The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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TERMS.

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THE LAMBS ALL GONE.

I loved them so,
That when the elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, covered with the storm, and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet,
A little fondly thing that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest;
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best.
And yet—and yet—

I laid him down,
In those white, shrouded arms, with bitter tears;
For some voice told me that in after years
He should know naught of passion, grief or tears
As I had known.

And yet again
That elder Shepherd came: my heart grew faint.
He claimed another lamb with sadder plaint.
Another! she who gentle as a saint
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast I turned away,
There she sat, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam;
I knelt to pray:

"It is thy will?
My father, say, must this pet lamb be given?
Oh! Thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven;"
And a soft voice said, "Nobly hast thou striven;
But—peace, be still!"

Oh! how I wept!
I clasped her to my bosom, with a wild
And yearning love—my pleasant child.
Her, too, I gave—the little angel smiled
And sweetly slept.

"Go! go!" I cried,
For once again that Shepherd laid his hand
Upon the noblest of our household band;
Like a pale spectre there he took his stand,
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate cry:
"Touch not my lamb—for him, oh! let me die!"
"A little while," He said, with a smile and a sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell;
And when I rose the light had burned so low—
So faint I could not see my darling go—
He had not bidden me farewell, but, oh!
I felt farewell.

More deeply far
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame;
Though could I but have heard him call my name—
"Dear mother"—but in heaven 'twill be the same;
There burns my star.

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought, for only one
Of the dear fold is spared to me; my son,
My guide, my mourner, who this life is done—
My heart would break.

Oh, with what thrill
I heard him enter, but I did not know
(For it was dark) that he had robbed me so.
The idol of my soul!—he could not go—
Oh! heart be still.

Come morning—can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept?
For waking tears were mine—I, sleeping wept,
And days and months and years that weary vigil kept.

Alas, "Farewell."

How often it is said!
I sit, and think, and wonder, too, sometime,
How it will seem when in that happier clime
It will never ring out like funeral
Over the dead.

No tears! no tears!
Will there a day come when I shall not weep?
For I bedew my pillows in my sleep;
Yes, yes, thank God! no grief that clime shall keep:
No weary years.

Aye! it is well!
Well with my lambs and with their early guide:
There pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—
Aye, it is well.

Through dreary day
They often come from glorious light to me—
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see:
Yet my soul whispers—they come to me—
Heaven is not far away.

OUR PIC-NIC.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

One evening I was watching for Psalter at the parlor window. Psalter and Brother John were both late that night, just because we had something for dinner which would be entirely spoiled by standing on the stove to keep warm, as gentlemen invariably are on such occasions. Well, as I was watching for him, and imagining that every coat and hat that turned the corner contained *my* truant instead of some one else's, a party of Germans, returning from one of their excursions, passed by on the opposite side of the way. Among them were youths and maidens and toddling children, young folks only just married, and old couples who had celebrated both 'golden' and 'silver' wedding-days.

I watched the group as it passed up the street, with the sunset falling aslant upon the yellow heads of the children and brown beards of the men, until a shimmer of the white coats and red ribbons was all I could discern in the distance.

When even this had disappeared, I drew in my head with a sigh, and felt as though I had been parting with a friend. I believe it was this—in fact, I know it was—that first put the notion of a pic-nic into my unfortunate, foolish head. It would be so delightful and so pleasing to the children, we must go—Psalter and the children and myself, Tom and his wife and baby, John, Uncle Bob, and all, (it was before Uncle Bob married that girl Ellen, of course.) Oh yes! we must make a family party, and a merry one, too, of it.

Accordingly, the following Monday found me busily employed making up pies and other edibles of the like nature for the next day's consumption, for I had determined to have a regular old-fashioned picnic, and take our own provisions.

How anxiously the children watched the sky that evening! And when the sun set brightly, and they felt sure that 'to-morrow' would be clear, there was such a clapping of hands, and such pleasant anticipations of our pic-nic!

