

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## Important

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When evaporated through clean linen it left an oil of offensive matter. In every respect it is a Pure spirituous liquor. The Oil which gives to this Brandy its flavor and aroma, is wholly unlike fossil, or grain oil. Its odor partakes of both the fruit and oil of grapes. With acids, it produces others of a high fragrance. The substitution of this Brandy for Cognac Brandy will do away with the manufacture of fictitious spirit, sold under this name both at home and abroad.

A. A. HAYES, M. D., Assayer to State Mass., 16 Boylston St.  
By the same, in 1864.

I have analyzed "L. Lyons' Pure Catawba Brandy," with reference to its composition and character, being the same as that produced in past years. A sample taken from several casks afforded the same results with regard to purity; a slightly increased amount of the principle on which its flavor depends was determined by comparison with former samples.

The indications of analysis show that this Brandy is produced by the same process as most of the imported Brandy.

Respectfully, A. A. HAYES, M. D., State Assayer, 16 Boylston St. Boston, July 20, 1864.

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## THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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**Appeal of the Prisoners.**

Mr. Baldwin, a Michigan soldier recently released from Andersonville, before leaving received the following lines from a fellow-soldier, requesting him if he should ever reach home to have them published:

**Will You Leave Us Here to Die?**  
When our country called for men,  
We came from forge and mill;  
From work-shop, farm and factory,  
The Union ranks to fill.

We left our pleasant, happy homes,  
And friends we loved so well,  
To vanquish all the Union's foes  
Or fall where others fell.

But now in prisons dread we languish,  
And it is our constant cry,  
Oh ye who yet can save us,  
Will you leave us here to die?

The voice of slander tells you  
That our hearts were weak with fear,  
That all, or nearly all of us,  
Were captured in the rear;

But the scars upon our bodies,  
From musket balls and shell,  
The missing limb, the shattered arm,  
A trust tale will tell.

We have tried to do our duty,  
In sight of God on high;  
Oh ye who yet can save us,  
Will you leave us here to die?

There are hearts with hopes still beating,  
Within our pleasant Northern home,  
Waiting, watching for the footsteps,  
That may never, never come.

In Southern prisons pining,  
Meagre, wasted, pale and gaunt,  
Growing weaker, daily weaker;  
From hunger, cold and want;

Here your brothers, sons and husbands,  
Poor hapless captives lie;  
Oh ye who yet can save them,  
Will you leave them here to die?

Just without our prison gate  
There is a grave yard close at hand;  
Where lie the thousand Union men,  
Beneath the Georgia sand:

And scores on scores are laid beside,  
As day succeeds the day;  
And thus it must ever be,  
Till all shall pass away;

And the last can say when dying,  
Both faith and love are dead at home,  
And they have left us here to die,  
Oh ye who could have saved us,  
Why did you leave us here to die?

PRISONERS.

**The Sailor Boy of Havre.**

A French brig was returning from Toulon to Havre with a rich cargo and numerous passengers. Off the coast of Bretagne it was overtaken by a sudden and violent storm. Captain P., an experienced sailor at once saw the danger that threatened the ship on such a rocky coast, and he gave orders to put out to sea; but the winds and waves drove the brig violently towards the shore, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the crew it continued to get nearer land.

Among the most active on board in doing all that he could to help was little Jacques, a lad twelve years old, who was serving as cabin-boy in the vessel. At times when he disappeared for a moment behind the folds of a sail, the sailors thought he had fallen overboard; and again, when a wave threw him down on the deck, they looked to see if it had not carried away the poor boy with it; but Jacques was soon up again unhurt.

"My mother," said he, smiling to an old sailor, "would be frightened enough if she saw me just now."

His mother, who lived at Havre, was very poor and had a large family. Jacques loved her tenderly, and he was enjoying the prospect of carrying to her his treasure—two five-franc pieces which he had earned for his wages during the voyage.

The brig was beaten about a whole day by the storm, and in spite of all the efforts of the crew, they could not steer clear of the rocks on the coast. By the gloom of the Captain's brow it might be seen that he had but little hope of saving the ship. All at once a violent shock was felt, accompanied by a horrible crash; the vessel had struck a rock. At this terrible moment the passengers threw themselves on their knees to pray.

