

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[52 50 in Advance, per Annum.

VOLUME 16.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1865.

NUMBER 31.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

W. H. JACOBY.

Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.

TERMS:—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in advance. If not paid till the end of the year, Three Dollars will be charged. No subscriptions taken for a period less than six months; no discontinuance permitted until all arrears are paid unless at the option of the editor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:—TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE. One Square, one or three insertions, \$1 50. Every subsequent insertion, less than 13, 50. One column—one year, 50 00. Administrators' and Executors' notices, 3 00. Transient advertising payable in advance, all other due after the first insertion.

OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

Thank God, the sky is clearing,
The clouds are hurrying past;
Thank God, the day is nearing,
The dawn is coming fast.
And when glad herald voices
Shall tell us peace has come,
This thought shall most rejoice us,
"Our boys are coming home!"
Soon shall the voice of singing
Drown war's tremendous din;
Soon shall the joy-bells ring
Bring peace and freedom in.
The jubilee bonfires burning
Shall soon light up the dome,
And soon, to soothe our yearnings,
Our boys are coming home.
The vacant fireside places
Have waited for them long;
The love light lacks their faces,
The chorus waits their song;
A shadowy fear has haunted
The long deserted room;
But now our prayers are granted,
Our boys are coming home!
O mother, calmly waiting
For that beloved son!
O sister, proudly doting
The victories he has won!
O maiden, softly humming
The love-song while you roam—
Joy, joy the boys are coming,
Our boys are coming home!
And yet, oh, dearest sorrow!
They're coming, but not all;
Full many a dark tomorrow
Shall wear its sable pall;
For thousands who are sleeping
Beneath the emperied loam;
We'll weep for those we're weeping,
Who never will come home!
O, sad heart, hush thy grieving;
Wait but a little while!
With hoping and believing
Thy we and fear beguile,
Wait for the joyous meeting
Beyond the starry dome,
For there our boys are waiting
To bid us welcome home.

Two Bad Habits.

There are two weaknesses in our habits which are very common, and which are very prejudicial to our welfare. The first is giving way to the ease or indulgence of the moment, instead of doing at once what ought to be done. This practice almost diminishes the beneficial effects of our actions, and often leads us to abstain from action altogether, as, for instance, at this season of the year there is a gleam of sunshine of which we feel we ought to take advantage, but we have not the resolution to leave at the moment a comfortable seat or an attractive occupation, we miss the most favorable opportunity, and, perhaps, at last, justify ourselves for remaining in-doors on the ground that the time for exercise is past—One evil attendant upon the habit of procrastination is, that it produces a certain dissipation of the mind which impedes and deranges the animal functions, and tends to prevent the attainment of a high state of health. A perception of what is right, followed by a promptness of execution, would render the way of life perfectly smooth—Children should be told to do nothing but what is reasonable, but they should be taught to do what they are told at once—The habit will stand them instead of their lives. The second wickedness is, when we have made a good resolution, and have partially failed in executing it, we are very apt to abandon it altogether. For instance, if a person who has been accustomed to rise at ten resolves to rise at six, and after a few successful attempts happens to sleep till seven, there is great danger that he will relapse into a former habit, or, probably even go beyond it, and lie till noon. It is the same with resolutions of economy or temperance, or anything else; if we cannot do all we intend, or make one slip, we are apt to give up entirely. Now what we should aim at is, always to do the best we can under existing circumstances; and then our progress, with the exception of slight interruptions, would be continual.

SOME OF OUR EXCHANGES are noticing the remarkable fact that nearly all the radical leaders of the Abolition party, such as Phillips, Garrison, Beecher and Greeley, are in favor of very lenient measures towards the rebels. They seem to be at a loss to account for this sudden turn of these fanatics. We can account for it but in this way: These men are not entirely devoid of conscience, and, knowing that they themselves were the cause of the war, they now begin to regret the misery and ruin they have brought upon an innocent people; and, to make some sort of amends to ease their guilty consciences, they feel disposed to treat gently with those whom, without a just cause, they so deeply injured. If there is a hell beyond the grave, and if those old rascals believe there is, it is certainly high time they begin to repent, for they are growing old and will soon have to bid adieu to all of earth.—*Sellingrove Times.*

Gen. McDowell has suppressed news, paper in California.

