

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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## THE AGED STRANGER.

AN AGONIZING INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

"I was with Grant"—the stranger said;  
Said the farmer: "Say no more;  
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,  
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant"—the stranger said;  
Said the farmer: "Nay, do more—  
I prithee sit at my frugal board,  
And eat of my humble store."

"How fares my boy—a soldier boy,  
Of the old Ninth Army Corps—  
I warrant he bore him gallantly  
In the smoke of battle's roar?"

"I know him not," said the aged man,  
"And as I remarked before,  
I was with Grant"—Nay, nay, I know,"  
Said the farmer, "Say no more!"

"He fell in battle—I see, alas!  
Thou'ldst smooth the tidings o'er—  
Nay, speak the truth whatever it be,  
Though it rend my bosom's core."

"How fell he—with his face to the foe,  
Upholding the flag he bore?  
O, say not that my boy disgraced  
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,  
"And should have remarked before,  
That I was with Grant—in Illinois,  
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word  
But beat with his fist full sore,  
That aged man who had worked for Grant  
Some three years before the war!

**WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN VIRGINIA.**—A letter from a "Southside Farmer" in Virginia, to the Richmond *Whig* says:

"Our system of labor is destroyed, so is our system of agriculture. Our flat lands are unproductive, and instead of being the source of profit are the prolific sources of disease. Our high lands are worn and waste, and washed into gullies; and our enclosures and farm buildings are gone to wreck and ruin. Better to begin anew, but alas! much that has been done has to be undone or removed before we can start to work. But beyond the above, and transcending all other difficulties surrounding our agricultural, and indeed, all other industrial questions, is the condition of our labor, which from being an active element of production, has become torpid and unproductive, and is absolutely and rapidly becoming exclusively consuming."

"In this vicinity our farmers are ready and anxious to promote immigration and introduce white labor in our midst—Within an area of about ten miles square, our landholders have agreed to cut off and appropriate an aggregate amount of about ten thousand acres of land, to be divided off for sale, lease or rent to colonists, in lots of suitable size for families, upon such terms as will secure labor for the cultivation of the land retained by the present proprietors. Can we accomplish this scheme? The lands, with which you are familiar, are within thirty or forty miles of Richmond."

**NEVER SLEPT WITH THAT REGIMENT.**—Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, now stumpng this State, went to Washington at the head of the 22d Massachusetts volunteers, but it will be remembered, turned tail at the capital and let his men go on to battle while he cultivated the arts of peace in the United States Senate. In his speech at Yonkers he said, in abusing the Democratic party, "I know them. I have slept with them, dined with them, and summered with them." Just then a returned soldier in the audience called out at the top of his voice, "Well what if you have? You never slept with the 22d Massachusetts!" The roar of laughter which greeted this rally completely abashed the eloquent gentleman, and when it subsided he hadn't the heart to go on with his vituperation.—*N. Y. World.*

The Fenians have put the bonds of 'The Irish Republic' upon the market. They are of the denominations of \$10, \$20, \$30, \$50 and \$100, and are beautifully printed. They are to bear six per cent. interest, and will be paid six months after the acknowledgment of the Irish nation.

The following is President Johnson's opinion of the leaders of the Republican party:

"The man who deliberately and boldly asserts that Thomas Jefferson, when he penned his sentiment that all men were created equal, had the negro in his mind, is either an idiot or a scoundrel."

Wendell Phillips declares the republican party dead; so does C. A. Dana (see Greeley's partner), in his Tribune. He says the republicans are hiding the political rope in dead horses instead of live ones.

## Pic-nics and how to Enjoy Them.

Corry O'Lanue, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, has a sensible article on pic-nics. Some of his illustrations will answer any meridian, and we take a slice of his entertaining dish:

Get packed in a car like a box of oranges, and smother in white muslin until you get to the grove, where you will arrive in a state of perspiration and bliss.

Don't be particular about your own basket. Baskets usually get mixed.

Take the biggest one you can get. The ladies always fill their baskets.

When you get in the grove you are expected to declare that it is the delectablest spot you ever saw.

Select a pretty teacher, and explore the shady recesses, and pour out your soul.

