

The Lancaster

VOL. LVII. LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING JANUARY 22, 1856. NO. 10.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

SWEETNESS.

BY CHARLES M. DENIE.

'Tis sweet to hear the rain with patter'ing feet
Make music on the leaves, and at night,
Hear the low laughter of the wind, 'tis sweet
To feel a loved one kiss us, soft and light,
To watch the water in the stream, as e'er,
To see the sun and moon, and all that's bright,
'Tis sweet to see a loved one's face, to feel
Warm love radiate on our clasped hands,
As a loved hand puts their affection's seal
On the forehead, and the heart is glad,
'Tis sweet to love, 't'is even in despair—
To merge the world in into one's being's life,
And find all joy, all hope, ambition, there,
'Tis sweet to have the whole heart of a wife,
To see and see and hear fair children play,
And deem our own the fairest of them all,
'Tis sweet to watch the gradual dawn of day,
'Tis sweet to hear "farewell!" when it is heard
By one whose love trembles—there are
Some pains that give us pleasure—beats
A flutter.

some business letter, and Mary had placed it on my table that I may get it immediately. God is so careful of his people! Who can blame him? It is unusual for a business letter to be directed to my residence.

He breaks the seal and reads. As he peruses the note his face flushes, then turns pale, and for a moment he sits like a statue, gazing upon the hand that held the letter. The latter has fallen on the floor.

"And he strives to reach the missive, but is unable to move. The note reads thus:—

"I have gone. God knows that I am wretched. Do not mourn for me. I am unworthy your thought or remembrance. But I love him, your cousin, and have gone to share his lot. Pray for the erring, MARY."

BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO A WIFE.

—Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, was married in early life, before he attained fortune or fame, to Miss Catherine Stuart, a young Scotch lady, distinguished more for the excellencies of her character than for her charms. After eight years of a happy wedded life, during which she became the mother of three children. She died. A few days after her death, the bereaved husband wrote to a friend, depicting the character of his wife in the following terms:—

"I was guided (he observes) in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a youthful friend, a friend's monitor, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman, who by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection, and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me."

A Down-east paper gives the Maine liquor law a thrust after the following fashion. A friend of ours, it says, had arrived at a hotel, and asked for some spirits. "Strangers," said the landlord, "don't get drunk here, you're in the State of Maine. We've no spirit here, but we have some tartaric fine lemonade." The lemonade was acceded to, brought and tasted. The lemonade was half whiskey and water. "This is rather powerful lemonade," said our friend. "Why, yes it is," said the landlord, "but see, stranger, the weather is hot, and to keep our lemonade, we are obliged to make it strong."

PHILADELPHIA BOOK AND SHOE STORE.

I have received my whole stock of new books from North York, Philadelphia, &c. I have also received a large assortment of new shoes from the same source. I have also received a large assortment of new shoes from the same source. I have also received a large assortment of new shoes from the same source.

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THE BLANK HOME—A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY C. N. LUCKEY.

"Here, James," said Mr. Umer, "it is five o'clock, and no busy body will trouble us after this hour. Take this, my boy, and a happy New Year to you, and your sister and mother. And James, you needn't come down at all to-morrow—Don't thank me. Is the shutter heavy? Here, let me help you." Is and John Umer bustled about the shop until everything was closed and barred; and after bidding James good-night, with a light heart the man of honest soul wended his way to his little home.

"The little home! Yes, it was a little home, but in the same manner that his five-foot frame contained a heart large enough to fill the universe and dispense his voice at his side, trembling and nervous, as if he were a giant, and more than the gauntlet palace to him.

What were the outside movements of the world to him, save so far as that he heaved a sigh of sympathy for the distressed, and smiled with the happy, when that little home engrossed his heart, his head, and hand.

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John Umer raised his head. The fire still burned brightly. The table was there, so neatly arranged by her hands, as though fate was determined to make his wound more grievous.

He brushed back his hair, and taking the tiny girl upon his lap, kissed her.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," she said, and laid her head trustfully upon his breast.

It was so like her, in olden days—days of brightness gone, and her form was not there.

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