The Daughters of the Light-house Keeper.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The early dawn was struggling with, and slowly conquering the night. The two little daughters of the light-house keeper stood by the window of the small sitting room in the low house which was the only one on the little island—the island that was but half a mile from end to end, and that stood alone and desolate out in the sea, miles away from the mainland, bearing up the great dark tower, with its blazing crown of light, which flashed through the blackness brighter than any crown of king or emperor, like a diadem of throbbing gems hung away up in the air; guiding the sailor over the black rocks of the waters straight and safe to his harbor. The little daughters of the light-house keeper stood by the window and strained their eyes out into the growing day. They had dressed in haste, and not even combed their heads after their night's sleep, and their hair tangled about their faces. It was late in September, and the first great rain and gale of the season had set in the day before; and all through the night, while the little girls were smiling softly amid their dreams the storm had grown in fierceness and strength; the wind had raged and raved and tore up in their fierce wrath the face of the sea, and hurled the great black billows against the island, whose timbers were laid so deep and strong in the sea that no storm nor wind could prevail against it.

The blinding rain, too, was dashing about by the furious wind; torn here, and hurled there, and the sea seemed suddenly filled with an awful life—heaving, roaring, battling in pain, rage and terror. The little daughters of the light-house keeper were used to the fearful storms in their island home, but they had never witnessed anything like this one, which had awakened them at break of day.

But the storm of wind and sea was not the sound which had drawn them from their beds and sent them half dressed, to strain their eyes out into the blinding rain, for another sound had arisen above all others, and filled their hearts with dread and pity—it was the boom of cannon through the storm, and then they knew there was some vessel in distress on that wild sea, and that from the sound of the guns, she could not be far off.

As the light grew, the little children saw the masts looming up, spectral, through the rain, and the schooner lay still a little on the side in the water, great waves breaking over her, while she was slowly settling down, and they knew then that she had sprung a leak, and in a few hours the waves would roll over the tall masts, the mad and hungry waves that were licking the sides of the vessel in fierce exultation at the triumph that awaited them.

They were happy children—those two on the island where the lighthouse stood. No thought of loneliness dropped through the gladness of their lives. In the long pleasant summer days, when the soft winds rippled the white waves until they looked in the distance like great shoals of lilacs, vessels came over every day bringing small parties from the shore; and the little island would be full of merry laughter, and humming voices, and faces flitting to and fro; and in the winter they read their books and made their fires, and listened to their father's stories, or that of some weather-beaten sailor who had been all over the world and could tell such marvelous tales by sea or land—oh, there was never a day of summer or winter that was long and heavy on the hearts of these little children of the light-house keeper.

But at the time of which I tell you, there was no one on the island except their father and an aunt of his, and an old woman who always lived with them, and who now had charge of the family, because the children's mother had gone on shore in the beautiful autumn days which had preceded this terrible storm.

And as the day grew, and the little children watched, and the voice of the gun came over the waters, their father suddenly entered the room. He was a tall muscular, broad-chested man, with a broad, honest forehead, and kindly face, in which was now an unusual expression of seriousness—even anxiety. The children ran eagerly towards him, and he took the youngest in his arms—she was a little thing just outside of her fifth year.

"Oh, father!" they cried simultaneously, "can you make out who there is on board?" "Yes," said the light-house keeper gravely, "I've been out with my glass and there's the captain and two or three hands, and a man and woman seem to be passengers, and the woman has something on her lap; I can't see what it is but to all appearance, I'm pretty sure it's a baby!"

"Oh, father!" cried the children at once. "Yes, it's hard; they've got on the highest part of the vessel, but every wave goes over them. She won't hold out much longer." "Oh, father!" will they all have to drown?" asked the elder with tears on her cheeks.

"I don't see how it can be helped, daughter, unless God sends them some aid."