When it is poured out, ask the young lady if she won't take a swing.

She will.

Sawyer has sung 'Swinging in the Lane,' but I don't think he ever tried swinging in a grove. I did.

I was kept at it for three hours and a quarter, swinging all the girls that came along.

It is splendid exercise, beats Burnham's gymnasium, double trapeze and all. I haven't got over it yet.

An old lady then proposed that I should climb an apple tree to extricate her Johnny, who had got his trousers involved in a branch about thirty feet up, and was hung like a sign of the golden fleece.

Told the old lady to wait till he get ripe and he'd drop of his own accord.

Old lady said I was a brute, and hadn't got the feeling of a mother.

She went to the man that kept the park and sold her. He brought a ladder and restored the aspiring youth to the fond embrace of his maternal relative.

Whereupon she spanked him for tearing his trousers.

Which served him right.

We then took dinner.

Pretty teacher spread her pocket handkerchief for a table cloth and unpacked the rations.

The rations had got somewhat mixed.

The sardine box had busted and 'struck fire.' The huckleberry pie had amalgamated with the pickles, and the cherries had resolved themselves into jam.

But it was so charming to eat your dinner on the grass beneath the umbrageous shade of the noble trees.

So the pretty teacher had observed, as I was squeezing the lemons in the dinner kettle to make the festive beverage, which neither cheers nor inebriates, but frequently stoms-ach-acches.

I was started by a piercing shriek from the pretty teacher, and I dropped a half lemon partly squeezed and flew to the rescue.

A "horrid bug," descending from the umbrageous foliage previously mentioned, had alighted on her alabaster neck.

I despatched the creature and we proceeded to despatch our repast.

But the insect horrors thickened.

Entomological specimens of many varieties intruded upon our banquet, got involved in the pie, and met a very watery grave in the lemonade.

Pretty teacher turned pale and lost her appetite.

I grow desperate. As the reckless insects wouldn't get out of the way, I left them to their fate.

I eat several indescribable specimens with my sandwiches, and drank a spider in a glass of lemonade.

I survived it.

I don't know how it agreed with the spider.

After dinner we resumed our festive sports.

We played Copenhagen.

## [From the Lancaster Intelligencer] The Second Book of Chronicles.

ACCORDING TO DIXIE.

### CHAPTER I.

1. And it came to pass in those days that Abraham being dead and gathered to his fathers, Andrew reigned in his stead.

2. And the war which had prevailed for many days being ended, there was much tribulation; and the 'Blood-suckers, and Preachers, and Harlots were much afflicted.

3. And raising their voices they said, "Behold the honey-comb of which we have eaten is vanished, and the teats we have sucked have become dried up.

4. "What shall we do, that these good things pass not away from us, and we become again as lean goats?"

5. And they sent their cunning men and painted women into the city of the King that they might spy out the weakness of his court, and lay snares that he might be taken in their toils.

6. And going thither they clad themselves in mourning, and lamented the death of him who had reigned.

7. (For they thought to hoodwink the King, and to hide from him their deceptions.)

8. And they cried out for vengeance upon all those who dwell in the land of the South, and imputed to them the death of the King who had been slain.

9. Saying, "Let their men and women be slain. Draw the sword upon the babe and the suckling—let there be none spared from the edge of the sword. Let the land be laid desolate.

10. "Let thy word, O King! lift our brother, the nigger, to the high places—let him be even as ourselves.

11. For behold, by these means shall we bring down the Copperheads, and our glory be written upon tables of brass.

12. "And thou, O King! shall we worship if thou wilt bow down and do our will; to these shall Boker sing bosannas and Thaddeus the Cynic, shall praise thee.

13. "We will give to thee power, and dominion, thou shalt rule us forever, and thy glory shall shine like unto the mackerel when it stinketh."

14. But Andrew, the King, looking upon them perceived the malice of their hearts, and their lying pretences were made manifest to him.

15. He saw, also, that from the ruin of the Land they sought riches, and that the chief of Devils had entered into them.

16. And answering them he said, "It is written, 'Trust not the Yankee when he smileth, nor the peddler of nutmegs when he singeth Psalms.'

