

# THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man.—Thomas Jefferson

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### NIGHT AND MORNING.

[Extract from Bulwer's last novel.]

The coiners were at their work. A man, seated on a stool before a desk, was entering accounts in a large book. That man was William Gawtreys. While, with the rapid precision of honest mechanics, the machinery of the dark trane went on in its several departments, apart—alone—at the foot of a long table sat Philip Morton. The truth had exceeded his darkest suspicions. He had consented to take the oath not to divulge what was to be given to his survey; and, when led into that vault, the bandage was taken from his eyes, it was some minutes before he could fully comprehend the desperate and criminal occupations of the wild forms amid which towered the burly stature of his benefactor. As the truth slowly grew upon him, he shrank from the side of Gawtreys; but, deep compassion for his friend's degradation swallowing up the horror of the trade, he flung himself on one of the rude seats, and felt that the bond between them was indeed broken, and that the next morning he should be again alone in the world. Still, as the obscene jests, the fearful oaths that from time to time rang through the vault, came on his ear, he cast his haughty eye in such disdain over the groups, that Gawtreys, catching it, trembled for his safety; and nothing but the sense of his own impotence, and the brave, not timorous, desire not to perish by such hands, kept silent the fiery denunciations of a nature, still proud and honest, that quivered on his lips. All present were armed with pistols and cutlasses except Morton, who suffered the weapons presented to him to lie unheeded on the table.

'Courage, mes amis!' said Gawtreys, closing his book; 'courage! A few months more, and we shall have enough to retire upon, and enjoy ourselves for the rest of our days. Where is Birnie?'

'Did he not tell you?' said one of the artisans, looking up. 'He has found out the cleverest hand in France—the very fellow who helped Bouchard to all his five-franc pieces. He has promised to bring him to-night.'

'Ay, I remember,' returned Gawtreys; 'he told me this morning; he is a famous decoy!'

'I think so, indeed,' quoth a comer; 'for he caught you, the best head to our hands that ever less industrials were blessed with—sacre fichtre!'

'Flatterer!' said Gawtreys, coming from the desk to the table, and pouring out wine from one of the bottles into a huge flagon: 'To your healths!'

Here the door slid back, and Birnie glided in.

'Where is your booty, mon brave?' said Gawtreys. 'We only coin money; you coin men, stamp with your own seal, and send them current to the devil!'

The coiners, who liked Birnie's ability, (for the *ci devant* engraver was of admirable skill in the craft,) but who hated his joyless manners, laughed at the taunt, which Birnie did not seem to heed, except by a malignant gleam of his dead eye.

'If you mean the celebrated coiner, Jac-

ques Giraumont, he waits without. You know our rules—I cannot admit him without leave.'

'Bon! we give it, eh, messieurs?' said Gawtreys.

'Ay—ay,' cried several voices. 'He knows the oath, and will bear the penalty.'

'Yes, he knows the oath,' replied Birnie, and glided back.

In a moment more he returned with a small man in a mechanic's blouse. The new-comer wore the republican beard and moustache, of a sandy-gray; his hair was of the same color; and a black patch over one eye increased the ill-favored appearance of his features.

'Diable! Monsieur Giraumont! but you are more like Vulcan than Adonis!' said Gawtreys.

'I don't know any thing about Vulcan, but I know how to make five-franc pieces,' said Monsieur Giraumont, doggedly.

'Are you poor?'

'As a church mouse! the only thing belonging to a church, since the Bourbons came back, that is poor.'

At this sally the coiners, who had gathered round the table, uttered the shout with which, in all circumstances, Frenchmen receive a *bon mot*.

'Humph!' said Mr. Gawtreys. 'Who responds with his own life for your fidelity?'

'I,' said Birnie.

'Administer the oath to him.'

Suddenly four men advanced, seized the visitor, and bore him from the vault to another one within. After a few moments they returned.

'He has taken the oath and heard the penalty.'

