

Hubbard ich Rutherf.

# THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

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## THE REPERTORY.

### THE EMIGRANT'S ADVENTURE.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"What a romantic spot for any one who admires sweet solitude!" exclaimed Mrs. Hubbard, as the exploring party paused, and the ladies slighted to rest the weary horses.

"Secluded but not solitary, madam," remarked Captain Austin, leaning on his rifle and glancing his eye around with the air of a man who is confident in his own superior judgment. "We have no solitudes in America."

"Dear me! I thought most of this western country was called a solitude; and I am sure we have found it lonesome enough," said Miss Cunningham, sighing as she seated herself beneath the shade of a large tree.

"What is a solitude?" demanded the captain, very pompously.

"That would be decided according to circumstances and tastes, I presume," replied Mr. Hubbard, smiling as he drew his young wife's arm within his own. "Now while Mary and I are together we should never find a solitude."

"In my opinion, there are only two circumstances which can justify the terms applied to places," pursued the captain. "We may call it the solitude of nature, where we find no life, as in the deserts of Arabia; and where man has been and has passed away, it is rightly styled a human solitude:—such are the ruins of Petra, Palmyra, and Babylon."

"Then the bounds in our western country are solitudes, are they not?" inquired Mrs. Hubbard.

"No: because there is no proof that there were ever dwellings of the living," replied Captain Austin. "I know some antiquarians pretend that they have found traces of fortifications, but I think these opinions erroneous. They were burial places. True, there must have been inhabitants in the vicinity, but they have left no trace of their existence, except their bones in these mounds. Nature, then, has completely triumphed over the works of man, if indeed he ever had subdued her domain, which I much doubt; and nature, as I before remarked, cannot be called solitary, while her empire is full of living things. In our pleasant land there is not a single desert solitude."

"You are still a true American, I see, notwithstanding your foreign travels," remarked Mr. Hubbard.

"Do you think I could have less patriotism than an Iclander?" demanded Captain A., warmly. "If an inhabitant of that country of frost and fire, can believe his lava-formed and snow-covered mountains is the pleasantest home on earth, shall I be insensible to the high privileges which my birthright as a free citizen of this mighty republic inspires? But one must go abroad to know how to prize our country. It is not so much its freedom as its security, which is the great privilege we enjoy."

"Why, there are no dangers to be encountered in Europe, that ever I heard of," remarked Miss Cunningham. "A great many gentlemen and ladies from the United States now make the tour of Europe, or visit France and England, at least, and I thought it was a most delightful journey."

"Yes, one may travel through those countries, if he has his passports; but in France he must submit to many scrutinizing and troublesome delays. Then there are beggars to annoy you, and thieves and highwaymen you must guard against, if you are so lucky as to escape them. In Italy and Austria you are under strict surveillance; public spies are constantly watching you, and an unguarded expression may subject you to arrest, or an order to quit the country.—But these countries are an Utopia for travellers, compared with Asia and Africa. There men are robbers by profession; and, as if these were not scourge sufficient, the wild animals swarm there; voracious beasts have the undisputed pos-

session of a great part of those continents.—Now it is a fact, which I could never make an European philosopher comprehend, that we have scarcely a single species of ferocious animals in all the vast forests of our country. A fierce bear is sometimes found in the vicinity of the Rocky mountains, but he rarely attacks our western hunters. I have travelled from Maine to Florida, I have visited every state and territory, except Oregon, and in all my wanderings I never met with an accident to alarm me, nor with any adventure which could be called dangerous."

"O, mercy! mercy!" exclaimed Miss Cunningham, who, in elevating her face to listen to the eloquence of the captain, had unconsciously gazed into the tree top above her head—"O, save me! save me!" she shrieked, and sprang towards Mrs. Hubbard.

The party, started by her screams, looked towards the tree, and there saw a large panther evidently prepared to spring on the head of a victim. The horses saw the terrific animal and shook with fear; they were quite as much frightened as Miss Cunningham, though they could not express their terrors so readily.

