

# COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"That Government is the best which governs least."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED  
BY LEVI L. TATE.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., SATURDAY, FEB. 24, 1849.

OLD SERIES—VOL. TWELVE.  
VOL. 2, NUMBER 49.

## ORIGINAL.

### The Woodland Home.

BY A SCHOOL BOY.

I sigh not for pomp 'mid the bustle of life,  
Nor the glories of those who aspire to fame,  
But gladly retire from noise and from strife  
For the comforts and joys of a sweet rural home.

Here with the red-breast, I'll welcome the spring,  
Here with the linnet, I'll hail the bright hours,  
For the sweet vernal season all beauty doth bring  
Glowing in verdure and fragrant with flowers.

Here doth the primrose its beauties unfold,  
And bend to the breeze that so gently doth fan,  
And the butterfly, tinged with purple and gold  
Is soaring above, the fair flowers to scan.

Here with the songsters I'll go to the shade,  
For here by the stream that meanders along  
Would the wisdom of Nestor, while he is delayed,  
And Achilles, the mighty, would list to the song.

At eve when the songster has gone to her nest,  
And beauty above, in the firmament glows,  
Here may the nightingale lull me to rest,  
And melody wake me at dawn from repose.

And while on the beauties of Nature I gaze,  
While her music symphonious my senses em-  
ploy,  
Here may I offer the tribute of praise  
To the bountiful giver of all we enjoy.

Roaringcreek, February 13, 1849. J. C. S.

### Random Shots—No. 2.

BY NONDESCRIPT.

#### Hints to Teachers.

The aid of the muses might, perhaps, with great propriety be invoked in this article, but I forbear, and only ask the reader when he finishes this "Random Shot," to go and consult "Cowper's talk," and he will find in it a few "Shots" that were not made at "Random." It has been my fortune to have heard some of the best, and also some of the worst Preachers in this part of the country. I prefer, of all things, spending an hour or two under the teaching of one who preaches in spirit and in truth; but to be bored to death by one of those who have been called to preach by their mothers, and not by God, is exasperating. If they fulfil their stated appointments and occupy their usual time in the Pulpit, their task is done.

It is supposed by many, that the graces of oratory and the flowers of rhetoric should neither be studied nor enlisted, in the cause of Religion and salvation. This is a mistake. I shall not enter into an argument to prove my position, but ask those to whom I write, to consider them well.

Many have an opinion, judging from their practice, that no sermon is perfect unless it is divided into exactly three parts. Time, place and occasion are completely lost sight of; for, "firstly, secondly and thirdly or finally." The opening chapter is read in an artificial tone, manufactured expressly for the occasion; and the hymn is drawn out in a half whisper, half sleeping sing-song manner, which often puts the choir to shame. The prayer is five times as long as the moral law, and spiritless in proportion; compensating in length for its other lamentable deficiencies.—The Scriptures have spoken concerning it.—There is also a certain artificial tone of voice, in which many sermons are delivered; and a contemptibly affected pronunciation for giving effect to what otherwise is of no account. Many people, if they do not understand a sermon, comment upon it in this style; "He is a deep man, preaches deep sermons!" Nothing ever will come out of them because there is nothing in them.

Let nature be followed in all things. Do not cast your eyes up to Heaven like a duck in a thunderstorm, and lay the hand upon the breast in a mock reverent manner. Fear and feeling should be manifested in the matter not in the manner of a discourse; or rather, let it be noticed, that earnestness and feeling will always bring along with them the concomitants of action and tone and manner. A certain celebrated preacher in the early part of his ministry used uniformly a loud and violent manner of delivery—but suddenly he left that, and fell into the other extreme, adopting a mild and easy style.—Upon being interrogated as to the reason of the change, he replied: "When young, I used to think the thunder killed people, but I found out subsequently it was the lightning!"

