

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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STAR OF THE NORTH

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Choice Poetry.

HYMN.

JOE H. L.

BY REV. JACOBY.

When the storm-clouds round us gather
And our way seems dark and drear,
Let us look beyond the darkness
Which hangs o'er our pathway here.
Look beyond this world of sorrow
To those regions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.
What though thunders o'er us rattle,
Filling all with deep dismay,
What though lightning fiercely flashing
Shall around our pathway play?
Thunder crashes, lightning flashes,
Ne'er disturb that "Land so blest
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."
Pure and holy are the mansions
On that far-off, distant shore,
Where in glorious heaven swelling,
Angels sing love-songs.
Praises to our Heavenly Father,
For that home so richly blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.
See! that star that once beaming
O'er the plains of Bethlehem?
Hear'st thou the angels singing
Peace on earth, good will to men?
Peace, enduring peace is given
Unto man, a high blessing,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
May that star in safety guide us
To the land of the living,
Where shall come our thought of parting,
Where the sorrows shall come no more.
There to dwell with Christ our Saviour,
In bright robes of glory dress;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

THE RESTORED.

A Thrilling Revolutionary Tale.

God is everywhere. His words are on our hearts. He is on the battle field or in our peaceful home. Praise be to his holy name.
It was on the wilds of Wissahicon, on the day of battle, as the noon day sun came through the thickly clustered leaves that two men met in deadly conflict near the reefs which rose like the rock of some primeval world, at least one thousand feet above the dark waters of the Wissahicon.
The man with the dark, brown face and darker grey eye, flashing with deadly light, and a muscular form clad in a blue tunic of the revolution—a continental named Warren.
The other man with long black hair drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in military costume of a tory renegade.
This is a murderer of Paoli named Dehancy.
They met by accident and now they fought not with sword and rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knives they struggled, twining and twisting on the green sward.
At last the tory is down—down on the turf, with the knee of the continental upon his breast—the upraised knife flashed death in his face.
"Quarters! I yield," gasped the tory, as the knife was pressed upon his breast, "Spare me, I yield."
"My brother," said the patriot in that tone of deadly hate, "My brother cried for quarters on the night of Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees you struck that knife into his heart. O, I will give you quarters of Paoli."
And as his hand raised for the blow and his teeth were clenched with deadly hate, he paused for a moment, then plied the tory's arms and with a rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.
"Mercy!" gasped the tory, turning ashy pale by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below, "Mercy! I have a wife and child at home—spare me."
The continental with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed his bitter anathema in his face.
"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow, those children orphans. Would you not like to go and beg your life of that widow and her orphans?"
The proposal made by the continental in mockery and bitter hate, was taken in serious earnest by the terror-stricken tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children and to have the privilege of begging his life. After a moment's serious thought, the patriot soldier consented. He found the tory's arms still lighter, placed him on the rock again, and led him to the woods. A quiet cottage, embosomed among the trees, broke on their eyes. They entered the cottage. There besides the desolate hearthstone sat the widow and children.
She sat there, a wretched woman of about twenty-three years, with a face filled by

hanging in a disheveled state about her shoulders. On one side was a dark-haired boy of some six years, on the other side a girl one year younger, with light blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open upon the mother's knee. And now the pale faced tory flung himself upon his knees, and confessed he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, and begged his life at her hands.
"Spare me for the sake of my wife—child—"
He had expected this piteous moan would touch the widow's heart, but not one relenting gleam softened her face.
"The Lord shall judge between us," she said in a cold icy tone that froze that murderer's heart. "Look, the Bible is in my lap; I will close the volume, and this boy shall open it, and place his fingers at random upon a line and by that you shall live or die."