Tuesday morning was bright and quiet, and we were all assembled at an early hour, with our provision-baskets ready packed. After some delay, occasioned by the necessity of sending for catnip tea and peppermint, wherewith to feed Jane's baby, who was taken with a sudden fit of colic, we started. Tom and Psalter were loaded with the baskets. John—unlucky John, who is always getting into some scrape or other—carried Jane's baby, and Jane and myself had quite as much as we could do to look after the other children.

Sister-in-law, myself and all the girls were dressed in white. Uncle Bob, who, being very stout, likes to be cool, was attired in a suit of snowy linen, so that we made quite a summer-like appearance, the dark apparel of the other gentlemen only affording a pleasant variety to the group.

Uncle Bob waddled at the head of the party, carrying a huge umbrella, as protection against the sun, and eating sandwiches, apples, biscuits, and I don't know what else, which he took from his pockets, all the way along. Speaking of those pockets, I declare they were stuffed like pedlars' packs, with all sorts of eatables. He had brought some from his own home, had obtained a fresh supply at Tom's house, and concluded the operation at mine. A suspicious looking flat bottle was buttoned up in the breast of his coat; and, altogether, he would have been comfortably provided for a week's journey—for, as Uncle Bob himself said, he might want a bite before we opened the baskets.

We stopped at the corner of Broadway for a conveyance. Every driver within sight at once claimed us as his own particular prize; but, dear me! not a stage among them all had room enough left for the whole of us, so it was decided that we should appoint a place of meeting and take different vehicles. Sister-in-law got in first, I followed, Tom and Uncle Bob came next, and, if you'll believe me, the door was banged to, and John and the baby, Psalter and two baskets, and every one of the children, remained on the sidewalk.

'Here, Psalter! give Fanny to me," I called from one window; while sister-in-law screamed, 'Give me that poor baby, John, this instant!' from another. But it was of no use; away we were rattled by the obdurate driver, who, having crammed eighteen souls into his conveyance, was afraid of letting some of his visiters escape. Sister-in-law was in great distress.

'Oh, dear!' she said, 'what shall I do? The poor child will be so hungry and so uncomfortable; what shall I do? I know John will let her fall, or something.'

'Now, don't fret, Jane,' said Tom; 'we won't be half an hour getting to the ferry, and then it will be all right, you know.'

'All right, indeed!' sneered sister-in-law; 'as if anything could be 'all right' with such frantic, heedless goings on at the beginning. To think that I should have trusted that heedless John with my baby!'

And, to tell the truth, I never was more vexed and worried myself than I was at that moment, although I tried to feel sure that, as Tom said, all would be right at the ferry.

'There!' said Uncle Bob, as we stepped on board the ferry-boat, at last—'There, they have got down before us, after all. I see 'em in the ladies' cabin.'

To the ladies' cabin we all rushed, forthwith, headed by sister-in-law who saluted the persons therein assembled with the original and striking remark, 'Tum to its muzzer, a doll baby, so it is!' which caused considerable astonishment, as neither baby, John, Psalter, or any of them were there. Uncle Bob was mistaken, so we turned to regain the wharf; but it was too late. The boat had already started.

By this time Tom began to look anxious. 'You know,' he said, evidently trying to comfort himself—'You know we were to meet at ——,' naming the place which had been appointed in the morning; 'and of course they will go straight there; so don't worry, Jane.'

But Jane refused to be comforted for a moment, and no wonder.

Obedient to Tom's suggestion, after landing we turned our steps directly toward the woods, and, after much scrambling and with many scratches, arrived at our destination. There we waited and waited, looking along the road by which we ourselves had come, in momentary expectation of the arrival of our companions, all of us very much excited, except Uncle Bob, who, beneath the shade of his big umbrella, consumed the contents of his pockets and the flat bottle, without cessation, with the most complacent countenance imaginable. After passing a hour thus, sister-in-law declared that she was positive some accident had happened, and in default of a better alternative, we returned to the ferry.

