VOLUME 12.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 3, 1860.

NUMBER 39.

STAR OF THE NORTH PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY WM. H. JAOBY. Office on Mian St., 3d Square below Market,

TERMS :- Two Dollars per annum if paid within six months from the time of subscribing: two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months; no discontinnances permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor. The terms of advertising will be as follows : One square, twelve lines, three times, \$1 00 Every subsequent insertion, 25 One square, three months, 3 00 One year, 8 00

A DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN SONG.

Air-"Auld Lang Syne." Come, rally round the nation's flag, And catch the nation's song, Ring forth our party bartle cry, In chorus loud and iong, "For Breckinridge and Lane, my boys! O'er valley, hill, and plain, The cry now echoes through the land, "For Breckinridge and Lane!"

We fight, 'tis true a mighty host, A host of every hue ; But truth and right will nerve us on, And bear us bravely through, For Breckinridge and Lane, my boys, In forum and in field, Have met and vanquished better foes-To these they'll never yield

O'er Brena Vista's blood stained soil-O'er Mexico's domain, [bed, Fume spreads her scroll; there high inscri-Stand Breckinridge and Lane. Brave Breckinridge and Lane my boys, Who led, 'mid shot and shell, And gallantly won victory, Ouce more will lead us well.

Our flag floats proudly on the breeze, Its motto waves on high-By these we live or die." Bave Breckinridge and Lane, my boys, Will yield that banner never. Their stalwart arms will bear it up Till hand and heart shall sever.

The rallying cry is heard afar; New England's granite hills-The air with clorus fills. "For Breckinnidge and Lane," my boys, Let speech and song now ring ; Democracy's two noble sons Great victory will bring.

For which they fought and died-With those denying 'equal rights,'
We cannot be allied. Though party faction we deplore, No brother love we feel For those who trample on the bond Our fathers' blood did seal.

With traitors to our fathers' cause-

Then shout for Breckinridge and Lane-Come, join the rallying cry, "The Constitution—Equal rights!" By these we live or die. No North'n prayers o'er South'rn wrongs,

No sectional distrust -We'll drive all discord to the winds-Make traitors bite the dust. Hark! hear the Eagle, as he sweeps

Through vonder azure sky, Sream out in tones of victory, Our glorious battle cry-"For Breckinridge and Lane," my boys ! And hill and dale again Catch up the echo and repeat-For Breckinridge and Lane !"

FIVE MINUTES' WORK.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

"Here, Lizzie, I wish you would put a few stitches into my coat; it's getting too

"It is so, Frank ; but I really think you had better take it to the tailor."

"Take it to the tailor! By George but that's a hoge idea. Why, there's not five minutes' work to be done, and the tailor would charge a dollar."

"I suppose he would; but I don't see how I can do it to day. Walter is frettul, and you know he kept me awake all night." "Little imp! it does seem to me there never was so cross a young one"

"Oh, no. Frank, he's not cross; he's "Always some excuse. We'll you must

mend my coat anyhow." "I'll try and find time." "Try ! just let him squall ; ', will do him

good-strengthen his lungs." "Then you know, it's ironing day."

"Well, how many more excuses? I'll put it or rips and all, if you're to make auch a fuss."

"Oh, no, Frank : I did not mean to make a fuse ; but it's a long job, and one I am not much used to; and, with my dinner to get, and baby, and ironing. I do not see. set, how I can get it done. But I'll do my

Such was the conversation that passed between a young husband and wife of eighteen months' standing.

Frank Burton was what the world calls a real driver. He made anything that went nd withal, so honest and opright in

cream saloons, balls, operas, &c. By George !" he exclaimed, as he east up exaction with unmoved indifference.

So he applied to Lizzie Forsyth, the best | (which she actually did.) she bathed her to help him along in his good resolves, and sat down again to the coat. was soon in possession of that admirable

burden, 'to be supported,' a wile. work, washing and all, and being expert with her needle, now and then found time to make a dollar extra. Then as it was a brow. little lonesome for Frank, he brought home lurs a week. Still with all this, he would now." tell his acquaintances how much less it cost him to live. Now he supported a wife, he never seemed, for a moment to realize that she it was who was saving all these expenses, and that, if he had not earned a doilar, her busy hands would have paid the rent, and kept him from sta . answer.

