

# 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 26, 1844.

Number 27.]

## 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 Texan Banner.

Air—"Dan Tucker."

The 'Ace of Trumps' will have to wait  
Before he gets the vote of the Empire State!  
And not withstanding the aid of 'Dan'  
He'll get 'rowed up' in MICHIGAN.

Huzza! 'll raise the 'Texan Banner  
From pine clad Maine to Alabama!

This whole con force will shortly know  
That they're 'gone coons' in O. H. I. O.  
And they'll never be able to stand the fire  
Of 'Old Virginny neber tite'!

Huzza, &c.

And now, 'Old Harry' take a care,  
Or you'll not get even little DELAWARE!  
And I do not think you can safely count  
Upon the vote of 'Old VERMONT'!

Huzza, &c.

Old ILLINOIS is true as steel;  
And Missouri made 'the old coon' squeal!  
Whilst Alabama has indeed  
Safely got the 'varmint' tread!

Huzza, &c.

The NEW HAMPSHIRE boys without a doubt,  
Will show the fires of whiggery out,  
Whilst gallant, democratic MAINE,  
As she's done before, will do again!

Huzza, &c.

The same 'old coon' is taken ill,  
He took a large dose of the 'Texan Pill'  
Says he, 'This medicine will kill me soon,  
I feel it in my bones that I am a gone coon'

Huzza, &c.

'Old Harry's' star a lengthen'd pliz,  
Ever since she star of Texas 'riz'  
Says he, 'My star's in d—d bad luck,  
I shall lose the vote of 'OLD KENTUCKY'

Huzza, &c.

In spite of the Devil, or the man in the  
moon,  
Will set a trap that will catch this coon,  
And when he's in, he'll squeal and swear,  
And call for help on the 'Buckeye Bear.'

Huzza, &c.

And when he's skinn'd we'll examine his  
hide  
To see if his principles are 'wool dyed';  
Or if he's play'd double to the North and  
South,  
And blows hot and cold from the self same  
mouth,

Huzza! we'll raise the 'Texan Banner  
From pine-clad Maine to Alabama!

'Coffee, which do you think de mose use-  
ful of de planets—de sun or moon?' 'Well,  
Sambo, I tink de moon orter to take de  
fus rank in dat ar' tickler.' 'Wha, wha, why  
you tink so, Coffee?' 'Well, tell you—  
kaze she shines by night, when we do  
want light, and de sun shines by day when  
we do not!' 'Well, Cuff, you is de  
greatest nigger I knoso on—dat's a real  
fac.'

## THE PALM.

So important is the Date Palm to the  
Arabs that they fancifully invested it with  
dignity approaching to that of man, and  
of language. The fable that the young  
trees woo each other with the tenderness  
of human love, and that truly virtuous adepts  
in the knowledge of the secrets of nature  
may, with time and study, attain to the  
knowledge of this language and understand  
the morals and the wisdom of these vegeta-  
ble sages. The last of such favored adepts  
was the learned Doctor Abraham Gaon  
who died about the year 1540. The Ma-  
homedan traditions have handed many  
marvels concerning the Palm; among the  
rest is one which must have been borrow-  
ed from one of the apocryphal gospel of the  
Infancy of Christ. The story is as follows:  
—When the Virgin Mary was on her way  
to Jerusalem to be registered, she faint-  
ed and grew sick at the foot of a Palm, as aged  
that the crown was dead, and there remain-  
ed nothing but the bare trunk. She had no  
sooner sat down at its root, however, than a  
clear sprink of water swelled out from be-  
neath the withered Palm, the branches shot  
fresh and vigorous from the blacked stem,  
the fruit budded, formed, and ripened; the  
whole graceful plane bowed down before  
her and celestial voices were heard, saying  
'Drink, eat, and refresh thine eyes' Thus  
was the virgin mother comforted, and there-  
did she bear her divine son! Whoever was  
the author of this fable must have been well  
acquainted with the Greek story of the flight  
of LITONA to Delos, where she gave birth  
to Apollo and Diana under a palm, whence  
the tree was consecrated to Diana. It is said  
that Theseus first carried the Palm to At-  
thens from Delos, when he returned, in tri-  
umph from his victory over the Minotaur.  
—The mainland of Greece was never favor-  
able to the Palm, though several of the  
Greek islands were adorned with it. Even  
in the south of Italy they have always been  
rare, though they are not scarce in some  
parts of Sicily. Near Genoa, there is a  
narrow warm, sandy valley, full of Palms,  
but they are diminutive in growth and un-  
fruitful, being cultivated only for the sake  
of the leaves which are annually sent to the  
Pope's chapel at Rome, when they are  
blessed, and distributed by the cardinals  
and other dignitaries, in sign of the triumph  
of the church.—Callcott's Herbal Scrip-  
ture.

