

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

H. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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### THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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### THE MODERN BELLE.

[Sung by the Brothers Hutchinson; it should be committed to memory, and repeated occasionally.]

The daughter sits in the parlor,  
And rocks in her easy chair,  
She's clad in her silks and satins,  
And jewels are in her hair;  
She winks and giggles and sippers,  
And simper and smiles and winks,  
And though she talks but little,  
'Tis vastly more than she thinks.

Her father goes clad in his russet,  
And ragged and sooty at that;  
His coat is all out at the elbow,  
He wears a most shocking bad hat,  
He's hoarding and saving his shillings,  
So carefully day by day,  
White shoe, on the beaus and poolies  
Is throwing it all away.

She lies a-bed in the morning  
Till nearly the hour of noon;  
Then comes down snapping and snarling,  
Because she was called so soon.  
Her hair is still in the papers,  
Her cheeks still dabbed with paint—  
Remains of her last night's blushes,  
Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men in shawls,  
And men with the "flowing hair,"  
She's eloquent over moustaches,  
They give such a foreign air.  
She talks of Indian music,  
And falls in love with the moon,  
And though a mouse should meet her,  
She sinks away in a swoon.

Her feet are as very small,  
Her hands so very white,  
Her jewels so very heavy,  
Her head so very light.  
Her color is made of cosmetics,  
Though this she will never own;  
Her body made mostly of cotton,  
Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow,  
Who struts with foreign air,  
He marries her for her money—  
She marries him for his hair.  
One of the very best matches—  
Both are well mixed in life,  
She's got a fool for a husband,  
And he's got a fool for a wife!

### Attend to Your Eyesight.

Sir David Brewster, in the North British Review, says that no opinion is more common, and certainly none is more incorrect, than that it is prudent to avoid the use of artificial help to the eyes so long as they are not absolutely indispensable. The human eye is too delicate a structure to bear continued strain without injury; and the true rule is to commence the use of glasses as soon as we can see better with them than without them, and always employ such as will render vision most comfortable and pleasant. The spectacles habitually used for ordinary purposes may not be adequate to certain occasional demands, such as reading very fine print, examining maps, &c. To meet these cases, a hand-reading glass, two and a half inches in diameter, to be used in conjunction with the spectacles and never without them, is strongly recommended. A similar use of the reading-glass is also recommended to short-sighted persons, in conjunction with the concave spectacles, when examining minute objects.

### Extraordinary Delusion.

A most remarkable case of delusion has just been brought to light in Philadelphia. A large number of ignorant Germans here, it seems, permitted themselves to be victimized by a woman of their own race, named Ann Maister, who pretended to be the sister of Jesus Christ. She appears to have exercised unlimited control over them, extorting large sums of money, jewelry, &c. According to one of the witnesses, Mrs. Maister was prepared to go up to Heaven, seated on a white horse, and at the right side of God, and that angels were all around her. She could not go, however, as she had to have a gold watch, a gold pencil, and a gold ring before she could get into Heaven. Money was furnished her by her friends, to enable her to procure these articles.

### Crinoline Does For.

The late news from Paris, is, that the Empress Eugenie appeared in the streets recently without any hoops. Louis Napoleon is said to be opposed to hoops, and is determined to crush crinolines as he has done the liberty of the press and freedom of speech in France. As the Emperor rules Paris, and Paris rules the fashionable world, the hoops must yield to this pressure, for there is not independence enough among the votaries of fashion to wear anything but what is a la mode, no matter how convenient, healthful or beautiful it may be, and hoops scarcely come in either category. But if hoops are to be tabooed, we hope the ladies will have regard enough for their health to stick by the long boots, and as their petticoats diminish, their india rubbers will lengthen—at least like the sloppy weather last.

General Washington had a set of artificial teeth, for which he paid \$500.

### THE STOLEN NOTE.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

Except that he indulged too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup, John Wallace was an honest, high-minded and exemplary man. His one great fault hung like a dark shadow over his many virtues. He meant well, and when he was sober did well.

He was a hatter by trade, and by industry and thrift had acquired money sufficient to buy the house in which he lived. He had purchased it several years before for three thousand dollars, and securing the balance by mortgage to the seller.

The mortgage-note was almost due at the time the circumstance made me acquainted with the affairs of the family. But Wallace was ready for the day, he had saved up the money; there seemed no possibility of an accident.

I was well acquainted with Wallace, having done some collecting, and drawn up some legal documents for him.

One day his daughter Annie came to my office in great distress, declaring that her father was ruined, and that they should be turned out of the house in which they lived.

