

The Columbia Democrat.

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

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Volume VIII.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, MARCH 1845.

1845.

Number 46.]

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT.

OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

POETRY



The following, we think, will be read with interest, coming home as it does, to the business and bosoms of many:

The Poor Man's Song.

"REMEMBER THE POOR."

Remember the poor, did you say?
Indeed I can hardly forget;
I've only to feel in my purse,
And think of my 'pockets to let.'
I have only to look at my coat,
(How much an old coat can endure!)
To make me in anguish exclaim,
Indeed I remember the poor.

Remember the poor! why, of course—
It comes home to my bosom so pat,
Whenever I uncover my head,
And look at my 'shocking bad hat.'
The rich only come in my dreams,
Like shadows of clouds o'er a moor.
But when I am looking at trousers,
I know I remember the poor.

Oh yes, I remember the poor,
When I go to my comfortless meals:
When a glance at my best pantaloons
A want of a whole linen reveals,
And I live in an odourful street,
Where the breeze comes never a wooer,
And when I crawl into my crib,
'Tis then I remember the poor.

The luxuries linked to my fate
Are those which accompany wo—
Pale poverty treads in my steps,
And follows wherever I go.
I'm acquainted with sorrow and grief,
And many a pang I endure,
And so sure as I think of myself,
I know I remember the poor.

When with agues I shiver and shake,
In the blasts of the winter air—
When hunger is gnawing and keen,
And at haunches I greedily stare:
When the steam from the cook shops calls,
And the fumes from the baker allure,
'Tis then from my innermost soul
I really remember the poor.

Now and then, at odd times, it is true,
The wealthy come into my mind;
But the poor I always have with me,
'Tis their woes I cannot be blind.
The sorrows that sharply pursue,
Are beyond any medical cure,
And when I shall drop in the grave,
I'll be buried as one of the poor.

LIFE AND LOVE.

Let us enjoy—for life is but vapor,
Radiant with sunshine in our happy hours,
Let us enjoy—for love is but a taper,
Expiring soonest, when the darkness
lowers;
Since life is short—let us enjoy to day,
Since love is shorter—love we while we may.

While thus we live each fleeting hour
employing,
Reason and pleasure may in concert
blend,
While thus we love, each other's love
enjoying,
Let each lost lover still remain a friend:
Then life, so short, will seem to longer
stay,
And love, though shorter, will life's toils
repay.

EPIGRAM ON RECEIVING A GLOVE FROM A LADY.

I'll keep the gift where'er I rove,
For 'twas my pride my joy to win it,
But when you next give me a glove,
O lady! let your hand be in it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

Fiercely the ivory coursers springs around—
Check the deep vales—and check! the hills re-
sound;

The ebon monarch sees his certain fate,
And yields his throne to ruin and checkmate.

A double conquest, Delia, hast thou won,
Inspired by Mars and Venus' powerful son:
Lo, on the board and fallen victricialies,
And in my heart a sarer conquest lies.

Phyllis' Game of Chess.

What! not dressed yet Florence? exclaimed
Julia De Gehr, as she entered her sister's
boudoir, on the evening of Madame Elton's
conversations, that reunion of all the talent
and esprit in Boston—not yet dressed, and
it wants but a quarter of ten—Florence, are
you dreaming over that old musty tome?

'Something of that kind, I confess,' said
Florence, as with a doite smile she laid
aside the volumes—a quarter of ten o'clock
in sooth, it would be more reasonable to
prepare for dreaming in good earnest, than
go abroad at this hour; but possess yourself
with patience, Julia, for ten minutes, and
my toilet will be made.'

'Is it possible you had forgotten that to-
night was the conversazione?'
'I own the soft impeachment,' replied
Florence, laughing.

'Good heavens! how singular! why, I
have thought of little else for a week; all
the literati will be there—we shall see the
author of Lord Iron's daughter and num-
bers of the distinguished foreigners; she
whom they call the English Guccioli, is, I
know, invited, and Francis Cleland, too!—
oh, Florence,' (quoth the lequacious young
lady, interrupting herself, I it is not credible
that you are going to the conversazione;
that figure?)

