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The Northern Galaxy

MIDDLEBURY, VT.—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1845. NUMBER 50.

THE GALAXY, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING IN STEWART'S BUILDINGS, BY J. COBB JR.

MISCELLANEOUS. THE LOST CHILD.

"A child is lost!" was the fearful and pulsing thrill that coursed like wild-fire through the hearts of those settlements which occasionally skirt the entrance to our American forests.

A WHISTLING YANKEE.

Some years since, a Yankee from the land of 'notions,' travelling westward, found himself minus of cash, after his arrival at the flourishing and beautiful village of Painesville, Ohio.

ALBANY DAILY ADVERTISER.

This establishment is offered for sale and possession given immediately. Besides the Daily, a Weekly and Semi-Weekly are issued, which have an extensive circulation.

From the Remember Me.

seemed to be a part of his being, to enter into every concern of life. Agnes was left without fortune, but she contrived, by economy and industry, to keep herself from absolute dependence, and was always able to bestow the widow's mite in charity.

"Yes, precious boy! and he will not suffer us to want for any thing!" said the loud Agnes, clasping him to her bosom as he uttered this sentiment of faith, in the simple and touching accents of early childhood.

"What is this darling son—this fair pledge of my young affections—that was now no where to be found. It was a bright day in the spring, and Agnes had risen with the sun, and gone several miles to visit a dying friend.

"The old woman pulled her forcibly back. 'Are you crazy?' said she. 'Do you want to get lost too? If man ever had his will, he would be brought in before sundown.'

Thus the hours and moments sped away until the time arrived when Agnes was expected. Ah! who shall be the first to tell her of these heavy tidings? She shrunk from the task. They could have done it to a being moulded like themselves; and interlarded the intelligence with many words of alleviating kindness.

"What is the matter?" she quickly asked—"Where is my child? Something dreadful has occurred! where is my child?—Father!—Mother!—Will you not speak to me!—Then he is dead! The judgment is at last administered; the righteous judgment which I have been so long anticipating!"

She paused expecting a reply—"My darling Will!" There was a slight rustling in the bushes near her. She flew with outstretched arms

to clasp her son—but it was only the young fawn who had been startled from his slumber. Agnes' heart died within her. She felt the sickness of "hope deferred."

"This is true," replied Agnes, "and it is thankless ingratitude in me to be so ungrateful of His precious promises, and so distrustful of His goodness; but my heart hovers over my remaining treasure, as the bird flutters around the only nursing that is left in her rilled nest.

"The shadows of evening gathered slowly round them; and the trees of the forest began to assume in the twilight those fearful and unearthly forms which excite startling fancies even in the stout-hearted. Agnes' thoughts of the helplessness and ignorance, of the timidity and cowardice of children, and the situation of her desolate little one, came over her in tenfold horrors.

"The voice of affection brought tears to the eyes of Agnes. But they were not the refreshing tears that sweeten and cool the withering spirit; they came not gently and sweetly, like the dew of heaven. The short convulsive heavings of an almost bursting heart, were mingled with violent and painful weeping. This soon spent itself, and was succeeded by suffocating sobs; like the swelling of the ocean when the storm is gone.

"The old woman pulled her forcibly back. 'Are you crazy?' said she. 'Do you want to get lost too? If man ever had his will, he would be brought in before sundown.'

"If this doesn't beat all!" he at length exclaimed, swallowing to keep down the emotion which choked his words. "Well! the darkest hour of night is just before the dawn of day! and I had given up the lad for lost, the moment before we found him! But now, just sit down a bit on this log till they kindle the bonfire, for we shall be as like to get further into the woods, as to get out of them if we trust to ourselves!

"The happy party were soon seated! but they were not long obliged to wait. The beacon streamed upward to the heavens; and showed them not very far from their own dwellings. The light of a brilliant moon shone upon their foot-steps! and Agnes and the kind-hearted associate of her search, returned, to awaken happiness in the hearts which they had left trowling, and to render devout thanksgiving to the widow's God and the orphan's Father.

FINE WOOL IN OHIO.—We were shown, the other day, a sample of wool taken from a sheep belonging to the flock of Messrs. Perkins & Brown, kept on the farm of Col. S. Perkins, near this village, which was of surpassing fineness and beauty of texture. This specimen is probably among the best that can be obtained from this flock, many of which are pure Saxon, which have been subjected to a long course of careful breeding.

Lowell, last summer which was pronounced to be the best that had ever entered the Mill. The wool of eight hundred sheep belonging to this flock was marketed the past season in Lowell, for some of which ninety cents per pound was received, and for the whole an average price of sixty-eight cents was obtained.

"I will die here," she replied, "rather than desert my precious boy! do thou go home, and leave me; the God of the wilderness will be my safeguard!"

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"The old woman pulled her forcibly back. 'Are you crazy?' said she. 'Do you want to get lost too? If man ever had his will, he would be brought in before sundown.'

"The little William was soon locked in the arms of his doting and now happy mother; and was relating to her the simple story of his wanderings; his alarm; his trust in God; his ascent upon the rock, to see if he could discover any signs of habitation; his consequent disappointment; and the feelings with which he was submitting to his lot—while their sympathizing protector shed tears of pleasure and admiration.

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THE GALAXY, MIDDLEBURY, VT. Wednesday, April 16, 1845.

How sweet and cheering; how serene and melodious; and yet, a calm and holy spell breathes around these deep toned vibrations, that is unearthly in its nature.

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"The little William was soon locked in the arms of his doting and now happy mother; and was relating to her the simple story of his wanderings; his alarm; his trust in God; his ascent upon the rock, to see if he could discover any signs of habitation; his consequent disappointment; and the feelings with which he was submitting to his lot—while their sympathizing protector shed tears of pleasure and admiration.

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Of every description will be neatly and fashionably executed, at short notice.

want to drink are the principal complainers. They cannot be pleased with any thing short of unlimited indulgence to sell and drink. And even if the Commissioners should rescind the rule which requires an account of the sales to be kept, these men would immediately say that it was done in secret professed 'temperance men,' waiting to purchase for a beverage, and unwilling that the means of detecting them, should be furnished by a record of sales.

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