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BEAUTIFUL LINES.

The following beautiful lines were written by Tyrone Power, the famous Irish comedian, who perished on the steamer President.

Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile! Thou art heaving to thy fall!

And round these in thy loneliness, Clings the cry to the wall!

The worshippers are scattered now, Who kneel before thy shrine;

How doth ambition's hope take wings! How drops the spirit now!

How the distant city's din; The dead are mute below;

The sun that shone upon thy path, Now guide their lonely graves;

The zephyrs which once fanned their brows, The grass above them waves.

Oh! could we call the many back, Who've gathered here in vain—

Who've careless roved, where we do now, Who'll never meet again!

How would our very hearts be stirred, To meet the earnest gaze

Of the lovely and the beautiful— The lights of other days.

A Republican Opinion.

"Mack," the special Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial,

writes as follows about the political situation: So far the object of the present Congress

seems to have been to humiliate the South, rather than to restore the Union.

Bitterness and animosity toward those lately in rebellion, has been made the test of statesmanship,

and he is most admired as a leader who is most uncompromising in his hostility

to those whom we must regard as citizens of a common country, if we are not

prepared to acknowledge that the work of secession has been theoretically and practically

successful. What the rebels failed to do under the leadership of Davis and Lee,

Congress is striving to accomplish under the leadership of Sumner and Stevens.

The Way to Keep a Husband.

"Out again to-night!" said Mrs. Hayes, frostily, as her husband rose from the table

and donned his great coat. "Yes, I have an engagement with Moore;

I shall be in early; have a light in the library. Good-night." And with a careless nod

William Hayes left the room. "Always the way," murmured Lizzie Hayes, sinking back upon a sofa.

"Out every night. I don't believe he cares one bit about me now, and we've been married

only two years. No man can have a more orderly home, I am sure, and I never go

anywhere; I am not a bit extravagant, and yet I don't believe he loves me any more.

Oh, dear! why is it? I wasn't rich; he did not marry me for money, and he must have

loved me then. Why does he treat me with such neglect? And with her mind filled

with such fretful queries, Lizzie Hayes fell asleep on the sofa.

Let me paint her picture as she lay there. She was a blonde, with a small graceful figure,

and a very pretty face. The hair, which showed by its rich waves its natural tendency

to curl, was brushed smoothly back—it was such a bother to curl it she said; her

cheek was pale, and the whole face wore a discontented expression. Her dress was a

neat chemise wrapper, but she wore neither collar or sleeves. "What's the use of dressing

up just for William?" Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and then awoke suddenly.

She sat up, glanced at the clock and sighed drearily at the prospect of the long interval still to be spent

before bed-time. The library was just over the room in which she sat, and down the furnace flue,

Thought it was my Mother's Voice.

A friend told me, not long ago, a beautiful story about kind words. A good lady,

living in one of the large cities, was passing a drinking saloon just as the keeper

was thrusting a young man out into the street. He was very young and very pale,

but his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was very far gone in the road to ruin,

with oaths he brandished his clenched fists threatening to be revenged upon the man

who had so ill used him. The poor young man was so excited and blinded with passion

that he did not see the lady, who stood very near him, until she laid her hand upon

his arm, and spoke in her gentle loving voice, asking him what was the matter.

At the first kind word, the young man started as though a heavy blow had struck

him, and turning quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot.

He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then, with a sigh of relief, he said:

"I thought it was my mother's voice, for it sounded so strangely like it. But her voice has been hushed in death for many

years." "You had a mother, then," said the lady, "and she loved you?"

"With the sudden revulsion of feeling which often comes to people of fine nervous

temperaments, the young man burst into tears sobbing out, "Oh, yes, I had an angel mother, and she loved her boy! But

since she died all the world has been against me, and I am lost—lost to good society, lost

to honor, lost to decency, and lost forever." "No not lost forever; for God is merciful,

and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady in her low sweet

General Grant's Report

General Grant's report opens at the date of his appointment to the chief command of the Union forces, at which time and from

an early period he says he had been impressed that only active and continuous

operations in the field, regardless of season and weather, would terminate the war.

While the enemy's resources and numerical strength were inferior to ours, the ease

and rapidity with which he moved upon interior lines gave the rebels a decided advan-

tage over us. The Lieut. Gen. therefore determined to mass his troops against the

enemy and then "to hammer against him until by mere attrition, if in no other way,

there should be nothing left but submission with the loyal section of our common country

to the Constitution and laws of the land." And with this idea he set to work.

