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TRUTH AND RIGHT—GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

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VOL. XXX. OLD SERIES.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1866.

NEW SERIES VOL. I. NO. 44.

DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF.

This snuff has thoroughly proved itself to be the best remedy known for curing the Catarrh of the Head and Throat. It has been found an excellent remedy in all cases of Catarrh of the Head and Throat, and gives a healthy action to the parts affected.

More than Thirty Years' Experience.

Of the use of Dr. Marshall's Catarrh Snuff, and the Headache Snuff, has proved itself to be the common disease of the Head, and at this moment thousands are suffering with it.

Relief in Ten Minutes.

Bryan's Pulmonic Waters.

The original Medicine established in 1837, and the name of "Pulmonic Waters." In this or any other country, all other Pulmonic Waters are counterfeit.

Relief in Ten Minutes.

Bryan's Pulmonic Waters.

These Waters have been found to be the best remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Throat, and are warranted to give satisfaction in every instance.

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To Vocalists and Public Speakers, the Waters are particularly valuable, as they clear the throat, and give a healthy action to the parts affected.

Relief in Ten Minutes.

Bryan's Pulmonic Waters.

This is the only medicine that will cure all cases of Catarrh of the Throat, and is warranted to give satisfaction in every instance.

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NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

DIRECT ROUTE NORTH AND SOUTH.

Through between Baltimore and Rochester Without Change of Cars.

NORTHWARD.

RUFFALO EXPRESS leaves Baltimore 10 10, daily. Philadelphia 12 20 P. M. Harrisburg 2 40 A. M. For express passengers at Northumberland, 2 30 A. M. For train on Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Rail Road, leaving at 7 00 A. M. arriving in Harrisburg 7 30 A. M. Harrisburg 8 25 A. M. Kingston 10 40 A. M. Scranton 12 00 noon.

SOUTHWARD.

EXPRESS TRAIN, leaves Northumberland 11 30 P. M. (except Sundays) Harrisburg 12 15 P. M. Philadelphia 1 30 P. M. Harrisburg 2 45 P. M. Kingston 5 20 P. M. Harrisburg 6 30 P. M. Philadelphia 7 50 P. M. Harrisburg 8 45 P. M. Kingston 10 40 P. M. Harrisburg 11 30 P. M. Philadelphia 12 00 noon.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

NEW CHAIR SHOP.

J. H. BATES, Respectfully informs the public generally that he has opened a first-class

CHAIR ESTABLISHMENT.

in Bloomsburg, on Main Street, (opposite Snyder's Hall), where he has just received from Philadelphia, a large assortment of

Bureaus, Stands, and ROCKING CHAIRS.

CHURCH CHAIRS, CANE SEATED CHAIRS, Arm Chairs and Windsor Chairs, all of which he has just received from Philadelphia, and is prepared to repair and reupholster all kinds of chairs, at very low prices.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL BOOK.

OF ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS OF THE REBELLION. This is a certain portion of the war that will never go into the regular histories, nor be recorded in any other form.

628. HOOP SKIRTS. 628. HOPKIN'S "OWN MAKE."

Are in every respect first class, and embrace complete assortment for Ladies, Misses, and Children of the Newest Styles, every Length and Sizes of Waist.

DR. W. H. BRADLEY, Physician and Surgeon.

(Office at the Forks Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa. Calls promptly attended to both night and day. Bloomsburg, Nov. 21, 1866.

NEW CLOTHING AND GENTLE MEN'S FURNISHING STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully announces to his many friends that he has opened a new Clothing and Gentlemen's Furnishing Store, in the new building on the Hartman Building, southeast corner of Main and Market Streets, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Fall and Winter Clothing and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, &c. &c.

Having just returned from Philadelphia with a large stock of

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, DRESS COATS, SACK COATS, OVERCOATS, VESTS, SUITS, UNDERSHIRTS, DRAWERS, COLLARS, COLLARS, NECK-TIES, HOSIERY, SUSPENDERS, HANKERCHIEFS, UNBELLAS, &c.

and in fact everything in the Clothing or Furnishing line at

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In addition to the above he has an elegant assortment of

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For the Democrat and Star.

