

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.



"That Government is the best which governs least."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY LEVI L. TATE.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1849.

OLD SERIES—VOL. TWELVE
VOL. 2, NUMBER 51.

SNOWBLOT POETRY.

California Hymn.

Dedicated to Christian Gold-Hunters.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
To California's shore,
We turn to seek the fountain
Where rolls the glittering ore.
Care we for plains benighted,
Or Atrix's pagan land?
Our hearts are more delighted
With bags of golden sand.
From Ceylon's spicy breezes
We turn to brighter lands,
Where gold "to save" more pleases,
On Sacramento's strands,
Care we if heathen blindly
Bow down to wood and stone,
Since God to us so kindly
The golden dust has shown?

We see the Hindu groping,
Devoid of light on high;
Dare we, while we, are hoping,
Should they in darkness die?
Francisco! Golden regions!
Oh, what a thrilling sound!
With joys, in countless regions,
These rainbow words abound!

Now to this golden treasure,
Bear us, ye winds and waves!
What care, if one finds pleasure
In souls he wins and saves—
Gems in his crown of glory?
He could our God and aim—
Our gem of every story;
GOLD, all we ask or claim.
Woodstock, Vt. [E. A. MILLER.

Give me Music.

Give me music, glorious music;
Let its airy sweetness swell
Till my soul and all my senses
Are enthralled within its spell!
'Tis a thing of wondrous power,
For it danceth in each vein,
Till it paint the cheek with crimson,
And brings paleness back again.
Hark! with what a wild tornado
It leaps forth upon the air;
With its trumpet-voice of bravens,
It provokes the soul to dare;
And my wildest aspirations
All come rushing on again,
Till a thousand burning wishes
Hold their revel in my brain!
But 'tis softer—growing softer;
I could almost melt in tears
And I see, as in a vision,
The sweet home of early years;
The glad birds are blithely singing
On the balmy summer air
And deep eyes are gazing on me
As I bend in childhood's prayer;
Then a silent firm hand presses,
And a mournful, sad adieu,
And the magic scene dissolveth
Like a mist upon my view.
Softly still that plaintive music,
And a thrill runs through my brain,
For it skirts upon the margin
Of the deepest, darkest pain.
Death! death! death! cast his shadow
O'er the clearest, brightest skies;
Oh! spare me, gentle music,
—Ere the tears o'erflow mine eyes!
Bold and strong it swells and echoes,
And my heart is all alive,
'Midst the busy paths of life
To encounter, dare, and strive!
Give me music, glorious music!
Let it come in varied streams;
Oh! life is radiant, beautiful,
In such entrancing dreams!

ORIGINAL.

Random Shots,—No. 4.

BY NONDESCRIPT.

Diacons.

I am a church goer. Man is naturally a religious animal, and imbibes scriptural instruction, as the desert sands drink up the early dew from Heaven. To those who stately minister at the sacred desk, a few hints have already been given; and now let me speak to those who are the pillars, upholders and foundation, in more senses than one, of the visible church—the Deacons. I shall not refer to the sacred volume for proof of my positions; indeed I have sedulously avoided that, but I shall merely throw out a few ideas upon subjects in which the public feel an interest, and let each one make the application for himself. The deacons should, most assuredly in their walk and conversation, be as conspicuous as the minister himself; because generally, he relies for support upon them, and not they upon him.

This support is expected and needed, and no one but a preacher, can tell the increase in energy and faith and boldness, with which he can expound the laws of justice and portray the offers of mercy.—But I intend in this article to comment briefly upon some of the Pharisaical propensities of our American deacons. Verily, one would suppose that they had never read the scriptures, were it not that they are eternally quoting them. Many of them are outwardly so God-ly-given that a text of scripture is quoted and impressed into service on all occasions. No one would find fault with the reproof, but the manner, the magisterial and mock reverential air with which the instruction is vouchsafed, are heartily disgusting. If the Devil were to turn preacher, he would doubt little good in this world for his character is so notoriously bad, that he would gain no credit for speaking the truth. A prophet has no honor in his own country; and a school master and a preacher, must always go from home to do business. It were well if those who stand high in the church as lay members, would attend to this simple fact.

