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## NEGLECT OF TIME.

BY J. C. BRENT.

The clock is to the eye  
What season's to the soul;  
The moments hasten by,  
And man heeds not their roll.  
In dreams he gets the hour  
Which silently goes on,  
Ere he has past his power  
To call back what is gone.  
In vain the clock doth sound  
Its warnings on the ear;  
In folly's meshes bound,  
He has not time to hear.  
Though reason points the way,  
And profit may await,  
He learns not to obey,  
Until it is too late.  
He seems to pass through life,  
As if it had no close,  
As if it were not rife  
With vanity and woe.  
He marks with heedless eye  
The hours receding fast,  
Till time for him must die,  
And hope depart at last.

From the Louisville Journal.

## PONTIUS PILATE AT VIENNE.

Translated and abridged from the "Cours des Ecrivains" of New York.

Vienne in Dauphiny, a province of France, the ancient capital of transalpine Gaul under the Romans, is situated on the river Rhone. There, on the left bank of that beautiful stream, is seen a tomb of an ancient architecture which, according to tradition, is the tomb of PONTIUS PILATE—Pilate, under whose government JESUS CHRIST suffered. *Pasus est sub Pontio Pilato.* It was in Vienne also that the Wandering Jew revealed himself in 1777—a most remarkable occurrence, the spot that contained the ashes of the Judge of the Righteous, was to be trodden upon by a descendent of his accuser.

The following chronicle was extracted from an old Latin manuscript found in a monastery near Vienne.

It was under the reign of Caligula, when C. Marcus was praetor at Vienne, that an old man, bent with age, yet of a tall stature, was seen to descend from his litter and enter a house of modest appearance near the temple of Mars. Over the door of this house was written, in red letters, the name of F. ALBINUS. He was an old acquaintance of Pilate's. After mutual salutations, Albinus observed to him, that many years had elapsed since their separation. "Yes," replied Pilate, "many years of misfortune and affliction. Accused by the day on which I succeeded Valerius Gratus in the government of Judea! My name is ominous; it has been fatal to whomsoever has borne it. One of my ancestors imprinted an indelible mark of infamy on the front of imperial Rome, when the Romans passed under the Candian, in the Sarmate War. Another perished by the hands of the Parthians in the war against Arminius. And I, miserable man! "You miserable!" asked Albinus; "what have you done to entail misery on you? True, the injustice of Caligula has exiled you to Vienne, but for what crime? I have examined your affair at the Tabularium. You are denounced by Vitellius, prefect of Syria, your enemy, for having chastised the rebellious Hebrews, who had slain the most noble of the Samaritans, and who afterwards withdrew themselves on Mount Garison. You are also accused of acting thus out of hatred to the Jews."

"No!" replied Pilate, "Not by all the gods, Albinus, it is not the injustice of Caesar that afflicts me."  
"What then is the cause of your affliction?" continued Albinus. "Long have I known you—sensible, just, humane. I see it—you are the victim of Vitellius."  
"Say not so, Albinus—say not that I am the victim of Vitellius—not I am the victim of a higher power! The Romans regard me as an object of Caesar's disgrace; the Jews, as the severe Proconsul; the Christians, as the executioner of their God!"

"Of their God! did you say, Pilate? Impious wretches! Adore a God born in a manger, and put to death on the cross!"  
"Beware, Albinus, beware!" continued Pilate. "If the Christ had been born under the purple, he would not have adorned. Listen. To your friendship I will submit the events of my life; you will afterwards judge whether I am worthy of your hospitality."

"On my arrival at Jerusalem, I took possession of the Pretorium, and ordered splendid feasts to be prepared, to which I invited the Tetrarch of Judaea, with the high priest and his officers. At the appointed hour no guest appeared. This was an insult offered to my dignity. A few days afterwards, the Tetrarch deign-

ed to pay me a visit. His department was grave and dour. He pretended that his religion forbade him and his attendants to sit down at the table of the gentiles, and offer up libations with them. I thought it expedient to accept of this excuse; but from that moment I was convinced that the conquered had declared themselves the enemies of the conquerors.

