VOLUME 12.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 28, 1860.

STAR OF THE NORTH PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY WM. H. JACOBY,

Office on Main St., 3rd 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 discontinuances permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor

The terms of advertising will be as follows : Every subsequent insertion, 25 One square, three months, 3 00

BE EARNEST.

Be earnest in thy calling, Whatever it may be; Time's sands are eversalling. And will not wait for thee

With zeal and viger labor, And thou will surely rise; Oh, suffer not thy neighbor To bear away the prize!

But form thy purpose gravely-Then quickly push along, And prosecute it bravely, With resolution strong.

Thou wilt not be defeated, Buspressing firmly on.
Find all at length completed-Thine object fully won!

Be earnest in devotion, Old age is drawing near : A bubble ou Time's ocean, Thou soon wil disappear !

In practice, and in spirit, Here wor-hip thou the Lord, And thou shall then inherit A rich and sare reward

LIFE FOR LIFE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Father, is there no hope for him !

These words were spoken by a pale tear ful girl, of great beauty, in the middle partion of the Revolution which gave freedom pilot, had already fired another gun. a home on our beloved soil. During that period when cruelty was but too prevalent can bern, if possible, were more relentless

dle age, turned a glance out of the window the commander. towards Long Island Sound, the green waters of which could be seen sparkling be- patiently. yand a grave that fronted his dwelling near Hurl Gate He turned to this to hide from her his emotions, for she was his only child, take us through Hurl Gate 1" and he feared that her young heart would break when he should tell her all the sad news that now lay heavily on his heart.

"Speak, father, tell me, is there no hope ! will plead for the life of him whom I love this? only as woman can love," she continued.

"Alas! my child, mercy is dead in the long to pity! I have risked much by plead. Clinton knows me, sir." ing for him, but for your sake would almost ! the willing to die in Nathan's place."

"Cruel, cruel fate! When is he to die? There must be some hope for his rescue -He was a favorite of Washington and he is at White Plains; I will go to him."

"Alan! my chi'd," said the father, "you must nerve yourself for the news. It is already too late."

"Dead ! dead !" shrieked the poor girl "Oh father, say not so !"

hung at sunrise, and was refused even a bow, you would go on the rocks sure." Bible to look at ere he was summoned before his Maker."

For a moment the poor girl stood silent not a tear came from her eyes, but a wild light illuminated them. A flash bright as fire itself gathered over both face and brow -she clenched her fair hands together until the nails seemed to enter the flesh, and ed over the sides, as if watching for the in a cold, bitter tone, she shrieked-

"Life for life! I shall be avenged! yes,

deeply revenged."

"Father, I am calm, very calm! Calm lost the only loved one besides her father simpet as he! And I swear he shall be on the earth, when Nathan Hall was hung well, and with his foot kicked a little dirt revenged if my own hands have to reach as a spy that morning. She was not thinkthe tyrant's heart who sealed his doom! I ing how many hearts would be broken by loved, ob, how I loved him !-- and were not her invended act, -- she was not thinking of our betrothed vows plighted? I will act as the mother in England who would soon a widow-as a widow of a soldier ought mourn for her dead. She was only think-

"My dear child, you will bring ruin upon and that dearly would his loss be avenged.

now? But I will not be rash. I will go to who sadly paced his room, believing she my room and pray, and think of him who was praying for patience to bear her loss.

with a rising storm, and the old trees, which sheet of green, even though the storm hovalready began to writhe beneath the force ering over them. of the rising gale, like some huge giant At last, after looking towards the home wrestling with some unforseen and myste- in which she was born-she knew it would rions power.

