

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

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

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

The following effusion was composed during the warm political contest of 1835—when an only son of the author was recovering from a severe attack of the dangerous disease called *croer*. They emanated from a thrilling heart; & although they may possess but little of the spirit and elegance of poetry, yet they express the tenderest solicitude, and the paternal forebodings of one, the existence of whose primary offspring of mutual love "hung but on a slender thread." They may not excite disgust, even should they find no admirers.

MY FIRST-BORN SON.

Hence, troubling cares of party broil,
Thou know'st not rest nor peaceful joy!
I'll tune my lyre, e'en should it soil
The smiling pliz of my sweet boy.
List, then, thou lov'd and lovely one,
Whom Providence permits to live;
Hush, hush! my fond, my blooming son,
To thee I would but solace give.
Thy countenance in Virtue dees,
Nor sinning—for 'twill know'st not sin!
Incites those cheris'd hopes, so blest,
Which none but parents feel within.
Ah! sleep'st thou? Yes, my anxious eye
Beholds thy form of innocence
Calm'd sweetly by the lullaby
Of her whose love is never hence.
How pants my heart when I first know
The changes which await my boy;
When friends [?] with hearts full cold as snow,
And toil, and malice, drown his joy?
I see him in his school-boy days,
Enjoying all the sports of youth;
I hear him as at eve he prays,
And reads aloud the Holy Truth.
I see him move those wheels of life,
Which give men character and wealth;
With Bairns—the offspring of a wife—
With plenty, comfort, and good health.
I hear him for industry prais'd;
For talents, and for dealing just;
I see him by the People rais'd
To well perform a Public Trust.
What intrigue—cunning—strange desires—
Antipodes of former joy;
'Tis proud ambition now that thies
The bosom of my first-born Boy.
Cease, then, sad lyre!—thy chord dispels
The feeling which invoked thy aid;
My mind with fever'd anguish dwells
On images, like these portrayed.
Let him but Peace and Meekness crave;
Nor Power, nor Place, nor Wealth enjoy;
Then Life, nor Death, nor sodded Grave,
Can drown the Hopes of my sweet Boy.

THESE BISHPERTONY.

THERE IS ALWAYS HOPE.

AN ORIENTAL MYSTERY.

It was evening, a summer twilight: the magnificent traces of day still lingered among the upper clouds, which were undisturbed by the soft breezes that played among the thickets, and rocked the quiet birds of Paradise into their first unwilling slumber, yet often did they awake in sweet vespers to sunset angel, whose golden locks still floated amid the rich crimson of the evening sky. Calm and sweet as the whispers of the guardian angel of the Houris, who lies at the feet of Allah, and comprehends all things, while he is *senible* of none,—so calm, so sweet, were the murmurs of the breeze. All day long had he been wantoning with the citron-flowers and fruit, or dallying with the perennial rose that stoops over the Gebre's fountain, or couching to avoid the fierce noon, in the folds of the lily. Now the enamoured wanderer, tired and heated, but still redolent of beauty, hung above the river of Dalgorno, to cool his dry lips, to moisten his wings; perhaps to spend the night on her soft bosom. The bright waters emitted the sound of wooing, as they crept slowly to the shore, while the river opened her glad arms once more to welcome her light-minded & inconstant, though deep-loving spouse. "How gladly," said the stream, as the zephyr melted away in her arms, "how gladly do I welcome thee once more to my

embrace. Couldst thou but know the desolateness which steals over my heart all the day long when I lie and listen to no sounds but the patter of my own waters, while the fierce sun rolls down intolerable dry upon me,—oh, cruel one, couldst thou but know this, and feel, as I, the infinity of loneliness—never wouldst thou go astray! But now thou forsakest me; thou wanderest all over the earth, playing the traitor with every idle flower. Now thou wilt loiter among the rich gardens of Alshay, and then wanton on the vine-hills of Alhamia. Did I not know that the guardian of the flowers had appointed thee to watch over them, and mature the ripening fruit—giving to the one their golden glitter, and to the other their ambrosial taste,—I should fear thee, oh, my spouse! I should tremble for the easy virtue of the daughters of the rose-bud, whose beauty, like thine, dazzled their eyes. But now my dearest I can—"

"Thus far had the stream proceeded, when a human voice, as of a fair maiden at my side, addressed me, so that the conclusion of this conjugal appeal, as well as the celestial reply it must have produced, were both lost to my dissatisfied ears.