"At that time Jerusalem was, of all conquered cities, the most difficult to govern. So turbulent were the people, that I lived in momentary dread of an insurrection. To repress it, I had but a single centurion, and a handful of soldiers. I requested reinforcement from the Prefect of Syria, who informed me that he had scarcely troops sufficient to defend his own province. Insatiate thirst of empire! to extend our conquests beyond the means of defending them!

"Among the various rumours which came to my ears, there was one that attracted my attention. A young man, it was said, had appeared in Gallilee, preaching with a noble unctious, a new law in the name of the God who had sent him. At first I was apprehensive that his design was to stir up the people against the Romans; but soon were my fears dispelled. Jesus of Nazareth spoke rather as a friend of the Romans than of the Jews.

"One day, in passing the place of Silo, where there was a great concourse of people, I observed in the midst of the group a young man leaning against a tree, who was calmly addressing the multitude. I was told that it was Jesus. This I could have easily suspected, so great was the difference between him and those who were listening to him. He appeared to be about thirty years of age. His golden coloured hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect. Never have I seen a sweeter or a more serene countenance. What a contrast between him and his hearers, with their black beards and tawny complexions! Unwilling to interrupt him by my presence, I continued my walk, but signified to my Secretary to join the group and listen.

"My Secretary's name was Manlius. He was the grandson of the chief of the conspirators who encamped in Etruria, waiting for Catilina. Manlius was an inhabitant of Judea, and well acquainted with the Hebrew language. He was devoted to me, and was worthy of my confidence.

"On returning to the Pretorium I found Manlius, who related to me the words Jesus had pronounced at Silo. Never have I heard in the Portico, or read in the works of the philosophers, anything that can be compared with the maxims of Jesus. One of the rebellious Jews, so numerous in Jerusalem, having asked him if it was lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not, Jesus replied:—render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's."  
"It was on account of the wisdom of his sayings that I granted so much liberty to the Nazarene; for it was in my power to have had him arrested and exiled to Pontus; but this would have been contrary to that justice which has always characterized the Romans. This man was neither seditious nor rebellious. I extended to him my protection, unknown perhaps to himself. He was at liberty to act, to speak, to assemble and address the people, to choose disciples, unrestrained by any pretorian mandate.

"Should it ever happen—may the gods avert the one!—should it ever happen, I say, that the religion of our forefathers be supplanted by the religion of Jesus, it will be to this noble alteration that Rome shall owe her premature obsequies—what a miserable wretch!—I shall have been the instrument of what the Christians call Providence, and we—Destiny."  
"But this unlimited freedom, granted to Jesus, revolted the Jews; not the poor, but the rich and powerful. It is true, Jesus was severe on the latter; and this was a political reason in my opinion, not to control the liberty of the Nazarene. Scribes and Pharisees! would he say to them, 'you are a race of vipers! you resemble painted sepulchres!' At other times he would sneer at the proud alms of the Pharisees, telling them that the mite of the widow was more precious in the sight of God.

"New complaints were daily made at the Pretorium against the insolence of Jesus. I was even informed that some misfortune would befall him; that it would not be the first time that Jerusalem had stoned those who called themselves prophets; and that, if the Pretorium refused justice, an appeal would be made to Caesar.

"This I had prevented, by informing Caesar of all that happened. My conduct was approved of by the Senate, and I was promised a reinforcement of troops after the termination of the Parthian war.

"Being too weak to suppress a sedition, I resolved upon adopting a measure that promised to re-establish tranquility in the city, without subjecting the Pretorium to humiliating concessions. I wrote to Jesus, requesting an interview with him, at the Pretorium. He came. Oh, Albinus! now that my blood runs cold in my veins, and that my body is bent down

under the load of years, it is not surprising that Pilate should sometimes tremble; but then, I was young; in my veins flowed the Spanish, mixed with the Roman blood, as incapable of fear as it was of petty emotions.