Lyrics of the Susquehanna—No. 2.

Beautiful Olindebach's eye now turns to thee, Not to describe the glories of thy valley sea, For with the sea as present, my pen has naught to do, But with events that happened, near a hundred years ago.

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Behind the Curtains, How They go to Bed.

The young girl trips gaily up to her chamber, and, with the cautious timidity peculiar to her sex, first locks the door and arranges the window curtains, so that by no chance a passer-by, or a belated nocturnal wanderer from the pavement can catch a glimpse of her beauty when in dishabille. This task completed, she turns on the gas to its full, and institutes a general search throughout the apartment that she may be sure it does not contain a horrible "bugbear," or a "desperate ruffian," in big whiskers and crisp black hair.

A Long Story.

There was once a certain King who, like many Eastern Kings, was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time, but yet he was never satisfied. The exertions of his courtiers were all in vain. He at last made a proclamation, that if any man would tell him a story that should last forever he would make him his heir and give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage, but if any should pretend he has such a story, but should fail—that is, if the story did come to an end—he was to have his head cut off.

For a prize as a beautiful princess and a dreadful long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months. Poor fellows, they all spun them out as long as they possibly could; but all in vain. Sooner or later they all came to an end; and one after another the unlucky storytellers had their heads chopped off. At last came a man who said he had a story that would last forever, if his majesty would be pleased to give him a trial. He was warned of his danger; he told him how many others had tried and lost their heads, but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the King. He was a man of very composed and deliberate way of speaking, and after making all requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking and sleeping, he thus began:

"O, King! there was once a King who was a great tyrant and desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon the corn in his kingdom, and put it in an immense granary, which was built on purpose as high as a mountain. This he did for several years, until the granary was quite to the top. He then stopped doors and windows, and closed it up fast on all sides. But the brick-layers had by accident, let a very small hole near the top of the granary, and there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn, but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through at a time. So one locust went in and carried off one grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn."

He had gone on thus from morning till night (except when he was engaged at his meals) for about a month, when the king began to be rather tired of the locusts, and interrupted the story with—"Well, well, we have heard enough of the locusts, we will suppose they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted. Tell us what happened afterwards." To which the story teller answered deliberately: "If it pleases your majesty, it is impossible to tell what happened afterwards before I tell what has happened first."

And then he went on again. "And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn."

The King listened with unquenchable patience six months more, when he was again interrupted with: "Oh, friend! I am weary of your locusts. How soon do you think they will have done?" To which the story-teller made answer: "Oh, King, you can tell! At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared a small space, it may be a cubic foot each way round the inside of the hole, and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides. But let the king have patience, and no doubt we shall come to the end in time." Thus encouraged, the king listened on for another full year, the story-teller still going as before.

"And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn."

LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.—It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about—give her education with this actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read the newspapers, and become familiar with the present character and improvements of our trade. History is of some importance; but the past world is dead, and we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world, to know what it is, and improve the condition of it. Let her have an intelligent opinion and be able to sustain a conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvements of our times.

As John Morrissey was standing in the door of Willard's, at Washington, one day last week, he was approached and saluted by the notorious Beau Hickman in his politest tone, who remarked:—"The Honorable Mr. Morrissey, Member of Congress from New York, I believe." "The same, at your service," good naturedly replied Morrissey. "I am glad to see you," "Ah, Mr. Hickman," giving him his hand, "what can I do for you?" "An introduction fee of \$1 from you, if you please, Mr. Morrissey." The tax was cheerfully paid, and the two celebrities conversed for some moments upon the state of the country, the policy of the

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY GEO.

Hail thou auspicious morn! Thou day when Christ was born! We hail thy light; Day of a Saviors birth— Day of good will on earth— Day whose exceeding worth, Has banished night.

Bring unto each mind— Good will to all mankind! Good will in Heaven, Our Saviors natal day, Chase thou our doubts away! And cast thy rising say, O'er sin's forgiven.

Let Bethlehems rising star Light still a world afar— As time shall roll; And by Christs agony On the accursed tree; Let love and mercy be Graved in each soul.