'Death to yourself, your wife, your son, and your grandson, if you betray us?'

'I have neither son nor grandson: as for my wife, Monsieur le Capitaine, you offer a bribe instead of a threat when you talk of her death?'

'Sacre! but you will be an addition to our circle, *mon brave*?'

'Laughing, while against the grim circle shouted applause.'

'But I suppose you care for your own life?'

'Otherwise I should have preferred starving to coming here,' answered the laconic neophyte.

'I have done with you. Your health!'

On this the coiners gathered round Monsieur Giraumont, shook him by the hand, and commenced many questions with a view to ascertain his skill.

'Show me your coinage first; I see you use both the die and furnace. Hem! this piece is not bad; you have struck it from an iron die? right—it makes the impression sharper than plaster of Paris. But you take the poorest and most dangerous part of the trade in taking the Home Market. I can put you in a way to make ten times as much, and with safety; look at this!' and Monsieur Giraumont took a forged Spanish dollar from his pocket, so skillfully manufactured that the *connaisseurs* were lost in admiration;—'you may pass thousands of these all over Europe except France, and who is ever to detect you? But it will require better machinery than you have here.'

Thus conversing, Monsieur Giraumont did not perceive that Mr. Gawtreys had been examining him very curiously and minutely. But Birnie had noted their chief's attention, and once attempted to join his new ally, when Gawtreys laid his hand on his shoulder and stopped him.

'Do not speak to your friend till I bid you, or—he stopped short, and touched his pistols.

Birnie grew a shade more pale, but replied with his usual sneer.

'Suspicious! Well, so much the better!' and, seating himself carelessly at the table, lighted his pipe.

'And now, Monsieur Giraumont,' said Gawtreys, as he took the head of the table, 'come to my right hand. A half holyday in your honor. Clear these infernal instruments; and more wine, *mes amis*!'

The party arranged themselves at the ta-

ble. Among the desperate there is almost entirely a tendency to mirth. A solitary ruffian is moody, but a gang of ruffians are jolly. The coiners talked and laughed loud.

Mr. Birnie, from his dogged silence, seemed apart from the rest, though in the centre; and in a noisy circle, a silent tongue builds a wall around its owner. But that respectable personage kept a furtive watch upon Giraumont and Gawtreys, who appeared talking together very amicably towards the bottom of the table. The younger novice of that night, equally silent, was not less watchful than Birnie. An uneasy, undefinable foreboding had come over him since the entrance of Monsieur Giraumont; this had been increased by the manner of Mr. Gawtreys. His faculty of observation, which was very acute, had detected something false in the chief's blandness to their guest—something dangerous in the glittering eye that Gawtreys ever as he spoke to Giraumont, bent on that person's lips as he listened to his reply. For whenever William Gawtreys suspected a man, he watched, not his eyes but his lips.

Waked from his scornful reverie, a strange spell fascinated Morton's attention to the chief and the guest, and he bent forward with parted mouth and straining ear, to catch their conversation.

'It seems to me a little strange,' said Mr. Gawtreys, raising his voice so as to be heard by the party, 'that a coiner so dexterous as Monsieur Giraumont should not be known to any of us except our friend Birnie.'

'Not at all,' replied Giraumont; 'I worked only with Bouchard and two others, since sent to the galleys. We were but a small fraternity: every thing has its commencement.'

'C'est juste: buvez donc, cher ami!'

The wine circulated; Gawtreys began again.

You have had a bad accident, seemingly, Monsieur Giraumont: how did you lose your eye?'

'In a scuffle with the gens d'armes the night Bouchard was taken and I escaped; such misfortunes are on the cards.'

'C'est juste: buvez donc, Monsieur Giraumont!'

Again there was a pause, and again Gawtreys's deep voice was heard.

'You wear a wig, I think, Monsieur Giraumont? To judge by your eyelashes, your own hair has been a handsomer color.'

'We seek disguise, not beauty, my host! and the police has sharp eyes.'