'Do you know whether any one has been drowned?' demanded sister-in-law, hysterically, of a negro boy whom we met near the water-side.

'Yes'm, thar war,' answered the boy.

'Was it a young man and a baby?' shrieked sister-in-law.

'No mum—an old woman.'

'And none of the ferry-boats have blown up within this half-hour, my man, have they?' put in Uncle Bob, with his mouth full.

'Don't know, massa; dey'll tell you at de ferry,' said the boy, showing his teeth very much.

'Oh!' answered Uncle Bob, taking another bite of biscuit. 'Just ask, will you, Tom?'

But Tom was pursuing his inquiries in a different manner.

'Have you seen two gentlemen, with a baby, and two baskets, and seven other children, pass lately?' he asked of the man at the ferry.

'Two children—seven baskets—and what else, sir?' replied the man.

'A baby!' screamed Jane—'a 'ittle tidy 'ittle sing, what its nasty, bad uncle took away without its dinner, so he did!'

'Ma'am?' gasped the man, perfectly bewildered.

'You see,' exclaimed Tom, 'we came over on a sort of pic-nic, and have lost half of our party, and wish to find which way they have gone.'

'Oh, yes,' said the ferryman, 'I see.—What was it—seven gentlemen a basket, and two babies?'

'No, sir!' I put in. 'Two gentlemen, a baby, and seven children!'

'You may know the gentlemen, perhaps,' said Uncle Bob, 'by the strong resemblance one of them, this lady's husband, bears to myself;' and Uncle Bob spread himself, pockets and all, before the box occupied by the official whom he addressed.

Psalter is tall and rather slender, and Uncle Bob is much broader than he is long; and Psalter has beautiful features and large blue eyes, while Uncle Bob has no apparent features at all, except cheeks and a triple chin. The idea.

'Let me think—let me think,' said the man. 'Yes, there was a party of that description went up yonder to the left, a while ago. I remember them particularly, on account of the baby's crying.'

'And one of the gentlemen resembled me?' repeated Uncle Bob.

'Yes, sir, considerably so, I believe,' said the man, doubtfully.

'And they had straw hats and two baskets with them?' I inquired.

'Yes, ma'am, I believe so,' said the man, turning away as though determined to say nothing more on the subject.

It certainly must be Psalter and the rest, we concluded; and away we started down the path indicated, now imagining we saw them, and now discovering that we were mistaken, until we were tired to death and absolutely famished.

Uncle Bob, although he had emptied both his pockets and the bottle, declared he should faint if he had not something substantial to eat; and accordingly we proceeded to a public house, near at hand, where Tom called for dinner. The two gentlemen ate heartily, but neither Jane nor I, hungry as we were, could touch a mouthful.

'Do take some of this milk, ladies,' said the good natured landlady, and she placed a pitcher full upon the table. 'It's very refreshing after a long jaunt in the sun—and so a poor baby that was brought in here a while ago, thought, I reckon.'

'A baby!' exclaimed Jane and I, at once.

'Yes, ma'am—a poor little baby,' answered the landlady—'all alone with a young man; and really I didn't know which to pity most, the baby or its pa, when I see him a feeding of it with milk, and pouring more of it into its eyes than its mouth. I had to take hold and feed it myself. Whatever his wife was a thinking of, when she let him go out by himself with that mite of a baby, I can't think.'

'It must have been John,' I said. 'It certainly was our John.'

'La! them's the identical words a gentleman that came in a while after he was gone, said, when I promiscuously mentioned the young man. He said—'It's our John!'

'What was the gentleman's name—do you know?' I inquired.

'No, ma'am, I don't; but he was a handsome looking man, and had a whole lot of children and baskets with him. I've an idea he was a Sunday-school Union going on a pic-nic. All I know is he sez to the children—'We'll go home, now;' and they crossed to the city.'

'Home—home at once, then!' cried Tom; 'they are there already, doubtless.'

'You might wait until I could get something into my stomach to keep me from fainting before we get home,' grumbled Uncle Bob, as he followed.

