

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## PROSPECTUS OF THE PHILADELPHIA AGE, 1865.

THE only Democratic Daily Morning Journal published in Philadelphia.

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Now is the time to subscribe.

Address, GLOSSBRENNER & WELSH, 430 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

June 7, 1865.

## Administrator's Notice.

Estate of Ann Hutcheon, late of Fishing Creek township, Columbia County, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the will of said county, to Thomas J. Hutcheon residing in the township and county aforesaid. All persons having claims or demands against the estate of the decedent are requested to present them for settlement and those indebted to the estate will make immediate payment to the administrator.

THOMAS J. HUTCHISON, Administrator, Fishing Creek, Oct. 11, 1865.

## To Drunkards.

OLD DOCTOR BUCHAN'S Drunkard's Cure permanently eradicates the taste for strong drink, and cures the worst case of drunkenness in less than eight weeks.

Thousands of reformed inebriates new live to bless the day they were fortunate enough to commence the use of this valuable remedy. Price two dollars a package. Mailed to any address on receipt of an order.

JAMES S. BUTLER, Sole Agent for the U. S. August 9, 1865.—4m.

## Notice to Trespassers.

THE undersigned, farmers and land owners of Fishing Creek township, Columbia County, do hereby caution all persons against hunting or in anywise trespassing on their lands, thus making themselves subject to the penalties of the law, which will be most stringently enforced.

ISAAC HAGENBUCH, MICHAEL HAGENBUCH, Orange Twp., Oct. 11, 1865.

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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.

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## A LITTLE RAILERY.

BY OPHIUS C. KEEL.

"Kiss me, Dollie, dearest one,  
Lay your head upon my shoulder;  
Will you go and be a nun,  
When your lover's hand is colder?"

"Will his mangled last remains  
Win from you a tear of pity?  
Oh, that other things than trains,  
Took us to a neighboring city."

Wildly gazed she in my face,  
Crying, as she clung about me,  
"Robbie, in the name of grace,  
Go away you shan't without me!"

"Why, I thought you only meant,  
Just a business trip to make it;  
Yet you seem on death intent—  
Have you stole my heart to break it?"

"Wherefore speak of death at all;  
Am't you coming back to-morrow?  
Let me some physician call—  
What has crazed you, joy or sorrow?"

"Dollie darling"—low I spoke—  
"Don't you know by rail I'm going?  
Every train there's something broke,  
By the daily paper's showing."

"'Tis as sure as ere can be,  
That some accident will happen;  
Likely the first bridge we see  
Will give away and let us slip in."

"Or, a train of freight will strike,  
Or another train run into;  
Count on life, with death so likely—  
Well you know 'twould be a sin to."

Sally droop'd her pretty head,  
Like a lily rarely shaken;  
"If for life you care a red,  
Stay at home and save your bacon!"

## The Southern People.

Many Southern people seem to think that their States cannot be relieved of the intolerable oppressions of the Freedmen's Bureau and martial law, and all the concomitant evils of their anomalous condition, unless their representatives be admitted to Congress. While we admit that the presence in Congress of "fit" representatives for the Southern States is greatly to be desired by the people of those States, we cannot see that there is any necessary connection between the continuance of Provisional Governments and the Freedmen's Bureau, and the perpetuation of martial law, in the Southern States on the one hand, and the admission of their representatives into Congress on the other. The President can, at any day, withdraw the garrisons which now disturb the peace of the South; he can blot out of existence that most dangerous organization, the Freedmen's Bureau; he can restore to the people of the lately Confederate States all the blessings of constitutional freedom and civil law, except that one of representation in Congress. And he can do all this, without consulting Congress at all. And such being the case we cannot appreciate the argument of those who maintain that it is the duty of the Southern people to submit to every wrong, and to sacrifice every constitutional right that they have, and to voluntarily humiliate themselves and dishonor those who have given up their lives in defense of Virginia, in order to induce the Radicals to concede to their Representatives that which they have a constitutional right to demand—admission to their seats.