There is one thing upon which I wish to speak before I finish this article, and to which I wish to call special and serious attention, viz: long prayers. It often happens that a father in the church is called upon to pray after preaching, and he is always expected to take the lead at a prayer meeting. Of this I wish particularly to speak. What can be more execrating than to see a long-faced deacon arise in his place, and after giving two or three "hems," commence a hymn in a long, low, drawing, religious tone of voice, with pronunciation something like this, which I assert is a fair specimen:

"Let ever y cret ter jine,
To praise the e tar nal God; &c.
and then sing it off to a tune familiarly known as the one the old cod died on!—Not making melody in their hearts to the Lord, nor with their tongues to the hearers, putting a tune, indicating praise and pleasure, to a Psalm or hymn whose burthen is the fallen and miserable condition of man. The prayer is modded, as to length at least, after the most approved fashion of the Pharisee—long, dry uninteresting and spiritless. The whining tone would excite laughter, did it not compel pity.

Every word appears to have been brought from the bottom of the foot; and makes its debut as tardily as a truant school boy. Yet for two hours the sound will run on the same strain. The Congregation pray for the Deacon to stop, and say "amen" with more zest. I attended a prayer meeting some time since where a man of this stamp was keeping on the "even tenor of his way;" saying the same thing over and over again, till the preacher becoming tired, slipped out of the house and left us "alone in our glory."

Of what use are long prayers? The body becomes wearied in these postures and the mind listless. In order to have the desired effect they must be short, energetic, and fervent! Others again, imagining that God is far from them, in which I fear they are not mistaken, bellow and roar as if in a fit of the cholera. How absurd! Would they, if in the presence of God, present their petitions thus? I trow not. Do people approach the President in this style when soliciting a favour, and do they pay God still less respect? People do not draw and white when in earnest, but they would not be boisterous and vociferous in the presence of God! Such things become not the one, nor honor the other.

To Cure a Burn.

A lady preacher of the society of Friends, in New-York, was so successful in curing burns, that many supposed her possessed of the power of working miracles. The following is the receipt for the salve: "Take one ounce of beeswax, with four ounces of Burgundy pitch, simmered in an earthen vessel together, with as much sweet oil as will soften them into the consistency of salve when cool—Keep it from the air in a tight box or jar. When used, spread it thinly on linen cloth, and apply it to the part injured. Open the burn with a needle, and let out the water till it heals."
Clarified honey, applied on a linen rag, is said to cure the pain of a burn as if by magic.

SELECT TALES.

The Rescue.

It was in the month of February, 1831, a bright moonlight night, and intensely cold, that the little brig I commanded lay quietly at her anchors inside of the hook.

We had a hard time of it, beating about for eleven days of this coast, with cutting North easterly blowing, and snow and sleet falling for the most of that time. Forward, the vessel was thickly coated with ice, and it was hard work to handle her, as the rigging and sails were stiff, and yielded only when the strength of the men was exerted to the utmost. When at length we made the port, all hands worn down and exhausted, we could not have held out two days longer without relief.

"A bitter cold night, Mr. Larkin," I said to my mate, as I tarried for a moment on deck to finish my cigar.

The worthy down-easter buttoned his coat more tightly around him, looking up to the moon—and felt of his red nose before he replied—

"It's a whistler, captain, as we used to say on the Kennebec. Nothing lives comfortably out of blankets in such a night as this."

"The tide is running out swift and strong; it will be well to keep a sharp look-out for the floating ice, Mr. Larkin."

"Ay, ay sir," responded the mate, and I went below.

Two hours afterwards, I was aroused from a sound sleep, by the vigilant officer.

"Excuse me for disturbing you, captain," said he, as he detected an expression of vexation on my face; "but I wish you would turn out and come on deck as soon as possible."

"Why—what's the matter, Mr. Larkin?"

"Why, sir I have been watching a cake of ice that swept by at a little distance, a moment ago; I saw something black upon it—something that I thought moved. The moon's under a cloud and I could not see distinctly; but I do believe there's a child floating out to sea, in this freezing night, on that cake of ice."

We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out, with no little difficulty, the cake of ice floating off leeward, and its white glittering surface was broken by a black spot—more I could not make out.

"Get me the glass, Mr. Larkin—the moon will be out of that cloud in a moment, and then we can see distinctly."

I kept my eye on the receding mass of ice, while the moon was slowly working its way through a heavy bank of clouds. The mate stood by with a glass. When she fell at last upon the water, with a brilliancy only known in our northern latitudes, I put the glass to my eye. One glance was enough.

"Forward, there!" I shouted at the top of my voice, and with one bound I reached the main hatch, and began to clear away in the ship's yawl.

Mr. Larkin had received the glass from my hand, to take a look for himself.

