

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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POETRY.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON A PARAPHRASE.

By George B. Wallis.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows, in the midst thereof.

For they that carried us away captive required of us a song.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land.

Yea, I forget thee, Oh! Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her harping.

Oh! daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us.—Psalm CXXXVII.

I.

By the rivers of Babylon,
We sat in our wo,
And mourned over Zion,
Despoil'd by the foe;
Her homes and her altars
Profaned and accur'd,
Her sons and her daughters
In bondage dispersed.

II.

By the rivers of Babylon,
Our harps,—never strung
To aught but rejoicings,—
In sorrow were hung
On the willows.—No longer
The rapture which springs
From a triumph in battle
Could waken their strings.

III.

By the rivers of Babylon,
Our spoilers came down,
And desired a strain
Of our songs of renown;
But never as slaves
To the stranger; could we
Lift a voice or a harp
In the songs of the free.

IV.

By the rivers of Babylon,
Though eternally set,
Thy beauty, Jerusalem,
We shall not forget;
Nor the day when in happy
Possession we trod,
By the waters that gladden'd
The city of God!

V.

By the rivers of Babylon,
The Lord in his ire,
Shall smite the oppressor
In blood and in fire;
And blessed the barbarian
Who comes upon thee
The avenger of Israel,
Oh! haughty Chaldee!
Middletown, Va.

Not to be "Done" Twice.—A vagrant, who affected deafness, being brought before a bench of magistrates, resolutely refused to hear the questions that were put to him. At length one of the justices, to test the suspected prisoner, said to him, "You are discharged." "No, no!" cried the cunning vagabond, "I have been taken in that way before!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN AFRICAN'S REVENGE.

[The following thrilling tale is translated from a passage in Eugene Sue's French novel of ATAR GULL. The scene is laid in Guadalupe. It is merely necessary to promise that Atar Gull is a favorite slave, whom Colonel Willis brought from Africa several years before the event described is supposed to have taken place. Atar Gull always appeared faithful to his master, and grateful for his kindness to him—but in secret he brooded over the loss of his liberty, and resolved to be deeply revenged. Smiles shone in his countenance but deadly hatred rankled in his heart.]

When Atar Gull had nearly reached the summit of the mountain the sun had already risen, and the lofty heights of La Souffriere threw their shades to a great distance across the valleys below. As he was about entering a sort of dell, formed of huge blocks of granite, which seemed to have been fantastically heaped up around; he heard a fearful sound, and stopped short—it was the sharp hiss of a serpent!—He soon afterwards heard the flapping of wings over his head, and on looking up, he saw one of those large birds, called Secretaries, or Men of War Birds, common in tropical climates, which having already described the serpent was making wide circuits in the air, but approaching nearer his destined prey every moment.

The serpent seemed aware of the inferiority of his force—and was rapidly gliding towards his den, when the bird, apparently aware of his intent, descended with the rapidity of lightning and alighted in his path—and with his large wings which were terminated with a bony protuberance, and which served both as a war club and a shield he effectually prevented the retreat of the venomous reptile.

The serpent now became enraged, and the beautiful and variegated color of the skin, sparkled in the sun like gold and azure.—His head was frightfully swollen with rage and venom—he darted out his forked tongue and filled the air with his hisses.

The huge bird extended one of its wings and with a longing eye on the serpent, advanced to the conflict, but his wary antagonist watched his movement, and with quick motions of his body to the right and left, evaded his attacks, until finding that this mode of warfare would not long avail him, he at length darted at the bird, and in vain attempted to fix his poisonous fangs in his body, and crush him in his folds. But the Secretary caught him in one of his claws, and with a furious blow of his beak, fractured his skull. The serpent struggled violently for a few moments—but resistance was useless—and he was soon stretched lifeless before his victorious enemy.

But ere the bird had time to enjoy the fruits of his victory, the report of a musket was heard, and the Secretary in his turn lay dead by the side of his venomous antagonist. Atar Gull turned his head and saw Theodore standing on a rock above him with a fowling piece in his hand.

"Well, Atar Gull," said the young man sliding down from the summit of the rock—"was not that well done?"

"It was a good shot, master—but I am sorry you have killed the bird—for these Secretaries wage war with the venomous serpents with which our mountains are infested." The black pointed to the venomous reptile—which was seven or eight feet long and four or five inches in diameter.

"Ah!" exclaimed Theodore—"I regret it now—for I do detest these hideous serpents—I would give half my fortune to be able to exterminate the monsters."

"You are right master," says Atar Gull. "They are a great nuisance, and their bite almost always proves fatal."

