Chaparral. "An hour like this casts a spell upon my spirit," said Cameron. "I love to see the glare of day fade, and give place to the dim placid twilight."

brief and broken fragment of time in which the savage stood waiting for the brand to burn more brightly, before he thrust it into the grass. Yes, my destiny was to be burned! Some hunter or traveler would find my body charred or blackened; and others, after a time, would pass my bones bleaching in the sun. "You must remember that all these ideas ran through my mind in the shortest appreciable space of time; for you must know that the sudden prospects of great danger, from which there is no apparent mode of escape, imparts to the brain a horrible faculty of thought, of which the mind at rest can form no possible conception. I closed my eyes in prayer and commended my soul to God. But it was impossible for me to close my eyes against the one great absorbing idea in my head—that of being burnt up like the vile reptile that crawls in the woods."

Philosophy of Exercise.

All know that the less we exercise the less health we have, and the more certain we are to die before our time. But comparatively few persons are able to explain how exercise does promote health. Both beast and bird, in a state of nature, are exempt from disease, except in rare cases. It is because the impassable instinct of searching for their necessary food impel them to ceaseless activity. Children, when left to themselves, eat a great deal and have excellent health, because they will be doing something all the time, until they become so tired they fall asleep; and as soon as they wake, they begin right away to run about again; thus their whole existence is spent in alternate eating and sleeping, and exercise, which is interesting and pleasurable. The health of childhood would be enjoyed by maturer years, if, like children, they would eat only when they are hungry, sleep when they are done, take rest in sleep as soon as they are tired, and when not eating or resting, would spend the time diligently in such muscular activities as would be interesting, agreeable and profitable. Exercise without mental elasticity, without an enlivenment of the feelings and the mind, is of comparatively little value.

The Wealth of Mexico.

In Mexico there are over one thousand silver mines, yielding between thirty-five and forty millions of dollars a year. The value of these mines is increased by the fact that there are twenty-five mines of quick-silver, which yield from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds weight annually. Gold is also found in considerable quantities, stated variously at from three millions of dollars upward. The mines are generally located either on the top or on the western slope of the Cordilleras, and have been wrought for ages.—Gold and silver vases of great value and beauty of workmanship were sent back to Spain by the first conquerors as spoils of war. Iron and copper are also produced in great abundance. One great hindrance to the realizing of this mineral wealth is the difficulty of transporting it to the seaboard, there being neither railroads nor navigable rivers in the country, and the only means of transportation being the backs of mules. The commercial interest and want of mechanical enterprise of the people, and the small extent to which the combination and division of labor are carried, have also contributed, with the general insecurity of property, to prevent the various natural riches of the country from their full development.

THE YOUNG COLOR-SERGEANT.—The following is a beautiful picture of a young Christian soldier. A proud position his I—as once a color bearer in the army of King Jesus. He was Gen. Kilpatrick's color-bearer, and a mere boy. His main artery of one of his legs had been cut off by a minnie ball. The wound had bled several times while in the hospital, and he was fast sinking. He whispered to a delegate of the Christian Commission, who was bending over him: "Jesus has a home in heaven for me." "How do you know?" "Because God loves me. He loves his Son Jesus, and he loves me, too." These were almost his last words. A few hours before his death his father came, truly a broken-hearted man. For he was the youngest boy, his Benjamin—and how could he spare him? "I didn't want him to go; and now, how shall I go home without him? Oh, I am afraid it will be too much for his mother."

From April 1861 to September, 1862 in my humble capacity I was (as Dr. John and many of his readers well know) a firm supporter of Mr. Lincoln's administration. Yet I was told that this was an Abolition war, and taunted with being an aider and abettor of Abolitionism, because I advocated a vigorous prosecution of the war. But I always denied the truth of these assertions. But after the 22nd of September, 1862, when President Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation, what could be my reply to these men? Did he (Mr. Lincoln) not furnish them with the proof of their assertions? Did he not furnish the Southern secessionists with just the argument they most desired? Did he not deceive and insult the loyal conservative men of the North and South, who thought politically opposed to him, had heartily sustained him in his efforts to put down this rebellion? Can he ask their future support, after having thus pondered to the Abolitionists whom they regard as traitors to the Constitution and the country? But further and to the point.