17. "Go ye therefore to your Factories and Bagnios, and conventicles, and bring not hither the notions of the East.

18. "Put ye off the weeds wherewith ye are clothed, for I perceive through your armor of hypocrisy the wickedness of your hearts.

19. "Ye have made to yourselves friends of the mammon of iniquity—ye have heaped up riches in the day of affliction.

20. "Ye shall no longer through the tempest of blood add to your stores, for behold the night flieth and the dawn of common sense draweth nigh.

21. "I have sworn that the Covenant of our Fathers shall be kept whole, and behold the Yankee and hidden traitor shall not lay his hand upon the law.

22. "The murders which ye counsel will I not do, nor shall your deceitful words lead me to the worship of 'Ooi,' the god of the nigger.

23. "The day of baby-talk hath passed away, and the blather of cowards hath become as the East wind—empty.

24. "Even as the Devil did to the Son of man, so have ye offered that which is not yours to give, and like unto him shall ye fail in your guile.

25. "The songs of Boker are not sweetness to my ears, nor do I desire the remembrance of drunk Leaguers."

26. And the Leaguers, and Contractors, and Preachers, and Harlots went from the presence of the King sore abashed.

27. And they ground their teeth in their rage, their spittle dried in their mouths, and they swore that they had been "sold" even as Esau.

28. But the people laughed them to scorn, and said, "Let us drive this herd of unclean spirits from our borders."

29. But the elders and wise men said, "Nay, rather let them be, that they may die of their own spleen and bitterness, and their names become a proverb to the people."

**AN EFFECTIVE SPEECH.**—During the Revolutionary war, Gen. Lafayette, being at Baltimore, was invited to a ball. He was requested to dance, but instead of joining in the amusement, as might have been expected of a Frenchman of twenty-two, he addressed the ladies thus:

"Ladies, you are very handsome; you dance very prettily; your ball is very fine—but my soldiers have no shirts!"

This was irresistible. The ball ceased; the ladies went home and went to work; and the next day a large number of shirts were prepared by the fairest hands of Baltimore for the gallant defenders of their country.

A teacher in a contraband school asked a young darkey what a certain letter of the alphabet was. The darkey looked at it earnestly for a short time, and said: "I know dat well enough by sight, but am brassed if I can tell it by name." He was told he could take the back seat.

## Brutal Murder in Mid-day.

The most intense excitement was created about one o'clock yesterday by the discovery of a most brutal murder in mid day, at No. 105 Baltimore street, immediately opposite the Gazette office, a gentleman named H. B. Grove, proprietor of a photographic establishment, being the victim. The discovery of the horrible deed was first made by a young man named John D. Phillips, an employee of the murdered man, who, upon discovering the dead body of his employer, gave information to the authorities and immediately gave himself up to await an investigation. Coroner Brewer empaneled a jury of inquest, before whom Mr. Phillips testified that deceased had gone to his gallery at an early hour in the morning to attend to business, it being his custom to take pictures on Sunday, with an understanding that witness was to relieve him at 1 o'clock; at that hour witness went to the gallery, and upon entering a small room, used for finishing up the pictures when taken, was horrified at beholding deceased lying dead upon the floor, weltering in his blood. Mr. F. D. Spicer, who resided in the adjoining house, deposed that about 10 1/2 o'clock A. M. he distinctly heard a pistol shot, but supposed it was a boy in the adjoining house shooting at rats, and paid no further attention to it until he learned of the murder. It was further shown in evidence that Mr. Phillips at that hour was at his home on Enoch street, thus removing all suspicion which might have attached to him in the matter. Upon an examination of the body by Drs. Becker and Stephenson, a bullet wound in the back of the head was found, from which his brains were oozing out, which, taken together with the fact that no pistol was found, would at once contradict any idea of suicide. A gold watch, \$100 in money, and a diamond pin, which deceased was known to have had upon his person, were also missing. The jury, after deliberation, rendered a verdict "that deceased came to his death from a pistol shot fired by some one unknown to the jury." Deceased was about 30 years of age, a single man, and hailed from Carlisle, Pa. He resided with an uncle, Mr. John Filbert, at No. 104 High street, to whose house his remains were taken.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

