The Columbian,
AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, IN
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

TERMS.

Two Dollars a year, in advance. If not paid in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents.
Address all letters to
GEORGE H. MOORE,
Editor of the COLUMBIAN,
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

The Columbian.

VOL. I.—NO. 20. BLOOMSBURG, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1866. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Terms of Advertising.

One Square, one or three insertions	$1 50
Each subsequent insertion less than thirteen.	
One Square one month	2 00
Two " "	3 00
Three " "	5 00
Four " "	6 00
Half column "	10 00
One column "	15 00
Executor's and Administrator's Notices	3 00
Auditor's Notices	2 50

Editorial Notices twenty cents per line.

Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

BY THE BROOK.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Down across the hill's low brow—
A slender, silver fillet—
Nothing is so musical
As my little rillet.
Ah! that laughing song of yours!
Dolicately trill it.

Shall I fret you, hasty brook?
Shall I mar your paces—
Weaver, weaving silver threads
Into silver laces,
Round about and in and out
The sunniest of places?

Loose your tresses in the chase,
Slip about the border
Of you garden wall, and catch
A blossom, gay marauder?
What shall please my love of ease
As your sweet disorder.

While the world goes jogging on,
Presently I miss you;
Life is made of other stuff
Than your limpid tissue.
Turn a mill, you lazy rill,
While I wait the issue.

Let the beetle while away
The Summer with his drumming,
Foam you at the whirling wheel
And babble to its humming.
Toil away the livelong day—
It is more becoming.

Creep beneath the sweeping bough,
While each ripple twinkles,
Starlike, in a sky of leaves,
And your frothy crinkles
Form a leather apron there,
Full of creamy wrinkles.

When the bald and brazen day
Hath donned his dusky visor,
Still you flow a-down apace,
While night's myriad eyes are
Watching you; for what they view
None are the wiser.

THE FIRST CLERK'S STORY.

BY W. E. WILCOX.

"WHAT I'm now going to tell you, boys, must be kept under the seal of secrecy," said our first clerk, as he squeezed a lemon into his tumbler.

We—that is to say, I, Ned Bolton, the present writer, Herbert Engledue, and young Harry Chester, all junior clerks in the bank of Baskerville, Troutman, and Co.—solemnly promised that the seal that was to lock up the communication we were about to receive should never be broken.

"And yet," said Mr. Minton, with the kettle in his hand, "I hardly think I'll let it out to you youngsters; it's all against myself."

Harry Chester's eyes looked eager appeals, and Herbert said:

"Oh now, come I say, Mr. Minton, you shouldn't have said so much, you know; and then to talk about not letting it out, you know it's so jolly mysterious."

"Well," said our cheery chief, "as Ned here has treated us so well to-night, I'll make some return by trying to amuse you boys with the account of an incident that happened to me some years ago."

We were delighted—I especially so, being the host for the night, and anxious, as such, that things should go off well. We drew up to the fire, glasses were filled, and the relics of the contents of the hamper, which the dear people at home had sent me, were removed. The November winds howled dismally over the London roofs, and rattled at the window as if anxious to join so pleasant a party. Mr. Minton took an approving sip of his hot grog, drew his fingers through his iron-gray hair, and began:

"In the year forty-six, I had been some seven years a clerk in the bank. Our Mr. Baskerville's father was the principal then, and a very shrewd, cute old fellow he was, I can tell you. Mr. Troutman was then a clerk, and junior to me, but every one knew that he would be a partner some day, as he had married Miss Baskerville. Young Baskerville, who looks grave enough now, was a boy at Harrow, and used, in holiday time, to run in and out of the bank, and stare at the piles of sovereigns, just as he liked.

"I had had some troubles then, and was looked upon as a grave, sedate young man; and, as Mr. Baskerville told my poor mother, 'as steady as the funds.' In consequence of this gravity of manner and character for steadiness, I had several times been employed in matters of a confidential nature, and my conduct in these had been approved of. One afternoon in the latter part of August, in the year I speak of, I was sitting at my desk with not very much to do. I had been thinking a good deal about my own affairs, and gone back over ground rather painful for me to tread, and was therefore rather sad that sunny August afternoon. While I was meditating and idly drawing figures on my blotting-pad, the bank messenger came to me and said that Mr. Baskerville wished to speak to me. I went into his private room and found him seated at his desk, and in an arm-chair beside him sat a middle-aged, invalid-looking man, whose handsome face wore a peevish sort of expression that seemed to be permanent. Mr. Baskerville said:

"'This, my lord, is the gentleman whom I should have the greatest confidence in employing in the matter.' The stranger looked at me languidly, and slightly inclined his head as I bowed.