"Perhaps, not, Miss Wallace, I said, trying to console her, and give the affair, whatever it was, a brighter aspect."

"What has happened?"

"My father," she replied, "had all the money to pay the mortgage on the house in which we live—but it is all gone now."

"Has he lost it?"

"I don't know; I supposed so. Last week he drew out the two thousand dollars from the bank and lent it to Mr. Byroe for ten days."

"Who is Mr. Byroe?"

"He is a broker. My father got acquainted with him through George Chandler, who boarded with us, and who is Mr. Byroe's clerk."

"Does Mr. Byroe refuse to pay it?"

"He says he has paid it."

"Well, what is the trouble, then?"

"Father says he has not paid it."

"Indeed! But the note will prove that he has not paid it. Of course you have that note?"

"No; Mr. Byroe has it."

"Then of course he has paid it?"

"I suppose he has, or he could not have had the note."

"What does your father say?"

"He is positive that he has never received the money. The mortgage, he says, must be paid to-morrow."

"Very singular! Was your father a hatter?"

"I hesitated at first, but the night before, which must have gratified harshly on the ear of the devoted girl."

"Mr. Byroe says that my father was not right when he paid him, though not very bad."

"I will see your father."

"He is coming here in a few moments. I thought I would see you and tell you the facts before he came."

"I do not see how Mr. Byroe could have obtained the note unless he paid the money—Where did your father keep it?"

"He gave it to me, and I put it in the secretary in the front room."

"Who was in the room when you put it in the secretary?"

"Mr. Byroe, George Chandler, my father and myself."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked pale and haggard, as much from the effects of anxiety as of the debauch from which he was just recovering.

"She has told you about it, I suppose," said he in a very low tone.

"She has."

"I pitted him, poor fellow, for two thousand dollars was a large sum for him to accumulate in his little business. The loss of it would make the future look like a desert to him. It would be a misfortune which one must undergo to appreciate it."

"What do you think about it?" asked he, very gloomily. "I know he never paid me. I was not much in liquor at the time. I remember very well of going home as regularly as I ever did in my life. I could tell how I passed the time."

"What passed between you on that day?"

"Well, I merely stepped into his office—it was only day before yesterday—to tell him not to forget to have the money ready for me to-morrow. He took me into his back office, and as I sat there he said he would get the money ready the next day. He then left me and went into the front office, where I heard him send George out to draw a check for two thousand dollars; so I supposed he was going to pay me then."

"What does the clerk say about it?"

"He says Mr. Byroe remarked, when he sent him, that he was going to pay me the money."

"Just so."

"And when George came in, he went to the front office again, and took the money. Then he came to me again, but did not offer to pay me."

"Had you the note with you?"

"No, now I remember, he said he supposed I had not the note with me, or he would pay it. He told me to come in the next day and he would have it ready—that was yesterday. When I came to look for the note it could not be found; Anne and I have hunted the house all over."

"You told Byroe so?"

"I did; he laughed, and showed me the note with his signature crossed over with ink, and a hole punched through it."

"It is plain, Mr. Wallace, that he paid you the money as he alleges, or has obtained fraudulent possession of the note, and in-

tends to cheat you out of the amount."

"He never paid me," replied he firmly.

"Then he has fraudulently obtained the note. What sort of a person is this Chandler, who boards with you?"

"A fine young man. Bless you he would not do anything of the kind."

"I am sure he would not," repeated Anne, earnestly.

"How else could Byroe obtain the note but through him? What time does he come in at night?"

"Always at tea time. He never goes out in the evening," answered Wallace.

"But, father, he did not come home till ten o'clock the night before you went to Byroe. He had to stay in the office to post the books, or something of that kind?"

"How did he get in?"

"He has a night key."

"I must see Chandler, I said."

"No harm in seeing him," added Wallace. I will go for him."

In a few moments he returned with the young man. Chandler, in the conversation I had with him, manifested a very lively interest in the solution of the mystery, and professed himself ready to do anything to forward my views.

"When did you return to the house on Tuesday night?" I asked him with the intention of sounding him a little.

"About twelve."

"Twelve?" said Anne, "it was not more than ten, I heard you."

"The clock struck twelve as I turned the corner of the street," replied Chandler positively.

"I certainly heard some one in the front room at ten," added Anne, looking with astonishment at the group around her.

"We are getting at something," I remarked.

"How did you get in Mr. Chandler?"

The young man smiled as he glanced at Anne.

"On arriving at the door," he replied, "I found that I had lost my key. At that moment a watchman happened to come along, I told him my situation. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite, placed it against one of the second story windows, and I entered in that way."