So the matter stood, when he asked her to mend his coat. Lizzie drew a deep sigh after he was gone, and hurried her dishes away as fast as possible.

The coat was of broadcloth, and was his wedding garment; but it was so well nigh wearing out, broken under, the arms, the cord and lining in rags, and sleve linings broke loose, buttons worn off in fine, there was nearly, if not quite, a steady day's work. She sat down to the coat with a hearty good will, determined to do her best. Her needle flew, but every moment it had to be lain down, to see to the dinner or hush the baby. The hours were away, and though she did all she could, the job was still quite unfinished at sundown.

Walter cried quite incessantly. looked pale, and his eyes were dim. She remembered Frank's words, 'Let squall, and did let him cry a half an hour or more. Oh how it wearied her to hear her darling cry for its mother. The tears swam in her eyes, as she thought of preciation of her labor's. She knew she

was making the old coat look almost as well as new. But he could never think of first care, and the last thing that should unthe soil she put upon it. 'And what if he der any circumstance, be set aside.' don't?' she mentally ejaculated ; 'I shall in my own spirit know all I have done, and a job.' that is enough.'-Still she was longing, longing with sickening heart, to have her labor recognized, to hear him now and then speak as if her work was of some avail. There is of what work I had best do, and shall not no more than five minutes' work, and the expect to be threatened nor hear myself cept my face was changed very much, and tailor would charge me a dollar,' kept ring-

ing in her ears. But Lizzie was strong hearted, as well as loving and dutiful. So she shook of her discontent and putting on a smile, took up the baby, and sung her prettiest lullaby, carried him round, with his little head on her shoulder, while she filled the tea-kettle, and set the table now and then setting him in his credle, and chirping to him, as she did those things that required both of her hands. Tous she worried through supper getting, and with much managing had all things ready by the time Frank came in

with his companions. 'My coat done, Lizzie?'

'No, not quite.'

'That's a woman for ye, boys. One half of them would let a husband go out at the elbows a week, before they would turn aside from any plans of theirs. All the ironing is completed, I'll be bound. Aint it so against me fazzie.'

Lizzie was taking her biscuit out of the weary features.

'Will you bring in a pitcher of water, please?' she said, pleasantly, not seeming times.' to have heard the question.

'There it is again; when I was a bach. I had nothing to do but hand my coat over to a tailor, pay him a dollar, and it was done sweet boy was nestling. in a jiffy, and no grumbling. No water to fetch when a fellow's tired either.

Lizzie was tired, sad and nervous; want of sleep and the exhaustion incident to nursing her beautiful boy, now so near sickthe hurrying to get time for the mending, not to speak of the disappointment in putting aside her own plans, thus throwing her baking and ironing into one day, for both must be done on the morrow, or the clothes would mildew, and the boarders do without bread all this was too much. Lizzie could not endure his badinage, though half playful, for she knew well, that if some

and kindest girl among his acquaintance, eyes and came o t, washed her dishes, and

Frank sat watching her flying fingers for an hour or two, and he laughed and talked Lizzie was a good, sensible girl, and was with his friends thinking to himself that evsoon tired of boarding. A snug house was ery turn would be the last. At nine o'clock father nor mother; so no soft bed awaited rented, and the work of supporting a wife she set the last stitch. New facings had began in earnest. The five rooms cost two been put in, and new pockets, the holes hundred dollars a year, and were prettily under the arms nearly patched and darned, furnished. Lizzie preferred to do her own new cuffs, new buttons, and new linings all round. As she finished she looked up with still a shade of sadness upon her

'There, Frank, I have mended your coat several clerks, as day boarders, at four dol- throughly. I guess it will last another year

'Quite a job, wasn't it?-took longer than

I thought,' said he deprecatingly. 'How much clear cash have you made to day, Frank?' asked Lizzie in an earnest

