

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.

Volume VIII.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1844.

Number 26.

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 discount allowed, unless the arrears 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.



From the New Haven Register.

OUR BANNER IN THE BREEZE.

Unfold our banner in the breeze,
To droop or falter never more—
From Main's far bound'ries to the seas
That roll upon the Texan shore,
Our rising home bird on its wing
The crushing arms that freemen wield,
And with broken front unite,
And form along the battle field.

In serried phalanx dense and deep,
Resolved and firm and undismayed,
As Ocean waves resistless sweep,
They match with Truth's bright shield
And blade.

And still they come! The gathering
While rings the thundering cry,
From host to distant host along,
For Polk! for Dallas! Victory!

The Whigs look on with wild amazement,
With pale despair in every eye,
And vainly hope to quench the blaze
That leaps and flashes through the sky.
In vain they hoist their frowzy flag,
And flap their coon skins through the air;

In vain they drink, and shout and brag;
Unfaltering still 'our flag is there!

Soon o'er the field of conflict won,
Above the foe's eternal grave,
In victory's bright and cloudless sun
Our star gem'd gonfalon shall wave;
And Man from every distant clime,
From every shore and every sea,
Shall claim beneath its fold sublime,
The glorious birthright of the tree.

Democracy! what joy shall pour
Its swelling anthem to the wind,
When at the idol's shrine no more
Shall basely bend the mind;
When owls, and cats, and coon skins, all
Shall pass as long forgotten things,
And radiant o'er the land shall fall
The day that truth and freedom brings!

CURIOUS RELICS.

Among the relics of the Historical Society New Haven, Ct., there is a cane manufactured from the root of the tree on which the Salem witches were hung; the old oak chest formerly in possession of the family of Aaron Burr, the arm chair of Roger Williams; General Putnam's old tavern sign, with a portrait of General Wolfe painted thereon; a part of the keel of Capt. Cook's old ship 'Endeavor,' that passed round the world, and finally ended her days at Newport, R. I., the casket and glass found with Capt. Nathan Hale, who was hung by the British, on Long Island, as a spy, during the revolution, in retaliation for the Execution of Andre; and last, but not least, the order book of a British Adjutant, containing the 'orders' of the British army on the day of the memorable battle of Bunker Hill, one sheet of which is stained and stamped for eternal endurance, with a drop—a single drop of human blood!

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

BY REV. JOHN TODD.

You can hardly be aware how deep may be the impression which you make on the mind of your child even in a very few moments of time. For one, I can truly say, I have never met with any loss so great as that of losing the care and instructions of my mother during my childhood, in consequence of her having lost her reason. But I can recollect that when a very little child, I was standing at the open window, at the close of a lovely summer's day. The large, red sun was just sinking away behind the hills; the sky was gold and purple commingled, the winds were sleeping and a soft solemn stillness seemed to hang over the earth. I was watching the sun as he sent his yellow rays through the trees, and felt a kind of awe, though I knew not wherefore. Just then my mother came to me. She was raving with frenzy—for reason had long since left its throne—and her victim of madness! She came up to me, wild with insanity. I pointed to the glorious sun in the west—and in a moment she was calm!—She took my little hands within hers; and said that the great God made the sun, the stars, the world—every thing, that He it was who made her little boy, and gave him an immortal spirit, that vander sun, and the green fields, and the world itself, will one day be burned up; but that the spirit of her child will then be alive—for he must live when heaven and earth are gone; that he must pray to the great God, and love and serve Him for ever!

She let go my hands—madness returned she hurried away. I stood with my eyes filled with tears, and my little bosom heaving with emotions which I could not have described; but I can never forget the impressions which that conversation of my mother would it have been, had the inscrutable providence of God given me a mother who could have repeated these instructions, accompanied by her prayers, through all the days of my childhood! But, even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight!

MODEST YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

A gentleman advertises, in a New York paper, for board in a quiet, genteel family, where there are two or three beautiful and accomplished young ladies, and where his society will be deemed a sufficient compensation for board lodging, washing, and other exigencies.—Here is a rare offer, and tempting as rare. Another gentleman, twenty-five years of age, wishes to be adopted by an aged lady or gentleman, or both of fortune. He says that he has the disposition and ability to make himself agreeable, and, as the Bowery classics read, can't do anything else!

Colton, the author of Lacon says 'Some females will forgive a liberty, but not a slight. You may steal her picture without offence, though it were set in gold, but if you steal the frame, and leave the portrait, you are a doomed man.'

In connexion with the above comes the following: 'What can I give you to remember me by?' said a disconsolate girl down east to her intended, as he mounted his cart on a peddling expedition with tin notions? 'You haint got five dollars about you, have you?' said Nehemiah. The young lady 'hollered right out loud,' and the match was broken off.