"Good! Now who was it that was heard in the parlor at ten, unless it was Byroe or one of his accomplices. He must have taken the key from your pocket, Mr. Chandler, and stolen the note from the secretary. At any rate, I will charge him with the crime—let what may happen. Perhaps he will confess when hard pushed."

Having said this, I thought I wrote a lawyer's letter, and immediately sent it to Byroe. Cautioning the parties not to speak of the affair, I dismissed them.

Byroe came.

"Well, sir, what have you against me?" he asked rather stiffly.

"A claim on the part of John Wallace, for two thousand dollars," I replied poking over my papers, and appearing supremely indifferent.

"Paid it," said he, as short as pie crust.

"Have you?" and I looked him in the eye sharply.

The rascal quailed. I saw that he was a villain.

"Nevertheless, if within an hour, you do not pay me the two thousand dollars, and one hundred dollars for the trouble and anxiety you have caused my client, at the end of the next hour, you shall be lodged in jail to answer a criminal charge."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean what I say. Pay, or take the consequences."

It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man, I should not have dared to make it.

"I have paid the note I tell you," said he, "I have the note in my possession."

"Where did you get it?"

"I got it, of course, when I paid the——"

"When you feloniously entered the house of John Wallace, on the night of Tuesday, February twenty, at ten o'clock, and took the said note from the secretary?"

"You have no proof," stammered he, grasping a chair for support.

"That is my look-out—I have no time to waste. Will you pay or go to jail?"

He saw that the evidence I had was too strong for his denial, and he immediately drew his check on the spot for twenty-one hundred dollars, and after begging us not to mention the affair, he sneaked off.

I cashed the check, and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he received it, how rejoiced was Anne and her lover. Wallace insisted that I should take the one hundred dollars for my trouble; but I was magnanimous enough to take only twenty. Wallace kept his promise, and ever after was a temperate man. He died a few years ago, leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife, the marriage between him and Anne having taken place shortly after the above narrated circumstance occurred.

### Correspondence of the Boston Traveller.

#### LETTER FROM THE EAST.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKE—ITS EXTENT, DAMAGE, ETC.

Beirut, Nov. 17, 1856.

Editor of the Traveller: When I informed you of the earthquake which shook Lebanon, October 12th, I intimated the probability that more would be heard of its devastating power. That expectation has been fulfilled, and I will now proceed to complete the record of that unseen but almost omnipotent energy, which underlying earth and ocean, heaves up both as in sport and in cruel derision of the puny beings who sail over the one and build their palaces and strongholds on the other. These terrible phenomena have a peculiar excitement to Americans happening to be in the East, who have never heard anything of the kind beyond the rumbling of the farmer's peaceful and beneficent wheels, though the "oldest inhabitants" here say there is no such thing as becoming accustomed to them: every one turns and trembles, for the next moment he may sink into the gaping earth or be crushed to death by the falling of his stone dwelling.

According to Intelligence News received, the earthquake which I described, occurring about midnight in Mount Lebanon, where I was then residing, was felt along the entire coast of Syria and Palestine, in some places breaking the walls of houses, as in Tripoli and Beirut, which have repeatedly been destroyed by such occurrences, while the city of Jaffa, the ancient Jappa, still the port of Jerusalem, and several times levelled by earthquakes, was violently shaken but not essentially injured. It was felt in Egypt, but without disaster, and also as far west in Africa as Algiers. To the north it was perceptible nearly the whole of the Mediterranean coast, situated near the rock of Marmora, which was ruined by successive shocks continuing from Feb. 1855 to June of the present year, and again tumbling, and its population with it. Westward all the islands of the Archipelago felt it, and Greece and all the Ionian islands on its western coast. The island of Malta was violently shaken, and Valletta, its capital, seriously injured in its churches, walls, and dwellings, the people being awoken from their slumbers and flying into the streets in frantic desperation. It was also felt with disastrous results in Sicily and Calabria in Italy. The field of the earthquake was, therefore, fully 2000 miles in all directions, and at all points it was felt, as reported, between midnight and 2 o'clock in the morning.