"My God!" he said in a whisper, as he set to work to aid me in getting out—"my God, there are two children on that cake of ice!"

Two men answered my hail, and walked lazily aft. In an incredible short space of time we launched the cutter, into which Mr. Larkin and myself jumped, followed by the two men, who took oars. I rigged the tiller, and the mate sat beside me in the stern sheets.

"Do you see that cake of ice with something black upon it, lads?" I cried; "put me alongside of that, and I'll give you a bottle of rum each to-night, and a month's extra wages when you are paid off."

The men bent to their oars,—but their strokes were uneven and feeble. They were used up by the hard duty of the preceding fortnight, and though they did their best, the boat made little more way than the tide. This was a long chase—and Mr. Larkin, who was suffering as he saw how little we gained, cried out—

"Pull, lads—I'll double the captain's prize; two bottles of rum, and two month's pay. Pull, lads for the love of God, pull!"

A convulsive effort of the oars told how willing the men were to obey, but the strength of the strong man was gone. One of the poor fellows washed us twice in removing his oar, and then gave out; the other was nearly as far gone. Mr. Larkin sprang forward and seized the deserted oar.

"Lay down in the bottom of the boat," said I to the man; "and captain, take the other oar; we must row for ourselves."

I took the second man's place; Larkin had stripped to his Gurnsey shirt; as he pulled the bow, I waited the signal stroke. It came gently, but firm, and the next moment we were pulling a long, steady stroke, gradually increasing in rapidity until the wood seemed to smoke in the oar locks. We kept time each by a long, deep breathing of the other. "Such a pull!" We bent forward until our faces almost touched our knees, and then throwing all our strength into the backward movement, until every inch of the space covered by the sweep had been gained. At every stroke the boat shot ahead like an arrow discharged from a bow. Thus we worked at the oars for fifteen minutes—it seemed to me as many hours. The sweat rolled off in great drops, and I was enveloped in steam generated from my own body.

"Are we almost to it, Mr. Larkin?" I gasped out.

"Almost, captain—don't give up; for the love of our dear little one at home—don't give up, captain!"

The oars dashed as the blades turned up to the moonlight. The men who plied them were fathers and had father's hearts: the strength which nerved them at that moment was more than human.

Suddenly Mr. Larkin stopped pulling, and my heart for a moment almost ceased its beating; for the terrible thought that he had given out crossed my mind. But I was quickly reassured by his voice.

"Gently, captain, gently—a stroke or two more there, that will do"—and the next moment the boat's side came in contact with something, and Larkin sprang from the boat with his heavy feet upon the ice. I started up, and calling upon the men to make fast the boat to the ice, followed.

We ran to the dark spot in the centre of the mass, and found two little boys—the head of the smaller nesting in the bosom of the larger.—Both were fast asleep! The lethargy, which would have been fatal but for the timely rescue had overcome them. Mr. Larkin grasped one of the lads, cut off his shoes, tore off his jacket; and then losing his own garments to the skin, placed the chilled surface in contact with his own warm body, carefully wrapped over him his great coat which he procured from the boat. I did the same with the other child; and we then returned to the boat, and the men partially recovered, pulled slowly back.

The children, as we learned when we subsequently had the delight of restoring them to their parents, were playing on the ice, and had ventured on the cake, which had jammed into the bend of the river, ten miles above New York. A movement of the tide set the ice in motion, and the little fellows were borne away on that cold night, and would inevitably have perished, but for Mr. Larkin's espousing them as the ice was sweeping out to sea.

"How do you feel?" I said to the mate, the morning after this adventure.

"A little stiff in the arms, captain," the noble fellow replied, while big tears of grateful happiness gushed from his eyes—"A little stiff in the arms," captain, but very easy here," and he laid his hand on his manly heart.

My quaint, brave down-easter! He who lashes the sea in fury, and lets loose the tempest, will care for thee! The storm may rage without but in thy bosom peace and sunshine will always abide.

GEMS.

The hope of happiness is a bridge woven out of sunbeams and the colors of the rainbow, which carries us over the frightful chasm of death.

Human knowledge is a proud pillar, but it is built in the midst of a desert of ignorance, and those who have ascended the highest have only gained a more extended view of the waste.

Adversity overcome is the brightest glory, and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue. Sufferings are but the trials of valiant spirits.

Use no evasion when called upon to do a good action, nor excuse when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

For one man who sincerely pities our misfortunes, there are hundreds who heartily hate us for our success.

Every time a man laughs he adds to the duration of his life.