This day around the heart With loved ones of the earth— We praise Gods love; And as with wife and child, We journey through earths wild, O, Savior! meek and mild Bend from above.

And let thy kingdom come Within each heart and home, Till time shall end; Still lead us in thy way, Still teach us how to pray, Be thou our guide and stay, Our God and friend.

The "Situation" South.

We but utter one of the most obvious of truths when we say that it is impossible for the North and the South to remain permanently or for any considerable time in their present relations to each other. Those relations are anomalous and unnatural. They must inevitably change soon in one way or another. How the change is to be wrought and what is to be its character, time will reveal—we cannot. Our anticipations are not joyous.

There can be no doubt, that the South, oppressed, humiliated, treacherously wronged, cruelly disappointed in all her rational hopes and just expectations, treated contumeliously and in bad faith, and beholding no reliable indication of future justice on the part of the North, is yielding gradually to the natural influences of strong and outrageous provocation. Her resentment toward the North is continually growing deeper and more intense. Her feelings in regard to that section is tending towards antipathy, and even revenge. Her dislike of those whom she considers her tyrants and despots is greater than it was a year ago and far greater than it was two years ago. Her patience has been extraordinary, but it has not proved indomitable. Though she is neither blustering nor noisy, the fire of her nature is not quenched. Every month she cares less and less for restoration, and, if it be deferred for any long period, she will in all probability be utterly indisposed to accept it at all.

The majority of the Northern people, if the Radicals constitute the majority, are blind. Prejudice and passion have covered with a thick film their sightless orbs. They cannot discern what the nation's prosperity and safety require. The country's condition is at present most wretched. It is almost exactly the condition which, at terrible sacrifices, we fought nearly four years to avert. We carried on war to prevent the Union from being divided, but virtually and for nearly all practical purposes it is divided. We are scarcely better off in respect to Union now than we should have been, if the Confederates had won a triumph, established their independence, and accomplished all their purposes. If the existing state of affairs is to endure, all the sacrifices of the war were in vain. The ten excluded States are of no benefit to us. We derive no advantage from our connection or quasi-connection with them. As a distinct nation, they would, if a Southern nation and Northern nation could keep the peace toward each other, be as advantageous to us as they are now, if not far more so. Therefore, by holding them as they are, we grossly wrong not only them, but also ourselves.—Louisville Journal.

How Soldiers Meet.

The manner in which these men who led the great opposing armies during the war, now meet is enough to put to the blush the miserable stay-at-home cowards, who are still endeavoring to keep alive the feeling of hatred between the two sections of our country. The Baltimore Commercial states that at the Horse Fair, in that city, on Saturday, General Grant was present, and occupying one of the stands, when his attention was called to the fact that General Joe Johnston was upon the other, the question being put, "Would he like to see him?" "Certainly," was the reply of the General. "There is no man on the ground I would be more pleased to see!" General Johnston was sent for and a cordial greeting took place. While this was going on, General Stoneman also made his appearance, a like cordial greeting occurring the three occupying the stand for a couple of hours in company.

The Louisville Journal gives the following pleasant account of a recent meeting in that city between General Hood and General George H. Thomas of the United States army: "During the past few days several distinguished Confederate officers have been in the city on business connected with their peaceful avocations. The meeting between

than cordial—it was affectionate. They had not met before since the close of the war, and their greeting was that of true and tried friends, who loved and trusted each other.

We have no inclination to pry into the privacies of two such men, but the twinkle of laughing eyes and inferred fun expressed in their greeting, and use of old nicknames—their significance best known to themselves—told of pleasant by-gones.

But a nobler exhibition of the generosity of mind and personal honor was that afforded yesterday in the meeting of General George H. Thomas with his old comrades-in-arms, General John B. Hood. Upon two disastrous fields for the Confederacy, General Thomas had been matched against Hood, and had overwhelmingly beaten him at Franklin and Nashville, and added lustre to the stars and stripes. Yesterday, as General Hood stumped into the dining-room of the Louisville Hotel to take his midday meal, General Thomas rose from his seat to meet the maimed and gallant Hood, and cordially greeted his old companion-in-arms. The two Generals dined together like old friends and no doubt had many reminiscences to recall of scenes by flood and field in auld lang syne. Their interview was most genial and pleasant, apparently, and we believe that such meetings go further to reunite the late opposing section than a thousand resolutions of worthy fealty.