## REMEDY FOR LYING.

A good story is told in an English abou-  
a trick practiced upon a Chinese silversmith  
by the captain of a ship. Tom Workwell  
was the name of a silversmith, and the cap-  
tain suspecting his friend Tom, in making  
some spoons to his order, had played him a  
trick common in China, of adding no small  
portion of tutanag to the usual portion of  
silver, taxed him with the cheat, which he  
denied, with the strongest asseverations of  
his innocence. The captain then told him  
he had bro't with him a famous water, called  
lie water, which being placed on the tongue  
of a person suspected of telling an un-  
truth, if the case were so, it burned a hole;  
if otherwise the party escaped with honor  
and unhurt.—Tom thinking it a trick, readily  
consented, upon which, with much form,  
a single drop of aquafortis was put on his  
tongue; he instantly jumped about the room  
in violent pain, crying out, 'Very true, half  
tutanag,' in hopes that the confessing the  
fact might stop the progress of the lie water  
which, from the pain he felt, he had some  
reason to think possessed the qualities as-  
cribed to it. Several Europeans who were  
present, and had bought different pieces of  
plate from him, put similar questions to him  
and he confessed it had been his constant  
and uniform practice to add a large quantity  
of tutanag to every article made at his  
shop, for which during his continuance of  
pain, he promised ample reparation.

A young Irishman who had married  
when he was about nineteen years of age,  
complaining of the difficulties to which his  
early marriage had subjected him, said he  
would never marry so young again if he  
lived to be as old as Methusalem!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### BRIDGET PATHLOW.

A TALE.

(Concluded.)

The good old prebend was absent  
from Lincoln; so it was only from post  
blind Saul she could to row a scanty  
sum, which sum was the more needful,  
as she had to travel out of the high road  
to a little town where her dear brother  
Tom now lived. He had run away from  
home soon after Bridget had left, and  
after many ups and downs in those few  
years was now become half clerk half  
servant in the house of a country attor-  
ney. His nature was more pensive than  
that of Bridget's, more yielding, less en-  
ergetic; having been from childhood  
weak in body, he had scarcely bettered  
his condition in changing one scene of  
frugality for another. In the little par-  
lour of the country inn his long sad tale  
of passive suffering was told to the sister's  
ear. If she wept, it was but for a  
moment; then talking cheerfully of what  
the future should be—how they would  
work together, how they would be dear  
friends, how they in London would  
have one common home, and asking  
nothing from the world, still pay to it  
one never-failing debt of cheerfulness  
and sympathy; how they would do all  
this they said so many times, that the  
supper grew cold, and poor feeble Tom  
laughed outright. They parted that  
summer's night; there was comfort when  
Bridget promised that a letter should  
come soon. She did not even hint the  
joy that should be in it.

One more in London she began that  
very week to build a home for Tom.—  
By a little help from her Long Acre  
friends she procured some few pupils,  
whose parents being ambitious to adorn  
their parlour walls at the cheapest rate,  
had their children initiated into the mys-  
teries of art at sixpence the lesson.—  
Sixteen lessons a week made eight-  
shillings—little enough to exist upon;  
but it yet hired a room and brought  
bread, and something like the conscious-  
ness of independence. At night, too,  
here were hours to work in—and then  
the practice of wood engraving went  
on.

In returning home once a week from  
a distant part of London, Bridget had to  
pass in an obscure street an old book-  
stall. She sometimes stopped to look  
upon it; she always did so when she had  
even upon it an old thumbed copy of  
Berwick's British Birds. In those rar-  
eity-peers, that never were surprised,  
one who knew all the difficulties of the  
art found infinite delight. She was ob-  
served one evening by a gentleman who  
had come up to the bookstall some min-  
utes after Bridget; like her, too, he was  
curious in art, and wondered what this  
young poor clad female could find in-  
terest in one or two small pictured  
pages, not hastily turned over, but dwelt  
upon long minute after minute. He  
followed, but her light step soon left her  
far behind; he came again—there she  
was, on the same day week, with that  
same old thumbed Berwick. Weeks  
went by in this manner, till the stall  
keeper, remembering her often-seen  
face, bid her buy or else not touch the  
books again; and Bridget, creeping a-  
way like one guilty of a misdeed, say-  
ing not that the curious gentleman had bid  
her buy, and now followed her with  
speedy foot. This time he might have  
found her home, but that, in a street  
leading into Holborn, some papers fell  
from the little roll of drawings she car-  
ried; she stooped to pick them up—in the  
moment of glancing at them she was  
lost to sight.