"Lower the boats!" cried the captain.—The sailors obeyed; but no sooner were the boats in the water than they were carried away by the violence of the waves.

"We have but one hope of safety," said the captain. "One of us must be brave enough to run the risk of swimming with a rope to the shore. We may fasten one end to the mast of the vessel and the other to a rock on the coast, and by this means we may all get on shore."

"But captain, it is impossible," said the mate, pointing to the surf breaking on the sharp rocks.

"Well," said the captain, in a low tone, "we must all die together." At this moment there was a slight stir among the sailors, who were silently waiting for orders.

"What's the matter there?" inquired the captain.

"Captain," replied a sailor, "this little monkey of a cabin-boy is asking to swim to the shore with a string around his body to draw the cable after him; he is obstinate as a little mole!" and he pushed Jacques to the midst of the circle. The boy stood turning his hat round and round in his hands, without daring to utter a word.

"Nonsense! such a child can't go," said the captain roughly.

But Jacques was not of a character to be easily discouraged. "Captain," said he timidly, "you don't wish to expose the lives of good sailors like these; it does not matter what becomes of a little monkey of a cabin boy, as the boatsman calls me. Give me a ball of strong string which will unravel as I get on, fasten one end around my body, and I will promise you that within an hour the rope will be well fastened on the shore, or I will perish in the attempt."

"Does he know how to swim?" asked the captain.

"As swiftly and as easily as an eel," replied one of the crew.

"I could swim up the Seine from Havre to Paris," said little Jacques. The captain hesitated, but the lives of all on board were at stake and he yielded.

Jacques hastened to prepare for his terrible undertaking. Then he turned and softly approached the captain. "Captain," said he, "as I may be lost may I ask you to take charge of something for me?"

"Certainly, my boy," said the captain who almost repented of having yielded to his entreaties.

"Here, then, captain," replied Jacques holding out two five franc pieces, wrapped in a piece of rag; if I am eaten by the porpoises, and you get safe to land, be so kind as to give this to my mother, who lives on the quay at Havre; and will you tell her that I thought of her, and that I love her very much, as well as all my brothers and sisters?"

"Be easy about that, my boy. If you die for us, and we escape, your mother shall never want for anything."

"Oh, then I will willingly try to save you," cried Jacques, hastening to the other side of the vessel where all was prepared for the enterprise.

The captain thought for a moment. "I would not allow this lad to sacrifice himself for us in his way," said he at length. "Most forbid it!"

"Yes, yes," said some of the sailors around him; "it is disgraceful to us all that this cabin boy should set us an example of courage; and it would be a sad thing if the brave child should die for old men like us who have lived our time. Let us stop him!"

They rushed to the side of the vessel, but it was too late. They found there only the sailor who had aided Jacques in his preparations, and who was unrolling the cord that was fastened to the body of the young heroic boy.

They leaned over the side of the vessel to see what was going to happen, and a few quietly wiped away a tear which would not be restrained.

At first nothing was seen but waves of white foam, mountains of water which seemed to rise as high as the mast, and then fell down with a thundering roar.—Soon the practiced-eye of some of the sailors perceived a little black point rising above the waves, and then again, distance prevented them from distinguishing it at all. They anxiously watched the cord, and tried to guess by its quicker or slower movement, the fate of him who was unrolling it.

Sometimes the cord was unrolled rapidly; "Oh, what a brave fellow," they said, "see how quickly he swims!" At other times the unrolling of the ball of string stopped suddenly; "Poor boy," they said, "he has been drowned or dashed against the rocks!"

This anxiety lasted more than an hour, the ball of string continued to be unrolled but at unequal periods. At length it slipped slowly over the side of the vessel, and often fell as if slackened. They thought Jacques must have had some difficulty in getting through the surf on the coast. "Perhaps it is the body of the boy that the sea tossing backwards and forwards in this way," said some of the sailors. The captain was deeply grieved that he had permitted the child to make the attempt, and notwithstanding the desperate situation in which they were, all the crew seemed to be thinking more of the boy than of themselves.