We know men who habitually carry their heads downward, and seldom look their fellow men in the face. The reflecting mind naturally concludes that guilt is stamped upon their brows.

Whoever is contented with his lot is rich—Not he who hath little but he who desires more is the poor man.

The tiller is a dangerous member of society—he becomes a pray to his own passions—and scourges others with his vices.

The two most precious things this side of the grave, are reputation and life; yet the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the meanest weapon of the other.

There is a luxury in the uninterrupted enjoyment of sorrow, but it is when the tear can steal along the cheek unseen and the pride of stoicism all men possess yields to the genuine call of humanity.

A clear conscience cannot be bought with money, but is often sold for it.

A man who is officious to serve you at first sight, is to be regarded with caution.

Items.

Comment.—"Is there any danger of the boat-captain hitting me?" asked a visitor to the Zoological Gardens. "Not the least, sir," replied the showman, "he never hits—he allows his rabbits whole."

Why should ladies be punctual? Because when they are little behind they make it up in a haste.

"I can't bear of raw," as the butter said to the cheese. "And I am strong and nutty," as the cheese replied to the butter.

Massa, spouse day he tree pines on dat tree tender, and I take dis gin ob mine and sinter to ob dom, how many be dar let?"

"Why, Sancho, there would be one let."
"No, Massa, tuder one fly away sat, sat."
"Get away you indignation vessel."

FAMILY CHRONICLE.

A String of Pearls.

To Bind Round the Hearts of our Readers.

Let None despair because his knowledge seems little, if it is only accurate. The Germans, who so well understand practical education, say "nothing is so public as a little known well." Knowledge increases in a geometrical ratio. The total of the acquisitions of the mind is the continued product, rather than the sum of all it contains.

There is nothing purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing warmer than love—nothing brighter than virtue—and nothing more steadfast than faith. These, all united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the warmer, brightest, and most steadfast happiness.

Life is a strange avenue of trees and flowers. Its beginning is edged with violets, a little path of lawn grass and soft to tiny feet. Dark shadows soon hover among autumn's mellow tints; the soil grows damp; the air is chill; night cometh on apace.

To Practise sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we profess, to perform what we promise, and really be what we would seem to be.

Pride is the dainty occupant of our bosom, and yet never feeds on the meanness and infirmity of our kind.

We Learn Our Virtues from the bosom friends who love us; our faults from the enemies who hate us.

A Mild Rebuke in the season of calmness, is better than a rod in the heat of passion.

A Cultivated Mind and a humane disposition never fail to render their possessor truly polite.

Family and Social Reading.

The benefits of social reading are manifold—Pleasures shared with others are increased by the partnership. A book is tenfold a book, when read in the company of beloved friends, by the rosy fire, on the autumnal evening, and when our intellectual pleasures are bathed in domestic affection. An elegant writer, commending the practice of reading aloud, says: "Among a thousand means of making home attractive—a main point in ethics—this stands high. What is more pleasing? What more attractive? What more rational? He would be a benefactor indeed, who should devise a plan for redeeming our evenings, and rally the young men who scatter to clubs, and taverns, and brawling assemblies. Such a reformer and inventor would deserve a garland of hearts ease, from the hands of slighted woman."

Society.

Society has its great men and its little men, as the earth has its mountains and valleys. But the inequalities of intellect, like the inequalities of the surface of our globe, bear so small proportion to the mass, that in calculating its great revolutions, they may safely be neglected. The sun illuminates the hills, while it is still below the horizon; and truth is discovered by the highest minds a little before it becomes manifest to the multitude. This is the extent of their superiority. They are the first to catch and reflect a light, which, without their assistance, must, in a short time, be visible to those who be far beneath them.

Short Sermons for Parents.

It is said that when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son, she replied that she had endeavored early to teach him three things; obedience, diligence and truth. No better advice can be given to any parent.

Teach your children to obey. Let it be the first lesson. You can hardly begin too soon. It requires constant care to keep up the habit of obedience, and especially to do it in such a way as not to break down the strength of a child's character.

Teach your child to be diligent. The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost every virtue. Nothing can be more foolish than an idea which parents have that it is not respectable to set their children to work. Play is a good thing, innocent recreation is an employment, and a child may learn to be diligent in that as in other things. But let them learn early to be useful.

As to truth; it is the one essential thing—Let everything else be sacrificed rather than that. Without it what dependence can you place in your child? And be sure to do nothing yourself which may countenance any species of prevarication or false-hood. Yet how many parents do teach their children the first lesson of deception.