While some pour death and damnation among their hearers like grape and canister, others "sow them as gently as a sowing dove." These things should be reformed altogether. If our Preachers would make a practice of hearing each other preach, they could easily improve many things in delivery and manner by their own observation, which are disgusting to their hearers. The ear and eye must be satisfied, if not pleased, or the feelings and reason cannot be enlisted by the Preacher. Another thing which should particularly be attended to in the manufacture of a sermon is brevity. There are few men who can sustain an audience for an hour. A long and un-

less prayer, followed by a dull uninteresting sermon, are enough to expel the members, without an act of Synod.

Perhaps no very valid objection can be brought against a written sermon, though I prefer them fresh from the heart if methodical and studied; but if written, let them be committed, or at least carefully read and re-read.

There are many other things in the composition of a sermon which should receive attention—but it is foreign to my purpose—I cannot refrain from saying a few words in this place to another necessary individual in a meeting house, to wit: the Chorister. If the congregation are expected to aid in singing, the tune should be so pitched, and of such a character, as to be capable of being sung. Another material point is to adapt the tune to the sense of the psalm or hymn.

There is much in this thought. It should be carefully attended to. Incongruity should of all things be avoided. A hymn of prayer and praise ought not to be sung to a tune expressing lamentation, and sorrow, nor vice versa. Let choristers attend more to the fitness of things.

#### Hindoo Widow.

One morning, soon after the sun had risen, I entered upon a spacious plain, and beheld at one end of it a considerable crowd. Upon a nearer approach I found that the inhabitants of the neighboring city were assembled to celebrate a nuptial. The pile of wood was already raised. The victim to be sacrificed was a young female, of great beauty.

A spectator informed me that she was the widow of the deceased Rajah—and, as his favorite wife, was to be burned with the body of her husband. The young Rajah, with his court, attended the ceremony. The city poured forth its inmates to witness the pomp, which surpassed any similar exhibition that had taken place for many years. The sufferer was preceded by several led horses, superbly caparisoned, attended by forty or fifty Brahmins, and followed by an immense number of women, to the sound of tom-toms and other instruments of the country. Having taken leave of the reigning prince who was her son in law, in presence of the whole court, she advanced towards a small wood fire, from which the fatal pyre was to be lighted, and threw into it the customary offering of incense. She then took off her various golden ornaments, which she distributed to her attendants, bestowing at the same time upon many of the spectators different fruits and flowers. She bade a last farewell to all whom she held dear on earth, without shedding a single tear; ascended the pile with a firm step, and laid herself down by the lifeless body of her husband. The entrance was immediately closed up with dry straw, and the whole pile surrounded with the same combustible material. The officiating priest set fire to it at the four corners, and the wood, which was remarkably dry, quickly in a blaze. The musical instruments were sounded upon now, with redoubled force, lest the cries of the victim should be heard.

She lay unmoved till the flames began to curl around her body, when making one dreadful effort, she released herself from her situation, leaped from the pile, and ran into the stream of the Ganges, which flowed near the spot. Instead of emotions of pity and affection, the by-standers, and even the court, expressed openly their contempt and disgust for an individual, who could bring such unheard of disgrace upon her religion and her friends. The Brahmins pursued and brought her forcibly back.—They replaced her upon the pile, and as soon as she had been fastened to the wood they let fall the canopy, which had been raised over the deceased Rajah, and thus prevented her further struggles. The whole pile, as well as both the bodies, was shortly consumed; and the ashes of the dead were collected and placed in one urn. The procession returned in the order it came, and I pensively followed it into the city of Benares.—Smith's Travels.

#### Scenes on the Ohio.

Our boat stopped to take in wood. On the shore, among the crowd, stood a remarkably stupid looking fellow, with his hands in his pockets, and his under lip hanging down. A dandy, ripe for a scrape, tipped nod and wings all about, saying: "Now I'll have some fun, I'll frighten that green home."

He jumped ashore with a drawn bowie knife, brandishing it in the face of the green 'un, and exclaiming: "Now I'll punish you. I have been looking for you a week."

