

# The Columbia Democrat.

"I have sworn upon the Alter 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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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE FESTIVAL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

#### A SCENE IN NAVARRE.

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#### ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

The following is an extract from the speech of the Rev. Mr. Longsworth, of the Southern Methodist Convention, upon the question of a separation;

"No; we must part, and the sooner the better. Let us with our new organization, try to get back to primitive Methodism. I speak not of its externals, some of which never legitimately belonged to it, but of its inward graces. I speak of its former zeal, which glowed with equal fervor amidst the miasms of the low land swamps, and the healthful breezes of the mountain,

which led the Methodist preacher to seek the lost sheep of the fold of Christ, whithersoever they wandered. I speak of that Methodism that preached not only on stated days, and at stated times, but which preached at all times and in all places—in the chapel, the hut, the kitchen, the grove, the wilderness—fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, parents, children, masters, servants—which never entered a house without a word for the Lord, and never left it without praying a blessing upon it—which planted the standard of the cross on the spot which we occupy ere the elk and the buffalo had left it—which pushed on labors, at times, until exhausted nature sank under them.

"When I thus speak of Methodism, let me not be understood as claiming for our sect all the religion that is in the world. Far from it—there is a pure religion in the other churches as in ours. I am no sectarian. If I possess one Christian virtue, it is love for all who love and serve the Lord Jesus Christ, but I confess I feel a kindling emotion, allied to the moral by sublime, when I contemplate Methodism personified in such men as our Nelly, whose funeral obsequies were performed by himself, whose dirge was sounded by the winter winds, whose winding sheet was the snow drift, and whose monument was the sturdy oak of the forest—

found by the woodsman frozen on his knees, and buried in the attitude of prayer. Of myself I will not glory, but of such men as these I might become a fool in glorying, and all men would pardon me. Yes, were I to inscribe on the tree the root of which was his last pillow, *The Christian's best monument*, every Christian of every church would cheerfully inscribe under it Amen and amen. To this kind of Methodism let us get back; let it be characteristic of the Southern church, and then, if they will, let the Northern church take all the rest?"

#### A SMART BOY.

The New York Sunday Mercury has a genius in his "Nimrod," whose brightness the editor develops in the following lesson in catechism:

"Well, Nimrod, how long were the children of Israel in the wilderness?"

"Till they found their way out."

"Who was cast into the lions' den?"

"Van Amburgh."

"Who was compelled to seek refuge in the land of Nod?"

"Governor Dorr."

"Why?"

"Because he got up the King's ebe- nizer, and Providence wouldn't protect him?"

The New York Tribune says, we were told yesterday of a young lady from the interior of this State, who had just been married to her second husband; she is now 13 years old, and married her first husband when she was 11."

Troy (N. Y.) contains about 25,000 inhabitants, with 22 houses of religious worship, 19 clergymen, 25 physicians, and 76

tar with the larger garlands, the whole ceremony being performed with the utmost enthusiasm. Meanwhile, the priest had retired to the interior of the church, but when all the arrangements were completed—the oxen adorned with their glowing honors standing patiently in the sun, and the murderous bronze artillery decked with sweet peaceful flowers—he again came forth, preceded by a youthful acolyte carrying a large silver cross, elevated on a staff apparently of the same metal. By his side was another boy wearing a scarlet cassock, over which there was a white linen tunic, who bore a silver censer, which, when this little procession had reached the wains, he threw up in the air and then drew it back again by its silver chain, making the white smoke of the incense cloud over the mortars, and around the heads of the oxen, after which the priest sprinkled them with holy water. The instant the ceremony was completed, there was a general shouting *Viva Carlos Quinto! Viva la Religion!* success to the new Mortars! Death to the Christians! Amidst these fervent cheers the bullock cars moved on, escorted as before, the young men accompanying them as guard of honor a little way beyond the limits of the village. On parting the soldiers cried "To Elizondo! to Elizondo!" and soon entering a mountain gorge, they disappeared.