Meanwhile his daughter had gone up to the commander and said : her room, in one of the chearful gables of "The tide is slack, it changes sudden, the old fashioned house, and forgetting to and we had better fill away." pray in the mad tumult of her wronged The commander gave the necessary or east, was also gazing out upon the storm, ders to his lieutenant, and next moment

look over the tree tops and the seried ere this laid their oaken bones.

lossing with whirls the foam caps, white as the young pilot, that calm re-assurance had drifting snow, in the air—the breakers a home in every heart—so clear above the near Walton-on-Thames, say, one evening at an unbatural level. State charity is State abide the consequences, as you very tumbling up against the rocks, as if they gale his bugle like voice sounded as he at dusk, an old man and a voung woman. would hide their dangers from the bold gave the orders :

mariner's view. Suddenly the sound of a cannon was heard, and she looked upon the Sound she saw that a ship of war had hove to above and the "hog's back" had been passed-a the narrow gorge at the Gate. A signal for few hundred fathoms more, and they would a pilot was flying at the foretop, and the be safe. One square, twelve lines, three times, \$1 00 hated cross of St. George flew from the

spanger gaff With one wild cry of fierce delight, the fair girl bounded from the room.

"Lite for life! Nathan Hall shall be

What was her idea ! Within anothe room in the house was the clothing of a brother, who had long since been laid under the sod; and to this room she fled, and was soon arrayed in a suit of such clothing as the young men generally wear when they go on a boating expidition. Without the least hesitation she cut the long glossy tresses of her hair, and in a brief period she bore the appearance of any young man of eighteen, not more than her age. Having made these arrangements, with a ra pidity that only desperate resolve could cause, she instantly left the house, passing down the avenue before her father's face, he little thinking that the apparently spruce young waterman, who chose to breast such a storm, was the person of his accomplish ed daughter.

Hurrying down to the beat-house which fronted the avenue, she loosened one of those small, light skiffs, which still are the models of the pilot at Hurl Gate, hoisted a small sail, and in a few moments was out upon the last of the flood tides as freely and boldly as if she were in a stout ship instead vet. of so small and frail a boat. It was nothing for her to be upon the water, being rear ed close to it, and hundreds of times had demn one so noble, so brave, se young, to er in such a gale as that. Yet coolly she ous whirlpools and rocks, and beading to ward the frigate, which, impatient for a

Within le-s than twenty minutes from the time she started she had luffed along among both parties-when tories, Amer- side the man of war. Having caught the line thrown out to her and fastened the boat she mounted the vessel's side and stood The father, a noble looking man of mid- upon the quarter deck in the presence of

'Are you a pilot?' said the latter, im-

"I am sir." was the reply "Young for such business. Could you

"As well as my lather, who has been a pilot here these thirty years," was the re-

Why did he not come out instead of I will go myself, and kneeling to the syract sending a boy like you in blow as fresh as

"Because he is laid up with the rheamatism, sir; and then he knows I can pilot British General's breast-his heart is cal- you through as well as he can. Sir Henry

"Ah, does ?-well, that's all right. Can we bear away yet?"

"No-nor within an hour-till the tide

"That's bad; this gale keeps rising. Is there no ancorage hereabouts ?" "No sir, not within twenty miles, where

your ancorage would hold ! "Then we must go through." "Yes, sir, as soon as the old tide comes.

I would not risk it till then, for if the cur-"Alas! my child-I cannot. He was rent should catch you on either side of the

"That's true enough young man. Let me know the very earliest moment we can

"Aye, aye, sir."

And while the English commander turn. ed off to speak to one of his officers, the patriot camly went to the gang-way and lookchange tide.

But what was passing in her heart at

"Child dear child, be calm," said the There were between three and four hundred souls in that ill-fated vessel. She had ing that she would join him in spirit land, For her own life she cared not-not even "Not yours, father, but to me what is ruin did she think of that worshipping father,

Meantime, there were three or four hun She turned and left the room, while the dred hearts beating with gladuess that they wasn't up to the top of it in short order .--

be her last look-she turned and went to

her own heart. the turnult in the main topsail, which had been staid aback, and the vessel headed for the nar-From her elevated position she could row channel where a thousand crafts have

clouds; like a bauling best marshaled to As she approached the channel, and saw the charge; amid sulphurque flames and the black tocks, the whirling eddies, the