The fellow suddenly started at his assailant. He evidently had not sense enough to be scared, but as the bowie knife came near his face, one of his high fists suddenly vacated his pocket, and fell heavily between the dandy's eyes, and the poor fellow was floundering in the river. Greeny jumped on board, put his hands in his pockets and looked around. "May be," said he, "there's somebody else that's been looking for me a week."

#### The World in a Nut-Shell.

"A Snapper-Up of Unconsidered Things."

33- The House of Lords, of England, now contains 355 members, and among these are 2 peers of the royal blood, 21 dukes, 19 marquises, 109 earls, 18 viscounts, 131 barons, 2 archbishops, and 24 bishops. This is exclusive of the Scotch and Irish representative peers.

33- Better Late than Never.—A bill for the full pardon of all those who took part in the late civil dissensions of Canada, entitled "An Act for the Queen's most gracious, general and free pardon," has passed both Houses of the Canadian Parliament.

33- Bread for California.—The bakers of New Bedford are receiving large orders for bread from California—the Boston bakers being wholly unable to supply the increasing demand occasioned by the large exports to California.

33- The President's Family.—Mrs. Taylor, accompanied by Col. W. W. Bliss and lady, arrived in Washington city on Thursday evening, and proceeded to Baltimore, where Gen. Taylor has a daughter married to Dr. Wood.

33- Rate of Interest.—The Wisconsin Legislature have passed a law making legal any rate of interest which may be agreed upon between contracting parties, and in case none, is fixed, seven per cent. is the legal rate.

33- Sixty Game Cocks, belonging to a man by the name of Swanwick, Cincinnati, were shipped to New Orleans on the Tagliani, a week since.—Four of them were purchased in Louisville for twenty dollars!

33- The Best Farm.—The New York Agricultural Society have awarded a silver prize cup to a Mr. Foster, of Seneca Lake, for the best farm in the State. More properly, the best farm competing for the premium.

33- The License Question in Ohio.—The Ohio House of Representatives has, by a decisive vote, instructed a committee to report a bill repealing all laws granting licenses to sell intoxicating liquors.

33- Black Tea is becoming more popular in the South. Doctors have forbidden the use of green tea during the Cholera season. Green tea is strongly impregnated with copper, and black tea with iron.

33- A man was robbed a few days since, near Pawtucket, Mass., of a pocket-book, containing five dollars. He drove a dagger to the hilt in the shoulder of one of the robbers, and fled to Pawtucket.

33- The Missouri Legislature have passed resolutions opposed to the free territory principle, and declaring it a violation of the Constitution, and therefore void.

33- Golden Eagles.—A parcel of gold recently brought to Salem, Mass., from California, has just returned from the mint in the shape of four hundred eagles.

33- Big Business.—A mad dog was killed in Foxborough, Mass., last Saturday. Eighteen dogs and one horse had been bitten by him before he was dispatched.

33- There is one remarkable feature in the Isle of Wright, (England), not generally known, which is, that a person who visits there, may obtain mutton from Coxes.

33- About Memories.—It has been satisfactorily proved by some of our modern naturalists, that monkeys have a retentive memory. So has a man.

33- Progress in Turkey.—Systems of reform are gradually introduced into the provinces. The penalty of death for political offences has been abolished.

33- In England not a member of Parliament, not the Lord Chancellor, nor even her Ladyship the Queen, is allowed the franking privilege.

33- Ladies who appear in society in mourning, or half mourning, in England, now adopt the plan of decorating it with scarlet.

33- Santa Anna's mother-in-law and her son, arrived at Mobile from Havana, in the steamer Dec, on the 31st ult.—they died.

#### A Yankee Bargain.

Old Squire Hopkins was the perfect picture of meekness, and his stuttering seemed the effect of bashfulness rather than inherent physical defect. One day a neighbor came to buy a yoke of oxen of him. The price was named and the animals made a very satisfactory appearance.

"Are they brachy?" asked the buyer.

"Non-n-over-tr-troubled me," was the reply.

The other paid the price and took the yoke, in a day or two he came back in a towering passion.

"Confound these critters, Squires—there's a yoke will keep 'em. They'd break through a stump wall, or jump over the moon. What the dickens made you tell me they wasn't brachy?"

