

Columbus Democrat.

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1840.

VOL. 7.

THE DEMOCRAT
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
WORTHINGTON & CHAPMAN
Publishers of the United States Laws.

No subscription will be received or allowed after than
six months, and no paper will be discontinued,
(except at the discretion of the Editors) until all
arrears have been paid.

Advertisements will be inserted at \$1 per square
(one or less) for the first insertion, and 50 cents
each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements not marked with the number of lines
will be published until paid and charged accordingly.

Classified Advertising—Four squares or less, re-
spective at pleasure, \$50, payable half yearly.
Advertisement for less than one year. The privilege
of advertising is limited to the immediate
business; all advertisements for the benefit of
other persons sent by them must be paid for by
the square.

Advertisers of a personal nature will be charged
double price.

Terms of Time Paper—\$5 per annum in advance
or at the end of the year.

Postage must be paid for delivery.

Letters to the Editors on business connected
with the office, must be post paid, or they will not
be attended to.

Advertising Contracts for office will be \$10. No
advertisements will be inserted unless we are specially au-
thorized by some responsible person.

POETRY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
HOPE.

If Hope be dead—why seek to live?
For what besides, has life to give?
Life, Youth, and Love; and Beauty, too;
I hope be dead—say 't what are you?

Life without Hope Oh! that is not
To live but day by day, to rot,
With feelings cold, and passions dead
To wander o'er the world, and tread
Upon its beauties, and to grieve;
All vacant, over-flowing maze,
O! think of this before I then say—
Who lives when Hope has fled away?

Death without Hope? An endless night,
Trees which have felt the cold spring's bright,
The lightning's flash, and the thunder's strife,
Yet pine away a weary life.
Which older would have sunk, and died
Under the strokes, their youth defied—
But, east with length of days, are left
To all at Youth of Hope bereft.

Love without Hope! It cannot be,
There is a vessel on you sea—
Besmeared and soleless as despair,
And know—this helpless Love flots there.

And Beauty too—when Hope is gone—
Has lost the ray in which it shone!
And seen without this borrowed light,
Has lost her beam which made it bright.
Now what will ail the sullen heart,
The angel smile, and gentle air;
The beaming eye, and glance refined—
Faint semblance of the pure mind—
Angel-blast, sparkling in the sun,
Points where the tickle strata run,
And they now just seem to be
Beloved to mock at misery.
They speak of days, long, long gone by,
They point to cold Reality,
And with a death-like smile, they say—
"Oh! what are we, when Hope's away?"

Thus Life, Youth, Love, and Beauty too,
When seen without Hope's gladdening hue,
Alas! in misery's shades to come—
"Why seek to live, if Hope be gone?"

REFLECTION.

The past—where is it? It lies dead.
The future? It may never come.
Friends departed? With the dead.
Ourselves? Fast hastening to the tomb.
What are earth's joys? The dews of morn,
Its hours? Ocean's writhing form.
Where's peace? In that's meekly home.
And joy? In Heaven, the Christian's home.

Extraordinary Birth.—A correspondent sends an account of the following singular productions of nature: "For the last two days much anxiety has been excited in the town of old Bedford, by the following occurrence and singular freak of nature. On the morning of Sunday last a sow, the property of a poor man residing at that place, had a litter of eighteen pigs! which was one of an extraordinary description, which lived only half an hour. It has four cloven feet, and the hind quarters resemble those of an ox; the head is, however, most curious, the skull being of the exact appearance and formation of that of a human being. In the centre of the forehead is a long horn, not so much resembling that of the fabled unicorn as the trunk of an elephant, directly underneath which is an eye, of large size, above which is a perfect eye, while the snout strongly resembles that of a boar, having a horn or tusk at the tip. It was on Monday examined by most of the surgeons in town, and on Tuesday, having been preserved in spirits, it was exhibited to the curiosities at Three Pigeons Inn, in New Bedford, and market day, the visitors were numerous." This must be a strange animal, something between a man, a pig, an elephant, and a rhinoceros!—We suspect it to be a phoenix.]

Diseaser amongst Cattle in Yorkshire.—An extensive and alarming is the prevailing epidemic amongst cattle, that on Monday last the following notice from the Lord Mayor of York was printed and distributed among the agriculturists: "It being represented by the farmers, graziers, and cattle-dealers, who attend the cattle fairs in that city, that an infectious distemper is now prevalent amongst cattle, and serious injury may be occasioned by intermixing the healthy cattle with the infected, if any such be brought to the said fairs, notice is hereby given, that no infected cattle will be permitted to be exposed for sale in the said fairs; and any person who shall bring to the said fairs, or expose for sale theron any such infected cattle, will be prosecuted as he deserves."

Fly-fishing Extraordinary.—Last week, as a angler was exercising his craft on the banks of the Tame, a few miles from Worcester, just as it was getting dark a bat took his fly. On finding him controlled, it fastened upon a tree, and all the angler's efforts to dislodge it were unavailing. A length the bat gave back the morse, and escaped. Another gentleman from that city, engaged in a Lugg a short time since, hooked the angler, and succeeded in bringing his hand.

Edward and Frederick rode one afternoon to Boxbury to take tea with a friend. Our women in the kitchen wished to pass the night with a sick person, after the evening lecture, and I had no hesitation in leaving Martha in Polly's care. We were prevented by an accidental delay, from returning until ten o'clock. The ride over the neck, although it was sleighing, appeared uncommonly long, for I had never been so long from my infant. The wind was sharp and frosty, but my attention was beguiled by sheltering Frederick with my luns, who soon fell asleep, singing his own lullaby. As we entered the square we per-

ceived that the neighboring houses were closed for the night, and no light visible, but a universal stillness through the crevices of our parlour shutters. Our heart misgave us, I uttered an involuntary cry, and Edward said that a candle light could not produce such an effect! He urged his horse; we reached the house, I sprang for the door. It was fastened. We knocked with violence. There was no answer. We looked through a small aperture, and both observed in agony "fire!" In vain, Edward attempted to wrench the bolt or burst the door—that terrible light still gleamed on us. We flew to the side door, and then I recollect that a window was usually left open in a room which communicated with the parlor, or the smoke to escape when the wind prevailed in the quarter it had done this day. The window was open and Edward threw down logs that we might reach it, we heard a stifled howl. We mounted the logs and could just raise our heads to the window. Oh, what were our emotions as we saw Growler with his fore paws stationed on the window, holding Martha safely with her right hand between his teeth, ready to spring at the last extremity, and suspending the little cherub so carefully that she thought it but one of his customary gambols. With a little effort Edward reached the child, and Growler sprang to the ground, twined and growled at our feet.

For a long period a single look from me would make Edward banish Growler from the room; but a present of a new office dog from a friend, completely established him of home, and my husband became accustomed to my look at Growler's presence. When he grew indifferent, my ire was roused. I affirmed that of all created things, dogs were the dirtiest—that the house was filled with fleas—that my visitors never could approach the fire, put Growler out of house and home—and if he was to be indulged in tracking the Wilton carpet and painted floors, we had better be in a wigwam.

Edward alarmed the neighborhood and entered the window. Poor Polly had fainted in the early atmosphere and excess of terror. She could give no account of the origin of the fire, unless she had dropped a spark on the window curtains. The moment a blaze appeared, she endeavored to extinguish it; then said she, "the flames ran like wildfire; and when I found I could do nothing, I snatched Martha from the cradle, and ran into the entry to get out by the back door; after I recollect nothing."

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