**The Negro Restless.**

In Jamaica, Hayti and San Domingo the negro is in motion. The race everywhere seems to be moved by a determination to do something. Perhaps long dormant faculties are being aroused by a supernatural impulse. But with an aimless purpose and a darkened understanding, the poor negro acts as men that fight the air. In San Domingo, the black man is temporarily at rest, the Spanish invaders having been driven away. In Hayti there is a momentary relief from attempted revolution. In the United States the negro is gradually settling into the place assigned to him by a reconstruction of society, and will plod on with such assistance as may be vouchsafed by special sympathizers and a well disposed government. In Jamaica a revolt is said to be in progress, of which as yet no satisfactory explanation is given, though it will be remembered we spoke only a few days ago of wide spread disaffection in that island, caused by a belief on the part of the negro peasantry that the colonial authorities were negligent of their interests. As remarked by the *Kingston Standard*:

Naturally indolent, and acquainted with but few artificial wants, it was only to be expected that the emancipated negro should obey the unchecked instincts of his nature, and prosecute labor to the extent merely of satisfying his notions of abundance.

The poverty of the old planters and the suffering entailed by the negro's own indolence, have led to disaffection, first apparent in secret military organizations, but now violently manifested. At the request of the English Consul, Spanish war steamers have left Cuba to aid in restoring order. These movements in the West Indian archipelago are all probably in some sense sympathetic.—*Journal of Commerce.*

**CHARITY.**—Let my lips be sealed with charity, that they may open only for the good of my neighbors. Let my eyes be veiled with charity, that they may rest on good, and that wickedness may be shut from my sight. Let charity close my ears to all unkind and malicious slander. Let charity keep my hands busy with profitable work, and my feet turned in the path toward those whom God hath given me power to benefit. My charity keep my heart from tempt sin, from evil imaginations, from the tempting whisper of the evil one. So that shutting every door against uncharitableness, my soul may be made strong in love to the Father of all men.

At a recent meeting of a parish, a solemn, straight-bodied and most exemplary deacon submitted a report, in writing, of the destitute widows and others standing in need of assistance in the parish.

"Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had done so; but if any had been omitted the omission could be easily corrected.

The party of 250 American gentlemen, now examining the Pennsylvania oil regions, it is said, represent a capital of \$150,000,000.

The people of the two cities of Pittsburg and Allegheny are agitating a proposition to consolidate.

## Autumn Leaves.

Nature decked in gayest beauty,  
For 'tis summer's last good-bye—  
Why should all things fair in nature  
Don their liveliest tints to die?

Why upon the loftiest branches  
Should the leaves be blushing so—  
To impress us with their beauty,  
And to conquer ere they go?

Some have chosen scarlet dresses,  
Some are decked in green and gold,  
Others wear their summer garments,  
Though the winds are growing cold.

All are happy, all are joyous;  
'Tis perhaps their gala day,  
And they meet with blushing beauty  
Ere they hasten far away.

Ah! but listen, is that music?  
Are their greetings gay or sad?  
Do they tremble now for sorrow—  
Or because they're gay and glad?

'Tis not music that we're hearing,  
It is but the north wind's breath  
As it issues forth his orders,  
And their sentence now is death.

Look upon the mossy green sward,  
It is not their gala day;  
They are dressed in gold and crimson,  
For they're hastening to decay.

And the blush we're so admiring  
Is the forerunner of doom;  
Like the hectic flush of beauty,  
Ere it sinks into the tomb—  
Or the rosy hue of even,  
That is glowing in the West,  
When night impatient seeks to reign,  
And the sun sinks to his rest.

## A Disappointed Bummer.

During the skirmish in front of Fayetteville, one of our captains, who was in advance of his men, crept in a citizen's coat, up to a fence, in order to get a better look at the enemy, who were retreating, but firing rapidly.

Suddenly, he was confronted by a ragged and barefooted fellow, whom he instantly recognized as one of the bummers. The recognition, however, was not reciprocal; and the bummer exulted in the thought that he had caught a rebel, and saluted him as follows:

"Hello, you!" surveying his extremities, "Stop right there. I say, come up out of them boots."