All at once a violent pull was given to the cord. This was soon followed by a second, then a third. It was the signal agreed upon to tell them that Jacques had reached the shore. A shout of joy was heard on the ship. They hastened to fasten a rope on the cord, which was drawn on shore as fast as they could let it out, and was firmly fastened by some of the people who had come to the help of the little cabin-boy. By means of this rope many of the shipwrecked sailors reached the shore, and found means to save the others. Not long after all had safely landed they saw the vessel sink.

The little cabin boy was long ill from the consequence of his fatigue, and from being dashed against the rocks. But he did not mind that; for in reward of his bravery, his mother received a yearly sum of money which placed her above want. Little Jacques rejoiced in having suffered for her, and at the same time in having saved

to pieces.

seized Mr. S. to revisit his old home, and look once more upon New Orleans. Thirty years had elapsed since his residence there and the occasion of his second visit.

On the second day after his arrival he discovered among the ladies of the St. Charles Hotel, one whom he recognized as his former wife. He immediately sought an interview with her but was refused, she returning the application by the no means consoling information that she had no interest in common with him, and no desire to look upon or speak with him.—The succeeding day she had left the hotel and he lost all trace of her. Mr. S. was shortly after taken severely ill and having occasion to call in a physician, judge of his surprise to learn from the conversation which passed between them that the gray haired medical attendant had been the adviser of the family of his former wife, and from him he learned the residence of the lady. Prompted by feelings of curiosity even if the old love had wholly died out in his heart, he again sought an interview and was at last successful.

The story of the lady was a strange one. After the departure of Mr. S. for the North she returned to her father's home, and to the circles in society she had formerly frequented. Her father had formerly inserted in the paper the announcement of the death of herself and child, and forwarded it to Mr. S. that he might believe them forever lost to him. She passively waited the lapse of time until a divorce was pronounced on the ground of abandonment, and a few years after entered upon her second marriage, in obedience to the wishes of her parents. The son of Mr. S. and herself were then a colonel in the rebel army. She had no desire to renew the intercourse with him, and closed the interview as soon as possible.

Mr. S. determined if he could not have the wife, at least to have the son. By patient labor his discharge was procured from the service of Jefferson Davis, and he returned to the North with newly found father. A codicil was not long ago appended to the will of Mr. S. by the son receives an equal share in that gentleman's property upon the occasion of his death. Mr. S. is again in the city of Chicago, and again fills his accustomed place in business circles. Yet few would suspect that in the life of this man, familiar to hundreds, novel events had mingled and circumstances transpired, the like whereof we seldom find save in the pages of romance.—Chicago Post.

Some years ago there was a bill introduced in the Georgia Legislature to lay a tax of ten dollars a year on all Jackasses.—Some appreciative members proposed to amend it so as to include lawyers and doctors. The amendment was accepted, and amidst much jocular, the bill passed. Several efforts have since been made to repeal it, but in vain, and to this day all Jackasses, lawyers and doctors are obliged to pay a yearly tax of ten dollars.

**WEDDINGS OVER THE WATER.**—It is very difficult for women in old and monarchical countries to get husbands. American girls will be astonished to learn that these obligations is all on the man's side. Some time ago, a couple went from Penrhoeberg, Wales, to be married; but the bridegroom walked off with the money which the bride had given him to pay the register and lost it playing pitch and toss with his companions. The wedding had thus to be put off till the next day, when the young woman kept a sharp lookout on her lord nor left him until she had secured his person if not his allegiance. Imagine a Yankee or New York girl paying her lover's wedding fee!

**WATERING WINDOW PLANTS.**—Miss Malloy, the authoress of "Flowers for window gardens in Town and Country," thus writes: There is one universal law as to watering plants which a great many people entirely neglect. The neglect of this one rule causes more blight and more unhealthy plants than perhaps any single thing that can be named besides. I mean the excellent rule of watering them with warm water, always rather warmer than the soil the plants are growing in. People must surely see the check and injury it must be to plants to get cold food. The organs of tender plants are extremely delicate; and when they are wanted to digest their food it is a bad plan surely to paralyze them with cold. If we feed them, on the other hand, with food a little warm, they are stimulated at once to make the most of their meal.