"'Rather young for such work, is he not, Baskerville?'

"'No, my lord, I don't think so. Mr. Minton is grave and steady beyond his years, and the firm has very great confidence in him.'

"'Well, I will trust to you, and I think you fully understand all that is wanted. I would rather not give myself the fatigue of entering into explanations with this young man, if you think you thoroughly understand what I want.'

"'If you will leave it to me, my lord, I will undertake that Mr. Minton shall receive full instructions. Just see if Lord Valdane's carriage is at the door, will you, Mr. Minton?'

"I returned with the requisite information; and his lordship, after being carefully wrapped up, took the arm of one of his men and went to his carriage.

"Mr. Baskerville then asked me to shut the door and sit down beside him, and proceeded to give me full and complete instructions as to how I was to act.

"It appeared that Lord Valdane had three daughters, besides several sons. The youngest of his daughters, when just sixteen, had caused great trouble and distress to her family by falling in love with a violinist, who had come constantly to the house to give one of her brothers lessons on his instrument. This had been discovered about a year before, and had given rise to great recriminations, and the young lady had had shown an amount of obstinacy and temper which had quite alarmed her friends, so foreign was it, apparently, to her nature. She had utterly declined to give up her lover, and had openly declared her intention of holding any communication with him that opportunities might offer. Under these circumstances, and in consideration of her youth, her father determined to send her to a school kept by a English lady in a village about fifteen miles from Brussels, and hoped that a year or two of entire change and absence from home would make her get over and forget an affection begun at so early an age. She was accordingly sent to Miss Slater's school, but that lady had just written to Lord Valdane, at the end of the first year, to say that she could no longer undertake the education of Miss Valdane, as her conduct was of such a kind as to utterly destroy those relations which should exist between mistress and pupil. Lord Valdane had, therefore, determined to bring her back to England, and he the more readily consented to this arrangement as he had had information that Mr. Arne had left this country for America. Having no servant to whom he could trust the duty of escorting his daughter home, Lord Valdane had come to Mr. Baskerville, with whom he banked, to ask that some confidential clerk might be sent to Antwerp to meet Miss Valdane, and bring her home to her father's house in Eaton Square. A servant would be sent with her as far as Antwerp, where she would be met by the person chosen to escort her.

"I asked Mr. Baskerville if it was thought that the young lady would return home willingly.

"'They imagine that she will do so,' said he; 'she has complained in her letters, which have been very few, of her *transportation*, as she called it. It is most probable that her youthful passion will have died out. This fellow, Arne, is described to me as an effeminate-looking, though elegant man, but wanting in many of those manly attributes which are to most women the chief attraction in a man's character.'

"Mr. Baskerville told me to come to him again for a paper of instructions that he would give me, as well as a letter from Lord Valdane to his daughter, directing her to place herself under my charge. He also told me that she would be accompanied by her maid, a young girl, and too inexperienced to be trusted with the duty of an escort.

"I returned to my seat and thought over all that I had heard, and all I was to do. I confess I did not like the work; it was not the kind of work that I had bargained for on entering a bank, and seemed to me to be more the duty of a superior servant than of a gentleman. I knew, however, how much depended upon my making myself useful to the firm, and so I determined to put my pride into my pocket.

"Before I left the office I got my paper of instructions, and returned home to read them, having first received from the cashier, by Mr. Baskerville's orders, a sufficient sum to defray all possible expenses, those of the young lady and her maid included. I found that I was to start for Dover by that night's mail, and go by the first boat to Ostend, and thence to Antwerp. I was instructed to be very firm with Miss Valdane, and was advised to avoid any attempts at intimacy on her part. I was simply to be her escort, and as far as possible to relieve her of all trouble. She would expect me, as a letter had been written to Mrs. Slater, desiring her to send the young lady to Antwerp, under charge of a servant."

"By Jove, though!" said Herbert Engledue, "wouldn't I just like a little thing of that sort to do!"

