



Bloomsburg Democrat.

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Have Courage to Say "No."

You're starting to-day on life's journey, Alone on the highway of life; You'll meet with a thousand temptations;

The siren's sweet song may allure you; Beware of her cunning and art; Whenever you see her approaching, Be guarded and haste to depart.

The bright ruby wine may be offered— No matter how tempting it be, From poison that stings like an adder, My boy, have the courage to flee.

In courage alone lies your safety, When you the long journey begin, And trust in a good moral training, Will keep you unscathed from sin.

SEE INTEW THINGS; OR, Jedediah Juniper's Interview with New York.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

'Git out!' 'Carriage, sir? take you right up!'

'Git out, I say! Plague on 't know you do go on, and follow a feller around!'

'But if you are going up,' continued one of the Jarvises—

'Gin' up?' echoes the bedeviled Yankee, freezing to his valise.

'Yes, sir, up to a hotel.'

'A hotel? Git out, goll darn ye!'

'Yes, sir, take you right up; here's my coach.'

'Here's your carriage, right away!' cries another.

'Mister take my coach; that other feller 'll charge you double fare.'

'That feller 'll swindle you!' Echoes another.

'And you 'll rob a hean roost!' is the ready answer.

'O, you go 'long!' replies the challenged Jarvey; 'you're just out the Tocombs for stealing a bridle!'

'And you come out o' Sing Sing last night where you was put for stealing a bridle with a horse to it!'

'You're a notorious thief!'

'You're noted for lying; choked yourself trying to tell the truth!'

'You lie!'

'Do I, take that!'

'Go in! Give it to him!' yell onlookers;

'Fight!' is the echo.

'Let up!'

'Give it to him!'

'Murder-r-r!' 'Call the police!'

Now the fighting becomes general, some fifty of the carriage and cab drivers, with a large sprinkling of thieves, dock loafers and idlers of the various callings found in the vicinity of a New York steamboat landing.

But where was our Down East friend, amid this general and sudden 'revolution' of the sanguinary republicans. Gone, double quick time, of course. No, there he is, in the very midst of combatants! How they rush around him! How they hit and hustle one another, and he seemed to escape wound, scratch, or scarp! And the quiet observer might discern rather an odd expression mantling the face of each pseudo pugilist; for now and then, as they tossed one another over our Yankee friend, and cried out in brave tones,

'I'll give it to you!' 'Call me a liar?' 'Take that, I'll pepper you!'

'Go in, lemons!' shouts the crowd. 'Let go my hat! what in the sin are you 'bout-t-t? Let go, goll darn ye! you'll tear my hat all to tinders!'

'Call the peer-les!' cries one of the thieves.

'Here's a feller raisin' a fight!' yells the carriage driver.

'Murder-r-r! A feller's got my watch!'

'Look out for pick-pockets!' shout the loafers and thieves.

'Let me aout! Let go my pockets, goll darn ye! What are you at? Git aout o' that! Murder!' cries the poor victim.

A bustle takes place, the crowd scatters, somebody cries that pick-pockets are about and the peer-les are coming!

'Hallo here, what's all this 'bout?' exclaims the red-faced policeman, coming up to poor Down East, who has finally managed to extricate his head from his hat, the exertion putting him all in a foam of perspiration, as well as tumbling up his hair like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

'What's all this row?' 'I know? Goll darn ye! You one of the feller's been pitchin into me? Jest say so, and I'll be darned if I dun't jest wallop you aout of your cove skins, or my name's not Jedediah Juniper, none!'

'What? cries the policeman. 'Are you the feller's been raising all this muss?'

'He's the feller, Mister Policeman,' says one of the coachman, coming up to the scene again.

'You're the darned skunk as bit me!' cries Juniper, throwing his hat and coat in the most heroic fashion, and evincing other symptoms of 'going in.'

'He's drunk! Take him off!' cries a loafer.

'He's been raising a fight here all the afternoon!' says another, coming up with more confidence.

'He's picked my pocket, the thief!' cries one of the rascals.

'And stole my watch!' chimes in another villain.

'You eternal, double-a-nd-twisted skunks, yeon,' gasped poor Juniper, now writhing in the hands of the ferocious policeman, 'you pick-me-an, cowardly, low-lived scoundrels, you've stole my watch, you've hooked my pass, and—'

'Come along!' roars the virtuously indignant officer. 'Come along, you rascal! Want to let on you've been robbed, eh?'

'Him robbed? Ha! ha! ha!'

'You're a pooty feller to be robbed! Ha! ha! ha!' shout the thieves.

