THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.] Truth and Right—God and our Country. [$2 00 in Advance, per Annum.

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Standi g Guard.

The light was dim—the night far spent,
The sick and wounded slept,
Save one, by whom a watcher lone
Her loving vigil kept.
Loving, although she scarcely knew
The name of that poor boy,
She knew a mother soon must weep
The loss of earthly joy.

With gentle touch she put the hair
Back from the childish brow,
Wishing a mother's lips might kiss
Its marble fairness now.
She bent to hear each whispered tone,
A mem'ry to be kept
For her who in her peaceful home,
Calmly unconscious slept.

'Oh! mother, I have said the prayer
You taught me, every night
And sometimes twice, as I kept watch
Beside the camp-fire bright.
It is very cold, dear mother,
Standing guard here alone,
But the relief will soon be round,
I hear the pass-word, 'Home.'

"My home! oh, mother I shall come
When the next battle's fought,
Almost as soon as the glad news
Of victory is brought!
This stuff is broken, wet with blood,
Your boy's blood, mother dear,
I held it clasped close to my heart,
Without a single fear.

"But it was shot from out my grasp,
And borne towards the sky,
I'll make a stronger, better one,
From which our flag shall fly."
For a brief time he laid so still,
It seemed as if he slept
That sleep which knows no waking here,
And but its semblance kept.

Through tears the lonely watcher gazed
Upon the fair young face,
On which as yet life's darker scenes
Had left no impure trace.
Softly she kissed the death cold lips
A mother might not press,
And cut from off the waving hair
One soft and curling tress.

"Mother!" again he murmured low,
"Say, is it almost light?
Dear mother, it is very cold
Here standing guard to-night!
Standing guard, mother," that sweet word
Was all that mortal ear,
Though wildly strained in yearning love,
On earth might ever hear.
The boy's last watch below was kept,
And at the Golden Gate
The angel who kept watch that night
Needed no longer wait.

Fashions with the ladies are as changeable as the weather. Not long ago we found them adorning their heads with "rats" and large pins with great balls &c. But this did not seem to work well and down came the "waterfall" which was caught by nearly all the *dears* and fastened upon their heads by gewgaws and traps to numerous and too strangely named for us to describe; and now, la! me! the waterfall has disappeared, and from the mud they have caught a "snake," which they twist in a peculiar fashion, *a la France* about their endearing heads. We would not wonder to hear of them dreaming of snakes and believe themselves almost choked to death by the "nasty things," and oh, then to rouse up and find one encircling the neck and lying quietly on the snowy bosom of the fair one, what a commotion there would be!

An extraordinary genius has been discovered in Ireland in the person of a lad sixteen years of age. The lad has constructed, entirely unaided, a piece of machinery, in full motion, occupying a ground space of some six or eight feet square, and driven by a small waterwheel about four feet in diameter. On a close inspection it was found that the various wheels, cogs, cranks and spindles were entirely wood, and were performing simultaneously the varied operations of pumping, churning, hammering on an anvil, perpendicular saw, diagonal and circular saw, etc., but so cleverly adapted to these respective uses that the whole was driven with the most perfect and easy motion by the waterwheel already alluded to. The lad is the son of a blacksmith living in Knockruth County, Wicklow, and has never been ten miles from his home.

A Scottish advocate, who, in his broad Scotch, pronounced the word water *watter*, being asked in court by the chancellor if he spelled water with two t's, replied, "No my lord; but I spell manners with two n's."

They are trying to find a young man in Chicago who is heir to $100,000. Several young ladies in Bloomsburg are looking for

The Literature of the Yankee.

We extract the following from an address delivered before the Keystone Club of Bedford, Pa., by James F Shunk, Esq., of York, on the 20th of November last, and which has just been published, at the request of the Club. We regret that our space will not permit us to give the address in full. Mr. Shunk said:

