

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

[25 00 in Advance, per Annum.]

NUMBER 51.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

VOLUME 16.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1865.

PROSPECTUS OF THE PHILADELPHIA AGE, 1865.

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Bloomsburg, May 22, 1865.

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A DARK BROWN HEIFER, aged about one year, in tolerably good condition. The owner will come forward, prove property, pay the charges, and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of to the best advantage.

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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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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—two years, 50 00. Advertisers' and Executors' notices, 3 00. Transient advertising payable in advance, all other due after the first insertion.

"A TRUE STORY."

Happening to be spending the winter of the year 1860 at Gibraltar, I, one day in the course of my wanderings, found myself in the cemetery set apart there for the burial of strangers. Protestants and the like, who were not members of the Romish communion. It was a large and bleak spot enough, situated on very high ground, and there was not much to the surrounding details and picturesque of the grave, as sometimes is the case in foreign burial-places, to interest a sight-seer, with one exception:—In the extreme eastern corner, and on the most elevated ground, stood a simple white cross of marble with initials "M. L." on it, and the date of the person's death; and the grave was evidently very carefully tended and watched, presenting thereby, a considerable contrast to those of the other strangers who had found their last resting place on that bleak rock.

So struck was I with the neatness of this individual grave, that seeing an old man working hard by, I asked him if there was any particular history attached to it, and if he knew who the person was that was buried there. His answer did not give much information, beyond the fact of its being the grave of an English lady, who had died there some years before, and whose husband paid him (the old man) a small sum yearly for keeping that spot in order, and supplying the cross constantly with flowers. This little incident had quite passed out of my mind as a matter too trivial to be worth remembering, till I was reminded of it in rather a startling manner a short time ago.

I was staying at a country house in Yorkshire, the host and the hostess being both of them old and dear friends of mine, when late one evening the conversation happened to turn upon a subject sufficiently exciting to rouse the most sleepily inclined of the guests into wakefulness. It was debated whether instances had ever really occurred of people having been buried alive,—i. e., whether any authentic case could be stated of a man who had fallen into a trance, and who had been in that condition buried, had afterwards come to life for a brief interval, and then had been suffocated in his coffin. Opinions were pretty equally divided on the subject; the one party affirming that it was impossible, in the present state of medical science, for anybody to meet with such a horrible fate, and the other, though apparently unable to cite any examples, declaring that they were sure such a thing might happen, though they admitted at the same time that cases of that nature would be less likely to occur in England, where a reasonable time elapsed before the burial, than on the Continent, where the laws enforced the interment of the body so soon after death. In the midst of the discussion, the lady of the house, who had seemed to take but little interest in one way or the other, suddenly surprised us all by saying that if we would give her attention for a short time she would tell us a story on that very subject, and relate what had truly occurred to a near relative of her own many years before.

"You may have often heard me mention," she said, turning to me, "my two cousins, Charles and Frank Livingston, though I don't much think you ever had personal acquaintance with either of them. It is just twenty years ago now that they fell in love with two of the prettiest girls in Yorkshire, sisters and heiresses, whose names were Mary and Florence Arden. As the progress of their love affairs has not much to do with the gist of my story, it is enough to say that everything went on very satisfactorily, and that in due course, and on the same day, Mary and Florence became the wives of my two cousins, Charles and Frank respectively. Mary was the eldest sister, though at the time of their marriage she was barely nineteen, and to my mind the most taking and lovable of the two; of course Frank thought differently, and perhaps it was well he did so.

"I need scarcely tell you that the happy couples passed the honey-moons very pleasantly in various spots in England and Scotland, and afterwards settled down a few miles from each other in close proximity with the city of York itself.

"The marriage happened in the spring of the year, and in the following autumn, much to the delight of the two brides, it was determined that a yacht should be chartered for a few months, and the winter spent in cruising about from place to place—their ideas chiefly pointed towards the Mediterranean, as they one and all had a great desire to visit Malta and Gibraltar, and moreover, if possible, to land at Africa; the latter I believe merely that they might have the satisfaction of saying that they had once been there. Gibraltar, however, they were

experiencing rather a rough voyage, which tested their capabilities as sailors to a considerable extent, they found themselves anchored off that huge rock. They saw all that was to be seen in the shape of the fortifications, &c., and among the other places that they were taken to visit was the burying ground set apart for strangers who were no Roman Catholics. Mary Livingston, who had been, so they afterwards recollected, silent and apparently pre-occupied all that day, when she first caught sight of the cemetery started, and seemed surprised; after they had looked about them, and lamented the general untidiness that prevailed, she suddenly astonished them all by walking to one corner of ground more elevated than the rest, where she stopped, and planting her foot on a certain spot said she was going to relate a curious dream she had had during the previous night.