Vesuvius had, for some days, given signs of being about to erupt, and the atmosphere above the crater, and covering the atmosphere all around. When the shock came in Naples and along the coast, it was so violent that in some houses the bells rang, the clocks were stopped, and the doors opened and shut continually; crockery was dashed together and broken, or rolled off the tables, while the iron bedsteads rattled and shook as though a strong man had hold of them, the terrified occupants springing to their feet on the floor. A hissing noise was heard at the same time, like the sound of steam escaping from an engine, while a rumbling noise was heard like that of a train of railroad cars. The adjacent sea was violently agitated, as though tossed by a storm, and a mariner, unable to decide whether he was going backwards or forwards, concluded he was drunk. In fact, he was very dizzy from the commotion, and glad to gain the land and sit down to recover himself. Along the coast the rocks were rent asunder, and thousands of thousands of tons, in huge blocks, lay scattered around. Superstition naturally came in to give picturesqueness to the scene of terror. Madonnas, bones and reliques were paraded through the streets in long processions, as though the exhibition of a colossal doll with a flaxen wig, as in the representation of St. Ursula, was to suspend the activity of the mighty energy blazing out in Vesuvius, upheaving the earth and dashing the waves of the sea.

But my special design was to relate the catastrophe at Rhodes, an island celebrated in early history, and equally vain the history of the Crusades. There was an undying poetry about it; I had seen it two years since, and gazed with admiration upon its tall and graceful palms, the first I had seen upon the harbor, which was once overwhelmed by the gigantic brazen Colossus. Upon the walls of the city and the towers, still bearing the marks of the Crusaders—and, most of all, upon the famous church of St. John, built by the Knights, and standing upon a graceful rise in the city, presenting its noble proportions and tall steeple, converted into a Moslem minaret, as the church into a mosque, fully to view, both as you ascend the wide street on which it stands and as viewed from the port. More than any other island of sea or ocean, I had cherished in my name from the day of my boyhood dreamings; I had at last seen it, only more to admire it; and now I had the purpose and the prospect of spending a week or a fortnight in it, to study its monuments and recall its history. But Rhodes is a heap of ruins! The same shock under which Lebanon trembled, demolished its walls, toppled its renowned church, and spread desolation over the entire island. It is a curious coincidence that Stanniva, in whose bay is the new island of St. Troite, was raised by an earthquake; some two hundred yards of it may be said to be almost in the very neighborhood of Rhodes. The statement I shall now give came from a resident of the island, who saw much of what he describes.

The earthquake occurred Sunday morning, Oct. 12th, at past 2 o'clock. The shock was undulatory from south to west, and lasted 75 seconds—an unusual period—and was attended with a violence as remarkable as its duration. Three other shocks had been felt before, but they were of less force, and did but little damage. So long was the fatal shock, had time to go in and out of their houses again and again during the terrible phenomenon. Undulations were felt from day to day for some time, but unaccompanied by serious disasters. Had another occurred like the fatal one, not one stone in the city, apparently, would have been left upon another. The walls of the castle, the towers, the churches, the mosques, and the bells, were all injured more or less.

The Jewish and Turkish quarters of the city were very much damaged, and their houses, whose walls were cracked and ready to topple, demand instant repair. In the European quarter, about 50 houses were thrown down, and others rendered uninhabitable. The Greek quarter shared the same fate; and of above 1000 houses it is not two escaped all injury. A great part of the inhabitants of the city are without shelter, and deprived of everything. Some individuals, the number not ascertained, were buried in the ruins of houses which were their houses and graves. Besides the destruction of the houses, the walls which surround the city in various places were thrown down, and give free ingress through the wide gaps to other crusaders, if they choose to enter. The damage to the city is estimated at two millions of dollars.

But it was not this beautiful city alone which suffered; the whole island, still more beautiful in the season of its glory, is a desolation. There are more than 40 villages on the island, and of which nice are utterly destroyed. A great number of the inhabitants were killed, while still more were wounded. The villagers, deprived of both houses and provisions, wander about in the open fields and subsist as they are able. The village of Kida built upon a plain and surrounded with vineyards and olive yards, contained 3000 houses, of which 250 were completely demolished, and 2000 rendered uninhabitable, while the remainder are in a deplorable condition, and demand instant repairs. Four persons only perished, for the reason that some days before the laborers had left the village; otherwise there must have been a greater destruction of life.

All the islands in the Archipelago felt the shock, but some did not suffer anything, while in Stalchi forty houses were destroyed, with some of the inhabitants killed and others wounded, and in Scarpates about 800 houses were thrown down, and whole families buried under their ruins, and in Capson, containing 2000 persons, were utterly destroyed, and 200 persons killed. On the continent, near and opposite to Rhodes, a mountain tumbled in pieces, and the trees upon it were carried into the open sea.

Besides this, the sea itself gave evident signs of feeling the shock. The captains of vessels, coming in different directions, agreed in affirming that at the moment of the shock they thought their vessels had run aground. An Austrian steamer which arrived the next day from Alexandria, at the distance of seventy miles from Rhodes received so violent a shock that the captain, thinking the steamer had struck a rock, ordered the engine to be stopped, while for a moment the greatest panic prevailed on board. Another steamer entering the port from Smyrna, at the very moment of the earthquake, experienced the same effect; and unless the captain had instantly ordered the engine to be reversed, the falling walls of the tower of the Angels, situated at the entrance of the port, would have come tumbling upon his bow.