She could see the eddying of Horl Gate the danger. But so calm and fearless was

"Port-steady so-luff a point," &c. They were more than half trough. The tumbling breakers of the "punch bowel"

and the disguised girl cries :

"Port-port-hard !" The helmsman obeyed The vessel eased off before the wind, and flew on with accumulated speed for a moment, and then tall spars tumbling over bow, and sent her

men, was heard the shrill crv .1

"If any of you survive this wreck, go tell heartless!" your British General that Nathan Hall has been AVENCED! and that by a WOMAN too! Sink ! sink ! and my curses go with you he. "D'ye think I shan't die ! I know

And before a hand could have reached her, had they wished it, she leaped into the this dirty world for a cleaner -- to the great eddying tide, and ere she sank, the proud flag still flying, and its crew of stout men, was going down in the cold dark waters, and the murdered Nathan Hall was aven- glass, and Collet, after having contemplated

And thus this brief sketch is closed. The managed to get it down. guns of the sunken frigate rest beneath the tide of Hurl Gate; but the memory of the Patriot Pilot lives in more than one breast your 'Oh, sir!' and the rest of it, when I've

"Dang that Old Blind Hoss."

The Mobile Register is responsible for

and drawn therefrom a support for self and and my dislikings." wife. He is childless. Not long ago Jake left the house in search of a missing cow. His toute led him through an old worn out from his head and maliciously wasted it to do that." the edge of the well, and in it tumbled.

Now Jake had always practiced the virtue of economy, and he immediately set about recovering his lost hat. He ran to ton, he uncoiled the rope which he had save time by going down into the well mine."

To accomplish his purpose he made fast one end of the rope to a stump hard by, and was quickly on his way down the well.

It is a fact, of which Jake was no less oblivious than the reader hereof, that one Ned Wells was in the dilapidated building aforesaid, and that an old blind horse, with a bell on his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short | Finch-considering he's an attorney-is a

distance of the well cranium to have a little fun; so he quietly slipped up to the old horse and unbuckled the bell strap, and then approached with a slow measured "ting-a-ling" the edge of Mary, may spoil canvass forever, and not cure, they must endure

"Dang that old blind hoss!" said Jake, "he's a comin' this way sure, and ain't got no more sense than to fall in here. Whoa, ride in his carriage, and splash poor John

But the continued approach of the "tinga ling" said just as plainly as words that ring at the gate, and Mr. Peter Finch was Ball would'nt whoa. Besides, Jake was at announced. He had scarcely taken his the bottem resting before trying to "shin" seat when another pull at the bell was it up the rope.

"Great Jerusalem !" said he "the old Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with a cuss will be a top of me before I can say Jack Robinson. Whoa! I say! Dang speeches expressive of sorrow at the na-

"Oh, Lord !" exclaimed Jake falling upon his knees at the bottom. "I'm gone now-whoa! Now I lay me down to sleep -who a Ball-I pray the Lord my soul to either rogues or fools." -whoa, now! Oh! Lord, have mercy on my poor soul-whoa, Bail !"

Ned could hold in no longer, and fearful that Jake might suffer from his fright, he revealed himself.

Probably Ned didn't make tracks with

Love and Lightning.

A lady who her love had sold, Ask'd if a reason could be told Why wedding rings were made of gold I ventured thus t' instruct her :-Love, ma'am, and lightning are the same-

On earth they glance-from heaven they Love is the soul's electric flame, And gold its best conductor.

An exchange has the following : Men scorp to kies among themselves The two Nephews.

At the parlor window of a pretty villa, The age of the man might have been some seventy; whilst his companion had certainly not reached nineteen. Her beauti- John ?" ful, blooming face, and active, light, and upright figure, were in strong contrast with the worn countenance and bent frame of the old man; but in his eye, and in the Then one quick glance towards heaven, corners of his mouth, were indications of a gay self-confidence, which age and suffering had damped, but not extinguished

"No use looking any more, Mary," said he: "neither John Meade nor Peter Finch will be here before dark. Very bad, that was no more! With a crash that sent her when a sick uncle asks his two nephews to come to see him, they can't come to see crew reeling to the deck, she brought up on him at once. The duty is simple in the a huge rock, near a perpendicular shere to extreme-only to help me to die, and take what I choose to leave them in my will! Then, amid the rnsh of waters, the cur- Pooh! when I was a young man, I'd have ent of officers, and the shouts of frightened done it for my uncle with the utmost celerity. But the world's getting quite

"Oh, sir !" said Mary.