"I couldn't think of it," replied the captain, coolly. "They are a fine pair, and they are mine."

"You needn't say another word. Come up out of them boots. P'raps you've got a watch about yer breeches pocket; jest pull her out. No nonsense, now; I'm in a hurry to get off arter the rest of them jonnies."

"Anything else? Perhaps you would like a horse?"

"A horse!" his eyes sparkling. "A horse! Well, now, you jest come up out of them boots, and we'll discuss that at hoss question sudden. What is the hoss?"

"Oh, he is right here at hand, in charge of my orderly."

"Thunder! are you an officer of our army? I thought you were a rebel."

And then the bummer went to the rear under arrest, disgusted beyond all measure.

An old tailor at Greenville, Tenn., was used to work with Andrew Johnson, who said: "There was a vast difference between Andy and I when we worked on the same bench. I could spell b-a-k-e-r and he could not; but he could 'flax' me on a pair of breeches or a fine coat, and could get a better price for his work than I. He never made a garment that didn't fit, and never had job returned. He was the best tailor I ever met. When Andy got married he didn't ten dollars in the world, and his wife was as poor as Naomi's daughters. Her mother said to her before she was married (calling her by name), 'I can give you all the money there is in the house—fifteen dollars—to help you about going to house-keeping; or I will take the money and give you a 'wedding'—which will you prefer?'"

"Mother," said she, "I will take the wedding, and Andy and I'll work for money won't we?" appealing to her love. He assented, and the consequence was that the young couple had not one cent with which to "set up" for themselves. After they were married she taught him to read, and the world knows the rest."

**MARRIAGE NOTICES.**—A Western paper gives the following notice:

All notices of marriage, if no bride-cake is sent, will be set up in small type and poked in some unobtrusive corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, it will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other bride favors are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends the ceremony in propria persona, and kisses the bride it will have special notices—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, stolen or coined from the brain editorial.

**TO KEEP WORMS OUT OF DRIED FRUIT.**—It is said that a small quantity of essential bark mixed with dried fruit will keep it free from worms for years. The remedy is easily obtained in many localities, and is well worthy an experiment, as it will not injure the fruit in any manner, if it does not prevent the nuisance.

The tomb of Daniel Webster has lately been opened and the remains found in perfect preservation.

## Nuptial Ventures.

The curious ventures that are occasionally made on the ocean of matrimony never fail to become apparent when the official marriages are classified. For instance, the English returns of 1863 are now published, and we find in them the following statements:

Twenty marriages of divorced persons occurred during the year—half of the whole number being in London.

More than three-fourths of those married, both men and women, were under thirty years of age—proving that the mass of marriages were contracted at a suitable period of life.

But, on the other hand, thirty young ladies were married before they were sixteen, and two hundred and twenty-eight about the age of sixteen—showing a lack of good sense either in the young ladies themselves, or in their natural protectors.

Worse and worse, six aspiring youths of sixteen must needs take to themselves wives, fortunately all rather older themselves.

Boys, it has often been noticed, are apt to fall in love with their seniors, and sometimes they live long enough to be a little amused with themselves for so doing.

Two ladies of about thirty-five married men above eighty; and one girl of sixteen married a man of seventy—a regular April and December affair.

One hundred and fifty-six men and forty-two women married after passing the scriptural 'threescore years and ten.' Probably they were lonely, and wanted companionship even if they could not reasonably expect love. Eight of these aged gentlemen had been bachelors, and three of the ladies spinsters—exemplifying the old maxim, "Better late than never."

In a Fog.—A few years ago there lived in the town of —, a son of Judge B., whom we will call Joe, who frequently imbibed more than he could comfortably carry. There also resided in the neighborhood a painter named W., who kept a saloon.—Now W. was a practical joker. On one occasion Joe came into W.'s saloon, rather early in the morning and got very much intoxicated, and finally fell asleep in his chair. Joe was very neat and clean and always wore specs. After he had slept for some time, W. took off his specs, lightened the glasses, put them back again, flickened the lamp, and then woke Joe, telling him that it was about twelve o'clock at night, and he wanted to shut up. Joe started and remarked that he had slept some time.