"I-I didn't say non-no such thing."

"Yes you did. You said they never troubled you."

"Oh, well, well, well," said the Squire, "I didn't let such trifling things as that trouble me."

The buyer smiled.

Goosey one writes.—A person who had been listening to a very dull address, remarked that everything went off well, especially the audience.

#### Agricultural.

##### Profits of Farming.

ED. ALBANY CULTIVATOR.—Nothing in your paper which I have read, during the past three years, for which I have been a subscriber, has interested me more, than your descriptions of farms in this and other States; and the statements made by farmers themselves, of their own experiments, profits and expenses in the different branches of their business.

And I think it would be profitable, as well as interesting, to most of your readers, if some of the real, practical and working farmers would keep correct accounts of their business, and make and publish statements in *The Cultivator* of their incomes and expenses in the various localities, and in all the different branches of husbandry. Such statements should contain the amount of capital invested, the proximity and facility to market, and particular branch carried on. By comparing these statements, we might make some estimate of the relative value of farms at different places, and also, of the various degrees of profitability of the various branches and modes of management.

My farm is situated in the town of Sidney, Delaware county, N. Y., and contains about eighty acres, sixty of which are improved, or beginning to be improved. A section of it, divided from the rest by a small creek, is a low flat, and has been mowed some thirty or forty years in succession. This piece contains about eighteen acres. Another piece of twenty acres is nearly level, and suitable to plough, though somewhat stony. I have a few acres of pasture that never was ploughed, being rather wet, and some side hill too steep to till conveniently. I mowed the past season eighteen acres; about six acres were under the plough, and the remainder was in pasture.

I bought my farm in 1845, for \$1,300, and this is the second season I have occupied it myself.—A part of my pasture produces but little, on account of the briars with which it was overrun, when I purchased, and which I have been unable to subdue yet. My principal business is making butter. I kept the past season, five four year old heifers, and seven cows—twelve in all. I also kept one horse, fifteen sheep, and a yearling bull. I live one hundred miles from Catskill, the nearest market or shipping place. I sold my butter and pork at my own house.

Sold at my own house, 2,000 lbs. butter

at 14 cts. per lb. \$280.00  
do. Pork, 1,000 lbs. at 4 cts. 40.00  
do. 50 bushels oats, at 34 cts. per bush. 17.00  
do. 30 " corn, at 50 " " 15.00

Calf skins, 5.00  
A calf, 4.00  
A yearling, 6.00  
7 tons hay, at \$5 per ton, 35.00

Wool, poultry, eggs, tallow, hides, &c., to the amount of 50.00

Sold, \$597.15  
Merchants', grocers' and mechanics' bills amount to \$91.00

Paid help in the house, 12.00  
" on the farm, 20.00  
Expenses, \$132.00

Profit, \$565.15

In the foregoing account I estimated only the produce I actually sold, making no reckoning of what was consumed in the family, consisting of four persons. My stock now is about the same as at the beginning of the year. From my seven cows and five heifers, I sold two thousand pounds of butter, besides what my family used in one year, which is not far from three hundred pounds; making in the whole 2,300 pounds. If my cows had been all of mature age, they would have averaged 200 lbs. a piece. My feed in the summer is common pasture—in the winter it is good hay, with roots or provender of some sort, just before and after calving. My cows are all of the common or native breed, and generally small size.

SUCMAN L. WATKINS.

Sidney Centre, Del. co., N. Y., Dec. 28, '48.

#### Laughter.

Man is the only animal with the powers of laughing—a privilege which has not bestowed upon him for nothing. Let us then laugh while we may, no matter how broad the laugh may be, short of a lock jaw, and despite of what the poet says about "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." The mind should occasionally be vacant as the land should sometimes be fallow, and for precisely the same reason.

