

DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF.

This snuff has thoroughly proved itself to be the best article known for curing CATARRH OF THE NOSE AND THROAT. It has been found an excellent remedy in many cases of these affections, and has been recommended by the best physicians, and is highly approved by its use.

More than Thirty Years'.

Official use of Dr. Marshall's Catarrh Snuff, has proved its great value for all the common diseases of the nose and throat, and it stands higher than ever before.

Read the Certificates of Wholesale Druggists in 1864.

The undersigned Wholesale Druggists have acquired with Dr. Marshall's Catarrh Snuff, and Headache Snuff, and sold it in our wholesale trade, and have found it to be the best article for the cure of Catarrh of the Nose and Throat, and it is decidedly the best article we have used for all common diseases of the Head.

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES.

Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers.

The original Medicine established in 1837, and guaranteed to give relief in ten minutes, and is the name of "Pulmonic Wafers," in this or any other country, all other Pulmonic Wafers are counterfeits.

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES.

LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

SIR JAMES CLARKE'S Celebrated Female Pills.

TO MARRIED LADIES.

LIFE—HEALTH—STRENGTH.

CELEBRATED Specific Pills.

INVENTORS' OFFICES.

DEPINBURY & EVANS.

INVENTORS' OFFICES.

THE DEMOCRAT AND STAR, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY JACOBY & SHUMAN.

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OFFICE.—In Shively's Block, Corner of Main and Iron Streets.

SPEAK GENTLY, MOTHER.

Gently, mother, gently, Chide thy little one, 'Tis a toilsome journey It hath just begun;

Kindly, mother, kindly, Speak in tender tone; That dear child, remember, Echoes back thine own;

Teach in gentle accents, Teach in words of love; Let the softest breezes, Its young heart-string move;

Wouldst thou have the setting Of a gown most fair, In a crown of beauty, It were thine to wear?

Mother, train with caution That dear little one; Guide, reprove, and ever Let the work be done Gently—mother—gently.

LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

EXPLOITS OF THE FIRST GRENADEER OF FRANCE.

For many a year there was a touching and beautiful custom to be witnessed in a certain regiment of French grenadiers, and which was meant to commemorate the heroism of a departed comrade.

When the companies assembled for parade, and the roll was called, there was one name to which its owner could not answer—it was that of La Tour D'Auvergne.

When it was called, the sergeant present stepped a pace forward, and raising his hand to his cap said, proudly: "Died on the field of honor."

For fourteen years this custom was continued, and only ceased when the restored Bourbons, to please their foreign masters, forbade everything that was calculated to preserve the spirits of the soldiers of France.

La Tour D'Auvergne was not unworthy in life the honor thus paid him after his death. He was educated for the army, entered in 1767, and in 1781 served under the Duke de Crillon at the siege of Port Mahon.

He served always with distinction, but constantly refused offers of promotion, saying that he was only fit for the command of a company of grenadiers; but finally, the various grenadier companies being united, he found himself in command of a body of 8,000 men, while retaining only the rank of captain.

Hence he was known as the First Grenadier of France.

But it is of one particular exploit of his that we wish to write, more than his career as a general.

When he was forty years of age he went on a visit to a friend, not far from a section of the country that was soon to become the scene of a campaign. While there he was busy in acquainting himself with the features of the country, thinking it not unlikely that this knowledge might be of use to him, and while here the brave grenadier was astonished to learn that the war had been rapidly shifted to his quarter, and that a regiment of Austrians was pushing on to occupy a narrow pass about ten miles from where he was staying, and the possession of which would give them an opportunity to prevent an important move of the French, which was then on foot.

They hoped to surprise this post, and were moving so rapidly upon it that they were not more than two hours distant from the place where he was staying, and which they would have to pass in their march. It matters not how he heard the news. It is sufficient to say that he determined at once to act upon it.

He had no idea of being captured by the enemy in their advance, and he at once set off for the pass. He knew that the pass was defended by a stout tower, and a garrison of thirty men, and he hoped to be able to warn the men of their danger.