Oh! how long that drive and sail seemed to us, and how relieved we were when we at last saw lights gleaming from the windows of our house!

We rushed in in a body. There were Psalter and all the children, but neither John nor the baby; and what was more, Psalter had seen nothing of him since they parted at the stage-door, when we got in. Poor sister-in-law went into strong hysterics, and declared that she had had a presentiment of something terrible all day!

'We must look for them,' said Psalter. 'I'll go to the ferry, and you, Tom, go ——'

'Oh, it will be no use!' sobbed sister-in-law. 'They are either drowned, run over, or devoured by the wolves. Just wait, Tom; I shan't live three minutes, and then you'll have nothing to detain you, and can go where you choose—only I hope you'll remember that it is all your fault from beginning to end, and take warning by it.'

At this moment a violent cry was heard in the hall, and in a moment more John and the baby stood among us.

'Just take her a moment, Emma,' were the first words he uttered. 'I have carried her all day.'

But the poor little thing was already in its mother's arms; and while Jane soothed its woes, as only a mother can, she berated poor John at the top of her voice, until, what with fatigue and unhappiness, the poor fellow was ready to cry.

We discovered, as soon as John obtained leave to speak, that he had followed first one party, then another, until he lost himself, and had wandered miles away in the wrong direction.

'Poor Cassie cried considerably,' said John; 'but excepting that, she was a very good girl. I bought milk for her frequently. I tried to get her to eat some cake, too; but she don't seem to know how to chew yet. Dear me! I didn't know a little baby weighed so much.'

'But we are so tired, mamma,' said Fanny; 'and we couldn't find you, and so I and Rosa cried. I lost my slipper in the road, and Clara's frock is torn, and Dick's jacket, too—and we are so tired, mamma, we want to go to bed.'

To bed they went; and while I was kissing little Fanny good-night, sleepiness overpowered me, and, with my arm around her, I sunk upon the pillow, and knew nothing more until I awoke to find myself snugly covered up with blankets, while the morning sun was shining through the window and Psalter arranging his hair at the glass

And so ended 'our pic-nic.'

A GOOD ONE.—Mr. M——, of Illinois, has been a kind of preacher for several years. He at length got the notion that it was wrong to make any preparation for his sermons, believing that his duty required that he should trust to the inspiration of the moment.

One Sunday' when he was to preach at Moline, he walked into the pulpit and opened his bible, as was his custom. He happened to open at the first chapter of Matthew, and began to read the second verse as follows: 'Abrah'm forgot Isaac, and Isaac forgot Jacob, and Jacob forgot Judas and his brother.'

The old man seemed somewhat puzzled to find any application for the scripture but at length started ahead. 'My friends,' said he, 'this passage of scripture is meant to teach us the shortness of human memory, and it does seem to me that them old patrearks was mighty forgetful.'

☞ Some young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck, if you have only a shilling a week, is to live upon elevenpence and save a penny; good luck is to trouble your head with your own business, and let your neighbors' alone; good luck is to fulfill the commandments' and do unto other people as we wish them to do to us. They must not plod, but persevere. Pence must be taken care of because they are the seed of guineas. To get on in the world, they must take care of home, sweep their own door-way clean, try and help other people, avoid temptation, and have faith in truth and God.

☞ Tacitus says, 'In the early ages man lived a life of innocence and simplicity.' Upon this a critic remarks, 'When was this period of innocence? The first woman went astray. The very first man that was born in the world killed the second. When did the time of simplicity begin?'

A Picture of Home.