There is an idea which these people (the Yankee Abolitionists) have carefully fostered, and which has gained a certain prevalence through the agency of their political allies in this State, that they are naturally the intellectual superiors of our own citizens; especially that they are born to a pre-eminence in the world of letters. This idea is as destitute as anything can be of foundation in truth. I admit freely that they read more books, write more books than are read, written, or produced by all the rest of the country besides; and we must concede to them a greater amount of activity with the pen and with the press than we claim for ourselves. But that is all we concede. Tell me how many kits of mackerel, or pounds of codfish were caught last year on the Yankee coast, under the stimulus of the enormous government bounty; how many yards of calico and bales of shoddy were thrown out by the mills of Lowell, how many bushels of onions Weathersfield and her fragrant sister towns cast upon the market, how many cheeses came from the dairies of Connecticut, and how many clams from the shores of Rhode Island, and I can form some idea of how much the country owes New England for her annual contribution to the common stock of wealth. But books belong to a class of merchandise widely different from all these. Their bulk, their weight, their numbers avail nothing toward an estimate of the minds from which they emanate. A pocket copy of Shakespeare is worth all the trash under which the presses of New England ever groaned, all the millions of pages which her diligent scribblers ever fastened between covers. To thank a nation of untiring literary hacks simply for giving you *plenty* of books, is to rate poetry along with cheese and codfish.

The tin-ware, the split-leather, the clock businesses, have all passed away. The gentlemen who vended those valuable commodities have retired upon their fortunes. Some of them have become saints, and are preaching the gospel; some of them Senators and are doctoring the Constitution; some of them contractors, and have set their squadron in the field armed with cast iron sabres, mounted on skeleton horses, and clad in picturesque rags of shoddy; some of them poets, and are tuning their lyres in praise of John Brown and the noble black; but all of them—senator, saint, shoddy-contractor and tuneful warbler alike, are simply clock and tin-peddlers in a new disguise.

Their lyrics and their essays are of a piece with their kettles and their shoe leather. They are a *sham*. The artist who has spent his early years in the contrivance of mechanical cheats is not likely, when he turns his attention to poetry, to forsake his old tricks, or establish any very close correspondence with the Muses. His sauce pans and his similes, his shoe-pegs and his metaphors, are equally ingenious frauds. He is alike a dishonest tinker, whether he wields the pen, or holds the lap-stone.

Hence the Abolition Literature is not the out-cropping of spontaneous genius, or even the result of honest and patient labor. It is made to sell, to cheat, to deceive, not to improve or instruct. Its histories are artful and malicious inventions, designed to varnish the infamies which have blackened the whole history of the party of negro emancipation, and to defame the party of the Constitution, which held these States in firm and glorious union as long as the reins of power were in their hands. Its theology has nothing in it of the spirit of Christ and the Apostles, or of the long line of worthies of all ages, of which each sect and sub-division of the Church can claim its share, whose patient, innocent, prayerful lives were given to seeking a clearer knowledge of God and bringing aliens and wanderers into closer communion with him. On the contrary, it is a kind of mixed, mad nonsense, made up of a series of incoherent interpretations of the Gospel, of strictures upon it, by insolent exhorters who rate their own bellowings higher than the thunders of Sinai. No two of them precisely agree in the portions of the Sacred Book which they scout and defy; in the exact texts which are to be cast out and rejected; but they are beautifully united in scorning and sneering at all of it which does not accord with the schemes, the passions, or the aggrandizement of each.

The songs of this Abolition Literature are by no means suggestive of the trill of birds which sing because song is their natural speech. The nasal pipe of the Puritan has nothing of the warble of the woods about it. His attempts to chirp after the fashion of Nature's born minstrels afford us pleasure, it is true; but it is the pleasure of a downright, hearty, shaking laugh at the ludicrous failure of the poor devil, who fancies, because he has counterfeited nutmegs with success, he can manipulate melody, and cheat you as readily in song. * * *

As children grow older, "Histories," "Geographies," and "Readers" are provided for them, all issuing from the same mint and graven with the same device. Histories of the United States are stuffed full of pictures of the "Pilgrim Fathers," the Bunker Hill Monument and Boston, as seen from all points of the compass, while the letter-press is devoted to the work of magnifying otism of their descendants. The "Readers" contain selections from the Yankee poets, all made in the same spirit of self-glorification, choice passages from the speeches of Mr. Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Garrison and other prominent patriots, and minute rules to perfect the pupils in the art of pronouncing the English language through the nose—the approved Yankee fashion.

