

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

(\$2.00 in Advance, per Annum.)

VOLUME 17.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1865.

NUMBER 4.

## 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 arrearages 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  
Advertisements and Executors' notices, 3 00  
Transient advertising payable in advance, all other dues after the first insertion.

### Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,  
Red lips shining over pearls,  
Bare feet white and wet with dew,  
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;  
Little boy and girl were they—  
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.  
They were standing where a brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook,  
Flashed its silver; and thick ranks  
Of green willows fringed the banks,  
Half in thought and half in play,  
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.  
They had cheeks like cherries red,  
He was taller—more a head;  
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,  
Swung a basket on her brow,  
As she loped half in play,  
Chattering to Willie Grey.  
"Pretty Katie," Willie said,  
And there came a dash of red  
Through the tawnyness of his cheek.  
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,  
And I'll carry, so I will,  
Katie's basket up the hill."  
Katie answered in a laugh,  
"You shall carry only half."  
And then, tossing back her curls,  
"Boys are weak as well as girls."  
Do you think that Katie guessed  
Half the wisdom she expressed?  
Men are only boys grown tall,  
Hearts don't change much after all.  
And when, long years from day to day,  
Katie Lee and Willie Grey  
Stood again beside the brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook—  
Is it strange that Willie said,  
While again a dash of red  
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—  
"I am strong but you are weak,  
Life is but a slippery steep,  
Hung with shadows cold and deep?  
Will you trust me, Katie dear?  
Walk beside me without fear?  
May I carry if I will,  
All your burdens up the hill?"  
And she answered with a laugh,  
"No—but you may carry half."  
Close beside the little brook,  
Bending like the shepherd's crook,  
Washing with its silver hands,  
Late and early at the sands,  
Is a cottage, where to-day  
Katie lives with Willie Grey.  
In the porch she sits, and to  
Swings a basket to and fro,  
Vastly different from the one  
That she swung in years ago—  
This is soft, and deep, and wide,  
And has—rockers at its side!

### For the Star of the North. Power of Association.

There is no person, I believe, so much given up to selfishness, that his companions can wield over him no influence. From the earliest period of man's intellectual career, we see him making friends, advising and being advised, and uniting himself with some good associations, to promote man's best interests; or uniting himself with evil associations, that degrade a man and make him a pest to good society, and a dissipated and wretched being; and thereby subjecting himself to all the influences, good or bad, that membership and brotherhood can exert over him. The reason I will give for man's uniting himself with institutions, is because he was created a social and sympathetic being. Created with these feelings, he has not the inclination to bolt the door against these better feelings of his and say, I will exchange no communications, make no friends, and consent to no bond of association, that I may not be subject to the influence which men are said to exercise over each other, when engaged in the same cause; but, hermit-like, seclude himself from the busy scene of life, doing no good to his fellow man enjoying none of the benefits of society, and become engaged in none of the works the Almighty has designed his intelligent creatures to do.

But the associations, with which man is surrounded, emulate him to action; therefore, he must choose his field of labor, and unite himself with such institutions, as his inclination may lead him to choose. Should he make a good selection, and mingle with society that has for its object the promulgation of truth, virtue, and liberty, and inculcates the first and second great commandment, namely: "love to God, and man," we will see that, as his character is moulded with these good and noble principles, he will become a useful, and perhaps an influential member of community, simply because he united with society that was based on the principles of right, and taught him his duty to his fellow man, and his duty to his Creator. But if his inclinations, or the influences which surround him, lead him to unite with institutions, that are not based on truth, we will see his character gradually being stamped with dishonesty and shame; and he, who was perhaps once virtuous and truthful, has become a being of misery, wretchedness and crime.