This was a strange proposal, made in good faith by a wild and dark superstition of olden times. For a moment the tory, pale as ashes, was wrapped in deep thought—then in a fainting voice he signified his consent.
Raising her dark eyes to Heaven, the mother prayed to the Great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closes the book—she handed it to that boy whose cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer. He took the Bible opened its holy pages at random, and placed his finger upon a verse.
There was a silence. The continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood with dilating eyes and parted lips. The culprit kneeling upon the floor, with his face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap to his throat.
Then in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament. It was short, yet terrible:
"That man shall die!"
Look! the brother springs forward to plunge a knife into the murderer's heart; but the tory, pined as he is, clings to the widow's knees. He begs that one mortal may be made by the little girl, that child of five years old, with the golden hair and laughing eyes.
The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye without knowing what she was doing, the little girl opens the Bible as it lay on her mother's knee; she turned her face away and placed her finger upon a line.
The awful silence grows deeper. The deep drawn breaths of the brother, and broken gasp of the murderer, alone disturb the stillness; the widow and dark haired boy were breathless. The little girl, as she caught a feeling of awe from those about her, stood breathless, her face turned aside, and her tiny fingers resting on the line of life and death.
At length gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes upon the page and read: It was a line from the New Testament:
"Love your enemies!"
"Oh, book of terrible majesty and child like love—of sublimity that crushes the heart with rapture, you never show more strongly than there in that lonely cot of the Wissahicon when you saved the murderer's heart."
Now look how wonderful are the ways of heaven. That very night as the widow sat by her fireside—sat there with a crushed heart and hot eye-lids, thinking of her husband, who now lay mouldering on the drenched soil of Paoli—there was a tap at the door. She opened it, and that husband living though covered with wounds was in her arms.
He had fallen at Paoli, but not in death, he was alive, and his wife lay panting on his bosom.
That night there was prayer in the wood embowered cottage of Wissahicon.

AMENDED TARIFF ACT.

The resolution explanatory of the Tariff, which became a law on the 1st day of the session, strikes out three clauses or sentences from the Tariff act which we have already printed, as follows:
1. Strike out in the list of articles exempt from duty, (Sec. 22) these words: "Wool unmanufactured, and all hair of the goat, alpacas and other animals, unmanufactured, the value whereof at the last port or place from whence exported to the United States shall be eighteen cents or under per pound."
2. Strike out Section 24 in the words: "And be it further enacted that all goods, wares and merchandise which may be in the public stores on the day and year aforesaid, shall be subject to no other duty upon the entry thereof than if the same were imported respectively after that day."
3. Strike out in Section 13 these words: "On woollen shawls or shawls of which wool shall be the chief component material, a duty of sixteen cents per pound, and in addition thereto twenty per cent. ad valorem."
These clauses become necessary to give consistency to the act.
A beautiful girl stepped into a shop to buy a pair of mitts. "How much are they?" "Why," said the gallant but impudent clerk, lost in gazing upon her sparkling eyes and ruby lips, "you shall have them for a kiss." "Very well," said the lady, pocketing the mitts, while her eyes spoke daggers, "and as I see you give credit here, charge it to your books, and let me know when you collect it," and she departed.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.