"Wait until you hear the end of my story, and you will think differently," said Mr. Minton; "no one likes to be fooled, and that was what happened to me."

"I started, according to my instructions, by the night mail for Dover, and at one o'clock the next day found myself at the door of the Hotel St. Antoine at Antwerp. I inquired if Miss Valdane had arrived, and was asked to step up to a drawing-room on the second floor. No one was in the room when I entered, but in a few minutes a respectable-looking, middle-aged woman came in, with an expression of anxiety on her countenance.

"'Are you the gentleman from London, sir?' she said.

"'I am,' said I. 'When will it be convenient for Miss Valdane to set out on her journey?'

"'Oh, sir,' said she, Miss Valdane is very unwell, and has been obliged to go to bed. This has upset all the plans that had been arranged, and I don't know what to do.'

"'When did this illness come on?' I asked.

"'Why, sir, Miss Valdane seemed very well when we left, but as we got near Antwerp she complained of headache, and was obliged to go to bed directly after we got to the hotel. The worst of it is,' said she, after a pause, 'that I have to return by this evening's train.'

"'The young lady has her maid, I understand?' said I.

"'Oh, yes, sir, she is with her, certainly; but she is young and flighty, and I haven't much confidence in her.'

"'Has Miss Valdane seen any medical man?' said I.

"'Oh, no, sir, she wouldn't hear of one being sent for.'

"'Well,' said I, 'it cannot be helped; you must return to your mistress, and I must wait here until Miss Valdane is able to travel.'

"In the course of the afternoon, and after Mrs. Slater's servant had left, I sent up my compliments to Miss Valdane, and requested to know how she was.

"'Miss Valdane's compliments, she was so much better that she hoped to be down stairs in the course of an hour.

"This was good news, and I immediately set about inquiring as to trains and boat. I found that by leaving Ostend at half past three the next morning, the young lady could be at her father's house in time for lunch the same day. I accordingly made the requisite arrangements, and awaited Miss Valdane's appearance.

"Her maid shortly afterward came down with a message to know if it would be convenient to me to have an interview with her mistress. I, of course, assented, and directly afterward a young lady came into the room.

"I bowed, and looked at my charge with some curiosity. Her appearance surprised me. She was dark, and had large, tender-looking eyes, but in other respects was by no means good-looking, and seemed to want the ease and *savoir-faire* that I should have imagined a girl in her rank would have possessed. She was well and handsomely dressed, but was decidedly not elegant, and there was a want of freshness and youthfulness about her that made her anything but an attractive-looking girl. She addressed me in a constrained and rather unmusical voice:

"'You are the per—the gentleman that has been sent over to fetch me?'

"'I am, Miss Valdane; when will it be convenient to you to set out on your journey?'

"'I don't know,' she said pettishly; 'I wanted to see the pictures and the cathedral, but I suppose I shall have to do as I'm told.'

"'I was instructed,' I said, 'to escort you home without delay.'

"'Oh! by the way,' said she, 'there's a schoolfellow of mine and a great friend going with us. She wanted to go home, so we agreed to travel together.'

"How strange, thought I, that the servant should have made no mention of this other pupil. But I suppose she was so much engrossed with Miss Valdane's illness that she could think of nothing else.

"'I was not aware,' said I, 'that you would have a companion; but I shall be very happy to be of use to her.'

"'I'll call her down,' she said, and going to the door, she called, or rather shouted, 'Amy, come down.'

"She forgets, I thought, that she is in a crowded hotel, and not at home. I heard a light, tripping step on the stairs, and after some little giggling outside the door, Miss Valdane came in with a very pretty, mischievous-looking blonde, who could not present the semblance of gravity when she was introduced to me.

"'What on earth are you laughing at, Amy?' said my charge.

"'You mustn't mind me, Mr. Minton!' said Miss Manvers; 'I'm rather silly, I'm afraid.'

"'Rather silly!' said Miss Valdane; 'he thinks you a little too-too, and he's perfectly right in thinking so;' and before I had time to put in a disclaimer to this opinion, she added, 'I don't know what you people are going to do, but I'm going to dine.'

"'Shall we dine at once, Miss Valdane?' said I, 'and then we can leave Antwerp at half past seven, catch the night mail at Ostend, and be in London by mid-day to-morrow.'