'Come with me, you scoundrel! I'll show you how to come here and kick up a row among decent, honest people, just to get a chance to pick pockets! Eh?'

'No pick pockets? Gre-a-a-t kingdom!'

'Come along!' cries the policeman.

'Give me my coat! Sa-a-y, look a'here! Fetch back my coat! Stop that feller with my hat! Sa-a-y, look a'here!'

'Come along with me!'

And hatless and coatless, sans purse and watch, poor Jedediah Juniper was rushed off to the police station, valise in hand, which he had been fortunate enough to retain, by hook or crook, in spite of all the exertions of the thieves to seize it. The policeman made a formidable charge against J. Juniper, he had been drunk, fighting, molesting honest people in the discharge of their respective avocations, and picking pockets.

'Look a'here, 'Squire,' exclaimed the outraged Juniper—

'Hold your tongue you rascal!'

'Want to know if that feller's a-goin' to rip into me that way and I stand here swallowin' his goll darned lies and you listen to 'em?'

'I-I'll give you thirty days on the Island, roars the magistrate, 'if you don't hold your jaw. Now, I'll fine you five dollars and costs, and give you two hours to leave the city.'

'Yooy du?' says Yankee.

'I do; and if you don't pay the fine, I'll send you up for thirty days, you rascal!'

'I calculate, 'Squire, yeou call this mighty sry town?'

'What's that?'

'Peart fellers at crowdin' strangers!'

'Will you hold your jaw?'

'Great on grbin' a feller's watch!'

'Do you hear me?'

'Stealin' a feller's pass!' continues the imperturbable.

'Mr. Clark, the rascal's fine seven dollars!'

'Hold on, ho-o-o-ld on, 'Squire let us see how much the damage is now, great gray! What, seven dollars fine for gittin' robbed, coat gone, hat hooked, watch stole, pass grabbed, a-a-a-nd overlastin' sin and misery if you don't beat evoration and the speckled Jews,—two dollars and a half for bein' snaked up here by this feller! Nino real dollars and a half! Well, I guess I've got as much as that and a leetle over.'

Opening his valise, Jed jerks out a cap, which he socks upon his head, slips into a bob-tail coat, hunts up an old wallet, from which he extracts a ten dollar bill, and hands over with,

'There's the document—call it square—and if I ever gin you darned, eternal town another call, you can bet on fining me my hull-pile and stealin' my shirt and boots!'

'Commit him to jail,' cries the magistrate.

'And if I ever catch you down our way, yeou old pizen serpent, I'll lather yeou till yeou hide won't hold pea-pods!'

The Bible.

Who composed the following description of the Bible we may never know? It was found in Westminster Abbey, nameless and dateless:

A nation would be truly happy if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book.

It contains everything needful to be known or done.

It gives instruction to a senate, authority and direction to a magistrate.

It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence.

It sets the husband as the lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table—tells him how to rule, and her how to manage. It entails honor to parents, and enjoins obedience to children.

It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, the authority of the master—commands the subjects to honor, and the servants to obey, and the blessing and protection of the Almighty to all that walk by its rule.

It gives directions for weddings and burials.

It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both.

It points out a faithful and eternal guardian to the departing husband and father—tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and whom his widow to trust—and promises a father to the former, and a husband to the latter.

It teaches a man to set his house in order, and to make his will; it appoints a dowry for his wife, and entails the right of the first born and shows how the young branches shall be left.

It defends the right of all, and reveals vengeance to every defaulter, over-reacher and trespasser.

It is the first book, the best book.

It contains the choicest matter—gives the best instruction—affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that we ever enjoyed.

It contains the best laws and most profound mysteries that were ever penned; it brings the best of comforts to the mourning and disconsolate.

It exhibits life and immortality from everlasting, and shows the way to glory.

It is a brief recital of all that is to come. It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples.

It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to him, and sets aside all other Gods, and describes the vanity of them, and all that trust in such; in short, it is a book of laws to show right and wrong a book of wisdom that condemns all folly and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth that detects all lies, and confutes all errors, and a book of life that shows the way from everlasting death.

It contains the most ancient antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, unparalleled wars.

It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds, and the origin of the angelic myriads, human tribes and devilish legions.

It will instruct the accomplished mechanic and most profound critic.

It teaches the best rhetorician, and exercises every power to the most skillful arithmetician, puzzles the wisest anatomist and exercises the wisest critic.

It is the best covenant that ever was a greed on; the best deed that ever was sealed; the best evidence that ever was produced; the best will that was ever signed.

