



AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor.

"TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH."

\$2 00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 14.--NO. 3.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1860.

VOL. 24.

THE Columbia Democrat

LEVI L. TATE, Editor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. In advance, for one copy, six months, \$1.00; for one copy, one year, \$2.00. If not paid within the first three months, \$2.50; if not paid within the first six months, \$3.00; if not paid within the year, \$4.00. No subscription taken for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages shall have been paid.

CHOICE POETRY.

COMRADES, FILL NO GLASS FOR ME. Oh! comrades, fill no glass for me, To drown my soul in liquid flame; For if I drink the toast should be, To blighted fortune, health and fame. Yet, though I long to quell the strife, That passion holds against my life, Still, though companions may be here, Fill, comrades, fill no glass for me.

FADED FLOWERS.

The flowers I saw in the wild wood, Have since drooped their beautiful leaves, And the many dew-friends of my childhood, Have stammered for years in their graves; But the bloom of the flowers I remember, Though their smiles I shall never see more, For the rosy cheeks of December, Hide away flowers, my companions, from me.

SELECT STORY.

APPARITIONS OF THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

Robert Dale Owen, formerly member of Congress and American minister at Naples, has lately written a rather remarkable work, entitled "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," in which he attempts to solve the question whether travelers to the other world ever visit this—Under the head of "Appearances," commonly called apparitions, we find the following hitherto unpublished ghost story, of the regular orthodox flavor:—

THE RESCUE.

Mr. Robert Bruce, originally descended from some branch of the Scottish family of that name, was born in humble circumstances, about the close of the last century, at Torbay, in the south of England, and there bred up to a seafaring life. When about thirty years of age, to wit, in 1828, he was first mate of a bark trading to Liverpool and St. Johns, New Brunswick. On one of her voyages bound westward, being then some five or six weeks out, and having neared the eastern portion of the Banks of Newfoundland, the captain and mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun; after which they both descended to calculate their day's work. The cabin, a small one, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway descending to it ran athwart-ships. Immediately opposite to this stairway, just beyond a small square landing there were two doors, close to each other, the one opening aft in the cabin, the other, fronting the stairway, into the state-room. The desk in the state-room was in the forward part of it, close to the door, so that any one sitting at it and looking over his shoulder could see into the cabin. The mate, absorbed in his calculations, which did not result as he had expected, varying considerably from the dead-reckoning, had not noticed the captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations he called out without looking round, "I make our latitude and longitude so and so. Can that be right? How is yours?" Receiving no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder, and per-

ceiving, as he thought the captain busy writing on his slate. Still no answer.— Thereupon he rose, and as he fronted the cabin door the figure he had mistaken for the captain raised his head and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger. Bruce was no coward; but as he met that fixed gaze looking directly at him in grave silence, and became assured that it was too much for him; and instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon deck in such evident alarm that it instantly attracted the captain's attention. "Why, Mr. Bruce," said the latter, "what in the world is the matter with you?" "The matter, sir? Who is that at your desk?" "No one, that I know of." "But there is, sir; there's a stranger there." "A stranger? Why man you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else would venture down without orders?" "But, sir, he was sitting in your arm-chair, fronting the door, writing on your slate. Then he looked up full in my face; and if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world, I saw him." "Hui! Whom?" "God knows, sir; I don't. I saw a man, and a man I had never seen in my life before." "You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce.— A stranger, and we nearly six weeks out?" "I know, sir; but then I saw him." "Go down and see who it is." "Bruce hesitated. "I never was a believer in ghosts," he said; "but if the truth must be told, sir, I'd rather not face it alone." "Come, come, man. Go down at once, and don't make a fool of yourself before the crew." "I hope you've always found me willing to do what's reasonable," Bruce replied, changing color; "but if it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather we should both go down together." The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed him.— Nobody in the cabin! They examined the state-room. Not a soul to be found! "Well, Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "did not I tell you you had been dreaming?" "It's all very well to say so, sir; but if I didn't see that man writing on your slate, may I never see my home and family again?" "Ah! writing on the slate! Then it should be there." And the captain took it up. "My God!" he exclaimed, "here's something, sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce?" The mate took the slate and there in plain, legible characters, stood the words, "STEER TO THE NORTHWEST!" "Have you been trifling with me, sir?" added the captain, in a stern manner. "On my word as a man and a sailor, sir," replied Bruce, "I know no more of this matter than you do. I have told you the truth."