"'Just as you like,' said she.

"'I ordered dinner for three, and that finished, the young ladies went to their rooms to prepare for the journey.

"I could hear Miss Valdane whistling as she packed, and I must say that the young lady's collection of tunes was very varied, if it was not very select.

"I could not help wishing myself back again at the bank and my hands clean washed of my eccentric charge. Miss Valdane embarrassed me very much as we were leaving the hotel by interfering with the various directions that I gave, and when we got to the station she had an altercation with a porter, which exhausted all my rather scanty stock of French to set right. Miss Manvers remonstrated with her friend, but always as if more amused by her vagaries than annoyed.

"It is needless for me to detail all the worrying events of the journey to Ostend as I the voyage to Dover. During the latter, the sea certainly did smooth the young lady's spirits, and she lay on a bench on deck with a stiffish glass of brandy and water beside her, and held her tongue. Miss Manvers was a riddle to me as well as her friend. In a great deal that she said and did, and in her manners and address, she showed the education and refinement of a lady, and yet she encouraged rather than subdued her friend's eccentricities by her evident amusement.

"Upon our arrival at Dover, I found that the next train to London did not leave for a couple of hours; so, after giving directions for the examination of our luggage, I went with the two girls to the Lord Warden, and ordered breakfast. Here Miss Manvers announced her intention of leaving us. She had her friends living at Dover, with whom she was going to stay, and she would go to them after we had left, as she wished to see as much of her dear Constantia as possible.

"After we had had breakfast, Constantia asked me to walk out and see the place, as we wished to have some private conversation with her friend. I accordingly dawdled away a half-hour on the pier, and then returned and found that we must start at once if we wished to catch the train. The two girls parted in the most affectionate manner, Miss Manvers seeming more amused than ever at the extraordinary expressions of affection indulged in by Miss Valdane, whose conduct would 'have brought down the house' in a melodrama.

"We went to the station together, Miss Valdane having left her maid to look after her friend and come on by the next train, another thing which would have astonished me, if I had had my capacity for that feeling left. Upon my asking her what luggage she had, she said:

"'Just a portmanteau.'

"'Nothing more?' said I.

"'Not a thing.'

"Accordingly I found a not very large portmanteau, which Miss Valdane said was hers.

"'Just see and have it put into our compartment,' said she; 'and, I say, tell the guard to let us have the carriage to ourselves; you're not afraid of me, and I'm sure I'm not afraid of you.'

"I was going to disregard this last order, as I had no wish whatever for a *tête-à-tête*; but Constantia came up and gave it herself, together with half a crown, which had the effect which she desired.

"We found the portmanteau under the seat, and, taking our places, the train started. Not long after she said:

"'Object to smoking?'

"'No, thanks, Miss Valdane; it's very good of you, but I don't smoke.'

"'Mind it?'

"'Well, no,' I said; 'not much.'

"I stared blankly at her while she took a cigar-case out of her pocket, and, selecting one, lighted it, and settled herself comfortably in her seat.

"I sat as far as I could from her, and, looking out at the window, tried to forget her.

"'You're a very pleasant companion, I must say,' said she, after a time. 'Come, say something, man, and don't leave me languishing here. Here we might have a very pretty little bit of flirting, if you would only say tit to my tat.'

"'Excuse me, Miss Valdane,' I said; 'but it was business, and not pleasure, that gave me the task of escorting you home; and I shall make no apology for saying that I have had no pleasure whatever in the matter. You will, therefore, permit me to finish my business in the way I think best, which is to hand you over to the care of Lord Valdane with as much dispatch and as little talking as possible.'

"'If you won't talk you must work,' said she. 'You surely won't object to oblige a lady so far as to take that portmanteau from under the seat and unstrap it.'

"I complied, to save further words. She threw her key at me, and said:

"'Unlock, and throw on the final chest.'

"I did so, and saw the usual contents of a gentleman's portmanteau. There were the neatly-folded shirts, the brushes and shaving-tackle fitted in here and there, visions of very gentlemanly-looking garments below; in fact, nothing whatever that ought to belong to a lady's wardrobe. I was really rather pleased than otherwise, and said:

"'You've managed to bring some one else's portmanteau.'