**PLEASURES OF ADMIRATION.**—To be the architect of all your own houses, and to avoid paying for land or employing a builder, erect them all in the air.

To fancy yourself the particular object of admiration, when you are walking about with a dish-rag pinned to your coat tail.

To dream of finding heaps of gold, not knowing next morning where to find a breakfast.

To open a creditor's note, threatening "proceeding," fancying it an invitation to dinner.

Flattering yourself with the hope of assistance from a rich relation.

There are now something over two hundred millions of pressing demands against the government, including the pay due the army, freight bills of railway companies,

**A Strange Tale.**  
A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A BUSINESS MAN IN CHICAGO.

There now resides in the city of Chicago, a gentleman well known in business circles, and whose paper is good on charge for a very respectable sum, whose lot it was in the early portion of his career to reside in the city of New Orleans. This was many years ago—away back in the half decade of 1830 to 1835. He had gone thither from the North penniless, to earn a livelihood for himself and in pursuit of that fortune which all young men hope to reach, but which few ever attain. Shortly after his arrival in the crescent city he fortunately succeeded in securing a position in an old, well established mercantile house, where by his industry and uniform trustworthy conduct he secured the confidence of his employers and rapid promotion up through the several departments of the house to the counting room.

For the purposes of this narrative we are called upon to select a cognomen for the gentleman before proceeding further. And since this sketch is published without consultation with him, we feel obliged to give him a name other than that by which he is known in the commercial walks of life, and with the title of Mr. S.—our readers must be satisfied.

Mr. S. had been scarcely two years engaged in discharging the duties of his position in New Orleans when he became enamored of a daughter of one of the members of the firm. Deeply engrossed as he was in the affairs of every day business life, the tread of all absorbing trade failed to crush out the gentler sentiments of his heart, and the jingling of the dollars could not drown the sweet music of interchanging vows of constancy and of plighted faith. His affections were reciprocated, but though "Barkis was willin'" the parents were not. With all the pride of aristocracy, and contempt of honest labor which formerly and does still characterize the wealth of the South, they sneered at the loves of the young couple, interposed objections, and forbade intercourse between them.

As a natural consequence, clandestine meetings were held and an elopement projected and consummated. The parties returned to New Orleans one day and man and wife, but to receive no blessing or forgiveness from the parents of the lady. Mr. S. was dismissed from the service of the firm, and for more than a month struggled hard to maintain himself and the wife now dependent upon his exertions. His efforts were not crowned by the most perfect success, and his life was a continual struggle for existence, poor and cheerless at that.—One son was the result of the marriage, and with his wife and child, Mr. S. struggled on, met on almost every hand by the persecutions of the father. Unable longer to reconcile himself to such a life, a separation was mutually agreed upon, the lady returned with her child to her father's roof, and Mr. S. returned to his home in the Eastern States.

Six months after his arrival at the North, Mr. S. received a New Orleans paper, containing the announcement of the death of his wife and infant child. Attached to them as he was, though compelled by adverse circumstances to leave them, he mourned for them sincerely and believed them dead. A few years afterwards he met with a lady whose good qualities of mind attracted him and whom he subsequently married, and with whom he lived happy for many years, raising a family of sons, two of whom are to-day residents of the city of Chicago.

In the natural course of events, Mr. S. removed to the west many years ago and became one of the seekers after fortune, upon what was then considered almost the frontier. Chicago was then but a small and comparatively unknown town, though the tide of emigration was beginning to set rapidly in this direction. He was shrewd and speculative, and his former experience had rendered him well qualified to turn to advantage such opportunities for the aggrandizement of whatever he possessed as came in his way. He prospered in business and year after year accumulated additions to the gains of the previous year. Chicago and the great Northwest sprang from an insignificant village and a sparsely settled country to a great city and prosperous commonwealth. His own pecuniary advancement was no less rapid, and from that time until the present, his life was marked by no more important acts than is the common history of business men in this community and might be written of hundreds of others. Some years ago his second wife died, esteemed by her friends and wept and loved by those to whom she was nearest and dearest.