'Did you present your account to the defendant?' inquired a lawyer of his client. 'I did your honor.' 'And what did he say?' 'He told me to go to the d—l.' 'And what did you do then?' 'Why, then I came to you.'

Absence of Mind.—A young lady in B— came home from a ride the other evening, and left her horse, at the door of her father's house, walked herself to the stable, and took the horse's place in the stall; She did not discover her mistake till the ostler began to rub her down.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BRIDGET PATHLOW.

A TALE.

To work out an honest purpose in spite of opposition, misfortune, penury, taking no heed of scorn, no heed of ridicule; to say that you who now despise shall yet respect you who scorn shall yet have benefit; to say these things and do them is to present human nature in a form which sooner or later obtains universal sympathy. In this virtue a world of hope lies hidden, even for the meanest for in being honest to ourselves, we create a power of honestly serving others.

In the town of Lincoln there lived some years ago a man of the name of Pathlow, who, having served in the army, had retired at the close of the war upon a small pension. He belonged to what is commonly called a good family, was proud of this relationship, and having dissipated his little patrimony, and made an ill-assorted marriage, had entered the army, not with the desire to serve but as the only means he had of finding to-day's or to-morrow's bread. After many struggles between poverty and pride, and debt and disgrace, he settled in Lincoln, when he was some years past middle life. Here the old course was run. Fine houses were taken, fine appearances made; but these, unlike the three degrees of comparison, did rather begin with the largest and end with the smallest; so that, when our tale commences, the fine house in the finest street had dwindled into a mean habitation, that could only boast its neighborhood to the minister, where shadowed by some antique trees, and within sound of the minister's bell, it was the birth place of Bridget Pathlow.

There were two brothers several years older than Bridget, born before Pathlow and settled in Lincoln, and on whom means; for as he had great promises from great relations, he destined them to be good men. Besides these two, Bridget had an older brother, some years younger than herself, who being born liker during the poverty and ill-fortunes of the parents, was looked upon with no favorable or loving eye.

Whilst the elder brothers were better clad, well taught, inditing pleasant epistles to far off relations, poor Tom and Bridget Pathlow were the household drudges. To do dirty work, to repel needy creditors, to deny with the prompt lie, to steal along the streets, and, with the heart's blood in her face, to bear the unpaid tradesmen's dishonor her father's name; to sit by the fireless hearth, or by the window to watch her father's return, who, urged for money, would perhaps keep from home whole nights, having first told Bridget that he should not return alive; to watch those hours of mental pain, and yet in this very loneliness, in these childish years, to have one never failing belief of being by self help not always very sorrowful or despised; surely made this young child no unworthy dweller under the shadow of the olden minister. Tom was not half so resolute as Bridget, nor so capable of endurance.

The elder brothers left home when Bridget and Tom were not more than eleven and eight years old. No love had been fostered between these elder and younger children; yet in the heart of Bridget much love was gathered. Now that they were alone, the children were more together, the household drudgery was shared between them, as well as the cares and sorrows of their miserable home, and the stolen play round the minister's aisles, where many, who despised the parents, said kind words to the children. Designing her for some humble employment, where the weekly gain of two or three shillings would supply the momentary want, Captain Pathlow (as he was called) denied Bridget any better education than such as was afforded by a school, the weekly fees of which were sixpence; but she had a kind friend in an old glass-stainer, who lived hard by, and another in his son, a blind youth, who was allowed to play upon the minister organ. As a return to this poor youth for some few lessons in organ playing, Bridget would carry home each evening the key of a little poster door; which a kind probend had lent

him and by which private access was gained to the cloisters. So did Bridget stop till night came within the garret carry back that key, that at last, becoming a sort of privileged person, she was allowed to come through the garden, which, shadowed by the cloister walls, lay pleasant before the probend's quaint study window. The old man, looking up often from his book, and remembering that in Lincoln her father's name was linked to all meanness and disgrace would wonder to see her push back from the overhanging boughs the ripe apples, or the luscious grapes, untouched, untested; or, judging from small things, he took to heart that this poor Bridget had a touch of nobleness about her. From this time he observed her more narrowly. Hurrying across the garden, she always lingered [particularly if the shadows of evening were low] to look at one piece of wood carving, which, projecting from the old cloister wall, looked in the waning light like the drooping ivy it mimicked. One night the old man questioned her, and said he should like to be her friend, to have her taught to serve her.

'I thank you much sir,' said she, 'but if—' she stopped abruptly.

'If what, Bridget?'