Now that night labor had made her  
somewhat proficient in the art, she tried  
to get employment; but for weeks with-  
out success. Specimens sent in to en-  
gravers were returned, letters to pub-  
lishers unheeded; letters or specimens  
from Long Acre were of a surety inad-  
missible. The master who had taught  
her was dead. At last there was point-  
ed out to her an advertisement in one  
of the daily papers, that engravers upon  
wood were wanted for the designs of a  
cheap publication. There was reference  
to a person of whom Bridget had heard  
so, sending first for permission, she was  
introduced to the advertiser. A copy  
for illustration was chosen, and a pencil  
placed in her hand. When the pencil

came out visibly from the paper, the ad-  
vertiser, shaking his head said he would  
consider. This consideration took some  
weeks, meanwhile a sleepless pillow  
was that of poor Bridget. At last the  
answer came; he would employ her, but  
at a very moderate remuneration. Yet  
here was hope; clear as the noonday's  
sun; here was the first bright headed  
drop in the cup of self-helper, here was  
hope for Tom; here matter for the prom-  
ised letter. The work done, the remu-  
neration coming in, the fruition came;  
new yet humble rooms were hired, second  
hand furniture bought piece by  
piece; and it was a proud night when  
alone in her still chamber, the poor Lin-  
coln girl thanked Heaven for its holy  
mercy.

The proverb tells us that good fortune  
is never single handed. On the morrow  
—it was a wet and rainy day—Bridget,  
in passing into Spring Gardens, observ-  
ed that the stall of a poor lame apple  
woman had been partly overtaken by  
some rude urchins. She stopped to  
help the woman, and whilst so doing,  
a very fat old gentleman came up, and  
looking, very quietly remarked in a  
soft audible whisper to himself, 'Gould  
be very curious! this same very little act of  
mercy first introduced me to my excel-  
lent Tom; ay! ay! Tom's gone; there-  
fore, such another from an Eistic-pipe  
Chelsea.'

The name of Tom was music to Bridget's  
ears. The old gentleman had moved  
away; but following quickly, Bridget  
addressed him.

'I have a brother; sir, whose name  
is—'

'Tom,' interrupted the old gentleman,  
'and I'll say something to you. Here is my address.  
He thrust a card into Bridget's hand, and  
went on. Here was a romantic omen of  
good for Tom.'

Two days after, the country wagon de-  
posited Tom in the great city. An hour  
after he sat at Bridget's hearth.

'This night repays me for all past sor-  
row,' said the sister, as she sat hand in  
hand by her brother's side. 'Years ago  
in those lonely winter nights, something  
like a dream of this same happy hour  
would come before me. Indeed it did  
bear Tom.'

Each thing within those same two  
narrow rooms had a history; the cuckoo  
clock itself would have furnished matter  
for a tale, the six chairs and the one ta-  
ble were prodigies.

On the morrow Tom, guided by the  
address, found out the office of the fat  
old gentleman, who, being a bachelor  
and an attorney, held pleasant chambers  
in Clement's Inn. Whether induced by  
Tom's appearance or his name, we  
know not, but the old gentleman, after  
certain inquiries at the coachmaker's in  
Long Acre, took Tom for his clerk, at a  
salary of six shillings a week.

We must now allow weeks to pass by  
in the meanwhile Bridget's work in-  
creased, though not the money paid for  
it. Yet out of these same earnings a  
small sum was laid by, for what our Lin-  
coln girl breathed to no living ear. About  
his time better work was heard of, but  
application for it, through the person  
who employed her, failed; how, she  
knew not. If I had a friend, she said,  
I might succeed; and though Richard  
had passed me in the streets unheeded,  
still I will make one last appeal to him.  
She went, not in rags, but decently at-  
tired.