### A Tenny Adventure.

"I never attended but one temperance lecture," said our friend B— with a peculiar smile, "and I don't think I shall ever attend another."  
"You probably found it dry?"  
"Well yes—but that isn't it. The lecture was well enough, but I got into such an awful scrape after it was over, that I never think of temperance without a shudder. I'll tell you all about it:  
"It was in N—, where I was somewhat of a stranger, and the night was one of the worst of the season. Bored! how I blew! It was enough to take one's breath away. Well, the lecture was over, and making my way through amongst the crowd I lingered in the doorway, contemplating the awful scene, when somebody thrust an arm within my own, and clung to me with a bear-like hug."  
"Where have you been," said the sweetest voice in the world; "I have been looking for you every where."  
"Very much to my surprise, I turned and saw—but I can't describe her. It makes me sad to think how prodigiously pretty she was. With her left hand she leaned on my arm, while with her right she was arranging her veil, and did not notice my surprise."  
"You have been looking for me?"  
"Yes, and now let's be going," was her reply, pressing my arm.  
"It will go to my heart. What to make of my lady's address I did not know—but to accompany her. We started off in the tempo, the noise of which prevented any conversation. At length she said with a scream:  
"Put your arm around me, or I shall blow away!"  
I need not describe to you my sensations as I pressed her to my side and hurried on. It was very dark; nobody saw us; and, allowing her to guide my steps, I followed her motions through two or three streets, until she stopped before an elegant mansion.  
"Have you your key?" she asked.  
"My key!" I stammered, "there must be some mistake."  
As she opened the door, I stood ready to bid her good night, or to have some explanation, when, turning quickly, she said:  
"How queer you act to night—ain't you coming in?"  
There was something very tempting in the suggestion. Was I going in? A warm house and a pretty woman were certainly objects of consideration, and it was dreary to think of being in the driven storm, and seeing her no more. It took me three-quarters of a second to make up my mind and I went.  
There was a dim light in the hall, and as my guide ran rapidly up stairs, why I could do no better than run up too. I followed her into a very dark room.  
"Lock the door, John," she said.  
Now, as if I were the only John in the world, I thought she knew me. I felt for the key, turned it the lock without hesitation, wondering at the same time what was coming next. Then an awful suspicion of some horrid trick flashed upon my mind; I had often heard of infuriated men being lured to their destruction by pretty women, and I was on the point of opening the door when my lady struck a light. Then to my dismay, I discovered I was in a bedroom along with a strange woman. I said something; I don't know what it was; but the lady lighted a lamp, looked at me an instant turned as white as a pillow-case, and screamed:  
"Who are you? How came you here?—Go, quick! leave the room! I thought you were my husband; and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed hysterically.  
I was nearly petrified. Of course I was as anxious to leave as she was to have me; but in my confusion, instead of going out the door I came in at, I walked into a closet, and before I could rectify my error, there came a thundering at the hall door.  
The lady's real husband had come and she flew to let him in. Well aware that it would be of no use to try to get out of the house by any other way than that in which I had entered it, and being very well convinced of the danger of meeting the man, who might fall into the vulgar weakness of being jealous, I was trying to collect my scattered senses, in the darkness, when my wretched husband burst into the room followed by madam. The light was extinguished, and while she was searching for a friction match, the groff voice raved and stormed, jealous and revengeful.  
"I know he is here, I saw him come into the house with you! You locked the door; I'll have his heart out—where is he?"  
"Hear me! Hear me! I will explain," urged the lady.  
As I was listening to hear the explanation, the husband walked plump against me, and at the same moment the light appeared.  
"Well, B—," we cried, deeply interested, for we knew that every word of his story was true, "how did you get out of the scrape?"  
"I used a violent remedy for so violent a complaint. Driven into a corner—my life in danger—perceiving at a glance that Obello was not so strong as I was, I threw myself upon him, fell with him, and held him there until I gave him a full explanation of the error, made him hear reason, and I turned him to be gentle as a lamb. Then I left rather unceremoniously, and I have