The captain sat down at his desk, the slate before him in deep thought. At last, turning the slate over and pushing it toward Bruce, he said, "Write down 'Steer to the north-west.'" The mate complied, and the captain, after narrowly comparing the two hand-writings, said, "Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second mate to come down here." He came down, and at the captain's request, he also wrote the same words. So did the steward. So in succession, did every man of the crew who could write at all. But not one of the various hands resembled in any degree the mysterious writing. When the crew retired the captain sat in deep thought. "Could any one have been stowed away?" At last he said:—"The ship must be searched, and if I don't find the fellow, he must be a good hand at hide and seek. Order up all hands." Every nook and corner of the vessel, from stem to stern, was thoroughly searched, and that with all the eagerness of excited curiosity—for the report had gone out that a stranger had shown himself on board—but not a living soul beyond the officers and crew were found. Returning to the cabin after their fruitless search, Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "what do you make of all this?" "Can't tell, sir. I saw the man write—you see the writing. There must be something in it." "Well, it would seem so. We have the wind free, and I have a great mind to keep her away, and see what will come of it. I surely would, sir, if I were in your place. It's only a few hours lost at the worst."

"Well, we'll see. Give the course north-west, and have a look-out aloft you can depend on." His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock the look-out reported an iceberg nearly ahead, and shortly after, what he thought was a vessel of some kind close to it. As they approached, the captain's glass disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled ship, apparently frozen to the ice, and with a good many human beings on it. Shortly after they hove to and sent out the boats to the relief of the sufferers. It proved to be a vessel from Quebec, bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got entangled in the ice, and finally froze fast, and had passed several weeks in a most critical situation. She was stove, her decks swept—in fact, a mere wreck; all her provisions and almost all her water-gone. Her crew and passengers had lost all hope of being saved, and their gratitude for the unexpected rescue was proportionally great. As one of the men who had been brought away in the third boat which had reached the wreck, was approaching the ship's side, the mate, catching a glimpse at his face, started back in consternation. It was the very face he had seen three or four hours before, looking up at him from the captain's desk. At first he tried to persuade himself it might be fancy, but the more he examined the man the more sure he became that he was right. Not only the face, but the person and dress exactly corresponded. As soon as the exhausted crew and famished passengers were cared for, and the bark on her course again, the mate called the captain aside. "It seems that was not a ghost I saw today, sir—the man's alive." "What do you mean? Who's alive?" "Why, sir, one of the passengers who have just landed is the man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear to it in a court of justice." "Upon my word, Mr. Bruce, replied the captain, "this gets more and more singular. Let us go and see this man." They found him in conversation with the captain of the captured ship. They both came forward and expressed, in the warmest terms, their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate—slow coming death by starvation and exposure. The captain replied he had done what he was certain they would have done under the same circumstances, and asked them both to step down into the cabin.— Then, turning to the passenger, he said, "I hope sir you will not think I am trifling with you; but I would be much obliged if you would write a few words on this slate." He handed him the slate, with that side up on which the mysterious writing was not. "I will do anything you ask," replied the passenger; "but what shall I write?" "A few words are all I want. Suppose you write, 'Steer to the north-west.'" The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the motive for such a request, complied, with a smile. The captain took his slate and examined it closely; then, stepping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passenger, he turned it over, and gave it to him again, with the other side up.—"You say that is your handwriting?" said he. "I need not say so," rejoined the other, looking at it, "for you saw me write it." "And this?" said the captain, turning the slate over. The man looked first at one writing, then at the other, quite confounded. At last, "What is the meaning of this?" said he. "I only wrote one of these. Who wrote the other?" "That's more than I can tell you, sir. My mate here says you wrote it, sitting at this desk, at noon to-day." The captain of the wreck and the passenger looked at each other, exchanging glances of intelligence and surprise; and the former asked the latter, "Did you dream that you wrote on the slate?" "No sir, not that I remember." "You speak of dreaming," said the captain of the bark, "What was this gentleman about at noon to-day?" "Captain," rejoined the other, "the whole thing is most mysterious and extraordinary, and I had intended to speak to you about it as soon as we got a little quiet. The gentleman (pointing to the passenger) being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed such, some time before noon. After an hour or more he awoke and said to me, 'Captain, we shall be relieved this very day.'"

TAKING THE CENSUS.