He hastened on, and arriving there, found the tower in a perfect condition. It had just been vacated by the garrison, who had heard of the approach of the Austrians, and had been seized with a panic thereof and had fled, leaving their arms consisting of thirty excellent muskets.

La Tour D'Auvergne gnashed his teeth with rage as he discovered this. Searching in the building he found several boxes of ammunition which the coward had not destroyed. For a moment he was in despair, but then with a grim smile he began to frigate the main door and pile against it such articles as he could find.

When he had done this he loaded all the

guns he could find, and placed them, together with a good supply of ammunition, under the loop holes that commanded the road by which the enemy must advance.

Then he ate heartily of the provisions which he had brought with him, and sat down to wait. He had absolutely formed the heroic resolution to defend the tower alone against the enemy.

There were some things in his favor in such an undertaking. The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy's troops could enter it only in double files, and in doing this would be fully exposed to the fire from the tower. The original garrison of thirty men could easily have held it against a division, and now one man was about to attempt to hold it against a regiment.

It was dark when La Tour D'Auvergne reached the tower, and he had to wait some time for the enemy. They were longer in coming than he had expected, and for a while he was tempted to believe they had abandoned the expedition.

About midnight, however, his practiced ear caught the tramp of feet. Every moment the sound came nearer, and at last he heard them entering the defile. Immediately he discharged a couple of muskets into the darkness to let them know that he knew of their presence and intentions, and he heard the quick short commands of the officers, and, from the sounds, he supposed that the troops were retiring from the pass. Until the morning he was undisturbed. The Austrian commander, feeling assured that the garrison had been informed of his movements, and was prepared to receive him, saw that he could not surprise the post as he had hoped to do, and deemed it prudent to wait until daylight before making his attack.

At sunrise he summoned the garrison to surrender. A grenadier answered the summons. "Say to your commander," he said, in reply to the messenger, "that this garrison will defend this post to the last extremity."

The officer who had borne the flag of truce retired, and in about ten minutes a piece of artillery was brought into the pass and opened on the tower. But to effect this the piece had to be placed directly in front of the tower, and within easy musket range of it. They had scarcely got the gun in position when a rapid fire was opened upon it from the tower, and continued with such marked effect that the piece was withdrawn after the second discharge, with a loss of five men.

This was a bad beginning, so half an hour after the gun was withdrawn the Austrian Colonel ordered an assault.

As the troops entered the defile they were received with a rapid and accurate fire, so that when they had passed over half the distance they had to traverse, they had lost fifteen men. Disheartened by this, they returned to the mouth of the defile.

Three more assaults were repulsed in this manner, and the enemy by sunset had lost forty-five men, of whom ten were killed.

The firing from the tower had been rapid and accurate, but the Austrian commander had noticed this peculiarity about it—every shot seemed to come from the same place. For awhile this perplexed him, but at last he came to the conclusion that there were a number of loop-holes close together in the tower, so constructed as to command the ravine perfectly.

At sunset the last assault was made and repulsed, and at dark the Austrian commander sent a second summons to the garrison. This time the answer was favorable. The garrison offered to surrender at sunrise the next morning, if allowed to march out with their arms and return to the army unharmed. After some hesitation the terms were accepted.

Meantime, La Tour D'Auvergne had passed an anxious day in the tower. He had opened the fight with an armament of thirty loaded muskets, but had not been able to discharge them all. He had fired with surprising rapidity and with surprising accuracy; for it was well known in the army that he never threw away a shot. He had determined to stand to his post until he had accomplished his end, which was to hold the place twenty-four hours, in order to allow the French army time to complete its manoeuvre. After that he knew the pass would be of no use to the enemy.

When a demand came for him to surrender after the last assault, he consented to it upon the condition named.

