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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, his new STOVE AND TIN SHOP, in this place, where he is prepared to make up new work, and repair old work, in the most perfect manner. He has a large stock of stoves, and is prepared to make up new work, and repair old work, in the most perfect manner. He has a large stock of stoves, and is prepared to make up new work, and repair old work, in the most perfect manner.

PLASTER FOR SALE. The undersigned is about fitting up a PLASTER MILL, at the PENN FURNACE MILLS, and will offer to the public ONE HUNDRED TONS BEST PLASTER.

Novia Scotia White Plaster. prepared ready for use in quantities to suit purchasers, at any time from the first of March until the first of May. J. S. McNEVIN, Catawissa, Jan. 21, 1867.

OSCAR P. GIBSON. Respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of BOOTS AND SHOES, at the LOWEST Possible Prices; at short notice and in the best and latest styles. Mr. Gibson, (as is well known in Bloomsburg,) has had many years of successful experience with a reputation for good work, integrity and honorable dealing.

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor. The above named hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its complete renovation. This is done in order to give it the most comfortable and desirable accommodations for the comfort of his guests. He is prepared to furnish the most comfortable and desirable accommodations for the comfort of his guests. He is prepared to furnish the most comfortable and desirable accommodations for the comfort of his guests.

FALLON HOUSE. THE subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House," in Lock Haven, Pa., would say to the friends of the House, his regulars, and the public generally, that the "Fallon House," with the commodious and comfortable accommodations, and family solicits their patronage. Lock Haven, Dec. 25, 1866.

MISS LIZZIE PETERMAN. Would announce to the ladies of Bloomsburg and the public generally, that she has just received from the eastern cities, a large and beautiful assortment of Spring and Summer MILLINERY GOODS, consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery Stores. Her goods are of the best quality and among the most handsome and cheapest in the city. All orders will be promptly filled.

NEW TOBACCO STORE. H. H. HUNSBERGER, Main Street, below the "American House," BLOOMSBURG, PA. Wholesale and Retail. The undersigned has just received from the eastern cities, a large and beautiful assortment of Spring and Summer MILLINERY GOODS, consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery Stores.

DRUGS, DRUGS. The undersigned, at John R. Meyer's Drug Store, has just received from the eastern cities, a large and beautiful assortment of Spring and Summer MILLINERY GOODS, consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery Stores.

QUININE GUARANTEED. The undersigned, at John R. Meyer's Drug Store, has just received from the eastern cities, a large and beautiful assortment of Spring and Summer MILLINERY GOODS, consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery Stores.

BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT. IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY. TERMS.—\$2 00 in advance. If not paid within six months, \$5 cents additional will be charged. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the editor.

MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE. We were taught to love, from childhood's years, 'Twas stamped upon my mind; My earliest articles of faith, Was love for human kind, To love my neighbor as myself, Is Christian-like, they say, And if I love my neighbor's wife, How can I help it pray?

And when one day I chanced to find My neighbor's wife in tears, I whispered words of sympathy, Within her listening ears; I drew her trembling form to mine, And kissed her tears away; The act was seen; 'twas there was The very deed to pay.

At the termination of the circus a den containing four lions was dragged into the ring. Mr. Charles White was then introduced and fearlessly entered the cage and commenced performing with these brutes. The performance consists of the lions jumping through hoops and over barriers, and concluded with Mr. White feeding the animals with raw meat out of his hands.

A MAN ATTACKED BY A LION. A PERFORMANCE NOT IN THE BILLS. Last night, during the performance of Messrs. Thayer & Noyes' great circus and collection of wild animals, a frightful accident occurred. At the termination of the circus a den containing four lions was dragged into the ring.

THE performance consists of the lions jumping through hoops and over barriers, and concluded with Mr. White feeding the animals with raw meat out of his hands. The performance went smoothly along for several minutes, when it was observed that one of the lions, a vicious looking fellow, seemed loth to do his part, and White commenced punishing him with his whip.