"She dreamt, she said, first that she was lying in the cabin of the yacht sick almost unto death; that her husband and sister, standing by, seemed, by their actions and gestures, to imagine that she was dead; but though she was conscious of what was taking place, yet she was utterly unable to move hand or foot, or to make any sound to attract their attention; in the second part of her dream she seemed to be carried on men's shoulders, still perfectly conscious, along the road they had just traversed, that she passed by their aid into the cemetery, and that the men deposited their burden on the very spot where she then stood—a grave had been dug, apparently for her, she supposed, and she was buried, so it seemed to her in her dream, alive, but motionless and powerless to help herself in any way. The horror of her situation, as she was being lowered into the earth, seemed to give her strength, and in the act of striving to cry out she awoke. What seemed so curious to her was, that though she had never seen the burial-ground before, or the road that led to it, yet, when she came to visit them the day after her dream, she found that the reality was just exactly like the dream."

"Well, but," I interrupted, "you haven't told us anything yet that—"

"Excuse me," replied our hostess, "but if you will do me the favor of waiting till I have finished my story you will find you will have no reason to complain.

"Her husband and her friends laughed at Mary for her evident belief in her dream, and ascribed the whole circumstance to indigestion; they did not, however, stay much longer in the cemetery, but returned to the yacht.

"Two days afterwards, and on the evening before that on which they proposed leaving Gibraltar, Mary Livingston was suddenly taken ill: a doctor was at once sent for, who pronounced her attack to be a slight one of cholera, assuring her friends at the same time that they need not be under any apprehension of danger. Next day, however, the symptoms changed for the worse, and so rapidly, that before evening it was evident she was sinking fast, and that no hopes could be entertained of her recovery. She died during the night. Her husband, as you may imagine, was overcome with grief, but he had to stifle his feelings, and settle all things, connected with her funeral, which was obliged to take place on the evening of the very day after she died.

"All, as I was told afterwards, happened according to that dream of hers; she was carried along that steep road, and her grave had been dug on the very spot where but a few days ago she had stood before them full of life and beauty; but strange to say, and almost incredible, neither her husband nor sister remembered the circumstance of her relating her dream to them; and it was not until some six or seven months afterwards, that one evening in the twilight of their Yorkshire home, the memory of the stroll through the burial-ground and the event connected with it flashed across the mind of the widowed husband. Remorse at the thought of its being now all so late was his first feeling, and then an irrefragable desire seized him—a longing to see if his darling's dream had come true, and if she had, in reality, been buried alive. As fast as it was possible for him to do so, he hurried to Gibraltar; it was with some difficulty that he obtained permission to have the ground opened, and when he had succeeded he found that his worst fears had been realized; there was no doubt left in his mind that his wife had recovered consciousness after she had been supposed to be dead, for the body was turned partly on one side, as if with the effort of trying to free itself from the icy grasp of the tomb. From the date of that discovery, he has never ceased to reproach himself for being in some part the cause of her death; but he has never ceased to wonder how it was that the recollection of that dream of hers passed so quickly from his mind, and was not revived till so long afterwards.

"The grave he told me, is marked by a white cross of marble, with the initials 'M. L.' on it and the date of her death."

The tale of our hostess was finished; and as she ended, the memory of that grave with its wealth of flowers and the bleak graveyard came into my mind, and made the probabilities of the story more apparent to me. I have told the tale as it was told to me; for myself I believe it to be true; for my readers they must decide for themselves.

The names, of course, have been altered, as, for aught I know to the contrary, some of the actors in that curious dream are living still.

A Tale of Terror.

At the 'Crow Inn' at Antwerp, some years ago, a white spectre was seen bearing a lamp in one hand and a bunch of keys in the other—this unpleasant visitor was seen by a variety of travellers passing along the corridor.