The next day at sunrise the Austrian troops lined the pass into files, extending from the mouth to the tower, leaving a space between for the garrison to pass out. The heavy door of the tower opened slowly, and in a few minutes a bronzed and scarred grenadier, literally loaded down with muskets, came out and passed down the line of troops. He walked with difficulty under his heavy load.

To the surprise of the Austrians, no one followed him from the tower.

In astonishment the Austrian Colonel rode up to him, and asked him in French, why the garrison did not come out.

"I am the garrison, Colonel," said the soldier proudly.

"What!" exclaimed the Colonel, "do you mean to tell us that you alone have held that tower against me?"

"I have that honor, Colonel," was the reply.

"What possessed you to make such an attempt, grenadier?"

"The honor of France was at stake."

The Colonel gazed at him for a moment with undisturbed admiration; then raising his cap, he said warmly: "Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself the bravest of the brave."

The officer caused all the arms which La Tour D'Auvergne could not carry, to be collected, and sent them all, with the grenadier, into the French lines, together with a note relating the whole affair.

When the knowledge of it came to the ears of Napoleon, he offered to promote La Tour D'Auvergne, but the latter declined to accept the promotion, saying that he preferred to remain where he was.

This brave soldier met his death in an action at Auerhausen, in June, 1800, and the simple but expressive scene at roll call in his regiment was commenced and continued by the express command of the Emperor himself.

The Punishment of Traitors.

Whilst President Johnson is in the main performing his high and responsible duties to the satisfaction of every Conservative and true Union man in the country, and is receiving the commendation and support of a large majority of the American people, there is yet one thing which many are of the opinion he ought to do. The penalties incurred by the leading traitors of the South are still hanging over them, and may be enforced by the proper authorities at any time.

These operate as restraints upon the Southern traitors and guarantee their good behavior. But the "traitors at the other end of the line"—such men as John W. Forney, Wendell Phillips, William D. Kelley, and Benjamin F. Butler—being under no bonds to preserve true faith and allegiance to the Government, are doing their utmost to get up another civil war, and again involve the country in bloodshed and devastation. It is the opinion of many of the President's supporters—especially those of them who voted for Mr. Lincoln and sustained his administration—that he ought to arrest the traitors and disavow them above named, and their leading aids and abettors all over the country. The persons who take this view of the case do not advocate the hanging of these miscreants, however richly they may deserve the gallows; but they maintain that they ought to be shut up in Fort Lafayette or sent to the Dry Tortugas, where they could no longer disturb the peace of the country. They argue that so long as these vindictive, corrupt, plundering agitators and traitors are permitted to utter their incendiary and treasonable language, so long will the country be kept in an unsettled condition, and the restoration of the Union be a moral impossibility.

We are not much inclined to favor the exercise of doubtful powers by executive officers, but it must be admitted that a step of this kind on the part of President Johnson would have in it at least the merit of an act of retributive justice. It would only be giving these scoundrels a taste of the specific for "disloyalty" that they were so free in administering to Democrats during Lincoln's Presidency, for venturing to question the wisdom of some of the measures of his administration. Any argument that could be made in favor of the incarceration of a Democrat in Fort Lafayette, or his transportation to the Dry Tortugas, at any price of Lincoln's administration, would make in favor of the immediate arrest and close imprisonment of such cowardly incendiaries as Forney, Butler, Phillips and their coadjutors, who are straining every nerve to convulse the country with a civil war which would be vastly more destructive, and in every respect infinitely worse, than the one from which we have just emerged.

The ravings and threats of Boast Butler and John W. Forney against the President have been read by everybody. No francic rebel ever denounced and threatened President Lincoln as fiercely during the hottest period of the late war as these vulgar and envenomed partisans now denounce and threaten President Johnson. Wendell Phillips has lately added his denunciations and threats to theirs. In his late address on the "Peril of the Hour," at Boston, after reiterating Butler's demand for the impeachment and removal of the President, and denouncing Gen. Grant, who he said, "occupied the most humiliating position of any man on this continent," Phillips proceeded to declare that "his theory was that there is no President. He is a deserter. The legislative power is the only power left. Our James IL has abdicated, and Parliament rules the nation. He wanted Congress to commence its next session as a perpetual one. He would have the next Congress enact that they should re-assemble in March, 1867, and be themselves the Government."