'Why not?' said her sister, who had
turned aside while Julia was enumerating
the guests.

'What's the matter with my figure?'
'The matter! amiable simplicity; how
charming is your nature, the matter! jus-
tly please look at me!'

So saying, Julia drew up her state-
ly form opposite the cheval glass, and
Florence followed her example. The eld-
est sister was attired in black satin, whose
laven gloss made the pure whiteness of her
skin the more striking—a deep French
blonde shadowed, yet not concealed the
rounded shoulder, and scarcely veiled the
moulded bosom; which beat with anticipat-
ed triumph—her rich Auburn hair, possessing
that peculiar golden tinge, so seldom seen
but on the feathers of the pheasant, was
arrayed with leaves and buds of the rose
geranium, the deep tinge of the flower being
the only colour about the dress; and the one
uncovered had blazed with brilliant—
gags d'amour and l'amitie, perhaps, for
said gentle reader, the peerless Julia was
sad coquet. Florence whose charms of
person were much inferior, had hastily
donned a rose of virgin white, and the pur-
ity of the muslin was not freer from sport
or stain than the guileless heart which beat
beneath the bosom it covered with so maid-
only a modesty. Her dark hair was plain-
ly parted over intellectual brow, and a string
of oriental pearls confined its luxuriance—
at the hour, Florence De Gehr might have
stood for a portrait of innocence, and ne'er
belied the painter's skill. 'My dear sister,'
she said mildly, 'it is not dress makes
the difference between us:—Nature has been
before hand with her, and I fear art would
rather aggravate than repair her deficiencies.
Come, shall we go?'

'Oh! you are too modest Florence—has
this book taught you so much diffidence!
What is it?—The Game of Chess—ha! well!
I shall play a more skilful game than chess
can teach; it will be for Francis Cleland's
heart, for I am resolved to conquer it! Come
Julia's foot was on the carriage step as she
spoke; for she always preferred hearing
herself talk to receiving answers, so she
heard not the low sigh, and marked not the
crimson blush which her last words had
called forth. The sisters were the orphan

children of a German, and committed to
the care of an aunt residing in America,
they had but little fortune, but so great was
the beauty and accomplishments of Julia
so sweet was the manners of her sister,
that their company eagerly sought by the
society in which they mixed. One sur-
prising skill they equally possessed—the
knowledge of chess to so great and scientific
a degree, that neither had as yet met her
equals. A few years ago chess was not so
common an appendage to centre tables as
now, and even now, to meet a player of ex-
traordinary skill, especially in a female, is of
rare occurrence—both sisters could play
game without seeing the board, and either
undertake three antagonists at once, of an
ordinary knowledge in chess. Of course
the young ladies were not without admirers,
but the most desired of both was Francis
Cleland—of Julia because his person, for-
tune and talents were all excellent—of the
gentle Florence, because she had learned to
love him. The sisters were aware of this
tacit rivalry—and both regarded it as a mat-
ter of little consequence, the elder was se-
cure in her own charms, the younger too,
diffident to hope herself worthy of Cleland,
even if the beautiful Julia were not her
rival. On their arrival at the favored tem-
ple of the arts and graces, they met, indeed,
all whose learning or wit could instruct and
enliven conversation—here they heard the
quaint remark and the witty retort, the
lively attack, and the Parthian like defence
which his handiest in flight—here the song
and the verse, the recital and the anecdote
joined to make the sands of the time like
the diamond dust, sparkling as they passed
the magic glass. Cleland was of the
guests, and brighter flushed the eyes of
Julia and glowed her cheek with a mor-
tifying crimson, as he led her to the harp.
A few minutes, and the practised coquet
heightened anticipation by vowing like Lady
Macbeth—