Nothing would satisfy the neighbors that an unfortunate traveller had not been at some period or other despatched in that fatal room by one of the previous landlords of the house; the hotel gradually obtained the name of the 'Haunted Inn,' and ceased to be frequented by its old patrons.

The landlord finding himself on the brink of ruin, determined to sleep in the haunted room, with a view of proving the groundlessness of the story. To make the matter more sure, as he said, he caused the hostler to bear him company on pretence of requiring a witness to the absurdity of the report; but in reality, from cowardice. At dead of night, however, just as the two men were composing themselves to sleep in one bed—leaving another which was in the room unoccupied—the door flew open and in glided the spectre.

Without pausing to ascertain what it might attempt on approaching the bed—towards which it directed its course—the two men rushed naked out of the room; and by the alarm they created, confirmed more fully than ever the evil repute of the house.

Unable longer to sustain the cost of so unproductive an establishment, the poor landlord advertised for sale the house in which he and his father before him were born and had passed their lives. But bidders were as scarce as customers; the incumbered remained for sale for nearly a year, during which, from time to time, the spectre re-appeared.

At length an officer of the garrison, who had formerly frequented the house, moved to compassion in favor of the poor host, undertook to clear up the mystery by sleeping in the aforesaid chamber; nothing doubted that the whole was a trick of some evasive neighbor, desirous of deteriorating the value of the freehold in order to become a purchaser.

His offer having been gratefully accepted the captain took up his headquarters in the fatal room, with a bottle of wine and a brace of loaded pistols on the table before him, determined to fire at whatever object might enter the room.

At the usual hour of midnight, accordingly, when the door flew open and the white spectre, bearing a lamp and a bunch of keys, made its appearance, he seized both his pistols, when fortunately, as his finger was upon the point of touching the trigger, he perceived that the apparition was no other than the daughter of his host, a young and pretty girl, evidently walking in her sleep. Preserving the strictest silence, he watched her set down the lamp, place her keys carefully on the chimney-piece and retire to the opposite bed, which, as it afterwards proved, she had occupied during the lifetime of her late mother, who slept in the room.

No sooner had she thoroughly composed herself, than the officer, after locking the door of the room, went in search of her father and several competent witnesses, including the water bailiff of the district, who had been one of the loudest in circulating the rumors concerning the Haunted Inn. The poor girl was found quietly asleep in bed, and her terror on awaking in the dreadful chamber afforded sufficient evidence to all present of the state of somnambulism in which she had been entranced.

From that period the spectre was seen no more, probably because the landlord's daughter removed shortly afterward to a home of her own; and the tales of horror so freely circulated to the bewilderment of the poor neighbors, ended in the simple story of a young girl walking in her sleep.

A FELLOW in Arostook county, Me., answered a New York advertisement representing that the advertiser could furnish any person with a wife. The advertiser replied directing the writer to a neighboring asylum for idiots! The same young man, not at all abashed, whose name is John Morris, speaks of himself as follows:

I am 18 years old, have a good set of teeth, and believe in Andy Johnson, the star-spangled banner, and the 4th of July. I have taken up a State lot, cleared up eighteen acres last year, and seeded ten of it down. My buckwheat looks frisky, and the oats and potatoes are bully. I have got nine sheep, a two year old bull and two heifers, besides a house and barn. I want to get married. I want to buy bread and butter, hoopskirts and waterfalls for some part of the female persuasion during my life. That's what's the matter with me—But I don't know how to do it.

A QUESTION FOR LAWYERS.—A newspaper correspondent, having lately visited the Siamese twins, put the following question:—Should Chang, one of the twins, infringe the law by something worthy of death, how should he be punished and justice be satisfied, if it could not be without the death of the innocent?

A good story is told of a recent "mash up" on a Western railroad. A soldier who, in coming from Baltimore to Rock Island, had met with four accidents, was on this occasion in the car that turned completely over. Making his way through a window, and gaining an upright position, he looked

How an Editor Died.

His Coolness and Courage—He Makes a Will Amid the Howling of the Tempest—The Vessel Goes to Pieces and he is Drowned.