Besides these various appliances there is an immense fund of magazine and periodical literature smuggled over our borders and into our houses, all saturated with the same falsehood, injustice and malignity. The *Atlantic Monthly* can at least claim the merit of obtaining its subscribers on no false pretense. It is notoriously an Abolition magazine. It is open in its villainy, and its editors are not only gentlemen void of the moral sense, but entirely regardless of the fact that other people possess it. But the Harpers stand at the head of a different class of publishers. They are guilty of a perpetual and scandalous fraud upon the public. They affect to issue a "neutral" magazine and weekly. They call the latter a "Journal of Civilization," and the former a *literary* periodical. Until it began to *pay* to denounce the Democracy of this country they toadied to it with a servility which was absolutely disgusting. They denounced John Brown, in 1859, in the most savage terms, and had their paper filled with pictures of the raid, designed to show the love of the negroes for their masters and the atrocity of old Brown's bloody attempt to sever the "patriarchal relation." Even when the war was just impending, when Beauregard had donned the confederate uniform, when Davis was sitting at the head of the new government which was certainly as flatly in rebellion then as ever afterwards, they published the likeness of those persons, gave flattering biographies of them, and never intimated a hint of disapproval of the work on which they had entered. They showed then the same spirit which they had displayed long before, when they embellished their "Journal of Civilization" with an immense woodcut of a brutal prize fight, because they could not bear to resign the sixpences of the shoulder hitters and blackguards of New York to their competitors of the other pictorial weeklies. They sought to appease the decent portion of their readers, on that occasion, by giving, on their editorial page, a flaming moral article on the wickedness and indecency of human creatures pounding each other as represented in the picture!

As soon as the war had fairly broken out and their Southern subscription list was hopelessly cut off, they commenced to print the most insulting Abolition sheet in the country. Not content with reviling the people actually engaged in the rebellion, they have continued, ever since, to libel, by word and picture, the great Democratic party of the North. They have filled both "Weekly" and "Magazine" with sickening, sneaking tales, apparently the emanations of one addled head, designed to magnify the virtues of the angular old maids of the East and to illustrate the infamy of the "Copperheads," as they delight to call *us*. The plot of these stories seems to be kept in type, and of the adjectives, and love talk, descriptions of hospitals, scenery, etc., filled in according to the taste of the compositor. It is the simplest thing in the world to write one. Reuben Tarbutton goes soldiering (the bounty in Reuben's district, I may remark, was $1,500) and leaves Nellie Doolittle disconsolate. Nellie devotes herself to knitting stockings for the negro troops until news comes of Reuben's demise, which, of course, takes place in the very middle of the deadly breach. Nellie thereupon, having dried up her tears on her apron, concludes to soothe Reuben's departed spirit by ministering to his companions who are left behind and forthwith becomes an army nurse. Finally she happens to be wandering through the wards of a strange hospital when she hears a familiar voice exclaiming, "Oh! that I could but see Nellie, and die happy!" She bounds forward, tears back the curtain, there is a simultaneous squeal "*Reuben!*" "*Nellie!*" and these two pure-hearted young beings are locked in each other's arms. Of course, Reuben wasn't killed at all. The story was invented by a base Copperhead who was his rival, and hadn't pluck enough to go to the war. He was merely wounded by a 20 inch cannon ball in the chest—soon gets on his legs—they are married—settle down in a neat cottage, with an eligible onion patch attached—are blessed with a brood of healthy young Abolitionists who come by twins, and (here the moral sneaks in) are steady purchasers of all the stuff the Harpers print. Fortunately it is in the power of the Democracy of this country who have bought, in past times, thousands of books and periodicals with the name of the Harpers on them, to cut down the circulation of this nonsense sensibly and right speedily. That is the only way to reach such mercenary souls as theirs.

Women have been detected in smuggling whiskey from Canada in cans made in the shape of babies which hold four or five gallons each. About thirty women, each with a bogus baby of this sort were captured in one day not long since.

"How is it," said a man to his neighbor, "that our parson, the laziest man living, writes those interminable sermons?"—"Why," said the other, "probably, after he begins writing, he is too lazy to stop."

Major General Wilson, the captor of Jeff

The Miser's Bequest.

The hour hand of Philip Acre's old fashioned silver watch was pointing to the figure eight—the snug red curtains shut out the rain and darkness of the March night, and the fire snapped and crackled behind the red bars of the little grate in a most comfortable and cosy sort of way, casting a rosy shine in the thoughtful brown eyes that were tracing castless and coronets in the burning coals. Fof Philip Acre was, for once, indulging himself in the dangerous fascination of a day dream.