Captain Austin might have been a little discomposed at this mal-apropos appearance of a "ferocious animal" in an American forest, but he was not at all daunted. He raised his unerring rifle. The whole group were breathless with fear or surprise. The next moment the sharp sound of the rifle rang through the old woods, and awakened the deep echoes from the hill side, startling from its quiet haunt many a bird and squirrel, whose peace had never before been disturbed by such a noise in that quiet place.

"There he is, there he is!" shouted Mr. Hubbard, as the smoke from the rifle dispersed—"there, he is falling. You have another charge, have you not? These creatures are hard to kill."

While he spoke, the panther had fallen, struggling and shrieking, and lay wallowing in his gore on the ground. Captain Austin, to make sure of his work, placed the muzzle of his rifle, after reloading it, direct against the head of the animal and discharged it—he never moved afterwards.

"You have found a ferocious animal at last, captain," said Mr. Hubbard smiling.

"Yes; and I can say as the gallant Perry said of the British fleet—I have met the enemy and he is mine."

### THE BLOODY NUPTIALS.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.—FROM ATTILA.

Arderic and Valmir, followed by a large train of their chief nobles, had ridden at an early hour to the pavilion of their great leader, to felicitate Attila on his nuptials; and now they waited with Onegisus and Edicon, in an inner apartment of the pavilion, which served as an antechamber to that in which the mighty king reposed. They had remained there several hours; and while Arderic spoke in a louder tone with Onegisus, Valmir conferred with Edicon apart. Doubt and anxiety, however, were now beginning to cloud the countenances of all; and some of the inferior attendants from time to time looked in, to see if the kings had yet been admitted to the presence of their chief.

"This is very strange!" said Arderic at length: "what may it mean?"

"It will soon be noon!" said Valmir; "and it is more than strange that he, who through life has risen daily with the morning light, should show himself thus tardy."

"It were well to wake him," said Onegisus.

"Ay, if he may be wakened," muttered Arderic, drawing back the curtain which hung over an ornamented door of woodwork. "But what is here?"

Each started forward at this sudden exclamation, and beheld, weltering from underneath the door, like water from the shelf of a rock, and dabbling the rushes with which the floor was strewn, a stream of dark gore, which had been concealed by the curtain. They gazed upon it, and then

in each other's faces for a moment, and no one found a voice till Onegisus, turning suddenly, as if to leave the chamber, exclaimed, "I will call the attendants! We must force the door!"

"On your life, Onegisus!" said Arderic, seizing him in his powerful grasp, and drawing his sword: "you stir not hence! We must deal with this deed alone, Valmir you are with me. Edicon, I can trust in you, guard yonder doorway!"

"What would the noble Arderic?" cried Onegisus. "Why grasp you me so tight, O king? I seek not to oppose your will; for if I judge by yon dark blood aright, there is none in all this camp greater than Arderic. What would the mighty king with his servant?"

"I would nothing that is wrong, Onegisus!" replied Arderic, freeing him from his grasp, as soon as he saw that Edicon had placed himself before the door which led to the outer halls. "I seek nothing that is wrong! I covet not the greatness which thou talkest of! I demand no pre-eminence Valmir, my friend, are we not equal in all things? If there be any difference, thou art superior to me in calm, considerate wisdom, and no way inferior to me either in power or right! What I seek, Onegisus, is this—only this! that we who are here present, may investigate this deed alone, and take counsel together upon whatever exigency we may find before us. Thou art a man of wisdom and of courage, and true ever to thy word. Swear to me that thou wilt bear a part in whatsoever we determine, in regard to the deed that is past; thou wilt join in whatever report we make regarding the dark secrets of yon silent chamber; or we must find means to silence thy tongue, lest it sow dissension among the host, and give us over to the power of the enemy!"