One of the Results of the Late War.

Those of our citizens who have business about the river, probably noticed, a few days ago, on one of the wharf-boats, a poor woman, with scarcely clothes enough to cover her nakedness, and a land of parishes, the chilly winds of winter, accompanied by two children, also poorly clothed. The woman, notwithstanding the dilapidated condition of her dress and general appearance, showed some traces of former beauty, and the children were really interesting. The history of this poor woman, is a sad story. She was the only daughter of wealthy parents, a few miles from Clarksville, Tennessee. She married a young man well off in the world's goods, about one year before the war. All went well, she and her husband living happily until the late terrible war came on. Her husband entered the army as the leader of a land of parishes rangers, and was killed the second year of the war. His property was all confiscated, leaving his wife and two babes on the cold charities of the world. Only one hope was left the poor creature—she would go to her father's; but he, too, had taken an active part in the rebellion, and his property also was confiscated, and he was a land of parishes rangers. She received the sympathies of the friends of her youth, but alas! they were too poor to assist her. In her troubles, she recollected of having an uncle in Des Moines, Iowa, a brother of her father, and determined to go there and apply to him for aid. She was brought from Clarksville free of charge, on the deck of a Cincinnati steamer, and landed at our wharf. On landing here, the mother and children were sick and hungry, having had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. They were provided with food and money by a gentleman, and sent on a through boat to St. Louis, to take the cars from there to Des Moines. She was a fine woman, once the peer of society, reared in the lap of luxury, reduced to an object of poverty, and forced to travel on the deck of a steamboat. This is one of the results of the late war. Still there are people in our midst, professing Christianity, who want to see the Southern people "hanged by the neck." What greater humiliation would you visit on their heads than force them to go from door to door begging for bread? Surely, no man is a Christian who would wish them greater evils.—Evansville (Ind.) Courier.

The Early Home of Jesus.

Four miles south of the strong Greek city of Scythopolis, hidden away among gentle hills, then covered from the base to the crown with vineyards and fig trees, laid a narrow nest or basin of rich red and white earth, star-like shape, but a mile in width and most drowsily fertile. Along the sacred and chalky slope of the highest of those hills sprang a small and lovely village, which, in a land where every stone seemed to have a story, is remarkable as having had no public history, and no distinguished name. No great road led up to this sunny nook. No traffic came into it; no legions marched through it. Trade, war, adventure, pleasure, pomp, passed through it, flowing from west to east, from east to west, along the Roman road. But the meadows were aglow with wheat and barley. Near the low ground ran a belt of gardens, fenced with stones, in which myriads of green figs, red pomegranates and golden citrons ripened in the summer sun. High up the slopes, which were lined and planted like the Rhine at Bingen, hung vintages of purple grapes. In the plain, among the corn and beneath the millstone, the wild figs shone daisies, poppies, tulips, lilies and anemones, endless in their profusion, brilliant in their dyes.

Low down on the hillside sprang a well of water, bubbling, plentiful and sweet, and above this fountain of life, in a long street straggling from the fountains to the synagogue, rose the homesteads of many shepherds, craftsmen and vinedressers. It was a lovely and humble place, of which no ruler, no historian of Israel has ever yet taken notice. No Racheal had been met and kissed into love at this well; no Ruth had gathered up the sheaves of barley in yon fields; this height; no camp had been pitched for battle in that vale. That one who would become dearer to the fancies of men than either Ruth or Racheal, then walked through these fields, drew water at this spring, passed up and down the lanes of this hamlet, no seer could have surmised. The place was not then an obscure spot.

The Arab may have pitched his black tent by the well, the magistrate of Sephoris must have known the village, but the hamlet was never mentioned by the Jewish scribes. In the Bible, in the Talmud, in the writings of Josephus, we search in vain for any record of the homestead of Mary, like its name except in its Hellenic form. The Greeks called the town Nazaret or Nazareth.

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