"And what does 'Oh, sir!' mean ?" said better. A little more, and there'll be an end of old Billy Collett. He'll have left doctor's stuff!"

The girl poured some medicine into a it for a moment with infinite disgust,

"I'll tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton," said he, "I don't by any means approve of told you how I hate to be called 'sir' at all. Why, you couldn't be more respectful if you were a charity girl, and I a beadle in a gold-laced hat. None of your nonsense, Mary Sutton, if you please. I've been your For twenty three years old Jake Willard lawful guardian now for more than six

> "My poor father often told me how you disliked ceremony," said Mary.

"Your poor father told you quite right," patch of clay land, of about six acres in ex. said Mr. Collett. "Fred Sutton was a man teat, in the centre of which was a well, 25 of talent-a capital fellow. His only fault or 30 feet deep, that some time, probably, was a natural inability to keep a farthing had furnished the inmates of a dilapidated in his pocket. Poor Fred! he loved mehouse near by with water. In passing by I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me his this spot an ill wind lifted Jake's "tile" only child-and it isn't every friend would

"A kind and generous protector you have

"Well, I don't know: I've tried to be a brote, but I dare say I have been. Don't I the well, and finding it was dry at the bot- speak roughly to you sometimes? Haven't brought for the purpose of capturing the about John Meade, and made myself disatruant cow, and after several attempts to greeable, and unlike a guardian? Come. catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to confess you love this penniless nephew of

"Penniless, indeed!"

"Ah, there it is," said Mr. Collett. "And what business has a poor devil of an artist to fall in love with my ward? And what business has my ward to fall in love with a poor devil of an artist? But that's Fred Sutton's daughter all over! Haven't I two nephews? Why couldn't you fall in love with the discreet one-the thriving !- Peter worthy young man! He is industrious in Some wicked spirit put it into Ned's the extreme, and attends to other people's business only when he's paid for it. He despises sentiment, and always looks to the main chance. But John Meade, my dear grow rich. He's all for art, and truth, and social reform, and spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what. Peter Finch will

Meade as he trudges on foot." The harangue was here interrupted by a heard, and Mr John Meade was announced.

queer sort of a smile, whilst they made ture of their visit. At last, stopping them-"Enough, boys, enough!" said he. "Let us find some better subject to discuss than the state of an old man's health. I want to Meade. know a little more about you both. I haven't seen much of you up to the present change the subject I want your advice.

John Meade seemed rather to wince un- to day-and I don't know how to act about der this address; but Peter Finch sat calm your cousin, Emma Briggs. Emma dis- erous amusing anecdotes of the pulpit .-

"To put a case now," said Mr. Collett, "this morning a poor wretch of a gardener came begging here. He could get no work. his heels from that well and maybe Jake and said he was starving. Well, I knew but soap, candles, turpentine, black-lead, something about the fellow, and I believe and birch-brooms. It was a dreadful blow ment. While the officiating clergyman father still stood looking from the window had got over a long and sickening voyage, Maybe not. But if Jake finds out who sent he only told the truth, so I gave him a shilling to get rid of him. Now I'm afraid I got over it, and a maiden annt turned cussion, an old lady among the congregadid wrong. What reason had I for giving Methodist in despair. Well, Briggs, the tion arose, clapped her hands, and exclaimhim a shilling? What claim had he on oilman, died last week, it seems; and his ed: me? What claim has he on anybody? widow has written to me, asking for assist. The value of his labor in the market is all ance. Now, I have thought of leaving her er in my wing of faith I would fly off to He lectures, and I set a frightful example." that a working man has a right to; and a hundred a year in my will. What do glory. when his labor is of no value, why then he you think of it? I'm afraid she don't demust go to the devil, or wherever else he serve it. What right had she to marry can. Eh, Peter? That's my philosophy, against the advice of her friends? What what do you think !"