'Her pretty oath, by yea and nay,
She could not, would not, durst not play
And then burst forth the glorious tide
of song, in the exquisite melody of The Rhine
—the Rhine—the blessings on the Rhine!
until the listener's eyes overflowed and their
hearts swelled with unutterable charms of
music—and as Cleland led from the in-
strument the enchantress, she cast a triumph-
ant glance at Florence, on whose pale cheek
the white rose deepened to a more death-
like hue. Brightly flew the hours, the
steps that paced those rooms, that night
seemed to tread alone on flowers—in ever,
saw the gentle passions besmed—in each
heart pleasure, for her the while, and built
herself a tower and temple—in
all and each; save one. There was an
loving heart chill as the grave, one heavy
eye bent on the flower; one aching heart
that the sweet music jugged not—Florence
De Gehr sat lonely and sad, musing o'er
the broken fabric of gentle wishes. 'long
subdued—subdued, but cherished long.'—
'He loves her! yes—he to whom I have
dared to raise this forward, erring heart—
loves my sister? Am I not justly rebuked
for the sin of my presumption? Is she
not more worthy of a being, on whom every
god has set his seal, than I am? In
sooth, they are lovely—she will not, per-
haps, love quite so well as would this hum-
bler heart; but he loves her, and lo! the
mystery and the might of our nature!—
And shall I love her less because she makes
my happiness? Away with the base, the
guilty thought! Oh! Thou to whom the
breathings of a woful heart may be amplified
in the crowded throng; or in the silent cham-
ber, hear, though every fibre rend as I bid
it part for ever!'

Ye who exult in the stern mothers of
Sparta; ye who delight in the blood stained
heroism of ancient lore, and call the sacrific-
ing trophies of an unnatural pride, glori-
ous—look here for the reality! It is such
trophies as our misguided passions, that it
becomes us to lay on the altar of faith—the
sacrifices of God are a broken and contrite
spirit.

Scarcely had Florence nerved herself for
that worst of warfare, a struggle with our
selves, when several of the leading members
of the company present, approached her
eagerly. As she could neither sing, nor
play, nor raconter, to amuse the guests, she
had hitherto been left almost unnoticed by
the fashionable hostess; but now that lady
ed the approaching van and with persua-
sive accents besought her charming young
friend to grant the general wish of all pres-
ent. This was to play a game of chess
with her sister—frequently had they played
in public, but never opposed each other.—
Julia, who always thought herself the super-
ior, consented carelessly to oblige the gen-
eral request, the rather, as the admiring
Cleland was pouring into her ear his admi-
ration of the game, and the conviction of
her skill. Assuredly, Florence would not
have chosen to become thus a public object
of attention; the wound in her heart was
sore, and she would fain have tented it with
solitude and prayer—but to give up her
own pleasure was nothing new to herself
sacrificing spirit, and she submitted quietly,
although not without a remark that Julia
was her superior in the art.

'She is superior in every thing!' exclaimed
Cleland.
'Flatterer, silence!' said Julia, as he dress-
ed the board for her, 'say that I should
not conquer! you would be a false prophe-
t.'
'Not conquer! You!' returned he, pas-
sionately; 'what could you not conquer, if
you condescended to try?'

'You must preserve silence, Mr. Cleland,'
said an old gentleman, who observed care-
fully to and fro in Florence's cheek, the way-
ward blood that would not be controlled—
'it is impossible to play chess if any one
speaks a syllable.'
On account of the great length of the
game, a situation was chosen from Phillis
where both sides had equally lost, and
neither possessed any advantage. But alas!
for poor Florence! notwithstanding her real
desire to play well, her heart was a traitor,
and soon she lost a manifest advantage; at-
tending to the adversary's knight
to check her king and queen, thereby in-
evitably losing the finest piece on the board.
Relentlessly did Julia pursue the chance,
forgetful even of her admirer—may more
momentarily forgetting herself she bent every
energy to the game, claiming each trifling
privilege in tones by no means dulcet, and
replaying a triumphant exultation at win-
ning, incompatible with a generous nature.
Like many another conquering general, she
pursued her victory too far, for not content
with conquest, she suffered her wit to ex-
plore in sarcasm, and trunt at her sister's
displeasure. 'Heavens! Florence, what a
move! Why, there is no triumph in con-
quering you—all the pride of victory is its
doubt and difficulty!' Cleland moved a lit-
tle further off.