RIGHT MEN IN THE RIGHT PLACES.—The Radicals are furious, because the people of Mississippi do not consider service in the Confederate army a personal disqualification for service of any sort under the new order of things. Indeed, the Southern citizens, generally, evince a great inclination to confide rather in those who risked all, than in those who shirked all. Hence, they prefer men for office who bravely fought for a principle, and then gracefully surrendered when it was no longer possible to defend that principle on the battle-field—prefer those to the trimmers whose pluck struck within interest, and whose vaunted loyalty was only the virtue of wanting courage to encounter danger. We are satisfied that Southern voters would, in most cases, sooner elect to office outspoken, honest Radicals of the Greeley type, than men who, agreeing with them in the main, timidly excused themselves from sharing a common danger. The men they have tried, they are apt to trust.

A man is getting out of an omnibus, a few days since, made use of two rows of knees as banisters to steady himself, at which the ladies took offense, and one cried aloud, "He is a perfect savage!" "True," said a wag, inside, "he belongs to the Paw-knee tribe."

## The Church, North and South.

When a man becomes a Christian, he does not cease to be a citizen. All the laws defining and regulating his duties to the State and to society not only remain in full force, but they are, in fact, more binding as obligations, being enforced by higher sanctions. This general doctrine is so fully recognized in our day, and has been so constantly affirmed even in purely secular type, during the four years last past, that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon it. Any one who will take the trouble to consult the deliveries of the most ultra-loyal newspapers, beginning with the *Tribune*, and going down the scale until it reaches the *Independent*, will find a multitude of short sermons upon this topic. The most remarkable point of agreement, in all these extra-parochial discourses, is the unanimity with which the self-appointed preachers have provided a kind of extra damnation for sins not enumerated in the old canon. Nothing less could be expected in this progressive age.

While this is true enough, it is also true that human history records no conflicts more dire than those between human authority on one side and ecclesiastical bodies on the other. The latest example of any magnitude is on the exodus of the Free Church of Scotland, where the first ground of complaint on the part of the seceding body, and the proximate cause of their withdrawal, was the assumption of authority by the civil power over purely spiritual concerns. There was no dispute upon doctrinal points, no attempt at interference with forms of worship. The established Church of Scotland in this day holds to the same identical standards, and the simple question dividing this sect, and causing the loss of a thousand congregations to the prosperous establishment, was, whether Christ or Cæsar was the supreme head of the Church. How much of worldly loss was bravely endured by the Free Church, and how nobly its members responded to the heavy demands made upon them during their conflict in defense of this naked principle, is perfectly well known to all who are familiar with recent Church history.

Although there are no civil laws, properly so called, regulating ecclesiastical matters in this country, yet, the whole Protestant Church North, with a few noble exceptions, has gradually drifted into the political arena since war began. It cannot be said that the pressure came from without the Church. If the old conservative spirit which secured at the first freedom of religious belief in America had remained in the Church, it is not likely that the civil authority would ever have dared to trespass upon her sacred threshold. It was the loyalty of the church members that placed the National Flag above the Cross on her lofty spires. It was the loyalty of her ministers that invented new forms of prayer, in which God was formally instructed every Sabbath day as to what the North American Christian Church had a right to expect of Him. It was the hatred of sins which God had neglected to enumerate in His divine law of prohibitions—and the love of heavenly virtues nowhere found in His Revelation—that induced new tests of church membership, and to add supplemental torments to the penal fires of Tophet. Only once, in a history of fifty centuries, can a parallel be found. Only once before did the recognized representatives of God's Church dare to cry in the face of Heaven—"We have no King but Cæsar!"

The marked contrast presented in the unchanging attitude of the Southern Church cannot have escaped the attention of any candid man. The circumstances surrounding her members were not similar to those in which their Northern brethren found themselves. It will never be known how much of suffering the South has endured in four years of desolation and war; but it will never cease to be known, and to redound to the honor of her church members, how unflinchingly they bore their afflictions while the contest lasted. In all the public expressions of her various Church Courts, the existing calamity was regarded as a chastisement divinely inflicted, and no trace of that vindictive, bloodthirsty spirit with which we have been so familiar, ever disgraced her pulpits. Many of her public ministers died with arms in their hands—fighting the battles of the only country they recognized or acknowledged; many more will carry the marks of the conflict to their graves. And the duty ever present to those such enduring men and women, in ministering to the wants of the wounded and dying, in consoling the bereaved, and in proclaiming the sublime truths of Christianity, without partisan admixture, was so performed as to challenge the respect and admiration of all Christendom. Amid the stern realities, visible in thousands of desolate homes, her ministers found no time for Quixotic expeditions to reconquered ports, to preach peans to the stars and bars. And now that all their dreams of independence are lost in a rude awakening, we find these men submitting with heroic lenitude to the dispensations of Providence, and seeking—without exception—the restoration of fraternal relations with the Northern Church. We will endeavor to show, hereafter, how this restoration may be brought about.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

The total coal extraction of Spain is only somewhere about half a million a year, while the imports of English coal into Spain and the Canaries in 1864 were returned at \$46,094 tons.