We will not say that during all this lapse of years the mind of Mr. S. did not frequently revert to the scenes of his earlier days, and to the strange vicissitudes through which he had passed. It would have been wonderful indeed if he had not pondered upon them, or often thought of the joys and sorrows attendant upon his residence in New Orleans. He held no correspondence, however, with any one resident there, and accepted for truth the newspaper announcement of the death of his former wife and child. By it his entire life had been changed and turned from its original channel, he himself seeking new associations, new scenes, and different avenues of trade.

After the capture of the city of New Orleans by the Union forces under General

## Extraordinary Courage and Endurance.

At the battle of Po river, Virginia, May 10th, William N. Kellerman, of the 148th Pennsylvania regiment, received three distinct wounds, one on the right shoulder, another on the chin, and the third near and entirely depriving him of the use of his right eye. He rejoined his regiment on the 13th of August, when the second corps was on the march to Deep Bottom. The following day he was so injured by the concussion of a shell that he was removed from the field insensible, and was not able to report for duty until the 13th of October. On the 27th of that month, and while the second and third divisions were making a reconnaissance on the left, General Miles, commanding the first division, directed a demonstration on the rebel fort in front of his line. Kellerman was selected, with others, for the purpose. They charged amid a heavy fire, and succeeded in driving the enemy from the fort, capturing a number of prisoners with whom Kellerman was sent to the rear. Having performed this duty, he started back to rejoin his comrades. In the meantime the rebels had rallied and our troops were compelled to fall back. Kellerman in the darkness did not observe this until near the fort, when he came upon the rebel picket line, which had been established in his absence. Fortunately he was unobserved, and sinking down he crept into a small ravine, hoping to make his escape during the night. Soon after a rebel vidette was thrown out on a low fence in advance of where he lay, thus placing him between the vidette and the skirmish line. In this position he lay until the night of the 2d of November, a period of six days, exposed to the wind and rain, and the cold freezing atmosphere of the nights, without food or drink, chewing leaves and roots within reach of his arms, determined not to surrender himself to the enemy, which he could have done at any moment with safety. On the night of the 2d, the enemy having relaxed his vigilance, he succeeded in reaching our lines crawling on his hands and knees, and bringing with him his accoutrements and Spencer rifle. On being taken to the hospital he was utterly exhausted, his hands and feet were badly frozen and the toes of his right foot were somewhat gangrenous. He was unable to walk for the first day; but on the second, beef tea and other nourishing and stimulating drinks were administered with the best effect. He has to a great extent recovered the use of his hands and feet, and bids fair on no distant day to rejoin his regiment. Gen. Miles has forwarded a recommendation that as a reward for his unexampled fortitude and heroism in refusing to surrender himself to the enemy under such trying circumstances, he be granted a furlough for thirty days and awarded a medal of honor.

A few days since, a meeting was held in Washington in behalf of the destitute starving negro population of that city. It is a little remarkable that not a single member of Congress appears to have been present at this meeting, nor any man high in official position of social influence.—They prefer to indulge in that high-sounding philanthropy which costs nothing, and is sure to get in the newspapers.

I overheard the following the other day between two grave fellows:

"If you had your choice, what death would you die of?"

"Why did you ask me? What would you die of?"

"Oh, I would be pelted to death by a clever woman."

"Well, that would be capital punishment to be sure!"

Not long since a company of negroes was raised in the town of Piqua, who were to join a certain colored regiment being organized in Massachusetts. The night preceding their departure for the camp of rendezvous a meeting was held in the African Church at the close of which the venerable minister, in a prayer, made the following remarkable request:—"That when these men went on the battle field they might be as bold as lions and harmless as doves!"

GEN. McCLELLAN, though defeated for the Presidency, has not come off second best with any of the military or naval heroes in the reception of solid testimonials of friendship. It will be remembered that a splendidly furnished house in 21st street near 5th avenue, was presented to his wife. Now, it appears that just before leaving New York for Europe, some of the New York friends of General McClellan presented him with \$30,000 in gold.