"Son of Amanzor," said the voice in a tone of ravishing sweetness, "son of Amanzor, I fly to thy arms for protection! Take pity! I kneel to one who never refused mercy. Oh, take pity on a maiden, a thousand years afflicted by the most cruel of griefs! Show compassion, and a thousandfold shall the blessing of the Prophet repay thee!"

The voice died away, not into silence, but into melody so intense, so thrilling, so rapturous, that mine ears were struck with deafness—like those of Sarah when she mocked; but every nerve became an ear, and I was all hearing, save that an invisible perfume stole from the music upon my soul! Suddenly the soft quivering of swift-shifting sound all ceased; not abruptly, but with a sounding close. Before my eyes the music stood, or hung, as frozen in the sky! Oh that I had the Prophet's flashing pen which wrote celestial themes in words so liquid-like, and soft, that lambent flames made music round the page, then would I write or paint that frozen melody! It was like the fabled architecture of that pile, where Beauty, & Virtue, and Truth, these twin daughters of Time, dwell in the smile of Allah; and no cloud dims, no veil conceals, their heavenly countenances. My flesh had shrunk from my limbs with fear—my congealed blood, like a serpent, would have crawled forth from my veins; but the exceeding beauty of the sight and sound stayed all my fears, and only a silent worship, too intense for sound, stole from my heart.

The visible music melted away from my eyes as Moses and Elias were transformed into a rosy cloud in the presence of the doubting, and the voice once more flowed forth. "Oh, Amanzor, listen and relieve!" I saw no shape; I looked, there was nought but the new-risen moon, and the reflection of the sunset on the water now so tranquil, that I saw the music catch the unwary fish. Astonishment came over me, while I still heard that voice repeating my name. The rustle of the dry leaf, stirred by an unseen locust, is wont to fill me with alarm and horror; but now, such a confidence had the presence of Beauty inspired me with, that I trembled not, nor even called upon the Prophet's name of power.

"Tell me, mysterious stranger," I cried, "tell me who thou art, and show thy form, or I cannot relieve thee? If thou hast a form display thyself before me."

"I cannot show myself to the created eye"—replied the voice. "My guardian angel now sees not my face. Would to heaven that even the eye of grim Elbis might light on me. But no; none save the GREAT ALONE has looked upon me this many a thousand years. I see all things, with more than mental powers; I drink in light from every source, but I can return none. None but myself and God knows me. Stay, stay! kind stranger, and listen to my tale, & thus relieve me of my many miseries; for it is heaven's severe decree that no eye shall

look upon my face until some man shall listen to my tale."

I willingly stood still to attend the narrative of so mysterious a being. Wonderful and awful as it was to converse with the unseen, no fear chilled me, no hair stood up with horror; calm and collected, I listened while the mysterious tale went on.

"To understand my history, and comprehend all the depths of my degradation, and the exquisiteness of my misery, let thine imagination extend its swift wings, & convey thee back to the gardens of the primeval world. Then a noble race filled the high places of the earth; then man attained a more majestic height. The years of his life far outnumbered the years of the cedar of Lebanon. Vice had not yet spread her raven wings over the earth. Then shot up the trees into a loftier growth; the thornless rose unfolded broader flowers, and gave an added fragrance to the fruit that fell beneath them. The sons and daughters of man dispersed with the willing beasts of the field; the fowls of heaven then flew to the call of man's voice, and perched upon his hand.

Then 'Enoch walked with God,' as the illustrious Moses hath said. Men who once sat at my feet called me the fair Adelgitha. I surpassed the maids of earth in every attribute of form and figure, in every attribute of female loveliness. Then damsels were born with those inexpressible charms which they now vainly seek to acquire.—The exquisite skill of Jubal was derived from my instructions. My fingers taught him how to touch the lyre, till it emitted sounds sweeter far than those of heaven's own birds.