## Desperation.

The following is a passage from the very laughable tale of "Desperation," one of the rich articles which are embraced in the literary remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clark. It is only necessary to premise that the author is a Philadelphia student, who, after a stolen fortnight amid the gaieties of a Washington season, finds himself, (through the remissness of a chum) at Baltimore on his way home, without a penny in his pocket. He stops at a fashionable hotel, nevertheless, where, after tarrying for a day or two, he finally, at the head of a great dinner, "omne solus," in his private apartment, flanked by abundant Champagne and Burgundy, resolves to disclose all to the landlord. Summoning a servant, he said:

"Ask the landlord to step up to my room and bring his bill."

He clattered down stairs laughing, and shortly after his master appeared. He entered with a generous smile, that made me hope for "the best his house afforded," and that just then, was credit.

"How much do I owe you?" said I.

He handed me the bill with all the grace of a private expectancy.

"Let me see—seventeen dollars. How very reasonable! But, my dear sir, the most disagreeable part of the matter is now to be disclosed. I grieve to inform you that at present I am out of money, and I know, by your philanthropic looks, that you will be satisfied when I tell you that if I had it, I would give it to you with unqualified pleasure. But you see my not having the change by me is the reason I cannot do it. I am a stranger to you, that's a fact, but in the place I came from, all my acquaintances know me as easy as can be."

The landlord turned all colors.

"Where do you live, and how?"

"In Washin—I should say Philadelphia."

"I see how it is, mister; my opinion is that you are a blackleg. You don't know where your home is; you begin with Washington and then drop it for Philadelphia. You must pay your bill."

"But I can't."

"Then I'll take your clothes; if I don't, blow me tight."

"Scoundrel!" said I, rising bolt upright, "do that if you dare, and leave the rest to me."

There were no more words. He arose deliberately seized my hat and my only inexpressibles and walked down stairs.

Physicians say that two excitements can't exist at the same time in one system. External circumstances drove away, almost immediately, the confusion of my brain.

I rose and looked out of the window. The snow was descending as I drummed on the pane. What was I to do? An unhappy sans culottes in a strange city; no money, and slightly inebriated.

A thought struck me. I had a large full cloak, which, with all my other appointments, save those he took, the landlord had spared. I dressed immediately, drew on my boots over my fair drawers, not unlike small clothes; put on my cravat, vest and coat, laid a travelling cap from my trunk jauntily over my forehead, and flinging my fine long mantle gracefully about me, made my way through the hall into the street.

Attracted by the shining lamps of the portico of a new hotel, a few squares from my first lodgings, I entered, recorded some names on the books and bespoke a bed.—Everything was fresh and neat, every servant attentive, all augured well. I kept myself closely cloaked, puffed a cigar and retired to bed to mature my plot.

"Waiter, just brush my clothes well, my fine fellow," said I, in the morning, as he entered my room; "mind the pantaloons; don't spill anything from the pockets—there is money in both."

"The devil you don't. Where are they?"

"Can't tell, I'm sure; I don't know, 'selp me God!"

"Go down, sir, and tell your master to come here immediately."

The publican was with me in a moment. I had risen and worked my face before the mirror into a fiendish look of passion.

"Landlord!" exclaimed I, with a fierce gesture, "I have been robbed in your house—robbed, sir—robbed! my pantaloons and purse containing three fifty dollar notes, are gone! This is a pretty hotel. Is this the way you fulfill the injunctions of Scripture? I am a stranger and have been taken in with a vengeance. I will expose you at once if I am not recompensed."

"Pray keep your temper," replied the publican. "I have just opened this house, and it is getting a good run; would you ruin its reputation by an accident? I will find out the villain who robbed you, and I will send for a tailor to measure you for your missing garments. Your money shall be refunded. Do you see that your anger is useless?"