The following is a complete list of the Officers elected at the late election in the several townships throughout the county of Columbia.
Bloom—Constable—Gorden R. Goff, Anthony Wittman; Poor Overseers—Jacob R. Groul, Eli Barton; Supervisors—Robt Hagenbuch, Caleb Barton, Jr., James K. Eyer; School Directors—Joseph Sharpless, Joseph W. Hendershot, Jeremiah J. Brower 1 year; Assessor—Leonard B. Rupert; Assistant Assessors—Elias Mendenhall, B. F. Hartman; Auditor—Andrew Madison; Judge—Newton Boone; Inspectors—Isaiah W. McKelvy, George Rishel.
Benton—Justice—Samuel R. Kline; Constable—Samuel Rhone; Poor Overseers—John F. Conner, John Ashelman; Supervisors—Samuel Rhone, Samuel Hess; School Directors—William Aah, Thomas Bellas; Assessor—Richard Siles; Asst. Assessors—John Doty, David Youcure; Auditor—Rohr McHenry, Valentine Fell; Inspectors—Jesse Ohl, Abraham Young; Town Clerk—J. R. Ikeler.
Beaver—Constable—Wm. Michael, Chas. B. Troy, tie; Poor Overseers—Moses Moyer, John Singley; Supervisors—Joseph Heister, P. Gearhart; School Directors—Nathan Breubender, Jr.; Andrew Shuman; Judge—Joel Breubender; Inspectors—A. B. Johnson, John J. Driesbach; Assessor—Edmond Schell; Asst. Assessors—John Hoats, John Shuman; Auditor—John Hoats; Town Clerk—Joseph Sherman.
Briarcliff—Constable—Charles Reed; Poor Overseers—Henry Deiterich, Absolom Bomboy; School Directors—John H. Smith, Jacob Creasy; Supervisors—Emmor Deiterich, Stephen Hess; Assessor—David Miller; Assistant Assessors—David Shaffer, Vincent Richard; Judge—Isaac Bower; Inspectors—Jacob B. Mosteller, Joseph Blank; Auditor—William Lamón.
Centre—Justice—Ellwood Hughes; Constable—Charles H. Deiterich; Judge—Dan'l Neyhard; Inspectors—Jesse Hoffman, Samuel Hildley; Supervisors—Sam'l Hagenbuch, Samuel Bower; Assessor—Samuel Neyhard; Asst. Assessors—Levi Aikman, John Hill; School Directors—Edward Hartman, C. D. Herring; Poor Overseers—Elihu H. Hess, Ellwood Hughes; Auditor—Sam'l H. Hatchison.
Conyngham—Justice—Jonathan H. Hoagland, John L. Beadle; Constable—Philip Mouser; School Directors—Philip Mongold, John C. Diener; Supervisors—Daniel Bordoff, William L. Kline; Assessor—Henry Moser; Asst. Assessors—Philip Stealy, Benjamin Lindemuth; Judge—Stephen Monahan; Inspector—Daniel Linnis, David Camp; Poor Overseers, Daniel Bordoff, Wm. Kline; Auditor, Court Justice.
