

GEN. WASHINGTON ON SLAVERY.

The New York Tribune, a few days since contained the following extract of a letter of Gen. Washington, never before published:

"We conclude these observations with an impressive extract from hitherto unpublished letters of Washington to Tobias Lear, written from Philadelphia on the 6th of May, 1794, while Mr Lear was in Great Britain, charged with negotiations for the sale of a considerable portion of Washington's landed estate:

"I have no scruple in disclosing to you that my motives to these sales are to reduce my income, be it more or less, to special ties, that the remainder of my days may be thereby more tranquil and free from care, and that I may be enabled, knowing what my dependence is, to do as much good as my resources will admit; for although, in the estimation of the world, I possess a good and clear estate, yet so unproductive is it, that I am often times ashamed to refuse aid which I cannot afford, unless I sell part of it to answer this purpose. Besides these I have another motive which makes me earnestly wish for these things—it is, indeed, more powerful than all the rest—namely: to liberate a certain species of property which I possess very repugnantly to my own feelings, but which imperious necessity compels, until I can substitute some other expedient, by which expenses, not in my power to avoid, (however well disposed I may be to do it,) can be defrayed."

"After reading these words, who shall accuse Washington of parsimony, or cite his venerable and sacred name as that of an apologist for slavery?"



Ladies' Department.

ESTELLE TO HER LOVER.

I saw thee, sought thee, call'd thee mine,
And madden'd with my prize,
No star of God, I thought, could shine
More brilliant than thine eyes.

And must I wake from that wild dream
Of ecstatic delight;
Awake to find each glowing beam
Eclips'd by hideous night?

I deem'd, but yesterday, thy soul
Was pure as angel's smile,
To-day I've seen dark passions roll
From fountains foul and vile!

Now, never, never more can cling
My spirit unto thine,
Though memory oft, no doubt, will fling
Thy mantle over mine.

And tho' we've hallow'd night's short hours
With love's delightful bliss—
Have promised much in silent bowers,
And sealed it with a kiss;

Yet never more again can beam
The lustre of thine eye,
As brilliant as when fancy's dream
Made thee my—deity.

Bytown. HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

WHAT SHALL I TAKE

A lady acquaintance, says an exchange paper, young, lovely, and intelligent, called on a celebrated physician to do something "for a rash of blood to the head."

"I have been doctoring myself," said the languid fair one with a smile, to the bluff though kind M. D., while he was feeling her pulse.

"Ah, how?"

"Why I have taken Brandreth's pills, Parr's pills, Stambur's pills, Sand's Sarsaparilla, Jayne's expectorant, used Dr. Williams' lozenges and plaster

astonished doctor, "all of these things do your complaint no good."

"No, then what shall I take?" pettishly inquired the patient.

"Take," exclaimed the doctor, eyeing her from head to foot, "take off your corsets."

BABY SHOW.

The National Baby Show took place at Springfield, Ohio, October 5th, and twenty entries were made. The first premium, for the finest baby of two years old and under, was a tea service with a salver, valued at \$300. The second premium for the next best baby was a tea set valued at \$200. The third premium was \$200 for the finest child under one year. The fourth premium was a Parian marble group. The first premium, was awarded to Mrs. Bommer of Vienna, Ohio, the second to Mrs. McDowall of Cincinnati, the third to Mrs. Arthur of Philadelphia, the fourth to Mrs. Henry Howe, of Cincinnati. Letters were received from Fanny Fern, Mrs. Swishelm, Mrs. Critenden, Mrs. Mott, and Horace Greely, Esq. Mr. Greely thought that much attention should be given to the development of the human constitution in a country where able-bodied men sold for \$500 to \$1,500 apiece. Mrs. Mott thought that black babies should have been admitted to the exhibition and have an equal chance with the whites. Among the exhibitors was an old lady who came with her seventeenth child. She claimed a premium on that ground.

THE SILENT WOMAN.—Madame Righter, the wife of a law officer at Versailles, while talking in the presence of a numerous party, dropped some remarks which were out of place, though not impertinent. Her husband reprimanded her before the whole company, saying:

"Silence, Madame, you are a fool!"