In endeavoring to take the census for the government, the marshals occasionally meet with such difficulties as well nigh to deprive them of their own senses. This colloquy is said to have taken place in canal street:—"Who is the head of this family?" "That depends upon circumstances. If before 11 o'clock, it's my husband—if after 11, it's myself." "Why this division?" "Because, after that hour, he's had as a piper, and unable to take care of himself, let alone his family." "What is his age?" "Coming next Michaelmas he will lack a month of being as old as Finnegan.— You know Finnegan?" "No, I don't know Finnegan; and if I did it would not help matters. Is your husband an alien?" "Och, thin he's ailing intirely. He has rheumatics worse than owid Donnelly, who was tied double with them." "How many male members have you in the family?" "Niver a one." "What, no boys at all?" "Boys is it? Ah, murdher, go home.— We have boys enough to whip four leaves for breakfast." "When were you married?" "The day Pat Doyle left Tipperary for Ameriky. Ah, well I mind it. A sunshiny day niver gilded the sky of owid Ireland." "What was the condition of your husband before marriage?" "Never a man more miserable. He said if I did not give him a promise within two weeks, he'd blow his brains out with a crowbar." "What was he at the time of your marriage, a widower or a bachelor?" "A which! A widower, did you say? Ah, now go way wid your nonsense. Is the like of me that would take up with a second-hand husband? Do I look like the wife of a widower? A widower! May I never be blessed if I'd not rather live alone and bring up a family on buttermilk and praties." Here the dialogue finished up, the marshal coming to the conclusion that he could "make more" next door.

THE RIVER JORDAN.

A correspondent of the Utica Herald thus describes the River Jordan: "A line of green, low forest trees betrayed the course of the sacred river through the plain. So deep is its channel, and so thick is the forest that skirts its banks, that I rode within twenty yards of it before I caught the first gleam of its waters. I was agreeably disappointed. I had heard the Jordan described as an insipid, muddy stream. Whether it was the contrast with the desolation around, or my fancy, that made its green banks so beautiful, I know not; but it did seem at that moment of its revelation to my longing eyes, the perfection of calm and loveliness. It is barely as wide as the Mohawk at Utica, but far more rapid and impassioned in its flow. Indeed, of all the rivers I have ever seen, the Jordan has the fiercest current. Its water is by no means clear, but it as little deserves the name of muddy. At the place where I first saw it tradition assigns the baptism of our Saviour, and also the miraculous crossing of the children of Israel on their entrance into the promised land. "Like a true pilgrim, I bathed in its waters and picked a few pebbles from its banks, as tokens of remembrance of the most familiar river in the world. Three miles below the spot where I now stand, the noble river—itsself the very emblem of life—suddenly throws itself on the putrid bosom of the Dead Sea." WEDDED LIFE.—He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without—enemies may gather in his path—but when he returns to the fireside and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and troubles, and is comparatively a happy man. He is but half prepared for the journey of life, who takes not with him for a companion one who will forsake him in no emergency, who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes. No, that man cannot be miserable who has such a companion, he is ever so poor, despondent, and trodden upon by the world. Seeing a cellar nearly finished, a waggish fellow remarked that it was an excellent foundation for a story.

SABBATH READING.

FORWARD. Shall this life of mine be wasted? Shall this vineyard lie untilled? Shall true joy pass by untaught, And this soul remain untaught? Shall this heart still spend its treasures On the things that fade and die? Shall it count the hollow pleasures Of bewildering vanity? Shall these lips of mine be idle— Shall I open them in vain? Shall I not with God's own hands Their fountains restrain? Shall these eyes of mine still wander? Or no longer turned afar, Fix a braver gaze and ponder On the bright and Morning Star? Shall these feet of mine be delaying, Still in ways of sin be found, Braving storms and mists straying On the world's bewitching ground? No, I was not born to trifle, Lofs away in dreams of sin, No, I was not born to waste Longings such as these within. Where the cross, God's love revealing, Sets the sinner apart from, Where it sheds its wondrous healing, There, my end, thy rest shall be. Then no longer idly dreaming, Shall I fling my years away; But each precious hour redeeming, Wait for the eternal day. A WORD. Talk not to me of "faith alone," Nor yet of righteousness my own, Give me by works my faith to prove; The faith that sweats, works by love. THE PRIVILEGE OF PRAYER. In the vestibule of St. Peter's at Rome, is a doorway, which is walled up and marked with a cross. It is opened but four times in a century. On Christmas Eve, once in twenty-five years, the Pope approaches it in a princely state, with a retinue of cardinals in attendance, and begins the demolition of the door, by striking it three times with a silver hammer. When the passage is opened, the multitude pass into the vestibule, and go to the altar by an avenue which the majority of them never entered thus before, and never will enter thus again. Imagine that the way to the Throne of Grace were like the Porta Sacra, inaccessible, save once in a quarter of a century, on the twenty-fifth of December, and then only with august solemnities, conducted by great dignitaries in a holy city. Conceive that it were now ten years since you, or I, or any other sinner, had been permitted to pray; and that fifteen long years must drag themselves away, before we could venture again to approach God; and that, at the most, we could not hope to pray more than two or three times in a lifetime! With what solicitude we should wait for the coming of that HOLY DAY! We should lay our plans of life, select our homes, build our houses, choose our professions, form our friendships, with reference to a pilgrimage in that twenty-fifth year. We should reckon the time by the openings of that Sacred Door, as epochs. No other one thought would engross so much of our lives, or kindle our sensibilities so intensely, as the thought of prayer. It would multiply our trepidations at the thought of dying. Fear would grow to horror, at the idea of dying before that year of jubilee. No other question would give us such tremors, of anxiety as these would excite: "How many years now to the time of prayer? How many months? How many weeks? How many days? Shall we live to see it? Who can tell?" Yet, on that great day, amid an innumerable throng, in a courtly presence, with in sight and hearing of stately robes, what would prayer be worth to us? Who would value it in comparison with those still moments, that— secret silence of the mind? in which we now can "find God," every day and every where? That day would be more like the day of judgement to us, than like the sweet minutes of converse with "our Father," which we may now have every hour. We should appreciate this privilege of hourly prayer, if it were once taken from us. Should we not?—

