THE OHIO DEMOCRAT
AND DOVER ADVERTISER.

VOLUME I. CANAL DOVER, TUSCARAWAS COUNTY, (OHIO) OCTOBER, 3, 1839 NUMBER 10.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY HILL & MITCHENER.

TERMS

The Ohio Democrat and Advertiser, will be published weekly, at $2,00 per annum, if paid within six months, or, $2,50 at the end of the year.

PRICE OF ADVERTISING.

One square three insertions, $1 00
Every additional insertion, 25
Larger charged in proportion.

A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

Printing of every description executed with the utmost despatch.

All Letters and communications, must be post-paid.

POETRY.

From the New Yorker.
LAUGHTER.

"Polite persons seldom venture beyond a smile."

A laugh—a wild, a merry laugh,
Though it may *vulgar* be;
A clear, a loud, a cheerful note—
That is the laugh for me.

I saw a boy with sunny hair;
Bound lightly o'er the lawn,
With motion free as summer air,
And timid as a fawn.;
A silvery tone was borne along
Upon the breezes mild;
It was the sweet and joyous laugh
Of that gay hearted child.

I saw a maid, on whose soft cheek
The rose and lily vied:
She hung upon her father's arm—
His darling and his pride.
Why does her sire forget his years?
Forget his spirit's pain?
He listens to that bright one's laugh,
And boyhood comes again.

I saw a youth in manhood's dawn,
Within a merry ring
Of fairy forms and brilliant eyes,
And all were listening.
The gay, the sportive tale he told;
Bright faces brighter grew;
Like music notes the sweet sounds rung
Of laughter loud and true.

Oh! man may learn his brow to smooth,
And wear a ready smile;
The cold and polished world may scorn
A merry laugh the while:
Give me the clear and mirthful note
Poured from the heart of glee,
Ere earth has taught the soul to hide—
This is the laugh for me!

THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

A widow with an only child,
The mother of our queen;
A stranger in a foreign land,
Thy lot has various been.
How many claims attend with thee]
Upon a nation's sympathy!

How many anxious watching hours
Thy Mother's heart has known,
Before the blossom was a flower—
The orphan on a throne!
Ah! may a glorious future wait
On thee—thy child—and England's fate!

LADY BLESSINGTON.

Yet on the haunted canvass dwells
The beauty of that face,
Which art's departed master held
His sweetest task to trace;
None see it but are prisoners held
In its strong toil of grace.

Nature, thy fairy godmother,
Has lavished, for thy part,
A prodigality of gifts
To make thee what thou art:
The lovely face, the gifted mind,
The kind and generous heart.

THE SACRIFICE.
A TALE OF MOROCCO.

The Jews of the Empire of Morocco are admitted on all hands to be among the most degraded portions of the human family. Politically slaves, as the Jews are in all Mahomedan countries—their condition here is the more abject, that their tyrants are the most ignorant and fanatical of the barbarians. Men are made to be their own masters. The great concerns of the active world are intended to be carried on by men; and among bodies of men who have no agency in them, human nature is not developed. The human being is not complete. He does not fulfil his capabilities. A man is intended by nature to be, not only the lord of his own household, but a part of the governing power of society. Take from a man his country—take from him all concern in the conduct of public affairs—make him the absolute slave to the will of another, and subject to insult and oppression whenever he goes abroad—and you strip him of all his virtues. The dignity of human nature is lost. Hence political liberty is the parent of all social blessings, and patriotism is the mother of all the manly virtues.

The nature of woman, on the contrary, may be perfectly developed within the domestic circle alone. Her character is not incomplete because she has no voice in public affairs. In times of tranquility and enjoyment, the duties of private life and the various excellencies which are called into play for dispensing happiness within the social circle, abroad, afford ample scope for every amiable and elegant accomplishment. When the frown of fortune is upon us—the convulsions and reverses that attend the private history of every family, poverty, sickness, danger and difficulty give opportunity to those attributes of fortitude, energy, tenderness and moral heroism, which elevate the character of woman to that of a ministering angel.—Enough is left to her, therefore, even where political liberty is unknown, for the display of private excellence. Her character will not have that high and intellectual tone which distinguishes a highly liberal state of society, (and especially the English and American women,) but it may possess all goodness and gentleness. We find, accordingly, admirable examples of female virtue and heroism—materials for romance, where all nobleness and greatness is extinguished among men, under the barbarism of despotic governments. How beautifully has Scott illustrated this in that inimitable unique dramatic portraiture of Rebecca. Among the Jewesses of Barbary, equal characters are perhaps not to be found, but similar fortitude is not uncommon.

