

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

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS:

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POETRY.



The Dead.

The dead are everywhere!
The mountains side, the plain, the woods profound;
All the wide earth—the fertile and the fair,
Is one vast burial ground!
Within the populous street,
In solitary homes; in places high,
In pleasure domes, where pomp and luxury meet,
Men bow themselves to die,
The old man at his door;
The unweaned child murmuring its worldless song;
The bondman and the free, the rich, the poor;
'All, all to death belong!
The sunlight gilds the walls
Of kingly sepulchres enwrought with brass;
And the long shadow of the cypress falls
Athwart the common grass.
The living of gone times
Builded their glorious cities by the sea,
And awful in their greatness sat sublime,
As if no change could be,
There was the eloquent tongue,
The poet's heart, the sage's soul was there;
And loving women with their children young,
The faithful and the fair;
They were, but they are not;
Suns rose and set, and earth put on her bloom,
Whilst man, submitting to the common lot,
Went down into the tomb.
And still amid the wrecks
Of mighty generations passed away,
Earth's boonest growth, the fragrant wild-flower decks
The tombs of yesterday.
And in the twilight deep,
Go veiled women forth, like her who went,
Sister of Lazarus, to the grave to weep,
To breathe the low lament.
The dead are every where!
Where's is love, or tenderness, or faith,
Where's is power, pomp, pleasure, pride,
where'er
Life is or was, is death.

Two Pointed Texts.—Rev. Wm. Jay, of Bath, recently preached before the London Missionary Society a sermon from the single sentence 'Ebenzer,' on which he preached nearly two hours to a large and attentive audience. The Rev. Mr. Raffles, of Liverpool, preached in another chapel also from a single sentence, 'Forward.'

Better is a small house to one out of debt, than a palace to a man with sheriffs for visitors.

EXECUTION IN MOROCCO.

Another instance of capital punishment was attended with the following singular circumstances. A Moor of the village of Sharf had shot with a pistol in the market at Tangier, a fellow-villager, whom he suspected of being too intimate with his wife. The brother of the murdered man set out immediately for Mekna, where the sultan was then residing, and claimed the life of the murderer. The sultan heard the case; acknowledged the justice of the demand; and summoning the plaintiff into his presence, delivered the following curious decision:

'We grant you our permission to take the life of the murderer of your brother, with the same instrument of death with which he was assassinated, and on the same spot at the same hour of the day. But, added the Sultan, why seekest thou also to be a manslayer? Accept the price of blood, which is lawful unto true believers, and we will guarantee you its payment from our Scherifian hands, and two hundred mizakel shall be the sum.'

'To this the plaintiff replied, 'Can this sum purchase me a brother?'

'Go thy way,' said the sultan; 'we have heard and understood; a letter will be given you by the Vizier, in which our mandate shall be written.'

Furnished with the sentence of death, the man returned to Tangier, and presented it to the Governor. On the same day of the week, and at the same hour, the murderer was brought out of prison, and seated on the very spot where he had taken his fellow-villager's life, while crowds of people attended to witness his death.

The pistol was now given to the brother of the murdered man; when, having loaded it, he went up to the criminal, walked slowly in a circle round him, and said, 'In the presence of God and man, I call upon you to answer me truly; didst thou slay my brother?'

To this the criminal replied, 'I did. One of the multitude now stepping forward, addressed the brother of the murdered man:

'Accept the price of blood,' said he, 'and I promise you one hundred ducats in addition, which those here assembled will gladly give.'

'Worthless words,' said the villager; and again he walked round his victim. Again he asked him the same question, and again the same reply was given.

A second offer was now made, of two hundred ducats; and again the villager, walking round the criminal, repeated his question, adding, 'Say what thou believest, I am about to take thy life.'

'That God is God, and Mahomed is the prophet of God,' responded the criminal. Hardly were these words out of his mouth, when the pistol was discharged. It had been placed at the small of his back, being the same spot where he had shot the man for whom he was now about to die; but the wretched criminal, though mortally wounded, did not expire for some hours.

GOT ME DAR.

Look heah, Jake, how you get dar hole in de sleebe of your new coat?

'Hole—whar? I dooesnt see no hole in de sleebe.'

'You dooesn't see it praps, but you's got one—big one too—big enough to put your arm throo.'

'Yah—yah—ah! I must' fess you got me dar, niggah.'

PAYABLE AT SIGHT.

'Bob have you seen Mr. Brown late ly?'

'No Jim I havn't—why?'

'Why, I have a note of his and being short of funds should like to find him.'