"My dear sir," I replied, "I thank you for your kindness—I do not mean to reproach you. If those trousers can be done to-day, I shall be satisfied; time is more precious than money. You may keep the others if you find them, and in exchange for the one hundred and fifty dollars which you give me, the contents are yours."

Jer—It is now about two years since this little word has become quite prominently associated in the popular mind with the female toilet. One can indeed hardly peruse an article on the fashions of the day without meeting it at least half a dozen times, and every lady out shopping seems in quest of jet buttons, bracelets, brooches, pins, &c.—But when we ask what this jet really is, whence it comes, who invented it, few are able to give a satisfactory reply. It may therefore not be amiss to explain here the nature of this important and popular article.

Jet, be it known, is a natural, not an artificial substance. Externally it ranks next to lava or polished coal, being in fact a species of earth coal, nearly related to the brown, although some naturalists pronounce it to be hardened pitch. It burns very redly, gives out a greenish flame, and diffuses a resinous odor or combustion. Extremely fragile and brittle, it weighs somewhat heavier than water, and is found in France and Spain in the lower, and in England in the upper strata of the Jura formation, usually between or in the immediate vicinity of brown coal deposits. The substance is brought to the surface in large blocks, whose handling is very difficult on account of its brittleness. The blocks are carefully sawed into pieces approaching in size pretty closely the objects for which they are to be used. By means of a finely pointed steel the outline of the shape into which the piece is to be carved is then traced on the surface, and the work proceeds to completion with knife and chisel, like any ordinary wood carving. Last of all comes the polishing process, by which the substance, originally of a brownish color, receives the bright black lustre that has rendered it so very popular with the ladies as an article of ornament.

But as, according to Solomon, there is nothing new under the sun, so jet is no novelty. It was known to the ancients, who used it for the same purposes as ourselves. Jet ornaments have frequently been discovered in Roman and in ancient British tombs. Among the articles lately exhumed in Pompeii were brooches, bracelets and chains of jet, so artistically wrought as to defy modern imitation. England has since remote times been the chief depositary of jet, and manufacturers of the article flourished in that country long ago. In the days of Queen Elizabeth the town of Whitely had already established quite a reputation for the extent of its jet manufactures. In a manuscript dated 1730, entitled: "The Journey of a Portuguese Merchant, Don Manuel Gonzales, in Great Britain," the author speaks of a jet being found in Yorkshire. In the course of the last century the use of the substance for ornaments appears to have rapidly declined, and it was left to the capricious humor of fashion to raise its reputation once more in popular esteem.

The manufacture of jet is of no small importance to the places that have engaged in it as a regular branch of industry. The town of Whitely continues of considerable note to the present day, and exported last year over £30,000 sterling worth of jet ornaments. Its manufacturers go up an exhibition last fall, when the beauty, variety, and finish of the articles exhibited received enthusiastic praise from artistic and industrial sources. In Oriedo, in the Spanish province of Asturias, jet is also manufactured, but its products do not appear to command such high prices as the English.

WHAT EX REBEL GENERALS ARE DOING.—The New Orleans Picayune says: One of the distinguished Major Generals in the confederate service of this State is, we learn, about to take charge of the construction and repair of the wharves for one of the contractors with the city. Two brigadiers have already secured places in the Commercial Express Company. One brigadier is prosperously engaged in the business of boss drayman. There are other Generals who are spoken of as civil engineers on our railroads. All most every store has a colonel or a major. There are three distinguished colonels extensively engaged in the auction business. One colonel who has heretofore directed big guns with skill and heroism in some of the fiercest battles of the war, is now selling bale roping and bagging; another, one of Stone wall Jackson's favorite regimental commanders, is pressing cotton.

THE HONEY MOON.—Why is the first month after marriage called the "honey moon?" Doubtless on account of the sweet lunacy which controls the heads of the sweets during that brief and delightful period. What a pity that they should ever get quite rational again! that sentimentality should give place to sentiment, sentiment to sense, love yield to logic, and fiction to fact, till the happy pair are reduced from the Eden of romance to the Sahara of reality—from Heaven to earth—and perhaps a peg lower!

Strange as it may seem, there have been couples who have quarrelled in the first month of matrimony, and have got back to their astonished parents before the good mother had fairly done weeping, (and rejoicing too) at her daughter's departure. Their "honey moon" soured at the fall of her horn, and became a moon of vinegar, instead. A bad omen that! There was much sense and propriety in the text which the ancient clergyman chose for a wedding sermon. It was taken from the Psalms of David, and read thus: "And let there be peace while the moon endureth."