Cattaraugus—Justice—Clinton E. Margeum; Constable—Peter G. Campbell; School Directors—Wm. Hartman, Peter Bodine; Supervisors—John Strouse, Reuben Orange; Poor Overseers—Isaac Thomas, Jacob Gesseler; Assessor—Isaac Seesholtz; Asst. Assessor—John Sharpless, Benjamin P. Fortner; Judge—George Monhardt; Inspectors—Wm. Coffman, Peter Eddine; Auditor—James S. McNinch.
Franklin—Justice—David Zerr; Constable—Thomas Hower; Poor Overseers—Jos. Beaver, Joshua Mendenhall; School Directors—Daniel Zerr, Seth Hartman; Assessor, Aaron Lambertson; Asst. Assessors—Jesse Cleaver, Clinton Mendenhall; Judge—Jesse Mensch; Inspectors—Jacob Knittle, Elias Weaver; Supervisors—Aaron S. Knittle, Jonathan George; Auditor—Joseph B. Knittle.
Fishers—Justice—Cyrus White; Constable—Cyrus Robbins; Poor Overseers—Reuben Hess, Michael Bishline; Supervisors—Wm. Stucker, Hugh McBride; School Directors—John Savage, Isaac Labar, Jacob Merkley; Assessor—Joseph C. Runyan; Asst. Assessors—J. D. McHenry, Daniel Thomas; Judge—John Wenner; Inspectors—Daniel Wenner, Cyrus Creveling; Auditor—Alexander Kreamer.
Gauleywood—Constable—Faxon Kline; Poor Overseers—Jas. Vanhorn, A. J. Albertson; Supervisors—Humphrey Parker, Jos. Vanhorn; School Directors—Mathias Kline, Geo. Derr; Jacob Schuyler, (two latter tie); Judge—J. J. Robbins; Inspectors—Peter Girtor, David Albertson; Assessor—Geo. Gitron; Assistant Assessors—Robert Robbins, C. F. Moore; Auditors—Elijah R. Ikeler, Uriah McHenry, Samuel Gillespie.
Hemlock—Judge—Jesse Beary; Inspectors, Wm. S. Marshall, Peter Brugler; Constable, Jno. Kautler; Supervisors—Isaac Leidy, Elias Gigger; Poor Overseers—John G. Nevins, Franklin McBride; School Directors—Reuben Bogart, U. A. Hartman; Assessor—Jno. H. Fous; Asst. Assessors—T. J. Vanderkies, U. D. McHenry; Auditor—William H. Shoemaker.
Jackson—Constable—Joshua Robbins; Supervisors—Matthew McHenry, Hiram Baker; School Directors—Iram Derr, Asa York; Poor Overseers—Abelton M'Henry, Elisha Robbins; Judge—Iram Derr; Inspectors—J. H. Fritz, Samuel Y. Hess; Assessor, Silas W. McHenry; Asst. Assessors—Iram Derr, John McHenry; Auditor—John H. Fritz.
Lectry—Constable—Solomon Fetterman; Supervisors—Henry Rhoades, Chas. Mensch; Judge—John Yeager; Inspectors—Samuel R. Levan, Jacob Long; School Directors—John P. Walter, Henry Reinhold; Poor Overseers—Amos Rhoades, Daniel Rieber; Assessor—Gerr Hower; Asst. Assessor—Hon-