"'No I haven't, you clever man; I'm rather given to foreign customs, and affect what you, you mass of propriety, would consider eccentricities in my costume. However, before making the requisite changes to fit me for meeting dear papa, let me tell you a little story, as you seem in want of amusement.'

"'Your clever people in London, backed by the wishes of Lord Valdane, sent you over to Antwerp to bring home that nobleman's refractory daughter, who, it was hoped, had forgotten her disgraceful engagement. (Give me those balmorals, will you? Thanks.) You, accordingly, being a very clever young man and an admirable accountant, were of course eminently fitted for the work, and were therefore chosen to do it. (Just see if you can find a blue-striped flannel shirt among those. Thanks. Hang it over the arm of the seat to air). Well, your noble client wrote to the schoolmistress what would have been a most pleasant letter, if it had not been quite so dictatorial; and he also wrote to his affectionate daughter, congratulating her on having recovered from her little attack of love, and saying something disparaging of the poor lover, who was in America. (If you will take that coat and trow—, well, those things under it, and hang them to the roof, the creases will come out. You won't?—that's rude, and not proper conduct to an unprotected woman.) But to continue my story, as I see you are getting restless: By a wonderful chance this forlorn damsel saw her unfortunate lover shortly after she got papa's note. She shouldn't have done it, but she did. They put their heads together—they'd done that before, but they did it in a different manner now, and they made up a little plan. The young lady went down to Antwerp under charge, and she got so poorly as she neared the station, and her head was so bad, and she had, oh! such a pain here, and ah! such a twitch there, that to bed she must go as soon as she reached the hotel. The elegant and polite escort arrived, and was met by a domestic whose face showed longitude, if her instructions did not admit much latitude. (By the way, where do you get boot-laces? Look at this thing, broken off in the middle.) Well, the maid told her story, and the youth listened, and then home goes the maid, leaving the youth in sole charge. Shortly afterward down comes Miss Valdane, recovered and charming; introduces Miss Manvers—more charming still. They dine, this delightful trio, and away they go. (The advantage of this apparatus is, that you hang up the glass like this, and then you can shave at leisure. See what a good lather this makes!) Well, our three graces arrived at Dover, and then dear Miss Manvers makes her bow, and the other pair of turtle doves go off together, only, and now please attend, for I come to the point of the story—only Miss Valdane, for whom Mr. Minton was sent, and over whom he was to exercise the tenderness of a parent, with the authority of a guardian, does *not* accompany that gentleman to London.'

"'Then who are you?' I almost shrieked.

"'Felix Arne; and now, my good fellow, the farce is played out, and I'll take off this trumpery.'

"I fell back in my seat, and watched, with dizzy brain, the shedding of the feminine and the assumption of the masculine attire.

"'You infernal rascal!' at last I said.

"'Now I'm not going to mind anything you say, for I dare say you are rather hurt. The thing was well arranged, and has answered capitally. You can tell your employer that it's no sort of use making any further fuss about me. I was married to his daughter some months ago, but did not intend it to be known yet, only his precipitancy alters matters. Some day we'll tell him how we managed it. We determined to have some fun out of the gentleman sent to fetch Mrs. Arne home, and, as he had been so good as to pay both our fares back to England, we could do no less than provide him with company to town. Will you play a game of billiards with me while I wait for the next train to Dover? Don't say no, if you'd rather not. Tickets? That gentleman has mine, guard. Ta-ta! Sorry you've no time for a game; best love to papa-in-law.' And taking his portmanteau, he sauntered down the station.

"How I got my story told at headquarters I don't know. Mr. Baskerville first frowned, then smiled, and finally roared. I entreated him to keep my failure from the other clerks, and you three lads are the first who know it."

"Did you ever hear anything more about them?" said I.

"Yes; it was not such a very bad affair, after all. He was a gentleman by birth, and some uncle of his, delighted at having an Honorable for a niece, left them some money, and I believe he settled down as a country gentleman. Lord Valdane has, however, I understand, never forgiven them; and now, boys, 'Home, sweet home.'"

I thanked our good-natured chief for his story; and, when we met the same morning at a later hour, we youngsters could scarcely believe that the grave and sedate gentleman, who looked as if "money articles" were his only literature, was the same who had been the hero of the story of which he himself was also the relater.

AN ENTERPRISING YOUTH.