"Willingly will I swear what you require, oh noble Arderic!" replied Onegisus, "so far as regards the present deed; but if dissensions come—and I see that thy fears and mine look the same—I will not pledge myself to take any part. I will act freely, as my judgment shall dictate, when the time shall arrive! Rather than do otherwise, I would bid you plunge your sword into my bosom even now, and let me die before the doorway of my murdered master!"

"Onegisus!" replied Arderic, in a solemn and melancholy tone, "we know not yet what has befallen; but the oath that thou hast pledged is enough. None loved Attila better than Arderic, while Attila remained himself; but we all feel that Attila has been unjust! Now let us seek admittance here!" and he struck upon the door with his clenched hand, exclaiming, "ho! does Attila sleep? What ho! within there! The sun stands high at noon!"

There was no answer. All was silent as the grave.

There came an awful pause, while each looked anxiously in the face of the other; but then was heard a sound in the outer chambers, and voices in high dispute;—the tone of a stranger, though speaking in the Hunnish language well, demanded entrance, the tongues of the attendants refusing him admittance. Then again were words spoken in the well known voice of Theodore, the son of Poulinus—"Out of my way! By the god of battles, I will cleave thee to the jaws! Be it on thine own head foil! Thou strivest with a madman! Down!"

Then came a heavy fall.

"Give him admittance—give him admittance," cried Arderic and Valmir in a breath. "Oppose him not, Edicon. Poor youth! he will find himself already avenged," but as he spoke, the door burst open, and Theodore, with his naked sword all bloody in his hand, rushed in.

"Stand all without," cried Edicon putting back those who were following to seize him. "Leave us to deal with him. The king has not yet come forth!" and closing the door upon them, he drew across it the massive wooden bar that hung beside it.

"Oh, Arderic, Arderic!" cried Theodore; "hast thou betrayed me, too?"

"No, on my life dear youth," cried the king of the Gepidæ, catching him in his powerful arms; "we thought thee dead; thou camest not at the time!"

"How could I come?" cried Theodore, "Waylaid on every shore, tossed by the tempest, turned back, delayed; how could I come? But unhand me, Arderic; I am mad with injury and revenge! and I will in to yonder false, faithless tyrant, and die for my revenge!"

"Theodore," said Arderic, holding him still with his left hand, but pointing with the other to the stream of blood which flowed from beneath the door of Attila's chamber; "either the hand of some god, or her own, has avenged thee and thy poor Ildica already!"

Theodore gazed on it for a moment, and an awful glow of satisfaction rose in his countenance. Then darting forward from the grasp of Arderic, he laid his hand upon the door, and attempted to open it. It resisted, and setting his powerful shoulder against it, he shook it with all his strength. Again he shook it to and fro! The fastenings within gave way, and it burst open with a loud and sudden crash. Theodore took a step forward, and then paused, while all the others rushed in:

The light streamed down from windows near the roof, and passing through the silken curtains, which both served for ornament, and to exclude the air of night; poured softened, into the chamber. It was an awful scene, on which that calm, solemn light, fell tranquilly:

There, on the floor, scarcely two paces from the door, clothed in the same splendid robes, which, for the first and last time in life, he had worn, with the jewelled circle on his brow, the blazing diamonds on his broad chest and his sandals, lay the dark and fearful monarch of the Huns, the victor of a thousand fields—the mighty conqueror of unnumbered nations! Mighty no more! Awful still! awful in death! and from a small spot on the silken vesture which covered that breast, wherein forso many years had lain the fate of empires, and the destiny of a world, proceeded the dark stream of blood, thick and clotted, but not yet dried up, which had once throbbled in that lion heart, and now had left it cold and vacant. The ground around was flooded with the stream of gore; his vesture was soaked and dabbled in it; but it was clear that he had fallen at once without an effort or a struggle; for there he lay as calm as if in sleep; with even a smile of joyous triumph on his lip, as he had entered that fatal bridal chamber, which was to be unto him the hall of death.