orable—Justice—B. F. Paxton; Constable—Jacob Arnwine; Supervisors—William Hollingshead, Michael Rouch; Poor Overseers—Philip Foust, Isaac Mouser; School Directors—Joseph Mouser, Jacob Arnwine; Assessor—Peter M. Kasher; Asst. Assessors—Philip Foust, Andrew Clark; Judge, Even Welliver; Inspectors—Wm. Hollingshead, Noah Mouser; Auditor—Josiah A. Robbins.
Madison—Constable—Benjamin F. Frait; Supervisors—Betzer Essick, J. C. Kenney; Poor Overseers—William Barber, Jacob Demott; School Directors—Hugh McCollum, Jacob Swisher; Assessor—D. A. Watson; Asst. Assessors—Stas Welliver, Henry Dildine; Judge—A. S. Allen; Inspectors—D. P. Ross, Isaac McBride; Auditor—James Dildine.
Mt Pleasant—Constable—John Shipman; Supervisors—John Mordan, J. R. Vanderkies; Judge—Elias Howell; Inspectors—George Jacoby, Aaron Kester; Assessor—Henry Kitchon; Asst. Assessors—John Wannich, John Ruckle; Poor Overseers—Paul Kline, Gabriel Everitt; School Directors—William Kitchen, Benjamin Kistler; Auditors—Wm. Miller 3 years, Elias Dreiblebis 2 years.
Mifflin—Justice—Samuel Creasy, John H. Hetter; Constable—Lewis F. Krote; Supervisors—Juo. B. Angle, John Mosteller; Poor Overseers—John Keller, Jonas Hartzel; Assessor—Lawrence Waters; Asst. Assessors, Stephen H. Swank, Thos. Bowman; School Directors—Jno. K. Folk, Lewis Creasy, Judge, Stephen Pao; Inspectors—A. C. Millard, J. J. Hess; Auditor—William Pettit.
Maine—Constable—Isaac Yetter; Supervisors—Michael Gruber, Jesse John; School Directors—Washington Fisher, Daniel Nass; Poor Overseers—Jacob Shugars, William Mensinger; Auditor—John M. Nass; Assessor—William T. Shuman; Asst. Assessors, Henry Bowman, Daniel Shuman; Judge—Samuel Yetter; Inspectors—Peter Fisher, Henry Hartzel.
Orange—Justice—Alfred Howell, John Herring; Constable—Michael C. Keller; Assessor—Jesse Coleman; Assistant Assessors—John White, Thomas M. Henry; Supervisors—Moses Everett, Samuel Henry; School Directors—James D. Hartman, Reuben Siler; Poor Overseers—Wm. Fritz, Daniel Kiefer; Auditor—Wesley Bowman; Judge—Richard Brewer; Inspectors—John Fisher, Eli Kline.
Pink—Justice, L. A. Garman, Benjamin Wintersteen tie; Constable, A. J. Manning; Judge, Daniel Forwald; Inspectors, W. H. Chamberlin, H. J. Potter; Auditor, Michael Whitmoyer; School Directors, Geo. Welliver, Valentine Wintersteen; Assessor, John Lora; Assistant Assessors, Thomas McBride, Albert Hunter; Poor Overseers, John Lora, Benjamin Wintersteen; Supervisors, John Whitmoyer, John Faus.
Roanoke—Justice, John C. Myers, William Rhoades; Constable, Jacob Lougenberger; Poor Overseers, Henry Helwig, John Rarig; Supervisors, Henry Helwig, George Kreich; School Directors, William Rhoades, David R. Hower; Judge, Elias Rarig; Inspectors, William Gearhart, Hiram Cool; Assessor, Chas. Sires; Assistant Assessors, Henry Hoffman, Michael Federolf; Auditor, Mahlon Myers.
Scott—Justice, Wm. Peacock; Constable, John G. Jacoby; Assessor, C. C. Marr; Asst. Assessors, M. J. Rinney, Thomas Creveling, Jr., Judge, Thomas Creveling; Inspectors, J. R. Robbins, Geo. W. Creveling; School Directors, Jacob Terwilliger, H. G. Creveling; Supervisors, John Shuman, Jesse Shannon; Poor Overseers, Aaron Boone, H. W. Creasy; Auditor, Eli Creveling.
Sugarloaf—Justice, Josiah Fritz, Mont. Cole; Constable, Jesse Hartman; School Directors, T. Q. Stephens, Reuben Larish; Poor Overseers, Richard Kile, Samuel Hess; Supervisors, Samuel Parks, T. Q. Stephens; Assessor—Jacob Fritz; Asst. Assessors, Wm. Herlinger, Orin Parks; Auditor, George W. Steadman; Judge, Jos. O. Hess; Inspectors, Henry C. Hess, Jacob S. Hess.
Taken Aback—One of the ridiculous mishaps which will sometimes befall soldiers, befell a whole file of the staggily attired military of New Orleans on the day of the Twigg's reception. They were drawn up along the street in front of a building in course of construction, and close in their rear was a long mortar bed, two feet deep, with that plastic composition, ready for the workmen. The space between the files for the passage of the carriages being rather narrow, the officer ordered his men to take a step back. They did so, and about twenty feet of "sogers" instantaneously disappeared from sight; backwards, the front file, in close order, preventing the rear rank from recovering themselves when their heels stumbled against the mortar bed. They were submerged, and every soldier of them had his pretty uniform spoiled. They took backs and abasquated instantly.
Keep a List—Keep a list of your friends, and let God be first in the list, however long it may be.
Keep a list of the gifts you get; and let Christ, who is the unspeakable gift be first.
Keep a list of your mercies; and let the joy unspeakable and full of glory be first.
Gen. Cameron, the new Secretary of War, has appointed Mr. Cobb, formerly of Tioga county, Pa., his Chief Clerk.
This steamer Northern Light arrived at New York on the 5th from California, with \$1,000,000.
A woman read forty-