To understand it is to be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it, is to be destitute of wisdom.

It is the king's best copy, the magistrate's best rule, the house-wife's best guide, the servant's best dietary, and the young man's best companion; it is the schoolboy's spelling book, and the learned man's masterpiece.

It contains a choice grammar for a novice and a profound mystery for a sage.

It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and the wise man's directory.

It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the humorous, and dark sayings for the grave, and is its own interpreter.

It encourages the wise, the warrior, the swift, the overcomer; and promises an eternal reward to the excellent, the conqueror, the winner, and the prevalent. And that which crowns all, is that the author is without partiality and without hypocrisy.

A Hundred Years to Come.

No one ever appears to think how soon he must sink into oblivion—that we are one generation of millions. Yet such is the fact. Time and progress have, through countless ages, come marching hand in hand—the one destroying, the other building up. They seem to create little or no commotion, and the work of destruction is as easily accomplished as a child will pull to pieces a rose. Yet such is the fact. A hundred years hence, and much that we now see around us will have passed away. It is but the repetition of life's story; we are born, we live, we die; and hence we will not grieve over those venerable bits, finding the common level of their prototypes in nature, ultimate death.

We all within our graves shall sleep A hundred years to come; No living soul for us will weep A hundred years to come; But other men our land will till, And other men our streets will fill, And other birds will sing us gay, As bright the sunshine as to-day, A hundred years to come.

THE LIFE OF AN OUTCAST.

A few weeks ago, there was buried in the City Cemetery a woman who appears upon the books of the Sexton as Rose Delmonde. This of itself is nothing strange, but there is something behind the name, related to us by one who was present at the death-bed scene, so mysterious, sad and sorrowful, that we publish it, as an incident, not often occurring any where, much less in such an even-tenored place as the capital of Alabama.

Rumor has it, and in this case rumor seems to be true, that just after the war, there came to Montgomery a beautiful, sprightly and accomplished woman of some 20 years of age. She stopped at one of the principal hotels, and being alone attracted marked attention. She had a tall commanding, splendidly developed figure, fine dark eyes and jetty, waving hair—and as she swept into the brilliantly-lighted parlors and dining saloon, with all the grace and seeming dignity of a queen, every one paid to her, that which true manhood always pays to beauty—the homage of a sigh. She remained in luxurious quarters for some ten days, during which time never ceasing gossip was busy with her name. At length she suddenly disappeared, it is supposed with a cotton agent of the U. S. Treasury Department, well known in business circles here, and was not heard of for a long time, by and by she returned, but instead of occupying sumptuous quarters as before, she became an inmate of a leading bagnio in the city. Here her true character was revealed. She became a queen of the demi monde, and was courted, flattered and caressed as a favorite by all who visit those peculiar haunts. It was not often that she appeared upon the streets and promenade; but when she did, she was known, noted and remarked upon, for her stately beauty and handsome personal appearance. Who she was or what she was other than a woman unconsciously prepossessing, and outcast a "poor unfortunate," no one knew or seemed to care. She still went by the name of Rose Delmonde, and although to the untutored eye she might have appeared as another woman did, still the seeds of vice had been sown, and that fate, which God has surely marked out for all who transgress his moral law had cast its shadow before and could not be averted. It was not long ere she commenced hard drink—sunk into the midst of midnight revelries and dissipation and thus step by step descended the vortex of shame, until the elastic step of youth had passed away—her beauty was gone forever, the bright sparkle of budding womanhood had melted from her eye—and the tint of the rosebud had faded from her cheek, and when our informant called to see her, she a poor, wan, emaciated woman, shunned as a pestilence and inhumanly deserted by her summer friends of her former infamous days.

Here our story properly begins: Some weeks since a call was made upon a professional gentleman of this city to visit a woman. He went and found the subject of this notice, lying in a dingy little room in a house of an old negress. When he entered the room, he soon saw the patient was not long for this world, as she was then in the last stages of consumption, brought on, doubtless by exposure and excessive disipation. As he entered the door, the patient as yet unknown, called him to her bedside and asked, "Doctor, can I live?"

She seemed to put this unusual interrogatory with so much of tender feeling, that our friend, possessing as he does the benevolent soul of a learned minister to bodily and mentally suffering evasively replied, "I hope so."