The day after this scene there was considerable agitation in the village. Several fathers of families who had been absent acting as scouts to Don Carlos' army, or otherwise connected with it, returned. They brought account of the retreat of the Carlist chief, Zumalacarraguy, from before Elizondo; and it was whispered that the mortars which had passed through on the preceding day, and had been welcomed with so much pomp, were on their way back. The confusion occasioned by these reports was at its height, when a stranger, covered with dust, rushed into the plaza in breathless haste. He was a fine well-made man of about thirty, his features, though handsome, bore strong mark of cunning, and the expression of his large gray eyes, set in a face the color of which was only a shade removed from black, was so peculiar, as to render it painful to meet their gaze. The stranger's costume was unlike that of the Navarrese peasants. He wore a jacket of dark blue velveteen, open, displaying a waistcoat of the same material, adorned with three rows of large open-worked silver buttons, hanging loosely, his breeches of coarse dark cloth, with silver buttons down the outer seams, he also wore a worsted sash and hempen sandals. Round his head was a cotton handkerchief of bright variegated colors, tied behind with two long ends hanging down, above the handkerchief appeared a cone-shaped black beaver hat, with a narrow brim turned up all around the front of the hat was ornamented with three tarnished tinsel stars—green, ruby and yellow—stuck on a strip of rusty black velvet. His thick neck was bare, and, from constant exposure to the sun and weather, is dark as his face. He was a gitano, or gipsy.

"I am sent by Zumalacarraguy," said the man, "to tell you that the mortars are on their way back, and they must be concealed in this neighborhood, all, therefore, must unite in conveying them to a place of safety. The general's orders are, that every man proceed instantly to meet them, they must not re-enter the village; your privileges and aid of the cura's parishioners.

"The priest, however, pretended to be totally ignorant of the matter. "Senor General," he said, "the cura of—— will never sanction rebellion against his rightful sovereign."

The appeal met with a ready echo in the breast of every hearer, for the whole population of the village had identified themselves with the fate of the consecrated artillery. All the men immediately rallied with Zumalacarraguy's messenger. They had not proceeded far along the road before the well-known cracking of the bullock-cars indicated that the objects they had set forth to meet were approaching. They soon appeared,奔驰, however, of their noisy movements seemed to strike terror to his soul.

The gitano immediately addressed him self to the officer of the escort, and after a brief parley three of the village elders were

summoned to the consultation. Much an guard. The former approached the general, seated discourse ensued, accompanied by and reported that, in pursuance of his orders lively gesticulation by which the every house had been searched, and that, to Spaniards are characterized. The result the best of his knowledge, all the male in was, that the wains were drawn along by habitants who remained in the village were road to a field, under the guidance of the now present.

"Let them be separated from the women and children," said the general.

The order was promptly executed, the men being drawn up in a line before Mina. It was a strange, an anxious scene the elderly men stood like ancient Romans, with their cloaks thrown about them in every variety of picturesque drapery, some of their younger companions were dressed brown woolen jackets, their snow-white shirt collars falling on their shoulders, others in short blue smock-frocks, confined around the waist by broad girdles of bright mixed colors. All wore the picturesque bonnets, but of varied hues—blue, white or red.

The women & children formed a gloomy back-ground to this singular picture, they were far more numerous than the men, one or more of every family having joined the Carlist party. The young girls who only forty-eight hours before had been weaving chaplets with so much glee and energy, now stood motionless, some looking fixedly on Mina; others, their hands clasped, and their beautiful eyes raised towards heaven, appeared absorbed in prayer. The old woman, crouched on the ground, plied her knitting needles with greater diligence, her lips moved rapidly, but no sound escaped from them, and she had so placed herself as to be able to peer through the slight separation between two of the men who stood before her.

Mina now advanced a few paces in front of his staff officers, and thus addressed the villagers:

"I know that two days ago, three mortars passed through your village on their way to Elizondo, and that yesterday, they were brought back. I also know that they have been concealed in this vicinity with knowledge of the inhabitants; where are they?"

"Not a syllable was uttered in reply.

"Where are the guns?" cried Mina with a loud voice and irritated manner—"the mortars you decorated with garlands, because you supposed they were shortly to be used against the queen's forces?"

The people continued silent.