"Can't you—can't you do something?" asked the sweet childish voice of the younger.

The light-house keeper looked at them both a moment, with many feelings, a struggle on his face.

"I've been thinking of that, children. It's a terrible thing to have the vessel go down with all those precious lives on board,

and do nothing to help them. Still it would be a great risk, there's no denying, and I might never get back alive."

"Do you want to try to save those people, and the woman with the little baby in the boat?" asked the youngest girl.

"I want to, my children. But it will be terrible tough work to keep the boat up in this storm. Your mother is away my children, but you are old enough to understand what I mean. Shall your father run the risk and try to get out in the long boat to those people whose only chance of life it is, or shall he stay at home with his little girls, and let the schooner founder?"

And the children answered simultaneously—
"Oh, father, try and save her!" And the elder girl continued solemnly—
"And little sister and I will pray to the Father in heaven to bring you back safe, and the people too."

So the light-house keeper kissed his children and commended them to the love of God, and went out.

What was done had to be done quickly. The children hurried to and fro bringing cushions and food, and cordials which were all stowed away in the long boat; and then the sailor departed.

Three times the wind drove the light, long, row-boat on shore; but the heart was brave and the hand skillful, and the eye steady, that guided her, and the fourth time the little boat rocked and quivered out on the seething sea, and the children watched from the window.

The foundering schooner lay half a mile at the east end of the island. Every wave dashed the salt agony over the half dozen people huddled together on its highest point, and there they stood with death staring them close in the face while they watched the path of the long boat as she fell and rose on the waves; and they knew that she held, under God, their only chance of life.

Three hours had passed, and then the light-house keeper safely opened once more the door of the sitting room, and by his side stood a white, drenched, utterly worn out woman, and in the man's arms was a small bundle.

The children sprang forward—
"Oh, father, have you got back? Have you saved them all?" they cried simultaneously.

"Every one, thank God, children. The wind drove us on the other side of the island, but we at last got to land. The men will be up in a moment, but I hurried along with the mother and the baby."

The poor, drenched, breathless woman sat down. Her face was as white as the dead's face. She put out her arms and moaned feebly.

"Is my babe alive?"

The light-house keeper removed the heavy blanket which covered the child—There it lay, bright and warm, and looked up in his face with its soft blue eyes, having no dream of the death from which it had been rescued.

"Oh, father, isn't that pretty?" cried the little daughters of the light-house keeper. "It's as pretty a sight as I ever saw," said the brave man, who had just risked his life for the life of others, and was fairly melted to tears.

And then the heavy tramp of the three men whom the light-house keeper had taken off the vessel was heard on the narrow gravel walk; and at that moment the stately schooner bowed her tall masts, and the angry waves lifted up their great arms and dragged her down, down into their dark depths, but there was no life of man or woman on board of her.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, not less earnestly than other contemporaries, forcibly says:

"The subscriptions to the Seven-Thirty Loan yesterday reached the enormous sum of \$15,165,300. One banking house in this city sent an order for \$5,039,400, the largest single subscription ever made to a Government loan in this country. Large subscriptions were also received from other parts of the country in single names, but a large proportion of them, undoubtedly, go to fill orders from individuals. The loan emphatically is a popular one, the people seeking in it an investment for their surplus means—it is not only a striking evidence of the faith of the people in the strength and premanence of the Government, of which, indeed, there was never any doubt, but of the general prosperity of the country and of its recuperative energy after a four years exhausting war. If foreign capitalists want to invest our National loan they had be better look about it; for at the rate at which it is now going American Bonds will not be long in the market except at a high premium."

Lo, THE POOR BRIGADIER—We will suppose the war over and peace declared. To do so is only looking a little way into the future. Peace being declared, and all things having resumed their old time routine, what is to become of the caravan of political Brigadiers, two-thirds of whom have loafed and liggered up at the expense of Uncle Sam? Where will the poor Brigadiers go to find comfort not to say salary? On training days, in times gone by, a Brigadier was an enormous being and a matter of awe; a cocked hat, spurs, gold lace, to the gaping crowd, were fearfully and majestically wonderful. Now a Brigadier is regarded in most instances as a joke, a political sarcasm upon the military. Not much more respect is paid his title, in common conversation, than to that of an Ordinary Sergeant or a Drum Major. Alas for the Jigadier Brindles.