"It is not only that," said the young man, "but you know that my betrothed Marguerite—whom if Heaven wills, I am to wed to-morrow, has a most unaccountable antipathy to the sight of one of these

animals. Less so now than formerly, I confess for once the name of snake would almost deprive her of sensation. But her father, her mother and myself have at various times tried to conquer her silly but deeply rooted fears of these reptiles.—We have tried to accustom her to the sight of them, and have often thrown them in her way after they had been killed—and then laughed at her screams of horror."

"That is the only way to conquer her antipathy," master," said the wily African.—"In my country we thus habituate our women and children to sights of horror. But a thought strikes me. A means presents itself of curing her of these foolish fears, if you can only be prevailed upon to adopt it. And his eyes were for an instant alighted up with a gleam of ferocious delight. "We will take the snake home with us. 'But first let us cut off its head, we cannot use too much precaution."

"Noble fellow," said Theodore, as he assisted Atar Gull to separate the head of the serpent from its body.

"It is a female," whispered Atar Gull to himself, "and the male cannot be far off."

They proceeded towards Col. Willis' habitation—the black dragging after him the bleeding carcass of the serpent. The house in which the Colonel resided, like most of the houses in that climate, consisted of but one story, with wings. In one of the wings was the bed chamber of Marguerite. A piazza in front of the window, and a jalousie, screened the room from the devouring heat of the tropical sun.

Theodore approached the window on tiptoe—cautiously opened the jalousie and looked in—Marguerite was not there—he then took the serpent from the hands of Atar Gull—who as it seemed through excess of precaution had bruised the head of the reptile on the window frame. Theodore hid the serpent, who, as he had already become tarnished by death, beneath the dressing table. He then retired and closed the jalousie—As he turned away he met Col. Willis, who laughed heartily at the trick which Theodore was playing Marguerite.

The room which was appropriated was truly the asylum of innocence. The hand of a mother had been there. It was seen in all the elegant furniture that decked the apartment. That little bed, curtained with white gauze—those stuccoed walls, polished and shining as brilliant as Parian marble that harp and table covered with music books—that little dressing glass—those silken robes—that cross of mother of pearl—those jeweled ornaments—in a word, all those trifling things, which are so precious to a young girl, whispered a tale of innocence, love and happiness.

The door opened, and Marguerite entered. She seated herself before the dressing table but she saw not the reptile beneath it. While she arranged her hair, and essayed a ribbon which Theodore had praised, she sang the song which she had been taught by her lover.

"To-day," soliloquized the lovely girl, "I must try to appear as beautiful as possible." To-morrow I shall belong to another. O, Theodore, with what devotion he loves me. Nothing on earth can add to my happiness.

She approached near the glass, to judge the effect of the ribbon, that her breath tarnished the brilliant surface of the mirror—then with her finger, she playfully and smilingly traced upon the glass the name of Theodore. A slight noise near the window, awakened her from her delicious reverie—She turned towards it, blushing lest her dearest secret had been discovered. But the paleness of death instantly came over her features. She convulsively threw her hands before her and attempted to rise but she could not. Her trembling limbs refused to sustain her, and she fell back into her chair. The unhappy girl saw peeping through the jalousie the head of an enormous serpent.

In a moment it was lost among the flowers, which were tastefully arranged the window. His disappearance gave before new strength to Marguerite, who rushed towards the door which opened into the gal-

ley, screaming, "help! mother, mother, help!"

But her parents and her lover held the door outside—and laughed at what they conceived to be her imaginary fears.

"Well done, my girl," said Col. Willis, "cannot you scream a little louder!—the snake will not eat you I'll engage—por little thing. How frightened she appears to be."

"Marguerite—I am ashamed of you," said her mother.—"the serpent will not hurt you, it is dead."

But her cries continued.

"My dear Marguerite," said Theodore, "don't be alarmed. I put it there myself—and you shall give a kiss for my pains sweet girl."

Meanwhile the hideous monster left the flowers and glided into the room. Marguerite finding her cries for assistance of no avail, uttered a loud shriek and fell senseless on the floor. The serpent raised its head and for a moment seemed reconnoitering the apartment. But when it saw its companion dead on the floor its eyes absolutely sparkled with rage. It sent forth a loud hiss, and advanced to the unfortunate girl.

With a rapidity almost inconceivable, the hideous reptile twined himself around the graceful limbs and sylph like form of Marguerite. His cold and slimy neck rested against the snowy bosom of his victim, and there he fastened his venomous fangs!

The helpless girl restored to consciousness by the agonizing pain of the wound, opened her eyes—but the first object which met her view, was the horrid head of the reptile, swollen with rage—his eyes flashing fire—and his open mouth displaying his crooked and deadly fangs.

"Mother, Mother, O dear mother!" faintly screamed the dying girl.