"I agree with you, sir," said Mr. Finch "perfectly agree with you. The value of their labor in the market is all that laborers can pretend to-all they should have .-Nothing acts more perniciously than the absurd extraneous support called charity." Coilett.

tinued Peter. "The value of labor is kept observed with great justice, sir. Let her robbery; private charity is public wrong." properly remarked. Finch. Can't she carry

"I don't like it-I don't believe it !" said died a bankrupt, and his widow and chil John. "You are quite right to give the dren are destitute." man a shilling. I'd have given him a

shilling myself." "Oh, you would-would you !" said Mr. for her," Collett. "You're very generous with your shillings. Would you fly in the

"Yes," said John : "as the Vandals flew in the face of Rome, and destroyed what had become a falsehood and a nuisance." shall never make anything of him, Peter.

John, tell us about the last new novel." the arrival of the invalid's early bed time parted uncle and nephews for the night.

next morning after breakfast, to speak to Johr. Meade alone.

"John," said she, "do you think more of more. Ill think over all you have said." your own interest of our interest. What occasion for you to be so violent last night. sorrow (and advantage) of his affectionate and to contradict Mr. Collett so shockingly? the next day, and in three days after he ship with its shivered spars and sails, its relatives! Ugh! Give me a glass of the I saw Peter Finch laughing to himself .-John, you must be more careful, or we shall never be married."

"Well, Mary, dear, I'll do my best," said John. "It was that confounded Peter, with out I'm not an ice-berg, Mary."

"Thank heaven, you're not!" said Mary; "but an ice-berg floats-think of that John. Remember-every time you offend Mr. Collett, you please Mr. Finch." 'So I do," said John. "Yes, I'll remem-

and hard-hearted," said Mary; "just a litmonths and you ought to know my likings the to begin with. You would only stoop to it again, would do nothing to provide her the German paper published weekly at

> "May I gain my deserts, then!" said John. "Are you not to be my loving wife, Mary? Are you not to sit at needlework in speciable manner. The man of business my studio, while I paint my great historical picture? How can this come to pass if Mr Collett will do nothing for us ?" 'Ah, how, indeed?' said Mary. "But

here's our friend. Peter Finch, coming through the gate from his walk. I leave you together." And so saying, she with-

"What, Meade," said Peter Finch, as he entered. "Skulking in doors on a fine morning like this. I've been all through the village. Not an ugly place, but wants I given you good, prudent, worldly advice looking after sadly. Roads shamefully

"Dreadful !" evclaimed John "You came out pretty strong last night,"

said Perer. "Quite defied the old man .-

But I like your spirit." "I have no doubt that you do," thought

Oh, when I was a youth, I was a little that way myself," said Peter. "But the world-the world, my dear sir-soon cures of all romantic notions. I regret, of course, to see poor people miserable; but what's the use of regretting? It's no part of the business of the superior classes to interfere with the laws of supply and demand; poor people must be miserable .-What can't be cured must be endured "

"That is," said John, "what we can't "Exactly so," said Peter.

Mr. Collett was too ill this day to leave his bed. About noon he requested to see his nephews in his bed room. They found him propped up by pillows, looking very weak, but in good spirits as usual.

"Well, boys," said he, "here I am you see; brought to anchor at last. The doctor will be here soon, I suppose, to shake his head and write recipes. Humbug, my boys! Patients can do as much for themselves, I believe, as doctors can do for them-they're all in the dark together-the only difference is, that the patients grope in English, and the doctors grope in Latin.' "You are rather skeptical, sir," said John

"Pooh !" said Mr. Collett. "Let us time, and for anything I know, you may be Peter and John, on a matter that concerns your interests. I'm going to make my will graced us by marrying an oilman." "An oilman !"