This reply was not satisfactory, however as she said: "Sir, only tell me, how long I can live! Will I have time to send for my mother?" With this she burst into tears, and there in that hut of squalid poverty, the poor dying outcast wept as if her heart would break, as galling memory reverted to the happy scenes of her childhood, where in a bright and joyful home she had listened to the soft and gentle lullaby of a mother's song. The physician seeing her condition, administered a soothing opiate and when she slept he retired, promising her only attendant, the old negress, to return on the morrow. He kept his promise, and on returning found her cool, self-possessed and perfectly rational. She again called him to her bedside and related to him in substance the following intelligent, but sad and mysterious story: "I know that I must die. * * * The world calls me Rosa Delmonde. My true name is Charlotte—My father is dead. My mother and only brother live in Utica, New York, No.—street. I am twenty-three years of age. During the war I formed the acquaintance of Lieutenant George—, of the 2d New York cavalry. He was well educated, a man of pleasing address and fascinating manners. I loved him. With me that love was beautiful insanity. I thought of him by day and dreamed of him by night. He proposed to me and I accepted. My brother opposed the match, and importuned my mother to make the Lieutenant cease his attentions.—She yielded and ordered him to visit me no more. I agreed never to see him again but oh I love him still. He was absent some six months, and on his return wrote me a letter, saying "he adored me, that his life was desolate without me" and importuned me to fly with him. I consented.—We were married. My brother forbade me the house—my mother ceased to notice me but even then I never ceased to love her.—We went to Chattanooga, where his regiment was stationed. We lived happily together until he was killed. He left me penniless. I wrote home for means to return. It was refused me. I tried to work but could find none, and at last, as God will bear me witness to keep from starving in this Christian land, I plunged myself into crime, into ruin and despair. No one knows my whereabouts. All that I made by my life of shame is gone; everything, in fact, except this little locket which mother gave me. It contains a lock of hair. Send it to her, and ask her to forgive me; tell her that I never ceased to love her, and that the last prayer of her poor, sinful child, was for mother and for home." She ceased to speak. A strange dreamy listlessness stole over her, and the wayward spirit of the once beautiful Rose Delmonde has ascended to God who gave it.

Reader, this is her plaintive story revealed and known to none before. She is buried in a pauper's grave, at the public expense. The little locket, containing her picture in the days of innocence has been forwarded as directed, and this brief paragraph in the Journal is the only notice possibly that will ever be taken of beautiful Rose Delmonde, who, steeped though she was in sin and crime, still had a woman's heart. May we not hope that life with her was but a page in the book of Time, and that death will be a new leaf in the book of an Eternity to her bright and joyful.

"Plant the green sods above her, The last that ever will grow, For the wild rank weeds will cover her bed Before the coming of snow, And when the snow flakes have melted away.

And the flowers of spring are seen, Where is the tongue that even can tell Where her lonely grave had been."

Marriage and the Death-Rate.

It is a curious and instructive fact that out of every 100,000 married persons (including widowers) at the age of 20, 626 die before attaining the age of 25, while out of a similar number of persons unmarried at the same age, no less than 1,231 die before attaining the age of 25. The following table, founded on the vital statistics of Scotland, shows the comparative death rate of married and unmarried males from 20 to 80:

Table with 3 columns: Age, Married, and Unmarried. Rows range from 20 to 80.

Dr. Stark, the Registrar-General of Scotland, infers from these figures, that "bachelorhood is more destructive to life than the most unwholesome trades, or than residence in an unwholesome house or district where there never has been the most distant attempt at sanitary improvement of any kind." We do not question the opinion that matrimony may in a thousand ways exercise a healthful influence on the human race, by ennobling its habits and enforcing sobriety, &c., but we think Dr. Stark exceeds the legitimate conclusion consequent on the premises. It must be remembered that married men are generally of a more robust and healthful constitution than bachelors, who frequently are deterred by ill-health from undertaking the support of families. This important element in the calculation has been forgotten by Dr. Stark and reasoners of his class.

A LOVE LETTER.—A Tailor to His Sweetheart, a Mantemaker.—"Remnant of my hopes. May I be ripped from the border of your esteem and never be buttoned to the loop of your kindness, but I am strongly seamed to them by your beauty. May I never lose a thimbleful of your favor, but you have entangled the dread of my understanding with that pretty outside of yours. Odd bodkin! I am surely yours—every inch of me—and my needle follows you. Therefore, blunt not the point of my endeavors, but let me baste myself to your kindness, that I may sit tighter to your affections. I love you beyond measure, but it is so hard to cabbage one sweet look from you that I almost despair of having enough to finish my suit. Pray put a favorable construction on this, and for the same I shall always sit crosslegged for your sake, being my dear little flounceur, your

CABBAGE."