A Rebuke of Political Preaching.

We learn from the New York Observer that a few weeks since the Rev. F. C. Ewer, a pastor of an Episcopal Church in New York, was desired by some of his people to preach on the political questions of the day. "Instead of complying with the request," says the Observer, "he gave them a sermon that ought to have made every intelligent Christian among them heartily ashamed of having been so ignorant of the province of the pulpit and the duty of the pastor, as to presume to desire him to come down from the high calling of God's minister, to tell them whether to vote for Lincoln, Fremont or McClellan. The attempt was unworthy of Christian citizens, and it was very earnestly and ably rebuked."

The sermon has been published, and we make an extract therefrom, for the benefit of all to "whom it may concern," in these parts:

"Ah, beloved, passion is now sweeping the world away. And when his lack seem to have lost their self-possession, there is no time when it is more necessary for the spirit guide to guard his presence of mind and hold firmly and steadily to the helm. All else is driving before the storm, wet, and rolling, and helpless with the roll of the billows. I might indeed stand here as you have desired, and as a mere man tell you the passionate yearnings of my heart at this hour, how I tremble as I consider what may be the consequences of men's acts who differ with me—but then, dear brethren, this Church would be rolling heavily too in the trough of the general sea. Consider the consequences of compliance on my part with such a request. Consider it as a precedent establishing the principle of political preaching in this pulpit. Though I may agree with you to-day how know you that the next political crisis, I, or the pastor you may have, may not agree with your adversaries? Seek to establish no dangerous rule. O, seek not to surrender to your priest the two-edged sword which is of right your own heritage. I warn you, preserve, as a priceless jewel, your political independence of the Church. The sacredness of that independence is founded upon the eternal principle that adultery, that the yoking together of incompatible elements, is a primal source of all sin and confusion."

"I warn you. Go not about to drug the Church with political wine that shall intoxicate her and unfit her for her clam and delicate work. As citizens we are all equal—you and I; and when on that platform of citizenship, any one of us—you or I—mont the rostrum, the equality between speaker and audience is not broken, for any one can answer. But here the case is different. When I mount the pulpit the equality is gone, our relative position here is in harmony with the fact. I speak as priest, you merely sit to listen, and can make no answer. I hold you all at a disadvantage; and rightly so, for my normal position is as priest to declare to you the eternal word of God, to which there can be no answer. If I use this vantage stand for ought other purposes, I am recanting to you and to your rights. There is a blasphemous impertinence in a priest either dictating in prayer to God the will of His people, or on the other hand in his ignorance, substituting his own crude political notions for the great hidden perfect will of God, and then dictating them as though from God to His people. It is a crime upon the sacred political freedom of the people, and a daring insult to God himself."

WORKING BUTTER—I judge that more butter is injured in the process of "working" as it is termed, than by any other means. It is rightly assumed that the butter milk must be entirely separated from the butter; but this may be effected in various ways. If performed with the ladle or roller the grains or globules of the butter are very likely to be seriously injured, rendering the butter as a whole salty or oily, and greatly damaging the flavor. Besides this method of freeing the butter from the butter milk often takes away the brine as well as milk, leaving the butter too fresh. Then more salt is added, which will remain in the butter, partly held in solution, and partly not, unless the already-worked butter is put through the rolling and lading process again. Hence my conclusion that the better way is to have the butter come hard, and with little butter milk (which can always be done if one has the right sort of churn, and supply of ice) and wash out the butter milk with cold water (the colder the better), and afterwards work the butter only sufficiently to have the salt evenly distributed through it.