I recall a home long since left behind in the journey of life, and its memory floats back over me with a shower of emotions and thoughts towards whose precious fall my heart opens itself greedily, like a thirsty flower. It is a home among the mountains—humble and homely, but priceless in its associations. The water fall again sings in my ears, as it used to through those dreamy, mysterious nights. The rose at the gate, the patch of tansy under the window, the neighboring orchard, the old elm, the grand machinery of storms and showers, the little smithy under the hill that flamed with strange light through the dull winter evenings, the wood pile at the door, the ghostly white birches on the hill, and the dim blue haze on the retiring mountains—all these come back to me with an appeal that touches my heart and moistens my eyes. I sit again in the doorway of summer nightfall, ea ing my bread and milk, looking off upon the darkening landscape, and listening to the shouts of boys on the hillside calling or driving home the reluctant herds. I watch again the devious ways of the dusky night-hawk along the twilight sky, and listen to his measured note, and the breezy boom that accompanies his headlong plunge towards the earth.

Even the old barn, crazy in every timber and gaping at every joint, has charms for me. I try again the breathless leap from the great beams in the haymow. I sit again on the threshhold of the widely open doors—open to the soft south wind of spring—and watch the cattle, whose faces look half human to me, as they sun themselves, and peacefully ruminate, while drop by drop the melting snow on the roof drills holes through the wasting drifts beneath the eaves. The first little lambs of the season tottle by the side of their dams, and uttar their feeble bleatings, while the flock nibble at the hay rack, or a pair of rival wethers try the strength of their skulls in an encounter, half in earnest and half in play. The proud old roosters crow upon the dunghill throne, and some delighted member of his silly family leaves her nest, and tells to her mates and to me that there is one more egg in the world. The old horse whinnies in his stall and calls to me for food. I look up to the roof and think of last year's swallows—soon to return again—and catch a glimpse of angular sky through the diamond shaped opening that gave them ingress and egress. How, I know not, and care not, but that old barn is a part of myself—it has edtered into my life and given me growth and health.

But I look into the house again where the life abides which has appropriated these things, and find among them its home. The hour of evening has come, the lamps are lighted and the good man in middle life—through very old he seems to me—takes down the Bible and reads a chapter from its hallowed pages. A sweet woman sits at his side, with my sleepy head upon her knees, and brothers and sisters are grouped reverently around me. I do not understand the words, but I have been told they are the words of God, and I believe it. The chapter ends and we all kneel down, and the good man prays. I fall asleep with my head in the chair, and the next morning I remember nothing of how I went to bed. After breakfast the Bible is taken down, and the good man prays again and again is the worship repeated through all the days of many golden years. The plersant converse of the fireside, the simple song of home, the words of encouragement as I bend over my school task, the kiss as I lay down to rest the patient bearing with the freaks of my restless nature, the gentle counsels mingled with reproofs and approval, the sympathy that meets and assuages every sorrow and sweetens every little success—all these returu to me amidst the responsibilities which press upon me now, and I feel as if I had once lived in Heaven, and straying had lost my way.

Well, the good man grew old and weary, and fell asleep at last with blessings on his lips for me. Some of those who called him father lie side by side in the same calm sleep. The others are scattered and dwell in new homes, and the old house and orchard have passed into the hands of strangers, who have learned or are learning to look upon them as I do now. Lost, ruined, forever left behind, that home is mine to-day as truly as it ever was, for have I not brought it away with me and shown it to you? It was the home of my boyhood. In it I found my first mental food, and by it was my young soul fashioned. To me, through weary years and many sorrows, it has been a perennial fountain of delight and purifying influences, simply because it was my home, and was and is part of me. The rose at the gate blooms for me now. The landscape comes when I summon it, and I hear the voices that calls to me from lips which memory makes immortal.

SALT IN THROAT DISEASE.—An exchange says, in these days when diseases of the throat are so prevalent, and in many cases so fatal' the use of common salt is recommended as an effectual remedy. We commenced by using it three times a day—morning noon and night. We dissolved a large tablespoon full of puretable salt in about half a tumbler of cold water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from the usual coughs and colds to which, so far as our memory extends, we have always been subject, but the dry hacking cough has entirely disappeard. We attributed this satisfactory result entirely to the salt gargle.

☞ 'And wilt thou ever, ever be faithless to me, again?' 'Nay, dearest,' he replied.

