

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

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.



THE POOR AND THE RICH.

BY JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

The rich man's son inherits lands
And piles of brick and stone and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares—
The bank may break, the factory burn,
Some breath may burst his bubble share—
And soft white hands would hardly earn
A living that would suit his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy hand,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hauls, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes enjoyed with humble things
A rank adjudged by toil worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labour sings,
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh, rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens soft white hands;
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh, poor man's son, scorn not thy state,
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Work only make the soul to shine;
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last—
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove true to your heirship vast
By record of a well filled past!
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

"What's your mother, tongue?" said the Recorder to a witness. "My mother's tongue?" said the latter, well, I can't say; but it must be mighty long, for my father says there's no end to it."

MORMON ANECDOTE.

It is very common for Mormons, in working miracles, to practice in the following manner:

One goes out alone, with the garb and with the appearance of a poor traveller; calls at the house by which those who are his confederates may detect his whereabouts. Another one or more follows on, and stops near by, so that in the morning he may soon reach the abode of the first traveller, to which place he proceeds about breakfast time, coming there just as his predecessor needs him. The first traveller about daybreak makes a pious noise, as of one in deep distress, alarming the inmates, and calling them around his bedside. For a while the sick man struggles with disease and apparently dies in fit. Just at that moment the second traveller enters—announces himself a disciple of the Mormons, and declares it in his power to raise the dead man to life; and putting all aside from the couch of death, commences his necromancy, and soon succeeds in raising the dead to life.

A couple of these impostors went out on an excursion of this kind about two years or more since, and in the course of their travels called at a farm house near Genesee. The forerunner called on the plain looking farmer, and represented himself as a traveller who was poor, yet on a merciful errand. The farmer was an honest hearted Methodist, making less show than some, but no less intelligent christian, or shrewder than most men. The traveller joined with the family in their devotions, and talked of God and heaven as a Christian. No one suspected his hypocrisy.

About four o'clock in the morning the family were awakened by groans proceeding from the lodging room of the stranger. The farmer went into the room and was quite shocked to find his guest apparently in the most intense degree of pain. Many remedies were applied but with no effect. The sufferer grew worse every hour until about 7 o'clock he appeared to show signs of death. Just at that moment a knock was heard at the door and another stranger entered, on his being opened. The family had been much frightened, and were consequently much gratified with the arrival of any person, although it should be a stranger. He was immediately informed of the case, and introduced into the room, upon entering which he announced himself a Mormon priest, and assured the astonished family he could raise the dying man to life, even should he die—and in indeed to convince them of his power, he hopes he would die, which was soon the fact to all appearance. The new comer then ordered all present to stand aside, and not to touch the corpse or bed, but to send for neighbors if they pleased, in order to give full proof of his wonderful work.

Just at that moment it crept into the head of the farmer that a trick was about being played upon them of a blasphemous character, and he quickly resolved to test the same. "Hold," said he, a moment, I do not take the miracle until I return." He went out, took an axe from the wood pile, and came in without saying a word walked up to the bedside, and addressed the man of miracles as follows:

"You think him really dead?"

"O, yes."

"Well, then, I will just cut off his head, to make it sure, for if you can raise him to life from death at all you can do it as well with his head off as on!" And sitting the action to the word, he raised the axe as if he would strike, when lo, with a loud shriek, up jumped the dead man, crying "murder, murder!" at the top of his voice.

Before the proper authorities could be reached, the risen prophet and the prophet bawled put out and fled as from a devouring plague much to the amusement of the sensible man who detected his impostures. Since that time no Mormon finds his way into that region to remain long.