But a half suppressed laugh was the only response to her convulsive cry. The jalousie slowly opened, and Atar Gull looked in at the window—his eyes glaring with malignity and triumph.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" said Mrs. Willis. "She answers not—perhaps she has fainted with terror."

"Silly girl," said the Colonel. "But we will open the door, and see what is the matter."

Some heavy object lay against the door. He gave a violent push and entered the chamber, followed by Mrs. Willis and Theodore. Who can paint the agony of the parents and the lover—when they found they had stumbled over the dead body of the unfortunate Marguerite.

As they entered the apartment, the Serpent was seen to glide out at the window.

DESTRUCTION OF LIFE IN ANCIENT WARS.

Accustomed as we are to the effects of war in civilized times, when the most bloody contests are followed by an increase in the number of the people, it is difficult to form a conception of the desolation which it produced in barbarous ages when the void produced by the sword is not supplied by the impulse of subsequent tranquility. A few facts will show its prodigious influence in former ages. It is ascertained by an exact computation, that when three great capitals of Khorsassan were destroyed by Timour, 4,347,000 persons were put to the sword. At the same time 700,000 people were slain in the city of Mousu which had risen in the neighborhood of the ancient Nineveh; and the desolation produced a century and a half before, by the sack of Genghi Khan, had been at least as great. Such were the ravages of this mighty conqueror and his Mogul followers in the country between the Caspian and the Indus, that five subsequent centuries have been unable to repair the ravages of four years. An army of 500,000 Moguls, under the sons of Genghis, so completely laid waste the provinces to the north of the Danube, that they never since regained their former numbers; and in the famine consequent upon the interruption of the same barbarians into the Chinese empire, 12,000,000 are computed to have per-

ished. During the invasion of Timour, twelve of the most flourishing cities of Asia, including Delei, Isdahan, Bagdad and Damascus, were utterly destroyed, and pyramids of human heads, one of which contained 90,000 skulls, erected on their ruins. During thirty-two years of the reign of Justinian, the barbarians made an incursion into the Grecian empire, and they carried off or destroyed at an average on each occasion 200,000 persons. Nor was the depopulation of the southern and western provinces less during the same disastrous period. In the wars of Helisarius in Africa, 5,000,000 of its inhabitants are computed by a contemporary writer to have perished, and during the contest between that illustrious warrior and his successors Norses, and the barbarian armies in Italy, the whole Gothic nation and nearly fifteen millions of the natives of Italy disappeared. The plague which followed these sanguinary contests carried off still greater numbers than the sword; and during the fifty-two years that it desolated the Roman empire, it is said to have destroyed a hundred millions of inhabitants.—Allison's Principles of Population.

A TOUCHING NARRATIVE.

An eminent clergyman one evening became the subject of conversation, and a wonder was expressed that he had never married. "That wonder," said Miss P., "was once expressed to the Reverend gentleman in my hearing, and he told me a story, in answer, which I will tell you; and perhaps, slight as it may seem, it is the history of our hearts as sensitive and delicate as his own. Soon after his ordination, he preached, once every Sabbath, for a clergyman in a small village, not twenty miles from London. Among his auditors from Sunday, to Sunday, he ob-

served a young lady, who always occupied a certain seat, and whose close attention began insensibly to grow to him an object of thought and pleasure. She left the church as soon as service was over, and it so chanced that he went on for a year without knowing her name; but his sermon was never written without many a thought how she would approve it, nor preached with satisfaction unless he read approbation in her face. Gradually he came to think of her at other times than when writing sermons, and to wish to see her on other days than Sunday; but the weeks slipped on; and though he fancied that she grew paler and thinner, he never brought himself to the resolution either to ask her name or to seek to speak with her. By these silent steps, however, love had worked into his heart; and he made up his mind to seek her acquaintance and marry her, when one day he was sent for to minister at a funeral. The face of the corpse was the same that had looked up to him Sunday after Sunday, till he had learned to make it a part of his religion and his life. He was unable to perform the service; and another clergyman present officiated; and after she was buried, her father took him aside, and begged his pardon for giving him pain, but he could not resist the impulse to tell him that his daughter had mentioned his name with her last breath, and he was afraid that a concealed affection for him had buried her to the grave. "Since that time," said the clergyman in question, "my heart has been dead within me, and I look forward only, I shall speak to her in heaven."

Lost.—There's a man out East who is so small that he frequently gets lost, and is obliged to go about with a candle and ring a bell, to find yet what's become of himself.

A Good Reply.—"Hollo there, you lit'le ragged, bare-footed, bare-headed fellow! who's your master?" "Hant is my master," replied the poor outcast, "and a bad one he is."

Exercise is good for health.