THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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THE FIRST SNOW FALL.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway,
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an Earl:
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was rigid inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds, new roofed with carrara,
Came chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robbins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our little Mabel,
Saying "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good Allfather,
Who cares for us below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And I thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow;
Flake by flake healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that hideth all;
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under the deep'ning snow.

An Old Hymn Re-adapted.

Tune—*Home Again.*

Weary ones, weary ones,
Who seek that peaceful shore,
Where never wave of trouble rolls,
And sin torments no more;
Fond eyes of love look down on you,
While toiling here below,
As through the deep you swiftly sweep,
Where stormy winds do blow.
Struggle on, struggle on,
The conflict soon will end,
And then to bear your spirit home
God will his angels send.

Saints in bliss, saints in bliss,
Your every conflict knew;
The same right arm that rescued them
Is stretched to rescue you.
The cleansing stream in which they wash'd
Their garments white as snow,
Runs now as clear and full as near,
As when it first did flow.
Struggle on, struggle on,
The conflict soon will end,
And then to bear your spirits home
God will his angels send.

Trials fierce, trials fierce,
Must still terrific burn,
Till every part of sin is quench'd,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then ye weary travellers,
The streams of life shall flow,
As o'er the soul they sweetly roll,
The storm shall cease to blow.
Toil on, toil on,
The conflict soon will end,
And then to bear your spirits home
God will his angels send.

MOTHER, IS GOD DEAD?

There lived in the east of Scotland a pious clergyman who had presided, for a number of years, over a small but respectable congregation. In the midst of his active career of usefulness, he was suddenly removed by death, leaving behind him a wife and a number of helpless children.

The small stipend allowed him by his congregation had been barely sufficient to meet the current expenses of the family, and at his death no visible means were left for their support. The death of the husband preyed deeply upon the heart of the poor afflicted widow, while the prospect which the future presented filled her mind with the most gloomy apprehensions. By her lonely fireside she sat—the morning after her sad bereavement—lamenting her forlorn and destitute condition, when her little son, a boy of five years of age, entered the room. Seeing the deep distress of his mother, he stole softly to her side, and placing his little hand in hers, looked wistfully into her face, and said:

"Mother, is God dead?"

Soft as the gentle whisper of an angel did the gentle accents fall upon the ear of the disconsolate and almost heart-broken mother. A gleam of heavenly radience lighted up, for a moment, her pale features. Then, snatching up her little boy, and pressing him fondly to her bosom, she exclaimed:

"No, no, my son, God is not dead; he lives, and has promised to be a father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow.—His promises are sure and steadfast, and upon them I will firmly and steadfastly rely."

Her tears were dried, and her murmurings forever hushed. The event proved that her confidence was not misplaced.—The congregation over whom her husband had worthily presided, generously settled upon her a handsome annuity, by which she was enabled to support her family, not only comfortably but genteely. The talents of her sons, as they advanced in years, soon brought them into notice, and finally procured them high and honorable positions in society.

Is it real affliction—ill health—disappointment, or the craving void that aches within the breast for sympathies which perhaps earth does not afford—that weans us most from life? I think the latter.—If we could only lie down to die as to sleep, how few would not willingly throw off what Wordsworth calls—

"The weight
Of all this unintelligible world!
[illegible] away and be at rest."

The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much good there is in us.

THE LITTLE OUTCAST.

"May I stay, ma'am? I'll do anything you give me—cut wood, go after water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kind-looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage sat by itself on a black moor, or what would have been called such in Scotland. The time was near the latter end of November, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the two only naked trees near the house, and fled with a shivering sound into the narrow door-way, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snowflake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loth to grant the boy's request; and the peculiar look stamped upon his features, would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but by no means handsome grey eyes.

"Come in, at any rate till the good man comes home; there, sit down by the fire; you look perished with cold." And she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the child from the corner of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently there came the tramp of heavy shoes; the door swung open with a jerk, and the "good man" presented himself, wearied with labor.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself—he, too, scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but, nevertheless, made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zest with which he dispatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow."—So the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that as long as he was docile and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day in the middle of winter, a pedlar, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there, splitting wood, I see," the pedlar said, pointing to the yard.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the pedlar, evasively.

"And where?—who is he?—what is he?"

"A jail-bird!" and the pedlar swung his pack over his shoulder; "that boy," he continued, "I saw in court myself; and I heard his sentence—'ten months;' he's a hard one—you'd do well to look keerfully after him."