'If I were only rich,' he pondered to himself. 'Ah, if—then good-bye to all these musty old law books, good-bye to the mended boots and thrice turned coats, and all the ways and means that turn a man's life into wretched bondage. Wouldn't I revel in new books and delicious paintings and fine horses? Wouldn't I buy a set of jewels for Edith—not pale pearls of sickly emeralds, but diamonds, to blaze like fire upon her white throat? Wouldn't I—what nonsense I'm talking, though!' he cried, suddenly arousing himself. 'Philip Acre, hold your confounded tongue—I did suppose you were a fellow of more sense.—Here you are, neither rich nor distinguished, but a simple law student, while Edith Wyllis is as far above your moon-struck aspirations as the Queen of Night herself.—She loves me, though—she will wait—and the time may one day come that—hello, come in, whoever you are.'

It was only the serving maid of the establishment carrying a letter in the corner of her apron, between her finger and thumb.

'Please, sir, the postman just left it—two cents to pay.'

'Here are your two coppers, Katy—a pretty fair equivelent for any letter I may receive. Now then,' he added as the door closed on Katy's substantial back, 'let's see what my unknown correspondent has to say. A black seal, eh?—not having any relations to loose, I am not alarmed at the prognostic."

He broke the seal and glanced leisurely over the short business-like communication contained within, with a face that varied from incredulous surprise to sudden gladness.

'Am I dreaming?' he murmered to himself, as if to insure complete possession of his sense. 'No, I'm wide awake and in my right mind: it's no part of my waking visions. But who would ever suppose that old Theron Mortimore, whom I haven't seen for sixteen years, would die and leave me all his money. Why I am neither kith nor kin of his. Rich—am I really to be rich? Oh Edith, Edith.

He clasped both hands over his eyes, sick and giddy with the thought that all the years of silent waiting were at length to be bridged over by the old miser's bequest—he might claim Edith now. How full of sunshine were the weeks that flitted over the head of the accepted lover, made beautiful by Edith's love.

It was precisely a week before the wedding, and the gently veiled lamps were just lighted in Dr. Wylls' drawing room, where Edith sat, working on a bit of ruffling, and singing to herself.

'I wonder if Mortimer's place is so very lovely,' she said to a silver haired lady who sat oposite her. 'Philip is going to take me there when we return from our wedding tour: he says it is the sweetest spot fancy could devise, with fountains, shrubbery and delicious copses. Shall we not be happy there?'

She started up with a blush, for while the words were still on her lips, Philip Acre came into the room, looking a little troubled, yet cheerful withal. Mrs. Willis disappeared in the conservatory; leaving the lovers alone.

'You are looking grave, Philip,' said Edith, as he bent over and kissed her.

'I am feeling so, darling. I have a very unpleasant discloseure to make—our marriage must be postponed indefinitely.'

'Philip, for what reason?'

'To enable me to realize sufficient to support you in a becoming manner.'

But, Philip, I thought—'

'You thought me the heir of Theron Mortimer's wealth? So I was, Edith, a few hours since, but I have relinquished all claim to it now. When I accepted the bequest, it was under the impression that no living heir existed. I learned to-day that a cousin—a woman—is alive, in ignorance of her relationship. Of course, I shall immediately transfer all the property to her.'

'But Philip, the will has made it legally yours.'

'Legally, it is: could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and honor to avail myself of old Mortimer's fanciful freak, at this woman's expense. I might take the hoarded wealth, but I should never respect myself again, could I dream of legally defrauding the rightful heir. Nay, dearest, I may lose name and wealth, but I would rather die than su ffer a single stain on my honor as a Christain gentlemen.'

'You have done right, Philip,' said Edith, with sparkling eyes. 'We will wait and hope on, happy in loving one another more dearly than ever. But who is she? what is her name?'

'That's just what I didn't stop to inquire, I will write again to my lawyer to ask these questions and to direct that a deed of conveyance be instantly made out, and then—darling—'

His lips quivered a moment, yet he manfully completed the bitter sentence:

'Then I will begin the battle of life over

And Edith's loving eyes told him what she thought of his noble self-abnegation—A sweet testimonial!

'Hem!' said Dr Wyllis, polishing his eye glasses majesterially with a crimson silk pocket handkorchief: 'I didn't suppose the young fellow had so much stamina about him—an honorable thing to do. Edith, I have never felt exactly certain about Philip Acre's being worthy of you before—'

'Papa!'