A young Jewish girl, a few years ago, suffered for her faith, and atoned for a tempory error, with a fortitude and resolution which has even in Morocco made her story memorable.—She was a maiden of no ordinary beauty and gentleness, and found herself so persecuted, within her own family, that existence was a burthen. At any time, the lives of the Jews are wretched enough, but hers was rendered intolerable by the blows and ill treatment of a vixen mother, who, amongst other cruelties, wished to compel her into marriage with a worthless fellow, against her choice. It would be tedious to go through the detail of her misery. Her home was a place of torment, and she had no other refuge—for a maiden is never safe from insult or violance, beyond the protection of her own house and family. And their domestic despotism is such that no friend or relation would afford her an asylum.

Under these circumstances, one evening, when she had fled from blows and injury within doors, and sat herself down out side the door,—in the desperation of her heart, she formed the sudden resolution of escaping from these torments by *turning Mooress.* This is not uncommon among the Jewesses, although I know of no instance of a Jew becoming Mussulman. I am not aware of any absolute impediment in the Moorish religion; but the Moors hold the Jews in such sovereign contempt, scarely applying to them the epithet *man*, that it is doubtful whether they would be received. Besides, the Jews, amidst all their degradation and timidity, are tenacious of their religion to a miracle. In becoming renegade, a Jewess is, of course, exempted from the dominion of her family—she is placed within the immediate protection of the Moors, and admitted to the privileges of the rest of the women. She is taken care of, and provided with a husband.

The young girl we speak of went, with this object, up to the Castle, and sat down at the door of Kaid Mahamed Ben-Abou, one of the principal military chiefs of the Empire. Kaid Abou is one of the most gentlemanly, as well as the most enlightened, of the Moors. He endeavored to dissuade her from her purpose—to induce her to return home—and even with gentle roughness repelled her—but in vain. She was conveyed to the bashaw, but still adhered to her resolution—which the Moors may not, according to their customs, refuse. They have, however, a very amiable, and very reasonable custom in such cases, in giving the proselyte *three days for reflection*—thus affording time for evaporation of passion, drunkenness or excitement. If, after that period, the fatal words are pronounced, and the ceremony of apostacy is past, the renegade can at no future time return to his religion, or ever attempt to leave the country, without the assurance of certain death, if detected. During the three days of probation, the poor girl's excitement still continued sufficiently violent to sustain her resolution, in spite of the remonstrances of her tribe. She became a Mooress, and was removed from their power. But, alas! Time and thought cooled the fever of passion: the desolation of her new world weighed upon her spirits: remorse and superstitious terror thronged upon her heart: the Rabbis and bigotted of her sect found means to convey to her the reproach and contempt of her tribe, and to imitate into action that far more intolerable self-contempt, which clings to a violated conscience. The dreary world offered no hope to her, and she determined to atone for her, or by her death, to die in the religion which she had insulted. She accordingly presented herself to the authorities, and professed her recantation. The penalty was well known; but as the case was singular, the bashaw referred it to the Emperor, and awaited his pleasure. Meanwhile the girl was confined in prison. The soldiers who arrived from the Emperor had orders to conduct her to his presence. She set out on her journey to Morocco with the composure of despair. She knew it was the journey to her grave. During its continuance (and it is long and fatiguing) she never lost her command. She has been guilty of one fatal weakness: it was to be her last,

When conducted to the judgment-seat, she looked around upon the thousand of fanatical and savage soldiery without wavering, and bowed herself before the Emperor with meekness undismayed.