A clergyman said in a recent sermon that the path of rectitude had been travelled so little of late years it had completely run to grass.

## An Applicable Extract.

Judge Marshal in his life of Washington, Second volume, gives expression to sentiments, and states facts, that have a direct applicability to the present time. He says, in speaking of the horrid massacre of the white in St. Domingo, which took place in 1794, after emancipation had been decreed: "Early and bitter fruits of that malignant philosophy which disregarding the actual state of the world, and estimating at nothing the miseries of a vast portion of the human race, can coolly and deliberately pursue through oceans of blood, abstract system for the attainment of some fancied, untried good, were gathered in the French West Indies. Instead of proceeding in the correction of any abuses which might exist by those slow and cautious steps which gradually introduce reform without ruin, which may prepare and fit society for that better state of things designed for it, and which, by not attempting impossibilities, may enlarge the circle of happiness. The revolutionists of France pursued the cruel and wicked project of spreading their doctrines equally among persons and between distinctions and prejudices which exist, to be subdued only by the grave. The rage excited by the pursuit of this visionary and baneful theory, after many threatening symptoms, burst forth on the 23d of August, 1794. With a fury alike destructive and general.—In one night a preconcerted insurrection of the blacks took place in the colony of St. Domingo; and the white inhabitants of the country, while sleeping in their beds, were involved in one indiscriminate slaughter, from which neither age or sex could afford an exception. Only a few females, reserved for a fate more cruel than death, were spared; and not many were fortunate enough to escape into the fortified cities."

GIANTS.

In the time of Augustus Cæsar there were two persons living in Rome called Idus and Secudia, each of whom exceeded ten feet in height. Their bodies, after death, were kept and preserved as miracles or curiosities in a sepulchre within the Sæstetan gardens. Pliny names a certain Gabara, who in the days of Claudius was brought out of Arabia; and says he was nine feet nine inches high. The Emperor Maximin, originally a Thracian peasant, measured eight feet and a half. His wife's bracelets served him as rings. His voracity was such that he consumed forty pounds of flesh daily, and drank 18 bottles of wine.—His strength was proportionable to his gigantic shape. He could draw a loaded wagon without help, and with a blow of his fist sometimes broke the teeth in a horse's mouth. He also crushed the hardest stones between his fingers; and cleft trees with his hands. Pliny also speaks of Polydemos, a celebrated athlete, who exceeded all men of his day in stature and in strength. In Mount Olympus he killed a lion with his fist, being unprovided with any other arms. He could stop a chariot with his hand in its most rapid course. Once he singled out the largest and fiercest bull from a herd—took hold of him by one of his hind feet, and notwithstanding his struggles to escape, held him with such strength that his hoof remained in his hand.

How TO TREAT FROZEN LIMBS.—The juices of the fleshy tissues, when frozen in their minute cells, at once become in each of these inclosures crystals, having a large number of angles and sharp points, and hence, rubbing the flesh causes them to cut or tear their way through the tissues, so that when it is thawed the structure of the muscles is more or less destroyed. The proper mode of treatment is this: When any part of the body is frozen, it should be kept perfectly quiet until it is thawed out, which should be done as promptly as possible. As freezing takes place from the surface inwardly, so the thawing should be in the reverse order, from the inside outwardly. The thawing out of a portion of the flesh, without, at the same time putting the blood from the heart into circulation through it, produces mortification; but by keeping the more external parts still congealed until the internal heat and the external blood gradually soften the more interior parts, and produce circulation of the blood, as fast as the thawing takes place, most of the dangers are obviated. If the snow which is applied is colder than the frozen flesh, it will further extract the heat, and freeze it worse than before; but if the snow is of the same temperature, it will keep the flesh from thawing until the rest of the body shall have effected it, thus preventing gangrene. Water, in which snow or ice has been placed, so as to keep its temperature at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, is probably better than snow.

The following are among the notices put up at a petroleum town in Western Pennsylvania: "No talking with the chambermaid."—"Fare as high as any other house."—"Not responsible for boots left in the hall."—"No sardines admitted."

Every man, no matter how lowly he may appear to himself, might endeavor to produce something for the benefit or use of society; remembering, that an insect furnishes by its labor material wherewith to form the regal robes of kings.

