DEMOCRAT.

"That Government is the best which governs least."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY LEVI L. TATE.

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

OLD SERIES .- POL. TWELVE VOL: 3. NUMBER 1.

ORIGINAL.

For the Columbia Democrat. Spring.

BY A SCHOOL BOY

The sweet voice of Spring, in the vallies does ring And the winter is fleeing away, And soon will be lost, the last trace of the frost, That has marked his lingering stay.

The birds of the air, in their music declare, Their joy that stern winter has fled, And gladness shall be, in the land of the free, Where the blessings of Heaven are shed.

But ah! there are some, where no comfort can In cells, and dread dungeons confined,

To whom the bright spring, shall no happiness No tidings of peace to the mind.

To evil a prey, they themselves cast away The blessings that Heaven had gave, And now for their fate, they repent but too late, For the last hand of friendship to save.

And thus will it prove, in the spring of Gods When lifes cold winter is o'er,

The just shall be blessed, and their spirits shall And the wicked shall triumph no more. Roaring Creek, March 16th, 1849.

Random Shots,-No. 6.

BY NONDESCRIPT.

Crime in Novels.

It is somewhere said by high authority. that "vice to be hated, needs only to be seen." Now with all due difference to the opinions of this Author, I beg leave most respectfully to differ from him. The assertion may be made over and over again, but the plain common sense of every man who spends a moment in thinking upon this subject, revolts at the idea. If this were in any case true, the very vice of the world would, in a short time, be its com plete salvation; for those who saw a vestige of vice in a companion would detest and hate it, until all kinds of sinfulness would be its own destruction.

It is, perhaps, doubtful, whether any man loves vice for itself alone, but it is certainly sure, that "evil communications corrupt good manners." It is contagious. One bad boy will mislead the majority of his companions. One notorious man corrupts the whole crew. I will grant that vice is in itself hateful-that we naturally avoid any thing disagreeable; but it is equally true, that a familiarization with any person or thing, weakens our disgust, and gradually engenders a tolerance if not a liking .-But I need not endeavor to prove these points any farther, for the experience of every man and woman, establishes their truth And now let us proceed to the point .-This is emphatically a reading age. Common Schools and Steam presses have plasced the acquisition of knowledge within the reach of every person. Newspapers and books flood the country, and whether good or bad, are sure of readers. With the majority of young people both in the city and country, works of fiction reign supreme. They have ranged from the gilt volumes of Cooper and Bulwer and Sue to the shilling paper covers of Ingraham and Charles Paul De Kock. There is of ten in these works something to commend but the idea of making a man or woman virtuous by familiarizing him or her with vice, is rediculous. Does not every man in his cooler moments condemn the looseness and licentuousness of most French novels? I speak to you, Fathers, Brothers and Lovers, would you, in order to preserve a daughter, a sister, a mistress, from a false step, put into her hands the works of Chas. Paul De Kock? Would you advise her to Let me hear from you often. read the 'Quaker City.' Would you, in fine suffer her to read any works of fiction, save those which you could recommend for their purity; their charity of thought, of language, of sentument.

"Sir," said a Book Pedfar to me some time since, "My experience assures me, that the seduction of any, the most virtuous of women is certain, if they will read either of those books." pointing to a lot he had in the cases. Mark it we novel readers! And forget it not we novel writers! Indecent con-

versation is said to be injurious, and yet, a lady who would leave the room at an inuendo will retire to hers, and glut and pant over the licentious pages and pictures of a French Novel. As I remarked in a former No, I verily believe that our novels people our prisons, and fill our houses of prostitution ! How long is it since in England, if my memory serves me right, the following confession, in substance, was made by a notorious robber and burglar. He said that the book entitled "Jack Sheppard," had first led him astray. He read how that renowned scoundrel the hero of the work, had robbed, broke jail and escaped, and he longed to imitate and if possible excel .-In a confession published some time ago, a Lady of high standing and respectable connexions, acknowledged the reading of a li centious book to have been her destruction. Another laid her first wrong step, to her reading of Don Juan. These are instan-

ces among thousands that might be given. To this it may be answered that those who are so weak, so easily lead astray, would have of themselves fallen. Even in this case, it is but another link in the chain of evidence against crime in novels; for a virtuous work would have strengthened that which was weak, whereas becoming familiar with crime, reason left her post, fancy and inclination took the reins and drove the victim to destruction. Libertines, robbers. knaves and Pirates have been constituted the heroes of novels, and are as familiar as household words. How many boys after having read John B. Perry's

criminal works have not wished to be as renowned Pirates or robbers as LaFitte or the Harps, Milton's Episode in " Paradise lost" of sin and death proves my position incontestibly. Even Satin himself, at first seems horrified at the sight of sin and death but upon more acquaintance, enters into a league with them.