WORTH TELLING.—As is generally known, the late Maj. Wm. Fry, decd., of our city, was a great wit and humorist, and rarely got off anything in that line that was not pronounced "good." We have heard tell of one of his jokes that is worth putting in print. During the war a rolling-mill in which one of his neighbors was largely interested, was obliged to suspend work on account of stagnation in business. Coming up town one morning, the Major called to him across the street, requesting him to come over, and added that he had an idea to give him in regard to his rolling-mill that might make it very profitable.

"Very well," said Mr. P., "if you can give me any suggestion that will be valuable, I shall feel very grateful."

You go to Washington—call at the War Department—you are a good, loyal man—lay your case before Mr. Stanton and get a big contract to roll out noodles for the army. I tell you, sir, you can make your fortune.—Allenton Democrat.

Western Correspondent.

LANSING, Michigan, Dec. 12, 1868. Dear Sir—As the town of Vassar, from its location and surroundings, may be of some interest to your readers, I will attempt a short description of it. There is a settlement of Pennsylvania in Tuscola County, about twenty or twenty five miles distant from Vassar, some where in the vicinity of Unionville, which is near the County Seat, and I take it that the people are pleased to hear from the County in which their friends are settled.

Vassar is a pleasant little town situated on either bank of the Cass River, but the principal part of the town is situated on the right bank, extending up quite a side hill, which most travelers think detracts something from the pleasantness of the place.—It is about twenty miles from Port Huron, and on a State road newly opened from Port Huron to Saginaw, the latter being sixteen miles from Vassar, which part of the road was planked last year and the forepart of this. There are two Saw Mills and a Grist or Flour Mill, the latter of which and one of the former are driven by the waters of the Cass, but the other Saw Mill is driven by steam. There are also three hotels, four dry goods stores, two cabinet shops, a wagon and two blacksmith shops, a drug, book and stationery store combined, a Radical press, which sends out a sheet filled mostly with advertisements and the blackest kind of radicalism, There is a Presbyterian church (frame), of long standing in the place, and a Methodist church in course of erection, which is being made of brick, also a Union or Graded school building, in which are three schools taught. Vassar at one time was the seat of the lumber trade, but is not so much so now, in consequence of the lumber having been mostly taken off, which takes considerable business out of the place. It is not as general a farming country, still there is some as good farming land in the vicinity as anywhere in the State.—Crops, as a general thing, were better than most people expected they would be. Prices have been lower than usual this fall, but they are now on the rise. Wheat is worth nearly \$2.00, and other things in proportion. We have had a splendid run of sleighing of about two weeks.

Yours, very respectfully, A FRIEND.

Definitions of Bible Terms.

A day's journey was thirty-three and one fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was eleven feet, nearly.

A cubit is twenty-two inches, nearly.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five eight inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A Shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A Shekel of gold was \$8 00.

A talent of silver was \$538 80.

A talent of gold was \$13 800.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A gerah was one cent.

A mite was one cent.

A homer contains seventy-five gallons and five pints.

A nepha, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.

To DAY AND TO-MORROW.—To-day we gather bright and beautiful flowers—to-morrow they are faded and dead.

To-day a wreath of leaves shade us—to-morrow, scar and fallen, they crumble beneath our tread.

To-day the earth is covered with a carpet of green—to-morrow it is brown with the withered grass.

To-day the vigorous stalks only bend before the grain—to-morrow "the land is taking its Sabbath after the toil."

To-day we hear sweet songsters of meadow and forest, the buzz and hum of myriad insects; to-morrow—breathe softly—all nature is hushed and silent.

To-day a stately edifice, complete in finish and surroundings, attracts the passer-by—to-morrow a heap of ruins mark the site.

To-day there are cattle on a thousand hills—to-morrow they fall in slaughter.

The fashion of the world passeth away. But let Christ dwell within us, and though we may pass away like the faded leaf and the sapless stalk, we shall "arise to newness of life."

Where everlasting spring abides, And never wintering flowers.

CURE FOR CROUP.—The parents of young children are apt, at this season of the year, to be anxious in regard to croup. An exchange publishes the following recipe for the relief of croup, which we publish for the benefit of young mothers: Take one ounce of sweet oil, and add to it half an ounce of gum opal. Apply to the chest, under the arms, the palms of the hands and hollows of the feet. It will generally relieve the most severe cases of croup in five minutes. Remember to use externally, and give the patient plenty of cold water to drink.

If cranberries are dried a short time in the sun and placed in bottles filled with them, and then closed with sealing-wax, the berries will keep in good condition for several years.

All Sorts of Items.