Amusement is the happiness of those that cannot think.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POET'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. MARY V. SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

In a rich and luxurious apartment, where crimson curtains, costly carpets, rare cabinet pictures, and various rich furniture attested the taste of the owner, sat a young man, apparently between twenty five and thirty. But, notwithstanding the womanly love of beautiful furniture which characterized his chamber, there was nothing effeminate in his appearance. In form he was slight, though well proportioned, above the medium height, and with a throat, which an open collar displayed, of great beauty. The face was not, perhaps, handsome, but there was something in it that at once arrested the eye. The forehead broad and mossy; eyebrow with the bold, classic sweep; a nose chiselled finely out as if from marble; small mouth; well cut lips; a chin like the Apollo's; and the head set on the neck and shoulders with a grace and solidity that reminded you of the best days of Grecian sculpture. His countenance in repose wore an air of singular calmness, but as he sat musing, a playful smile would now and then shoot across it, like summer lightning playing up the filament. In the smile as well as in the placid though firm features of the brow you saw that men were not at fault when they called Horace Vernon a genius; and though as yet he was known only as the first orator for his age in Congress, yet he was also a poet, and one of no mean repute. But he exercised his vocation in secret, and not even his most intimate friends knew that the sarcastic orator and the poet, but a known poet, whose anonymous volumes every body was talking of, were one and the same person.

Horace Vernon indeed was a strange compound. In boyhood he had been generous to a fault, frank, trusting and full of feeling. But, like most sensitive persons, he had received many real and fancied rebuffs, until at length he sought refuge in an affected coldness of heart, and in a sarcastic demeanor, as if his whole nature had been changed. His son won a reputation for want of feeling, and even when he entered public life became celebrated more for his satirical vein of oratory than for an impassioned style.

But, though he thus concealed his feelings, there beat in few bosoms, a more loving heart than that of Horace Vernon. And it yearned for sympathy and companionship with an undying longing. Ever since his boyhood he had thirsted for some one to love, but amid the fair, and flattered, he had looked in vain for a kindred spirit. Fastidious to a fault he saw none who realized his ideal. Wanting personal sympathy he found vent for his cravings in the creation of a fancied being to whom he secretly poured out his soul in poetry; and, at length, when a volume had accumulated on his hands, he gave it anonymously to the world. The tenderness and imagination, the lofty notions of the female character, and the love for all that breathed through his poems at once secured the unknown author a wide spread fame. None suspected Vernon, for what could be more unlike the feelings of the sarcastic orator than the glowing emotions that burned on every page of the anonymous poet? Many, however, were the enquiries made after the author. But even the publisher was ignorant of him, for all communications between the two passed through a secret channel.

The publication of these poems marked an era in Vernon's life, because it was the beginning of a romance that affected his destiny. A few weeks after his volume had issued from the press, he received a letter from an unknown lady breathing all those sentiments which Vernon would have looked for in a woman. The writer said she wrote because it was improbable that they would ever meet, and because in the sentiments he had breathed she had found an echo to those which long filled her breast. The letter was followed by others, at various times, which raised still higher Vernon's estimation of her intellect and heart, for of all men he adored the latter in women. He soon grew interested

in his correspondent, and made efforts to discover who she was. But he was foiled. All he could learn was that the letters came from one of the eastern states, and his suspicions pointed him to Boston as the place of her residence. He resolved mentally that, as soon as his duties at Washington should be over, he would proceed to Boston, and mingling in its society, endeavor to discover the anonymous writer, a plain in which he hoped to succeed, since he felt there were few who could display exactly the same rare combination of ability and tenderness which characterized his correspondent. He would, he knew, pursue this search with great advantages, since his object would be unsuspected, and the lady, if he met her, would be off her guard.

Was Horace Vernon in love with this unknown being? He thought so; and instead of pouring out his lyrics to an ideal creature, he erected this stranger on the throne of his heart, and henceforth she became the theme of his song. And still she continued writing to him; and when he published a poem addressed "To the Unknown," she told him that she recognized herself in it. Thus they continued in correspondence, known and yet unknown to each other.

CHAPTER II.

Vernon, though a man of letters and a poet, was also a man of business and of the world; and thus, though one portion of the day was spent in his studies, or whiled away in dreamy reveries, another portion of it was devoted to action or to pleasure.

One evening he was present at a ball given by the Secretary of State the most costly entertainment, it was said, of the season. Wealth, beauty and talent crowded the apartments. Music of the most bewitching harmony kept time with the dancers; the odor of rare flowers filled the air; jewels blazed, high lighted the land mingled in the throng, and the loveliest of our country's lovely daughters met the eye, none of which was dazzled with beauty. On this scene Vernon had been gazing for several minutes in abstraction, until at length he was joined by one of his most intimate friends, a naval officer from the south.