'What do you want to know for!' was hi

For my own satisfaction. Certainly should tell an interest in all your affairs?" Well. I think the shop has cleared twenty

'How much do you count your services 'Not less than five dollars a day,'

'How many hours do you labor?' 'Ten is the legal time now-a-days. don't generally work that many. But what

are all these questions for? Because Frank, we are husband and wil We expect to live the rest of our lives to gether, and if there is harmony in our mar riage relation, there must be justice and right. You call upon me daily to apprecia'e your labors, and remind me of the com fort and support you are giving me, and I

feel that I appreciate anything you do. You have earned five dollars to-day, and the shop has cleared twenty. Yet to save you one dollar, I have worked ten hours on your coat, and six in getting your breakfast, dinner and supper, and making your home pleasant and comfortable. To save you that dollar, I had to hurry all day, to put all work out of line and to really neglect our darling boy, who should be our

'I know you had not Frank, so I shall freely forgive you, but must insist that hereafter I must be allowed to be my own indee accused of being willing to do my duty."

Frank felt the force of the words, and sat you do not know me?

One thing more, Frank, I want to say, gan to fall, while I am about it. I don't want you to talk about supporting your wife. I will not to heaven !" be supported while I am able to support myself. I find on looking over my books, that the profits of my labor amout to five learned how to read ?" dollars a week, and the board of yourself myself, and the baby inside. Then I do all the worth of your day's work, while I must despitefully use and persecute you." labor with really weary limbs, and aching head and eyes, to save a dollar, in the men- of your Father which is above." ding of an old coat, which, when done, would not sell for the amount of your ten little bound boy, with a quivering lip.

No. Frank, not against you; I could not do that; but I am stating facts. One thing oven, and the young men did not see the more. I have been at work three hours deep flush of pain that flashed over her since supper while you have been entirely have been obliged to do half a dozen

Lizzie don't say another word, and I'll never do so again,' cried Frank, springing from his chair to jog the cradle where the

'You shall never mend another coat' 'Yes but I will,' answered Lizzie, advancing to the cradle. 'only don't tell me ten hours work can be done in five minutes, nor ask me to let the baby squall again,

She lifted Walter from the cradle. They stooped to kiss his fair, rosy cheek, but made a mistake and kissed each other, while Frank whispered:

'God bless you, Lizzie, I never thought of this before. I won't do it again.' Six years have gone by, and Frank has

kept his word.

such thoughts were not in his mind, they store. Twenty hands in a printing office would not have found their way to his Twenty young men in a village. All want to get along in the world, and all expect to She hastily set the biscuit upon the table do so. One of the clerks will rise to be but I never hear praying and singing now. and saying, simply 'supper is ready,' step- partner, and make a fortune. One of the sobbed the child. ped into the bedroom, and burst into tears. compositors will own a newspaper, and be--You may call her a fool if you will. I do come a prosperous and influential citizen. me, I am your father, your immortal father, not. You might as well ask the withered One of the apprentices will come to be a that poor, lame body is gone now, mingled through his hands inure to his own benefit leaves not to fall, when the autumn gale master builder. One of the villagers will with the dirt in the grave yard. As soon as -which she did. A few days after her de-Everybody liked him because he was so sweeps through them; as well ask the flow get a handsome fame and live like a patriers not to suffer the morning dews to exhale arch. But which is destined to be the lucky with the shining angels, hosts and hosts of all his dealings with his customers. He in surshine, as to ask a tender, loving sen- individual? Lucky! There is no luck a- them bore me up to heaven; and the King was well educated for a business man; silive wife to withhold her tears, when she bout it. The thing is almost as certain as of that glorious place clothed me in these lived in society; had made up his mind knows she is wronged. She may torgive, the Rule of Three. The young fellow who robes, white and stainless, and gave this previous to it.—Alta California. that he could support a wile, and, accord- she may look cheerful-an hour after, will distance his competitors is he who tall, beautiful body, which shall never feel ing to his reckoning, save something to bright as the sky when the cloud has passed masters his business, who preserves his corruption. And this was the reason, dear boot. Yes, to be sure he could. There _but she must feel; and it is only when integrity, who lives clearly and purely, little orphan, because I loved Him, and my were six dollars a week for board, one dol- her beautiful nature is destroyed; when as who never gets into debt, who gains delight was in praying to Him and talking lor a dozen for washing. and then quarters is often the case, the very traits of a charac- triends by deserving them, and puts his about Him; and although I was very poor and dimes innumerable for taking his lady ter which wen a husband's love in the be- money into a saving bank. There are I tried to be honest, and many times went acquaintances to ride, to the theatre, to ice ginning are obliterated; when love turns some ways to fortune that look shorter than hungry rather than do wrong. And you to hate, that she can bear from slight or this the old dusty highway. But the never lorget to say your little prayers that I staunch men of the community, the men taught you-if you will keep God's holy his yearly account, 'that's huge It's enough Lizzies tears did not flow long; her heart who achieve something really worth havto break a fellow. A thousand a year I It gained its natural relief, and after preten- ing good fortune, good name, and a serene you shall soon be with me is my