A San Francisco correspondent furnishes this account of a remarkable case of coolness and courage. The Gentleman alluded to was James Nisbet of The San Francisco Bulletin, who was lost on the steamship Brother Jonathan, and his body was found floating in the ocean seven miles from land. When it was taken ashore and examined there was found in the deceased's vest pocket a will which was written after the ship struck the fatal rock. Contemplating calmly the terrible scenes about him, and calculating his chances for life, he had the cool courage to make such a disposition of his property as would be most beneficial to those who would be left behind him. That old man writing a will amid the howling of the tempest that was lashing the ocean into foaming billows, and surrounded by drowning men, women and children waiting out their agony to the pitiless winds and the raging sea, presents a heroic picture. Here is a copy of the will, and let the reader observe with what care it is written.

"AT SEA ON BOARD THE BROTHER JONATHAN July 20, 1865.

"In view of death, I hereby appoint my brother, Thomas Nisbet, at present engaged on the Pacific Railroad, near Clipper Gap, California, my sole executor, with instructions to wind up my whole estate, real and personal, and convert the same into cash, with all convenient speed, but so as not to sacrifice the same; and to pay over and divide the same equally between himself and my sole sister Margaret Nisbet, now residing in England; and under burden of the payment of a legacy of \$5,000 in gold to Almira Hopkins, wife of Casper T. Hopkins, insurance agent, San Francisco, Cal. And I desire that my brother, said Thomas Nisbet, shall not be asked to give security for his intromission with my estate.

JAS. NISBET."

The document was written with a pencil, the writer coolly recollecting that pencil marks are less affected by water than ink marks. It was clearly written in Mr. Nisbet's bold and steady penmanship. When he had concluded the will he found that he had yet a little time left before the ship would probably go down, and he added the following brief note to a family in this city where he had boarded for many years:

"MY DEAR MA: A thousand affectionate adieus. You spoke of my sailing on Friday—happier day—and the unlucky Jonathan. Well, here I am with death before me. My love to you all—to Casper, to Belle, Mollie, and little Myra—kiss her for me. Never forget.

GRANDPA."

The children familiarly addressed the old man as grandpa, although he was in no way related to them.

MATRIMONIAL INSTABILITY.—A queer instance in illustration of this vice has recently been brought to light in a neighboring town. A married woman moving in high circle, left her home one evening last week, and taking a conveyance to a hotel in the rural districts, was soon joined by an unfaithful husband, who ought to have been at home taking care of his own family, instead of engaging in intimate companionship with those outside of his own household. The couple ordered a room together, representing themselves as man and wife. At a later hour the same night, a carriage drove up to the door of the hotel with another couple, who engaged lodgings in an adjoining chamber. All passed off quietly until next morning, when the two couples were summoned to the breakfast table. There they met, when—to and behold—there was a mere change of partners, each gentleman having upon his arm the wife of the other! Although there was mutual blushing mental cursing and recrimination, it was deemed best, after a second thought, to let the matter rest as quietly as possible, but the coincidence was a too remarkable one to avoid the ear of the over-curious.—*Lowell (Mass.) News.*

An army correspondent writes: In the army and among returned soldiers, I have noted one fact, in particular, somewhat at variance with the usual theories. It is that light-haired men, of the nervous, sanguine type, stand campaigning better than the dark haired men, of bilious temperament. Look through a raw regiment on its way to the field, fully one half its members seem to be of the black-haired, dark skinned large bonny bilious type. See that same regiment on its return for muster out, and you will find that the black haired element has melted away, you will notice that two thirds, perhaps three fourths, of the regiment to be represented by red, brown and flaxen hair. It is also noticed that men from the cities, slighter in physique, and apparently at the outset unable to endure the fatigue and privation, stand a severe campaign and fatigue much better than men from the agricultural districts. A thin, pale looking dry goods clerk will do more marching and starving than many a plow boy, who looks muscular enough to take a bull by the tail and throw him over a staked-and-riddled fence.

Pittsburg is a queer place. The other day three men went into a larger beer saloon and two commenced catching all the flies therein, while the third ate the insects as fast as caught, on a bet that he could eat them quicker than his companions could catch them. They were arrested and fined three dollars each for the fun.

If you are poor, sit down and growl about it. By so doing you are sure to get

A Railroad Car at Night.