"When the Nazarene made his appearance, I was walking in my basilick, and my feet seemed fastened, as with an iron hand, to the marble pavement. He was calm, the Nazarene; calm as innocence. When he came up to me, he stopped, and by a single gesture, seemed to say to me, here I am.

"For some time, I contemplated, with admiration and with awe, this extraordinary type of a man, a type unknown to our numerous sculptors, who have given form and figure to all the Gods, and all the heroes. "Jesus," said I to him at last; tongue faltered—"Jesus of Nazareth, I have granted you, for these last three years, as a free man of speech; nor do I regret it. Your words are those of a sage. I know not whether you have read Socrates and Plato; but this I know, that there is in your discourses, a majestic simplicity that elevates you far above those great philosophers. The emperor is informed of it; and I, his humble representative in this country, am glad of having allowed you that liberty of which you are so worthy. However, I must not conceal from you, that your discourses have raised up against you powerful and inveterate enemies. Neither is this surprising. Socrates had his enemies, and he fell a victim to their hatred. Yours are doubly incensed against you, on account of your sayings; against me, on account of the liberty extended toward you. They even accuse me indirectly of being leagued with you for the purpose of depriving the Hebrews of the little civil power which Rome has left to them. My request—I do not say my orders—is, that you be more circumspect for the future, and more tender in rousing the pride of your enemies, lest they raise up against you the stupid populace, and compel me to employ the instruments of justice.

"The Nazarene calmly replied: 'Prince of the earth, your words proceed not from true wisdom. Say to the torrent to stop in the midst of the mountain, because it will uphold the trees of the valley; the torrent will answer you, that it obeys the laws of the Creator. God alone knows whither flows the water of the torrent. Verily, I say unto you: before the rose of Sharon blossoms, the blood of the Just will be spilt.'

"Your blood shall not be spilt," replied I, with emotion. "You are more precious in my estimation, on account of your wisdom, than all these turbulent and proud Pharisees, who abuse the freedom granted them by the Romans, conspire against Caesar, and construe our bounty into fear. Insolent wretches! they are not aware that the wolf of the Tiber sometimes clothes himself with the skin of the sheep. I will protect you against them. My Pretorium is open to you as a place of refuge—it is a sacred asylum."

Jesus carelessly shook his head, and said, with a graceful and divine smile: "When the day shall have come, there shall be no asylum for the Son of Man, neither on earth nor under the earth. The asylum of the Just is there (pointing to the heavens.) That which is written in the books of the prophets must be accomplished."

"Young man," answered I, mildly, "you oblige me to convert my request into an order. The safety of the province which has been confided to my care, requires it. You must observe more moderation in your discourses. Do not infringe my orders; you know them. May happiness attend you." "Farewell."

"Prince of the earth," replied Jesus, "I came not to bring war into the world, but peace, love and charity. I was born the same day on which Caesar Augustus gave peace to the Roman world. Persecution proceeds not from me. I expect it from others, and will meet it in obedience to the will of my Father, who has shown me the way. Restrain, therefore, your worldly pride. It is not in your power to arrest the victim at the foot of the tabernacle of expiation."

So saying, he disappeared like a bright shadow behind the curtains of the basilick. Herod the Tetrarch, who reigned in Judea, and who had devoured by voracity, was a weak and wicked man, chosen by the chiefs of the law to be the instrument of their hatred. To him the enemies of Jesus addressed themselves, to wreak their vengeance on the Nazarene.

"Had Herod consulted his own inclination, he would have ordered Jesus immediately to be put to death; but though proud of his regal dignity, yet he was afraid of committing an act that might diminish his influence with Caesar.

Herod called on me one day at the Paestorium; and on rising to take leave, after some insignificant conversation, he asked me what was my opinion concerning the Nazarene.

I replied, that Jesus appeared to me to be one of those grave philosophers that great nations sometimes produce; that his doctrine was by no means dangerous; and that the intention of Rome was, to

leave him that freedom of speech which was justified by his actions. Herod smiled maliciously, and saluting me with ironical respect, he departed.

