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NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

ON MAIN STREET, (NEARLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S STORE), BLOOMSBURG, PA.

The undersigned has just fitted up, and opened,

LOVE AND TIN SHOP.

place, where he is prepared to make up new work of all kinds in his line, and do repairs of tinware and tin work, and for the repair of patterns and styles, which he will sell upon the most liberal terms.

NEW HAIR DRESSING SALOON.

On Main Street, near the corner of the Public Square, has just opened,

ESPY HOTEL, Espy, Columbia Co. Pa.

The undersigned having become sole proprietor of this well known and conveniently located stand,

PLASTER MILL

AT THE PENNY FURNACE MILLS, and will offer to the public ONE HUNDRED TONS BEST

Novia Scotia White Plaster.

prepared ready for use in quantities to suit purchasers at any time from the first of March next.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

Respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

at the LOWEST Possible Prices;

FORKS HOTEL,

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements,

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.

The undersigned would most respectfully announce to the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all kinds of MACHINERY,

INVENTOR'S OFFICES.

D'EPINEUIL & EVANS, Civil Engineers and Patent Solicitors.

PAIENES PATENT—Consultations on Engineering, Drafting and Sketching, Models and Machinery of all kinds made and skillfully attended to.

FALLON HOUSE.

THE subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House,"

LOCK HAVEN, Pa.,

property of E. W. Bagny, Esq., would apply to the public generally, that he intends to keep a Hotel,

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Leah Fobe, late of Centre Township, deceased.

Notice of administration on the estate of Leah Fobe, late of Centre Township, Columbia County, Pa., deceased, has been granted by the Register of said County to the undersigned.

THE Bloomsburg Democrat.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.

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Executive and Administrator's Notice.....3 00

Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line.

Transient advertisements payable in advance all others due after the first insertion.

OFFICE—in Slave's Block, Cor. of Main and Iron Streets.

Address, Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

THE WORKING GIRLS.

BY WOODBURY M. FERNALD.

[Thirty thousand girls in New York, it is said, work for from one dollar to three dollars a week each, and their board alone averages within twenty-five cents of as much.

God of the free! Whose judgments rest in awful justice on us now!

From North to South, from East to West, While Slavery dies beneath the blow;

Oh, stay not here; list to the cry Of piteous thousands in our land,

Frank, trembling ones, who cannot die, And scarcely live with laboring hand.

God of the feeble, human frame, And woman's patient, suffering soul,

Oh, let not man's heroic fame, His power to guard, defend, control, Sink to a selfishness so deep.

There is a deep and 'tis not here? At which not only women weep,

But angels shed their pitying tear.

She asks for bread, for clothes, for more!

For comfort, culture, virtue, peace, She asks! and, by the heavens so pure,

By God's great arm, by man's increase, By all the powers above, below,

Her righteous power so long deferred, Shall soon be answered; earth shall know The judgments which its crimes have stirr'd.

Yes, patient ones, 'tis not alone One form of bondage that now falls;

It is the wrong which causes His own, And man shall tremble when He calls.

Oh, long account of labor given! Of honest, unguished, starting toil!

And who art thou, oh man, so flushed At such a price, with such a spoil?

Rise rising thousands, hear them tramp, From seats of weariness and pain,

From gloomy garrets, cellars damp, And crowded streets—a numerous train,

Who do not threaten, cannot take The holder measures man employs,

But simply ask of him to make Life's burden lighter, more its joys.

And will it be despised, refused? Better that heaven's high, arching roof

Be hung with black; all trade accused; While guilty cities, with the proof

Of civilized corruption, stand As Babylon and Tyre stood.

Where avarice and her children brood.

Oh, God of Justice! haste the hour

When Freedom's self at last shall move;

When man's superior gift of power, And woman's quivering soul of love,

And hands, all joyous things, And myriad voices, armed array,

Combine to bless the Power that brings Freedom to souls and bodies too.

[Boston Voice.]

The Church Congress.

