

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

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Columbia Democrat.

Family Circle.

The Great Salvation.

NON-RESISTANCE.

Ticket! Haven't you just knocked it out of the window, hat and all!

Motherless. God help the motherless, The straggling dove...

I wouldn't, Would You. The Boston Post one day lately published the following:

News and Items. A tall tap from the iron of despotism, badly...

To our Subscribers. Many persons who take the Columbia Democrat, are now in debt to us for one, two, or three years...

THE KING OF PRUSSIA.—Dr. Baird thinks him possessed of good intellectual ability. His age is 55, he is a self-made man...

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.—Died at a great age in 1848—was the architect of his own fortune of \$20,000,000...

NICHOLAS BIDDLE.—This distinguished business-man was secretary to Gen. Armstrong, at Paris, when only 19, and to Mr. Monroe, at London, when but 22...

STEPHEN GIRARD.—Was born in May, 1759, near Bordeaux, France—taught to read and write a little—sailed to the West Indies, and thence to New York...

Children Trained up for God. It is pleasing to God that our children should be given to him, and so be trained up...

Whatever God has made is perfect. A Western preacher to his hearers: "What do you think of me?" said a hunchback...

Nothing to do but to die.—So said an aged servant of the Lord, recently deceased, when, after a long life of labor and usefulness...

Want of Time.—When a man says he has not time for a thing, he means that he does not choose to devote that portion of time to it...

The Tranced Child at Bangor. Readers probably remember the story of the little girl at Bangor, who apparently died of cholera, but revived, and said she had been to Heaven...

But I'm going to mother again at four o'clock, she quietly and softly said. When, to-morrow! No, to-day!

Mr. Warren endeavored to turn her attention to hopeful prospects of recovery; but the little sufferer was fast sinking away—the death rattle was heard, and she soon ceased to breathe...

Since then she has been gradually recovering, but the elder sister, who watched her so tenderly, and would so willingly have accompanied her to live with her mother in Heaven...

A theme that can never be exhausted. Salvation or deliverance implies danger. A great salvation implies danger. There is no danger, where there is no sin; no great danger, where there is no great sin...

The object of this salvation is a great one—to glorify God. He hath said—"As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."

Pleasures of the Mind. There is no principle of the mind which is not capable of creating pleasures for itself and others...

A practical farmer informs the Hartford Times, that in taking up a fence that had been set fourteen years, he noticed that some of the posts remained nearly sound, while others were rotted off at the bottom...

The publication of "THE POET," Starkeville, N. Y., has been suspended for the present, owing to the illness of the Editor.

Very True. If you don't want to fall in love with a girl, don't commence flirting with her.

If you don't want to fall in love with a girl, don't commence flirting with her. You put on the gloves in perfect good humor—with the most friendly intentions of exchanging a few amicable blows...

The following epitaph in Abigale church-yard related to an admirable spinster of forty-eight:

She was—But words are wanting to say what she was—and what she should be—she was that!

A woman should be both a wife and mother. But she was neither one nor the other.

You can take my Hat. BY UNCLE TOBY.

We were once coming over the railroad from Washington City to Baltimore, when we observed a peculiar sort of a man sitting hard by—a tall, slim, good natured fellow...

That is Beau H.— said he, "a man that is universally known in Washington as one of the most accomplished fellows in the city—always ready to borrow of, or drink with you."

No! he. Beau always travels free and boards in the same way. He never pays money when wit or trick will pass current in its place...

What a shocking bad hat he has got on, said I, observing the dilapidated condition of his beaver.

It is some trick of his, for the rest of his dress you observe, is quite genteel. Yes, I see.

My friend went on to tell me how Beau had done his tailor out of a receipt in full of his last year's bill, and the laundry at his last boarding place...

Ticket sir, said the conductor, tapping him lightly on the shoulder.

Very sorry, sir, really. I barely desired to call your attention, and I took the only means in my power, said the conductor.

You had better use a cane to attract a person's attention next time, and hit him over the head with it if he happens to be a looking the other way!

Well, sir, I am ready to apologize to you again if you wish. I have done so already once, said the now disconcerted official.

Yes, no doubt, but that don't restore my property; that's gone.

Well, sir, I cannot talk any longer, I'll take your ticket, if you please, said the conductor.

Suppose you stop the train, and go back and see, said the hatless Beau, with indignant scorn depicted on his face.

The price of a ticket, said Beau, "is one dollar, my beaver cost me a V. Your good sense will at once show you that there is a balance of four dollars in my favor, at any rate."

The conductor hesitated, Beau looked like a gentleman, to one perfectly well posted up in the human face, he was well dressed, and his indignation appeared most honest.

Beau, then, in an earnest under tone, that we could only hear occasionally, talked to the conductor "like a father."

The trick was at once seen through by both my friend and myself, and the next day, over a bottle of wine at the Fountain House, Beau told us that he was hard up, hadn't a dollar, picked up an old hat at Gadsby's hotel in Washington...

Who Struck my Brother Bob? JULY PATTERSON is June 24—thrown into a more shadow, as will be seen by the following:

Old Bob Hilton was one of the hardest cases that ever existed in Georgia or anywhere else. He excelled in only two things—the frequency of his "sprees," and the number of "serapes" they led him into.

At this moment the conductor entered the opposite end of the cars to gather the tickets from the passengers, and give them checks in return. Many of them as if often the practice with travellers who are frequently called upon on popular routes to show their tickets, had placed theirs in the hands of their hats...

Who struck my brother Bob? No one answered, for all were too busy talking for themselves.

Who struck my brother Bob? continued Pete, waxing bolder, as he saw no notice was taken of his first question.

Who struck my brother Bob? he cried the third time, working himself into a perfect fury and stalking about the piazza of the grocery as if he didn't fear anybody.

Who struck my brother Bob? Ah! said Pete, after surveying his brother Bob's enemy for several minutes, Well, you struck him a powerful lick!

A Man insulted a woman in a Cincinnati market lately, whereupon she jammed him with a bag of mutton, and made him run for his life—He must have felt rather sheepish.

Handwritten notes at top left: Beans, Bloom, Some, Bloomsburg, N.Y.

Handwritten notes at top middle: Bloom, N.Y., Bloomsburg, N.Y.

Handwritten notes at top right: 415,000, 3,750

Vertical handwritten note on the left margin: I wouldn't, Would You.

Vertical handwritten note on the right margin: 1849.