### Bond and Free—and Free Bonds.

Workmen of America—who made the law that you should toil all your life to pay the billions of taxes heaped upon us?  
Why should the poor men and women who have given their earnings—their sons—their relatives—their blood to subdue the rebellion now closed, not only pay for all the least of blood, but support in idleness the cowards who dare not fight, and the rich men who hold bonds exempt by congressional but not constitutional enactment from taxation?  
Who made the poor—the laboring man, woman and child slaves to debt?  
Why should you pay any man for being rich?  
When this war began, Thomas Smith owned a farm. It was a good farm—he sold it for twenty thousand dollars, and put the money in a bank. He was a "fort" man—that is, a man who was in favor—  
Of Abolitionism,  
Of mobs,  
Of military trials,  
Of arbitrary arrests,  
Of false imprisonments,  
Of a total disregard for the constitution, for the laws, and for civil rights.  
During the reign of Lincoln, the above qualifications were the test of loyalty. Smith had a contract and made a hundred thousand dollars, half of which he divided among generals, senators and republican lobbyists. When the war was over, Smith had seventy-five thousand dollars. He invested it in bonds exempt from taxation, and receives every three months over seven per cent, amounting to five thousand and ninety seven dollars a year.  
Smith is rich—loyal, and a man of means. He wears broadcloth, gets drunk, does as he pleases, and no one dare question him. He has seventy-five thousand dollars in government bonds—he does not have a farthing of tax to pay—his fortune is made.  
When the war began, Robert Jones owned a farm worth twenty thousand dollars. He kept it—went to war—returned. He found his farm taxed five thousand dollars by his stay-at-home neighbors to raise bounty money to give men to exempt them from the draft. He finds his property taxed—taxed—taxed! to raise money to clear his loyal neighbors from war.  
And Robert Jones learns that he cannot sell a cow—horse, crop of grain or hay, but it is taxed. He must help build roads, bridges, school houses, jails, churches and pay the current expenses of his town, county, city, state and nation. He toils early and late. His wife sells eggs, butter, cheese, poultry and the products of her loom. His children wear coarse goods, sell berries, wild fruit and game from the field, river and forest to help along. The best cow goes in the spring—the best horse goes in the fall to pay taxes.  
Thomas Smith has seventy-five thousand dollars in government bonds, by a republican administration made exempt from taxation. He lives at ease, pays not a cent of taxes, for any purpose whatever, and then by law compels Robert Jones to toil to pay taxes, and works a few hours extra each week to pay him, Smith, interest money on his fortune beside.  
Look at this!  
We are talking to the Robert Jones of America now—to the laboring men of our country, and not to the bondholders who are by a republican bondocratic administration protected in their wealth.  
Democracy made this nation what it was when the war commenced—a rich, happy and prosperous people.  
Democracy favored equal taxation—equal responsibility.  
Democracy taught law and obedience thereto.  
Republicanism has brought us war.  
It has filled the earth with dead bodies. It has hilted the land with graves. It has transformed a rich and producing country into a land of ashes, broken hearts and desolation.  
It has rioted in extravagance and has heaped more taxes upon the people of the United States than was levied upon America, France, England and Spain when the war began.  
It has by legislation withdrawn two-thirds the capital of the entire United States from taxation by borrowing money and giving the government's notes or bonds for the same, and besides paying double the interest foreign countries pay, exempted the notes or bonds from taxation, and the extravagance of the most wicked, reckless, profligate and mischief working administration the country ever knew upon the laboring men of the United States.  
The curse visited upon Egypt—the curse of lice frogs, etc., was an evidence of Divine love in comparison with the curse of Republicanism the country is now laboring under.  
Workmen of America—will you heed these things? Will you consent longer to follow the cloud which has already led you so far from peace and happiness? Will you endorse and support the power which takes you by the throat—mocks at your prayers—robs you of labor—robs you of your liberties—reveals in your blood—lives on your earnings and makes of the laboring man mudsils on which to rear still higher an accursed and oppressive aristocracy.  
Let us demand our rights—let us have re-entrenchment—reform—law—order and economy. Let us have EQUAL TAXATION or repudiate the entire national debt.—*La Ceresia*