The Orphan Boy's Dream.

A little fair haired child laid its pale cheek against a pillow of straw.

It had toiled up three pairs of narrow, dark stairs to go in its miserable garret, for it was a little 'bound' boy, that had neither its tired limbs, but a miserable pallet with one thin coverlid.

It had neither lamp nor candle to lighten the room, if such it might be called : still that was not so bad, for the beautiful round mood smiled in upon the poor bound boy. and almost kissed his forehead as his sad eyes closed dreamily.

But after awhile, as he lay there, what a wonderous change came over the place -A great light shone down, the huge black rafters turned to solid gold, and these seemed all studded with tiny, precious stones .-The broken floor, too, was encrusted with shining crystals, and the child raised himself upon his elbow, and gazed with a half fearing, half delighted look upon the glorious spectacle.

One spot on the wall seemed too bright for his vision to endure, but presently, as if emerging from it came a soft white figure. that stood by the poor bound boy's bedside.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened, and his heart beat quickly, but he found breath to murmur-

"Tell me, who are you ?"

"Look up, be not afraid." said a swee vice that sounded like the harps of Heav en : "look up darling-I am your brother Willie, sent down from the angels to speak with you, and tell you to bear all your sor row patiently, for you will soon be with u-."

"What, you my brother Willie? Oh, no. no, that canno: be. My brother Willie was very pale, and his clothes were patched and torn; and there was a lump on his back. and he used to go into the muddy streets and pick up bits of wood and chips. Bu your face is quite handsome, and your clothing is preitier than I ever saw before: and there is no ugly hump on your back .-Besides, my brother Willie is dead, long

brother; my body with the ugly lump is God" dead and turned to ashes; but just as that 'I had no idea, Lizzie, it would be such died, I went up to the great heavens and trials; and, if that is a consolation, know saw sights that I cannot tell you about now. they were very beautiful. But God, who is your Father, and the holy one of eternity, gave me these bright gurments that never got soiled, and I was so happy that all ex-I grew tall and straight; so it is no wonder chilled him, he looked eagerly around-

And no the little bound child's tears be

"You can go," rep'ied the angel, with a smile of ineffable sweetness; 'you have get it.

"Yes a little." your extra work and my own. All this sa- very reverently-for it is God's most holy ving has gone into your capital to be inves- book-these words of the Lord Jesus : "But ted, and to help make your twenty dollars I say unto you, love your enemies; bless

"Even if they beat me !" murmured the

A ray of light flashed across the angel's 'You are making out a pretty strong case face as he replied, "the more you forgive,

the nearer you will be to Heaven " In another moment the vision had gone but still the moon was all blazing with un-

As the little boy fell back upon his pilidle, not even rocking the cradle, which I low, his wan face reflected the angel's smile, and he thought, "I will forgive them, even though they should beat me."

Suddenly a more musical voice than the former fell upon his ear. This time he was not alraid, but sitting up in his miserable couch, he saw a figure that seemed to lift itself to the wall; a ray of intense brightness outlined all its form; its eyes blazed, vet there was a mild beauty in them every time the looked into his own.

"Little one, I am your father," said the form, in melting accents.