A MILWAUKEE, Wisconsin, paper says that about a month ago, a ragged little urchin called upon a merchant for fifty cents, for which he promised to give his note, bearing interest at ten per cent. The merchant, struck with the novelty of the proposition, and with the evident straightforwardness of the boy, gave him the money, and took his note as the boy insisted upon giving it. He had almost forgotten the occurrence, when he was surprised to see the little fellow walk into the store one day and ask to redeem his note. Upon inquiry, the merchant learned that he had invested the money in papers and oranges, and had already made about forty dollars, which he was about placing in a savings bank. He had no father nor mother, and did chores at a friend's house for board. That boy will make his mark yet.

GRAPE-GROWER LONGWORTH was introduced the other day to poet Longfellow. Of the likeness of their names, the poet said: "Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow."

THE corn crop in Virginia has been seriously injured by the drought.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

THE Glasgow *Christian News* gives the following as no fiction, but the plain truth: "A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party, at the house of a friend, some miles distant. 'Henry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to-day; you will promise me, won't you?' said she, putting her hand upon his brow, and raising her eyes to his face, with a pleading smile. 'No, Millie, I will not; you may trust me;' and she wrapped her infant in a soft blanket, and they descended. The horses were soon prancing over the turf, and a pleasant conversation beguiled the way. 'Now, don't forget your promise, whispered the young wife, as they passed up the steps. Poor thing, she was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when red. The party passed pleasantly; the time for departing drew near; the wife descended from the upper chamber to join her husband. A pang shot through her beating heart as she met him, for he was intoxicated; he had broken his promise.

"Silently they rode homeward, save when the drunken man broke into snatches of a song or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her babe pressed closely to her grieved heart. 'Give me the baby, Millie.' I can't trust you with him, she said, as they approached a dark swollen stream. After some hesitation, she resigned her first-born—her darling babe, closely wrapped in a great woolen blanket—to his arms. Over the dark waters the noble steed safely bore them; and when they reached the bank, the mother asked for her child. With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms; but when she clasped it to her arms no babe was there! It had slipped from the blanket, and the drunken father knew it not. A wild shriek from the mother aroused him, and he turned round just in time to see the little rosy face rise one moment above the dark waters, then sink forever, and that by his own intemperance! The anguish of the mother and remorse of the father are better imagined than described."

A GOOD JOB.

THE head-clerk of a large firm in Charlestown promised an old customer, one day, half a bale of Russia duck, to be on hand precisely at one o'clock, when the man was to leave town with his goods. The firm were out of duck, and the clerk went over to Boston to buy some. Not finding a truckman, he hired a man with a wheelbarrow to take it over. Finishing other business, on his return to Charlestown the clerk found the man not half way over the bridge, sitting on his barrow half dead with heat.

What was to be done? It was then half-past twelve, and the goods were promised at one. There was no time to lose. In spite of the heat, the dust, and his fine, light Summer clothes, the young man seized the wheelbarrow and pushed on.

Pretty soon a rich merchant, whom the young man knew very well, riding on horseback, overtook him.

"What," said he, "Mr. Wilder turned truckman!"

"Yes," answered the clerk. "The goods are promised at one o'clock, and my man has given out; but I am determined to be as good as my word."

"Good, good!" said the gentleman, and trotted on.

Calling at the store where the young man was employed, he told his employer what he had seen.

"And I want you to tell him," said the gentleman, "that when he goes into business for himself my name is at his service for thirty thousand dollars."

Reaching the store, which he did in time, you may be sure, the price set on his conduct made amends for all the heat, anxiety, and fatigue of the job.

Keeping his word. You see how important it is regarded. It is one of the best kinds of capital a man can have. To be worth much to anybody a boy must form a character for *reliability*. He must be depended upon. And you will like to know, perhaps, that this young man became one of the most eminent merchants of his day, known far and wide, both in Europe and this country. His name was S. V. Wilder, and he was the first President of the American Tract Society.—*Child's Paper.*

A LESSON OF TRUST.

SOME time ago a boy was discovered in a large city, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who has the feelings of kindness strongly developed went to him, shook him by the shoulder, and asked him what he was doing there.

"Waiting for God to come for me," he replied.

"What do you mean," said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw evidence of fever.