'The note is good is it not?'

'O! yes; good as gold, I suppose, but there's a difficulty nevertheless. It reads 'at sight I promise to pay,' &c. Now I don't say anything against the note, but blow me if I have had a sight at him since he gave it to me; and probably won't have again as long as I live.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEGEND OF THE LOIRE.

JEAN LOUIS.

A TALE OF GUERANDE.

The flood of civilization and social improvement which it is asserted has rolled over the hills and valleys of France, has not been universal in its extent. There are various spots which seem placed beyond the reach of the movement. Having little or no direct communication with Paris, and connected with the chief town of the department by a bad and unfrequented route, the inhabitants of those isolated districts, year after the events which take place, of the changes and chances of society, of railways and steam engines, of gas lights and constitutional kings, without considering themselves as in any way concerned in them, and regard those who are rather with feelings of contempt than of envy. This is the case more particularly in some parts of Bretagne, where the people cling with the greatest pertinacity to old habits and usages, rejecting with preverbal obstinacy every alteration, be it for better or for worse. One of the spots in which the habits and manners of bygone ages are most peculiarly preserved, is Guerande. Pleased amidst the sand hills and marshes where the Loire joins the ocean, between the ancient towns of Croisic and the Burg of Batz, it has preserved even its outward appearance in two from the innovation of modern habits and manners. Circumscribed within its ancient walls and ditches, with streets not wider than a coach and a half, its battlements unimpaired, its three gates showing the apparatus for elevating or letting fall the ponderous portullis, and its wooden drawbridges, though no longer raised by hand, still in a state to be so, every thing about the town preserves the same primitive character; the upper stories of the houses resting on solid pillars of wood or stone, and forming galleries under which the pedestrians are secure from rain or sunburn; the shops small and low, their fronts covered with slates fastened over one another like the scales of fish; the windows ornamented with carved woodwork, which projects into the streets in some places even beyond the pillars, in grotesque faces, or lengthened out into fantastic animals of some unknown or extinct race, whose remains are to be found only in museums. The population of Guerande is not numerous, and in consequence of the absence of the busy trade of more modernized towns, the passing traveller wanders through silent and deserted streets; and if he meets with a well pipe-clayed gentleman, or some such emblem of recent days, is startled at the anachronism, and would have been less surprised at encountering a warrior in the costume of the middle ages, for the dress of the Bretons in general might pass for that of any era. The geographical position of Guerande in some measure accounts for all these circumstances. It possesses but two roads, one leading to the chief town of the arrondissement, and but little frequented, the other to St. Nazaire, which is six leagues distant. It has no speculations in trade to bring visitors, and the few strangers who make their appearance are chiefly invalids, who come for the purpose of sea bathing, and the advantages of so retired and economical a situation.

Even the arrival of a strange beggar, some five and twenty years ago, was the subject of a nine days' wonder: more especially as he seemed inclined to take up his abode in Guerande, and differed from the native population, and even from persons of his class, in his habits and appearance, which were those of a person of education. It was supposed at the time that he was one of the unfortunate persons ruined by the Revolution, and proscribed by the parties in power, which supposition was aided by a report that he was in possession of some remains of property; but no inquiries could elicit anything from him, though the supposed circumstances of his history strongly predisposed the royalist population in his favor. He neither confirmed nor denied the passing rumors, but quietly took his station at the door of the church as a regular mendicant. With many of the inhabitants it became customary to bestow upon him a weekly

alms. Amongst those was the Abbe Sorel, who officiated at the matin service, and who had been from the first struck by his appearance and singular conduct, though he could never extract from him any particular of his past history. The stranger went by the name of Jean Louis, and took up his residence in a large and nearly deserted mansion in one of the most desolate parts of the town; but no one was ever permitted to enter his domicile, for which he very regularly paid a small rent, which was never in arrear. He was not obtrusive in his habits of mendicancy, but quietly awaited the charity of the worshippers in silent resignation. Amongst persons of the same class he was regarded with reverence; and in case of any dispute arising amongst them, was appealed to as an umpire, by whose decision every one was contented to abide. Amongst other singularities of Jean Louis, was that of his never being known to enter the church, though there was little doubt of his being a Catholic, and deeply impressed with religious feeling.