Upon what ground would those who defended the arbitrary arrest, by Abraham Lincoln, of men who questioned the wisdom of his acts as President, condemn Andrew Johnson for arresting a man who publicly declares that "there is no President," and calls upon Congress to ignore the Executive and usurp his functions. If ever there was cause for the arrest of persons for the use of "treasonable language," there is cause for it now.—Lancaster Intelligence.

PAYING A BET.—The Philadelphia Age says: An amusing scene was witnessed by a large number of citizens yesterday, on Chestnut Street from Thirteenth to Sixth. A push-cart, having in it a feather-bed covered with decorations of ribbons, &c.; a man lay in side smoking acigar, with his feet over each side of the cart in the easiest manner imaginable. The paying party pushed the cart vigorously along the street, with a face on about a yard long. On the front of the cart was a placard with the words "Paying a bet." The cart was drawn up on Sixth street below Chestnut. Its appearance caused the greatest merriment and attracted a great crowd of people.

The Runaway Match.

A great many years since, when bright-eyed and fair-haired lasses were not so plentiful in New England as they are now, there dwelt in the town of P—, a pretty village some twenty miles distant from the market town, a peculiarly ugly and cross-grained but sturdy farmer.

Minnie was Danforth's only child, and report said truly she would be his sole legatee. The old man was a sturdy farmer and was estimated to be worth full \$10,000, at that period a handsome fortune. The sparkling eyes and winning manners of Minnie had stirred up the finer feelings of the whole male portion of the village, and her suitors were numerous, but her father was peculiar, and none succeeded in winning much headway with him or her.

In the meantime Minnie had a true loyal lover in secret. Who would have supposed that such a fellow dare to look on beauty and comparative refinement? His name was Walker, and he was simply a farmer employed by the management of his place two or three years. But a very excellent farmer and a right good manager was this Joe Walker. He was young, too, only twenty-three, and he actually fell in love with this beautiful Minnie Danforth, his employer's daughter. But the strangest part of the occurrence was that Minnie returned his love, earnestly and frankly promised to wed him at a favorable time.

Things went on merry for a time, but old Danforth discovered certain glances and attentions between them which excited his envy suspicions. Very soon afterwards Joe learned the old man's mind in regard to his future disposal of Minnie's hand; he quickly saw his case was a hopeless one unless he resorted to stratagem, so he set his wife at once to work. By agreement, an apparently settled dislike and coldness was observed by the lovers for each other for six months, and the father saw, as he believed, with satisfaction, that his previous fears had been premature. Then by agreement also between them Joe absented himself from home at evenings; and night after night for full three months longer, did Joe disappear as soon as his work was finished, to return only at a late hour to bed. This was unusual, and Danforth was determined to know the cause of it.

Joe frankly confessed that he was in love with a man's daughter who resided less than three miles distant, but after a faithful attachment between them for months, the old man utterly refused his application for the young girl's hand.

This satisfied him that he had made a mistake in regard to his own child, and he resolved to help Joe get married and thus to stop all further trouble or suspicion at home.

"Do you like her?" "Yes, sir—yes."

"Then marry her." "But I can't—her father objects."

"Poh! let him do so; what need you care. Run away with her."

"Elope!" "Yes, off with you at once. If the gal will join, all right. Marry her, bring her here; you shall have the cottage at the foot of the lane; I'll furnish it for you; your wages shall be increased, and the old man may like it or not."

"But—"

"No buts, Joe; do as I bid you; so about it at once, and—"

"You will stand by me?" "Yes, to the last. I know Joe, you will make anybody a good son or a good husband."

"The old fellow will be so mad, though." "Who cares? Go, now, quickly."

"To-morrow night then," said Joe. "Yes."