### A Model Bank Clerk.

One of our reporters, a few days since, picked up, on board a Brooklyn ferry-boat, a few closely written pages, torn from a memorandum book. On examination they were found to constitute part of a diary, kept apparently by a New York bank clerk. Thinking that they may be of interest to some of our readers, we have concluded to publish a few extracts from them:  
SUNDAY, Aug. 20th.—We went to church and Sabbath school all day. In the evening went to M's place and lost \$900 at faro. Afterwards went to supper with Anonyma. Claret punch as usual.  
MONDAY.—Was at the bank early, altho' suffering from a confounded headache.—Why was I such a fool as to mix lager and claret? Told the President that I had been occupied since I clock in going over some of my books. He seemed much pleased at my devotion to business. Borrowed \$50 from bank to pay for last night's supper.  
TUESDAY.—Saw one of messengers drop a five cent stamp. Complained of him and had him dismissed for carelessness. Was thanked by the officers for my fidelity. Had to take to take another fifty to pay for a ring for Anonyma. Went to Olympic with A., afterwards to the Louvre.  
WEDNESDAY.—Dropped in for a few minutes at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, knowing that two of our Directors were to be there. They saw me. Made a few feeling remarks about the hideous prevalence of Sabbath breaking among young men. Directors were visibly affected. Borrowed \$72 from the bank, and paid livery stable bill.  
THURSDAY.—Drunk again last night. Anonyma's fault, though this time, and not mine. Told the President that I had to sit up all night with a dying friend, which made my eyes red. Salary was raised to \$1,400 for my general faithfulness and good conduct. Borrowed \$400. In the evening went to the Gaieties and the Broadway Garden. Gave Mand a bracelet.  
Katie got angry and threw a glass of beer at me. Mem.—Not to go to that saloon again. Left saloon at 8:30, and went to weekly prayer meeting.  
FRIDAY.—In the evening saw Anonyma, and had a little difficulty. She wants too much money. Can't, won't give her a thousand dollars to-morrow. Drank rather too much, and smashed the furniture. She will be awful angry, I'm afraid.  
SATURDAY.—It's all up. Anonyma came down to the bank, and demanded that Devil send from me. President saw her. Devil of a row. Borrowed \$34,000 and took passage per Arabia.  
A Prose Love Story Poem.  
It is many years since I fell in love with Jane Jerusha Skeggs, the handsomest country girl by far that ever went on legs. By meadow, creek and wood and dell, so often did we walk, and the moonlight smiled on her melting lips, and the night winds leant on our talk. Jane Jerusha was all to me, for my heart was young and true, and loved with a double twisted love, and a love that was honest, ton. I roamed all over the neighbor's farms, and I robbed the wild-wood bowers; and tore my trousers and scratched my hands in search of choicest flowers. In my joyous love I brought all these to my Jerusha Jane; but I wouldn't be so foolish now, if I were a boy again. A city chap then came along, all dressed up in fine clothes, with a shiny hat and a shiny vest, and moustache under his nose. He talked to her of singing schools (for her father owned a farm), and she left me, the country love, and took the new chap a ring. And all that night I never slept, nor could I eat next day, for I loved that girl with a fervent love that thought could drive away. I strove to win her back to me, but it was all in vain; the city chap with a hairy lip married Jerusha Jane. And my poor heart was sick and sore until the thought struck me, that just as good fish remained as ever was caught in the sea. So I went to the Methodist church one night, and saw a dark brown curl peeping from under a gipsy hat, and I married that very girl. And many years have passed and gone, and I think my loss my gain; and I often bless the hairy chap, that stole Jerusha Jane.