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word JAIL! The poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchases, nor could she be easy till she called the boy in, and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed and distressed the child hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with his hot blood; his lips quivered, and anguish was painted as vividly upon his forehead, as if the words were branded in the flesh.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing, as if a burthen of grief or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at once—there's no use in my trying to do better—everybody hates and despises me—nobody cares about me—I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight if that should be necessary—"how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where was your mother?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold, "Oh! I haint got no mother—oh, I haint had no mother since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing vehement, and the tears gushing out from his strange looking grey eyes, "I wouldn't 'a' been found out, and kicked and cuffed, and laid on to with whips. I wouldn't 'a' been saucy, and got knocked down, and then run away and stole because I was hungry. Oh! I haint got no mother—I haint got no mother—I haven't had no mother since I was a baby."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees sobbing big choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly bid him pack up and be off—the jail-bird?

No, no! She had been a mother, and, though all her children slept under the cold sod in the church-yard, she was a mother still.

She went up to that poor boy—not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers kindly, softly on his head—to tell him to look up, and ever henceforth find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arm about the neck of that forsaken, deserted child—she poured from her mother's heart, sweet, womanly words, words of counsel and tenderness.

Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night! How soft was her pillow! She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers, by the most silken, the strongest bands of love. She had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning but striving mortal. None but the angels could witness her holy joy, and not envy.

Did the boy leave her?

Never—he is with her still; a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The low character of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study.—His foster-father is dead; his good foster-mother, aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor out-cast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust.

"He that saveth a soul from death, hideth a multitude of sins."

LITTLE MARY'S STORY.

"Mary!" said the younger of two little girls, as they nestled under a coarse coverlid one cold night in December, "tell me all about Thanksgiving day, before papa went to Heaven; I'm cold and hungry and can't go to sleep—I want something to think about."

"Hush!" said the older child. "Don't let dear mamma hear you; come nearer to me," and they laid their cheeks together.

"I fancy papa was rich. We lived in a very nice house. I know there were plenty pictures on the wall; and there were nice velvet chairs, and the carpet was thick, and like the green moss-patches in the woods; and we had pretty gold-fish on the side table, and Tony, my black nurse, used to feed them. And papa! (you can't remember papa, Letty,) he was tall and grand, like a prince, and when he smiled he made me think of angels. He bought me toys and sweetmeats, and carried me to the stable, and set me on Romeo's *live back*, and laughed because I was afraid.—And I used to see him come up the street, and then I would run to the door and jump in his arms. He was a dear, kind papa," said the child, in a faltering voice.

"Don't cry," said the little one, "please tell me more."

"Well, on thanksgiving day we were so happy. We sat round such a large table, with so many people, aunts, uncles, and cousins, (I can't think why they never come to see us now, Letty,) and Betty made such sweet pies, and we had such a big turkey; papa would have me sit next to him, and gave me the wish-bone and all the plums out of his pudding; and after dinner would take me in his lap, and tell me about Red Riding Hood, and call me pet, and bird, and fair. Oh! Letty, I can't tell any more; I believe I am going to cry."

"I'm very cold," said Letty. "Does papa know, up in Heaven, that we are poor and hungry now?"

"Yes—no—I can't tell," answered Mary, wiping away her tears, unable to reconcile her ideas of Heaven with such a tho't. "Hush! mamma will hear!"

Mamma had heard. The coarse garment upon which she had toiled since sunrise, dropped from her hands, and tears were forcing themselves thick and fast through her closed eye-lids. The simple recital found but too sad an echo in that widowed heart.

Dear reader! as you sit at your luxurious Thanksgiving table, and see no vacant chair, or number no one missing from your flock—as you lean still on the dear arm to which you trust, remember those who with chilled limbs and bleeding hearts know of no treasure on earth, *save in the Church-yard.—Fanny Fern.*

DEATH OF INFANTS.

Those who never lost a child are unable to understand how great a void the death of one little one can make. There is, we think, nothing on earth that can cast so long and wide and black a shadow as a small coffin.

Small as is an infant's tomb, it sometimes is capacious enough to hold all the brightest hopes and dearest joys of a whole family circle. The little child is often the bright focus where all the rays of gladness in a household centre, and from which they are reflected again over happy hearts, and when this great, central light is eclipsed, great darkness falls upon all.

How many there must be in heaven, gathered up from all climes, even from heathen shores, who have died so young as to retain no memory of earth, and to whom their world of glory seems as their native land, whose souls were washed and regenerated so early that no stains of this world were ever visible upon them.

