

The Bursted Bubble.

A DINT TO MR. HINES.

The mind of mortals is never strong, Imbued with drowsiness the weariest.—HANNIBAL.

Who but remembers to have seen, heard or read something of that great impostor, Joanna Southcote, she who could barely assert that it was her holiness and divine commission to give birth to the Messiah, the Son of God! and by fearless audacity seduces thousands to become her followers? Speaking of this impostor, brings to mind a story which we remember to have heard from an authentic source.

It was Joanna's doctrine, that all who believed in her should never fall victims to death; but that they should be severally called for and carried to heaven by an angel. One of her proselytes was the wife of a hard laboring, honest man, who lived in the vicinity of Manchester. Continually did this woman harass her unbelieveing husband about her newly imbibed religion. His breakfast was disturbed by the relation of her ridiculous dreams; his dinner he either prepared himself or he did without it for his wife was literally a follower of Joanna Southcote. Each evening was made unquiet by the continual warning that an angel would come that very night and carry off his better half (&c.) consumption devoutly to be wished, no doubt. The poor man, at last wearied beyond all endurance, concluded that it was necessary she should call soon; and accordingly sought means and opportunity to accomplish his desire. Long after they had retired one night, the good woman's midnight sermon was put to an end by a loud rapping at the door.

"There's the angel!" cried the wife.

"Nonsense," answered the husband.

"Oh, but it is, and I must go."

"Lay still, you silly thing, till I see who it is."

The husband put his head out of the window and cried, "Who's there?"

"An angel!" answered a coarse voice.

"The devil!" cried the husband.

"No such regular angle come after your wife!"

"I thought so," cried the wife. "Farewell, John, I must go. Thus saying she jumped out of bed.

"But you won't go, though, will you, Zuky?" anxiously asked the husband.

"Won't I though? Oh Johnny, Johnny, why don't you believe and you'd a gone too! Good bye, Johnny, good bye, the angel's waiting,

cried the husband. Thereupon the wife hurried down stairs, where she found a dark looking man, (an angel no doubt,) waiting with a donkey. She was soon comfortably seated behind her angelic conductor, and the two rode off. Now the good spirit had conveyed his charge to about the distance of three miles from the house, when, suddenly, he stopped short and bade her alight, asserting that he had to go and bring another passenger who was going the same homeward way.

"You won't be long, good Mr. Angel, For its woful cold on this ere snow bank, will you?"

"Oh no! good Mistress Mortality, I shan't be over two or three—get up Dobbin," and the angel rode away.

The poor woman waited a long time and began to imagine that two or three minutes waxed two hours. The old clock of Manchester had tolled one; the wife could just distinguish the sound as it floated on the stillness of the night. She sat musing on heavenly things, and ever and anon gave vent to sigh for her poor sin-suffering husband. The clock struck two! Doubtless began to work in the woman's brain, faintly at first, but gathering thicker and darker as time waxed away, a good deal (as the poet would say) as twilight brings in its train the gloomier hours. Now did she seriously begin to envy the comfortable situation which she supposed her husband to be enjoying. Could it be that she was deceived? The clock struck three! Yes, in her heart she actually denounced Joanna Southcote and all of her doctrines; and trudged her way home, with a settled determination of pouring water on as many angles or devils as should ever after call her from a well warmed bed. She arrived at her house and knocked several times very loud at the door.

"Who's there?" cried the husband, at last, putting his head out of the window.

"Oh! Johnny, do let me in!" answered a voice, "Let who in!"

"Your dear frozen wife."

"Go away, go away, you have got to the wrong house. You mistake me for some other miserable fellow."

"Oh no, Johnny, Johnny, I'm your poor wife, do let me in."

"Get away with your nonsense! I tell ye there's no such bad news. An angel carried off my wife to heaven, four hours ago, thank his kindness."

"Tell you Johnny, is no such thing, he was an impostor. I'll never have anything more to do with any of those creatures again, Joanna nor any of 'em."

"Are you sure of that?" cried the delighted husband.

"Oh yes, indeed, if you'll only let me in I'll promise you anything," said the imploring wife.

The husband took the poor woman at her word and admitted her on conditions that, I believe, she never afterward violated.

The Brave Boy.

Two boys of my acquaintance were one day on their way from school, and as they were passing a cornfield in which there were some plum trees full of ripe fruit, Henry said to Thomas, "Let us jump over and get some plums. Nobody will see us, and we can steal along through the corn and come out on the other side." Thomas said, "I am afraid, I do not like to try it. I would rather not have the plums than steal them, and I guess I will run along home." "You are a coward, and if you don't want any plums, you may go without them, but I shall have some very quick." Just as Henry was climbing the fence, the owner of the field rose up from the other side of the wall, and Henry jumped back and ran off as fast as his legs would carry him. Thomas had no reason to be afraid. So he stood still, and the owner of the field, who had heard the conversation between the boys, told him he was very glad to see that he was not willing to be a thief; and then he asked Thomas to step over and help himself to as many plums as he wished. The boy was pleased with the invitation, and was not slow in filling his pockets with the ripe fruit.

Which of these boys was brave, the one who called the other a coward, but can sway himself, or the one who said he was afraid to steal, and stood his ground?—*Penny Gazette.*

WORK FOR CHILDREN.

There is no greater defect in educating children than neglecting to accustom them to work. It is an evil that attaches most to large towns and cities. Children suffer much from it. The parent never considers not to the child. Nothing is more uncertain than their future independence and comfort—much depends on being accustomed to provide for the thousand recurring wants that nature entails on us.