And she *neighed*.—*Bardstown Gaz.*

'And wilt thou be my faithful, loving wife? Oh, wilt thou?' And she *wilted*.—*Johnson's Age.*

'And we shall live lovingly together in a dear little shanty—shan't we?'

And they *shantied*.—*Louisville Journal.*

'And wilt thou—nay, I know thou wilt repair my hose—darn them?'

And she '*darned 'em*.'

☞ A young woman can have no excuse for thinking her lover wiser than he is, for if there's any nonsense in him he will be sure to talk it to her.

FITTED TO A HAIR.

Sometime ago, being in company with a medical man whom I will call Mr. R ——, we fell into conversation on the use of the microscope, in the management of which he was an adept. 'Now,' said he, 'I will tell you a story of what happened to myself—one which, I think, will illustrate the importance of this instrument to society, though I was put in a very unpleasant position owing to my acquaintance with it.

'I have as you know, given a good deal of attention to comparative anatomy, especially to the structure of the hair as it appears under the microscope. To the unassisted eye, indeed, all hair appears very much alike, except as it is long or short, dark or fair, straight or curly, coarse or fine. Under the microscope, however, the case is very different: the white man's is round; the negro's oval; the mouse's apparently jointed; the rat's jagged; and so on. Indeed, every animal has hair of a peculiar character, and what is more, this character varies according to the part of the body from which it is taken—an important circumstance, as will appear from my story, which is this:

'I once received a letter by post, containing a few hairs, with a request that I would examine them, and adding that they would be called for in a few days. Accordingly I submitted the hairs to the microscope, when I discovered that they were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised. I made a note to this effect, and folded it up with the hairs in an envelope, ready for the person who had sent them. In a few days a stranger called and inquired whether I had made the investigation. 'Oh yes,' I said, 'there they are, and you will find them and their description in this envelope,' handing it to him at the same time. He expressed himself as being much obliged, and offered me a fee, which, however, I declined, telling him that I could not think of taking anything for so small a matter.

'It turned out, however, of more consequence than I had imagined, for within a week I was served with a subpœna to attend as a witness on a *trial for murder*. This was very disagreeable, as I have said; but there was no help for it now. The case was this: A man had been killed by a blow with some blunt instrument on the eyebrow, and the hairs sent to me for examination had been taken from a hammer in the possession of the suspected murderer. I was put into the witness box, and my testimony, 'that the hairs were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised,' was just the link in the chain of evidence which sufficed to convict the prisoner. The jury, however, were not easily satisfied that my statement was worth anything; and it required the solemn assurance of the judge that such a conclusion was within the reach of science, to convince them that they might act upon it.

'One juryman in particular—an old farmer—was very hard to satisfy. 'Does thee mean to say,' said he, 'that thee can tell any hair of any animal? I answered that I would not take upon myself to assert positively that I could do so, although I believed I could. 'Well,' said he, 'I'll prove thee.'

'The prisoner, as I said, was convicted, and I went home, and, in the busy life of an extensive practice forgot all about my obstinate old farmer. About two years afterwards, however, a person, an utter stranger to me, called on me with a few hairs screwed up in a piece of paper, which he asked me to examine, and report on.

'Is this another murder case? I inquired; 'for, if so, I will have nothing to do with it. I've had enough of that sort of work.'

'No, no,' said he, 'it is nothing of the kind. It is only a matter of curiosity, which I should be very much obliged if you would solve; and if you will do it, I will call or send for the result of your examination in a few days' time.' Having received this assurance, I undertook the investigation.

'When he was gone, and I had leisure, I put the hairs under the microscope, and soon discovered that they were taken from the back of a Norway rat.

'Two or three days afterwards, as I was sitting in my consulting-room, an old farmer-looking man was ushered in.—'Well,' said he, 'has thee looked at them hairs?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'and I find that they are from the back of a Norway rat.' 'Well,' exclaimed he, 'so they are. Thou hast forgotten me; but I have not forgotten thee. Does thee recollect the trial for murder at L———assizes? I said I would prove thee; and so I have, for them hairs come from the back of a rat's skin my son sent me from Norway.' So the old gentleman was quite satisfied with the proof to which he had put me, and I, as you may suppose, was well pleased that my skill and sagacity had stood such a queer proof as this, and more convinced than ever of the value of the microscope.'