The present Emperor (or Sultan as he is called,) is by no means a cruel or blood-thirsty man. On the contrary, in his private habits, he is represented as affable and good natured, and in his public or sovereign character, almost uniformly temperate and wise. But, strange as it may seem, the Emperor is as much a slave as the meanest of his subjects to those fanatical observances and ancient customs, upon the tenacious and inviolable support of which the very existence of the Moors, as a people, depends. Even he could not, as in the present case, wrest an immemorial of the Empire, without great risk.

"Demand of her," said the Sultan, "if what has been reported respecting her be true.

She mildly answered in the affirmative.

"Is she aware of the penalty, of a present death?"

"Yes."

"But inform her that it is not yet too late. She is a fool to throw away her life in order to be reckoned among the dogs of the Empire, who have deceived her. She shall be provided for, and received among our own women. Let her look around and choose for herself a husband, among my chiefs."

"I desired merely to die in the religion of my fathers."

This was the last and only answer that could be elicited. To spare her unnecessary pain, as she was yet speaking, a soldier from behind, at a private signal from the Emperor, struck the blow which banished from her eyes the dream-like world around her. She fell to the ground—a martyr and a corpse."

But, what is most remarkable—over the grave of this Jewish maiden, *the Moors themselves* have erected a Saint-house, (as it is termed) which is equally respected with those of their own Saints. scattered throughout the Empire. There the criminal may take sanctuary—and thither the sick, the unfortunate, or the traveller, starting on a perilous journey, resort, to offer up their devotive supplications. Many singular stories are current, of wonderful cures effected, and remarkable interposition of Providence, in favor of pilgrims to that shrine.

The English Peasantry.—The following picture of the condition of the English rustic, is drawn in Bulwer's best style:

"There is something humbling to human pride in a rustic's life. It grates against the heart to think of the tone in which we unconciously permit ourselves to address him. We see in him humanity in its simple state; it is a sad thought to feel that we despise it; that all we respect in our species is what has been created by art; the gaudy dress the glittering equipage, or even the cultivated intellect; the mere and naked material of Nature, we eye with indifference, or trample on with disdain. Poor child of toil! from the gray dawn to the setting sun, one long task—no idea elicited—no thougdt awakened, beyond those that suffice to make him the machine of others—the serf of the hard soil! And then, too' mark how we scowl upon his scanty holydays, how we hedge in his mirth by laws, and turn his hilarity into crime! We make the whole of the gay world, wherein we walk and take our pleasure," to him a place of snares and perils. If he leaves his labor for an instant, in that instant how many temptations spring up to him! And yet' we have no mercy for his errors; the jail, the transport ship, the gallows,—these are our sole lecture books, and our methods of expostulation! Ah! fye on the disparities of the world. They cripple the heart, they blind the sense, they concentrate the thousand links between man and man into the two basest of earthly ties—servility and pride. Methinks the devils laugh out when they hear us tell the poor hind that his soul is as glorious and eternal as our own; and yet, when in the grinding drudgery of his life, not a spark of that soul can be called forth,—when it sleeps, walled around in its lumpish clay from the cradle to the grave, without a dream to stir the deadness of its torpor.

A fifteen gallon law is to be made a turning question at the next election in Tennessee.

Condition of Women in Europe.—Professor Stow, of Cincinnati, states the following fact in a recent number of the American Biblical Repository.

"We have, in the United States, no idea of the poverty to which the great masses of the people in other countries are condemned. Millions of industrious and virtuous families in Europe can afford in the severest weather to keep a fire only an hour or two in the morning. Coarse black bread and water alone constitutes the usual food for the laboring people, and happy do they consider themselves if they can get enough of this. The women bring the produce from the fields and take it to the markets in long baskets fastened to their shoulders; and in none of the slave states which I have visited have I ever seen a negro woman drudging in such toilsome out of door labor as falls to the lot of the laboring women of Germany and France. And all this they do for less than the necessaries of life. In one of the most fertile and wealthy provinces of gay, polite, sunny Erance. I have seen blooming girls of from 12 to 18 lugging manure into the vineyards in baskets."

The Mustang or wild horse of Texas.