"The birds were allured by my melody; delighted, they fluttered around me as I sang—only a changing note could bid them depart. The wild beasts came down from the mountain at my command; they couched at my feet, uttering the soft pur of happiness.—Now I made the glad goats dance at the touch of my lute. Now I threw all the wild tenants of the wood into alarm by the mimicked growling of the distant storm. What need to tell how the huge monsters of the deep played their unruly gambols at my bidding, and moistened the herb at my feet with the rainbow shower they sprang forth into the air. 'Twere vain to tell how the rose and the hyacinth, the crocus and the mignonette, unfolded their petals to drink in my melodies, and the palm and the orange tree laid their honours at my feet as I passed. All flesh was subject unto me. But, alas! I abused my power over the sons of earth! I chose the youth of my father's kingdom to myself. I spurned them when my attractions had bound them with the tie of love; they languished in ungratified desire while I mocked at their agony, and found delight in witnessing the anguish of their hearts. Deeply sank my wanton cruelty into my father's noble heart; alas, that he should see his child's iniquity. One morning he strayed pensive along the walk of palms, musing half aloud. He paused, and held a snow-white lily to a flame-coloured rose, till the modest lily blushed rosened—then gracious Allah took him to himself, leaving the symbol unexplained. How fair were the forms of the celestial host that bore him away! How rich the music that stole from their lips as they floated in their snowy robes of light up to the throne of God!

"Though my power was felt by all that met me on the earth, I was not satisfied with its extent; I sought for more. Often did I look with ravished eyes upon the angel forms that disported themselves into the pure air. My bosom burned with an unwonted fire as I saw them sitting amid the crimson clouds of evening, or kindling incense in their altars at the first flame of day. I was indeed warned of my danger, but I heeded not the voice of God, which then cried from the sky in the coolness of evening, and bade the sons of earth 'Be wise, be virtuous, and be blest.' I heeded not, but sought to bring down the sons of God, and lead them into the snare of my wantonness. I cannot tell how awful the result. Thou knowest, kind stranger, the wretchedness which these pure strangers, when corrupted,

brought upon the world;—they were corrupted by my art!—Then phrenzy played like wild-fire in every city, village, and hamlet. Order and peace were forgotten; open riot every where ruled.

"Husband and child were forgot in the fiery transports of these angel lovers. Then vainly in thunder spoke the voice of God! Vainly the symbols of virtue arose all over the earth; they were trodden under foot. Innocent animals were savagely slaughtered; sin ran madly from land to land; war unsheathed her sword; peace fled from the earth. All this was my work; I foresaw the effect, yet shrank not from the cause.

Then came upon me the awful verdict of the *supreme*: the globe seemed convulsed for a moment, then in the awful stillness, when the heavens seemed to collapse, came the still; serene voice, 'wander thou on, thou wanton one, unfelt, unseen, till some listen to thy tale. Each century attempt to speak, at length thy penance will be over, thy wound be healed.'

"No one saw me. I vanished from the earth which I had so long polluted. The ground felt not my tread; the eye of Heaven took no note of me. No shadow followed when I faced the sun, yet I saw and felt the hideous desolation I had wrought. Soon the fair earth was changed; hands were murderously upraised; drunkenness swaggered and reeled blaspheming in the streets; demons mocked and trampled on the holiest ground, the fruits were turned to poison at their touch. Every hateful lust flamed with tenfold fire. Molock and Belial lit their awful fires, till God in mercy sent a flood to rebaptise the world and quench the flame. Oh, could I have perished, and thus escaped the wild sob of a drunken world, nor hear the unavailing cries for help, the prayers, the curses and the groans, which almost burst my heart. Noah's silent ark floated tranquilly on, bright with the last hopes of a universe. Long and sorrowfully I hung over the wild waste of waters; I saw the raven and the dove, which the trusting patriarch sent forth as harbingers of peace; the melancholy days passed over; faith had its triumph, as it ever will; the rainbow of promise cheered the old man's heart when he lit up his altar-fire. I aided man, with unseen hand, to till the stubborn soil. I whispered virtuous counsel to his ear, upheld him when he drooped, supported him when faint. Many a germ of virtue did I deposit on a grateful soil; the counsel of my heavenly friends when pure, was not lost upon my soul. Virtue and love grew up again upon the earth; unseen I nurtured, and unfelt I pruned. I stood with Zardhusht, inspired his heart, informed his mind. I watched with Abram. 'Twas I that showed to Jacob the symbolic ladder, to prove that all men might climb high as they would. Many a time have I essayed to make a mortal listen to my tale. I have but found it vain; all fear the unseen; the sensible alone attracts their souls. But as I am the cause of this, I have scattered arts and letters in the world, as some atonement for my great offence. They form a bond between the seen and that which never meets the eye.