Many parts of the city walls which are as yet standing, are cracked and ready to fall, and unless immediately repaired by the government will bring down new destruction. The inhabitants, kept in fear of the repetition of the shocks, are in a state of utmost anxiety, many of them being without houses, and others without houses or provisions, and a great number of others in extreme misery and destitution.

But this is not the entire record of the calamities of ill-fated Rhodes. About ten days since a more terrible disaster still occurred. The first came from beneath, the second was from above, and both equally beyond the control of human power. A large powder magazine was situated near the church of St. John, which was also the Turkish quarter. A thunder storm burst forth; the lightning flashed; a stream penetrated the magazine; an explosion followed which demolished many of the remaining houses and St. John's in its foundation stones; while worse than all, it is reported that seven hundred Turks perished! Travelers inform me who stopped a few days in the harbor as they came down in the last steamer, that little is now to be seen of this famous and beautiful city but frightful heaps of ruins. Rhodes fell!

### THE CALIFORNIA VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AND THE LEGISLATURE.

It is stated in the San Francisco Sun that the late Vigilance Committee of California will apply to the Legislature of that State now in session at Sacramento, for an act of amnesty in regard to their proceedings in San Francisco. The Democratic members, who compose a large majority, are said to be bitterly opposed to the committee, and will refuse to pass any such act. We do not see how any Legislature could grant an amnesty for acts subversive of the constitution and laws, the only security for a government administered by the sovereign people.

Chicago, Ill., is said to be becoming the religious metropolis of the West. There will soon be, within and around it, not less than five theological seminaries.

### AN ARCTIC ADVENTURE.

Kane's Arctic expedition abounds in adventures like the following, which makes one shiver to read. Dr. Kane and an Esquimaux hunter take a trip after seals:

"I started with Hans and five dogs, and could muster from our disabled pack, and reached the 'Pinnacle Berg' in a single hour's run. But where was the water! where was the seal? The floes had closed, and the crushed ice was all that told of our intended hunting ground.

Ascending a berg, however, we could see to the north and west the dark cloud strains, which betoken water. It ran through our battle-ground, the 'Bergy Beh'—the labyrinth of our wandering after the frozen party of last winter. I had not been over it since, and the feeling it gave me was anything but joyous.

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In a couple of hours we emerged upon a plain, unlimited to the eye, and smooth as a billiard table. Feathers of young frosting gave a plushlike nap to its surface, and towards the horizon dark columns of frost-smoke pointed clearly to the open water. This ice was firm enough: our experience satisfied us that it was not a very recent freezing. We pushed on without hesitation, cheering ourselves with the expectation of coming every minute to the seals. We passed a second icegrowth, it was not so strong as the one we had just come over, but still safe for a party like ours. On we went at a brisker gallop, and at the top of a mile, when Hans sung out, at the top of his voice, 'Pusey! pusey! seal, seal!' At the same instant the dogs bounded forward, and, as I looked up, I saw crowds of gray netter, the rough or hispid seal of the water, sporting in an open sea of water.

I had hardly welcomed the spectacle, when I saw that we had passed upon a new belt of ice that was obviously unsafe. To the right, and left, and front, was one great expanse of snow flowered ice. The nearest solid floe was a mere lump, which stood like an island in the white level. To turn was impossible; we had to keep upon our gait. We urged on the dogs with whip and voice, the ice rolling like leather beneath the sled runners; it was more than a mile to the lump of solid ice. Fear gave to the poor beasts their utmost speed, and our voices were soon hushed in silence.

The suspense, unrelieved by action or effort, was intolerable. We knew that there was no remedy but to reach the floe, and that every thing depended upon our dogs, and our dogs alone. A moment's check would plunge the whole concern into the rapid tide-way. No presence of mind or resource, bodily or mental, could avail us—The seals—for we were now near enough to see their expressive faces—were looking at us with that strange curiosity which seems to be their characteristic expression. We must have passed some fifty of them, breast high out of water, mocking us by their self-complacency.