CONSOLING SENTENCE.—An individual having been convicted upon rather slight evidence, the Judge proceeded to pass judgement as follows: "Prisoner at the bar! You have been found guilty by a jury of your countrymen of a crime which subjects you to the penalty of death, you say you are innocent; the truth of that assertion is only known to yourself and God. It is my duty to leave you for execution. If guilty, you richly deserve the fate which awaits you—of innocent, it will be a gratification to find that you were hanged without such a crime on your conscience. In either case you will be delivered from a world of care."

If the doctor cures the son, says it; but if he kills the earth, in whose bosom all things are fostered, hush it.

#### Family Circle.

##### The Hour of Prayer.

"I love to steal awhile away  
From every earthly care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer."

How quietly the still hour of twilight steals on. The sun's last golden ray which lingered so long upon the eastern mountains as 'if parting were secret sorrow,' has disappeared. The last rosy tint is fading from the evening cloud. A deeper shade settles over the valley. One by one night's unwearied watches shine out in their 'far off depth.' The bird folds its weary wings within its little nest. The murmur of the bee is still. 'The busy hum of man' is hushed. For a brief space the restless world reposes. It is the hour of prayer and meditation—the Sabbath of the day.

"All is so still, so soft is earth and air,  
Your source would start to meet a spirit there  
Secure, that thought of evil could delight,  
To walk in such a scene on such a night."

It breathes its own blessed quiet over the Christian's spirit, and disposes him to deep and earnest communings with himself and with his Father. The world loses its hold upon his heart? wealth, pleasures, honors, earth's vain array, seem now but what they are—illusions, fleeting shadows. Cares and vexations, which perhaps too much occupied his mind, and ruffled his temper during the day, now sink into their real insignificance. He lifts his eyes to the magnificent firmament above, and feels he is but a speck, an atom in the vast creation, he thinks of his immortal spirit, and the priceless ransom paid for it, and knows it outweighs the worth of worlds.

Then, serious, but pleasant thoughts possess his mind; the rapid flight of time—how soon its last hours shall have struck for him; and his ransomed spirit, breathing its last prayer, and dropping its frail tabernacle, shall rise to its blissful home in heaven. O, what light breaks upon the tomb, what an effulgence of glory beams beyond it! His is, indeed, the common lot, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, and the clouds of the valley are piled upon his once living breathing form. But what then! It is only the clay which moulders there; death cannot touch the immortal spirit; that is not shrouded in the grave.

But the twilight fades, darkness gathers, a deeper silence pervades all nature. It is to him the 'still small voice' of his Father and he wraps his face in his mantle, and bows down in prayer.

There is a power in the voiceless eloquence of the hour even for the worldling. Its gentle influence, like a messenger from heaven, breathes on his unquiet spirit, and the warring elements within are hushed. Unwonted thoughts press upon his mind. The bubbles which he has just been so eagerly pursuing, seem now but bubbles. He throws back a hasty glance to wasted weeks, months, years that are gone, like a vision of the night never to be recalled.

Life, life, O what a very vapor 'tis; a quickly passing dream; toil and care, jealousy and strife, hopes and fears, a weary struggle for some unsubstantial good, have made up almost its sum. Ah, how seldom are its early promises fulfilled; and even if they were, even if the world spread all its gifts before men, yet they are transient as the summer cloud, and melt away like the morning dew. Yes, the Christian has chosen the 'better part,' his hopes shall not fade away. Well, well, when I have reached that envied elevation,—when I have gathered a little more wealth,—when I have brought a few more worldly schemes to a successful termination, then my affections shall lose their hold upon the world; I will think of serious things; I will be a Christian.

Ah, how many have such promises, and such reasonings, beguiled of heaven!

A DOCTOR'S AFFIDAVIT.—A highwayman named Ballard, confined in Newgate, sent to know how he could defer his trial, and was answered, by getting the doctor to make affidavit of his illness. This was done in the following manner:—

"The deponent verily believes, that if the said John Ballard is obliged to stand his trial at the ensuing session, he will be in imminent danger of his life." To which the learned Judge replied "that he verily believed so, too."

#### Awful Tragedy.

It is our painful duty to record this morning the brief events of a tragedy which is unparalleled in the bloody annals of our city, and throws the wildest of romantic fictions into the shade. Love, abandonment and revenge were the inciting causes to this fearful tragedy.