'But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again?'

'This evening, sir,' faltered Edith, the violet eyes softly dropping.

'Tell him, Edith, that he may have you next Wednesday, just the same as ever!—and as for the law practiceing, why there's time for that afterwards. Child, don't strangle me with your kisses, keep them for Phil.'

He looked at his daughter with eyes that were strangely dim.

'Tried and not found wanting!' he muttered indistinctly.

The perfume of orange blossoms had died away, the glimmer of pearls and satin were nidden in the velvet caskets and traveling trunks—and Mr. and Mrs. Acre, old married people of a full week's duration, were driving along the shore of the Hudson in the amber glow of the glorious June sunset.

'Halao! which way is Thomas going?' said Philip leaning from the window, as the cariage turned out of the shore road.

'I told him the road to take, Phil,' said Edith, with bright sparkling eyes. 'Let me have my own way just for once. We are going to our new home.'

'Are we?' said Phil, with a comical grimace.

'Wait until you see, sir!' said Mrs. A., pursing up a little rose bud of a mouth.—And Philip "waited" patiently.

'Where are we?' he asked in astonishment when the carriage drove up in front of a stately built portico, which seemed not entirely unfamiliar to him. 'Surely this is Mortimer place.'

'I shouldn't be surprised if it was,' said Dr. Wyllis, emerging from the doorway.—'Walk in, my boy—come, Edith! Well, how do you like the looks of your new house?'

'Our new house?' repeated Philip. 'I do not understand you, sir.'

'Why, I mean that your little wife yonder is the sole surviving relative of Theron Mortimer, although she never knew of it until this morning. Her mother was old Mortimer's cousin, but some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two branches of the family. I was aware of the facts all along, but wasn't sorry to avail myself of the opportunity to see what kind of stuff you were made of, Phil Acre. And now as the deed of conveyance isn't made out yet, I don't suppose your lawyer will trouble himself about it.—The heiress won't duarrel with you, I'll be bound.'

Philip Acre's cheeks flushd, and then grew pale with strong, hidden emotion, as he looked at his fair wife, standing beside him, the sunset turning her bright hair to coils of shining gold, and thought how unerring the hand of Providence had straightened out the tangled web of his destiny.

Out of darkness had come light.

Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

That truth is stranger than fiction, is asserted by the Memphis *Avalanche*, which cites the following: Ten years ago, Mr. —— was married to Miss ——. For a time all went well with the happy pair, but whether prompted by incompatibility of temper or through the meddlesome interference of relatives or friends, "ye chronicler" knoweth not, only that the demon of discord breathed upon their young love, and it withered as a flower 'neath Winter's chilling breath. And to make a long story short they separated. Shortly after the separation, a little daughter was, born and then a divorce obtained—by which party obtained, it matters not. For nine years—long weary years they lived apart:—never seeing, never hearing from or speaking of each other—and yet both remaining true to love's first bright dream. The little girl grew up and was taught to believe that her father was dead. She had never seen him, or been seen by him. Ah, who shall say how often during those long, dreary years that the father's heart yearned for the sight of his child, and pined to hear the music of her voice.

And the mother—the wife that was—was she happy? Who shall tell? Well, on the day before yesterday the lady, accompanied by her little daughter, walked into a business house, in this city, and met him who was once her husband and the father of the child, coming out. They stood face to face for the first time since their separation—nine years ago. Both stopped and gazed fixedly into each other's face. The father then turned his eyes to the child, and stooping down suddenly, caught her in his arms—pressed her passionately to his bosom—rained a shower of kisses upon her face; then placing her on the floor, he gave one glance at the mother and turned to go. Hearing his name called in a low tone, he turned! They were left alone for a few moments by the considerate kindness of the parties present. Then a hack was called, and in thirty minutes from their first meeting they were married.

A youth, with a turn for figures, had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether.

Soliloquy of a Loafer.