Then commenced a scene which baffles description. The roaring of the lions, and the screaming women was more than the stoutest heart could stand. Men who braved the danger of the battlefield and saw death in its every form turned pale and trembled. In a few seconds it was noticed that Nere, a noble lion, rushed forward to the rescue of his keeper, and in the meantime Messrs. Thayer & Noyes with a few of their attendants, rushed to the cage armed with bars of iron, axes and everything that was conveniently near and commenced beating the brute from off his keeper.

AN HONEST ANSWER.—Recently a clergyman was preaching in Belfast when a young man in the congregation, getting weary of the sermon, looked at his watch. Just as he was in the act of examining his time piece for the fourth or fifth time, the pastor with great earnestness, was urging the truth upon the consciences of his hearers. "Young man," said he, "how is it with you?" Whereupon the young man with the gold repeater bawled out, in hearing of nearly all the congregation, "A quarter past eight." As may be supposed, the gravity of the assembly was much disturbed for a time.

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HORRORS OF THE SCAFFOLD. Hanging of Harden, the Murderer, at Tazewell Court House.

We make the following extract from the correspondence of a Richmond, Va., paper, dated from Tazewell Court House, Va., 28 June: Benjamin F. Harden who murdered Biene, of Kentucky, at this place, on the 16th of last April, suffered the extreme penalty of the law this day at 2 o'clock, P. M., in the presence of the largest crowd ever assembled within the limits of Tazewell county. The excitement throughout Southwestern Virginia, since the day of the murder, has been unparalleled by any other crime heretofore perpetrated in this county. Hundreds of rumors of the many murders, thefts, robberies and other crimes, have circulated from county to county, and from one section to another, but all fell short of his written confession, as well as his dying declarations made to the concourse this day, from the scaffold.

Rev. Hazard Williams read a hymn.— Before kneeling he repeatedly asked Harden to kneel, which he as often refused to do. Mr. Williams then offered a most fervent prayer in his behalf, in which he showed how deeply he realized the awful situation of the poor criminal. Harden then arose and said he would address the assembly.— He did not know that he had but one friend in the immense multitude. The preacher requested all who felt any sympathy, in a moral point of view, to hold up their hands. All, as far as could be seen by the writer, immediately raised their hands. When, to the astonishment of the assembly, he (Harden) declared that "he did not believe them." Harden then spoke for some twenty or thirty minutes, in which he contradicted his written confession, as well as other verbal statements made; also, accusing two highly respectable witnesses of giving evidence in court against him, which was not true, and, at the same time, convincing his hearers that perjury and erroneous statements remain indelibly with himself. All that was really good in his whole rambling and unconnected harrange, was his advice to both old and young, to avoid bad company, sporting, and ardent spirits; the latter article he declared most emphatically, had brought him to his ignominious end. He also advised the young people to obey their parents, and they would ever be on the right track.

Major H. R. Boyle now proceeded to plait his arms and legs, adjust the rope around his neck, and then drew over his head the ominous white cap. All now left the scaffold, while Harden stood, as he had through the entire scene, calm, cool and unconcerned, save a few tears at the commencement of his dying speech, as if he had an hundred years to live. Major Boyle with one stroke of the axe, cut the rope that held the trap. His body descended rapidly and Harden lay upon the ground apparently dead, completely stunned, and nearly choked to death, the rope breaking when it passed through the ring. A scream of horror ascended from a number of females some distance on the hill. The loud cry of order, order, stand back, &c., of the mounted and other guard around the gallows, the rush of the crowd outside the enclosure, created a scene never to be forgotten by the thousands of spectators that witnessed the cold water and other restoratives being administered by Drs. Gildersleeve, Ward and others, in attendance. In less than thirty minutes Harden, with slight assistance, was able once more to ascend the scaffold. The Rev. Mr. Williams again begged and entreated him to pray—to ask God forgiveness—to all such entreaties he remained unmoved, and finally signified all further efforts in his behalf by declaring that as he "could not forgive his enemies he could not ask forgiveness," he "could die and go to eternal torment." Again he was bound, the fatal knot adjusted, the white cap, so ominous of a speedy launch to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns," drawn over his face. Once more Major Boyle severed the rope sustaining the scaffold, the trap falls, and the body of Benjamin F. Harden was dangling between Heaven and earth.