Here the doctor ended his story, which I have given as nearly as possible in his own words, and upon which I believe that a thorough dependence may be placed.

How Washington Delivered His Farewell Address.

In the *National Intelligencer*, during the year 1857, was given an extract from a letter written by a lady, eighty years of age, residing in Philadelphia, to her grandson in Washington, describing the scene at the delivery of Washington's Farewell Address. The scene is graphically described, and we reproduce the extract as appropriate to the present occasion:

'When General Washington delivered his Farewell Address, in the room at the South-East corner of Chestnut and Sixth streets, I sat immediately in front of him. It was in the room the Congress occupied. The table of the Speaker was between the two windows on Sixth street. The daughter of Dr. ——— of Alexandria, the physician and intimate friend of Washington, Mrs. ———, whose husband was the auditor, was a very dear friend of mine. Her brother, Washington, was one of the Secretaries of General Washington. Young Dandridge, a nephew of Gen. Washington, was the other. I was included in Mrs. H———'s party to witness the august, the solemn scene. N. H——— declined going with Mrs. H———, who had determined to go early so as to secure the front bench. It was fortunate for N—— C—— (afterwards Mrs. L———,) that she would not trust herself so near her honored grandfather. My dear father stood very near her; she was terribly agitated. There was a narrow passage from the door of entrance to the room, which was on the east, dividing the rows of benches. Gen. Washington stopped at the end to let Mr. Adams pass to the chair. The latter always wore a full suit of bright drab, with slash, or rather loose cuffs. He also wore wrist ruffles. He had not changed his fashions. He was a short man with a good head. With his family he attended our church twice a day.

Gen. Washington's dress was a full suit of black. His military hat had the black cockade. There stood the Father of his Country, acknowledged by nations 'the first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.' No marshals with gold-colored scarfs; no cheering. The most profound stillness greeted him, as if that assembly desired to hear him breathe—the homage of the heart. Mr. Adams covered his face with both his hands The sleeve of his coat and hands were covered with tears. Every now and then there was a suppressed sob. I cannot describe Washington's appearance as I felt it—perfectly composed and self-possessed till the close of his address. Then, when strong men's sobs broke loose, when tears covered their faces, then the great man was shaken. I never took my eyes from his face. Large drops came from his eyes. He looked to the grateful children who were parting with their father, their friend, as if his heart was with them and would be to the end.'

A Beautiful Incident.

Six years ago a young man just entering life, under the influence of rum, committed a crime against society, was tried, convicted, and sent to Warpin. He served out his time behind the prisons. Before his trial a fair girl had promised to link her fortunes to his, and cruel was the blow to her.

All through the six years did she wait for the day of release. With a true woman's heart she believed him innocent—innocent at least before God—and like the magnet, she held on her steady way, her heart pointing ever to the future. Long were the hours to him. Slowly passed the hours—seconds were minutes—minutes were hours—hours days—days weeks—weeks months—months years—and the years were like ages. Every tolling of the prison bell struck deep to his heart, and every sunset took another thread from his long skein. Nor were the hours less weary to her. Hope, that blessed angel, sat beside her by day, and reposed on her pillow by night. Some there were who laughed at her holy love—who sneered so meanly at her love—a prisoner miles away. But little mattered it to her. Others might sneer—she remained true to her heart and him. Others might point to a man in prison garb, toiling away from morn till night, but with one star to guide him on. She saw but the honest soul that might be saved, or be lost; and, woman that she was, nerved herself to bear the gibes and jeers. Blessed words came to him in his lonely cell—words of love, of hope, of kindness; and stronger grew the heart of her who had truly been his better angel watching over his broken nature.—Each word from her lightened the hours as they slowly went by, and longer grew the day on which liberty was to come.—Men visited him, and with careless or speaking eye, threw into his cell maddening thoughts on which his soul must feed, and tremblingly shrink to the darkest corner of its temple. Then a letter from her would dash aside the dark curtains, and beckon him on to a spot of sunshine, outside and beyond his present reach. So passed the years. The sin was long since more than atoned for, and at last the little spot of sunshine crept to his cell, and entering by the keyhole of the door, let him forth into the bright rays of liberty. He was conducted to the office of the prison by Mr. McGraw, and a citizen's dress instead of a prison suit given unto him, and into an inner room, where stood she, who, years before, had promised before God to be his. What a meeting! 'Tis not for us to speak of it.