Are the authors of these books themselves men of pure morals? If the heart prompts the pen, what must be that ones state, which is continually sending forth seduction, robbery, assassination and murder ? Would you teach your son reverence for the Scripture by putting into his hands the works of Hume or of Paine? Just as soon as teach them virtue by sending them to school to vice. "Turn your child loose in your Library," says Dr. Johnson. Agreed. But banish from it all hurtful, pernicious and lascivious novels.

TOM CORWIN AND THE CABINET.-The folowing letter is the reply to one from Gen. Flournoy, inquiring of Mr. C., whether he would go into Gen. Taylor's Cabinet :

Washington City, Jan. 20, 1849.

Dear General-I received your note last evening. If I were much less modest than I really am, I should blush still for the over-estimate your partiality will put on my abilities and still poorer efforts. For the friendship which thus abuses your better judgement, I cannot but feel grateful, nav proud; I only regret that I cannot fulfil the expectations which such friends must in-

I have no more idea of going into Gen. Taylor's cabinet than of a trip to the moon. In the first place, if Gen. T. is the sagacious gentleman I hope to find him, he will not have me there; and secondly, were he to ask it, on his bended knees, I would

He will be attacked, by Southern Democrats especially on his supposed position on the Wilmot proviso. A seat held by me in his cabinet, would be proof positive against him on that point. I would no more allow him to be assailed through me, than I would thrust a man between my head and a bullet. In the next place, fools and demagogues all over the republic could talk, and with effect, of my position on the Mexican war, all these shafts (if they fly at all shall strike my own bosom, and none other; General Taylor should select men whom no such positive objection exists.

> Truly, your friend, THO, CORWIN.

General FLOURNOY,

Por are Roy - An intelligent farmer at Peoria, vew York, states positively that the entire killing f the vines some way, is a remedy for the Potato Rot, it done as soon as the decay appears on the eaves. He has cut his vines for three years, while potatoes left with vines uncut have been

83. The papers tell us that adventurers are gong in flocks to California. This is the way in which coose always travel

THA MILLE OUR OLLEG

The following poem, by Longfellow, in truthfullness and sublimity of sentiment, exquisiteness of finish and simplicity of style, is perhaps unsurpassed by any production, of its cast, from the pen of any author.

A Psalm of Life.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream! For the soul is dead that slumpers, And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is carnest And the grave is not its goal, Dust thou art, to dust returnest, Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way ; But to act, that each to morrow Find us farther than to-day.

Art is vain, and time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, In thy bivouc of Life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife :

Trust no Future how'er pleasant, Let the dead Past bury dead ! Act-act in the living Present ! Hearts within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sand of time ;

Footprints' that perhaps another Sailing o'er life's solemn, main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.

Woman.

Woman is like the tose which buds and blooms n the parterre of life.

In the cradle, when a sweet bud, the fragrance of affection fills the atmosphere around and about

When the prattle of infancy is heard from her ips, and her smiles irradiate the eyes of parental affection the fragrance increases. As the bud developes its beauties to the eye, and the knit limbs allow her to fly about the domestic circle, the low of her parents is ecstatic. There follows the developement of heart, linking the bud to the osoms whence wells maternal affection.

Mind quickly developes its energies, and the seavenly spark which animates the mortal frame adds new charms to the cherished object of af-

The tide of life flows on, and in its spring new peauties cluster around the loved one, and in a ing her affections to one whose manly worth has won her pure and guileless heart.

The early hearth is left but not forsaken, for maternal love has matured her affection not simply for the poor return which many an earthly flower yields for anxious care.

