

Philadelphia Record

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

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1886.

VOL. LVII.

TO JOHN BULL.

FROM THE ST. LOUIS GAZETTE.
I wonder, John, if you forget, some sixty years ago,
When we were very young, John, you heard me
write as now:
You didn't get on much, John, and thought to
make me out of the
But found out your mistake, John, one day at Lex-
ington.
And when we asked you in, John, to take a cup of
tea,
You didn't like the party, John, it wasn't quite
select;
There were some aborigines you didn't quite expect.
You didn't like the manners, John, you couldn't
stand their tea,
You thought it got into your head, and made them
quite too free.
But you got very tipsy, John, (you drink a little
still).
The day you marched across the Neck, and ran
down Banker Hill.
You acted just like mad, John, and tumbled over
and over.
By your stalwart Yankee son, who handled half a
score;
But now I hope your sober, John, you're far too
fat to run.
You haven't got the legs, John, you're fat at Benning-
ton.
You had some corns upon your toes, Cornwallis that
was one,
And at the fight at Yorktown, my then you
couldn't run.
You tried to quit hard, I will admit, and threw away
your gun,
And gave your sword, John, for shame, to one
George Washington.

ence in composition. At the age of sixteen she was
the idol of the family of Mr. L., the belle of Cin-
cinnati, and the admiration of all who knew her.
Mr. L. was a man of great wealth and prominence
in the city, and did all he could for the education of
Annette, in connection with his two sons and only
daughter.
In 1848 she was married to a very wealthy young
man of high accomplishments. They soon removed
to the city of Boston, where they prospered in busi-
ness, and here the story must end, for a further
statement would reveal to the reader precisely the
subject it is to say that she is the first of the first
woman who was once the *big girl* of Cincinnati.
The fact is that she is the first of the first
woman of this country, and the wife of Mr. L.,
eldest son of her benefactor in 1834, when standing
aged deep in mind in the alley in the rear of the
house of her father-in-law.
Rather than one of the many laudatory returns
for the favor of the generous. How many opportu-
nities the wealthy have for doing that which will
contribute to the salvation of the object of the chari-
ty, and be a lasting ornament to the pages of their
biography.

BY CORA WILBURN.

It is a beautiful, and moonlight moon glorious,
yet almost overbearing with its powerful dazzling
light and glowing hues. Sunset possesses a melan-
choly and tranquilizing charm, and twilight sweet
and dream-like. But when the shades have deep-
ened, and the moon has risen, the transient beauty
becomes visible in the cloudless dome above, when
silence deepens, and the voices of nature sink into
undisturbed repose—when there is no moon to soften
and to beautify while it floods with light the dreary
landscape—when the far-off glimmers start
then there is a deep solemnity, much of earnest
thought—a spirit of contemplation that mingles past
memories, present experience, and future hope upon
the scene around. And hopefully the eye of Faith
turns upwards to the azure canopy, perhaps the
light of the moon's beams leads the eye to earth.
All pure and gentle feelings pervade the misting
soil in an hour like this. We love even the forget-
ting ones, who feel no more our once welcome
unwillingly pursued us; and we refrain from all
letter thoughts and angry feelings, for it seems that
angel watchers are above us, and the influence of
their words around.

ST. LOUIS GAZETTE.