The Congress of the clergy and laity composed of the proposed new Diocese of the Episcopal Church assembled in Christ Church on the evening of yesterday.

There was a full attendance of both clergy and laity, and the proceedings have been full of interest.

The conclusion reached, was in favor of our immediate division, and the line adopted, leaves Philadelphia; Bucks, Montgomery, Chester and Delaware counties in one diocese, and the rest of Pennsylvania, east of the Allegheny Mountains in the other.

These questions were adopted unanimously, as was also a resolution pledging liberally to support the new diocese.

The services on Tuesday and yesterday were rendered very impressive, not only by the unusual array of clergy, but also by the carefully prepared and elaborate music of the celebrated choir of the Church.

Luther's grand choir "Ein feste Burg" was especially effective.

The sermons were by the Rev. Mr. Leacock, of Harrisburg, and the Rev. Dr. Mombert of Lancaster, and were able and eloquent discourses.—Reading Times.

How Outsiders Look Upon It.—

The Zanesville (Ohio) Courier says: Set a rogue to catch a rogue, is an old adage, which the Pennsylvania Legislature appear to have acted upon, when they heard that the people suspected them of having been bought by Cameron's money to place Cameron in the Senate.

They set a committee of their own members to work to ascertain if the charges were true, and it is barely probable Cameron bought them up, for they report that in the matter of fraud they "couldn't see it."

Wisdom is the olive which springs from the beard, blooms on the tongue, and bears fruit in the actions.

No man ever did an injury designed by to another, who did not injure himself the most.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER, OR THE MYSTIC TIE.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

During the Mexican war, a lad of sixteen, a daring young Virginian, leaped a fence and climbed a parapet some yards ahead of his company, and was taken prisoner; but not before he had killed three Mexicans and mortally wounded a colonel.

His mother, a poor widow lady, heard of his fate, and as he was her only son, her heart yearned for his release. She wept at the thought, but while the tears were streaming down her cheeks, she suddenly recollected that she was a Mason's widow.

Hope lighted up in her bosom at the thought—she dried her tears and exclaimed: "I will go and test the talismanic power of the order my husband loved and revered so much."

She sold some articles of her furniture, and with the money reached the city of Washington on foot.

In her dusty attire, she entered the Department of the Secretary of War, and with some difficulty, obtained an interview. As she entered the apartment in which he was seated and he saw how dusty she appeared, "Well, madam," was the salutation he gave her; but when she removed her veil and he saw the visage of the lady, he half raised himself in his chair, and pointed her to a seat.

She told him of her son's capture and her wish to go to him. "I can't help you, madam," he replied, "it is a very expensive journey to the city of Mexico. Your son will be released by and by on an exchange of prisoners."

"Sir," said the widow, as the tears of we rolled down her cheeks, "can you help me to a passport?"

"Of course, he replied, "that will be furnished you at the Secretary of State's office; but you are poor—how do you expect to pay the expense of such a journey? It is a visionary scheme. Good morning, madam."

"Sir," said the lady, "will you be so kind as to recommend me to the officer in command of the regiment that will sail from Baltimore in a few days?"

"Impossible, madam, impossible," he replied. Then turning to the page, said: "Who did you say was awaiting an audience? Tell them I am at leisure now."

"Sir," said the lady, "I have one more question to ask you before I leave your office, and I pray you answer it—are you a Mason?"

"Yes, madam," he replied.

"Then, sir, permit me to say I am a Mason's widow, and my poor son in prison is a Mason's son—with this declaration I leave your office."

That moment the Secretary's manner was changed to that of the most courteous interest.

He entreated her to be seated until he could write a line to the Secretary of State. In a few moments he presented her with a note to the Secretary, recommending her to his sympathy and friendship. The Secretary of State received her most kindly, and gave her a letter to the commandant at New Orleans, directing him to procure her a passage to Vera Cruz by the first steamer.

Through the agency of the two Secretaries, Lodges placed in her hands three hundred dollars with a talismanic card from the Grand Master at Washington, and the widow left the city.