"A vulgar, shocking oilman!" said Mr Collett, "a wretch who not only sold oil have I to do with her misfortunes ?" "My mind is quite made up," said

Finch, "no notice ought to be taken of her. She made an obstinate and unworty match -and let her abide the consequences."

"Now for your opinion, John," said Mr.

"What results from charitable aid ?" con- "what right had she to marry-as you A Young Lady Murdered by a Slave Women "That's it, Peter," said Mr. Collett .- on the oilman's business? I dare say it

"What do you think of our philosophy, will support her very well." "Why no," said Mr. Collett; "Briggs

> "That does not alter the case," said Peter Finch. "Let Briggs' family do something years of age. Saturday morning the slave

"To be sure !" said Mr. Collett. "Briggs" family are the people to do something for face of all orthodox political economy, you her. She mustn't expect anything from us home. On returning from the meeting they -must she John ?" "Destitute, is she ?" said John. "With

children, too! Why, this is another case, dwelling bespattered with blood. The dinsir You ought surely to notice her-to ner table had been set evidently by Miss "Poor John!" said Mr. Collett. "We assist her. Confound it, I'm for letting her Barnes, and her knitting work lay dishave a hundred a year." "Oh. John. John! What a break-down!" Really, we'd better talk of something else.

said Mr. Collett. "So you were trying to Blood marks were visible along the walls They conversed on various topics, until follow Peter Finch through Stony Arabia, of the east room on the floor and walls of and turned back at the second step! Here's a brave traveller, for you, Peter! John, Mary Sutton seized an opportunity, the John, keep your Arabia Felix, and leave strife. Next the blood was traced to the sterner ways to very different men. Good by, both of you. I've no voice to talk any

He pressed their hands, and they left the room. The old man was too weak to speak calmly breathed his last.

As soon as the funeral was over the will was read by the confidential man of business, who had always attended to Mr. Collett's affairs. The group that sat around his chain of iron maxims, that made me fly him preserved a decorous appearance of disinterestedness; and the usual preamble to the will having been listened to with breathless attention, the man of business read the following, in a clear voice:

> "I bequeath to my niece, Emma Briggs, notwithstanding that she shocked her family by marrying an oilman, the sum of four thousand pounds; being fully persuaded that her lost dignity, if she could ever find German contemporary, from the office with food, or clothing, or shelter."

John Meade smiled, and Peter Finch ground his teeth-but in a quiet and rewent on with his reading :

"Having always had the opinion that woman should be rendered a rational and independent being-and having duly considered the fact that society practically denies her the right to earn her own living -I hereby bequeath to Mary Sotton the sum of ten thousand pounds, which will enable her to marry, or to remain single,

as she may prefer." Johr, Meade gave a prodigious start upon hearing this, and Peter Finch ground his teeth again-but in a manner hardly permuddy. Pigs allowed to walk on the foot- ceptible. Both, however, by a violent effort, kept silent. The man of business went on with his reading :

"I have paid some attention to the character of my nephew, John Meade, and have been much grieved to find him possessed with a teeling of philanthropy, and with a general preference for whatever is noble and true over what is base and false. As these tendencies are by no means such as can advance him in the world, I bequeath him the sum of ten thousand poundshoping that he will thus be kept out of the workhouse, and be enabled to paint his great historical picture-which, as yet, he has only talked about.

'As for my other nephew, Peter Finch he views all things in a sagacious and selfish way, and is so certain to get on in life, that I should only insult him by offering any aid which he does not require; yet, from his affectionate uncle, and entirely as testimony of admiration for his mental acuteness, I venture to hope that he will accept a bequest of five hundred pounds towards the completion of his extensive libra-

ry of law-books.23 How Peter Finch stormed, and called names-how John Meade broke into a delirium of joy, how Mary Sutton cried first and then laughed and cried together; all these matters I shall not attempt to de scribe. Mary Sutton is now Mrs John Meade; and her husband has actually begun the great historical picture. Peter Finch has taken to discounting bills, and bringing actions on them; and drives about in his brougham already.