Her heart is imbued with nature which refues to live without that pure atmosphere which so far has warmed her being, and caused her latent beauties to expand and attract the admiraion of the manly youth, who claims her for his

and the gentle current, whose unruffled banks boiling. she has hitherto culled the sweetest flowers. glides still by her feet without a murmur-

Her happiness is complete, for religious faith ilomes the present and gilds the future, while nemory reviews the past without a pang from duties neglected or affections not acknowledged.

Youth and beauty attend her steps-all her makes her heart exult as Hope in the vista beckons her on to joys in scenes yet to be tealized. But such happiness, like all things which par-

take of earth, is subject to the stroke of death. flowers of Nature, which delight the eye, to is a good, deep, new soil not excessibly rich. be more subject to the scythe of the Destroyer. If the admiring eye of Nature's sweetest flower could shield from harm the full-blown rose, its leaves would never wither, its fragrance never

If friends could detain the blooming matron in a sphere where her virtues bloom but to perdiated by the lustre of well-spent years. But death must come.

Beauty, it is true, belongs to youth, but not b youth alone. The matron who is the cyansure of the happy circle, the charm which haves to domestic happiness the husband and the tather, has their reputation from storms and tempests

Her heart is the centre of human affectionher made the reward of learnin hopes

Overlooking Faults.

The kindest and the happiest pair Will have occasion to forbear; And something every day they live, To pity, and perhaps forgive.

The End of the Wicked .- We alluded in our last paper to the death by shooting, of Walter Maythe, in an affair at Cincinnati. The whole Maythe family have long been known in the West as desperadoes and outlaws. The whole family, male and female, were of the most abandoned character. They knew no restraint, and followed no guide, but their own depraved appetites and outrageously wicked propensities .-Taking these as their guide, they regarded socicty and its members as lawful prey. The long catalogue of their crimes embraced those of the armed, for my club broke upon the animal's head deepest dye.

But fearful indeed has been the retribution that has fallen upon the whole family. With one exception the family is now extinct. But not one has died a natural death. They lived by violence a most miserable death in a hospital at Mobile .-Smith Maythe was taken from the jail of Grant county Kentucky, and hung by a mob .-Scott Maythe was arrested among a gang of counterfeiters on the Mississippi river, and tied neck river and drowned. How Walter Maythe came to his death we have already stated. There is family contain! What a fearful warning in their horrible fate .- Dayton Transcript.

GET YOUR SLATES. - The Times has the following interesting questions, ladies had better get their slates and work out the sum :-

If kisses were a penny each, And words a great a score, A kiss for every twenty words, And twenty in an hour-Visit the fair one twice a week, And stay from eight to one, 'Twould take how long, at such a rate, To spend a hundred pounds?

ANTIDOTE TO POISON-A correspondent the London Literary Gazette, alluding to the numerous cases of deaths from accidental poisoning, and particularly the melancholy fate of the late Royal Academian, Mr. Owen, adds, "I may venture to affirm, there is scarce even a cottage in this country that does not contain an invaluable certain immediate remedy for such events, nothing more than a desert spoonfull of made mustard, mixed in a tumbler of warm water drank immediately. It acts as an may be used with safety in any case where antidote known, you may be the means of knows I hate you boff. saving many a fellow creature from an untimely end."

Caterpillars .- An English agricultural paper gives the following method of ult., directed to the "Handsomest Lady" in Codestroying caterpillars, which was accidentally discovered, and is practised by a gardener near Glasgow. A piece of woollen rag had been blown by the wind into a currant bush, and when taken out was found few summers more she is seen at the alter pledg- to be covered by the leaf-devouring insects. Taking the hint, he immediately placed pieces of woollen cloth in every bush in his garden, and found the next day that the caterpillars had universally taken to them for shelter. In this way he destroys many thousands every morning.

Mr When Butter is to be made, if a little old butter be put into the cream, the butter will come from much less churning. When soap is to be made, if a little old soap be put into the ley and grease, the Her wealth is a guileless and confiding heart, soap will be made with considerable less

man who writes in the Horticulturist, save: Strawberries can be produced in great abundance and with more case than any other valuable trait. With a moderate degree of care and attention they will yield at the rate of one hundred bushels lays are pleasant, while peaceful contentment per scre. They will grow freely on any soil that will give a good crop of corn; and if planted early in spring, will yield a tair crop in June."-He says a common error is to plant them in an old worn out garden soil, or to manure, them too Too often in this world, they seem, like the highly, which gives vines, but no fruit. The best

Anecdote.