At a meeting of the B. L. U. Society, of Williamsport Dickinson Seminary, on the 1st inst., the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted. WHEREAS, God in the exercise of His inscrutable wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our midst, our cherished friend and brother Belles Letters, Mr. C. E. STADON, bringing fresh to our minds the fact that "there is but a step between us and death," Therefore Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the stern decree of Him who ordereth all things well, we sincerely lament his sudden death, and deeply sympathize with the bereaved family in their deep and pungent affliction. Resolved, That in the death of Mr. STADON as a Belles Letter, we were despoiled of one of our first and foremost members, and as an associate, robbed of a friend endeared to us by many pleasing remembrances. Resolved, That as a token of respect for the deceased, we wear the usual badge of mourning for the space of ten days. Resolved, That these Resolutions be published in the several Journals of Bloomsburg, Williamsport, and the Monthly Star of Literature, and that the bereaved family be furnished a copy of the same.

THE GILTSBURG CEMETERY.—The whole matter has been arranged in regard to the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, for the interment of the gallant dead who fell in the terrible battles at that place. About fourteen acres of land fronting on the Baltimore Turnpike, between the Evergreen Cemetery and Captain Meyer's orchard, and extending to the Taneytown road, embracing the highest point on the Cemetery Hill, have been purchased by the State of Pennsylvania. Other States have been invited to co-operate in the removal of the soldier dead to these grounds. The arrangements for plotting the grounds preparatory to the removal of the dead, are being as rapidly as possible. It will be decorated as such a spot should be, and will be the point of many a pilgrimage by the friends of the gallant dead, to cast a flower and shed a tear over their loved ones.—Phila. Age.

AFRICAN AGRICULTURE.—Dr. Livingstone, the great African traveler, says, on the western coast of Africa, in the valley of the Luella, the soil is very fertile.—Fruit trees and grape-vines yield their fruit twice a year, and grains and vegetables do the same if sown. By taking advantage of the mist of winter crops of pulse are raised. The grass is so tall that in one part it was two feet higher than his head when standing on the back of an ox, and was as large around as a goose quill. Produce is very cheap, and the roads are very poor. They have two breeds of cattle; one is of diminutive size with short horns and the other has large legs nearly six feet in length, with large horns. The Africans are fond of cattle and spend much time in ornamenting them. They shave their horns in order to carve them into fantastic shapes, and brand the skin with a hot knife, so as to make a discoloration of the hair in lines like a zebra. The stranger the marks the handsomer the animal. The greater the value. He saw two acoo eight feet high each plant having thirty-six leaves. The leaves were eighteen inches long by six or eight broad.

WOMEN IN THE FIELDS.—A correspondent of the Cleveland Herald, who has been traveling in the West says: It is a very common affair to see a bright eyed, young woman seated on the reaper, driving a four-horse team. But not only thus are women useful, for I have frequently seen them using the hoe. But what I saw a couple of weeks ago in the south part of Madison, Lake county, caps all the scenes in this line within my knowledge. To appearances a rain storm was coming up, and there was woman in the field dexterously raking up the hay, whilst the double team was being driven into the field by two other women. Raker, pitcher and loader were all women.

A Good Stomach.—A country youth, having an uncle living in town, resolved to pay him a visit. He accordingly started off one morning, and arrived at his uncle's house just as supper was ready.—Being very hungry from his long walk, he no sooner got seated at the table than he commenced a furious onslaught on the catables, right and left. "Hold on, sir," said his uncle, who was a pious man, "we say something here before we eat." "Say what you've a mind to," answered the boy, between two mouthfuls, "you can't turn my stomach!" "Attention, Soldiers! Protect your Health!—No sensible man will leave the city without a supply of Holloway's Pills and Ointment. For wounds, Sores, Fevers and Dysentery, these medicines are the best in the world. Every English and French soldier uses them. Price 25 cents per box or pot.

INCIDENT ON THE BATTLE FIELD.—One day not long since, among the relics of the dreadful fight at Gettysburg, there was picked up by a soldier, and presented to a lady acquaintance, a small paper, which contained two separate locks of hair attached thereto directed to Mr. Wellerford from Louisiana, by his wife, in beautiful handwriting. Below one lock was Fanny Wellerford, and below the other Richard Wellerford, and below both "Our Darlings?" These tender mementoes of his home and children had been sent to cheer his heart in the far distant land to which the fortunes of war had brought him; and probably he wore the tender testimonials near his heart when the fatal missile of death separated him from those he loved in his far off Southern home. Strangers now possess the tender relic, and he rests beneath the clouds of a Northern valley, his grave probably unmarked and undistinguished from hundreds around him who met their death on the bloody field of Gettysburg, and wife and children look for in vain the return of the loved husband and father.

W. A. HAMMOND, } Commit-
A. McDOWELL, } tee.
M. C. BRITAIN, }