A PULPIT ANECDOTE .- Some days since we chanced to be in company with several eminent divines, who were relating num-Among others, the following struck our fancy as one deserving of record :

'I was,' said the reverend gentleman, attending divine service in Norfolk, several years ago, during a season of some excite-

'Merciful father, if I had one more feath-

The worthy gentleman thus interrupted immediately replied: 'Good Lord, stick it in, and let her go she's but a trouble here!

That quieted the old lady. THE man who waited for an opportunity has gone; and the man who was fired with

indignation, has been put out.

THE MURDERERS CAUGHT AND HUNG .- Reliable intelligence from Felien, Calloway county, Mo., apprises us that a shocking tragedy occurred within eight miles of that place on Saturday last. In the house of a Mr. Barnes was a female slave of irascible

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and dangerous temper, who had frequently been enraged at Mr. Barnes' daughter, Susanna J, a young lady of some eighteen Teney was sent to work in a cornfield, and the family set off to attend a meeting of some kind, leaving Miss Barnes alone at were horrified to find her shockingly beat to death, and the floor and walls of the arranged on the kitchen floor. The kitchen showed blood and signs of a struggle. which was much more blood, and the room exhibted plain traces of a violent

found lying in gore. The slave woman was called, and found to have changed her dress since morning. On searching, the dress was found in the field, hidden and bloody. A shovel was found bloody and battered. When confronted with her bloody dress, the woman confessed that she had killed Miss Barnes. She was placed in custody of Deputy Constable Henry Willing, who rode off in haste for the jail, at Fulton.

west room, where the murder had been

committed, and where the corpse was

When within three miles of Fulton, he was overtaken by a party on horses, who took the prisoner from him, led her to a tree not far off, and there hanged her till she was dead.

The above information was received by a

ANGELS IN THE HOUSE .- A correspondent

of the Independent sends the following as a

I know a man. He is not a christian .-His daily life is not in accordance even with principles of morality. He has three beautiful, well behaved children. The other day he told me this incident of one of them-his little girl three years old. Said

Perhaps some people would think it sacrilege, but I don't; but for some time back I have been in the habit of reading the Bible and of having prayers every night before the children go to bed. I have done it because it has a good influence on the children, and because I hope it may have a good influence on myself. Last night 1 went to the Lodge (he is a Mason.) and did not get home till after 11 o'clock. The children of course were all abed, and I supposed, asleep. Before going to bed, I knelt down by my bed to pray, and had been there but a moment, when I heard Nobie get up from her bed in the next room, and her little feet come pattering across the floor toward me. I kept perfectly still, and she came and knelt beside me without saying a word. I did not notice her, and in a moment, speaking just above her breath. she said, "Pa, pray loud." I prayed, I kissed her, and she went back to bed; and I tell you, G-, I have had nothing affect me so for the last ten years. I have thought of nothing else all day long but just that

TWELVE YEARS .- The Opposition have been "out in the cold" a long weary time, It is twelve years since they elected a candidate for President. In 1848, Gen. Taylor was elected on the "Rough and Ready" cry just as Lincoln has been successful on that of the "Railsplitter." Democrats can afford to let the Opposition have the President this time, but if Liucoln does not save us the trouble of electing another President. we will unite upon one candidate in 1864, and keep them out twelve years longer.

little- 'Pa, pray loud?"

'Goop evening, Miss Brown; it is very pleasant.'

'Looks very much like a storm.' 'Are you well this evening ?' 'Very.'

'Your father's sick.' 'Very.' 'Your mother looks smart.'

'Pon my honor,' muttered Pluggins to himself, 'she's the veriest Miss I ever saw.

"Drunk! to be sure I am, and have been for the last three years. You see my brother and I are on the temperance mission .-A young lady was discharged from one

of the largest vinegar houses in Boston last

week, because she was so sweet that she

"SEE HERE, my friend, you are drunk,"

kept the vinegar from fermenting. A sour old maid is wanted to fill her place. As Irishman tells of a fight in which

there was but one whole nose left in the