### Winter Is Coming.

Winter is coming! the birds have flown  
Away to a sunnier clime;  
The autumn wind, as it waileth by,  
To the thoughtful heart bringeth a sigh,  
As it lists to the mournful chime  
Winter is coming!  
Winter is coming! the archin gay  
Looks forward with hope and with joy,  
To the snowy hills and frozen streams—  
E'en while he sleepeth the thought still gleams  
Through the mind of the happy boy,  
Winter is coming!  
Winter is coming! the maiden fair,  
With a heart all merry and gay,  
Remembers the ball—the play—the rout,  
Remembers the gay sleigh party's shout,  
And sings through the loving day,  
Winter is coming!  
Winter is coming! the houseless poor,  
With a feeling of awful dread,  
Behold his approach with sighs and tears,  
His coming to them, awake fears  
That, perchance, they may want for bread:  
Winter is coming!  
Winter is coming! to all—to all—  
With his chilly and freezing breath;  
To the archin gay, the maiden fair—  
To the houseless poor—Oh! then prepare  
For the cold, cold winter of death!  
Winter is coming!  
Didn't Like the Swindle.  
The following story of Governor Grimes is vouched for by one who knew him well:—  
The legislature had just convened at the capital of Iowa. Governor Grimes had arrived the night before, and taken rooms at a certain hotel—at least so a young aspirant for office from a distant portion of the State ascertained, as he drove up, and alighted from his carriage at the steps of that public house. The hostler threw out his trunk, and the landlord conducted him to his room, leaving the trunk in the bar-room. Wishing his trunk, the young man demanded to have it brought up, and seeing a man passing through the lower hall, whom he took to be the porter, he gave his commands in an imperious and lofty tone. The order was obeyed; and the man charging a quarter of a dollar for his services, a marked quarter, that was good for only twenty cents, was slipped slyly into his hand, and was put into his pocket by the man, with a smile.  
"And now, sirrah," cried the new arrival, "you know Governor Grimes?"  
"Oh, yes, sir."  
"Well, take my card to him, and tell him I wish an interview at his earliest convenience."  
A peculiar look flashed from the man's blue eyes, and with a smile, extending his hand, he said:  
"I am Governor Grimes, at your service, sir."  
"You—I—that is, my dear sir, I beg—a—thousand pardons!"  
"None needed at all, sir," replied Governor Grimes. "I was rather favorably impressed with your letter, and had thought you well suited for the office specified. But sir, any man who would swindle a working man out of a paltry five cents, would defraud the public treasury had he an opportunity. Good evening, sir."  
OSTENTATIOUS HUMILITY.—There is a vast sight of it in the world. Under many a cloak of professed humility, lurks the restless heart of incessant vanity and pride. The anecdote of the self-accuser in the conference meeting, whose charges of hypocrisy and wickedness against himself were answered by a brother, with, "Amen! that's so," and who thereupon returned, "blundered! I am as good as you," illustrates the spirit of much showy humility, taken on for effect, and to glorify one's self. True humility makes no display or vaunt. If it leaves the world to a cloister, it doesn't advertise the fact. If it be a part of sincere repentance, it prefaces acts to words to show it. All great and noble souls are humble. No such soul blazons its humility. Those professed humble ones—these humilitarians, to coin a phrase, are just the proudest of human beings. You couldn't wound them worse, or insult them more, than to take them at their professions.