This desperate race against fate could not last. The rolling of the tough salt water ice terrified our dogs, and when within fifty paces of the floe they paused. The left hand runner went through; our leader, Tood-lamick, followed; and in one second the entire left of the sledge was submerged. My first thought was to liberate the dogs. I leaped forward to cut poor Tood's traces, and the next minute was swimming in a little circle of pasty ice and water alongside him. Hans, dear, good fellow, drew near to help me, uttering piteous expressions in broken English; but I ordered him to throw himself on his belly, with his hands and legs extended, and to make for the island by clogging himself forward with his jack-knife. In the meantime—a mere instant—I was floundering about with sledge, dogs, and lines in confused puddle around me.

I succeeded in cutting poor Tood's lines, and letting him scramble to the ice—for the poor fellow was drowning me with his piteous caresses—and made my way to the sledge; but I found that it would not buoy me, and that I had no resource but to try the circumference of the hole. Around this I paddled faithfully, the miserable ice always yielding when my hopes of a lodgment were greatest. During this process I enlarged my circle of operations to a very uncomfortable diameter, and was beginning to feel weaker after every effort. Hans, meanwhile, had reached the firm ice, and was on his knees, like a good Moravian, praying in incoherent English and Esquimaux; at every flash crashing in of the ice he would ejaculate 'God! God!' and when I recommenced my paddling, he commenced his prayers.

I was nearly gone. My knife had been lost in cutting out the dogs, and a spare one which I carried in my trousers' pocket was so enveloped in the wet skins that I could not reach it. I owed my extraction at last to a newly broken team dog, who was still fast to the sledge, and in struggling, carried one of the runners' check against the edge of the circle. All my previous attempts to use the sledge as a bridge had failed, for it broke through to the much greater injury of the ice. I felt that it was a last chance. I threw myself on my back, so as to lessen as much as possible my weight, and placed the nape of my neck against the rim of the edge of the ice, and then, with caution, slowly bent my leg, and placing the ball of my moccasined foot against the sledge I pressed steadily against the runner, listening to the half-yielding creak of the ice beneath.

Presently I felt my head was pillowed by the ice, and that my wet fur jumper was sliding up the surface. Next came my shoulder—they were fairly on. One more decided push and I was launched up on the ice and safe. I reached the ice floe, and was fricapped by Hans with frightful zeal. We saved all the dogs; but the sledge, kayak, tent, guns, snow shoes, and every thing besides was left behind. The thermometer at eight degrees will keep them frozen fast in the sledge till we can come and out them out."

### Local Application in Erysipelas.

BY ABRAHAM LITVETZKY, M. D.

Much difference of opinion seems to exist among medical men in regard to the local treatment of erysipelas; and amidst this great diversity of sentiment, the student, as well as the young practitioner, must regret that medicine does not partake more of the principles of the exact sciences, so that the practice can be pursued with more positive results. If authority be taken, or books be consulted, he is led into a mist of doubt in reference to a selection of the most appropriate remedy. For, simply a layer of cotton, warm water, mucilaginous infusions, solution of acetate of lead, are recommended equally with tincture iodine, collodion, nitrate of silver, or even a blister. Next are mentioned, perhaps, mercurial ointment, simple ointment or lard, Kenish ointment, solutions of chloride of lime, sulphate of iron, corrosive sublimate, creosote, etc.

Now, I have had considerable experience with many of all these—and experimented with them too, with the view to test individual superiority—and am constrained to say that whilst no one application has proved infallible, or answered my expectations at all times, the tinct. of iodine is the most reliable, of the above, in counteracting the specific inflammation of erysipelas. But this application should be preceded by an emetico-cathartic, particularly in bilious cases (which most abound), followed by the muriated tinct. of iron, held a specific by some, though honesty makes me say that, in my experience, it is only a specific after the bilious as well as the high inflammatory symptoms have been removed; and then quinine is equally effectual.

But my purpose in making these observations on erysipelas, was to introduce to the profession the use of an application that is seldom or never mentioned in the works of our standard authors, viz., tinct. Lobelia. A strong saturated tincture of the whole plant, applied by means of fine linen or muslin clothes, saturated, frequently renewed, I believe will prove more satisfactory than any of the above applications, acting on this inflammation specifically, as it does upon the inflammation induced by the tinct. toxicodendron, which I hold is similar to the other—each alike capable of being arrested by his local application; the gastro-enteric affection being always attended to, not only in these, but in all affections.—Boston Med. and Surgical Journal.

### The Heart's Mechanism.

The human heart is a wonderful piece of mechanism; a steam-engine is a clumsy contrivance compared with it. Man has two hearts, and each of these is double, so that he may be said to have four hearts. Two of these are for bright red blood, and two are for purple or dark blood. It is usual in books to call red blood arterial, and purple blood venous; but each of these two double hearts has its own set of arteries and veins, and the arteries of the one are always filled with red, and the arteries of the other with purple blood.