At length the Abbe Sorel, on entering the church one morning, missed his pensioner from the usual place. The next day he was absent; and on the third morning Jean Louis not having made his appearance, the worthy priest, making himself acquainted with the residence of the poor man, resolved to seek him out, and ascertain the cause of his continued absence. With some difficulty he discovered the dreary abode of the beggar; in one corner of a ruinous court, once the residence of a Breton noble, he found a dark winding stair case, which conducted him to a low arched door, where he knocked for some time without being able to gain admittance. At length a small grating was withdrawn; and the person within having ascertained who the visitor was, removed the bar which impeded the entrance, and the priest was admitted into a small dark chamber, evidently suffering from severe illness and bodily weakness. He made a hurried apology for having detained the abbe so long; and then after some slight hesitation, during which he seemed to form some sudden resolution, requested him to follow him; at the same time throwing open the door of an inner chamber. The first room into which the priest had been admitted was a dark and miserable abode, unfurnished, and with every appearance of desolation; the second, to his infinite amazement, was furnished not only with comfort, but with considerable luxury, though the articles were generally of no modern date. As they entered this chamber, Jean Louis seemed laboring under great mental agitation as well as bodily weakness. He, however, placed a chair for his guest, and then staggered to a heap of straw covered with a coarse rug, which was placed on one side of the room, and contrasted strangely with the various articles of comfort with which it was surrounded. For a few moments the priest was silent from surprise, till a deep groan from his companion roused him, when advancing to the spot where the beggar had fallen exhausted on his rug, he took him by the hand, and said in kindly accents, 'Jean, my friend, you seem to possess every means of relief for your bodily wants, but the mysterious circumstances in which I find you placed, lead me to suppose that there is some secret sorrow or some secret sin, which only religious consolation can relieve; is it not, then, the hand of Providence which has brought me here to console your solitary wretchedness?—As your friend and spiritual guide, I entreat of you to confide in the divine mercy, and you will receive comfort and support.'

'There is no relief, no consolation, no mercy for me,' wildly exclaimed the sick man.

'Such doubt, and such despair, mildly replied the abbe, 'are more criminal than you are aware of; there is mercy for every repentant sinner.'

'But none for me, none for me,' groaned the unfortunate; 'for ingratitude of the blackest dye, for robbery, for murder, nay, almost parricide; no, no, there can be no mercy for me.'

'By faith and penitence, every sinner may have hope.'

'Penitence, penitence,' murmured the beggar; 'can penitence obliterate sins like mine?'

'There is an atonement beyond the

penitence of man,' replied the abbe, 'have faith in that atonement, and you will receive hope and consolation.'

Jean Louis moaned in heartfelt agony, but made no reply; and the priest kneeling by his side prayed long and earnestly. This seemed to tranquilise the mind of the sufferer in some degree; who suddenly rising, he seized the hands of the abbe, and exclaimed, 'Hear the tale of my iniquities, and then say if hope or consolation can exist for me?'

'Hope exists for all men, if that hope be fixed aright,' replied the priest, who at the desire of the penitent, placed himself in his seat. The beggar then knelt before him, and amidst many sob and groans, which at times interrupted his narrative, told the following history to the attentive priest:—

He was, he said, the son of a noble vignerons in Burgundy, and at an early age had been taken into the family of the lord of the village, a nobleman of wealth and distinction, who intended to bring him up as a valet for his son, a year or two younger than himself; but having shown some talents, and a considerable readiness in acquiring information, his destiny was changed, and he was educated with his young master, and at length became a confidential secretary. But the revolutionary storm had been darker and more threatening; his master took the alarm, secured considerable sums in foreign funds, and providing himself with a sufficiency of ready money, removed his family in secrecy to a retired spot near Paris, where, under a false name, and an appearance of poverty, he for some time escaped from suspicion and from danger. With the exception of his wife and children, Jean Louis was his only confidant; on him he relied, as on his own son, and from him nothing was concealed. At length prompted by avarice and ambition, the faithless wretch conceived the infernal purpose of denouncing his paternal benefactor; and hoped, by involving the

himself in the secret funds, of the particulars of which he was well informed. For some time he hesitated, but the suggestions of evil triumphed, and he betrayed to the revolutionary tribunal the retreat of the proscribed family; of whom the son only escaped, being by chance at the time separated from his devoted kindred. The faithless factor was so far as even to appear as a witness against his benefactors, and consigned them to the scaffold. By accident he was in the streets of Paris as the fatal vehicle conveyed his victims to the slaughter, and the eye of the man or fell upon him, and recognised him amongst the crowd; the glance was momentary, but its effect was enduring; it came like the blasting fire of heaven, it awoke within him torments never ceasing, and most intolerable—a remorse and agony which no bodily suffering could have equalled. He fled from Paris, possessed indeed of the spoils of his murdered benefactor, but with a resolution never to enjoy them; he determined to bury himself in the most retired spot he could find, and to pass his life in poverty, surrounded by his guilty wealth, and by everything which should recall his crime to his hourly remembrance. To that end he had transported the remnant of his master's furniture to Guerande, and brought with him the portraits of the murdered family, that they might be forever before his eyes; at the same time he pointed to the picture on the wall.