The history of this bloody affair is, in brief, as follows: Not many years since, Capt. John Howard married the daughter of a physician residing in Montreal, Canada. They lived together in apparent happiness and domestic comfort for some time in this city, but difficulties occurred, not necessary here to name, and the parties separated—the wife taking the two children, a boy and a girl. Not long after this separation, Capt. H. obtained the two children by violent means—having no recourse in law—and placed them in charge of a friend in Kentucky, at the same time an application for divorce was pending in a court in that State. Mrs. H. was of an impetuous and determined temperament—a woman of many accomplishments, and capable of high places in society—and felt her humiliation to a keen degree, and had often sworn revenge. Heaven knows, she she has got it!

Capt. H. married again, [it is said] and was living at the time of this terrible transaction, with the lady (quite handsome by the way, and amiable in her manners)—who told a victim to the wild fury of jealousy and vengeance—and perished under the knife of the abandoned wife. The circumstances of the tragedy are as follows:

At about 5 o'clock last evening a woman called at the boarding house of Mrs. Wolf, on Fifth street between Plum and Western Row, and walked into the entry. Meeting Mrs. W., she said—"Madam I saw your door open and took the liberty of walking in. I came to see Mrs. Howard." Mrs. W. said she would call Mrs. H. and immediately went up stairs for that purpose.

Mrs. H. soon came down, and upon meeting the stranger, the latter sprang at her, and plunged a knife into her neck, severing the jugular, and then walked off! Mrs. H. staggered back into the kitchen, the blood gushing from the wound, cried, "O Mrs. Wolf, I am killed!" and expired in a short time! Mr. Howard was in the house at the time, and upon being made acquainted with the facts, he seized a knife, and calling the name of the murdered—rushed down stairs—but she had escaped! The bleeding object of his love was writhing in death before him, and he became frantic.

Pursuit was made for the murderers, but she could not be found. Mr. John L. Scott, member of Council from the Second Ward, however, met her a short time after the murder, on Fourth street, near Ave, when she called his attention, by showing him a knife reeking with blood, and exclaimed—"I have done it!—I killed her—can I get this much out of Howard?" She was determined in her manner, and her eye had the glare of a maniac! Her hand and arm to the elbow were besmeared with blood, and there were some spots upon her face. Mr. S. was so completely confounded by this singular meeting, that he suffered her to pass on. She was arrested at a late hour last night by officer Hulce, Jr., near her residence.

(Cincinnati Commercial, Feb. 2.)

THE TRAGEDY AT CINCINNATI.—The Cincinnati Nonpareil (Saturday, the 24 inst.) contains the following additional particulars of the murder of Mrs. Howard, and says:

"About eleven o'clock last evening, the murderers went to Marshal Hulce's house, and delivered herself up, and this morning he conveyed her to the county jail. Officers Black and Legg went to her house on Cutter street, where the knife was found, all covered with blood, as also the dress which she had worn when she made the murderous onslaught, all covered with blood. They are now in the Mayor's possession. The excitement in relation to this horrible transaction is indeed great, and at an early hour this morning, the Mayor's office was literally besieged by a crowd seeking ingress.—When the doors were opened, the room was soon filled, but the anxious spectators were doomed to be disappointed. In consequence of the impossibility of Captain H.'s attendance, (he attending to the remains of his wife) the Mayor was compelled to postpone the hearing until Tuesday morning next, at nine o'clock. The murdered woman is to be buried this afternoon, from Mrs. Wolf's house. Last evening, at about half past nine o'clock, we went to view the corpse of Mrs. H. laid on a cooling board, attired in the habiliments of the grave, with the horrible gash which caused her death still apparent, she was presented to our gaze, and as we beheld her thus, her features still beautiful in death, we thought of the oft repeated line, 'in the midst of life we are in death,' and felt fully convinced that life is uncertain. Mrs. H. was a native of Gilmanton, New Hampshire, where her friends and relatives now reside."