'That you are rich, and above me in  
circumstances, I know, Richard,' she  
humbly said; 'hitherto you have scorned  
to own one so poor; but as I have never  
wronged you or your name, you will  
perhaps say that I am your sister?'

'I made your fortune once,' he bitterly  
answered, 'of your honest purposes  
since then I know nothing. For the  
rest, it is not convenient for a man in  
my condition to have pauper friends—  
you have my answer.'

'Brother,' she said, as she obeyed the  
haughty gesture that signaled her to  
leave the room, 'may you regret the  
words you have so harshly spoken. For  
the rest, believe me I shall yet succeed,  
in spite of all this opposition.'

The peace of Bridget's home was now  
broken by weekly letters from Lincoln  
for loan of money, which applications  
being successful for a few times, only  
to be the letters more urgent and press-  
ing. Some months after Bridget's inter-  
view with Richard, there sat one who

ter's evening in the study of a celebra-  
ted author three gentlemen. The one  
was the author himself, as widely know-  
for his large human loving heart as for  
the books he had written. He had now  
been for some days translating a child's  
story from the German, a sort of spiri-  
tual child's book, like the Story without  
an End.

'Were this book illustrated by one  
who had the same self helping soul as  
his author, the same instinctive feeling,  
said the translator to one of his friends,  
it would indeed be priceless. I have  
sometimes thought none but a woman  
could catch the simple yet deep maternal  
feeling that lies in these same pages; but  
where is—'

'There is a woman capable of this,'  
said one of the friends, turning to the  
author; 'beyond all doubt capable. Look  
here.'

He drew forth from a pocket book the  
very papers which two years before  
Bridget had lost.

'You say true,' answered the transla-  
tor; 'but what is this; it seems like the  
copy of some carved foliage, some—'

'This must be Bridget's,' interrupted  
the other guest, leaning across the table  
with anxious face (for it was no other  
than the mister prebend); 'I see it is,  
yes, yes, a copy of the antique carving  
from the minister wall. Good things  
have been said in Lincoln of this Bridget,  
but the father would never tell where  
she was.'

The enthusiastic old gentleman now  
entered into a long detail of Bridget's  
youth, which, coupled with the old gen-  
tleman's story, left no doubt that the  
paper into the thumbed copy of Ber-  
wick and the Lincoln girl were one and  
the same.

Next day anxious inquiries were set  
on foot respecting Bridget, but without  
effect. Then weeks went by, and in the  
meanwhile the German book could  
find no illustrator. But at last the  
woodcut in the cheap periodical for  
which Bridget engraved were remarked  
upon. The man who had the name of  
being both the artist and engraver was  
applied to, and he agreed to furnish the  
desired illustrations. A few were sent  
in surpassing the authors' hopes; but a  
gray leaf, a graceful touch, brought to  
memory the hand of Bridget. Yet she  
could not be heard of, though the old  
Lincoln gentleman was indefatigable in  
his inquiries.

At length one night the prebend and  
his friend were returning along the  
Strand in a westerly direction, when by  
St. Clement's Daines they observed a  
very fat old gentleman creeping slowly  
along the pavement, whilst a diminutive  
young kept watch and guard, now right  
now left, as either side seemed likely to  
be jostled by some rude passer-by.

'You shall go no further,' at length  
said the old gentleman, stopping short;  
'not an inch farther! Go! give my love  
to your sister, you dog, and say that I  
have to thank her for introducing to me  
a second incomparable Tom.'

But the boy was so far incomparable,  
that, being wilful and obstinate, he  
would see the old gentleman safe with-  
in New Inn, which was near at hand;  
and the friends, waiting outside, stayed  
till the boy returned, for his voice had  
brought to the prebend's ear of Bridget.  
They followed him into Long Acre, up  
two pair of stairs, where, lifting the latch  
the prebend beheld the same Bridget  
whom he had known at Lincoln, while  
his companion recognised, in the same  
person, her whom he had followed  
years ago. A good fire burnt upon the  
hearth, Tom's tea ready, his shoes and  
his coat by the fire, for the night was  
wet, and Bridget herself busy at work  
upon the illustration of the German sto-  
ry. Happy was the meeting betwixt  
the old man and her he almost thought  
of child; strange the feelings of the  
gentleman who had bought the thumbed  
Berwick, and hoarded those poor draw-  
ings. We have not room to tell the  
joy of that night.