B. F. Taylor has been taking a railroad ride, and having failed, perhaps, to enjoy the ride, enjoys himself in describing what he saw. The following glimpse at his companions as they appeared when night said "sleep," will be appreciated by all who have "been there."

I came near forgetting that your old friends were all on the train; the woman who plumps down into your seat and regards you with thankless and supercilious eyebrows, as if you were somebody that had blundered into breathless without leave; and the man who dons his best garments to travel in; mounts the train as clerical as black broad cloth can make him, and leaves it with the looks of a dusty miller. And the night scenes, sounds and scenes are as curious as ever. Whiffs of boots and smothering gusts of mask, patchouli, cheese, tobacco, and feet that could never be fit to "walk on Zion's hill" without a wade and wash in the Jordan, are blended. As the night wears on, the fellow who always fails to be funny flickers out like a penny-dime; the ten-pin of a man who had sat bolt upright all day, grows as comely as a Mandarin, for even "Homer nods" at times; the girl with little gigue, that had been rippling like running water, "weak, washy" and everlasting, intermits; grows increasing and falls asleep; men make letter Z's of themselves, shut up like pocket-knives, roll up like porcupines, diverge like Y's; trim and shapely women tumble to pieces, and lie in little heaps of undistinguishable garments upon the seats, the red and dissipated lamps wink sleepily and hazily at you, and the clatter-clank of the iron wheels hammers out the long, dull strip of darkness. Then comes that menagerie of respiration that men have agreed to call snoring; you hear barks, snorts, and growls; one creaks like a rusty hinge, another pants like an engine, or whines like a spaniel, or is forever blowing out candles. By and by, the car windows turn rebel grey, for a day is beginning to dawn. Did you ever see a woman hatched out? Now is the "golden opportunity. Leda—if that is the lady's name we read of—whose double-yolked egg gave us Castor and Pollux—if I haven't forgotten all about it,—was hardly more wonderful. Yonder bundle of skirts, shawls and cloaks, as shapeless as a grist, begins to stir, first peeps out a pair of feet, and then a pair of hands, and then a fair and tangled head; at last emerges female shape; an Eve is hatched before your eyes and the world is better for a waking woman.

Don't SWEAR.—Profanity is one of the most offensive and disgusting habits to which unredeemed humanity is given; to say nothing of its sinfulness, (which every one of course understands,) profane swearing is a vile, vulgar, low bred habit, from the indulgence of which a proper self-respect should restrain a man, even if he has no regard for the dictates of religion. It is a habit, too, which increases with fearful rapidity, when once given way to; and we have known of instances where men who were once highly respectable, but who, unfortunately contracted this habit, have soon sunk so low as to use profane language in their own families, and even to swear at their wives and children.

HE FORGOT SOMETHING.—"What did your mother say, my little man? Did you give her my card?" asked an inexperienced young gentleman of a little boy, whose mother had given him an invitation to call upon her, and her street door was accordingly opened to his untimely summons by the urchin aforesaid.

"Yes, I gave it to her," was the innocent reply, "and she said if you wasn't a natural fool, you wouldn't come Monday morning, when everybody was washing."

At this juncture, mamma, with a sweet smile of welcome, made her appearance at the end of the hall, when, to her surprise, Mr. Versipitch, the visitor, bolted.

"What does the man mean?" inquired mamma.

"I dunno," replied Bub, "guess he's forgot sumthin'!"

An artist invited a gentleman to criticize a portrait he had painted of Mr. Jenks, who was given to drink. Putting his hand towards it, the artist exclaimed, "Don't touch it; it is not dry." "Then," said he, "it cannot be like my friend Jenks."

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 bressed if I can tell it by name." He was told he could take a back seat.

"Doctor, kin you tell me what's the matter with my child's nose? She keeps a pickin' of it." "Yes, ma'am; it's probably an irritation of the gastric mucus membrane communicating a sympathetic titillation to the ophthalmic chaerian." "There, now, that's just what I told Becky; but she 'lowed it was worms!"

A teacher of vocal music asked an old lady if her grandson had any ear for music. "Well," said the old woman, "I really don't know, won't you take the candle and see?"

A clergyman said in a recent sermon that the path of rectitude had been traveled

"Loyal" Magnate Fallen—Reverend Colonel Jacques in Jail for Procuring an Abortion.

