

For the Columbian, CHILDHOOD'S DREAMS. BY LENA. LONG-FADED visions of my childhood's years.

JEAN RATHBURNE'S LIFE.

A SPRING long and cold, a short and fervid Summer, an Autumn bearing scant fruit—that was Jean Rathburne's life. And now she is dead, and the long wild grasses are tangled above her grave by vagrant winds which wanton through them.

thing—in which Jack Brevoort found her. He did not love Jean Rathburne—you are not to suppose that for a moment. At her brightest and best she would never have been his style; besides, a little blue-eyed girl, at home in his mother's nursery, a poor cousin, held so much heart as he had, and was more to him than any one else ever would be.

COUNTRY BOARD.

ALL the long Winter of 1865-6 rumors of the approach of that dire pestilence, the cholera, had agitated the public mind. It was expected here at the opening of the Spring, and people prepared themselves for the dreadful visitation.

AN ECLOGUE OF COLUMBUS.

WHEN this celebrated navigator was crossing the Atlantic, after his first discovery of America, he encountered a dreadful storm. No prospect of deliverance appearing, the sailors abandoned themselves to despair, expecting every moment to be swallowed up.

AN OBLIGING DISPOSITION.

IT is several years since the following capital story made its last circuit on the papers, and we start it once more on its travels. It will find some new readers and many old ones who will enjoy it.

NOT DEEP ENOUGH FOR PRAYER.

A GOOD story is told of two raftsmen, who were caught in the late big blow on the Mississippi, at which so many crafts were swamped and so many steamboats lost their sky riggings.

A BOY STRUCK BLIND FOR BLASPHEMY.

THE vengeance of the Almighty was visited on a youth named Richards, recently, in the most awful and sudden manner. It appears that the lad, who is thirteen years of age, and the son of parents in very humble circumstances, was playing in the street with four or five other lads about his own age at "cat and dog."