The late R. R. Sheridan being once on a parliamentary committee, happened to enter the room not commenced; when, preceiving there was not ish, many would live to have their old age irra- another scat vacant, he with his usual realiness. said: "Will any gentleman more that I may take look him in the eyes, and say-" Well I will."

> 33. The greater the difficulty, the none glory is there in surmounting it. Skilful pilots, gain.

hij-Never carry a sword in your tongue to in pare the repotation of any manEncounter with a Prairie Wolf.

than in my equipment.

I have never known these animals, rapacious as they are, extend their attack to man, though they probably would if very hungry, and a favorable opportunity presented itself. I shall not soon forget an adventure with one of them, many had just decended from the west, and seemed famished to desperation, I at once prepared for ing marks of his fiery visitation. a chase, and being without arms, I caught up a

The wolf was in no humor to flee, however, He then 'laid to my horse's legs, which, not relwhirling over his head, and made his escape, no sooner upon my feet than my antagonist reand by violence they died. The two sisters died | newed the charge; but being without weapons, or any means of awakening an emotion of terror, save through his imagination, I took off my large black hat, and using it for a shield, began to the desired effect; for after springing at me a and heels with a companion and cast into the few times, he wheeled about, and trotted off several paces, and stopped to gaze at me. Being apprehensive that he might change his mind and but one member of the family living, and he is, return to the attack, and conscious that, under we are informed, an inmate of the penitentiary at the compromise, I had the best of the bargain, I this time. What a lesson does the history of this very resolutely took to my heels, glad of the opportunity of making a drawn game, though I had myself given the challenge.-Journal of a Santa Fe Trader.

> APHORISMS.-Deceit is a double-pointed sword that generally wounds the user.

To be silent, is better than to speak feelishly. To know when to keep silence, is as good frequently, as to know what to say when the time comes for speaking. False modesty is sometimes as perfect a reveale of unseemly thoughts, as no modesty at all.

Incorrect knowledge, like counterfeit money is worth nothing. He who climbs highest, may

Hope is the prophet of youth-young eyes will always look forward.

'Did you attend church to-day, as I charged you !' inquired an old planter to one of his slaves

as he returned to his dwelling. 'Sartain massa,' was Cudjo's reply, 'an' what two mighty big story dat preacher did tell. 'Hush, Cudjo, you musn't talk that way, what

stories are they?" 'Why he tell de people no man can sarve two masses; now dis the fuse story kase you see old instantaneous emetic, is always ready, and Cudjo, sarve you, my old massa, and also young massa, John. Den the preacher says, 'he will lub one is required. By making this simple the one and hate the other, while the Lord

> THE LADIES of Columbia, Pa., must be very modest. A valentine has been laying in the Post Office of that interesting village, since the 14th lumbia, and is still uncalled for.

IF A MAN will reap "whatsoever he soweth," what a harvest of coats and breeches the tailors even his exploits against tyrfanny as less will have one of these days!

(73 Labor, Industry, and Virtue, go hand in hand. Idlness and leisure lead to wickedness, immorality and vice. Down with all aristocracy and nobility, save the nobility of true virtue and honest industry. Toil, either of the brain or the hand, is the only true manhood, and the only

By Teach you children well; then though you eave them, little, you give them much.

83- That clever girl, Miss Bremer, says that he life of a rich bachelor is a splendid breakfast, respect : Burr died as he lived, without a tolerable flat dinner, and a most miserable supper. She says nothing about restless nights.

To Horse Radish .- We have seen it stated that an excellent remedy for hoarse- in patience, a Cataline; in pleasure, a ness, coughs, colds, and cases of incipi- Sybarite; in gratitude, a Malay; and in ent consumption, is horse radish, cut into small pieces, and chewed in the mouth.

The destroyer of man's happiness respects no the young, the beautiful, or the gifted.

CONUNDRUM.

Q. What dish is always in a hurry? A. A hasty pudding.

33- It is time that our young ladies dropped the d.I plan of referring the boys to their peternal arent, when they receive an offer of marriage .-Come girls, lay aside the old way, and when a among man of the right stamp offers himself, don't nek down and stare some particular figure in the arried out of countenance, and whisper, "ask pa,5 the offer with contempt. but threw your arms around his neck, kiss him

33-An Association of Germans in Philadelphia read of the Austrian Emperor. They intend to xhibit it in Peale's Museum when-they get it. They might get as many Royal heads as they day, when we both shall be interested." liked, by applying to any European Sexton, and for one tenth the money.