Secretary Seward calls John Brown "a martyr in the cause of human nature."—President Johnson calls John Brown "a murderer, a robber, a thief and a traitor." A house divided against itself must fall.

## Farmers' Sons.

The sons of farmers commonly think their lot a hard one. Unlike most city youths, they are compelled to perform daily toil. They cannot see and hear as much as their city cousins. They do not dress in as fine clothes; cannot treat and be treated at the popular saloons, or visit the costly gambling resorts which abound in every city. Some of them feel that their lot is indeed a hard one, and their highest ambition is to go to the city and see "all the sights."

But let us talk to our farmers' boys. You are in the right place. You are learning habits of industry and frugality. By your daily toil you are acquiring a sound constitution—a most important matter; and this is one of the reasons most of our great men have come from farmers' boys. They have grown up robust, with constitutions that could endure a great amount of mental labor, which youths from the city with weak and feeble frames, could not stand.

If you cannot see as much as city youths, neither are you exposed to the vices and temptations of city life, which prove the destruction of nearly all who are raised in the city.

You are on the right track—go ahead. Resolve to form no bad habits. Indulge in no intoxicating drinks; if you form a love for them it is almost impossible to subdue it. Do not acquire the habit of smoking or chewing tobacco or taking snuff. Read good books; let no opportunity for improvement pass away neglected, and you will grow up useful and intelligent men.

## An Irish Woman in Kansas.

A letter from Wyandotte relates a remarkable instance of success under difficulties as follows: "In 1860, an Irish woman—a widow—whose only means consisted of four hundred dollar in money, some half dozen children, took one hundred and sixty acres of Government land.

Since then she has increased this, by the assistance of her children and now owns 1,200 acres, all paid for. This year she sold her butter for \$900. She has recently sold the balance of her last year's corn crop, 1,200 bushels, for \$2,50 a bushel, which is \$3,000. Last week she sold 22 head of oxen for \$75 each, for \$1,650. So that the produce of the farm, over and above keeping the family, had been over \$6,000. She has now on hand 160 head of cattle of all sizes, for 28 of which she refused \$50 each. She has 20 firkins of butter in the cellar, which averages 120 lbs. each, and which she says she will get 75 cents per pound, by taking it to some of the posts higher up. She has, also, hogs in abundance, and 65 acres of growing corn, and which will produce 80 bushels to the acre."

Now this seems like exaggeration, but it is literally true.

## Practical Jokes Played by a Horse.

Though many curious tricks and mischievous but harmless capers have been played by horses within our knowledge, yet it is hard to give credit to the following anecdote from an English paper:

There was, some years ago, a very fine horse in the possession of Henry Mox & Co., the eminent brewers. It was used as a dray horse, but was so tractable that he was left sometimes without restraint, to walk about the yard and return to the stable, according to his fancy. In the yard, there were also a few pigs of peculiar breed, fed on grain and corn, and to these pigs the horse had evidently an insuperable objection. There was a deep trough in the yard, holding water for the horses, where this horse went often, taking his mouth full of corn. When he reached the trough, he let the corn fall near it on the ground, and when the young sows approached it (for the old ones kept aloof) he would suddenly seize one of them by the tail, pop him into the trough, and then caper about the yard, seeming delighted with the frolic. The noise of the pig soon brought the men to his assistance, who knew from experience what was the matter while the horse indulged in all sorts of antics to show glee, and then returned quietly to his stable.

A Chicago joker contributes the following to the *Drawer*. We hope it is not a sample of Chicago husbands:

There lived on S— Street, Chicago, a hard-working man, who always attended to business before pleasure. In this he was right. One day his wife was taken sick and the next day she died. The husband kept at his work as usual, and after the funeral he returned to his labors.

"How is this?" asked one of his neighbors, "Can't you stop to mourn a little?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "Business before pleasure."

And the old fellow returned to his bench.

A HEARTY WELCOME.—A woman who had not seen her husband for three long years, caught sight of him in the ranks of one of the returning regiments, in Portland, last week, as it was marching through the streets. Affection got the better of strict decorum and the overjoyed woman rushed to the ranks, embraced her husband, and marched along by his side amid the cheers of the spectators. Though not according to etiquette this was undoubtedly more satisfactory to the returning hero than to have found her wedded to another man, as many a poor soldier boy has done.