When she reached Pittsburg, the stage agent, seeing the letter she bore from the Grand Master, would receive nothing for her passage—the captain of the steamer on which she embarked for New Orleans, no sooner deciphered it, than he gave her the best state room he had, and when she reached the Crescent City, she had two hundred and ninety dollars left of her three hundred.

She there waited on the General in command of the station, with the letter of the Secretary of State, who immediately instructed the colonel in command of the forwarding of troops to see that she had a free passage to Vera Cruz by the first steamer.

By all the officers she was treated with the utmost politeness and delicacy, for they were all Masons, and felt bound to her by ties as strong and delicate as those which bind a brother to a sister, and rejoiced in the opportunity afforded them of evincing the benign and noble principles of the craft.

After a passage of five days, she reached Vera Cruz, and having a letter from the commandant at New Orleans, to the American Governor, she sent to him, enclosing the talismanic card she received from the Grand Master at Washington. The Governor immediately waited on her at the hotel, offering transport to the city of Mexico by a train that would start the next morning.

The colonel who commanded the train kindly took her in charge, and offered her every facility and comfort on her journey, provided her with a carriage where the party was level, and with mules and pack animals over the mountains.

Within ninety miles of the city they were overtaken by a detachment of dragoons escorting a government official to the commandant. Anxious to go on faster, she asked permission of the colonel to join the detachment, and although informed of the danger and fatigue of riding all day on horseback, she was willing to brave all, that she might sooner see her son. The colonel provided her with a fleet and gentle gaited Mexican pony, and she assumed her place with the troops, escorted by the officers, and never fatigued until the towers of Mexico were in sight.

She reached the city on the second day's

battle, and attempted to enter the gates.—An officer instantly seized her bridle and told her she must wait until the city was taken.

"Oh! sir," she exclaimed, I cannot wait one hour in sight of the city that holds my son a prisoner—I must see him, sir!"

"The city must first be taken, madam," he again replied, with much emphasis, becoming excited.

"I cannot wait, sir," she replied, my son, my only son, may be ill—dying—in chains—in a dungeon—one hour's delay may remove him from me. Oh, I must go to him—I will enter the city."

"Madam, you cannot reach it but by crossing the battle field—you will surely be killed."

"Sir," said the lady, "I have not traveled from Virginia to the gates of the city to fear to enter them—thanks for your kindness—a thousand heartfelt thanks for you and the officers who have been so kind to me. I shall always remember those officers with the most grateful feelings of my heart—but don't detain me longer. Yonder is a gate that leads to the city; I will enter it in search of my dear boy."

And so she sped, but ere she reached the gate, another officer rode up by her side and admonished her of her danger and imprudence.

"Sir," she replied, "this is no time to talk of imprudence and fear; my son, my only son, is a prisoner in chains. I am told that Santa Anna is in the midst of that glittering group. I will seek him, and in hand place the talismanic card which I bear—he is a Mason and will certainly heed me."

"War destroys all brotherhood," said the officer, who was not a mason. She made him no answer, but watching her moment, struck her pony, and darted across the field of death. At that moment the masked battery that mowed down one-half of the Palmetto regiment, opened—yet right across the gory field she was seen galloping on her white pony, avoiding the retreating platoons by a semi circle around their flank—the next moment she was seen coursing over the ground to the rear, the battery in full play. Hundreds seeing her, stopped, forgetful of the storm of iron balls that howled around them, to follow with their eyes what seemed to be an apparition. All expected her to fall every moment, but she went with a fearless air.

"That woman's love for her son has made her wild," said the officer; who had attempted to arrest her flight.

"She will surely be killed," exclaimed another.

"A mother's love is stronger than pains of death," exclaimed a soldier.

"The God of battles will protect her," said a Tennesseean, "she will reach Santa Anna as sound as a toad."