Another much loved spot, John, your sweet associa-
tion,
And when you were going down to York to see your
rich relations,
The Dutchman of the Mohawk, John, anxious to en-
tertain,
Put some "Gates" that stopped you, John, on
Saratoga's plain.
That hill you must remember, John, 'tis high and
very green,
We mean to have it lithographed, and send it to
your queen.
I know you love that hill, John, you dream of it
o' nights,
That name it bears in '76, was simply Denis Heights.
Your old friend Ethan Allen, John, of continental
fame,
Who called you to surrender, in "Great Jehovah's"
name,
You recognized the "Congress" then, authority
most high,
The morn he called to early, John, and took you
to the fort.
I know you'll give to hear it, John, and yet quite
and mad,
To learn that Ethan's dead, John, and yet there's
many a lad,
Growing in his highland home, that fond of
guns and noise,
And you get up early, John, those brave green
mountain boys,
Oh, no, we never mention it, 't was never thought
it lucky,
The day you charged the cotton bags, and got into
Kentucky;
I thought you knew geography, but miss in their
will; that hill that Kentucky lay, just then below
Olemiss.
The "beauty" 't was there, John, behind the cotton
bags,
And did you get the "beauty," John, somehow my
money bags?
I think you made a "sweep," 't was got it in my
head, instead of gold and silver, you got it in cold
lead.
The mistress of the ocean, John, she could not
rule the lake.
You had some readers in your feet, but, John, you
had no "Drakes";
Your chestnut spirits, too, were there, but John, your
hook and sherry,
But, John, you couldn't stand our fare—you couldn't
stand our Perry.
We make them all just so, John, on land or on the
sea,
We took this little content on purpose to be free,
Our Eagle's feet, he loves to soar, he cannot bear a
cage,
But, he will be loathe to scratch the bars, and make
the iron bars his cage,
Our glorious stars are sparkling bright, increasing
year by year,
Supported by a thousand hearts that never knew a
fear;
Some slip it in their prayers, 'tis carried o'er
the sea,
Dest here it, John? 't is thunders there, 'tis war o'er
the sea,
Free as our sire's of '76, as bold, as brave and true,
To worship God and keep the land, dear John, we
took from you.
To keep the flag free on the land, quailed on the
wave,
Until the last bright star shall set on the last free-
man's grave.

THE RAG BULL.

It was one cold and wet morning in the year 1834,
that Mrs. L., wife of Isaac L., who lived on
Columbia street, Cincinnati, discovered a little girl
in the alley in the rear of her house, picking up
rags. The girl was very dirty, and covered with
ragged clothes, and nothing on her head,
feet or arms. When Mrs. L. discovered her she
started as if afraid of chastisement. Mrs. L.'s feel-
ings were wrought up to a high degree of sympathy in
seeing the child, only about three years of age, dirty
and black with dirt, and standing in a mass of
half dry to her knees.
"Child," she addressed her, "ain't you cold and
hungry?"
"Yes, mam," was the reply.
"Come my child," said Mrs. L. She took her in,
and gave her a breakfast. After eating, she began
to question her, and found that she had a mother and
drunken father, who compelled her to go out and
pick rags to get money for him with which to buy
liquor. The girl was very dirty, and covered with
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WINTER GRASS.—The Philadelphia Inquirer, in speaking of the condition of the winter grain, states that many inquiries are daily made among farmers as to the effect which the recent heavy bed of snow has had upon it. Some entertain the idea that there may be a coating of ice on top of the ground, sufficient to smother the grain; others think it is not sufficient to injure it, and the snow will effectually protect it from the cold. We understand, however, from the ground under the snow has been examined it has been found to be frozen to the depth of three or four inches only. The snow keeps the earth warm.

EXCITEMENT AT NEW ORLEANS.—New Orleans, Feb. 20.—The bill removing Mr. Hutty, and the Know Nothing Society of this city, has been passed by both branches of the State Legislature by a strict party vote, causing considerable feeling among the friends of the incumbent. His election was contested in consequence of the illegal destruction of the ballot boxes at the election in November last. The vote destroyed, it is sworn, would have elected Mr. Hutty, and we refrain from all letter thoughts and angry feelings, for it seems that angel watchers are above us, and the influence of their words around.

WEEKLY, FEB. 21.

The Law Greys, military corps, from Baltimore, arrived here last night at 12 o'clock, and left this morning for Philadelphia. At 11 o'clock yesterday, 100 miles east of Wheeling, the forward engine train, broke a wheel and was precipitated down an embankment, and the engine and one of the passenger cars, the fireman, belonging to Frederick county, and seriously injured Thomas McKinley, the engineer. None of the Greys were injured.

CARDS.

D. G. SWARTZ, LAND AGENT FOR THE STATE OF PENN. Real Estate, Mortgages, Land Warrants, etc. Office No. 120 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia.

CANNON H. REYNOLDS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office No. 120 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia.

W. H. BARNES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office No. 120 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia.

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