Mrs. WARREN PORTER, of Greenfield Mass., who has been in a condition resembling sleep for eighteen weeks, awoke a few days ago. She states that it was the will of God that she should go into that state and he revealed it as his will that she should awake, and she awoke. She stated that she has known all that has been said and occurred in her presence. Some pretty severe experiments have been used to bring her to consciousness, but she withstood them all. Hundreds of physicians, quacks, clairvoyants, spiritualists, and others have visited her. Her disease is a species of religious insanity. She concluded that she had waked up too quick, and went to sleep again.

THE war being at an end, the news of late engagements and expected engagements has also ceased, and every person may feel thankful.

How to Kill Canada Thistles.

Heavy seeding and early mowing are the only remedies of this pest. To cultivate the ground except by following, is a sure means of encouraging their growth and spreading. And even the most perfect and expensive following is liable to fail of its object if by chance a single stock is allowed to feed in the neighborhood, because the seed are scattered by the wind with great facility, and the better the till the more ready the seed germinates.

By ordinary cultivation the roots are broken and disturbed, and the seed is matured usually before the crop is ripe enough to harvest. Under such circumstances the spread is very rapid. And even in pastures they multiply rapidly, especially in loose soil.

To rid land of thistles, seed it thickly with grass. A good strong growth of grass, besides reducing the amount of thistles at once decreases its vitality, and thus retards the maturity until a later period than that at which the grass is ripe enough for hay. If, then, the crop is cut in season, the slender stems of the thistles are exposed to the damaging effects of the weather, and no fears need be entertained of spreading by either root or seedling. If the cutting is delayed, there is little danger from seedling, as it is rare to find seed having vitality when growing among grass. Time and determination are necessary to final success. How long a time in every case to complete their destruction, I will not undertake to say, but I have never known an instance when enough thistles were found at the second cutting to injure the market value of the hay, or to materially lessen its amount. As a rule, I think the third mowing will prove effectual, except against what may yet spring from seed remaining in the soil.

TO PRESERVE MEAT.—M. Ronge has published the following method for preserving meat:—"In an earthen pot, provided with a good lid, pour an ounce of concentrated acetic acid; place over it, so that it may not touch, a grate of oster or wood on this lay the meat to be preserved, and then cover it with the lid. The acid, evaporating slowly, envelopes the meat, and at the end of twelve days or a fortnight it is both tender and sweet, with an excellent flavor."

TO TAKE BRUISES OUT OF FURNITURE.—Wet the part with warm water; double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak it, and lay it on the place; apply on that a hot flat iron till the moisture is evaporated; if the bruise be not gone, repeat the process. Generally after two or three applications, the dent or bruise is raised to a level with the surface. It is raised by very small, merely soak it with warm water, and apply a red-hot poker near the surface; keep it constantly wet, and in a few minutes the bruises will disappear.

POTATO YEAST.—Six potatoes boiled and mashed, one cup flour, one-half cup sugar, table-spoon-full salt. Turn to this one pint of boiling water, then one pint of cold water. Raise it with a cup of yeast. Set it in a warm place, and it will rise frothing in a few hours. It is now ready for use. Set it in a cool place. It will only keep a few days.

TO GILD WITHOUT GOLD.—Take a dry sal-fuber, in powder, with an equal quantity of yellow orpiment, well purified of its earthly particles, grind all well together and put it to digest in hot stable manure for three weeks. At the end of that time you may use it to gild whatever you please. This preparation answers all the purpose of gold-leaf.

APPLE POTTAGE.—Take ripe apples, carefully pared and corad, and in layers in a stone or earthen jar alternately with layers of sugar. If the apples are sweet, a little lemon or quince intermingled will give it a better flavor. Cover the whole with wheat paste or dough, and place the jar in the oven for baking. Let it remain all night, and it will make a delicious dish for breakfast.

JOSEPH SHAW, editor of the Westminster (Md.) Democrat, whose office was mobbed and material destroyed the night after the murder of the President, and who was also warned away by the people, returned to Westminster on Tuesday last, when he was assailed by a mob. He fired into them, wounding one man, whereupon the mob killed him on the spot.

STOPPED WORK.—Nearly all the mines in the valley are idle. The operators have given notice of a reduction of wages, to which the men will not submit, consequently the strike.