He did not struggle much, and after remaining the usual time suspended, he was taken down and buried some hundred yards above the gallows, where now rests all that is mortal of one whose greatest pride seemed to be to die "game," and let the world cavil and wrangle as they may—all must admit that he carried out his petty principle with a stoical indifference to death, and all beyond that dread event. Let us draw a veil over all further history and speculations of the poor criminal. The outraged law is satisfied, and to his God, before whom he now stands, and to Him alone he is accountable.

A South Danvers schoolboy has written the following composition on his native town. It is South Danvers in the United States. It is bounded by Salem and reaches to Middletown. Its principal river is Goldswait's brook, which empties into Salem harbor. Its principal lake is the mill pond, which is dry in summer. Its principal productions are leather, onions, the South Church and George Peabody. South Danvers has many religious sects, among which are the Orthodox, who worship nothing.

"WHEN was Rome built?" inquired a school inspector. "In the night," said he. "How do you make that out?" "Why, sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day."

How Old Jake Won the Cheese. The Kind Hearted Tanner.

Some years since I was employed as a warehouse clerk in a large shipping house in New Orleans, and, while in that capacity, the following funny scene occurred: One day a vessel came in, consigned to the house, having on board a large lot of cheese from New York. During the voyage some of them had become damaged by bilge water (the ship had become leaky); consequently the owners refused to receive them. They were, therefore, sent to the consigners of the ship, to be stowed until the case could be adjusted. I discovered, a few days afterwards, that as to perfume they were decidedly too fragrant to remain in the warehouse in the middle of June, and reported the same to my employers, from whom I received orders to have them overhauled, and send all that were passable to Coal and Callum's auction mart (then in the old Camp Street Theatre), to be disposed of for the benefit of the underwriters, and the rest to the swamp. I got gang of black boys to work on them, and when they stirred 'em up, he the bones of Moll Kelley's quart pot! but the smell was illigant tainture. I kept a respectable distance, but I love me, for strong niggers and strong cheese on a hot day in June, just bangs all common essence, including a certain "varmint" we read about.

Presently the boys turned out an immense fellow about three feet six inches "across the stump," from which the box had rotted, in the water a space about ten inches was very much decayed, and appeared to be about the consistency of mush, of bluish tint—caused by the bilge water. The boys had just set it up on its edge on a bale of gump-bags, when I noticed over the way a big dakey (then on sale) from Charleston S. C. (who was notorious for his battling propensities, having given most of the niggers in that vicinity a taste of his quality in that line. I had seen him and another fellow, the night previous, practicing; they would stand one on each side of a hydrant some ten yards distant, and run at each other with their heads lowered, and clapping their hands upon the hydrant they would butt like veteran ram. A thought struck me that I might cure him of his bragging and butting, and at the same time have some fun, so I told the boys to keep dark, and I called old Jake over.

"They tell me you are a great fellow for butting, Jake." "I is sum, Massa, dat a fact—I done but, de wood 'tired off ob ole Peller's head last night, and Massa Nichols was gwine to gib me pass. I kin jist bang the head off any nigger in dese parts, myself—I kin." "Well, Jake, I've got a little job in that line for you, when you haven't anything else to do." "I is on hand for all dem kind ob jobs, my self, I is."

"Well, you see that large cheese back there?" "I is dat! I is myself." "Now, if you can but a dent in it you shall have it." "Jolly Massa! you foolin' dis nigger?" "No, I am not, Jake—just you try me." "Wot? you gib me hull ob dat cheese if I but a dent in 'um?" "Yes." "De Lor? I'll bust 'em wide open, I will, myself. Jess, stan' back dar, you old Orleans niggels, and clear de track for Ole Souf Carolina, 'case I is comin' myself—I is."