From this hour Bridget had worthy  
friends. The morrow brought the sis-  
ter of the one who had remembered  
Bridget at the bookstall. He was the  
same rich merchant who so unknowing-  
ly had prized Bridget's first work and  
act of mercy. When he heard from the  
worthy coachmaker that story—when  
he knew from Tom what a sister Bridget  
was—when he beheld her hand and  
her way of working, he was struck with  
admiration and respect. By the  
hand of the old gentleman was the

in all manner of graceful acts were  
performed, all manner of good fortune  
brought; but nothing could shake Bridget's  
self helping resolve, no promises  
induce her to quit her humble trusting  
Tom; the only help she asked was that  
of work to be done. The excellent  
prebend, returning to Lincoln, spoke  
much of Bridget, which good report of  
fortune coming to her father's ear, he  
presently resolved [as his wife was now  
dead] to make one home service for him-  
self and Bridget. So coming to Lon-  
don, he was soon comfortable; wanting  
money, craving for delicacies, not caring  
how they were to be procured. All  
their once happy home became one of  
misery to Tom and Bridget.

Months went by, often during which  
it was mercy to escape to the home of  
her kind city friends, even for a few  
hours. The house that they occupied  
in summer time—it was now that season  
—was situated a few miles from town,  
and here one evening the rich merchant  
asked Bridget to be his wife.

'You might live in regret marriage  
with one so poor as myself, sir,' was her  
answer; 'you could ask the hand of  
ladies of wealth and beauty.'

'Wealth of money, Bridget, but not  
with thy wealth of soul. Money is an  
advantage which the many have; but  
the art of self help in women is rare,  
and a few are so willing to be self-  
helpers. It is I who will be made rich  
by having you. I know that time  
would prove it. Come, my home must  
be yours.'

Bridget did at last consent, but with a  
reservation which must be yet a secret.  
Whatever was its purpose, it was a re-  
solution not to be shaken, but as time wore  
on, many were the protestations against  
his resolution. At length, after days  
of watch and waiting, the lady Bridget  
asked the old prebend and the merchant  
to meet her at the chambers of Tom's  
nester. They did so. Tom was there  
as well as the fat old gentleman, the son  
looking sly because he knew the secret  
of the other wondering. The old gen-  
tleman signed some papers, which an  
old clerk attested; then Bridget, draw-  
ing forth a purse of gold, laid the fees  
upon the parchment of Tom's indenture  
as attested clerk.

'This was my reservation, this my  
secret. As I have now shown myself  
in humble loving sister of this dear  
Tom, so I am now willing to become  
the wife.'

A week after, Bridget stood as the wife  
of the rich city merchant by the altar of  
Lincoln minister; and dear as the marriage-  
ing was on that day, was the gift of the  
old thumbed copy of Berwick's British  
birds.

Habit of self-help, like all good things,  
is enduring. Bridget as the wife and moth-  
er, is still the same, losing no opportunity  
of self culture, no power of being the best  
teacher to her children.

Tom is at this time a quaint bachelor  
attorney, having succeeded to the snug prac-  
tice of the fat gentleman. That there exists  
between him and Bridget a rare & enduring  
love, we need not make record.

Of the death of the father we need not  
speak. Over the selfishness, the pride of  
the elder brother, we will draw a veil, for  
the memory of god is better than the mem-  
ory of evil. Bridget had triumph enough  
in the fruition of honest labor.

## MESMERIZING A HORSE—SOME THING RICH!

The other day, the crew of the Wapella,  
in St. Louis, were completely nonplussed  
by a fractious horse which they were  
 endeavoring to get on board. Mr. Elliot,  
a magistrate, was requested to operate, and  
we are happy to learn, did so with im-  
mediate effect. Simply looking the animal in  
the face, making a few passes down the  
nose, and with perhaps, a gentle 'Oh my  
miss', the sensitive creature became im-  
mensely docile, and walked aloft without  
even once saying neigh! At least says a  
St. Louis paper.

Morning—How beautiful is the radiance  
of Nature from her dark slumbers in the  
cross of Night! what an image of the dawn-  
ing of eternal life to the unsated spirit  
after the shadows of the grave! How good  
burgeon, how wise is the Almighty Au-  
thor of all, who plants in the cereals, and in  
the oleaginous richer changes of the world,  
an oil of consolation in Nature, the  
witness of all our afflictions and his power,  
his goodness, his love, and blessings, and  
mercy!