"God sent for mother and little brother," said he, "and took them away to it is home up in the sky, and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here, and have been looking up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said He would. He will come, won't He? Mother never told me a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion, "He has sent me to take care of you."

You should have seen his eyes flash and the smile of triumph break over his face, as he said: "Mother never told me a lie, sir, but you have been so long on the way."

What a lesson of trust, and how this incident shows the effect of never deceiving children with tales.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S TASK.

THE *Anglo-American Times*, published in London, has an article upon the Memphis riots, which closes with the following remarks: "Andrew Johnson has a gigantic task before him. Few of us can appreciate the enormous difficulties with which he has to contend. Few of us can understand the means by which he hopes to perform the solemn promise he there made. His measures may not appear to us directly to lead to such an object, and we must not forget that the children of Israel passed to their promised land through forty years of suffering in the desert, and that their leader was only permitted to get a glimpse of the country which Providence had marked out for his followers. There are those who believe that the President's heart has fallen him in the task; that he has fallen off from the stern resolve required for the weary struggle. But we do not believe this. We believe Andrew Johnson to be a patriot—with his heart fixed on the grand object of reconstructing the Union, of giving to the South the law, peace, order, and equal rights of the North. It is no fault of his if slavery has so degraded a large section of the citizens he rules that nothing but years of patient legislation and strong government can elevate the lawless people into the highest rank of a civilized community—that of governing its own passions.

OFFERINGS TO AN ACTRESS.

AT the Alcazar Theatre, in Rio Janeiro, says the correspondent of the Providence *Journal*, "I saw one Russian officer bring in at times during the evening all the flowers he could carry, and shower them upon an actress. The next day he sent presents to the amount of a thousand dollars. This gentleman, when his floral offerings had given out and no more could be obtained, finished his gifts by scaling his cap at her. This was the signal for a scene to commence. Instantly hats of beaver, silks, and velvet were showered upon the stage, and rings, gloves, canes, and umbrellas. Every one seemed to be trying to outvie his neighbor in shouting *bravo* and *viva*; the din was terrific. One man in the gallery, in his excitement, seized a large glass from the chandelier, and hurled it toward the stage, but missed his mark and shattered it upon your correspondent's shoulders. At this point he thought it time to leave, which he did, and with fear of glass globes and a lame arm for monitors, has not patronized the Alcazar since.

A FASHIONABLE but ignorant young lady, desirous of purchasing a watch, was shown a very beautiful one, the shop-keeper remarking that it went thirty-six hours: "What, in one day?"

AN American citizen residing at Sheffield, England, has sent one hundred and forty gross of knives and forks to aid the Portland, Maine, families, that were burned out, in resuming housekeeping.

IT appears that the English Government has had its equanimity considerably disturbed by the revival of the Fenian scare. Three regiments have already been dispatched to Canada, and others are to follow soon.

THE Commissioner of Agriculture gives notice that he is now prepared to distribute to the agriculturists specimens of superior Mediterranean white wheat, which will be put up in quart packages, and delivered free upon receipt of application.

THE following story is told of a captain of Austrian artillery in Italy. His company was under a tremendous fire, and at one gun there was only one man left to work. The captain went and helped him to serve the piece, and round after round was discharged, till the officer suddenly, in an interval of loading, exclaimed, "Schmidt! how dare you have your shako on your head in a way contrary to regulations?"

IMPORTANT TO PRINTERS.—The Secretary of the Interior has received from a gentleman in New Jersey, samples of paper manufactured from Sedge grass, a grass which grows in great abundance upon all tide-water flats. The paper is very white and clear, and will undoubtedly prove a good substitute for ordinary writing paper made of cotton and linen rags. It is estimated that it can be manufactured for twenty per cent. less than any variety now in use, and this circumstance alone renders the discovery of great importance to the printing interests of the country.

MEN do not leap the hill of virtue in a moment, nor do they descend into the valley of death or pit of vice in an instant. You took up your newspaper this morning, dear reader. The cruelty you shuddered at—the wife-beating, the murder—think you these have a sudden inspiration? No! they are the outcome of habits, of thought, action, of long and steady preparation. You see the volcanic flame; you see the smouldering embers; you see the broken bridge; you did not see the little madrepores eating into the timber. Even in these great sins it has been "here a little and there a little."