'If I could sew, or earn—' she stopped again.

'Well, said the old man smiling, 'I see you are a good girl, Bridget. There are, if I remember what my housekeeper said, six Holland shirts to make, which—'

'I will do them. To-morrow night I will come, for I have a purpose to serve which will make me work with a ready finger.'

She was gone before the old man could answer. The morrow and the morrow's night saw that poor child plying the quick needle, whilst brother Tom guarded the chamber door, lest a gleam of the candle should betray the solitary and hidden task.

Unknown to Bridget, the worthy probend, who had hitherto been contented with his quiet life, and his good relations, he said; who could serve Bridget, without her being a pauper.—For the rest no one had a right to interfere.

Bridget was henceforth forbidden even to quit the house. Bet the six fine Holland shirts were at length completed and carried home. Tom returning the happy bearer of a bright shining piece of gold. This was soon laid out. In what? Bridget knew best, for she still worked on by night.

Returning home late one evening the farmer observed the gleaming light from the lone garret window, and creeping upon the two children unseen, not only paralysed them with fear, but holding in the candle's flame the diligent work of many weeks, the fruition of that child's earliest desire, that fruit of an honest purpose—no dainty piece of needle work was it, but the drawn image, leaf by leaf of the curious carving—burn it to ashes.

'If you can work,' he said fiercely, 'there are milliners in Lincoln who will send you errand girls. Ha! ha! two shillings a week will add to our night's meal!'

The girl was only saved from this destiny by the arrival one Saturday, during dinner time, of a very large letter sealed with black, which, being opened was found to have come from the elder brother, who, stating the death of an uncle, advised that Bridget should be sent immediately upon a speculative visit to the widowed aunt. This was food of right kind to Pathlow; he began his digestion immediately. 'You must say good words for us Bridget—good words! Hint that a suit of clothes, or a five pound note, will be acceptable to me, and a new silk gown to your mother; and in short, anything.'

The girl's few miserable clothes were soon packed within one narrow box, a letter written to the guard of the coach which was to convey her from London into the western provinces, to say that her relation would pay at the end of the journey. Dear Tom parted with a copy on paper of that rare carving, laid secretly on the probend's reading desk, and on the morrow after the letter came Bridget saw the last glimpse of Lincoln minister—lived in London, a gay, apparently rich gentleman, studying, it was said, for a physician, if study he ever did; but as Bridget had been forewarned not to make her appearance at his lodg-

ings during the day, she was forced to where the coach had stayed. With that apology for a trunk—small as it was, it would have held the wardrobes of three Bridgets—mounted on the burly shoulders of a herculean porter, the girl found her brother's home. She had expected to see rich apartments, but none so rich as these, where, surrounded by all the semblance of aristocratic life, her brother lay stretched upon a sofa sipping his wine, and reading the evening paper.

'Well, was his greeting, 'you're come,' and then he went on 'with his paper.'

These words fell chill upon the girl's heart, but she knew she was his sister, and she knelt to kiss him. 'Dear Richard, dear brother, I have so counted on this hour. They all send their love; Tom, and Saul, and—'

'There, that'll do. Go and sit down. These things are low; you must forget them all. But, laugh! how you're dressed! Did any one see you as you came in?'

The answer was satisfactory; so the reading went on.

'You must forget these Lincoln people altogether,' he said after a while, 'you are going to be a lady, and the memory of poverty sits ill upon such. Mind I warn you to have a still tongue. For the rest, make yourself comfortable; say black is black, and white is white. A very good maxim, I assure you, for a dependent.'

'Can happiness come from such belief, or future good?' asked Bridget.

'Can—'

'There, that'll do; I never discuss points with children. Talk the matter over with the next maid servant, or reserve it for private meditation when you are upon the top of the coach.'

Bridget had little to say after this, and late hour of the same night found her journeying to the western province, where her widowed relation dwelt.