'C'est juste, buvez donc—vieux Renard!—when did we two meet last?'

'Never, that I know of!'

'Ce n'est pas vrai! buvez donc, Monsieur Favart!'

At the sound of that name the company started in dismay and confusion, and the police officer, forgetting himself for the moment, sprung from his seat, and put his right hand into his blouse.

'Ho, there! treason!' cried Gawtreys, in a voice of thunder; and he caught the unhappy man by the throat.'

It was the work of a moment. Morton, who he sat beheld a struggle—he heard a death cry. He saw the huge form of the master coiner rising above the rest, as cutlasses gleamed and eyes sparkled round.—He saw the quivering and powerless frame of the unhappy guest raised aloft in those mighty arms, and presently it was hurled along the tables—bottles crashing—the board sinking beneath its weight—and lay before the very eyes of Morton, a distorted and lifeless mass. At the same instant Gawtreys sprang upon the table, his black frown singling out from the group the ashen cadaverous face of the shrinking traitor.—Birnie had darted from the table—he was half way towards the sliding door—his face turned over his shoulder, met the eyes of his chief.

'Devil!' shouted Gawtreys, in his terrible voice, which the echoes of the vault gave back from side to side, 'did I not give thee up my soul that thou mightst not compass my death? Hark ye! thus dies my slavery

and all our secrets!' The explosion of his pistol half swallowed up the last word, and, with a single groan, the traitor fell on the floor, pierced through the brain; then there was a dead and grim hush, as the smoke rolled slowly along the roof of the dreary vault.

Morton sank back on his seat, and covered his face with his hands. The last seal on the face of THE MAN OF CRIME was set; the last wave in the terrible and mysterious tide of his destiny had dashed on his soul to the shore whence there is no return.—Vain, now and henceforth, the humor, the sentiment, the kindly impulse, the social instincts which had invested that stalwart shape with dangerous fascination, which had implied the hope of ultimate repentance, of redemption even in this world. The HOUR and the CIRCUMSTANCE had seized their prey; and the self defence, which a lawless career rendered a necessity, left the eternal die of blood upon his doom!

'Friends, I have saved you,' said Gawtreys, slowly gazing on the corpse of his second victim, while he returned the pistol to his belt; 'I have not quailed before this man's eye (and he spurned the clay of the officer, as he spoke, with a revengeful scorn) without treasuring up its aspect in my heart of hearts. I knew him when he entered—knew him through his disguise—yet, faith, it was a clever one! Turn up his face and gaze on him now; he will never terrify us again unless there be truth in ghosts!'

Murmuring and tremulous, the coiners scrambled on the table and examined the dead man. From this task Gawtreys interrupted them, for his quick eye detected, with the pistols under the policeman's blouse, a whistle of metal of curious construction, and he conjectured at once that danger was yet at hand.

'I have saved you, I say, but only for the hour. This deed cannot sleep; see he had help within call. The police know where to look for their comrade—we are dispersed. Each for himself. Quick, divide the spoils! *Sauve qui peut!*'

Then Morton heard where he sat, his hands still clasped before his face, a confused hubbub of voices, the jingle of money, the scramble of feet, the cracking of doors—all was silent!

A strong grasp drew his hands from his eyes.

'Your first scene of life against life,' said Gawtreys's voice, which seemed fearfully changed to the ear that heard it.—'Bah! what would you think of a battle? Come, to our eyrie; the carcasses are gone.'

Morton looked fearfully round the vault. He and Gawtreys were alone. His eyes sought the places where the dead had lain—they were removed—no vestige of the deeds, not even a drop of blood.

'Come, take up your cutlass, come, come!' repeated the voice of the chief, as, with his dim lantern, now the sole light of the vault, he stood in the shadow of the doorway.

Morton rose, took up the weapon mechanically, and followed that terrible guide, mute and unconscious, as a soul follows a dream through the house of Sleep!