'There, again—good night to you, bishop!
Why sister, surely you must be in love—is
she not, now, Mr. Cleland, or she could not
move so!'

This was the unkindest cut of all, and
fairly roused Florence to exertion, her eyes
beamed proudly as she replied:—'Not in
love with conquest, at least, Julia—how-
ever, I will try to do better now.'

Those who play the game are aware that
nothing depends in chance or fortune; all is
cool, calculating skill—therefore Chess is
the hardest game extant, to lose with pa-
tience, since it is a fair confession of inferi-
or intellect. Florence bestowed herself in
sarcasm; Julia, flushed with certainty, had
much relaxed her care, and soon lost sever-
al advantages. What was far worse; she
lost her temper with them. Cleland, who
was himself an excellent player, admired
the wonderful skill which brought up again,
and combined the broken elements of Flo-
rence's game, nor could he forbear to con-
trast the pettish ill humor, of the looser
against what had been the insulting triumph
of the winner. Another instance forced the
moderation of Florence upon his attention.
Julia was about to castle—this was the ve-
ry worst thing she could have done; but her
rapidly increasing temper blinded her judg-
ment. Florence touched the queen, indi-
cating her danger by a gesture so slight that
none but he observed it; and saved Julia
from total ruin. Her sister accepted the
obligation as silently. Slight as such a
sacrifice may seem, at chess it is enormous!

Many a player would sooner
dred guineas than sustain a loss at Chess
with many old friends has a game of chess
utterly forbidden pleasure. Both were now
trying hard but the impatience of Julia was
driving forward a plan for checkmate, with-
out observing that by a covert manoeuvre
her antagonist, she herself stood without a
move but of loss. 'Come—play—play!
you are so long, Florence,' she exclaimed
angrily. All was suspense—those who had
the skill to perceive the situation held their
breath. Cleland's eyes were riveted on
Julia to observe how she could bear the loss.
Florence saw the hair breadth's chance—
she looked up once to the flushed face of
Julia, and saw Cleland's eyes fastened
there—she thought 'Why should I pain
them both—who cares if I win or lose?'—
then with a sudden motion of her arm, she
swept the remaining men, exclaiming 'I
will not want for the knell of checkmate—
I have lost—lost—lost!' Proudly and ex-
ultingly Julia arose, telling her sister that
she was a vain thing not to allow her the
price of her hardly won conquest. Cleland
blushed from her face, on which erst-
while every angry passion had set their
real, and were now succeeded by the no-
less despicable ones of patry pride and
mean jealousy, to that of Florence; as she
sat arranging the men in their box, alone
and unnoticed. On her placid brow sat
modest beauty, around her lips a smile of
benevolence lingered like the sunlight on a
pleasant scene, and if something of sadness
was there, it would not long for animation,
when she raised her eyes and beheld him
looking intensely and approvingly upon
her. Cleland watched the varying blush,
not the proud glow of vanity, but the timid
modest suffusion of a gentle spirit; and
he marvelled much how he could have
thought Julia handsomer than Florence.

Three months after that conversazione,
Florence De Gehr was Cleland's wife, and
her happy husband, rich in the possession
of a virtuous and loving heart, often blessed
Heaven that she, that night, lost the game
of chess play.

LOVE OF CHILDHOOD.

Strange is that people (unless in the
way of ostentation) never value the bless-
ings they possess. But if life has a happi-
ness over which the primeval curse has
passed and baned not, it is the early and
long enduring affection of blood and habit.
The passion which concentrates its strength
and beauty upon one, is a rich and terrible
stake, the end whereof is death; the living
light of existence is burnt out in an hour—
and what remains? The dust and the dark-
ness. But the love which is born in
childhood—an instinct deepening into a
principle—retains to the end something of
the freshness belonging to the hour of its
birth. The amusement partaken—the tri-
umphant quarrel made up—the sorrow shared
together—the punishment in which all were
involved; the plans for the future, so fairy-
tale like and so false, which all indulged;
so true it is that love's slightest links are its
strongest!

MENTAL COMMAND.