And Old Jake started back some fifty feet, and went at a good, quick run, and the next instant I heard a dull, heavy sound, a kind of splash, and old Jake's head disappeared from sight, with the top just visible on the other side, as he arose with his new fashioned necktie, the soft, rotten cheese oozing down all around him as it settled down so that just his eyes were visible.—From the centre of it Jake's voice was scarcely audible and half smothered, as he vainly tried to remove the immense cheese. "O-o-o! ei de Lor! Mass—took 'em off! O-o-o! Iress de Lor!—Laf 'um up! Gor' amighty! I—"

Meanwhile, I was nearly dead, myself, having laid back on a cotton bale holding myself together to keep from bursting while the boys stood round old Jake, 'paying him off. "De Lor! how de nigger's brof smell! You doesn't clean your feet, old Jake!" "I say, you din't make more dan four times dat ban', did you, old hoss?" "Well, you is a nasty nigger, dat a fact!" "Well, you is de biggest kin ob Welsh Rabbit—you is!"

"What you get your barg-rease?" And thus the boys run old Jake—now half smothered—when I took compassion on him, and told them to take it off. Jake didn't stay to claim his prize, but put out growling. "Gor-amighty! done got sole dat time. I se a case ob yellow fever—I is myself! Old Jake was never known to do any more butting in that vicinity after that."

Old Dr. A.— was a quack, and a very ignorant one. On one occasion he was called by mistake, to attend a council of physicians in a critical case. After considerable discussion, the opinion was expressed by one that the patient was convalescent. "Convalescent!" said he; "Why that's nothing serious; I have cured Convalescence in twenty-four hours!"

What is the difference between a tunnel and a speaking trumpet? One is hollowed out and the other is hollowed in.

Who Taught Them. The Profligates of Congress.

The Rochester Union, referring to Birmingham's charge that Schenck was drunk, says: "Schenck is a fair specimen of the majority of our 'rulers' in Congress. A more profligate and demoralized set of men than the senators and representatives in the present Congress never assembled at the national Capitol. We have the evidence of Col. Platt, one of the leaders of the Republican party in Ohio, that a committee of the House at the last session ascertained that a high officer of the government had robbed the public treasury of a million dollars, but smothered the matter for the time being lest it "affect the next elections." In the New York Herald's recently published account of a long interview with Thad Stevens at Lancaster, the latter, in explaining why he was finally induced to accept the Sherman reconstruction Bill, is quoted as follows: "Some men had their wives at Washington and their women at home, and others their women at Washington and their wives at home, and it was impossible to keep them together. The bill was not all we wanted, but it was the best we could get, and so we passed it."

"Mack," the well known correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, boldly makes the following charges, which he stands ready to substantiate: "It can be shown that members of Congress own stock in the street railroads of Washington for which they never paid a cent, or rendered any other return than their votes for the acts of incorporation, and their subsequent acts to authorize the increase of fare from five to seven cents. It can be shown that the two houses have been, time and again, influenced by the paltry consideration of free passes in their votes upon matters affecting the greatest railroad monopolies in the country. It can be proven that members of Congress have appeared in their seats as the attorneys for railroad corporations. It can be proven that the members of the two houses were directly bribed for their votes on the whiskey tax two years ago. It can be proven that senators positively agreed to confirm Mr. Cowan as Minister to Austria last winter, if he would help Mr. Johnson to appoint their relatives to office. All of these things and a hundred more can be proven to the satisfaction, if the opportunity be but presented."

The man who makes these charges is a Republican, and the paper which prints them is Republican. The men charged with corruption are the immaculate patriots who sacrifice themselves upon the altar of their country by consenting to serve in Congress that the government may be kept out of the hands of "copperheads," and who propose to turn the President out of office for misbehavior!

METHOD.—A lady was complimenting a clergyman on the fact that she could always recollect and recite more of the matter of his sermons than of any other minister she was in the habit of hearing. She could not account for this, but she thought the fact worthy of observation. The reverend gentleman remarked that he could explain the cause. "I happened," he said, "to make a particular point of classifying my topics—it is a hobby of mine to do so; and therefore I never compose a sermon without first settling the relationship and order of my arguments and illustrations. Suppose, ma'am, that your servant was starting for town, and you were obliged hastily to instruct her about a few domestic purchases, not having time to write down the items and suppose you said: 'Be sure to bring some tea, and also some soap, and coffee too, by the by; and some powder-blue; and don't forget a few light cakes, and a little starch, and some sugar; and, I think of it, soda'—you would not be surprised if her memory failed with regard to one or two articles. But if your commission ran thus: 'Now, Mary, to-morrow we are going to have some friends to tea, therefore bring a supply of tea and coffee, and sugar and light cakes, and then the next day, you know, is washing day, so that we shall want soap and starch, and soda and powder-blue; it's most likely she would retain your order as easily as you retain my sermons.'