"What a life these people lead!" he said, after the ordinary salutations had passed, there are the young flirting and the old plotting; enemies smiling on each other, while their hearts are black with hatred; women listening to the compliments of fools, and fools flattering women; lives they are irresistible. I am sick of it. Mark that old dowager with her three daughters; she never misses a ball, party, or soiree with her brood; she reminds me of a lion going about seeking whom he may devour.

"You are severe!" said his companion smiling, but how is it that you, whom I know to be so full of feeling, have won a character for sarcasm? Every body, I find, is talking of it here; yet it was not so at school, nor even before I sailed on my last Pacific cruise. You are said to be a second Roush in bitterness, and yet in all this crowd, there is not one more sensitive, has a warmer heart, or possesses a title of the imagination which you profess to despise?"

Horace Vernon turned to his friend with a quiet smile, and answered:

"Men laugh at the imagination as well as at the heart, because knives dislike whatever is good. It would not benefit me, it would rather injure me if I told my real character. While I scorn them, they fear me; and become my slaves. Yet, believe me," he added, sinking his voice to a still lower whisper than he had been using, "I often pine for some one to whom I might lay bare my heart—his wearing a mask forever makes us despise ourselves. But heavens! who is that?"

The start which accompanied this exclamation attracted his companion's eye to a lady who was just entering the room; and around whom, as around an acknowledged queen, instantly flocked a crowd. The young man had caught only a glimpse of her face and person before she was shut in from their sight by the throng of her admirers. But that glance assured them that she was surpassingly lovely. And yet it was not the loveliness of regular features. It was rather that higher and ideal beauty which is of the soul, and which appeals to the finest parts of our nature, and ap-

peals most forcibly to beings of a similar exalted character. With the air of one born to command, and to whom all attention belonged of right, she walked down the room, smiling and bowing with a stately grace that reminded you of a goddess passing by in triumph.

"Don't you know her?" said the officer, "but I forgot; you are from the north, and she from Carolina, though it's strange you never met her at the springs. She's a splendid creature—in intellectual and graceful as she is beautiful; and, though now as stately as an angel, she is at times as willful as an angel. Oh! you must know her; she's the very one for you to talk to—that is if you can bring any feeling into her heart, for she passes by the name of the cold Gabrielle. And by the bye she is in distress—have you never heard of Miss Delacroix?"

"Oh, yes—but surely this is not Miss Delacroix. If so I must know her—but you needn't smile—I would ship an ideal divinity."

"So you do. But take care the goddess of the imagination is not deluged by the goddess of the senses. And now for the trial. Come with me, for I know the lady, and I'm no doubt, she'll consent to a presentation."

Vernon was a little piqued by the demeanor of the lady. Instead of smiling with marked sweetness or being embarrassed—as was usually the case with ladies who were introduced to him—she gave him a cold and distant, though still civil reception, just as she would have done to any one of the herd of ordinary men around. In the conversation that ensued, her remarks were characterized by an icy indifference.

"Your goddess is, as you say, an icicle," said he to his friend, "I don't wish to judge hastily, but she looks and talks like a coquette."

His friend smiled.

"Ah!" he said, "she has heard of you—the sarcastic Vernon, and tears you. Try again."

Vernon followed this advice, and found that he had indeed done injustice to Miss Delacroix. She was a coquette, it is true, but not a heartless one; for she only amused herself with the follies of fops and those she despised. Her mind was of a high order. Gradually she acquired an influence over Vernon, which he dared not admit to himself. He was first awake to his feelings by the declining interest he took in the letters of his unknown correspondent. He no longer opened them with nervous haste; often they lay on his table for days without being read. And he was ever at the side of Gabrielle, breathing with her willfulness, and waiting her slightest command.