The veins, in like manner, of each are in inverse order—the veins of the red heart being purple, and the veins of the purple being red; for if the blood goes out red it comes back purple, and if it goes out purple it comes back red. It always goes out red from the heart on the left side, and comes in purple to the heart on the right side; and it always goes out purple from the heart on the right side, and comes in red to the heart on the left side. And thus it makes its everlasting round, being converted from purple to red by passing through the lungs.

Each heart has its going and returning series of vessels, infinitely numerous and ramified; and the blood is forced through them in such a way that it must go forward, and can not return, except by going round the circle; for these vessels are all supplied with valves that open only one way and shut the other; and therefore were the blood to make an effort to return, the valves would close immediately and stop it.

The elastic nature of the blood-vessels, also, is such that they squeeze the blood in undulations or pulsations along, closing upon it, and then opening to let more forward; and all this they do spontaneously and regularly, the will of man having nothing to do with it, and no power over their movement.—Eckhardt.

### A WORM IN A TOOTH.

A medical gentleman of Ballymena, Ireland, was employed recently to extract a patient's tooth. It was a grinder, of large size, apparently sound, and so firmly seated that it broke in the effort of its removal. On examining that portion of the tooth which came off with the instrument, a very extraordinary worm-shaped living animal was found adhering to the center of it. On being carefully removed without injury, it proved to be five eighths of an inch long, lively as an eel, and of a blood-red color, and about the thickness of a woolen thread. On viewing it through a microscope of limited power, it appeared to be ringed or jointed in its formation. No legs were visible, and it moved by erecting its body, arch-like, in the center, and projecting either end as pleasure—for it appeared to have a head at each extremity. One of the heads was large, flat, and broad in proportion to the creature's size, with a capacious mouth, and two black eyes, set very widely apart, and projecting from the upper part of the head. The other head was smaller, with a lengthened snout, and a mouth opening from underneath.—Ex.

### THE STOLEN NOTE.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

Except that he indulged too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup, John Wallace was an honest, high-minded and exemplary man. His one great fault hung like a dark shadow over his many virtues. He meant well, and when he was sober did well.

He was a hatter by trade, and by industry and thrift had acquired money sufficient to buy the house in which he lived. He had purchased it several years before for three thousand dollars, and securing the balance by mortgage to the seller.

The mortgage-note was almost due at the time the circumstance made me acquainted with the affairs of the family. But Wallace was ready for the day, he had saved up the money; there seemed no possibility of an accident.

I was well acquainted with Wallace, having done some collecting, and drawn up some legal documents for him.

One day his daughter Annie came to my office in great distress, declaring that her father was ruined, and that they should be turned out of the house in which they lived.

"Perhaps, not, Miss Wallace, I said, trying to console her, and give the affair, whatever it was, a brighter aspect."

"What has happened?"

"My father," she replied, "had all the money to pay the mortgage on the house in which we live—but it is all gone now."

"Has he lost it?"

"I don't know; I supposed so. Last week he drew out the two thousand dollars from the bank and lent it to Mr. Byroe for ten days."

"Who is Mr. Byroe?"

"He is a broker. My father got acquainted with him through George Chandler, who boarded with us, and who is Mr. Byroe's clerk."

"Does Mr. Byroe refuse to pay it?"

"He says he has paid it."

"Well, what is the trouble, then?"

"Father says he has not paid it."

"Indeed! But the note will prove that he has not paid it. Of course you have that note?"

"No; Mr. Byroe has it."

"Then of course he has paid it?"

"I suppose he has, or he could not have had the note."

"What does your father say?"

"He is positive that he has never received the money. The mortgage, he says, must be paid to-morrow."

"Very singular! Was your father a hatter?"

"I hesitated at first, but the night before, which must have gratified harshly on the ear of the devoted girl."

"Mr. Byroe says that my father was not right when he paid him, though not very bad."

"I will see your father."

"He is coming here in a few moments. I thought I would see you and tell you the facts before he came."

"I do not see how Mr. Byroe could have obtained the note unless he paid the money—Where did your father keep it?"

"He gave it to me, and I put it in the secretary in the front room."

"Who was in the room when you put it in the secretary?"

"Mr. Byroe, George Chandler, my father and myself."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked pale and haggard, as much from the effects of anxiety as of the debauch from which he was just recovering.

"She has told you about it, I suppose," said he in a very low tone.

"She has."

"I pitted him, poor fellow, for two thousand dollars was a large sum for him to accumulate in his little business. The loss of it would make the future look like a desert to him. It would be a misfortune which one must undergo to appreciate it."