THE SLEIGH RIDE AND SO FORTH.

Sweet Susan Brown is my pretty one;
I'm sure you must remember—
If not for love, at least for fun—
The sleigh ride in December;
When all the belles and all the beaux,
In spite of frosts, would go forth,
To squeeze beneath the buffaloes
Each other's hands &c.
How brightly beamed the northern lights
Above the snowy ridges;
And yet we knew its flames, indeed,
Observed from country bridges!
When toll was sought with such address,
Mid laughter, fun and flatter,
And lovers felt, amid the press
Each other's heart, etc.
'Tis very singular and queer,
Of all the male devices,
Love's flame should burn so bright and clear
On angles full of ice;
And yet we know its flames, indeed,
Most brilliantly did glow there!
When lashed behind a flying steel,
Hid under furs, &c.
I'm sure you mind the village inn,
The supper and the revel—
How in the general din
Love shot his arrows level;
And don't forget how gallant Cap,
Embraced you in the buttery;
You kissed his lips—you know you did—
And he kissed yours, etc.
And when the forefets all were paid,
How one dear girl resisted,
Until the other girls said,
A prude they all detested.
"Deist!" she cried—the darling Ann—
Her modesty to show forth;
"I'll never yield to any man
"My virgin lips," &c.
The winter winds the homeward way,
Blew chilly in our faces;
But underneath our furs we lay
All snugly in our places.
One girl upon the forward seat—
The pretty Maggie Satterlee—
Declared Jack B.—had pinched her cheek
And Billy Frost, etc.
Another underneath her robe
(The buffaloes, no dresses,)—
Fair Patience, with bold Clarence C—
Detected in carresses,
Sprang up with angry, blushing face,
Her modesty to show forth,
But showed her curls all out of place,
Her collar gone, &c.
And then the parting at the door!
His tender mutual blisses!
Sweet lips, from their abundant store,
Gave to the poor in kisses!
The parting word, the long embrace—
Cupid's most dangerous witchery—
Brought fire to many a boyish face
And raised sweet hopes etc.
Dear Susie Brown! save you and I,
Of all that load of merriment,
No other pain is left to try
Love's latest, best experiment;
And when the coming snows shall spread,
And mutual hopes shall glow forth,
May Hymen bless our nuptial bed,
Increase our joys &c.
Sunday Transcript.

An Indian Adventure.

I was the acknowledged belle of Clinton, a small village bordering on the western wilderness. I could not shoot any one, even the old women that thronged our village. My mother was kept in perpetual alarm by my daring exploits; in fact, as the old trappers said, I was cut out for a back woodsman's wife. I had two lovers then; one was Harry Chevelry, and the other Mark Ruthson. Harry Chevelry was a splendid specimen of an American back woodsman, with a heart true as steel; and, to my experienced eyes, he was the very personification of manly excellence.
Mark Ruthson was contrary to him in every respect. Handsome he was, but on his face was such a hypocritical expression that I perfectly detested him. He seemed aware of my dislike, and assuming an air of injured innocence, he pressed his suit with the utmost zeal.
One evening, as I was riding out, enjoying the mountain scenery, I approached a little eminence on which there was a thick growth of underwood; as I passed it, Mark Ruthson rode out and joined me. He pressed his suit with his usual fervor, his hypocritical face looking, if possible, more repulsive than ever. He manly offered me his hand and heart—Rising in my seat, I said:
"Mark Ruthson, no words can express the disgust I feel for you; and if you insult me again I will cowhide you, sir!"
It would be impossible to depict the expression of rage that swept over his face.
"Jane Manning, mark my words, I will be revenged!"
Casting him a glance of unutterable contempt, I whipped up my horse and soon lost sight of him.
The next day Mark Ruthson left the village, and went no one knew where. A year from that day, Harry Chevelry and I were married, and, with the blessings of my mother, and the best wishes of my friends, started for the Western wilderness.
I will pass over a period of ten years, during which a substantial log cabin had been built, rude though it was, love made it a little palace. Our hearts were also gladdened by our little Eddy, the image of his father, and a noble little fellow.
About this time we heard news of the depredations that the Indians were committing, by some passing stragglers which filled us with temporary uneasiness, but our fears soon passed away and we regarded those reports as greatly exaggerated or totally untrue.
One evening Eddy returned from his daily ramble, bringing with him a moccasin, which he said he found in the woods—This filled me with alarm and uneasiness. I felt a presentiment of coming danger.