On the evening train the two arrived in Milwaukee, and were joined in marriage. We were a witness to the ceremony, and shall never forget it—never forget the eye moistened with tears of happiness, nor the throbbings of the heart that had so long waited and trusted. Saved, saved! May the future be all the brighter for the dark cloud that so long hung over it, and true friends be ever ready to lend a helping hand. We believe in woman's love—in woman's devotion—the more after knowing the fact above stated. God bless the true heart wherever it may be found.—*Exchange.*

Freedom of Speech.

Mrs. Mulloney hires the whole of Tipperary Block, and underlets it to her country people, making a good thing of the operation. The block is owned by Mr. Israel Lamb, a gentleman of many virtues, whose patience had been at sundry times endangered by the volubility of Mrs. Mulloney, who at every pay day was clamorous about defects in the tenements, high rent, needed repairs, etc., such as every landlord is familiar with. At last, Mr Lamb—his disposition to do right and the fear of doing wrong holding equal prominence in his mind—proposed a conference that should insure his peace, and he proposed to Mrs. Mulloney that she should suspend all complaints, stop her general abuse and go away peaceably, he agreeing to deduct twenty-five dollars per year from the rent. The terms were accepted, the contract ratified, and Mrs. Muloney went home to look after the under tenants, the majority of whom lived over her. The time of the first payment under the contract, and Mrs. Mulloney, as was her custom, was early at the office of Mr. Lamb. Her face was very red, and as she threw down upon the desk the rent money, minus the two dollars and a fraction monthly reduction, she opened upon Mr. Lamb a volley of wrathful words that almost took the old gentleman off his leather-bottomed seat. The snow had melted on the roof and run down into the attic, Mistress O'Rourke had taken the rheumatis, and little Biddy was nigh dead with the croup, and all because the old roof leaked, and the landlord wouldn't fix it. At the close of her paroxysm, Mr. Lamb said to her that she had apparently forgotten the contract—that the allowance in the rent was solely on condition that she should hold her tongue. She stood a moment with the fiercest kind of a storm raging within her breast, that dashed from her eyes in occasional jets, as fire will lick out between the clapboards of a burning house, to burst out at last in irrepressible flame. There was some momentous calculation exercising the mind of Mrs. Mulloney. At length, rumbling in her pocket, she drew out her old worn purse again, and throwing the amount deducted from her bill upon the desk, she exclaimed: 'D'ye think I'll howld my tongue for a trifle like that? I'll say what I plase about the leaky owld roof and the crazy owld house, and no thanks to yes anyway.' The assertion of independence and vindication of the right of free speech was most vigorously put, and Mrs. Mulloney departed leaving Mr. Lamb to prepare for a severe time to come. He dreads the approach of rent day because more snow has fallen since and the repairs haven't been made.

☞ A country editor, noticing the decease of a wealthy gentleman, observes: 'He has died regretted by a numerous circle of friends, and leaving a widow as disconsolate as any widow need be, who has obtained the uncontrolled possession of five thousand per annum. More than twenty young men have sent letters of condolence to her.'

☞ 'Sir,' said a woman to a loafer, 'If you do not send home my husband's clothes, I will expose you.' 'If I do I shall expose myself,' was the cool reply.

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