"What do you think about it?" asked he, very gloomily. "I know he never paid me. I was not much in liquor at the time. I remember very well of going home as regularly as I ever did in my life. I could tell how I passed the time."

"What passed between you on that day?"

"Well, I merely stepped into his office—it was only day before yesterday—to tell him not to forget to have the money ready for me to-morrow. He took me into his back office, and as I sat there he said he would get the money ready the next day. He then left me and went into the front office, where I heard him send George out to draw a check for two thousand dollars; so I supposed he was going to pay me then."

"What does the clerk say about it?"

"He says Mr. Byroe remarked, when he sent him, that he was going to pay me the money."

"Just so."

"And when George came in, he went to the front office again, and took the money. Then he came to me again, but did not offer to pay me."

"Had you the note with you?"

"No, now I remember, he said he supposed I had not the note with me, or he would pay it. He told me to come in the next day and he would have it ready—that was yesterday. When I came to look for the note it could not be found; Anne and I have hunted the house all over."

"You told Byroe so?"

"I did; he laughed, and showed me the note with his signature crossed over with ink, and a hole punched through it."

"It is plain, Mr. Wallace, that he paid you the money as he alleges, or has obtained fraudulent possession of the note, and in-

tends to cheat you out of the amount."

"He never paid me," replied he firmly.

"Then he has fraudulently obtained the note. What sort of a person is this Chandler, who boards with you?"

"A fine young man. Bless you he would not do anything of the kind."

"I am sure he would not," repeated Anne, earnestly.

"How else could Byroe obtain the note but through him? What time does he come in at night?"

"Always at tea time. He never goes out in the evening," answered Wallace.

"But, father, he did not come home till ten o'clock the night before you went to Byroe. He had to stay in the office to post the books, or something of that kind?"

"How did he get in?"

"He has a night key."

"I must see Chandler, I said."

"No harm in seeing him," added Wallace. I will go for him."

In a few moments he returned with the young man. Chandler, in the conversation I had with him, manifested a very lively interest in the solution of the mystery, and professed himself ready to do anything to forward my views.

"When did you return to the house on Tuesday night?" I asked him with the intention of sounding him a little.

"About twelve."

"Twelve?" said Anne, "it was not more than ten, I heard you."

"The clock struck twelve as I turned the corner of the street," replied Chandler positively.

"I certainly heard some one in the front room at ten," added Anne, looking with astonishment at the group around her.

"We are getting at something," I remarked.

"How did you get in Mr. Chandler?"

The young man smiled as he glanced at Anne.

"On arriving at the door," he replied, "I found that I had lost my key. At that moment a watchman happened to come along, I told him my situation. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite, placed it against one of the second story windows, and I entered in that way."

"Good! Now who was it that was heard in the parlor at ten, unless it was Byroe or one of his accomplices. He must have taken the key from your pocket, Mr. Chandler, and stolen the note from the secretary. At any rate, I will charge him with the crime—let what may happen. Perhaps he will confess when hard pushed."

Having said this, I thought I wrote a lawyer's letter, and immediately sent it to Byroe. Cautioning the parties not to speak of the affair, I dismissed them.

Byroe came.

"Well, sir, what have you against me?" he asked rather stiffly.

"A claim on the part of John Wallace, for two thousand dollars," I replied poking over my papers, and appearing supremely indifferent.

"Paid it," said he, as short as pie crust.

"Have you?" and I looked him in the eye sharply.

The rascal quailed. I saw that he was a villain.

"Nevertheless, if within an hour, you do not pay me the two thousand dollars, and one hundred dollars for the trouble and anxiety you have caused my client, at the end of the next hour, you shall be lodged in jail to answer a criminal charge."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean what I say. Pay, or take the consequences."

It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man, I should not have dared to make it.

"I have paid the note I tell you," said he, "I have the note in my possession."

"Where did you get it?"

"I got it, of course, when I paid the——"

"When you feloniously entered the house of John Wallace, on the night of Tuesday, February twenty, at ten o'clock, and took the said note from the secretary?"

"You have no proof," stammered he, grasping a chair for support.

"That is my look-out—I have no time to waste. Will you pay or go to jail?"

He saw that the evidence I had was too strong for his denial, and he immediately drew his check on the spot for twenty-one hundred dollars, and after begging us not to mention the affair, he sneaked off.

I cashed the check, and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he received it, how rejoiced was Anne and her lover. Wallace insisted that I should take the one hundred dollars for my trouble; but I was magnanimous enough to take only twenty. Wallace kept his promise, and ever after was a temperate man. He died a few years ago, leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife, the marriage between him and Anne having taken place shortly after the above