[From the Louisville Press, Sept. 25.]

The fall of such a man as Colonel Jacques is sufficient to arouse the sorrow of every man who knows the former worth of the gallant Jacques. He was one of the first and most influential of the Methodist denomination in Illinois. When that body established a female educational school in Jacksonville he was placed in charge of it. He managed it with such talent and success that when a greater educational enterprise was projected he was transferred to it. He was engaged in this when the rebellion commenced. Col. Jacques was a man of intense loyalty, of commanding influence, and of great oratorical ability. He took the field in behalf of the Union, and speedily raised one of the finest regiments that Illinois gave to the service of the Union. It was called the preachers' regiment, on account of the number of preachers enlisted in it. Of this regiment Jacques was made Colonel, and he served with great distinction.

During the progress of the war Colonel Jacques had numerous conferences with Bishop Simpson, and both were well satisfied that if a Methodist of proper position in the North could get among the Southern Methodists much might be done toward crippling the rebellion. This mission Col. Jacques undertook with the approval of Bishop Simpson and of Mr. Lincoln. Col. Jacques bravely met the peril, and travelled extensively among the Southern Methodists. He returned just before the battle of Chickamauga, and took a conspicuous part in that battle.

Col. Jacques was the companion of Mr. Gilmore in a visit to Richmond for an interview with Jeff. Davis, in which mission they succeeded. This visit was intended to bring about peace.

The Colonel has recently been detailed for breaking up the negro camps, such as Camp Nelson. This is the cause of his presence in Kentucky.

On Friday last, Col. Jacques employed a fellow calling himself Dr. H. G. Miller to procure abortion in the case of a Georgia woman. The Colonel was present during the tragedy, and was arrested with the female abortionist, at whose house the murder was perpetrated, and with Miller, the abortionist—the murderer of innocents.—The victim died in about eight hours after Miller commenced his deprecations. The whole party were arrested in flagrant delicto and are now in jail, the coroner's inquest having simply confirmed all the suspicions that led to the interference of the police. Mr. Turner, the policeman, saw signs of the outrage in progress, and made his preparations for arresting the guilty parties, in which, as we have said, he succeeded. We do not rejoice in iniquity, and we cannot but drop tears of sorrow over the fall of such a man as Col. Jacques.

The Day and the Hour.

A certain Captain Baker, an engineer officer in the British service, has recently published a book in which the end of the world is set down for September 20th, 1878. Nothing can be more regular and shipshape than the style in which the events that are to precede the grand catastrophe are chronicled. In December, 1867 Queen Victoria is to resign, and the Prince of Wales to become Prince Regent. In 1869 and 1870 Austria is to seize Greece, and Russia gobble Turkey. Between 1871 and 1874 inclusive, Russia is to take Greece from Austria, and receive homage from Francis Joseph; after which Napoleon is to make covenant with the Jews, and the Czar to get himself killed in a row with the French and Jews in Palestine. About this time Louis Napoleon will become paramount throughout all the countries comprised in the Old Roman world, prior to his first appearance as Antichrist. The latter event will not come off until after the translation of the saints; which, if Captain Baker's programme is correct, will occur at 1 o'clock A. M., January 25th, 1875. Shortly afterwards Paris is to be taken—by the English of course. Previous to the grand finale, Antichrist, otherwise Louis Napoleon, will have a good time generally, smiting the Saints, hip and thigh, blaspheming, and compelling church members and other respectable people to go down on their marrow bones and worship him. The performances will conclude some time in 1879; and it is announced that there can be no postponement under any circumstances, because the world will be six thousand years old and must be abated as a public nuisance.

No doubt many people will believe this stuff and tremble—supposing that a crack-brained engineer has fathomed the secret which the Saviour has expressly declared no man shall fathom! Marvellous is human gullibility.

WAGGS went to the depot of one of our best car full, the other evening, and finding the rails car full, said in a loud tone—

"Why this car isn't going."

Of course these words caused a general stampee, and Waggs took the best seat. The cars soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation, the wag was questioned—

"You said this car wasn't going?"

"Well, it wasn't then, but it is now."

The "sold" laughed a little—but Waggs came rather near a good thrashing.