

Washington's birth day! Washington's perfect picture of a perfect man! A soldier ^{you} truly ^{one} wait. A whole nation acknowledged this. When you appeared at the head of the army that army the country's only support was fast disappearing. Thy mighty power restored its strength back by which did your country's prospects brighten under your fatherly care. At last she was free and a thirteen millions wept with tears of gratitude at the fact of the soldier. A statesman ^{thy} surely were. In your long and laborious public career not one action of thine but redounded to the praise of your country. More than all ^{there} were a man! Everything you did showed a heart which beamed with love to all mankind. A patriot & ~~at~~ but more than all a man your name & Oh Washington will live for ever.

"How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
Thou more than soldier, and just ~~less~~ ^{less} than sage;
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee;
Far less, than all thou hast forborne to be!"

Sunday, FRIDAY, 22 23.

The twenty sixth anniversary of the battle of Buena Vista. How sweet a recollection must not this name be to every son of Montezuma. Twenty thousand Mexicans against five or six thousand Americans! Lent commences to show signs of its approach. Like the engine which although out of sight still is heard along the rails so Lent its face still behind a veil rattles the rails in the shape of massive papers calling themselves Lenten regulations. Already in the distance we catch a sight of a slow and mournful train approaching. First in the ranks as if he were a general a mighty Codfish steps slowly on to the tune of the Dead March beat most solemnly rendered by a band of Fried Wackels. Following fast in the rear of their chief come the aid de camps officers & Co. Cysters, Crabs, Clams and Scarp. Bringing up and then the procession ends with a mass of mixed followers Bread, Potatoes, Tea & Co. But let us while as yet on the threshold take one more look around.

Monday, SATURDAY, 23 24

The Credit Mobilier still is the all important subject of the day. Geo. W. Downing, colored, deserts the ranks of the supporters of Cuban Liberty. Monroe Snyder ^{of Philadelphia Pa.} has just been cruelly murdered for his money. John of the Sun is writes from matches on the subject of bars and benders. Hon. W. Robinson has resumed the practice of the law at 44 Court Street Brooklyn. A station master on the Hartford Providence and Fishkill Railroad at Burnside has been cruelly assaulted by two young boys and is lying at the point of death. John Foley still advertises largely his superior gold pens and works hard in the ranks of the Reform party. All are well at home. Such are the things that I see as I take one last look round at the wored standing at the threshold of Lent. May the peace full and solemn season be the means of purifying this wored. Let us hope that God in his mercy will grant that on glorious Easter the day when ~~he~~ ^{he} arose from the dead the world ^{beautified} ^{by the season} of Lent will be pure enough to welcome the