Whatever wound of sin there may have been has healed without a scar; their every thought has been moulded by the society and scenery of heaven, and they stand continually before the face of the Father. In how large a sense may we say, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to be.

GONE TO BED.—An eminently holy man thus wrote on hearing of the death of a child:—"Sweetling! and is he so quickly laid to sleep? Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying. Tell my dear sister that she is now so much more akin to the next world; and this world will be quickly passed to us all.—John is but gone an hour or two to bed, as children use to do, and we are very soon to follow. And the more we put off the love of the present world, and all things superfluous, beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down."

Lines on a Keg of Brandy.

Within these prison walls repose
The chattering ague, the horrid oath;
The fist for fighting nothing loath;
The passion quick no words can tame,
That bursts like sulphur into flame;
The nose with rubies glowing red,
The bloated eye, the broken head!
Forever fastened be this door!
Confined within a thousand more
Destructive fiends of human shape,
E'en now are plotting an escape.
Here, only by a cork restrained,
In slender walls of wood contained,
In all their dirt of death reside
Revenge that ne'er was satisfied;
The tree that bears the deadly fruit
Of murder, maiming and dispute;
Assault that innocence assails,
The images of gloomy jails;
The giddy thought on mischief bent,
The midnight hour in folly spent;
All these within this cask appear,
With Jack the hangman in the rear.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

In the trials and temptations of life, there is no better monitor, no surer guide than woman's holy love; it survives and flourishes when all else is dead and ruined, and its pure influence is never lost. Angels might gaze with envy on that *home*, where the lamp of woman's love brightly burns, for if human happiness is to be found on earth, it is surely within the secret precincts of home.

Home, gentle reader, does not consist in a dwelling confined within four walls and a roof—that is not home, but a lodging—but a shrine on which the vestal fires of love are burning, no matter how lowly, is a home indeed. Woman is no where seen to so much advantage as at home. There they are free from the *forms* of society, and can give their feelings vent, where no prying eyes can gaze upon them.

The heroisms, the nobleness, the sacrifices of woman's love, keep many a bosom pure, that else would harbor evil, and no matter how deeply plunged man may be in the vortex of sin and shame, yet the holy influence of her love will fall upon his soul, like sweet refreshing dews of eve, and serve as a guide to conduct him to the path of virtue. Woman's love has no equal, for if she will sacrifice herself a living victim at the shrine she adores.

We will now, dear reader, lay before you a page from the book of human life, and as you peruse the truthful record, never doubt the self sacrificing spirit of a loving woman, nor call into question her pure and holy motives.

Emma and Mary Massey were two sisters, and had grown up together, and were to each other what only sisters can be.—They sported in the fairy bowers of childhood, and wove bright garlands of flowers to deck each other's brow; they played and sung, and laughed together, and thus their young days passed. Years floated by upon time's remorseless wing, and they had become women—bright, beautiful, and loving women; nature had been lavish of her gifts, and nature's God had impressed the seal of beauty upon them. They read the same books, had the same tastes, and both placed their affections upon one subject. Neither told the other of her secret, but the youngest soon guessed the cause of the estrangement that sprung up so suddenly between them, and with a noble resolution, worthy of all honor, sacrificed her own love to her sister's happiness—though in the struggle her heart was breaking. She saw that her sister was the chosen one, and as she wished, them joy on their marriage day, no eye could have seen the terrible grief which was destroying her, but when the ceremony was over—she, in the solitude of her chamber, wept bitter, burning tears of anguish.

Sweet, gentle, self-sacrificing Mary, thou art now dead; upon thy grave the tall grass is waving, and fresh flowers planted by the hand of love are growing; the gentle zephyrs mourn thy fate as they rustle through the branches of the weeping willow at the foot of which thy ashes are reposing. And when the children of thy sister sit upon the grassy mound in the sweet summer time and make chains and necklaces of the yellow dandelion stems, and weave wild flower chaplets for each other's hair, their voices are more hushed, and their mirth less boisterous, and their steps lighter, and more slow, for they have been taught to believe, that the gentle spirit of [illegible] like them, lies asleep beneath the [illegible] sunny sod, while from the realms of bliss, [illegible] angel forms are watching them.

Ask us not, gentle reader, if there ever was another sacrifice so great, another love, so noble as the one of Mary's—history's pages are full of them; for woman's love is a great mystery, which the rougher spirit of man scarce ever knows, and very, very seldom appreciates. Blessings on the name of woman; she is worthy of our admiration, worthy of all our kindness and affection, and he who would deceive a trusting heart, and crush to atoms the holy feelings of a woman—God's curses be upon him.