me to defend myself like a man, and then went to the woods to his daily work. I slipped the revolver in my pocket, but could not wholly divest myself of my fears.
For an hour I sat in my low rocking chair, with my hand on my side, counting the minutes as they flew, when my attention was attracted by a noise in the opposite side of the room. Looking quickly around to my dismay and terror I saw a dozen Indians evidently just returned from war, each bearing his bleeding scalp. The foremost advanced and appeared to be the chief of the party. He approached and would have laid rough hands on me when my darling boy raised himself to his full height, his blue eyes flashing, demanded what they meant by their intrusion, and how they dared lay violent hands on his mother.
The chief paid no attention but bade his warriors bind us, which was quickly done, and after a few moments, the chief retired in consultation; seizing the opportunity, I scratched on the wall.
"Harry, we are in the hands of the Indians."
The chief soon returned, and we were borne with rapid but noiseless steps into the wilderness. The chief who had bound us now attracted my attention. I was sure I had seen him before, where I could not say.
Three days and nights without stopping we were borne away from home, and the fourth day we stopped in a hollow, which I found strewn with bones and skulls—While contemplating this scene with horror I looked up and the Indian chief stood before me. With a sneer over his dark features, he said, in Good English:
"Though you have forgotten me Jane Manning, for so I call you, I have by no means forgotten you."
"Who are you?" said I.
"I am Mark Ruthson," the chief replied, and in those painted features I remembered the hypocritical face of the consummate coward and villain.
"There was no pity in his revengeful heart and I read our doom in those dark features."
"Do you see yonder tree," said he, in a quick, sharp voice, "Before the night your young boy will be bound to that tree, and his young scalp will be clipped from his head by my savage friends, and you will remain and in the morning will share his fate."
A scornful silence was his answer. O, how quickly the day flew and the night approached; and just as twilight was setting in, a ruthless savage seized him roughly by the arm and bound him to the tree—First he waved his tomahawk over his head to frighten him, but the boy's blue eye looked steadily at the savage in scorn, and his cheek never blanched. In rage at his stier, scorn, the Indian raised his tomahawk for the last time. Instinctively my hand rested on my revolver. I felt sure of my aim. I raised it, slowly pointing it at the savage's heart and fired. With a frightful yell he sprang into the air and fell dead.
With a scream of rage the Indians rushed upon me—another one fell by my revolver. Again I attempted to fire, but my pistol snapped; throwing it away, I resigned to die; and just as the foremost Indian was about to sink his knife in my bosom, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard and the Indian fell, bathed in his own blood. The next moment the stalwart Harry Chevelry leaped into the ring. All the Indians fled but their chief, who rushed, upon my husband shouting:
"Ha! Harry Chevelry, revenge at last!" and pointed his pistol, which missed fire. The next moment my husband's knife was in the renegade's heart. Our meeting I need not describe. Harry had seen the lines I wrote him, and that of my child—We were troubled no more with savages, for the next year old Tippecanoe, with the avenging rifleman under his command drove away and cleared the forest of our dusky foe.
A Touching Story.
One night about ten years ago, a medical student, one of the Wildest of a wild class, left the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, before the end of the farce, to go home, Shortly after turning up into Ninth Street he came upon a thin clad female, making headway against a driving snow storm, and sobbing piteously. In endeavoring, in answer to his questions, to tell the cause of her sorrow, she burst into a violent fit of weeping, and would have fallen to the ground had she not been supported by a hackman who stood near by. A carriage was called, and the woman taken home, where she lingered in a very precarious state for upwards of two weeks. During this time the student was constantly at her bedside, when not at lectures. In good time he saw her convalesce. I would merely mention here, that the cause of her grief was meeting in the theatre her seducer, and being snubbed by him. Poor girl—it broke her heart.
Two months had scarcely passed when the student himself was taken down; and it gradually became known that he had contracted that loathsome and contagious disease the Small Pox. When the fact was announced in his boarding house it was too late to remove him; and the house itself became suddenly empty; no one remaining but an old colored cook and a big student, who wore great oaths and drank bad whiskey.
Two days after the house was so suddenly vacated there came a soft tap at the door and in walked the female who, as I have mentioned, was braving the blast one cold night in Ninth Street. She laid down her satchel, took off her bonnet, and