It is reported that freights on coal will be somewhat reduced next month.—*Record of the Times.*

Mrs. ANDREW ALLISON, residing in Beaver county, last week gave birth to four healthy children. Some twenty months ago Mrs. Allison gave birth to three daughters, whom she named Cora, Dora and Nora. These seven children, born within a period of two years, were at last accounts doing well as was also their mother.

A pious young man visiting a prison in Maine inquired of the prisoners the cause of their being in such a place. A small girl's answer was, that she had stolen a saw mill, and went back after the pond, and was arrested.

Capture of Mr. Davis.

In the dispatch of Gen. Wilson, announcing the capture of Mr. Jefferson Davis, we find this passage:

"The explorers report that he hastily put on one of his wife's dresses, and started for the woods, closely followed by our men, who at first thought him a woman, but seeing his boots while he was running, they suspected his sex at once."

General Wilson, it will be observed, does not authenticate that story. On the contrary, he throws doubt on it, by declining to tell it on his own authority, or to repeat it in any form more worthy of credence than some cavalryman's tale. Stories, however, lose nothing by travelling, and, accordingly, we find the "report" in question circulated through the country as a positive fact, with all the authority that should be supposed to attach to a bulletin of the Secretary of War! Mr. Stanton does not hesitate to state positively that Mr. Davis was captured while "attempting to escape in his wife's clothes!"

General Wilson leaves us free to exercise our judgment as to the statement that Mr. Davis was taken in disguise. The "report," which he repeats as such, is like any other report, open to the test of probability, and becomes, therefore, liable to the contradiction which it meets in the character of Mr. Jefferson Davis. A man of dignity of character, a man of great personal pride, and both of these sustained by a sense of the propriety of his position, as the elected representative of millions of his countrymen, the "report" that he condescended to the pettiest evasion of a runaway is, we have very little doubt, a base invention.

But Mr. Davis is said to have, when pursued, "brandished a bowie knife." This assertion was put, we have very little doubt, as a part of the "report" in which General Wilson refers to the story of Mr. Davis's disguise. In that belief we have very little hesitation in declaring its fabrication. Indeed, on its face, it is in very suspicious keeping with that fond ideal, the Southern man of Black Republican representation, who is always either picking his teeth with that weapon, or like a Malay, "running a muck" at all he meets, "brandishing a bowie knife." Self-possession courage is one of the virtues which even his bitterest personal enemies accord to Mr. Davis. No brawler, no swaggerer is he, but a man of unshrinking bravery; and, we therefore, must, under the light of his character, conclude that, once satisfied that he was in presence of overwhelming force, he submitted with the calmness of true courage, and with the grace of innate dignity.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

To Consumptives.

THE undersigned having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years, with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used—free of charge—with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, &c. The only object of the advertisement in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy as it will cost them nothing, and prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address,

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York. February 15, 1865—3mo.

A gentleman who had married a second time indulged in recurring too often in conversation to the beauties and virtues of his first consort. He had however lately discovered enough to discover that the subject was not an agreeable one to his present lady.

"Excuse me, madam," said he. "I cannot help expressing my regrets for the dear departed."

"Upon my honor," said the lady, "I can most heartily affirm that I am as sincere a mourner for her as you can be."

The new military establishment of the United States will be an army of about one hundred and fifty thousand men, divided into four corps; one of regulars, one of white volunteers, and two of negroes.

STARCH POLISH.—Take equal parts of white wax and spermaceti; melt them together, and run them into thin cakes on plates. A piece the size of a cent added to a quart of prepared starch gives a lustre to the clothes, and prevents the iron from sticking.

Weak doses of wash-board are now recommended to ladies who complain of dyspepsia. Young men troubled in the same way may be cured by a strong preparation of wood-saw.

COL. THOMAS A. SCOTT, Vice President of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company, was married on Tuesday of last week, in Pittsburgh, to Miss Riddle of that city, daughter of the late Robert M. Riddle, Esq.

Oil Wells.