It was an awful sight! but still more awful, still more terrible was the object on which the eye rested when it was raised from Attila. A few cubits beyond him, in a seat, wherein she had evidently waited his coming, sat Ildica, the beautiful Dalmatian bride. On a table beside her stood a lamp, just dying out; on her knee rested her right hand, with the fair, delicate fingers clasped tight round the hilt of a small dagger, from the point of which some drops of blood had fallen upon her snowy garments; her other hand grasped tight the arm of the chair. One of the shining tresses of her long dark hair had dropped from the pin that held it, and fallen upon her bosom, but in all else her dress was as she appeared at the altar. Her cheek, her brow, her neck, were clear and pale as alabaster. The only crimson left was in her lips.

Some have written that she was weeping, but they lied! She wept not! Not a drop of moisture was in her eye, though its liquid light, pure and unquenched, beamed there as bright as ever. But those dark lustrous eyes—as if the whole world had vanished from her thoughts—as if to her the whole universe, except one dark and fearful object was annihilated—were fixed immovably on the corpse of that mighty king, whom no warrior had been found to conquer, but who had fallen in the hour of joy.

intemperance, and incalculable injustice, by her own weak, delicate hand.

### From the Waynesburg (Pa) Messenger. A NOVEL CASE—BREACH OF MARRIAGE PROMISE.

As you are in the habit of publishing 'al sorts' of news—perhaps the following account of a trial for a Breach of Marriage Contract, may find favor in your eyes. A case of this kind is rather a novelty in these parts, where our *lads* and *lasses* are known to be in the habit, of toeing the mark; fulfilling all their promises; especially those of the *ten ter kin* l.

The facts were these:

The plaintiff was a young gentleman who some two years ago, having "wooled and won" a fair daughter of Eve, in this region, started to the wide west, with the future glittering before him, for the purpose of seeking out a home for himself and his destined bride. Many a day did he wend his way over the beautiful prairies, despoising fevers and agues, toil and pain; thinking only of the glowing future; seeing, in imagination, the forests falling before him, and the prairies blooming around him, cheered on by the presence and favor of the

"Girl he left behind him."

When his wanderings were completed, he returned, and claimed his affianced bride: when lo! and behold! the false one had betrothed herself to another! Her imaginings had not followed the wanderings of her lover,—but frail and fickle as woman is known to be, she had lost the image of her devoted; another had stolen into the consecrated place, and supplanted him! The day that was to put her in possession of his rival was fixed. He threatened that he would be present and forbid the *dance*; her father forbid his presence, unless he would promise 'to quiet be.' He consented, and to save a riot, resorted to the law. Justice was administered by an up-country Justice, and the result was a compromise, while the suit was hanging in suspense, by husband's giving his note under seal, to his rival, for twenty-three dollars and twenty five cents EXACTLY!

As I recollect no statute, giving jurisdiction to Justices of the Peace, in cases of this kind, I suppose he was guided by what a factious friend of mine calls 'the *ccm. on law of Greece Country*.'

Music.—We love music, and it is selfish love—we love it because it loves us—and most of all, do we love music in the domestic circle. The Germans understand all this, and make music a part of a regular school education.

The Boston Courier says, "repentance generally comes when it is of no avail." A very good lesson to know by heart, and it might be well for some folks to put it into practice before it is too late.

A Long Nose.—Napoleon used to say, "strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men I have almost invariably found that a long nose and a long head go together."

The ruling passion strong in Scotch.—Dr. Harris in his Life of Commodore Bainbridge, speaking of his last illness, says, "His intellect continued perfectly sound and collected, till about two hours before his death, when occasionally it wandered. At this time he called for his sword and pistols, which not being attended to, he raised himself partially out of bed, and demanded those instruments with great vehemence—and ordered that all hands should be called to board the enemy."

The Banks of the city of New York have agreed to reduce the rate of interest on *lower* balances to five per cent.