Let's see, where am I? This is—coal I'm lying on. Was coming up street—met a wheelbarrow—was drunk, comin tother way—the wheelbarrow fell over me, or I over the wheelbarrow, and one of us fell into the cellar—don't know which now—guess it must ha' been me. I'm a nice young man; yes I am—tight! tore! drunk! Well, I can't help it—'taint my fault—wonder whose fault 'tis? Is it Jones' fault?—No. Is it my wife's fault? Well it ain't.—Is it the wheelbarrow's fault? No. It's whisky's fault. Who is whisky? Has he a large family? All poor I reckon. I think I won't own him any more. I'll cut his acquaintance. I've had that notion for about ten years, and always hate to do it for fear of hurting his feelings, I'll do it now. I think liquor is injurin' me—it's spoiling my temper.

Sometimes I get mad when I'm drunk and abuse Bets and the boys; it used to be Lizzie and the children—that's some time ago. I'd come home o' evenin's an' she put her arms around my neck an' kiss me, an' call me her dear William. When I come home now, she takes the pipe out of her mouth an' the hair out of her eyes, an' says somethin' like:—'Bill, you drunken brute, shut the door after you; we're cold enough, havin' no fire, 'thout letting the snow blow in that way.'' Yes, she's Bets, and I'm Bill, now. I ain't a good Bill, nuther—won't pass—a tavern without goin' in an' getting drunk. Don't know what bank I'm on. Last Saturday I was on the river bank—drunk.

I stay out pretty late; no, sometimes I'm out all night; fact is, I'm out pretty much all over—out of friends, out of pocket, out at the elbows and knees, and always outrageously dirty—so Bets says, but then she's no judge, for she's never clean herself. I wonder why she doesn't wear good clothes, may be she hasn't got e'm; whose fault's that?—isn't mine—must be whisky's.

Sometimes I'm in, however; I'm intoxicated now; and in somebody's coal cellar. There's one principle I have got—I won't get in debt, I never could do it. There, one of my coat tails is gone, got tore off, I expect, when I fell in here. I'll have to get a new suit soon. A fellow told me 'tother day that I'd make a good sign for a paper mill. If he wasn't so big I'd kick him.

I've had this shirt on for nine days, and I'm efarid it won't come off without tearin. People ought to respect me more'n they do, for I'm in holey orders. I hain't a dandy, through my clothes are pretty near Greasian style. I guess I tore this window shutter in my pants t'other night, when I sat down on the wax in Ben Rugg's shop. I'll have to get it mended, or I'll catch cold. I ain't very stout. As the boys say, I'm fat as a match and healthy as the small pox.—My best hat is standing guard for a window pane that went out t'other morning at the invitation of brick-bat. It's getting cold down here—wonder if I ain't able to climb. If I had a drink I could think. Let's see; I ain't got three cents, if I was in a tavern I could sponge one. Whenever anybody treats and says 'come fellers,' I always think my name's 'fellers,' and I've got too good manners to refuse. Well, I must leave this or they'll arrest me for an attempt at burglary. I ain't come to that yet. Anyhow, it was the wheelbarrow that did the harm—not me.

A Shrewd Pickpocket.

A celebrated pickpocket, who was lately sent to the State Prison for misdeeds, being noted for his marvelous adroitness in pocket lifting, was requested to reveal the secret of his success, when the following among other disclosures were made. We publish them as likely to be useful to those who will take the hint: "I never," said the pickpocket, "attempt to pick the pocket of an old resident of the city, but uniformly strangers and countrymen." But on being asked how to distinguish them, replied, "verily easily," and gave the following list of persons who were regular victims of the craft. "Persons in an omnibus who take out their pocket-books after the stage starts, are sure to be countrymen. Those who stop to converse on the side walks or thoroughfares, or take out pocketbooks at the box or pit offices, in the theaters or steamboat offices. All those who stop to gaze at shop windows, or count money, or show pocketbooks in the street, or call at the Funk auction rooms.—All these are our common victims. If I find a man eating oysters or fruit, in nine cases out of ten he is green, and we victimize him. Persons who stand up in a theater, or stand on crosswalks are generally country folks and we make sure of them."

The shrewdness of these observations of the pickpocket must be obvious to all city people, and accounts for the remarkable fact that city residents seldom suffer by the operations of these light-fingered gentry.

One of the stores in Corning recently opened late one morning, when a wag posted the following notice on the door:—"Not dead but sleeping." The remedy was effectual.

The Great Eastern will make another trip next June to lay a new cable and raise the broken end of the old.

Secretary Stanton and Judge Holt have both declined to deliver the eulogy on President Lincoln.