W. then said—  
"Joe, it being very dark, and if you will bring it back again, I will lead you a lantern."

W. lighted the lantern and gave it to Joe, and helped him up stairs. Joe went off towards home, (up the main business street,) in the middle of the day, with his lantern, everybody looking at him wondering what was the matter.

A loquacious gentleman, finding himself a passenger in a stage coach with a prim and taciturn maiden lady of some forty winters, endeavored in vain to engage in conversation. At length night came on; as nothing was said, both fell asleep. The stage finally stopped, and the driver announced to the lady that she had arrived at her place of destination. Her fellow passenger being awakened at the same time, thought he would exchange a word at leaving, and addressed her: "Madam, as we shall never again, probably, sleep together, I bid you a very respectful farewell." A scream, and silence reigned again.

A Tennessee pardon seeker gives the following description of how he obtained his pardon: Had a personal interview with the Chief Magistrate, and asked him for a small pardon, if he had any more left. Chief Magistrate wanted to know what position I held in the rebel army. The answer was faint, somewhat hesitating, somewhat shabby. I said: "Quartermaster." Chief Magistrate chuckled, and turned his head to conceal a sardonic smile. "My ancient and venerable friend," he said, "if you think your department of the rebellion endangered the Union cause, your innocence is a pardon in itself."

Mrs. Caroline Warden, of Bedford, Massachusetts, after a ride in a horse car, Saturday, found that there was a diamond ring in her pocket. She remembers a flashy chap sitting at her side, and as her pocket-book, with a few notes in it, was gone, it is supposed the ring accidentally slipped from his finger when abstracting it. The ring is stated to be worth \$250.

A wide-awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep one morning before he had fairly commenced, after preaching a few minutes, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brethren, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man a half a chance. Wait till I get along a piece, and then if I ain't worth listening to, go to sleep; but don't do it before I get commenced; give a man a chance."

That's a Good 'Un.—Some one was telling Sam about the longevity of the mud turtle. "Yes," said Sam, "I know all about that, for once I found a venerable old fellow in a meadow who was so old that he could scarcely wiggle his tail, and on his back was carved (tolerably plain, considering all things) these words: 'Paradise, year I,

## A Vitiated Atmosphere.

Reading our foreign newspapers, one might almost think every living thing in western Europe was in danger of being swept away by disease. Animals, both wild and domestic, die suddenly, as though affected by poison, and the same is true of birds, while the atmosphere in some places swarms with noxious insects. We clip a few items, as follows:

"The northern departments of France are at this moment suffering from a pest which to them is about as disastrous as an invasion of locusts in southern latitudes. Vast and innumerable swarms of lepidopterous insects, belonging to the family of Noctuidae, will settle down on a field of beet, and not leave it as long as there is still a fibre of the root left. Fire, acids, and every other powerful agent, have been tried against them in vain; notwithstanding toil and care, the insect multiplies to an alarming degree, so as to threaten the total destruction of beet, endive, and cabbages, fortunately the only vegetables it chooses to attack."

A Scotch paper has received the following from a correspondent:

"On the morning of Saturday last the air in and around Hawick for many miles was filled with a small fly, a little larger than our common meadow midge. So dense was the cloud of insects that passengers could only prevent their mouths and eyes from being filled by keeping up a constant process of fanning. On Sunday the nuisance remained unabated, and church-goers might be seen in the lobbies before entering their pews brushing the insects from their garments as they would snow-flakes on a winter's day. When seen through a common microscope, the animal presents a very strange appearance, resembling a small bird denuded of its feathers. Its body is dark blue, with light-colored wings; two small horns protrude from its head, and it possesses an instrument something like an elephant's trunk, which it keeps in constant motion. Some people have suffered severely from its bite, but they are the exception, as the most of skins seem to receive no harm from its visitations."

Another newspaper says the chickens of Belgium are plagued; perhaps in sympathy with the cattle.

In England, sheep are beginning to die in large numbers, apparently infected with the prevalent distemper. Near the town of Malby forty of these animals have died within a few days, out of a flock of seventy. "The disease," says the *Sheffield Telegraph*, "is attributed to atmospheric causes, the peculiarity of the pasturage, the insects and other similar causes."