ANY one ought to be able to see the point of the following; but if he can't see it, and is anxious to do so, let him enter the army:—

Two Scotch miners were quarrelling.—One of them was very boastful, and was making considerable parade of his valorous deeds. The other quietly listened until he had talked himself down, and then he said, "Oh, yes, yer brave, nae doubt. Take aff yer shirt an' shake it, an' ye can say ye stood where thousands fell." Report says boaster was annihilated.

How holy is the joy and the pain of pure unspotted music. Its jubilee and its sounds

## "Bonny Jumping" by Wholesale.

[Albany Journal.]

We have had occasion recently to refer to several squads of "bonny jumpers" who had passed through this city on their way west to "operate." The first squad took the train a week ago, and were mostly Albany thieves, who knew it would be useless for them to present themselves here as recruits. The second squad were nearly all from New York, and came to this city to enlist, under the impression that our Marshal could be green enough to accept them. But of the whole number who offered themselves, only three were received. The rest sought other localities, and selected Oneida county as their first field of operation. The next squad who wended their way westward were all from New York, and numbered over a hundred. They were chiefly labelled for Utica, Watertown and Binghamton.

Of the first squad most of them enlisted in Utica, and nine of them "jumped" before they reached the rendezvous in this city.—Of the second squad, all enlisted in Utica and Watertown, and thirty two of them escaped from the barracks on Troy road on Sunday night. And last night nine of the same tribe who were enlisted at Utica got away. They were accompanied by a squad of four men, and on arriving at the depot one of their friends appeared in a captain's uniform, took command of the guards, and, marching the gang to a convenient spot enabled them to dodge round a corner in the dark and so get away, the bogus captain conveniently disappearing at the same time. Of this latter number, however, seven were recaptured last night; one by officer Carroll and the others by a posse from the Marshal's office; the arrests were adroitly made at the Hudson River depot, just before the night train left.

We refer to this subject thus particularly to put the marshals in the interior on their guard. In districts (if there are any such) where the marshals are in league with bonny brokers for the money they can make out of the alliance, this information will be of no use. But it may be of use where the local officers are not worse thieves than the scoundrels who deliberately enlist to pocket the bounty and desert.

The State is, at this moment, full of these "bonny jumpers;" and as no locality is credited men until they are recaptured for the nearest general rendezvous, it is quite important that attention should be paid to the character of the men enlisted.

**THE BRIDGE OF MONKEYS.**—Many people wonder how Abraham Lincoln, strongly committed as man could possibly be against the enterprise, could cross the gulf which separated him from Jeff Davis and all negotiations for peace. So it would be a puzzle if our primary geographies did not enlighten us as to how monkeys in South America can cross from one tree to another, too wide apart to permit a leap, without making the circuitous route of descending, walking over the intermediate terra firma, and ascending by climbing the tree, whose top they desire to reach. But the picture enlightens those who are too ignorant even to read. The passage is effected by a bridge of monkeys. A dozen monkeys tie themselves together, head and tail, and thus span the space, making a bridge for their fellows to walk over. The picture forms a beautiful spectacle in wood cut. The intertwined arms, and closely coiled tails, make the bridge as safe, to say the least, as that which spans Niagara, while an old Ape, without compromising his dignity by "coming down," gains the coveted position with ease. The bridge of monkeys which allowed old Abe (if not old ape) to cross, were James, Jewett, Greenly and Blair. Thus we learn the double lesson, that necessity is the mother of invention, and that whatever is created by the Almighty has its uses.

The practice is fast coming into vogue in the Army of the Potomac of burying with each soldier who dies, a bottle containing a slip of paper on which is written his name, rank, company, regiment, date and cause of death, &c. The practice is a good one.

HEAVEN bless the wives! They fill our lives with little bees and honey. They ease life's shocks, they mend our socks; but don't they spend the money?—When we are sick they heal us quick—that is, if they do love us; if not, we die, and you they cry, and raise tombstones above us.

A merchant in a northern city, lately put an advertisement in a paper, headed "Boy wanted." Next morning he