"I don't think you can be my father whispered the boy timidly. "My father used to look very old indeed; and got hurt and wore a crutch; there were wrinkles on his face, and all over his forehead and his hair was short and white; not long like yours. And my father used to stoop over. THE SIMPLE SECRET. Twenty clerks in a and wear a little black apron, and put patches on shoes in a little dark room." And what else 1"

"He used to pray and sing very sweetly

"Don't cry, dear little boy, but listen to

One more the child was left alone, but still the rafters were golden, the walls pearly, the old floor studded with brilliants, and

the same soft, mysterious light over all. A strain of holy music fell faintly upon his enraptured senses; it grew louder and came nearer to the head of his little bed -And then a voice-oh, far sweeter than either of the others-sang :

"My child, my little earth child, look up-

on me, I am thy mother." In a moment what emotions swelled the bosom of the lonely boy. He thought of her cherished tenderness to him long years ago, of her soft arms round his neck, her gentle lips pressing his forehead-then came up the cruelties of the stranger, who, after she had been put away in the deep ground, treated him harshly.

He turned towards her; oh, what a glorious being : her eyes were like stars; her hair like the most precious gold; but there was that in her face that none other might so truly know. He had doubted-if the first risen was his brother, if the second was his father but not once did he doubt this beau tiful being was his own dear mother. A little he kept down his strong feeling; but the thought of the pas; and the present

overpowered him. "O, mother, mother," he cried, stretching forth his hands, "let me come to you. let me come; there is nobody in this world like ; ou; no one kisses me now, no one loves me; oh, mother, mother, let me come :" and the hot tears rained down his

"My orphan child," she said, in tones that thrilled him to the heart, "you cannot come to me now, but listen to me. I am very often near you when you know it not Every day I am by your side; and when you come to this lonely room to weep, my wings encircled you I behold you suffer but I know that God will not give you more sorrow than you can bear. When you resist the evil. I whisper calm and tender thoughts unto your soul; but when you give way to anger, when you cherish a "I am your brother Willie, you immortal from you, and displease the great and holy

"Be good, be happy even amidst all your

Oh! mother, mother, mother," murmur- come home missing. edithe boy, springing from his bed, and striving to leap towards her. The keen air there was no light, solemn stillness reigned the radiance, the rafters of gold, the silver beams, the music, the angels, all are gone. "Oh !" he exclaimed, "If I, too, could go And then he knew he had been dreaming; but ch! what a dream-how stregthening, how cheering : never, never would he for-

The next morning when he went down to injury. The negro who was perfectly cool his scant breakfast, the was a beautiful se- during the operation, exclaimed : Struck "Well, to-morrow get your Bible and find renity upon his face, such a sweet gladuess away white man-dischile don't mind dem in his eyes, that all who looked upon him forebore to taunt or chide him.

He told his dream; and the hard hearts a day. Out of this comes the five dollars- them that hate you, and pray for them that that listened were softened; and the mother who held her own babe was so choked Do all these, and you shall be the child with her tears that she could not eat; and the lather said inwardly that henceforth he would be kind to the poor little orphan boy, and so he was. The child found his way into their affections; he was so meek, so prayerful, so good; and at the end of a twelvemonth, when the angels did, in very deed, take him to heaven, the whole family that he was in the bright heavens with his were progressing, when he replied : brother, his father, and his dear angel

A GHOST - Several weeks ago, a married lady, residing in the Sandwich Islands, came to this city for health, and boarded at house in California street, woke in the night and distinctly saw a phantom of her hasband, which she supposed to be her living husband, and in that supposition, called to her son, a boy of twelve years of age, say. in his life, he discovered that he was more from the Secretary of War.' I had a strict ing - Henry, here's your father!'

She got up and advanced toward the figare which disappeared. It disturbed her mild reply. very much; notwithstanding the fact that she had left her husband in vigorous health at Honolulu a few weeks before, she leared greaty that the vision indicated his death or some dire calamity.

When she went down to breakfast in the morning, a gentleman, boarding in the same house, noticed marks of weeping and endeavored to get her in good humor. She me go through the motions. told him the cause of her uneasiness, and he attempted to remove the unhappy impression from her mind, but failed.