The soldier was right—she went over the field of death unharmed. He received her politely, and when she told him her errand and presented her talismanic card—

"Madam," said he, I am a Mason, and know the obligations of the Order in peace and in war. When your son was taken prisoner he mortally wounded my nephew who is now dead; but he should be released, for I will not refuse your request in the face of the letter you bear."

He immediately gave her an escort to the city, with an order to restore her son to her arms. The order was promptly obeyed, and that very day, as he promised she embraced her son.

So much for a mother's love; and so much for the protecting arm and noble sympathetic heart which Masonry ever extends to lovely, helpless women.

Gossip with Contributors.

No notis will be took—from this date hereafterwards—on letters that hain't got a postage-stamp onto them.

Don't write only on one side of manuscript, and don't write much into that.

Don't send a manuscript unless you can read it yourselves, after it gets dry.

We pay, all the way up the hill, from ten cents to one dollar for contributions, according to merit.

Aut settlements made promptly at the end of the next ensuing year.

Poetry and prose pieces respectively solicited.

The highest market price paid for awful railroad smashes, and elopements with another man's wife.

No swearin' allowed in our paper.

Jaac—Yure article on "frogs" is received.

It made me laff like lightning.

Yure idea "that frogs might be increased by propagation" is bully.

Yure idea "that frogs were discovered by Christopher Columbus in the year 1492" had slipped my memory.

You also say "that frogs grow more bob-tailed as they grow older." This is too cussed good to be entire lost.

Noth—We very humbly decline your es-sa on the flood.

Yure remarks might possibly lead one more man to think as you do, and we don't want our columns to be held responsible for the increasing number of phoos.

There ain't no doubt in mi mind but what the flood was a perfect success, and I have thought that another just such an one would pay well now in sum sektion of the country.—Josh Billings.

Unsocial old Snael says that love is a combination of disease—an affection of the heart, and an inflammation of the brain.

What's a Zouave?

Many readers during the rebellion have tried to form an idea of a Zouave, which I will try to describe as I go, for I saw lots of them very animals. So what is a Zouave?

I say he is a fellow with a red bag hanging sleeves to it for a coat; with two red legs without sleeves to them for trousers; with an embroidered and braided bag for a vest; with a cap like a red woolen sauce pan; with yellow boots like the fourth robber in a bumblebee nest; with a mustache like two half-pound paint brushes, and with a sort of sword-gun or gun-sword with a weapon that looks like the result of a love affair, between an enormous broadsword and a lonely musket, indiseret and tender—that is a Zouave.

A fellow who can pull up a hundred and ten pounds dumb-bell; who can climb an eight foot rope with a barre of flour hanging to his heels hand over hand, and who can do the giant swing on a horizontal bar with a fifty-six hanging to each angle; who can walk up four flights of stairs holding a heavy man in each hand at arms length, and who can climb a greased pole feet foremost carrying a barrel of pork and a barrel of beef in his teeth—that is a Zouave.

A fellow who jumps seventeen feet and four inches high without a springboard; who can eat bamboos and missionaries; who can tie his legs in a double bow-knot round his neck without previously softening his shinbones in a steam bath; who can walk Blondin's tight-rope with his stomach out of nine brandy cocktails, a suit of chain armour outside his stomach, and a stiff northeast gale outside of that; who can take a five-shooting revolver in each hand and knock the spots off the ten of diamonds at eighty paces, turning somersets all the time, and firing every shot in the air—that is a Zouave.

A fellow who can squeeze two girls at a time without getting hurt by one getting jealous of the other, and who can creep thro' a brush fence a mile long without getting his hair out of place—that is a Zouave.

A fellow who can eat a mackerel and sixteen raw potatoes without pairing them and two loaves of bread at one meal and jump up and kick Fisher's hornpipe with his heels before touching the ground—that is a Zouave.

A fellow who can bump his head through a stone wall four feet thick at two bumps before breakfast—that is a Zouave.

A fellow who can walk up a pole commencing at the top to walk; who can run so swift as to leave behind blue streaks and his shadow; who can eat John Bull and the Rocky mountains and drink the Amazon river dry in a half-minute, and who can dig gold where there is none—that is a Zouave.