The love of man is of a different material from that which composes woman's; his is a thing of principle and calculation, her's is impulsive—man love with their heads, women with their hearts. Let us then thank our Creator, that he has given to us the greatest blessing combined with the purest virtue; that he has shed upon our pathway here the light of woman's love, and given us his own bright angels, endowed with every perfect grace, in the form of lovely women.

Oh, woman! angelic woman, what a spell thou throwest around the heart of man, and though our souls may be crusted over with the iron of sin, yet thy pure love will dissolve the strong integument, and thy counsel will cause the waters of crime to recede, and throw around our souls the rainbow signal of returning peace. We gaze upon thee with delight, we hearken unto thee with profit, and when we are lost on the billows of woe, our eyes are directed to that heaven of rest—thy pure, holy and confiding love; and in the darkest hour of sorrow we find that that burns brighter and purer, from the very darkness which shrouds it.

LORD BYRON'S DAUGHTER.

We take the following sketch from the London Athenæum of a recent date:

"Last week was chronicled in our columns the death, in extreme old age, of a lady intimately connected with the prince of English letter-writers,—this week we have to record the untimely death of another lady, yet more closely connected with the prince of English poets in his time. Mary Berry, the friend of Lord Orford, died in November, 1852, at the age of ninety—and Augusta Ada Byron, the only child of Lord Byron—'sole daughter of his house and heart'—died in the same month and year at the age of thirty-seven. Walpole and his fair friend both outlived the scriptural threescore and ten; but Byron and his daughter died both at the same age, when but little more than one-half of the scriptural allotment had been fulfilled. Some presentiment that her life was not to exceed in duration of years the life of her father, is said to have been uppermost in the daughter's mind for some years past; and that presentiment, if it in truth existed, may have contributed to its own accomplishment.

"The married life of Lord Byron—or rather the period during which Lord and Lady Byron lived together—was a year and some few days. They were married in January, 1815. On the 10th of December, in the same year, Ada, their only child, was born; and in January, 1816, the husband and wife separated forever. When her mother removed her to Leicestershire, and when her father saw her for the last time, Ada was a month old. The solitary poet's feelings would seem to have clung to his child;—and the third book of Childe Harold—written in 1816, immediately after the separation—is dedicated, as it were, to the father's love. The song begins with Ada:

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope.

And with Ada it ends:—

My daughter! with thy name this song begun—
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end—
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart, when mine is cold,—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.
To aid thy mind's development,—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it would seem, was not reserved for me;
Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

"Of this prophecy we know that nearly all was fulfilled. Ada Byron never looked consciously into the face of her father.—Whatever wholesome and ennobling joys his wayward nature might have found in watching the growth of his young daughter's mind, it was not reserved for the poet ever to know. How far the voice of the illustrious father did blend with the future visions of the orphan girl—how far the echoes of his harp and of his heart did reach into her heart—how far the token and the tone from her father's mould had part in her after-musings—the world has no right to enquire. Still, many will find it pleasant to learn that, by her own desire the remains of Ada Byron were to be laid yesterday where they will mingle with her father's mould'—in Hucknall Church.

At her father's death, Ada was little more than eight years old. She had small resemblance to her father. No one, we are told, would have recognized the Byron features—the finely chiselled chin or the expressive eyes, or lips of the poet—in the daughter. Yet, at times the Byron blood was visible in her look: and those who saw her in 1835 on her marriage with Lord Lovelace, (then Lord King) fancy they saw more traits of the poet's countenance than they remember there at any other time. But dissimilarity of look was not the only dissimilarity between Byron and his daughter. Lady Lovelace cared little about poetry. Like her father's Donna Inez, in 'Don Juan'—

Her favorite science was the mathematical.

Mr. Babbage is said to have connected her studies at one time, and Lady Lovelace is known to have translated from Italian into English a very elaborate Defence of the once celebrated Calculating Machine of her mathematical friend.

Lady Lovelace has left three children—two sons, and a daughter. Ada's looks in her later years—years of suffering, borne with gentle and womanly fortitude—have been happily caught by Mr. Henry Phillips, whose father's pencil has preserved to us the best likeness of Ada's father."

THE CALORIC ENGINE.—The N. York Evening Post supposes there would be a saving of $25,000 each European trip, by the use of the Caloric Engines of Ericsson, over the common Steam Engine, besides the saving in labor.