The impression continued in her mind that her husband was dead, and she concluded to return to her home on the first boat with news that her husband had died. His death, however, did not take place on the day when she saw the vision, but a week there be left?"

"Where are you going ?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock.

"I am going to Heaven, my son : I have been on my way there for eighteen years." "Well, good bye old fellow if you have been traveling towards Heaven eighteen

THE LAST LINE OF TYPE.

'Tis the last line of matter, Lett standing alone, All the rest of the column, Lies down by the stone, No typo will own it, No Foreman is high, To talk to one kindly,

Who mourns over pi

I'll not cause thee, vast ruin, But sadly deplore-Twas the work of the "devil? Who 'scaped through the door; Now cruelty teach me, Some exquisite way Of maybem and torture The "Devil to pay."

Thus, thus it is always-Some d-nable trick, From that imp of destruction, Meets galley and stick. When forms are corrected. More errors have grown, And now I'm determined

To let 'em a'one!

Guide to happiness-a young lady's

Some people's highest idea of contentment is to sit in the house and see others time, finally giving up that they were lost. stick in the mud.

As Irishman tells of a fight in which out," and all kneeling down with hands upthere was only one nose left in the crowd, litted, they prayed for deliverance .- They and that belonged to the tay-kettle.

first for life itself, and then for making it commenced calling aloud the names of the A South Carolina Fourth of July toast :-Woman-to her virtues, we give our love ;

hoops, give-way.

steal rotten acorns from a blind hog. A young girl once committed suicide be the night, knowing that she could not find cause her mother refused her a new bonnet. the way out herself -She knew the night

'Shon,' said a Duichman, 'you may say her pocket with wintergreens to pacify what you please 'bout bad neighbors, I had that the immortal mother often communes de vorst neighbors as never was. Mine calling upon the different members of the with thy soul. And further, thou shalt pigs and mine hens come home mit dere family. When found, the two youngest ears split, and todder day two of them were sleeping, and the eldest not vet ten

> A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, and a thatched roof, andllove-there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or suny. It is the heart that makes the home whether the eye rests upon a potato patch or a flower garden. Is Cincinnati an Irishman became angry at a negro and broke six or seven bricks up

pebbles no how! yah! yah! A HINT FOR LEARNED PREACHERS -A learned divine was in the habit of preaching so as to be rather beyond the compre-

hension of village hearers. The squire of

on his head without doing him the least

the parish met him one day, and asked him what the duty of a shepherd was? 'To feed his flock, of course." 'Ought he, then,' asked the squire, place the hay so high that the sheep cant reach

SENTIMENTAL -Our "Devil" went out to scene. Washington walked the floor for wept around the little coffin, as if he were see his "sweetheart" the other night, and one of their own. But they they all telt on his return we asked him how matters

> I clasped her tiny hand in mine : Embraced her slender form ; I vowed to shield her from the wind And from the world's cold storm. She sat her beauteous eyes on me; The pearly tears did flow, And with her little lips she said-

'Wife, bring me some cold beef,' said a shiftless husband, when for the first time hungry than thirsty.

'Dod blast'you kiss me before youro.'

.There is no beet in the house,' was the 'Fetch me some pork, then.'

'No pork, either.'

'Well, then, let me have some potatoes, 'Not a potatoe left.' Thunder and lightning! get me some

'The bread's all gone Well give me a knife and fork, and let try? The blood of the slain is upon him,

A COMMITTEE MAN IN SCHOOL .- A subcommittee of a school board, not a thousand miles from the city of Lynn, awere examining a class in a primary school. One of the committee undertook to sharpen up their wits by propounding the following question: "IffI had a mince pie and should give two twelfiles to John, two-twelfiles to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, sand should keep half of the pie for myself, what would

There was a profound study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to an-

"Well, sir, what would there be left? Speak up loud so that all can hear," said to notice the change which has been wrought on every thing around us in the

The committee man turned red in the years and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, face, while the other member roared aloud. rising all the week indicating that