Leaving London, she found herself in a country town, in a gay street, standing upon a scrupulously clean step, knocking upon a very bright knocker, not only for her own admittance, but for that of the scantily freighted box. A demure looking servant appeared, who, taking into her mistress the introductory letter which the elder Pathlow had indited, being as he had said, the fishing hook whereby to catch the fish, left the Lincoln girl to a full hour's doubt as to whether she would have to retrace her way to Lincoln, or be received as the poor dependent. It seemed that her unexpected arrival had created much discussion; for loud voices were heard in the neighboring parlor. The dispute, rising into a storm, was only stayed by Bridget's being hurried into the presence of the bereaved widow, who, being of a substantial form, sat in a capacious chair, with a plentiful supply of lawn before her weeping face. She was surrounded by several relatives, each of whom had children to recommend; but wishing to exhibit her power, and triumph over their greedy expectations she rose, and throwing herself upon the astonished girl's neck, made visible election of a dependent. Foiled in their purposes the relations disappeared. The widow, like a child pleased with a toy, made for a while much of the poor Lincoln girl; old dresses were remodelled, old bonnets cunningly trimmed, bygone fashions deconstructed, till, to crown the whole, the girl washed back the Lincoln rags, rather than walk the streets, to be gazed at by every passer-by. In this matter there was no appeal; there never is against dogged self opinion or selfish cunning. Pleased with having one on whom to wreck a world of spite, the widow soon changed her first show of kindness to taunts, reproaches proportionate to the loneliness and dependence of the child. Months went by without one solitary gleam of happiness, for books or learning were forbidden; added to all this, too, were perpetual secret letters from her home, urging her to send money, but there was no meanness in Bridget, she could endure, but not crave unworthily. Things had gone on thus for a twelve month, when one winter day the widow came back after a week's absence a gay bride, and that same night Bridget was sent back on her way to Lincoln, with five shillings in her pocket over and above [the coach hire.

Bridget had a fellow passenger, who, having travelled far and being young, and troubled with a child, was much pleased with the thousand little kindnesses that the girl performed, so that before the journey to London was ended a vast friendship was established between them. They parted with much regret; for, to one like Bridget, so lonely, so destitute of friends, the mere semblance of kindness was a treasure in itself. She had sat some time in the office waiting for the Lincoln coach—not without comfort, for the bookkeeper had stirred up the office fire, and, peering her scanty puce, had supplied her with a glass of warm ale and a toast—when a pale but respectable looking man entered, saying that he was the husband of Bridget's fellow passenger, and came to offer her the comfort of his home for a day or so, as a return for her kindness to his wife and child. After some little deliberation Bridget accepted the offer, for she dreaded to return home without having written to say that she was coming; so an hour afterwards Bridget sat with the baby on her knee by the side of her fellow-passenger, in a comfortable second floor room in a street leading from Long Acre. Never was there such a tea prepared as on this memorable night, never such a hearth, never such a baby, never such a happy young wife, never such a wandering Bridget, for here seemed the visible presence of all riches her heart had ever craved, here, in this working chamber of a Long Acre herald painter. Here, too, without wealth was the power of mind made visible; here, in this chamber of the artisan. A few cheap books nicely arranged, a few prints, rich pannelled excursions, and cunning tracery, that brought to mind old things in Lincoln minister, covered the walls. These things stood out like the broad written words of hope and perseverance.

Bridget had never been so happy.—Her rough, harsh threats, its bore no invitation to return; and when it said that Tom had left Lincoln, Bridget had no desire to do so. The stay of a few days was lengthened into one of months; for when her good friends knew her history—all of it, saving her love of art—they could but pity, when pity ripening into estimation as her character became more known, turned friendship into love.—We draw no romantic character, but one of real truth. Bridget was the busiest and cheerfulness; up early, so that the hearth was clean, the breakfast ready, the baby neatly dressed; and this not done for once, but always, so that Bridget became a necessary part of the household at Long Acre. By and by, when she was found to possess an aptitude for drawing, the artisan set busily to work, and by the evening fire paid back, in teaching, her honest service. An upturned cup, a book, a jug, were drawn; and when these were perfect, things of greater difficulty were sketched. Her progress was slow, yet so perfect, that in a few months' time she was a real help to her minister; and when he fell into bad health, and had to work at home, she assisted to bring bread to that poor household. The artisan grew no better, but lingering week by week in a consumption, was each day less able to perform the work, being of a rare and delicate kind, his master would intrust to no other hand.

One week (the week before he died) a crest of rare device had to be painted on the panels of a rich city merchant's carriage.—No hand could execute it like that of the dying man; but his hand was past work, though the mind could still invent; and Bridget, who, knew that but for this work being done no bread could come, knelt, and by his bed earned what was last eaten by that dying man. The work excelled the master's hope; he wondered more when, with that artisan's last breath, he learned the act of mercy, how done, and by whom.—Bridget reaped good fruit; when she had lost one friend, when his widow and child had left London for the country; the good old master coachmaker took Bridget home into veritable Long Acre itself. He was not rich; but paying Bridget for all her services, she had money wherewith to take seasons in art—to begin the learning of wood engraving, in which she excelled—to lay by four bright gold pounds; as the means of seeing Lincoln once again.—They had never written to her from home, never for years; but still her heart clung to those old memories which had encompassed her childhood.

She was now seventeen. It was a bright May morning when she travelled onward