"The great feast of the Jews was approaching; and their intention was to avail themselves of the popular exultation which always manifests itself at the solemnities of the passover. The city was overflowing with a tumultuous populace, clamoring for the death of the Nazarene. My emissaries informed me that the treasure of the Temple had been employed in bribing the people. The danger was pressing. A Roman centurion had been insulted.

I wrote to the Prefect of Syria, requesting a hundred foot soldiers and the same number of cavalry. He declined. I saw myself alone with a handful of veterans in the midst of a rebellious city—too weak to suppress disorder, and having no other choice left than to tolerate it.

They had seized upon Jesus; and the seditious rabble, although they knew they had nothing to fear from the Pretorium, believing on the faith of their leaders, that I winked at their sedition, continued vociferating—"Crucify him! crucify him!"

Three powerful parties at that time had combined together against Jesus. First, the Herodians and the Sadducees, whose seditious conduct appeared to have proceeded from a double motive; they hated the Nazarene, and were impatient of the Roman yoke. They could never forgive me for having entered their holy city with banners that bore the image of the Roman emperor; and although, in this instance, I had committed a fatal error, yet the sacrifice did not appear less heinous in their eyes. Another grievance also ranked in their bosoms. I had proposed to employ a part of the treasure of the temple in erecting edifices of public utility. My proposal was scoffed at. The Pharisees were the avowed enemies of Jesus. They cared not for the Governor; but they bore with bitterness the severe reprimands which the Nazarene had, during three years, been continually throwing out against them wherever he went. Too weak and too pusillanimous to act by themselves, they had eagerly embraced the quarrel of the Herodians and Sadducees. Besides these three parties, I had to contend against the reckless and prodigious populace, always ready to join in a sedition, and to profit by the disorder and confusion that result therefrom.

Jesus was dragged before the Council of the Priests, and condemned to death. It was then that the high priest, Caiaphas, performed a derisory act of submission. He sent his prisoner to me to pronounce his condemnation, and secure his execution. I answered him that, as Jesus was a Galilean, the affair came in Herod's jurisdiction, and ordered Jesus to be sent thither. The wily tetrarch pretended humility, and professing his deference to the lieutenant of Caesar, he committed the fate of the man to my hands.

Soon my palace assumed the aspect of a besieged citadel; every moment increased the number of the seditious. Jerusalem was inundated with crowds from the mountains of Nazareth. All Judea appeared to be pouring into that devoted city.

I had taken to wife a girl from among the Gauls, who pretended to see into futurity. Weeping and throwing herself at my feet, "Beware," said she to me, "beware and touch not that man, for he is holy. Last night I saw him in a vision; he was walking on the water; he was flying on the wings of the wind. He spoke to the tempests, to the palm trees, to the fishes of the lake; all were obedient to him. Behold! the torrent of Mount Cedron flows with blood; the statues of Caesar are soiled with the filth of the gentiles; the columns of the Pretorium have given way, and the sun is veiled in mourning like a vestal in the tomb! O, Pilate! evil awaits thee. If thou wilt not listen to the words of thy wife, dread the frowns of Caesar!"

By this time my marble stairs grained under the weight of the multitude. The Nazarene was brought back to me, I proceeded to the Hall of Justice, followed by my guards, and asked the people in a severe tone, what they demanded. "The death of the Nazarene," was their reply. "For what crime? He has blasphemed; he has prophesied the ruin of the temple; he calls himself the Son of God—the Messiah—the King of the Jews. Roman Justice, said I, punisheth not such offences with death. "Crucify him! crucify him!" shouted forth the relentless rabble.

The vociferations of the infuriated multitude shook the palace to its foundation. One man alone appeared calm in the midst of the tumult. He was like unto the statue of innocence placed in the temples of the Euminides. It was the Nazarene.

After many fruitless attempts to protect him from the fury of his merciless persecutors, I had the baseness to adopt a measure which, at that moment, appeared to be the only one that could save his life.—I ordered him to be scourged; then calling for a ewer, I washed my hands in the presence of the clamorous multitude, thereby signifying to them my disapprobation of the deed.