This strange animal is certainly the greatest curiosity to those unaccustomed to the sight, that we meet with upon the prairies of Texas. They are seen in vast numbers and oftentimes of exceeding beauty. The spectator is compelled to stand in amazement, and contemplate this noble animal, as he bounds over the earth with the conscious pride of freedom. We still meet with many in the low countries; and during summer, hundreds were seen in the neighborhood of Houston, darting over the plain, and seeming to dare the sportsman to a contest in the chase. There was among those that were sometimes seen near the city, one remarkable above the rest for his perfect symetry and great beauty. Many an eye was fixed upon him, and so long as I knew anything of him, he had not met his equal for speed.

Generally speaking, the American horse. especially such as have been raised on grain, will outwind the mustang in the chase, and many are caught with the lazzo or lariat.

The skill of the Mexican in the use of this article exceeds belief. He will dart like a falcon into the midst of a drove of mustangs, single out one that pleases his fancy, and at the distance of thirty paces throw the lariat with unerring certainty.

The PATRIOTS of the Revolution.

These heroes are fast leaving the land they fought to free. Every month that passes leaves their number less, and in a few years, the last of that noble band will have gone to his reward. It has been said, that ere the last shall sleep, our liberties will be lost. What a traitorous expression, and how little confidence does it imply in that all-wise Providence that directs the destinies of nations and of men. Did we possess half the patriotic fervor that animated the bosoms of those aged patriots we would scorn the use of such idle expressions, as we would the chains of a despotic enslaver. When the human mind may be fettered, Americans may cease to be free, and that day will be long after the last patriot of our revolution has been laid in the grave.

In July last, a month hallowed by their deed as well as by the death of many, several were consigned to the tomb—

Died on the fourth, Timothy Conkling, who was a lieutenant in the army of Washington, he was in his ninety sixth year.

On the seventh, Jeremiah Harding, one of the defenders of Fort Griswold.

On the twelfth, Smith Weed, a commisioner in the army.

They have gone to a better world, and their deeds remain to show their countrymen the road to glory, and enlighten other nations to freedom. (*B. Monument.*

The crater of a burning mountain on Hawaii, one of the Sandwich islands, is thus described in the North A. Review:

"Immediately before us yawned an immense gulf, in the form of a crescent, upwards of two miles in length, about a mile across, and apparently eight hundred feet deep. The bottom was filled with lava, and the southwest and northern parts of it were one vast flood of liquid fire, in a state of terrific ebulliton, rolling to and fro its fiery surge and flaming billows.

The sides of the gulf before us, were perpendicular, for about four hundred feet; when there was a wide, horizontal ledge of solid black lava, of irregular breadth but extending completely round. Beneath this black ledge, the sides sloped towards the centre, which was, as nearly as we could judge, three hundred or four hundred feet lower. It was evident, that the crater has recently filled with liquid lava up to this black ledge, and had, by some subterranean canal, emptied itself into the sea, or inundated the low land on the shore. The gray and in some places apparently calcined, sides of the crater before us; the fissures, which intersected the surface of the plain on which we were standing; the long banks of sulphur on the opposite side; the numerous columns of vapor and smoke, that rose at the south end of the plain, together with the ridge of steep rocks by which it was surrounded, rising probably, in some places four hundred feet, was a scene calculated to fill the eye, with wonder, and the mind with awful sublimity.

Laws Lawyers and Legislation.—Lawyers make the law; lawyers expound the law, and lawyers apply the law. Of course, they make the law so that none can understand the law. None understanding the law, they are called to expound the law—and since they alone can expound the law, it is of course for them alone to apply the law. (*Union.*

The Newspaper Press.—If a lawyer owns a printing office, he can easily sell out and resume his own trade. If he cannot live at that, he is not fit to be an editor, Let the merchant go back to tapeselling—let the physician go back to making pills—let the schoolmaster go back to his schoolhouse—let the shoemaker stick to his last—and then will the Printers, having an open field, exalt the character of their profession, and show themselves as they generally are, worthy followers of such men as Franklin and Buckingham, and Gales and the Bradfords.

WHY?—The British Parliament refused to grant 30,000 pounds sterling for the education of the poor, and granted 70,000 pounds for building the Queen's riding house! Is there not a reason *why* there should be thousands of *Chartists* in England?