"I'll hire Clover's horse." "No, you shan't!" "No!"

"I say no. Take my horse—the best one—Young Morgan—he'll take you in fine style in the new phaeton."

"The old gentleman will be astonished." "Never mind, go on. We'll turn the laugh on him. I'll take care of you and your wife at any rate."

"I'll do it," said Joe. "You shall," said Danforth; and they parted in good spirits.

An hour after dark on the following evening Joe made his appearance, dressed in a new black suit, and really looked very comely. The old man hustled out to the barn with him, helping him to harness Young Morgan.

A few rods from the house he found Minnie as previously arranged, and repairing to the village, the person quickly made them one in holy wedlock. Joe took his bride and soon dashed back, and halted at old Danforth's house, who was already looking for him with open arms.

"Is it done!" "Yes," answered Joe. "Bring her in," continued the old fellow, in high glee; "never mind compliments here, and the honest farmer rushed for lights, returning almost immediately.

"Yes, yes." "And this is my wife," he added, as he passed up his beautiful bride, the bewitching and lovely Minnie.

"What!" roared the old man—"what did you cheat, Joe—you villain—you scamp—you cheat—"

"It is true, sir, we are married; you advised this; you planned the affair; you let me have a horse; you encouraged me; you promised to stand by me; you offered me the cottage at the end of the lane—"

"I didn't—I deny it. You can't prove it."

"Calmly, now, sir," said Joe; and the entreaties of the happy couple quelled the old gentleman's ire.

He gave in reluctantly, and the fair Minnie was overjoyed to be acknowledged as Mrs. Joe Walker.

Strange Specimen of Humanity.

Twelve years ago a family named Sawyer, living in the neighboring town of Westbrook, were surprised to find that a very superior new milch cow, carefully kept in their stable, was "drying up." This continued until Mrs. Sawyer discovered, some time after, the print of human fingers in the soap barrel in the stable. Communicating this discovery to her husband, he procured help from the neighbors, and a thorough search of the stable followed. An examination of the hay-mow disclosed a small hole, which, being followed up by pitching away the hay, led to a den-like place in the interior of the mow. Here was found a strange being—a man apparently of about twenty-four years, half clothed in rags, shockingly filthy, and having no feet. One foot was missing just above the ankle; the other was gone a little higher up—the stump terminating in an oblong wand in a manner showing that it was not the work of a surgeon nor had it received the attention of a surgeon when lost. His face and head were of average intelligence, but not a word could be got from him. He had lived there a number of weeks, subsisting on the milk of the cow and the grease. He was turned over to the town authorities and placed in the poor house, where he now is and has been for the past twelve years.

All attempts to solve the mystery concerning this strange being have proved futile. No one has been found yet, who ever saw or heard of him, and during the whole twelve years he has never uttered a word. Various expedients have been tried to loose his tongue. On one occasion he was given a bottle containing a pint of whiskey. He seemed to understand exactly what it was, for he placed it to his lips and drank the whole at a draught, but it had no perceptible effect upon him. In manner, habits, etc., he is like a wild beast. In the Summer he is kept in a sort of wooden, cage-like structure in the yard. He is very shy of strangers and will hide his head in his blankets when they approach. His quarters are comfortable, and it is impossible to give him better for sanitary reasons.

Where the creature came from is certainly a mysterious matter. He could not have walked from a distance as he crawls upon his knees very slowly. The only theory attempted is this: A few weeks before the man was discovered the steamer Sarah Sands arrived at this port from Liverpool with a large number of immigrants. It is conjectured that this being might have been a burden to some one over the water. Mr. Sawyer (since deceased) hauled a load home from the steamer's wharf at that time, and it is reasoned that the man might have been clandestinely added to his load (as there were opportunities) and from thence have crept into his stable. This hypothesis is decidedly vague and unsatisfactory, however. The appearance of the man is not that of an idiot, but of one who has lost his mind. He seems laboring under a great fear.—Portland (Me.) Argus.

"Lee's Rock."

