

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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TERMS:

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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! will 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' never 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 MAIN, 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!

Huzza, &c.

'Coffee, which do you think de mose useful of de planets—de sun or moon?' 'Well, Samba, I tink de moon orter to take de fus rank in dat ar' tickler.' 'Wha, wha, why you tink so, Cuffee?' '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 Data 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 vegetable sages. The last of such favored adepts was the learned Doctor Abraham Gaun who died about the year 1540. The Mohammedan traditions have handed many marvels concerning the Palm; among the rest is one which must have been borrowed 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 fainted and grew sick at the foot of a Palm, as aged that the crown was dead, and there remained nothing but the bare trunk. She had no sooner sat down at its root, however, than a clear sprink of water swelled out from beneath the withered Palm, the branches shone 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 Athens from Delos, when he returned in triumph from his victory over the Minotaur. The mainland of Greece was never favorable 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 unfruitful, 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 Scripture.

REMEDY FOR LYING.

A good story is told in an English about a trick practised upon a Chinese silversmith by the captain of a ship. Tom Workwell was the name of a silversmith, and the captain 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 tuttenague 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 untruth, 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 tuttenague,' 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 ascribed 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 tuttenague 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 poor blind Saul she could borrow 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 ran 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 attorney. His nature was more passive than that of Bridget's, more yielding, less energetic; having been from childhood weak in body, he had scarcely bettered his condition in changing one scene of hardship for another. In the little parlour 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 one never-fading 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.

Once 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 mysteries 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 consciousness of independence. At night, too, here were hours to work in—and then the practice of wood engraving went unobscured.

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 rare old books, that never were surpassed, one who knew all the difficulties of the art found infinite delight. She was observed one evening by a gentleman who had come up to the book stall some minutes after Bridget; like her, too, he was curious in art, and wondered what this young poor clad female could find of interest in one or two small pictured pages, not hastily turned over, but dwelt upon long minute after minute. He followed her, 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 away like one guilty of a misdeed, saw not that the curious gentleman had but the books, 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 carried; 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 without success. Specimens sent in to engravers were returned, letters to publishers unheeded; letters or specimens from Long Acre were of a surety inadmissible. The master who had taught her was dead. At last there was pointed 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 job for illustration was chosen, and a pencil placed in her hand. When the pencil

came out visibly from the paper, the advertiser, 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 promised letter. The work done, the remuneration coming in, the fruit 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 Lincoln 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, observed that the stall of a poor lame apple woman had been partly overturned by some rudeurchin. She stopped to help the woman, and whilst so doing, a very fat old gentleman came up, and looking, very quietly remarked in a sort of audible whisper to himself, 'Could not very curious! this same very little act of mercy first introduced me to my excellent Tom; ay! ay! Tom's gone; there isn't such another from an Eastepple Chelsee.'

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, 'find me my Tom's equal; 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.'

That same night the letter was indited. Two days after, the country wagon deposited Tom in the great city. An hour after he sat at Bridget's hearth.

'This night repays me for all past sorrow,' 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, dear 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 table 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 increased, though not the money paid for it. Yet out of these same earnings a small sum was laid by, for what our Lincoln 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 attired.

'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 once the letters more urgent and pressing, a third demand, some months after Bridget's interview with Richard, there sat one who

ter's evening in the study of a celebrated author three gentlemen. The one was the author himself, as widely known 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 spiritual child's book, like the Story without an End.

'Were this book illustrated by one who had the same self helping soul as its 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 translator; '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 minister 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 gentleman's story, left no doubt that the paper into the thumbed copy of Berwick and the Lincoln girl were one and the same.

Next day anxious inquiries were set on foot respecting Bridget, but without effect. Three weeks went by, and in the meanwhile the German book could find no fit 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 author's hopes; but a stray 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 youth 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 story.

Happy was the meeting between the old man and her he almost thought his child; strange the feelings of the gentleman who had bought the thumbed Berwick, and hoarded those poor drawings. We have not room to tell the joy of that night.

From this hour Bridget had worthy friends. The morrow brought the sister of the one who had remembered Bridget at the book stall. He was the same rich merchant who so unknowingly had prized Bridget's first work and so of mercy. When he heard from the worthy coachmaker that story—when he knew from Tom what a sister Bridget was—when he could behold and meet and thank and bless her, he was not slow to send her a letter, and blessings and

performances, all manner of good fortune offered; but nothing could shake Bridget's self helping resolve, no promises induce her to quit her humble trading 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 ears, he presently resolved [as his wife was now dead] to make one home serve for himself and Bridget. So coming to London, 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 to 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 claim of self help in women is rare, because 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 resolve not to be shaken, but as time wore on, many were the protestations against his resolution. At length, after days of work and industry in the laboratory, Bridget asked the old prebend and the merchant to meet her at the chambers of Tom's master. They did so. Tom was there as well as the fat old gentleman, the one looking sly because he knew the secret the other wondering. The old gentleman signed some papers, which an ill clerk attested; then Bridget, drawing 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 was on that day, was the gift of the old thumbed copy of Berwick's British Birds.

Habits of self-help, like all good things, are enduring. Bridget as the wife and mother, 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 practice 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 memory 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 Wapello, in St. Louis, were completely nonplussed by a fractious horse which they were endeavoring to get on board. Mr. Elliot, a magneuzer, was requested to operate, and we are happy to learn, did so with immediate effect. Simply looking the animal in the face, making a few passes down his nose, and with perhaps, a gentle 'Oh and ma's', the sensitive creature became perfectly 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 arms of Night! what an image of the dawn of eternal life to the unsated spirit after the shadows of the grave! How good our great, how wise is the Almighty Author of all, who plants in the cereals and in the olive, the sensitive creature of Nature, the emblem of a life of wisdom and his power, to be a blessing to man and blessings to all.