### A Government Inspector and his "Partner."

A government inspector, visiting a lunatic asylum, saw the medical superintendent and said:  
"I don't wish to go over the asylum in the usual way, but to mingle with the patients as if I were an officer, a surgeon, or even one of themselves. By so doing I shall be better enabled to judge of their intellectual state, and of their progress in the direction of sanity."  
"With pleasure," said the doctor, "it is Saturday, and we usually have a dance on Saturday night. If you go to the ballroom, as we call it, you will see them dancing and talking without reserve."  
"Would it be objectionable if I danced with them?" asked the official.  
"Not at all," was the reply.  
The official walked into the ball room, and selecting the prettiest girl he saw for a partner, was soon keeping up a very animated conversation with her. In the course of the evening he said to the doctor:  
"Do you know that girl in the white dress with the blue spots is a very curious case. I've been talking to her, and I cannot for the life and soul of me discover in what way her mental malady lies. Of course, I saw at once she was mad—saw it in the odd look of her eyes. She kept looking at me so oddly. I asked her if she did not think she was the Queen of England, or whether she had not been robbed of a large fortune by the volunteer movement, or jilted by the Prince of Wales, and tried to find out the cause of her lunacy, but I couldn't; she was too artful."  
"Very likely," answered the doctor; "for she is not a patient, but one of the house-maids, and as sane as you are."  
Meanwhile, the pretty housemaid went to all her fellow servants, and said:  
"Have you seen the new patient? He's been dancing with me. A fine tall man, with beautiful whiskers, but as mad as a March hare. He asked me if I wasn't the Queen of England; if a volunteer hadn't robbed me of a large fortune; and whether the Prince of Wales didn't want to marry me. He is mad. Isn't it a pity? Such a fine young man!"  
A Negro Marriage.  
The following marriage ceremony is furnished by a correspondent. It bears Gen. Saxton's eleven commandments all to-wit:  
The officiating darkey is a plantation preacher, and the 'subjects' being before him, he says:  
"Here is a couple who have walked out to-night wishing to be joined in and thro' love and wishing dem all dat anything twix em hold dar pace now and forevermore, I wants every ear to hear, and every heart to enjoy."  
"Mr. Jim Thompson, whomsom ever standeth lastly by your left side, do you take her for your dearly beloved wife; to wait on her through sickness and through health, safe and be safe, holy, loving and by love? Do you love her mother? Do you love her father? Do you love her mistress? Do you love God de best?"  
Answer—"I do."  
"Miss Thompson, whomsom ever standeth lastly by your side, do you take to be your beloved husband, to wait on him through health and conflict, safe and be safe, holy and be holy, loving and be loved? Do you love his mother? Do you love his father? Do you love his brothers? But do you love God de best?"  
Answer—"I will."  
I shall pronounce Mr. Jim to hold Miss Mary lastly by the right hand, and I shall pronounce you both man and wife by the commandments of God. We shall hope, and trusting through God that you may die right now and forever more. Now, Mr. Jim, slew your bride.  
Let us sing a hima:  
"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,  
Ye wretched sinners are." &c. Amen.  
A Ward's Biography.  
Artemus Ward gives us the following biography of himself:  
"I am fifty six (56) years of age. Time with its relentless sythe is ever busy. The Old Sixty nighers them in, he gathers them in! I keep a pig this year.  
"I was born in the state of Maine of parents. As a infant I attracted a great deal of attention. The nabers would stand over my cradle for hours and say 'How bright that little face looks! How much it nose!' The young ladies would carry me round in their arms; saying I was 'muzzet's bettry darlin', and a sweety 'teety little thing. It was nice, tho' I wasn't old enuff to properly appreciate it. I'm a healthy old darter' now.  
"I have always sustained a good moral character. I was never a railroad director in my life.  
"Altho, in early life I did not invariably confine myself to truth in my small bills, I have been gradually growing respectable, every year. I lov my children, and never mistake another man's wife for my own. I'm not a member of any meetin'-house, but firmly believe in meetin'-houses, and shouldn't feel sate to take a dose of lardanum and lay down in the street of a village that hadn't any, with a thousand dollars in my vest pocket.  
"My impocket is billions, altho' I don't owe a dollar in the world.  
"I am a early riser, I may add that I am also baldheaded. I keep two cows."