How little do even our most intimate
friends know of us! There is an excite-
ment about intense misery which is its sup-
port; light sufferings spring to the lips in
words, and to the eyes in tears, but there is
a deep pride in deep passion which guards
its feelings from even the shadow of a sur-
mise. 'Tis strange the strength which
mingles with our meekness, that even in
the suffering which sends the fear to the
eye, not to be shed, but there to lie in all
its burning saltness—which swells in the
throat but to be forced down again, like
noxious medicine, even in this deep and
deadly suffering, vanity finds a trophy of
power over which it exults—It is somewhat
that speaks of mental command, to think
how little the careless and the curious deem
of the agony which, like a conqueror, is
reigning in misery and desolation within.

Men have enough to do to manage their
own affairs.

THE MOTHER & HER FAMILY.

Philosophy is rarely found. The
old woman I ever met, was
poorest and most apparently the
species—so true is the human
ill profess to believe, and none
invariably, viz: that happiness does
depend on outward circumstances. The
wise woman, to whom I have alluded
walks to Boston, a distance of 20 or 30
miles, to sell a bag of brown thread
and stockings and then patiently walks
back again with her little gain. Her
dress though tidy, is a grotesque collec-
tion of shreds and patches, coarse in
the extreme.

'Why don't you come down in a
wagon?' said I, when I observed she
was wearied with her long journey.
'We haven't got any horse,' she re-
plied; 'the neighbors are very kind to
me, but they can't spare their's, and it
would cost me as much to hire one as
all my thread would come to.'

'You have a husband—doesn't he do
any thing for you?'
'He is a good man—he does all he
can; but he is a cripple and an invalid.
He feels my yarn, and mends the chil-
dren's shoes.—He's as kind a husband
as a woman need to have.'

'But his being a cripple is a heavy
misfortune to you,' said I.
'Why, ma'am, I don't look upon it
in that light,' replied the thread woman.
'I consider that I've great reason to be
thankful that he never took to any bad
habits.'

'How many children have you?'
'Six sons and five daughters!'
'What a family for a poor woman to
support!'

'It is a family, ma'am; but there ain't
one of 'em I'd be willing to lose. They
are all healthy children as need be—
all willing to work, and all clever to me.
Even the littlest boy, when he gets a cent
now and then for doing an errand, will
do your daughters spin your thread!'
'No ma'am; as soon as they are big-
enough, they go out to service, as I
don't want to keep them always delving
for me; they are always willing to give
me what they can; but it's right and fair
that they should do a little for them-
selves. I do all my spinning after the
olks are abed.'

'Don't you think you should be bet-
ter off if you had no one but yourself to
provide for?'

'Why, ma'am, I don't. If I hadn't
been married I should always had to
work as hard as I could, and now I can't
do more than that. My children are
a great comfort to me, and I look for-
ward to the time when they'll do as
much for me as I have done for them.'
Here was true philosophy. I learned
a lesson from that poor woman
which I shall not soon forget.—Miss
Sedgwick.

Remarkable Watch.—In the Academy
of Sciences at Petersburg, in Russia is a re-
markable watch about the size of an egg.
Within it is represented the Redeemer's
tomb, with the stone at the entrance and
the sentinel and while a spectator is admiring
this curious piece of mechanism the
stone is suddenly removed, the sentinels
drop down; the angels appear, the women
enter the sepulchre and the same chaunt is
heard which is sung in the Greek church
on Easter eve.

There is no more plausible mendicant than
the man who, having no business to em-
ploy his mind upon, or resources within
himself to amuse an idle life, is reduced
to the necessity of taxing his neighbors to
contribute to his amusement. Such a per-
son, says an eminent writer, begs his hap-
piness from door to door, as starving peo-
ple do their bread; and should not be sur-
prised if his visits are received with impa-
tience, as his acquaintances are generally
indebted for the honor of a call, to the fact
of his being tired of himself.

A lady of fashion stepped into a shop not
long since, and asked the keeper if he had
any matrimonial baskets, she being too po-
lite to say erasies.

'Rerts are enormous,' as the loafer said
on looking at his pants.

A handful of common sense is worth a
basketful of learning.

Alexander was below a man when he
delected to be a god.