"The great Prophet, whom thou adorest so devoutly, was raised up at my entreaty, for Allah never ceases to listen to my cry. I know my strength of heart, I know thy love; therefore I fear not to address thee. Manfully hast thou listened; and now my tale is done, my melancholy fate is over. Blessed, kind stranger, be thy days; blessed while on the earth, and Paradise henceforth is thine!"

She ceased—I heard no more. But a celestial form, as beautiful as Love, stood in the air before me. Then the immortal choir, that sweep their harps before the throne of God, slow chaunted forth,

"Thy pilgrimage is done,
The golden prize is won;
Mount, maid, before the throne."

Tranquilly the mysterious being went up the sky, a snow-white cloud attending her, and that soft music pealing forth.

A PEEP INTO FUTURITY.

When the Present wears so gloomy an aspect, it is not wonderful that men seek relief from its shadows by a far-reaching glance at the Future. A writer in the Columbia (S. C.) Telescope gives the following presumptive extracts from a journal of the year 4,200:

Astronomical.—Telescopes are now brought to such perfection, that last night we distinctly saw a fight between a grasshopper and a spider, in the planet Saturn. The battle was a tough one—the grasshopper losing two legs, and the spider three claws and five teeth in the contest.

Travelling.—Mr. Perkins has invented a compound which he calls the 'concentrated essence of the sublimated spirit of steam.' A person has only to put a little vial of it into his pocket, and it will carry him along, at the rate of fifty miles an hour; or by merely swallowing three drops when you go to bed at night, in the morning you will wake up in any part of the world you choose.

Nautical.—Ships to go under water instead of on its surface, are now brought to perfection, so that henceforth such things as storms and shipwrecks are no more to be dreaded.

Medical.—The wonderful medicine called the 'sublime elixir,' is producing most astonishing effects. A Mr. Jones, of Virginia, walking into a mill, and incautiously approaching too near the machinery, was caught between the wheels and crushed into ten thousand atoms; two drops of the elixir being poured into the pond above, he was instantly seen walking out at the door, as sound as a roach, and has not been within three miles of a mill since. A Mr. Smith had his head shot off by a cannon ball; three weeks after he was dead and buried, his 32d cousin happening to hear of the elixir, he was immediately restored to perfect life and health.

Geographical.—The discovery ship, the 'White Bear,' returned yesterday from the northern seas; she safely reached the exact spot of the north pole, but there she stuck, held fast by the magnetic attraction. Her crew found it impossible to get away until they had thrown overboard every particle of iron in the vessel.

Agricultural.—The Philosophical Society having discovered a method of producing or putting off rain just as there may be occasion for the future our cotton and cabbages will never be ruined by a dry season.

Mechanics.—The famous architect Mr. Axiom, who first discovered the perpetual motion, is now erecting a machine near the north pole, upon the plan of Archimedes, for the purpose of shoving the world twenty-three degrees back to its original position, and thus restoring perpetual summer.

Foreign.—The weekly balloon packet arrived from the moon yesterday. No particular news there, except that green cheese is in great demand. On its return they intercepted the wits of thirty-one poets and one hundred and ninety-three lovers, and brought them all back, stopped up together in a glass vial.

Most Wonderful of all Discoveries.—The great secret, the philosopher's stone—the elixir vitae, so anxiously wished for, so long sought after, is at length found out! The learned alchemist, Dr. Alembic, has invented a compound which turns all things into gold, and bestows perpetual youth! We are forbidden to say much about this wonderful discovery; it was only completed yesterday, and this morning the doctor's wife, an ugly old woman of seventy; was seen transformed into a beautiful girl of eighteen! A little child, hardly able to crawl, was also seen in the house, and nobody could tell where it came from until at last it was found out to be the doctor's grandmother, who had got to the vial and taken rather too large a dose. Besides changing, as above stated, lead into gold, age into youth, and ugliness into beauty, it also turns rascals into honest men, water into champagne, sand into ice creams, and rocks into ginger-cakes.