There is nothing more uncertain than a oil well. If it gracefully chooses to do it yields oil in great quantities, but if it will be perverse, no amount of coaxing will draw out the oleaginous treasure. Neither can it be safely predicted that a well which yields a dozen barrels to-day will yield on to-morrow. They have a well in Athens county, Ohio, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, which when sunk the oil rock suddenly spouted forth such a stream of oil as to threaten the oleaginous overflow of all the country. But after short time the flow subsided, and from the reservoir hastily constructed in the ground one hundred barrels were collected. Since that there has been but one well the "blows," as the workmen express it. The well, soon after being opened, began to throw out oil to the height of twenty feet but only lasted for a short time. Last summer, for a considerable time it observed regular period of twenty-four and one-half hours between these blows, each day the phenomenon occurring half an hour later than on the previous day. At last, when the time for its blowing reached far into the night, it lost its regularity, and now seems to be governed by no law, but still keeps blowing almost daily. When supplied with a pump and engine it stubbornly refused to yield at all, and the engine and pump were taken away when the well resumed its blowing.

From another well nothing was gotten for several weeks but water. After being sunk and giving the usual indications of oil, it was tubed and prepared for pumping. The dismay of the company only water was obtained as the result of the first day's work. Water abundantly flowed the second day, but no oil. The third day we had a repetition of the first two, and the well was about to be abandoned. One member of the company, however, suggested the idea that the water might be exhausted by constant pumping and that the oil might be obtained. Being an obstinate man, his counsel prevailed, and day and night, without ceasing, the tireless engine pumped water a whole fortnight. Still no oil. Another fortnight, and only water appeared; another and another, when the flow of water ceased, and the flow of oil began! Eight weeks of constant clinging to a theory brought a triumph to the obstinate member, and a reward to the whole company. On one occasion since, when for some reason the engine was stopped for half an hour, it required nearly twenty-four hours pumping to clear off the water. Again, when a belt broke, and caused stoppage of fifteen minutes, the same thing occurred. The well is now kept constantly running and produces from twelve to fifteen barrels a day.

MONK MON LAW.—The town of Fairmount West Virginia, was the scene of some excitement on Saturday night. The Wheeling Register says:

"Father Malone, a Catholic priest, reached that town on Saturday morning, preparatory to entering upon his religious duties. After night he was waited upon by a committee who made known to him the fact that they were deputed to inform him that they would have to leave town. Fearing personal violence, the reverend gentleman left on the train on Sunday morning at two o'clock, and arrived here about daylight.

"At the commencement of the war Father Malone assumed a willingness to take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States but declined to take the oath prescribed by Pierpont's government, and left for Europe, where he remained until a few months ago. The reverend gentleman at the commencement of hostilities was known to be a conservative man, and by his advice and influence prevented many men not only from voting for the ordinance of secession but entering the ranks of the Southern army."

TO YOUNG SMOKERS.—An eminent Physician writes the following:

Let me give two or three hints to boys who use tobacco. Tobacco has spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys, inducing a dangerous precocity, developing the passions, softening and weakening the bones, and greatly injuring the spinal marrow, the brain and the whole nervous system. A boy who smokes, is rarely known to make a man of much energy. I would particularly warn boys, who want to rise in the world to shun tobacco as a deadly poison.

A few weeks ago, a youth arrived in this city to prosecute his studies with a view to professional life. A week or two after his arrival, he was seized with paralysis in both legs, which advanced upward till nearly the lower half of his body was benumbed and apparently lifeless. There is no hope of his recovery. The cause of his disease was tobacco smoking—a habit which he had early acquired; and persisted in to the time of his attack.

A MAN OF ACTION.—General Grant is a man of action and not a man of words or fussy preparation. When he was directed to visit Sherman in North Carolina, he received the order, folded it up, took his leave of the President with his carpet bag in one hand a red apple cigar case in his pocket, and in a few days had the terms of the treaty revoked and Johnston laying down his arms.

All the rebel soldiers, prisoners in the North, are to be discharged upon taking the oath of allegiance.