### Jacob Strawn, The Illinois Farmer.

Jacob Strawn, of Jacksonville, Illinois, died suddenly on the 24th ult. Starting in the farming and cattle buying business at an early age, with a capital of fifty cents in silver, Mr. Strawn came to be the king farmer of the West. His acres spread over almost whole counties, and it was no unreal thing for him to sow a field of wheat or plant corn over a space twice the size of a German kingdom. He had sheep and kine upon a thousand hills, or would had if the hill had been there. He built pretty much the whole of the village of Jacksonville; he represented his district in the legislature, where he was noted for direct and available good sense, and in all positions filled the ideas of a good citizen. His "little garden patch" at the time of his death embraced thirty-five thousand acres, worth at least, \$1,500,000 without improvement. He was twice married, and leaves seven sons and one daughter. In person he was a Daniel Lambert, weighing about three hundred pounds. Many interesting incidents have been related respecting him, among which are the following:—He began life for himself by raising sixteen acres of wheat, which he traded for sixteen acres, which he sold at a profit. After this he dealt mainly in cattle. It was a rapid talker and a keen judge of human nature, a prompt actor, knew how to drive a bargain and always made money. He seldom came to town, was busy every moment and always in the field or in the saddle going from place to place. Until within a few years he was his own accountant and his own banker, and strange as it may seem, kept no books, trusting entirely to his memory, which never failed him. In physical labor he excelled in every department.—With a common hand-ick he has been known to reap, bind and shock sixty dozen of wheat in a day. Farmers will understand this to be what not more than one man in thousands could perform. In earlier days he carried large sums of money upon his person, and on several occasions his life was attempted as he rode along through the country. At one time, near Alton, he was attacked by three robbers, whom he thrashed and put to flight with his cattle whip.—He was a man of wonderful muscle and activity. He could spring over the highest fence by merely placing a hand on the top rail, and on one occasion he caught an infuriated bull by the horns who was charging on him in an open field, and throwing him on his back completely subdued the animal.

### Cholera Cases.

The Ten Cows.—A London letter upon the subject of cholera and remedies employed, again recurs to Dr. Chapman's mode of treatment. He says: "It really seems that medical science is about to master the disease. I have, I believe, before written to you of the great discovery of the influence of extremes of cold and heat in influencing the great sympathetic nerves of the spines. Dr. Chapman, the discoverer of this, succeeded in gaining a verdict from the medical fraternity that he really is able, by the application of bags of ice to the spine, to overcome diabetes, initial paralysis, some think even epilepsy. So completely has he mastered the sickness of pregnancy, that his discovery has been brought into great repute. Sea-sickness is entirely prevented by his ice-bags.  
The Doctor studied carefully the nature of cholera, and concluded that diarrhoea, English, Asiatic and other cholerae, are all various degrees and intensities of one disease. He had found that he could control diarrhoea, and he believed that he could conquer cholera. Armed with ice-bags, he hurried to Southampton when he heard that cholera had appeared there. The powerless and despairing physicians gladly allowed him to try his ice cure, and there can be no doubt whatever that his success, though as yet limited, has been to amaze the medical faculties of the country, and draw from the physicians of Southampton an unanimous vote to try ice hereafter in every case. In every case circulation was within five minutes restored to the extremities of the patient, which before had been marble. Each patient declared himself or herself much relieved by the ice. Out of six cases Dr. Chapman has brought four into a fair way of gaining better; two died—both women, one of whom was very weak and aged seventy-three; the other an habitual drunkard, living in a very filthy den. The other cases were equally severe, some of them more so, and at this date the patients seem convalescent.

### A Comic Surge.

We witnessed quite an amusing scene at the depot yesterday afternoon. A gentleman was pacing up and down right in front of the station house, waiting with ill concealed impatience the arrival of the train, and somebody on the train. The train stopped and the somebody, in the shape of a delicately dressed, trim little woman, jumped from the car steps into the arms of the impatient gentleman. She was all smiles, all talk, all life. He was all silence, with his mouth firmly shut. She asked him what was the matter. He didn't say a word, but casting a look upon the crowd he guided the little woman away and proceeded to spit! The gentleman chewed tobacco. As tobacco chewsers invariably do, when deeply interested in anything, he had been chewing vehemently without relieving his mouth of the salivary secretion, and consequently when the little woman plumped herself into his arms, he had to keep his mouth shut. Not even a word of welcome could he utter, and as for a kiss, the thing was impossible. We felt sorry for him, but couldn't help saying he