THE JERSEY POET "ROCKED TO SLEEP." The Newark Evening Courier, which first put forth the claim of Mr. A. M. Ball, of New Jersey, to the authorship of Mrs. Aber's beautiful poem of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," has been convinced of its error by the fact that Ball himself admits, in a humiliating letter to Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, that in 1865 he appropriated that lady's poem, "A Still Day in Autumn," written twelve years previously. The Courier in copying this letter says: "Comment on the above letter is unnecessary. The inevitable verdict will be—he who steals one woman's verses will steal another's. And more than this, he is by his representations or misrepresentations alone responsible for the wrong and injustice heaped upon the head of a gifted and innocent woman by the press of the country. This wrong will of course be righted as far as possible by those journals instrumental in inflicting it, but such an atonement will hardly repay her for the keen mortification she must have suffered in thus being paraded before the public as a plagiarist and liar. By his own confession, Mr. Ball has shown himself to be a literary offender of no common sort, and we wash our hands of him and his 'claims' henceforth."

It is somewhat amusing that Ball's claim was persistently urged by the literary critics of such journals as the Nation, Round Table, Tribune and Times of New York, who of course must now be quite abashed at the ridiculous game of "base Ball" they have been playing. It will be refreshing to see with what justice they can make amends to the lady whom they so grossly wronged. At all events the New Jersey poet is effectually "Rocked to Sleep" in this instance, and by a little further self-investigation that individual may possibly convince himself that he is no poet at all, but only a dreamy plagiarist of poetic effusions of others.—Boston Transcript.

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Who taught the bird to build her nest Of wool, and hay, and moss? Who taught her how to weave it best, And lay the twigs across? Who taught the busy bee to fly, Among the sweetest flowers; And lay her store of honey by, To eat in winter hours? Who taught the little ant the way The narrow hole to bore; And, through the pleasant summer's day, To gather up her store? 'Twas God who taught them all the way, And gave their little skill, And teaches children, if they pray, To do His holy will.

A Mexican Wedding. In a letter recently received by a gentleman from a friend in Mexico, occurs the following description of a marriage in that country: I must try and give you an idea of a Mexican wedding. In the first place when the man wishes "to pop the question" it must be done in writing, and sent, not to the girl, but to the parents. If the man happens to take the "latter's" side, as Burns says this letter is shown to the girl, who decides the question. Should her answer be in the affirmative, the suitor receives a gentle hint that a "lady's wardrobe is wanted," so the sooner the gentleman looks after one the better for his cause. He must by some means or other find out the size of the lady's foot, and get her a pair of shoes: he must get her a hat, veil, gown, hoops, &c., and I don't know what. When he appears with this pile of merchandise he receives the much-desired "yes," from the young woman's own lips. Then the Alcalde or Mayor of the town must be sent for, also the girl's relatives, every one of them; before this crowd the man must confess that he loves the woman and wants to marry her, and the Alcalde then gives his permission. This constitutes the incident married state, the finishing touches are to be put on by the priest. Upon the arrival of that dreaded and revered paragon, the whole affair is scanned over by him; he eyes his victim, baptizes him, after which ceremony, the priest of course becomes anxious as to the "fee." The man has now to settle this piece of business to the satisfaction of the "managing angel," when he is soon afterwards married according to the rites of the Roman Church. The expenses of the poor bridegroom are not over yet; he must give a "kiss" to each of his relatives, all of which costs a great deal of money. There is much to pay for candles, whisky, wine, sugar plums, meat, coffee, sugar, bread, so that by the time the festivities come to a close the poor fellow is nearly ruined, the relatives of the girl eat him out of house and home, and leave him and his wife to live on love. Unfortunate and misguided youth! How many years has he to live to repent in?

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