Two women were frozen to death last week in New York.

A Human Mole.

A horse-stealer, named Hiram Carpenter, recently escaped from the Orleans county jail, at Albion, New York, but was retaken. He has given the following account of his escape underground.'

"I should never have thought about trying to get out, but I heard that my woman was sick, and I got it into my head she was going to die. I wanted to see her, and I asked them to take me to her house. I was willing to go there in hand-cuffs and shackles, and a child might have taken me, for I wouldn't have offered to get away. But they kept putting me off, and I made up my mind I would get out and see her or die in trying. So I went at it.

"I raised up the pump box and found there was a hole in the flaging large enough to pass through. I laid down on my face on the floor and backed into the hole feet first. I found the well plastered near the top, so hanging on with my hands I let myself down as far as I could and dropped. I found bottom at about twenty feet, landing in mud and water two feet deep. After recovering from the shock of the fall I took off my boots, tied them around my neck with my handkerchief, and clambered up within ten or twelve feet of the top. The only tool I had was a piece of iron about six inches long and half or three quarters of an inch square. With this I went to work, and after some labor dislodged a stone from the wall. In a very short time I was at work in the dirt. I supposed the foundations of the jail went down about eight feet, and I calculated to begin down low enough to come up slanting under them. I had nothing to eat or drink, and had nearly died for lack of air. I worked steadily all the time I was in there, and hard work it was too.—I worked lying on my face, with the iron in my hand above me, scraping the dirt until the weight on my head was all that I could bear, when I backed down and pushed it behind me into the stone filling around the wall. When I got near the surface I found it hard digging. The ground had been filled in, it was full of stones and frozen hard.—The hole at the surface was so small that I took off my clothing to get through it.

I finally got out into the air, about 10 o'clock Wednesday night, having tunnelled about twelve feet, and worked at it thirty-two hours of the hardest work I ever did—On reaching the street I managed to walk, but you would thought I was drunk if you had seen me; I staggered so that the sidewalk wasn't wide enough for me."

CHURCH ETIQUETTE.—It is fashionable with some people to go late to church, long after the services have begun, to the edification of the curious in the congregation, and the annoyance of the minister. A cotemporary says it has lately been decided, on high authority, that the following rules are observed.

"Let the lady advance one pace beyond the door of the pew she wishes to enter, halt about face, and salute. The pew must then be vacated by such gentlemen as are in it, by a flank movement. The squad should rise simultaneously when the lady presents herself, and face by right flank then deploy into the aisle, the head man facing the lady and the rest walking to his side, right and rear, the direction of the line being changed by a right counter-march, and forming again into line, up and down the aisle, still faced by the right flank. The lady, when she sees that the coast is clear, completes her salute, and advances to her position in the pew. The gentlemen break off by files from the rear and resume their places. Great care should be taken, of course, by other parties, not to enter the aisle when this evolution is in progress, until it is completed."

JANE SWISSHELM has started a paper in Washington, and, in her second number, thus speaks in an editorial about discourteous people:

"If our pen were a pin we would stick it into the trousers of those people who seem to have taken out a license to be ugly. They are of a class by themselves in the matter of territory. They are so abominably crossgrained that you cannot approach them without riling them, or deal with them without being insulted by them."

If Jane's pen were a pin, and she should stick it into everybody who is ill-tempered she would not always put it through "trousers." Occasionally Jane's pin would, if impartial, pass through skirts and other concerns not the property of the stronger sex.

In any case the masculine sex have more charity than this termagrant editress. She would like to stick a pin into the trousers of some of the opposite sex. We do not think there are any of the latter who, in her case, would be willing to reciprocate the operation.—*Chicago Times.*

"How do you Like it?"

This is a pleasant game for the fireside and may be played by any number of persons. One is sent from the room, and the remainder of the company select some word. The absent one is then called in and proceeds to discover the word by asking of each person these three questions: "How do you like it?" "When do you like it?" "Where will you put it?" The word chosen is usually one having two or more meanings, so that the answers may be made as puzzling as possible. Suppose the word to be "Butt," which may mean a hinge, a cask, or a stroke with the head. The questioner asks, how do you like it? "To turn easy," replies one, "very large" answers another, "not at all," answers a third, etc. When the questioner discovers the word, the person whose answer reveals it, leaves the room, and becomes questioner, and thus the game continues.