The abbe who had listened with intense anxiety to the tale, grew pale as it advanced; and when it reached this point, following the direction in which the penitent pointed, he started to his feet, and exclaimed, 'Merciful heaven! my father! and my mother!' The beggar, with a loud and piercing scream, fell senseless on the floor.

After a time spent in mental prayer, the abbe raised the fallen, placed him on his low couch, and forced some water down his throat, after which he began gradually to recover; but it was some time before he was restored to full consciousness, and then raising himself on his knees, he said in a faint voice, 'I here pardon for such a wretch as I?'

'For you and for all men,' replied the abbe solemnly.

'And can you pray for me?' The abbe fell on his knees and poured forth an ardent prayer for the sinner, who prostrated himself in silence before him when the priest sought to raise him—he was dead.

CHOOSING THE LEAST EVIL.

The following story is told by a French expert: A certain widow lady placed her child at nurse in one of the founding hospitals of Germany; and, intending to leave it there until it should be old enough to begin receiving an education, paid the nurse for four years. About the same time a gentleman placed his child in the same institution, and it was consigned to the same nurse. The gentleman then made a voyage to South America, where he had some business of importance that needed his attention. At the end of the four years his lady returned to take away her child; and by a somewhat singular coincidence, the gentlemen arrived at the same time, with the same object. But in the interim one of the children had died, and the nurse could not declare positively whether it was that of the widow or the other. The widow claimed the survivor as her own, the gentleman insisted strongly that it was the living child. The dispute waxed warm, and a resort to the legal tribunals was threatened on either side, when a clergyman interposed, and with such effect that the disputants soon agreed to compromise their claims to the surviving childly marriage.

Solitude.

Although in a social being, and the rights in the society of his fellows, there are times in his life, when he seeks his sweetest hours of enjoyment from the lonely hours of solitude. Even he is from the busy hum of man, and the world's contention, where no eye holds him in the eye of Omnipotence, whose character attributes, he contemplates with pleasure and for whose past fatherly protection and fatherly kindness, his heart throbs with gratitude, and in his simple yet fervent prayer, he fondly wishes their continuance from the bosom of all good.

In solitude, too, we derive pleasure from a retrospect of the past. The peaceful moments of retirement are hallowed by a thousand pleasing recollections of the bygone scenes and enjoyments of other days, which bring the mind in rapid succession and pass away like the glimmerings of a meteor. It is sweet to realize in the beauty of memory and gather the beautiful fragments that return themselves around every object before us. While thus spell-bound by the soft music and silent language which vibrates upon every chord of our hearts, we almost fancy ourselves disconnected from earth, and conversing with the loved spirits of the past, with him we were once familiar but who have been led away by the icy hand of the 'fell destroyer' to the region of silence and decay; or are comforted from us by the intervention of towering hills and winding streams, and with whom we can commune only in the secret chamber of imagination, or in the delightful reminiscences of departed hours, made sacred by a thousand interesting relations.

A HARD MASTER.

Thomas Litchfield, a hired servant, complained against his master, Mr. Chambers, of Wellingsborough, for the non-payment of wages due him up to the time he left.

'He set me such funny jobs,' said Litchfield, 'such as standing on a gatepost to whitewash the moon with a pot of blacking; at another to fetch a load of clouds to litter the horses. He told me the other Sunday when I wanted my dinner, to cut a Bath brick into mutton chops, and fry them in a four wheel wagon at Visbury. It ain't likely I can do them there conjuration tricks.'

The complaint was dismissed and Litchfield was ordered to return to his work.

ABSENCE OF MINDS.

A man who was remarkably fond of his dog on going to his dinner one day very politely handed his canine friend to a chair; and got under the table himself. Neither he nor any one else discovered the mistake to rectify it.

BORROWING A KISS.

The N. Y. Sunday Mercury says: We asked a pretty girl the other day, to give us a kiss, but she couldn't afford it. She said however she would lend us one, provided we would pay for it.

It is needless to add we would pay promptly.

THE OLDEST HORSE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Moore, of 72 N. 5th St., New York, owns a horse the name of which is old, he drives him from Staten Island almost daily, and he can travel a mile in less than four minutes.