But in vain. It was his life that these wretches thirsted after. Often, in our

civil commotions, have I witnessed the furious animosity of the multitude; but nothing could ever be compared to what I beheld in the present instance. It might have been truly said that on this occasion, all the phantoms of the infernal regions had assembled together at Jerusalem. The crowd appeared not to walk; they were borne off and whirled as a vortex, rolling along like living waves, from the portal of the Pretorium even unto Mount Zion, with howling screams, shrieks, and vociferations, such as were never heard either in the seditions of Pannonia, or in the tumult of the Forum.

By degrees the day darkened like a winter twilight, such as had been seen at the death of the great Julius Caesar. It was likewise towards the ideas of March, I, the contemned governor of a rebellious province, was leading against a column of my basilick, contemplating avert the dreary gloom, this Theory of Tacitus dragging to execution the innocent Nazarene. All around me was a desert. Jerusalem had vomited forth her indwellers through the funeral gate that leads to the Gemonim. An air of desolation and sadness enveloped me. My guard had joined the cavalry, and the centurion, to display a shadow of power, was endeavoring to maintain order. I was left alone, and my breaking heart admonished me, that what was passing at that moment appertained rather to the history of Gods than to that of man. Loud clamours were heard, proceeding from Galgotha, which borne on the winds, appeared to announce an agony such as never had been heard by mortal ear. Dark clouds lowered over the pinnacle of the Temple, and large vultures settled over the city and covered it as with a veil. So dreadful were the signs that were manifested, both in the heavens and on the earth, that Dionysius, the Areopagite, is reported to have exclaimed, "Either the Author of Nature is suffering, or the Universe is falling apart."

Towards the first hour of the night, I threw my mantle around me, and went down into the city towards the gate of Galgotha. The sacrifices had been consummated. The crowd were returning home; still agitated, it is true, but gloomy, sad, taciturn, desperate. What they had witnessed, had struck them with terror and remorse. I also saw my little Roman cohort pass by mournfully, the standard bearer having veiled his Eagle in token of grief, and I overheard the soldiers murmuring strange words which I did not comprehend. Others were recounting prodigies almost similar to those which had so often smote the Romans with dismay by the will of the gods. Some groups of men and women would halt; then looking back towards Mount Calvary, would remain motionless, in the expectation of witnessing some new prodigy.

I returned to the Pretorium sad and pensive. On ascending the stair, the steps of which were stained with the blood of the Nazarene, I perceived an old man in a suppliant posture, and behind him several women in tears. He threw himself at my feet, and wept bitterly. It is painful to see an old man weep.—"Father," said I to him mildly,—"who are you, and what is your request?" "I am Joseph, of Aramathea," replied he, "and I am come to beg of you the permission to bury Jesus of Nazareth." "Your prayer is granted," said I to him; and at the same time ordered Manlius to take some soldiers with him, to superintend the interment, lest it might be profaned. A few days afterwards, the sepulchre was found empty. The disciples of Jesus published all over the country that he had risen from the dead, as he had foretold.

A last duty remained for me to perform. It was to communicate to Caesar the details of this deplorable event. I did it the same night that followed the fatal catastrophe, and had just finished the communications when the day began to dawn.

At that moment the sound of clarions playing the air of Diana struck my ear. Casting my eye towards the Caserean gate, I beheld a troop of soldiers, and heard at a distance, other trumpets sounding Caesar's march. It was the reinforcement that had been promised me—two thousand chosen men, who, to hasten their arrival, had marched all night. It has then been decreed by the fates, cried I, wringing my hands, that the great iniquity should be accomplished—that for the purpose of averting the deeds of yesterday, troops should arrive to-day! Crucel destiny, how thou sportest with the affairs of mortals! Alas! it is but too true, what the Nazarene exclaimed when writhing on the cross—"All is consummated."

An interesting work entitled "Evenings at Home," contains the following beautiful apologue:

A gentleman and his son were walking in a village one Sunday, as the church bells were ringing. The various societies of worshippers were going to their respective houses of worship. "Father," said the little boy, "why do not all these people worship God in the same manner?" "And why should they agree?" "They were not made to agree in this, I suppose," said his father. Just then a poor man fell down in the street in a fit.