Patricius says the ancient Druids used to borrow money from the people, with a promise to repay it in another world! We shouldn,t wonder if some of our subscribers belonged to this terrible order; for some of them *hold back* in this world, most confoundedly! (*Post.*

LOVE: An editor down east makes the following sweeping assertion:

'What a man!! and never loved! Pshaw! such a man must have a head of ice; a gizzard of a goose; a soul as lifeless as a corncob, and a head as sappy as a cocoa nut!

A great lie says Crabbe, is like a big fish on dry land. It may fret and fling and make a frightful pother, but it cant bite you. You have only to let it lie still, and it will die quietly of itself.

Polite Language.—The editor of the St. Louis Gazette intimates to one of his correspondents that if he will give in his real name, he will favor him with a-kicking. To which the correspondent replies, that he can see no ho[illegible] in being kicked by a jackass.

It is a singular fact that Washing[illegible] Jefferson, Madison and Jac[illegible] had no sons, and that each of [illegible] gentlemen were elected to the [illegible]dency, for two terms.

From the New [illegible]
VERMON[illegible]

The correspondent [illegible] Post, at Montpelier, [illegible] 12th, says:

The returns are a[illegible] shall briefly tell yo[illegible] Mountain Boys, [illegible] since last year.

Last year, Jenni[illegible] thousand six hun[illegible] Bradley, Dem., for Go[illegible]

This year, Jenni[illegible] not exceed twelve h[illegible] Dem.

Last year, The [illegible] dred and sixty (of [illegible] of the Legislature!

This year, [illegible] more than one [illegible] of 230)

Last year, [illegible] (of the thirt[illegible]

This years [illegible] seventee[illegible]

In [illegible] follow[illegible]

Thir[illegible] or vote[illegible]

Fifty [illegible] —and t[illegible]

[illegible]

the result of a day or too in anticipation of our city papers.

Elm Farnsworth, 103 votes
Kingsley S. Bingham, 22
Thomas Fitzgerald, 15

Whereupon resolutions were, without a second ballotting, unanimously passed, declaring Chancellor Farnsworth duly nominated.

This is considered an auspicious result. To high professional attainments, the Chancellor adds a character of unsullied moral purity, unbounded popularity, and an unwavering preference for the great leading measures of Mr. Van Buren's Administration.

No doubt exists of our ability to elect him by a triumphant magority.

Youre &c.

CENTENARY OF METHODISM.

On the 25th of next month will complete one hundred years since the foundation of the now wide-spread and eminently respectable sect of Christians denominated *Methodists.* A day so interesting, not only to the members of that numerous society, but to the Protestant world in general, would not, of course, be permitted to pass by without due and solemn commemoration. Accordingly, we have perceived for some time past, that preparations are on foot in the numerous churches of the society, both in this country and in England, for a general celebration of the day. The occasion has naturally given birth to many addresses, congratulatory and laudatory, both in prose and verse, in the various papers devoted to the particular interests of the society, some of them distinguished for beauty of thought and diction. From two of them which have lately met our eye in the *Christian Advocate*, we extract, for the gratification of our numerous readers in the methodis connection a few passages, which strike us as appropriate, and as containing a fine and just tribute to the pious and eminent man who founded the society. Both of the articles from which the extracts are made appear under the signature of W. R., and are, we presume, from the same pen. The first is from "An Irregular Ode for the Centenary."—*N. Intelligencer.*

"Yet is my every thought
With one absorbing image fraught—
'Tis WESLEY. I behold him now!
His upraised eye, his thoughtful brow,
Proclaim that truths e'en then were beaming,
Like light through Nature's darkness gleaming;
And though [illegible]
In after [illegible]
Like those far stars whose [illegible]
Shine dimly through [illegible]
Yet does the sple[illegible]
That many a glittering gem is [illegible]
Thus does the nightly wak[illegible]
That guards his flock upon th[illegible]
Oft turn his gazing eye[illegible]
He marks no stars, but o'er [illegible]
He sees the streamy twiligh[illegible]
Like distant mor[illegible]
Unknowing from what [illegible]
splendors rise.

"The truth has beamed [illegible]
The stainless banner [illegible]
And bright with the [illegible]
It flash[illegible]
It does not [illegible]
Not yet [illegible]

[illegible]