Life is shortened by indulgence in anger, ill-will, anxiety, envy, grief, sorrow and excessive care. The vital powers are wasted by excessive bodily exercise in some cases, and want of due portions in others.

Profane language in conversation what ten inch spikes would be to venerating—splitting, cutting and defacing it. It is in bad taste, of unseemly a majority, and gratifying to a few.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Arrest of Aaron Burr in Alabama.

The following interesting narrative is taken from Mr. Pickett's forthcoming history of Alabama. The relation of the arrest carries upon its face the appearance of so much truthfulness that we readily give it to our readers. It will be seen that Maj. Gen. Gaines, then a Lieutenant, arrested Col. Burr, and directed his conveyance to Richmond, Va., where his trial took place.
New York Globe.

The Court-house of Washington county, in the present State of Alabama, then known as a part of the Mississippi Territory, was in a small village called Wakefield, a few miles West of the Tombigby river. Here, late at night, in the month of February, 1807, Col. Nicholas Perkins a lawyer, and Thomas Malone, Clerk of the Court were engaged at a game of backgammon beside their cabin fire. Presently the sound of horses' feet attracted their attention. The game suddenly stopped, and the players wondered who were the riders at such a late hour of the night. The little cabin stood immediately on the highway, and the two travellers rode near the door, who inquired if the village contained a tavern—answered in the affirmative, one of them asked if Col. Hinson lived in the neighborhood. He was informed that it was seven miles distant to his house—the route obscure, and a difficult creek lay in the route. Nothing daunted, the rider eagerly sought information as to the forks, and how to cross the creek. By this time the fire replenished with light wood, threw a blaze in the face of the traveller nearest the door. His countenance was highly interesting. His eyes sparkled like diamonds. He rode a splendid horse with fine saddle and holsters. His dress was that of a very plain countryman, but beneath his coarse pantaloons protruded a pair of fashionable boots. His striking countenance, together with the strange mixture of his apparel and equipage, produced in the mind of Perkins vivid and permanent suspicions, and as they rode off, he remarked to Malone, "That is Aaron Burr." "How do you know?" I have read a description of him in the proclamations, and I am certain 'tis he. He must be apprehended. Let us follow him to Hinson's and take measures for his arrest." Malone remonstrated upon the folly of such an expedition at so late an hour of the night, and declined to accompany him. The impulse Perkins now was, he followed Theodore Brightwell the sheriff, then asleep in an adjoining house. Both mounting their horses took the route to Col. Hinson's. The night was bitter cold, and the pine forest moaned and moaned again the most lonesome and melancholly sighs.

The two strangers reached Col. Hinson's in safety about eleven o'clock at night, and halted at the gate. The moon was now up, and Mrs. Hinson, rising from her bed, saw, through the window, their saddles and tin cups, and knew they were travellers. She made no answer, because her husband was not at home. The strangers went into the kitchen, where a large fire was still blazing. Perkins and Brightwell shortly were in sight of the dwelling.—The former, recollecting that the travellers had seen him at the cabin, declined to go into the house, but sent Brightwell, whom he requested to return to him at a certain place in the woods, after he had ascertained whether the person was Burr or not.—Mrs. Hinson, recognizing the voice of the sheriff, who was her relation, rose and opened the door, saying how glad she was to see him, as two strangers had stopped at the house, and her husband being absent she felt alarmed. Brightwell repaired to the kitchen, found the mysterious traveller sitting by the fire, with his head down and a handkerchief partly concealing his face. His companion had gone to attend to the horses. A hasty supper was prepared in the main building, which was a double log-house, and the strangers sat down to it. The elder gentleman thanked the lady in the most courteous terms for her kindness, and apologized for the trouble they had imposed on her. His conversation was most agreeable, and Mrs. Hinson soon discovered that the gentleman and his attire did not correspond. His attention was often directed to Brightwell, who stood before the fire, and at whom he cast the keenest glances, evidently endeavoring to read his thoughts. A momentary separation taking place between the strangers after supper, Mrs. Hinson asked the younger one, "Do I not have the honor of entertaining in my house the celebrated Col. Burr?" Confused and mortified, he gave her no satisfactory answer, but left the room.

His question was suggested by Brightwell, who had previously communicated his suspicions to her.

Early in the morning, the mysterious personage seeking a private interview, disclosed his name to Mrs. Hinson, regretted the absence of her husband, whom he had seen at Natchez, said he was discovered, and would prosecute his journey, but had