It was a difficult task for him, even when he came to analyze his feelings, to tell why he loved her. Her charm in conversation; her acknowledged grace of manner; the applause which she won from all; her beauty; her wit, her originality; none of these alone, and scarcely all of them combined, seemed to him sufficient causes for his passion. And then, that she could gain this influence over him, despite his unknown correspondent, puzzled him. Often did Vernon wonder at his growing interest in Gabrielle; often he argued with himself that she bore no resemblance to his ideal; often he conceived a momentary dislike to her on account of her willfulness; but as often would he rise from these examinations into his breast, with the feeling that he loved the Carolinian with a passion, such as he had never felt either for an ideal being or for his unknown correspondent. Love is of the heart, not of the intellect. The struggle continued long, but the triumph was complete. The real overcame the ideal.

CHAPTER III.

Vernon was now continually with Gabrielle. His was a nature that when it loved, loved deeply; and his mistress occupied every thought that was not devoted to ambition. The sympathy he had long desired he now fancied he had found, and he worshipped Gabrielle with an intensity of which few would have thought him capable.

And did she love him? This was a question which might have puzzled one less interested than Vernon. That she admired him there could be no doubt, as well as that he exercised great influence over her. Since her acquaintance with him she was no longer a coquette, and her reformation was evidently in defer-

ence to Vernon's opinion. But all this was compatible with a mere friendship for him. And besides there were many things in her demeanor toward him which might have led close observers to doubt that she felt for him those tender emotions which constitute the passion of love. There was no blush at his approach, no tremor when he addressed her, no anxious watching of his every action; but, when they met she showed her delight frankly, and conversed with interest but without embarrassment. Often, though by nature sanguine, uneasy doubts would cross the mind of Vernon, and daily these doubts tortured him more, until finally, to close his suspicions, he seized an opportunity, one evening, when he was alone with Gabrielle, to offer her his hand.

For once the mistress was embarrassed. Surprise was visible in every feature of her countenance.

"This astonishes me," she said, with some hesitation—I never dreamed—believe me, it pains me. I have the highest esteem for you as a friend—I never fancied that you looked on me in any other light; and she stopped, unable to proceed, and with pain depicted on every feature of her countenance.

Vernon was silent, for his agony was too great for words. His cherished dream was over; the love he had at length ventured to indulge was in vain. Gabrielle approached him and laid her hand on his arm. Tears were in her eyes; it was the first time Vernon had ever seen them there.

"Forgive me," she said in deep emotion, "for the suffering I have caused. I should have seen your feelings, and am to blame for having encouraged you thus far. But I felt the charm of your society and indulged in it. If we had met under more favorable circumstances your suit would not have been in vain; but I love another."

A fearful change came over the face of Vernon, and he staggered against the wall. But mastering his emotions by one of those efforts of which proud men only are capable, he said:

"God bless you, dear Gabrielle; for I must now bid you an eternal farewell. To meet again would be criminal to myself. God bless you, again, and again!" He took her hand, kissed it fervently, and rushed from the room. There were ears on that fair palm when Gabrielle looked down.

Vernon kept his word, and studiously avoided the presence of his mistress, but it was only in connexion with a change of scene, and after many a violent struggle with himself that he succeeded in conquering his passion, and even then it left behind it a sadness which tinged every act of his life. He still wrote; but a deep melancholy pervaded his effusions. The storm had left his heart still standing, but strepped of all of every leaf.

Once more Vernon turned from the real world, and sought in the ideal for relief. His old correspondent now resorted to him and he wondered why he had not heard from her lately. He sought her old letters, and gradually his former feelings for her revived. Softened by her tone he sat down and poured forth his feelings in a poem addressed to her, which he published. In less than a fortnight it brought an answer from her who had been silent so long.

"You seem to distress," said the epistle, "as if some great grief suffering had almost prostrated you. You pine for sympathy, and exclude yourself from it. Is this right? There are many who would be proud to share your sorrows. I know not who you are, nor the extent nor nature of your disappointment, but I myself have suffered, and perhaps am even now suffering. Take cheer, therefore; and endure."

There was much else in the letter to the same tone, and it had a salutary effect on Vernon. He felt ashamed of the weakness he had shown, and did more, in the ensuing month, to remove his passion for Gabrielle, than he had done in the preceding six months.

CHAPTER IV.

And now Vernon was more than ever anxious to discover his unknown correspondent. The long contemplated journey to Boston was undertaken, where he sought long and vainly for this stranger who had so won his fancy. She eluded his in-