If this were not so, still it preserves them from bad habits—it secures their health—it strengthens both mind and body—it enables them better to bear the confinement of the school room, and it tends more than any thing else to give them just views of life.

SENTIMENTAL.

To write without feeling is like eating without an appetite.

A man may be compelled to eat to sustain life, so an author may be compelled to write to keep himself from freezing or starving.

May the curse of God follow that man who will take advantage of the misfortunes of his fellow man to depress him still more.

The laudable ambition of any man ought to have encouragement.

Charity is a very noble attribute of human nature, but who would be the slave of charity.

Happy are the dead, for they are not reached by the tongue of slander, the pinches of poverty, the curse of base, nor the pains of disease.

MORNING AND EVENING STARS.

Two celebrated divines at Oxford who belonged to the same college, and whose rooms were opposite each other, obtained respectively the appellation of the morning and evening star; the one always rising from his studies and putting out his light about three o'clock in the morning, just at the time that his neighbor opposite rose, lighted his candle, and commenced his work.

OLE BULL.

"I'd give anything to hear Ole Bull," said an up-country lass to her lover an evening or two since.

"Well," answered he, "dad's got an old bridle chap, and you can hear him better almost any time you like."

CLOCK & WATCH MAKING.

GUSTAVUS LE SCHULTZ.

R E SPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Columbia county, and the public generally that he has located himself in Bloomsburg on Main street opposite St. Paul's Church, where he has opened a shop, and is now ready and prepared to receive and execute all work in his line of business, with dispatch and in a workmanlike manner.

CLOCKS & WATCHES

of the best quality, can be had at his establishment on very reasonable terms.

REPAIRING & CLEANING

will be done to the satisfaction of the customer, as well of Clocks and Watches as of Jewelry, and he will, further, warrant his work to be executed as well as any in this section of the State. He will also make to order.

SURVEYING COMPASSES

or pocket, and in short, will do all other work, usually done in a well regulated respectable establishment. He hopes by strict attention to business and a desire to please, to receive a liberal share of patronage. Country Produce taken in payment for work at the market prices.

Bloomsburg, November 15, 1844.—S. O.

BLOOMSBURG MARBLE YARD.

The subscribers have established at the above place, a new MARBLE YARD and will always be ready, at the shortest notice, to furnish to order.

MONUMENTS, TOMB-TABLES, TOMB-STONES, HEARTH-JAMS, MANTLES, PAINT-STONES, MULLERS, &c.

or any other work in their line. They are also prepared to furnish WINDOW-CAPS and SILLS, DOOR-SILLS and STEPS &c. &c. either of Marble, Lime or any kind of stone that can be procured in this vicinity.

Having had considerable experience in the business, they pledge their work to be executed in as handsome a style as can be furnished from any yard, either in the city or country; and on as reasonable terms.

ARMSTRONG & HUGHES.

Bloomsburg, Nov. 3, 1844. 1y—28

Chair Manufactory,

The subscriber continues to carry on the

CHAIR MANUFACTURING

business at the old stand of B. & S. Hayes, much, where he will be ready at all times to furnish FANCY & WINDSOR CHAIRS, SETTEES, BOSTON ROCKING CHAIRS &c., of every description, which may be called for, a short notice and on the most reasonable terms.

He will also execute HOUSE, SIGN & ORNAMENTAL PAINTING, and HOUSE PAPERING, in a superior manner.

From his experience in the business, and facilities of manufacturing the various articles of his line, he flatters himself in his honest & straightforward terms as can be done in the country, all of which will be done to the satisfaction of the subscriber.

N. B. Orders from a distance will be strictly and punctually attended to.

B. HAGENBUCH,

Bloomsburg, Dec. 30, 1843.

EYES RIGHT.

Bragg's good dog,

Boy Bragg is a brat,

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THE undersigned would return his sincere and humble thanks to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, for the favor thus far bestowed upon him, and would still further ask a continuance of the same, so long only as satisfaction is rendered. He would not say, "Come one even off, but come as many as convenience can. Neither would he promise, (as others have to) to do his work better than can be done in any other shop in the place; in short, he would neither brag nor bant, but defy any one who does brag to do work better than he does, in all cases. He has already received that nature entails on us.

If this were not so, still it preserves them from bad habits—it secures their health—it strengthens both mind and body—it enables them better to bear the confinement of the school room, and it tends more than any thing else to give them just views of life.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber desirous of quitting business requests all those indebted to him to make payment immediately.

The following prices will be paid for PRODUCE in exchange for his

STOCK OF GOODS

on hand,

GOOD WHEAT \$1 per bushel.

RYE 55 cts.

CORN 45 and 50 cts.

OATS 25 cts.

FLAX SEED \$1 25 cts.

Goods sold at cost for the cash.

But no credit given after this date.

E. H. BIGGS,

Sept 6—1844.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS, the undersigned gave his note to William McHenry, dated November 15, 1844, fifty dollars payable six months from date, for the improvement upon a certain piece of land, and having since ascertained that said McHenry had no title to the same, I therefore hereby caution all persons not to purchase said note as I shall refuse to pay it unless compelled by law.

PETER LUNGER.

December 18—1844.

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BLANKS!!—BLANKS!!

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Justices Blank EXECUTIONS and

SUMMONS just printed and for sale at this Office

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