She lived twenty or thirty years afterwards and never uttered a single word, even to her children. Pretended theft was committed in her presence, in the hope of taking her by surprise, but without effect, and nothing could induce her to speak.—When her consent was required for the marriage of any of her children, she bowed her head and signed the contract.

BACKBITING.—If we quarrelled with all the people who abuse us behind our backs, and began to tear their eyes out, as soon as we set ours on them what a life it would be, and when should we have any quiet. Backbiting is all fair in society. Abuse me and I will abuse you: but let us be friends when we meet. Have not we all entered a dozen rooms, and been sure, from the countenances of the amiable persons present, that they have been discussing our little peculiarities perhaps as we are on the stairs? Was our visit, therefore the less agreeable? Did we quarrel and say hard words to one another's faces? No—we wait, until some of our dear friends takes their leave, and then comes our turn. My back is at my neighbour's service; as soon as that is turned let him make what faces he thinks proper; but when we meet, we grin and shake hands like well-bred folk, to whom clean linen is not more necessary than a clean sweet-looking countenance, and a nicely got up smile, for the company.

A REASON FOR DIVORCE.—The County of Jones Agricultural Society, in the State of Iowa, has declared the inability of a wife to make bread a sufficient ground for divorce. It is to be presumed that the old saying, "her bread's baked," will become very general in use with the "boy Jones," when they have discovered their better halves' want of skill in the management of the household oven.

EQUALITY AND DISPARITY OF THE AGE OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—The case in which the husband and wife are of precisely the same age must be of rare occurrence; but the number of cases in which the husband and wife were born in the same year is considerable; and in 3,202,974 pairs, the ages of 1,299,008 pairs fall in the same quinquennial, 1,954,519 in the same decennial, and 2,574,952 (or four-fifths) in the same vicennial. Women of the age of 20—40 give birth probably to seven or eight children; and it is seen that of 1,703,475 wives of the age of 20—40, there are 1,397,453 married to husbands of that age; 297,025 to husbands of 40—60; while only 1,620 of these wives are united to husbands under 20; and 7,357 to husbands of 60 and upwards. The disparities of age are generally in the direction that popular observation would indicate; for while the age of the husband and wife falls in 1,299,008 instances within the same quinquennial, the wife belongs in 1,402,275 instances to the earlier ages, and in only 494,691 instances to the ages older than the age of the husband. The degree

ago of either sex. The disparity of age has a wide range; and returns show one instance in which a man of 30—35 is married to a woman of 90—95, and four in which men of 95—100, are married to women of 40—50. In one instance it appears that a girl of 18 is married to a man of 100; but this is an error. There is a certain regularity in the numbers that marry at different ages, and in such a degree as indicates that the acts which appear to result from arbitrary volition and chances are the result of regulated contingencies, which in their course obey laws and follow rules as definite as any that sway the relations of the physical phenomena of inorganic matter. The tendency in marriage is generally stronger that unites husbands to wives of the same age-period, and that it would appear that the reciprocal attractiveness of the sexes diminishes in the distance of age at rates which may ultimately be expressed by some simple mathematical formula.—Census Report.

FACETS may be removed by the following ingredients made into a wash. One ounce of rectified spirits of wine, a tea-spoonful of muriatic acid applied with a camel's hair pencil, two or three times a day.

A young girl is a fishing rod—the eyes are the hook, the smile is the bait, the love is the gudgeon, and marriage the butter in which he is fried.



YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE NOBLE HEARTED CHILDREN.

It is a beautiful sight when children treat each other with kindness and love, as is related in the following story. Last evening, says the narrator, I took supper with Lydia's father and mother. Before supper, Lydia, her parents, and myself, were sitting in the room together, and her little brother Oliver was out in the yard drawing his cart about. The mother went out, and brought in some peaches, a few of which were large, red-checked rare-ripes—the rest small ordinary peaches. The father handed me one of the rare-ripes, gave one to the mother, and then one of the best to his little daughter, who was eight years old. He then took one of the smallest ones and gave it to Lydia, and told her to go and give it to her brother. Lydia went out and was gone about ten minutes, and then came in.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father.