Of the operations of the Army of the Potomac, the Lieut. General says that he tried as far

as possible to leave General Meade in independent command of it, and his instructions

were all sent through him, and were general in their nature, leaving the execution of the

details to General Meade. The campaigns that followed proved him to be the right

man in the right place. His commanding always in the presence of an officer superior

to him in rank, has drawn from him much of that public attention that his zeal and

ability entitle him to, and which he would have received.

The movements against Lee in the early part of April, 1865, were so successful as to

A Greenhorn on the Railroad.

"When we got to the depot, I went around to get a look at the iron horse. Thunder-

ation! it was no more like a horse than a meatin' house. If I was going to describe

the animal, I'd say it looked like—well it looked—darned if I know what it looked

like, unless it was a regular he devil, snortin' smoke all around and pantin' and heav-

in' and chawin' up red hot coals like they were good. A feller stood in a house like,

leedin' him all the time; but the more he got the more he wanted and the more he

snorted. After a spell the feller caught him by the tail, and great Jericho! he set

up a yell that split the ground for mo'n a mile and a half, and the next minute I felt

my legs a waggin', and found myself 'other end of the string of vehicles. I wasn't

skereed but I had three chills and a stroke of palsy in less than five minnits, and my

face had a curious brownish-yellow-green- bilious color in it, which was perfectly un-

accountable. 'Well,' says I, 'comment is superfluous,' I took a seat in the nearest

wagon, or car, as they call it—a consarned long, steamboat lookin' thing with a string

of pews down on each side, big enough to hold a man and a half. Just as I sat down,

the boss hollered twice, and started off like a streak, pitchin' me head first at the stom-

ach of a big Irish woman, and she gave a tremendous grunt, and then caught me by

the head, and crammed me under the seat; the cars was jumpin' and tearin' along at

How Rich Men Work.

The hardest working men and the hardest working institutions in New York are those

which are the most successful. To the outsiders it seems an easy thing to make money

to keep it. Banking was easy work a few years ago and is now in the old-fashioned

institutions which have country and no foreign exchange. But no factory or machine

shop keeps men on the jump as does a live bank in this wide-awake city. I was

in one of these institutions yesterday which is not ten years old. Its army of clerks

have to be on hand early in the morning, and they cannot leave until their day's work

is done, which is often not till long after the day is lighted. Its capital is two millions,

its daily receipts seven million dollars. It receives daily from two hundred and fifty

to four hundred letters, all of which have to be registered and answered before the

business of the day ends. No bank clerk on the salary of a thousand dollars a year

goes to his bank as regularly, or works as many hours as William B. Astor, who

counts up his forty millions. His little one-story office, a step or two from Broadway

on Prince street, with its iron bars, making it resemble a police prison, is the den

where he performs his daily toil, and out of his labor gets only 'his vicuals and clothes.'

He attends personally to all his business, knows every dollar of rent or income that

is to become due, pays out every dollar, makes his entries in his own hand, and

Don't Ridicule Children.

There is so great a charm in the sportive play of fancy and wit that there is no

danger of their being neglected and undervalued, or that the native talent for them

remain undeveloped; our chief solicitude must be to keep them, even in their wildest

flights, still in subjection to duty and benevolence. We must not allow ourselves

to be betrayed into an approving smile, at any effusion of wit and humor which are

inculcated in the slightest degree by ill-nature. A child will watch the expression of our

countenance, to see how far he may venture, and if he find that he has the power

to amuse us in spite of ourselves, we have no longer any hold over him from respect,

and he will go rioting on in his sallies until he is tired, and seek at every favorable

opportunity to renew his triumph. Wit, undirected by benevolence, generally falls into

satire—the keenest instrument of unkindness; it is so easy to laugh at the expense

of our friends and neighbors—they furnish such ready material for our wit, that all

the moral forces require to be arraigned against the propensity, and its earliest indica-

tion checked. We may satirize error, but we must always teach by example to children

not only in what we say of others before them, but in our treatment of themselves.

We should never use ridicule towards them except when it is so evidently good-natured

that its spirit cannot be mistaken; the agon which a sensitive child feels on being