A fellow who can swim up the rapids of Niagara Falls and walk on the water and put a little box in his pocket not less than a yard square; who can creep through seven holes at once and kill two dead Rebels without getting wounded himself; a man who looks like a skeleton pulled through a gimlet hole for to make him long enough for service, and can sweat enough to soak hard-tack under his arm over night—that's a Zouave.

He must also be a strong Democrat.

The Gray Mare is the Better Horse.

The application of this proverb is well known, but not so well the story upon which it is founded. A gentleman, who had seen the world, one day gave his eldest son a span of horses, a chariot, and a basket of eggs. "Do you," said he to the boy, "travel on the high road until you come to the first house in which is a married couple. If you find that the husband is the master there, give him one of the horses. If, on the contrary, the wife is the ruler, give her an egg. Return at once if you part with a horse, but do not come back so long as you keep both horses and there is an egg remaining."

Away went the boy full of his mission, and just beyond the borders of his father's estate, lo! a modest cottage. He alighted from his chariot and knocked at the door. The good wife opened it for him and cooed.

"Is your husband at home?"

"No," but she would call him from the hayfield.

In he came, wiping his brows. The young man told them his errand.

"Why," says the wife, bridling and rolling the corner of her apron. "I always do as John wants me to do; he is my master; ain't you John?"

"Then," said the boy, "I am to give you a horse; which will you take?"

"I think," said John, "as how that bay gelding seems to be the one as would suit me the best?"

"If we have a choice," husband, said the wife, "I think that the gray mare will suit us best?"

"No," replied John; "the bay for me; he is the more square in front, and his legs are better."

"Now," said the wife, "I don't think so; the gray mare is the better horse, and I shall never be contented unless I get that one."

"Well," said John, "if your mind is set on it; I'll give up; we'll take the gray mare."

"Thank you," said the boy, "allow me to give you an egg from this basket; it is a nice fresh one, and you can boil it hard or soft, as your wife will allow."

The rest of the story you may imagine; the young man came home with both the horses, but not an egg remained in the basket.

Adventure with a Grizzly Bear.

In the Fall of 1860, a settlement in one of the mountain counties of California was alarmed and annoyed by the proximity and predatory excursions of a grizzly bear. Two hunters determined to rid the neighborhood of this dangerous pest. Finding one day on the side of the mountain a heifer that had just died, they constructed over it a rude scaffolding, carelessly erected, with the customary recklessness of those mountaineers, and, worse still, just over, instead of a short distance from the bait as it should have been.

With blankets to guard against the cold nights, enough cooked provisions to last two or three days, and their guns and ammunition, they took up their position on the structure.

At dark the full moon rose with a soft clear brilliancy of light peculiar to those regions. No frog, no bird, no animal cry interrupts the awful stillness of those rugged solitudes after nightfall.

A feeling of uneasiness began to creep into Hiram Johnson's mind, which degenerated into something like timidity, as upon walking across the floor of the scaffold, he felt it shake beneath him, and for the first time, observed its rickety character.

"Gray," said he, "this thing ain't safe. Let's prop it up some more."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other: "Listen!"

They could hear the rustling in the brush some distance up the mountain, and were soon enabled to perceive a huge grizzly bear making his way down to their hut.

When he had arrived within about twenty feet he observed the hunters, and raising on his hind feet, advanced as if determined upon an attack, to the dismay of Johnson, who felt satisfied that a slight pressure of the bear's enormous body would overthrow their frail structure, and place them at the mercy of this savage enemy.

The bear, however, after a few steps abandoned this threatening movement, and dropping on all fours, walked under the scaffold, and commenced his repast, rubbing against one of the posts in passing, and thereby rocking the whole concern.

Johnson's uneasiness had now become fear, and his whole desire was to keep perfectly still, in the hope that the bear would gorge itself on the dead animal, and then go away and leave them uninterrupted. This fear deepened