SPURGEON'S GEMS.

CHRIST JESUS cast into the river of God, makes all the streams more sweet; and when the believer sees God in the person of the Saviour, he then sees the God whom he can love, and to whom with boldness he can approach. My God, I could not drink from thy well, if thou hadst not put there the earthen pitcher of my Saviour; but with him living waters from thy sacred well I draw. Heaven! thou art too bright; I could not bear thy insufferable light, if I had not this shade with which I cover thee; but through it, as through a mist, I do behold the halo of thy glory, undiminished in its effulgence, but somewhat diminished in their potency which would be my destruction. THERE was never a soul yet, that sincerely sought the Saviour, who perished before he found him. No; the gates of death shall never shut on thee till the gates of grace have opened for thee; till Christ has washed thy sins away, thou shalt never be baptized in Jordan's flood. Thy life is secure, for this is God's constant plan—he keeps his own elect alive till the day of his grace, and then he takes them to himself. And inasmuch as thou knowest thy need of a Saviour, thou art one of his, and thou shalt never die until thou has found him. THE pillars of the earth were placed in their everlasting sockets by the omnipotent right hand of Christ; the curtains of the heavens were drawn upon their rings of starry light by him who was from everlasting the all glorious Son of God. The orbs that float aloft in either, those ponderous planets, and those mighty stars, were placed in their positions, or sent rolling through space by the eternal strength of him who is "the first and the last," "the Prince of the kings of the earth." Christ is the power of God, for he is the Creator of all things and in him all things exist. God is "slow to anger." When mercy cometh into the world, she driveth wretched steeds; the axes of her chariot-wheels are glowing, hot with speed; but when wrath cometh, it walketh with tardy footsteps; it is not in haste to slay, it is not swift to condemn. God's rod of mercy is ever in his hands outstretched; God's sword of justice is in its scabbard; not rusted in it—it can be easily withdrawn—but held there by the hand that presses it back into its sheath crying, "Sleep, O sword, sleep for I will have mercy upon sinners, and will forgive their transgressions." God hath many orators in heaven; some of them speak with swift words. Gabriel, when he cometh down to tell glad tidings, speaketh swiftly; angelic hosts, when they descend from glory, fly with wings of lightning, when they proclaim, "Peace on earth, good will towards men;" but the dark angel of wrath is a slow orator; with many a pause between, where melting pity joins her languid notes, he speaks; and when but half his oration is completed he often stays, and withdraws himself from his rostrum, giving way to pardon and to mercy; he having but addressed the people that they might be driven to repentance, and so might receive peace from the sceptre of God's love. God "will not acquit the wicked;" how prove I this? I prove it thus. Never once has he pardoned an unpunished sin; not in all the years of the Most High, not in all the days of his right hand, has he once blotted out sin without punishment. What! say you, were not those in heaven pardoned? Are there not many transgressors pardoned, and do they not escape without punishment? Has he not said, "I have blotted out thy transgressions like a thick cloud thine iniquities." Yes, true most true, and yet my assertion is true also—not one of all those sins that have been pardoned were pardoned without punishment. Do you ask me why and how such a thing as that can be the truth? I point you to yon dreadful sight on Calvary; the punishment which fell not on the forgiven sinner fell there. The cloud of justice was charged with fiery hail; the sinner deserved it; it fell on him; but, for all that, it fell and spent its fury; there in that great reservoir of misery; it fell into the Saviour's heart. The plagues, which need should light on our ingratitude, did not fall on us, but they fell somewhere; and who was it that was plagued? Tell me, Getsemane; tell me, O Calvary's summit, who was plagued? The doleful answer comes, "Ei, Eli, lama sabachthani?" "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It is Jesus suffering all the plagues of sin. Sin is still punished, though the sinner is delivered.