4,000 persons of Kane county, have sent a petition to the Illinois Legislature, asking that body to pass the "Maine Liquor law." It was 55 feet long.

A Scene.

At a boarding house in this city, the other evening, a gentleman dozing in one room, heard the following conversation in an adjoining one. The interlocutors were two stout, ruddy, honest and diverted individuals—young ones—who had just come down from the country. Both entered their apartment together, treading heavily, and, as it appeared, clinging to each other for support. From their voices it was evident they were slightly under the influence of the intoxicating medium.

"Where's the candle, Bill?"

"There it is."

"Where?"

"Right before you."

"D'you see it?"

"No. Don't you?"

"No. I don't believe there ever was a candle in this room—hic!"

A few muttered oaths followed, and presently each man groped his way into bed. Silence ensued.

"I say, Bill!"

"What d'you want?"

"This is a — of a place, a'ant it?"

"Well, it ain't nothing else."

"We've been here eleven days, and got drunk three days."

"No, we have n't."

"I tell you we have."

"No, Sam. I tell you we've been here *three days*, and got drunk eleven times.—That's it."

"What would dad say, if he knew it?"

"And the Deacon!"

"Jeewhilikins!"

Here there was an awful pause. The Deacon stumped them.

"I say, Bill!"

"Well?"

"This is a — of a place, aint it?"

"There a'nt no such place this side o' creation, Sam. And I don't believe there ever was a candle in this room either. That's my opinion."

"They eat such queer things."

"I chawed up that red-backed, red-legged feller, bones and all, but his claws is scratching my inside out."

"That big oyster wants to get out, and he can't."

Here a couple of sleep groans followed. The two heroes were suffering from the effects of a lobster and oyster supper. The groans rapidly increased, and other results ensued which a dainty pen would blush to relate. After while a voice announced the end of the tragedy with—

"I say, Bill!"

"Well, Sam!"

"I got the claws out."

"That oyster a'int nowhere now."

A long pause.

"I say, Bill!"

"Well, Sam!"

"This is a — of a place, a'ant it?"

"Sam don't bother me."

Another pause. Our friend was falling into a doze, when again the voice aroused him.

"I say, Bill!"

"Well, Sam!"

"What would dad say if he was to hear it?"

"And the Deacon!"

"Bill!"—after another pause—"Let's go home to-morrow!"

"Agreed!"

Frightening the Girls.

Away up in the northern part of Vermont, says the Knickerbocker, is a primitive sort of little village called "The Centre." Here, not long since, the rustic youth of the vicinity congregated for "a dance," "and dance they did," said our informant, "with an unction unknown to your belles and beaux."

One interesting young man having "imbibed" rather too freely, became "fatigued" in the course of the evening, and wisely concluded to "retire" for a short rest.

A door ajar near the dance-hall revealed, invitingly, a glimpse of a comfortable bed, of which he took possession, with a prospect of an undisturbed "snooze."

It so happened, howbeit, that this was the "ladies' withdrawing-room," and no sooner had he closed his eyes, than a pair of blooming damsels came in from the hall, and began adjusting their disordered ringlets, the dim-light of the tallowed candle not disclosing the tenant of the bed. The girls had tongues, [like most of their sex,] which ran on this wise:

"What a nice dance we're having—Have you heard anybody say anything about me, Jane?"

"La, yes, Sally! Jim Brown says he never see you look so handsome as you do to-night. Have you heard anybody say anything about me Jane?"

"About you! why, sartin; I heard Joe Flint tell Sam Jones that you was the prettiest dressed girl in the room."

Whereupon the dear things chuckled, "fixed up" a little more, and made off toward the ball room. They had hardly reached the door when our half conscious friend raised himself upon his elbow, and intelligibly, though slowly, inquired—

"Ha' you *heard any body say anything about me, girls?*"

"Phancy their phealinks" at that juncture. They fled with an explosive scream.

A PROSPEROUS HOUSEHOLD.—The London *Atlas* hints that another interesting event will, in all human probability, take place in April next, in the royal household. The eighth. There are now seven; three princes and four princesses. The oldest is eleven years of age. Says the Washington *Globe*:

"Her Majesty is in her thirty-third year; has been married between twelve and thirteen years, and seems patriotically resolved to do what is in her power to save her country, when she shall cease to reign over it, from that worst of national calamities—a disputed succession; which is worse than pestilence, worse than famine, and worse than ten foreign wars. May success attend her very laudible endeavors."

Temperance puts wood on the fire, flour in the barrel, vigour in the body, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the whole composition of man.