Whilst this was going on—the eyes of the staff officers and the troops being all fixed on the general and the villagers—the cura had managed to glide into a narrow alley by the side of the church (at the back of which, by a strange oversight, no sentinel was placed,) then darting down a lane, crossed a rivulet at the end, and plunged into a dell-covered with brushwood, thence through paths well known to him he bent his course towards a small town about a league off, where he knew there was a Carlist garrison.

Mina, finding he could not make any impression on the determined people before him turned sharply round with the intention of commanding the cura to use his influence them to induce them to give him the information he required; not seeing him, he said, "Where is the cura? Search the church!—Search his house!"

This being reported to Mina he shrugged his shoulders and proceeded once more a harangue the multitude—"Well," said he, "you appear resolved to refuse giving me the information I ask for; now, listen to the voice of Mina who never promises or threatens in vain. If, in one quarter of an hour by this watch (drawing it from his pocket) the place where the carlist mortars are hidden be not divulged, I will decide the men now before me. Every tenth man shall be instantly shot—decide for yourselves."

It was a fearful quarter of an hour. Each man was joined by a female—a mother, wife sister, or one to whom his heart was devoted, the only individual unnoticed by any of the women was the gipsy. He was a stranger in the village and belonged to a race for which there was no sympathy on the part of the Navarrese, although its members were at that early period of the civil war em-

ployed on important missions by the Carlist chieftains. He stood alone with his arms folded, and was apparently in a state of abstraction.

The drum was beat—the quarter of an hour had elapsed; the soldiers began again to separate the men from the women. In the confusion, the idiot boy crept up to the gipsy, and roused him from his reverie by saying in a half-whisper, "Ho, Señor Gitano! stand last on the line, and you are safe."

The stranger looked intently for an instant at the lad, who rubbed the palms of his hands together, and glanced confidently towards the extremity of the line of men now almost formed. The gipsy contrived to place himself the last.

Silence having been commanded and obtained Mina said, "This is the last moment—confession or decimation." No answer, no sign.

"Sergeant, do your duty," said the general.

Immediately a non-commissioned officer began counting along the line. On arriving at the tenth man, he was made to stand forth. The sergeant then went on reckoning in like manner. Four more were thus selected. The sergeant recommenced counting. There were but nine left, the gipsy being the ninth. The rank was closed up again and five men were left standing about a yard in front of the others. An officer and eight soldiers now marched into the centre of the plaza; and the villagers who had the unenviable precedence in this mournful selection, waded to the general, who thus addressed him:

"Reveal the hiding place, and you are safe. I should rejoice if your life could be spared."

"Senor, replied the prisoner, a fine young man, I know it not."

Mina rode to the front of the line of villagers and said, "Will any of you confess, and save this youth?"

"The mortars did not pass through the village, on their return," said the men.

Mina then rode to the rear, and questioned the women.

"General, general," they all shrieked together, "we know nothing of the mortars. Spare him, spare him, be merciful, for the love of God!"

This reply—this appeal for mercy—had scarcely been sent forth, ere a young and beautiful woman rushed from the group, and falling on her knees before Mina, exclaimed in imploring accents, "Spare, oh spare my brother! He was all yesterday in the mountains cutting wood, and did not return till after nightfall."

"There is no remedy," replied Mina, unless the secret be disclosed."

Five minutes after Mina's return to the spot where his staff were assembled the young man was led to the wall of a house fronting the plaza; his arms were pinioned, and a handkerchief was tied over his face. He was then shot dead by four soldiers; who all shot at one at the same instant. Three more shared a similar fate, after every endeavor to induce them or the other villagers to give information concerning the mortars. They all met their fate with heroic calmness and dignity. The fifth was an old man. His anxious eyes had followed each of his fellow captives to the death station. His own turn was now at hand. There lay the bleeding corpse of his young companion, and he was interrogated as they had been previously to their execution. "I call God to witness," cried the aged man, "that I know nothing of the matter. I confess to having been present when the mortars passed through on their way to Elizondo, but I was not here when they were brought back."

"Tis true, 'tis true," shouted the people, forgetting, in the fearful excitement of the moment, that they were condemning themselves by this declaration.

"They save his life by confessing," answered Mina.

"We have nought to confess; Francisco is innocent," was the universal reply, to which succeeded a sepulchral silence.

"As the old man was being conducted