Leautiful Instance of Faith. We have seldom met with anything so

touching as the incident recorded below. It is so strikingly illustrative of the nature of faith, a simple childlike trust in God as an ever ready helper in the time of need. and it exhibits so beautifully the nature of real prayer, a calling upon God for help, with the perfect assurance that he bears and will answer with relief, that we can not refrain from commending it to our read ers, old and young, as a lesson as well as a touching incident. The Horne'sville Jour. nal states that three young children of Mr. and Mrs. J B. Hawley, of that place, went into the woods on Saturday to pick berries without the knowledge of their parents, and wandered till they were lost. Not returning before evening, the anxious parents in company with nearly one hundred others, started for the woods, and at length succeeded in finding them. It seems that after having picked enough berries, they thought it time to return home; but on turning about for that purpose, they could not find the road or any way out of the woods. They sat down on a log a long Mary, the eldest, said to the others: "Let us pray to God to help us to find our way then took a new start, and soon found whordeberries plenty, with which ther Next to God, we are indebted to woman, satisfied their hunger. The little ones now family. Carrie, the voungest, calling repeatedly for milk, and complaining of fatigue, sat down to rest. Ida, the second, was tired and sleepy, and would rather her beauty, our admiration; and to her stay there than try any longer to get out. Mary then stripped bark from a dead tree, laid it on the ground for a pillow, covering NEVER refuse to pay the printer when it with leaves, and laid the two youngest you have read his paper for a year or more. down, and it was getting dark, and she A man who does this, is mean enough to again knelt down to pray for deliverance, and that God would take care of them. She had made up her mind to stay there would be long and the little ones might wake before morning hungry, so she filled them-every few minutes during the time years of age, was upon her knees praying.

Washington in a Storm.

From all accounts when General Washngton was in a passion, it was a grand one, with just that sort of intensity that gives us an idea of suppressed power of a strength we do not quite see.

In the volume recently prepared by the executors of Richard Rush, entitled 'Occasional Productions,' we find an anecdote illustrating this. When in 1791, the officer arrived with dispatches announcing the deleat of St. Clair, Washington was at dinner. His Secretary, therefore, left the table to receive them; but the messenger said his astructions were to deliver them to Gen. Washington in person. The Secretary returned, and Washington left the table to see the officer. On coming back, he made an apology for his absence, but said nothing of the business, and maintaind his usual affability during the whole evening. At ten o'clock the company had all gone, and Mrs. Washington retired, leaving only the General and his Secretary, who described the some minutes, and then sat down. But it was plain that he had been suppressing a strong emotion. Suddenly hel'broke out: 'lt's all over-St. Clair's defeated-romed -the officers nearly all killed, the men by wholesale-the rout complete-too shocking to think of-and a surprise into the bargain !' He offered this with great vehemence, paused, got up and walked the room, then directly stopped short and broke out: 'Yes, here on this very spot I took leave of him; I wished him success and honor; 'you have your justructions,' I said. eve to them, and will add but one wordbeware of a surprise. I repeat it-beware of a surprise-you know how the Indians fight us. He went off with that as my last sol. emn warning thrown into his ears. And vet to suffer that army to be cut to pieces. hacked, butched tomahawked, by a surprise-the very thing I guarded him against! O. God, O. God, he's worse than a murderer? How can he answer for it to his conn-

curse of Heaven. While making these exclamations his frame shook, and be tossed his hands wildly. The tempast passed, and Washington, seating himself, said in a calm voice, this must not go beyond this room,' Another and a longer pause and he said in a lower tone. 'General St. Clair shall have justice-I will hear him without displeasure-he shall have

the curse of the widows and orphans, the

THE DROUTH IN TEXAS ENDED - RAIN -It has rained nearly every day during the last two weeks past. Our dry and thirsty land has become a pool. The face of the country, which a few weeks ago presented the appearance of an arid desert, now wears the garb of spring .- It is surprising brief space of two weeks. All pature "The plate!" shouted the hopeful fel- smiles, and the down cast faces of men be gin to brighten and glow in sympathy with our resuscitated and gladdened mother