[From the National Era.]

PUBLIC AUCTION OF SLAVES AT WASHINGTON.

"*Piano Forte, Household and Kitchen Furniture, Negro Boy, Horses, Harness, Carryall, Farming Utensils, &c., at Auction.*

On Saturday morning, December 11, at 11 o'clock, in front of the Auction rooms, I shall sell without reserve, &c., One Negro Boy, 18 years of age; also, a Negro Girl, 3 Horses, Saddles, Bridles and Harness, Carryall, 2 Carts, Wheelbarrow, Hay rake, 2 Plows, Cultivator, Harrow, lot of Farm Houses, &c. Terms cash.

J. M'GUIRE, Auc'r."

The above advertisement appeared in the *National Intelligencer* for several days prior to the sale. Pursuant thereto, a crowd collected at the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Tenth street, on Tuesday morning. After the sale of horses, cows, and farming utensils, the human cattle were put up, viz: a boy — years old, and a girl — years old. On putting up the boy, the auctioneer said that he would give any man twenty five dollars if he would relieve him of the disagreeable duty of selling these children. No one offering to relieve him, he proceeded to sell them.—He stated that he was informed that the boy was restricted to the District, which he believed was the fact; that the boy was deaf, had a running in his head, and was an invalid; that he was the pet of his mother, who was present in great distress, and desired, as did also the relatives of the family to whom he belonged, not to be separated from him. These children were part of the estate of Jesse Brown, deceased, late proprietor of "Brown's Hotel;" and it was known that Marshall Brown [one of the heirs] was present for the purpose of buying the boy, if sold at a reasonable price, that he might not be separated from his mother. The bidding commenced, and he was struck off to Mr. Brown at three hundred and twenty five dollars, when a man by the name of Naylor, a trader, claimed the bid as his, and insisted upon the negro being struck off to him.—Mr. Brown averred that the bid was his, and claimed the boy. Naylor threatened to prosecute the auctioneer if he did not get him. After much cavilling among the bidders, the boy was again put up, and this man Naylor advanced the bid to three hundred and thirty dollars, when the auctioneer, prompted by feelings of humanity, offered him twenty five dollars, if he would not bid more. This offer was accepted, with the Christian remark, that he, [Naylor,] "*had as lief make 25 dollars in this way as to make it out of a nigger.*" So the 25 dollars was paid over, and the poor trembling boy was delivered to Mr. Brown.

The girl, only ten years of age, was next set up, and in the presence of its agonized mother, was struck off to Judge Sturgis, of Georgia, for the sum of — dollars; and this child is now probably on its way, to that distant State, where she will most likely drag out a miserable existence in the cotton-field, without a single friend on whom to rely in case of sickness and distress!

This all took place in a Christian community, within half a mile of the Capitol of this *free* and *enlightened* nation, where sat, at the very time this disgraceful scene was going on, the Representatives of a people whose laws are based on the principle of equal rights and privileges, and who have declared "that all men are created free and equal!"

This is one of many cases that proves the truth of Mrs. Stowe's assertion—*that families are separated.* Indeed, we have only wonder that it has been denied, for every week, we know of instances where one or more out of a family of slaves are sold and carried South.

A BOY'S LETTER.—The following specimen of a boy's letter, from an English Comic Annual, is one of the richest things of the kind we have ever seen. There is, as an exchange remarks, such a tantalistic character in it—so much of that spirit of drollery, mixed with mischief, which often prevails in the young figures of the male sex, that one cannot help declaring it to be, in its own words, "capital fun." The epistle is sent by a country boy to what a cockney would call his "friend in town:"

"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety miles.—The two 'prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of; and brother Nick is took home from school to help in agriculture. We like farming very much; it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting; it's a famous good gun, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog, as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down we mean to bait our bull with him. There's plenty of New rivers about, and we're going a-fishing as soon as we've mended our top joint. We've a pony, too, to ride upon, when we can catch him; but he's loose in the paddock, he has neither mane nor tail to signify, to lay hold of. Isn't it fine, Bob? You *must* come. If your mother won't give you leave to allow you—run away. Remember you turn up Goswell street, to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Widdleton Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay and mother don't; and I'll be bound there's lots of birds' nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wasps' nests, and everything else that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without him knowing it; but be sure anyhow to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid ours by firing it off."

SMALL NOTES IN ALABAMA.—A law imposing a penalty of $50 upon any persons circulating bills under $5 of any bank out of the State, went into operation on Monday last in Alabama.