W. Weaver Proprietor.]

with and Right---- field and our Co

OLUME 3.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1851.

NUMBER 16.

—in fact, every thing was in her favor, and no one imagined for a moment she ever would go back again into slavery. This was a clear dase. The would be Howards, the men who have a respect for law and order—and it was worthy of them, if it had been real, and not mockery—actually stepped forth and offered the counsel, David Paul Brown, Esq., their checks for thousands of dollars to buy her, in case she was—mark—in case she was—considered tools to rob and plander the southerner of his property—not buy nor purchase; they are hypocrites toward man, law, God and Gospel. The money, the intelligent lawyer told thom, was not wanted; the woman was cleared.

Now, mark! Twe weeks afterward an-

Now, mark! Two weeks afterward another slave—a female, one who had been obsent only a twelvemonth—was claimed under the law. She was enciente at the time, and her lueband was a free man! This was a painful, melaucholy case; it was one called to awaken sympathy in the breasts.

The border of the Ganges. Hear was asympathy and be difficult to find a magistrate in Boston to take the odium of sending a fugitive back to take th

POLINE 8

BECOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., PHURSDAY, NAY 15, 1861.

The property of the great parts of the

Dutch; and all because, they are too old to learn.

Lidden, who, yee, I'm not agin a dram when a body wants it."

Brother Crump got his bottle, and the friends took a dram apiece.

"Don't you think, Brother Noel," said Crump, "that sperits is a blessin."

"Y-e-s!" responded Noel, "aperits is a blessin."

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"Well now, Brother Noel, take des. you think abuses the blessin?"

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"Well, its hard to say—but people talk-don't you think you drink too much, Brother Crump." Sometimes I've thought I ups a drinkin' too much—then sgin, I'd think may be not. What is man? A weak severum of the dust! What the Lord saith, that shall be done! So I left it to the Lord to may whether I was goin' too fur in sprits. I put the whole 'ponesibility on kim; I prayed to him, of I was drinkin' too much, to take one ym gepsile for sperik."

Here Brother Noel groaned piously, and all because, they are tool dot to learn.

Dutch; and all because, they are tool dot loarn.

Lidovico Monalizacco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of the memoirs of his own times—a singular exention, noticed by Voltaire, who was of himself one the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in naw studies.

Offilis, who remarkable instances of the progress of age in naw studies.

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Offilis, the translator of Homer and Virgil was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till the futur better half departed on the long journey to the spirit land some twelve months ago, determined, the other day, to consult the 'Rappers,' and endeavor to obtain a spiritual communication, feeling anxious respecting the future State of his wife. These 'rappers,' be it known, were not the genuine mediums, but of a bogus kind—adventurers endeavoring to reap a harvest out of the late mystering ous developements. After the usual correspondents, the soirit of 'Mrs. Hauntz' manifested by raps its willingness to converse with the faceoncolate spouse.

The day you, Mrs. Hauntz?' inquited the Dutchman.

The day of the future State of the late mystering ous developements. After the usual correspondent for the late mystering to reap a harvest out of the late mystering for you, praying for y

stentorian voice, in broken sobs, the big my lonentees unbroken to the tears meanwhile coursing each other down his cheeks, "Oh my black Breden—it is my duty to tell you after all you can do, you is berry unprofitable servant, berry black inside, as well as out—oh how heavy is the burthen of your sins, my spirit grieves for you, my bowels of compassion groan for you, so much so, that I frequently tink of yourself—berry often at midnight, on berry cold nights, when you all got you eye

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yello,
find from the find from

WHAT'S THE MATTER ?-Under the her What's the Matter Contectus
of 'Sketches of characters in the Piney
Woods of Florida,' a correspondent furnishes the New York Spirit of the times with
some exceedingly rich anecdotes. Here's