stood, for indeed she was beautiful, and many who walked Chestnut Street have envied her complexion—her eyes, her hair, her accomplishments. Here she bent over the loathsome bed, though her white arm was unmarked by the charmed protection, Vaccinia. For four long weeks her eyes scarcely knew rest; and her gentle voice soothed the sick one when he fretted, and read to him when he was still. The daily papers and the news of the city she read and commented on; she chatted to him of literature and science; and when he could listen to music, she played and sang to him, carolling some sweet ditties, learned in by-gone days. "Poor girl!"
Our student was rapidly getting well, and the people of the house were to venture back the next day; so she put on her bonnet, drew her shawl around her and said—"Now, Harry, the people are coming back to-morrow. I have done my duty to you; good-by!" and stooping down she kissed the student and "was gone!" Being encountered some time after, she refused everything in the shape of presents, and even listened with reluctance to attested gratitude. "I have but done my duty," was her only reply.
The following winter she died. I was one of a party of one hundred students who paid our last sad tribute of respect to the beautiful girl. We "laid her down to rest," and a few weeks after there was erected over her grave this tablet:—
HIC JACET
One of the Fallen: By Name
HETTY HAMILTON.
She was a Woman; and by the Seductions
of man Fell.
She had a Heart: She died: and God is her
Judge.
Jesus said unto her—"Woman, where are thine accusers? I had no man condemned thee?" She said—"No man, Lord." And Jesus said unto her—"Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more."
On the footstone is this inscription—
"Think of her as of a wanderer whose home is found."
I have visited the grave three times since. An old man, who lives near by, receives a yearly stipend to keep the grass short and every fortnight he places there a fresh offering of flowers. Sweet, gentle girl—She would have graced any society. The cold treatment of her family made her an outcast; her seducer deserted her. God was good to her, however, and took her away early; and one hundred as warm hearts as beat, stood around her grave when the cold earth fell upon the coffin, and breathed a prayer for her soul's peace.
Shocking Tragedy in Florida.
A METHODIST PREACHER COMMITS A DOUBLE MURDER.
The occurrence of a bloody tragedy in Sumpter county, Florida, on the 10th ult., has been briefly noticed. It appears that Rev. Geo. Andrews, pastor of a Methodist church in the county, had seduced a young lady, a relative residing at his home, and had also brutally beaten her, and for these acts was summoned to appear at Sumpter court house, on the day named, for trial by the people. The Augusta Chronicle says:—
For these misdeeds a summons was issued for him to appear at the court house at Sumpterville, before the people, on Saturday the 10th ultimo. Having heard of the parties who were to serve the summons Messrs. McLendon and Lang, he proceeded to the house of the former and took dinner with the family. After dinner they went to the workshop. Andrews asked McLendon for the loan of his horse to go to Adamsville, which was granted. He had in his possession one double-barrel gun, one yauger rifle, two repeaters, and two bowie knives.
While the horse was being caught, a conversation arose about him (Andrews) being summoned before the Regulators. Whereupon Mr. Lang said, "Yes, sir, and here is the summons for you." During this conversation McLendon was meeting a pair of shoes. Immediately after Lang's remark, Andrews leveled his gun on McLendon, shot him in the side, and killed him instantly. Turning round quickly, he levelled his gun to shoot Lang with the other barrel—Lang knocked up the gun, and received the whole load in the palm of his right hand. Lang then picked up Andrews' yauger, to shoot him (Andrews), but could not cock it on account of his shattered hand, threw down the gun and ran. As he ran, Andrews shot him through the left wrist with a repeater.
A Mr. Hyatt in the shop at the time, picked up the yauger, ran off about thirty yards and levelled it at Andrews, but the latter was too quick, and shot Hyatt with his repeater, grazing him on the shoulder. Hyatt shot but missed. Hereupon Andrews took after Lang, and pursued him about two hundred yards. Not being able to overtake him, he returned to the shop, reloaded his gun, and proceeded over to Mr. Condray's about a mile. Condray, however, shot him in the side, and shot Condray through the bowels, who only lived about four hours.
Rev. Mr. Parker being present, seized the murderer from behind, and held him fast until McHenry came to his assistance. As the doctor caught hold of Andrews the latter presented his gun to the doctor's breast, who warded it off, and the load went into the ground. He was then tied and confined until next morning, under strict guard.
The news having been circulated in the neighborhood, a large number of citizens assembled at Condray's house. After due deliberation, he was sentenced to be hanged, and about twelve o'clock, M., he was hanged accordingly—sixty or seventy citizens