Numbers instantly hastened to aid him. A Presbyterian sat down and made his lap a pillow for the sick man's head; a Baptist chafed his temples; a Roman Catholic lady held her smelling bottle to his nose; a Unitarian untied his neck-cloth, and unbuttoned his collar, to let him breathe more freely; a Methodist ran for a doctor; an Episcopalian smoothed the poor man's crying children; and a Quaker held his wide umbrella over him to keep off the burning sun. "Arthur," said the gentleman, pointing to the scene, "this is what men were made to agree in."

**The Heart.**—The heart may be compared to a garden, which, when well cultivated, presents a continued succession of fruits and flowers, to regale the soul and delight the eye; but, when neglected, producing a crop of the most noxious weeds; large and flourishing, because their growth is in proportion to the warmth and richness of the soil from which they spring. Then let this ground be properly cultivated, let the mind of the young and lovely female be stored with useful knowledge, and the influence of woman, though undiminished in power, will be like "the diamond of the desert," sparkling and pure, whether surrounded by the sands of desolation, for lotus and unknown, or pouring its refreshing streams through some avenue of the social and moral fabric.

**Population of Europe.**—Since the battle of Waterloo, the population of the different states of Europe has increased in a very considerable ratio—and probably Europe never contained so many inhabitants as at the present time. It is estimated by Charles Dupin, in a work lately published in Paris, that if the principal states in Europe continue to increase in population, so they have done for the last seven years, France will double its population in one hundred and five years; Austria in sixty-two years; Russia in sixty-two; the States in sixty-three years; the Low Countries in fifty-six years; Great Britain in fifty-two years; and Prussia in twenty-six years. There is every reason to believe that, as a general rule, the means of subsistence have increased in proportion to the augmentation of the population.

**The Newspaper.**—A newspaper taken in a family, seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around it. It gives the children a taste for reading—it communicates all the important events that are passing in the busy world—it is a never failing source of amusement—and furnishes a fund of instruction that will never be exhausted. Every family, however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the ranks of intelligent beings, should take at least one newspaper. And the man, who, possessed of property sufficient to make himself easy for life, and surrounded with children eager for knowledge, is instigated by the vile spirit of cupidity, and neglects to subscribe to a newspaper, is deficient in the duties of a parent or a good citizen, and is deserving of censure from his intelligent neighbors.

**Magnanimous man!**—an Court week here, there was one man drunk a few who had been drinking more who had taken a dram but for the greater portion were cold sober; much to the credit of the people of Randolph. However, among the various of these graduations, one man who had been drinking, occasionally set forth his own admirable gymnastic qualities, to the great apparent satisfaction of the bystanders. At one time, after considerable pains in planting his feet properly, he eased himself of the following, bringing down his fist with tremendous emphasis at every comma: "gentlemen, I can out run—out jump—throw down—or whip—any man—old or young—rich or poor—big or little—drunk or sober,—that there is on this hill!—But," added he, with a look of engaging magnanimity, "don't be scared, gentlemen; I aint a goin to do none of these things!"  
Southern Citizen.

**Heads.**—Two Scotch clergymen, who were not as long-headed as they themselves imagined, met one day at the turning of a street, and ran their heads together unawares. The shock was rather stunning to one of them. He pulled off his hat, and laying his hand on his forehead, said, "Sic a-blow! my head's a ringing, again." "Nae wonder," said his companion, "your head was aye boss. (empty.) that makes it ring; my head disna ring a bit." "How could it ring," said the other, "seeing it is cracked?" "Cracked vessels never ring." Each described the other to a T.

A rich man lived in a house between two blacksmiths, and was disturbed by the noise they made. At last they promised to remove, on condition that he should give them an excellent dinner, which he readily agreed to do. When the promised feast was ended, he asked them whether they intended to transfer their dwellings. "Why," answered one of them, "my companion will remove to my house, and I to his."