A lady of Tarrytown being out in the evening, was accosted by a gentleman who offered to escort her home, to which she answered, 'Get out you brute!' He begged her pardon, when she immediately replied, 'Ah, sir! I ask your pardon, for in a state of mental absence, I thought it was my husband.'

The express mentions one person who will remember Inauguration Day as long as he lives. It was a garrison officer of the Navy, who went to the White House, intoxicated. The President answered his greeting with—'Sit, I am sorry to see you or any person in your condition, here.'—This sobered him—we guess—but it isn't every man who has the honor to be rebuked by the chief magistrate of the nation. The man has that to comfort him at any rate.

Amer. Sentinel.

## PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

There is no room for satire everywhere. That witty journal, N. O. Picayune, thus takes off professional jealousy. A Dutch corn doctor, half seas over, is haranguing on his skill, in a bar-room, much to the amusement of the by-standers, when a Yankee corn doctor drops in—he too having a drop in his eye. He could see, however, how the game was going and thought he would join in. He commenced singing—

'Corn rigs and barley rigs;  
Corn rigs grow bony.'

'What dosh you mean by dat?' said the Dutch doctor, turning round.

'Just that your're a humbug and aint no corn doctor, no how you can fix it,' said the Yankee.

'Vhel, what ish you, broy?' said the Dutchman.

'I'm the genuine corn-excavator and toe-manipulator, and anti imposition candidate for every job in that ere line in this here city—that's what I am, old pickled cabbage,' said the Yankee:

'What pe your shystem?' said the Dutchman, 'Does you pare or draw?'

'Pare! pare!' said the Yankee; why you tarnaal gumhead, you're jest as ignorant as Ichabod Doolittle's sorrel mare and she had sich an aversion to learnin' that she wouldnt carry the children to school in sleighin' time, no how—Do I pare! No, you ignoramus, I draw out the corn by the application of my unrivalled, magnetic high-pressure plaster, that's my system, you animated pot of pickles. Do you think, added the Yankee, 'I would cut into a man's toe as if I was digging a Dutch dyke, or exploring a Mexcan mine. Why, if that's your system you ought to be indicted under the maiming act.'

Curious Remarks on the Bible. By a widow of 65, who had nothing to do could not sleep.—The Bible contains 3,666,487 letters, 810,667 words, 31,173 verses, 1,139 chapters, 67 blankz. The word 'and' occurs 46,227 times, 'Lord' 1,854; 'Reverend' only once, and that in the 114th psalm. The 27th verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains the alphabet. The 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The first man recorded as having been buried in a coffin was Joseph, 60th chapter of Genesis and 26th verse. No where but in the 1st chapter of 2d Timothy is the name of 'grandmother' mentioned. Two particularly fine chapters to read you will find are the 2d of Joel and the 29th of Acts. There is no name or word of more than six syllables in the Holy Bible.

## HOW TO CURE A HUSBAND.

A woman, whom her husband used frequently to scold, went to a cunning man to inquire how she might cure him of his barbarity. The sagacious counsayer heard her complaint, and after pronouncing some hard words, and using various gesticulations, while he filled a vial with colored liquid, desired her, whenever her husband was in a passion, to take a mouthful of the liquor and keep it in her mouth five minutes. The woman, quite overjoyed at so simple a remedy, strictly followed the counsel which was given her, and by her silence escaped the usual annoyance. The contents of the bottle being at last expended, she returned to the cunning man and anxiously begged to have another possessed of the same virtue. 'Daughter,' said the man, 'there was nothing in the bottle but brown sugar and water. When your husband is in a passion, hold your tongue, and, my life on it, he will not scold you in future.'

New Sofa Stuffing.—Somebody in Utica, New York, is making a new article for stuffing sofas, mattresses, &c. which on account of its cheapness, is likely to supersede other materials. It consists of light curled shavings from bass wood.

Twenty-two Millions of dollars were appropriated to various purposes at the late session of Congress.