Lydia blushed, turned away, and did not answer.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father again, a little more sharply.

"No, father," said she, "I did not give him that."

"What did you do with it," he asked.

"I ate it."

"What! Did you not give your brother any?" asked the father.

"Yes, I did, father," said she, "I gave him mine."

"Why did you not give him the one I told you to give?" asked the father rather sternly.

"Because, father," said Lydia, "I thought he would like mine better."

"But you ought not to disobey your father," said he.

"I did not mean to be disobedient, father," said she; and her bosom began to heave and her chin to quiver.

"But you were, my daughter," said he.

"I thought you would not be displeas'd with me, father," said Lydia, "if I did give brother the largest peach." And the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"But I wanted you to have the largest," said the father, "you are older and larger than he is."

"I want to give the best things to my brother," said the noble girl.

"Because," said the dear generous sister, "I love him so; I always feel best when he gets the best things."

"You are right, my precious daughter," said the father, as he fondly and proudly embraced her in his arms. "You are right, and you may be certain your happy father can never be displeas'd with you for desiring to give up the best of every thing to your affectionate little brother. He is a dear little boy, and I am glad you love him so. Do you think he loves you as well as you do him?"

"Yes, father," said the little girl, "I think he does; for when I offered him the largest peach, he would not take it, and desired me to keep it; and it was a good while before I could get him to take it."

THE ECHO.

A little boy whose name was George, as yet he knew nothing of the echo. On one occasion, when left alone in the meadow, he cried out, O! O! when he was directly answered from a hill close by, O! O! Surprised to hear a voice without seeing a person, he cried out loudly, "Who are you?" The voice replied, "Who are you?" He then screamed out, "You are a silly fellow," and "Silly fellow" was answered from the hill.

This only made George more angry, and he went on calling the person, whom he thought he heard, nicknames, which were all repeated exactly as he uttered them. He then went to look for the boy in order to strike him but could find no one.

So he ran home and told his mother an impudent fellow had hid himself behind the trees at the hill, and called him nicknames. Having explained to his mother what had taken place, she said to him:

"George, my boy, you have deceived yourself. You have heard nothing but the echo of your own words: if you had called out a civil word toward the hill, a civil word would have been given back in return.

"So it is," said the mother, "in life, with boys and girls, men and women. A good word generally produces a good word, or as the wise man said, 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.' If we smile on the world, the world will smile on us; if we give frowns we shall have frowns in return. If we are uncivil or unkind towards others, we cannot expect anything better from them in payment."

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

LAY OF THE HENPECKED.

O, her hair is as dark as the midnight wave,
And her eyes is like kindling fire,
And her voice is as sweet as the spirit's voice
That chords with the seraph's lyre

But her nails are sharp as a toasting fork,
And her arms as strong as a bear's;
She pulled my hair and gouged my eye,
And she kicked me down the stairs.

I've got me an eye that is made of glass,
And I've got me a wig that's new;
The wig is frizzled in the corkscrew curls,
And the eye is a clouded blue.

She may shake her knuckles full in my face,
And put the lamp to my beard,
And hold the broomstick over my head—
But I'm not at all afraid.

For I've bound her over to keep the peace
And I've bought me a crab tree cane;
The policeman will come, and the justice too,
If she meddles with me again.

My head was a weel in the linen cap,
And my eye a month in the patch;
I never thought that the torch of love
Would light such a brimstone match!

A couple of the most efficient Shakers of England have cut the society and got married. The New Haven Register says they were heretofore regarded as fire proof specimens of the order. Probably couldn't stand it any longer.

A PUNSTER says, "My name's Somerset. I'm a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry, for how can I hope to prevail on any young lady, possessed of the slightest notion of delicacy, to turn a Somerset?"

There is a shop for the sale of samshoo, or rice whiskey in Hong Kong, which has over its door the following inscription: "The joys of paradise are nothing compared with a perpetual drunk!"

Punch says that the reason why editors are so apt to have their manners spoiled is because