The grounds comprising the Antietam Cemetery, Sharpsburg, Maryland, and his staff during the battle of Antietam, and a rock protruding about three feet above the surface has been pointed out to all visitors as the one on which General Lee stood and viewed the progress of the battle. It was from this rock that he issued his orders. Those who took part in the battle usually take their position upon this rock to point to their friends the farm house to the left in which General McClellan had his headquarters, the Burnside Brigade to the right, and Reno's Mountain in the distance on the apex of which the gallant General of that name fell mortally wounded early in the battle. In short, all the points of interest are specially visible from "Lee's Rock."

At the meeting of the Board of Commissioners representing a few of the States, held at Sharpsburg last Spring, a vote was taken on the question of leaving Lee's Rock stand, when it was, by a close vote decided to have it blown up and removed. At a meeting on Thursday evening last, held in this city, on motion of the Commissioners from West Virginia, seconded by New York, the order to destroy the rock was rescinded, and it was decided that it should remain. The majority, in thus deciding, considered Lee's Rock a historical mark of the battle field, that must always prove of interest, especially to the visitor from a distance, who, for the first time, views the field of this most sanguinary battle.—Baltimore American.

DUTCH CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

The following cure for drunkenness is practiced in Holland: The patient is shut up in a room and debarred all communication, except with his physician. As often as he pleases, spirits—brandy, gin, whiskey, etc., are given him, but mixed with two-thirds water; all other drinks, such as beer, coffee, wine, etc., are mingled with one-third brandy. The various kinds of food, too, that are furnished him—bread, meat, etc.—are all prepared with brandy, consequently the patient is in a continual state of intoxication. This lasts about five days; at the end of that time he asks with entreaty for other nourishment, without his request being complied with, and not until his organs are fully sobered. The cure is said to be a very speedy one.

A LONG DANCE.

An ingenious French mathematician has calculated that the space which a young Parisian belle, who is fond of the salutary exercise of dancing traverses in the gay salons of Paris amonets, in the course of one dancing season, to four hundred and thirty four miles and a half. He has also estimated that a French lady fond of performing the functions of a teetotaler, would spin round in a waltz in one night as many times as the wheels of a steamboat revolve while running the distance be-

New Rules for Base Ball.

Innings.—Sec. 1.—The game when played at all, to be on the anniversary of some other day, and to be continued until nine innings are played, if the players are not "played out" before that time. To be conducted strictly with the laws of the Meles and Persians, and Code Napoleon, the City Ordinances, and the regulations of the board of health.

Running Bases.—Sec. 2.—No player to be allowed more than one hour to run a base.

Catching.—Sec. 3.—Players to have the privilege of catching the ball in their hats or caps, but the use of peach baskets to be positively prohibited. Musquito nets to be used in catching "fly" balls.

Foul Balls.—Sec. 4.—All "foul balls" to be deodorized before used.

Putting Players Out.—Sec. 5.—Any player "caught out," without his night key, or a permit from the Clerk of the Council, to be taken charge of by the city police, placed in a coffin and furnished lodgings in David Jones' Locket.

The Pitcher.—Sec. 6.—Should the "pitcher" become cracked during the game, a new one to be procured from Mullen's Grocery store, provided, that his dog does not steal the players' dinner, and make a "home run," otherwise it shall be purchased from the nearest grocery.

Batting.—Sec. 7.—No cotton "batting" allowed.

Conveyance.—Sec. 8.—Omnibusses to start for the first base every half hour, and ambulances to be ready to carry off the wounded.

Reporters.—Sec. 9.—In order that there may be a correct report by eye witnesses—after the reliable manner of war correspondents—newspaper reporters to be positively prohibited from approaching the grounds.

A Haunted House.

A Waterville correspondent of the Boston Transcript tells the following curious story: Nearly opposite Hallowell, on the bank of the river, stands the famous haunted house of Chelsea. It is an old square building, and the very picture of desolation; the doors and windows being out, the out-houses