The Character of Aaron Burr.

BY WM. WALLACE.

If Blennerhasset had been the only person ruined by Burr, in the prosecution of his enterprises, charity would suggest a buyears ago, on the frontiers of Messouri, Riding rial of our remembrance of the exile's desnear the prairie border, I perceived one of the olation. But the victims of Burr are to be largest and fiercest of the gray species, which numbered by hundreds. The base and the peaks of society alike show the scath-

He cherished no friendship ;-he recudgel, when I betook me valiantly to the charge, turned unhonored the drafts of gratitude : much stronger, I soon discovered, in my cause he kindled by the fireside of hospitality the flame of lust, and felt little pleasure in bidding adicu to the Lures of his hoast, unbut boldly met me full half-way. I was soon dis- til the dearest that flourished in their shad. dows were sacrificed.* The man's whole being entered on the pivot of selfishness. ishing the conflict, gave a plunge, and sent me But for the affection he manifested towards his daughter, his sole moral merits seem leaving me and the wolf at close quarters. I was to have been courage and coolness; and yet clustering as were the laurels which they wedded to his brow-his baser passions so predominated that he held it more glorious to seduce a woman't than to glitter in the field of letters, to scale the steps of thurst it towards his gaping jaws. My ruse had philosophy, or to wave a banner victori-

He courted a man to corrupt his wife -the statesman to profit by his influence the millionare to obtain his money-and the world to gratify his desires .- He was the more dangerous from the possession of an intellect, massive, piercing, brilliant, united to a frame at once handsome and vigorous. His mind was but the keen and restless weapon with which his passions hewed a way to conquest. That weapon was Protean. But few could escape its ever changing attack. If the victim came fully under the gaze of an eye-whose sharp light resembled ligtening imprisioned and forever playing in a cloud as black as night-he was lost, Burr's conversation was irresistibly fascinating - his hand swept over every chord of the human heart. He strewed the rosy path of the happy with flowers of still brighter hue; he arched the troubled sky of the desponding with the rainbow of hope; he conjured up before the wrapt visions of the avaricious, mountains of gold; and to the aspiring, he pointed out the shadowy vistas of glo-

Thus he stood, gifted, unprincipled, ruthles and terrible. The want of fortune alone prevented his presenting in one lurid, dreadful and overwhelming mass, that evil which he accomplished but too successfully in many details. Chance confined to valleys, comparatively humble a tempest, which only waited for a release to devastate continents.

It may be asked: "Is not his valor on the battle field of his country to be remembered?" The answer must be, "Yes!" That was a redeeming trait. No matter from what motive his military talents were exercised, our land reaped some benefit. But there are many persons who will doubt the real patriotism of one who was ready to forswear his allegiance; who trampled on so much that was sacred, and who held glorious than the moral destruction of a hu-

Age is expected to subdue; but with Burr the winter of time brought no snows to cool the lava of passion. At four score and six, the crater wore a glow as ardent as at twenty. His faculties mocked at a century. Age should bring the soothing exim of religion, to enable the barone which has been tossed by the storms of life, to prepare for a worthy entrance into the sea of another world. Burr died as he lived practically an atheist. Age should bring the respect of the good. His hoary hairs went down to the grave floating on the breeze of infamy.

In cunning, an lago; in lust, a Tarquin ; ambition, a Napoleon. He affords the world a powerful example of powerful intellect, destitute of virtue. His portrait would fitly appear in a circle of Dante's

Let no one accuse me of stepping with unsanc tified feet through the solemn vaults of the sepulchre. Askon Burk belongs to history. Such was the lot he chose.

"He seduced the wife and daughter of the man who gave him shelter after the duel with Hamil-

tHis own a certion !He wished to claim his rights as a British subject, when in London: Lord Liverpool rejected

Popping the Question.

"Charles," said a young lady to her lovhave offered some thousands of Bollars for the er, "there is nothing interesting in the paper to day, is there, dear?"

"No, love, but I hope there will be, one "The lady blushed, and said, of course,

For shame, Charles."