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Select Poetry.

The Dying Soldier.

It was an hour when the wind was sweeping wildly over the battle plain. And the lightning from the cloud was leaping...

Select Miscellany.

Putnam at Bunker Hill.

To Putnam we owe the battle of Bunker Hill. At the council in which the matter was debated, he was the eager advocate of a fight.

board a British sloop-of-war, which promptly fired an alarm gun. This was replied to by the Somerset frigate, from the more immediate vicinity of the fortification.

sible in such demeanor. No shouts rent the air; no martial music cheered their task; no time-hallowed banner waved above their heads; there was nothing of the usual accompaniments of war to excite and madden their imaginations.

fire. Sparks were hurled up in millions, accompanied by burning fragments, starting with gold the black canopy that now hung over the city. The warehouses began to explode their combustible materials.

them to stand again on Bunker Hill.— Finding this impossible, he remained boiling to cover their retreat. Coming to a deserted field piece, he dismounted, and, taking his post by it, seemed resolved to brave the foe alone.

Coolness. The following anecdote is not new, but it will bear republication, for the reason that it is brim full of fun. The scene is laid in Georgia.

A Curl cut off with an Axe. A TRUE INCIDENT. "Do you see this hair!" said an old man to me. "Yes; but what of it! It is, I suppose the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."