THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

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The Mother to her Child.

N. P. WILLIS.

They tell me thou art come from a far world,
Babe of my bosom! that these little arms,
Whose restlessness is like the spread of wings,
More with the memory of flight scarce o'er—
That through these fringed lids we see the soul
Steeped in the blue of its remembered home:
And whilst thou sleep'st come messengers, they say,
Whispering to thee—and 'tis then I see,
Upon thy baby lips that smile of heaven!
And what is thy far errand, my fair child?
Why away, wandering from a home of bliss,
To find thy way through darkness home again?
Wert thou an untried dweller in the sky?
Is there, betwixt the cherub that thou wert,
The cherub and the angel thou mayst be,
A life's probation in this sadder world?
Art thou with memory of two things only,
Music and light, left upon earth astray,
And, by the watchers at the gate of heaven,
Looked for with fear and trembling?
God, who gavest
Into my guiding hand this wanderer,
To lead her through a world whose darkening paths
I tread with steps so faltering—leave not me,
To bring her to the gates of heaven alone!
I feel my feebleness. Let these stay on.
The angels who now visit her in dreams!
Bid them be near her pillow till in death
The closed eyes look upon Thy face once more!
And let the light and music, which the world
Borrows of heaven, and which her infant sense
Hails with sweet recognition, be to her
A voice to call her upward, and a lamb
To lead her steps unto thee!

The Reward of Merit.

Annie had arrived at the mature age of (do not start, reader,) twenty-seven, and yet in a state of single blessedness. Somehow or other she had not fallen in love yet. "Had she no offers?" What a simple question!—Did you ever know a half million dollars to go a begging?—Offers? Yes, scores of them! It may be counted as one of the oddities, perhaps, but whenever the subject happened to be touched upon by her father, Annie would say she wanted a me one who could love her for her-self, and she must have assurance of this, and how could she in her present position? Thus matters stood, when Annie was led to form and execute what will appear a very strange resolution; but she was a resolute girl We must now go back six years.

One dark, rainy morning in November, as our old friend was looking composedly at the cheerful fire in the grate of his counting room, really indulging in some serious reflections on the past and future, the fair future, too, a gentleman presented himself, and inquired for Mr. Bremen.—The old man uttered not a word, but merely bowed. There was that in his looks which said "I am he."

The stranger might have been some thirty years or so of age. He was dressed in black, a mourning weed was on his hat, and there was something in his appearance which seemed to indicate that the friend whose loss he deplored had recently departed. The letter of introduction which he presented to Mr. B. was quickly yet carefully perused, and as it was somewhat unique, we shall take the liberty of submitting it to the inspection of the reader:

"——— 11, mo., 18—.

FRIEND PAUL:—This will introduce to thee friend Charles Copeland. He has come to thy city in pursuit of business.—I have known him from a youth up.—Thou mayest depend upon him for aught that he can do, and shall not lean as on a broken reed If thou canst do anything for him, thou mayest peradventure benefit thyself, and cause to rejoice.

Thy former and present friend.
MICAH LOOMIS."

"It is not every one who can get old Micah Loomis' endorsement on his character," said Paul Bremen to himself as he folded up the letter of a well known associate of former days—"Old Micah is good for a quarter of a million, or for anything else—it will do—I want him—getting old—business increasing—must have some more help—now as well as any time."

The old gentleman looked at all this, as he stood gazing in perfect silence on the man before him. At length he opened his lips.

"Mr. Copeland, you know all about books?"

"I have had some few years' experience."

"Any objection to a place here?—pretty close work—thousand a year."

"None in the world."

"When can you begin?"

"Now."

A real smile shone upon the old man's face. It lingered there like the rays of the setting sun among the clouds of evening, lighting up those seeming hard, dark features.

A stool was pushed to the new comer, books were opened, matters explained, directions given, the pen was dipped in the ink, and in short, before an hour had passed away, you would have thought that the old man and the young man had known each other for years.

In reference to our new friend, it will be sufficient to remark, that he had been liberally educated, as the phrase goes, and though he had entered early into business, he had not neglected the cultivation of his mind and heart. He had found time to cherish general acquaintance with the most note worthy authors of the day, both literary and religious, and with many of past times. After a few years of success in the pursuits to which he had devoted himself, misfortunes came thick and fast upon him. He found himself left with scarcely any property, and alone in the world, save his two lovely daughters.

As year after year passed away, he grew steadily in the confidence of his employer, who felt, though he said it not, that in him he possessed a treasure.

Very little, indeed, was said by either of them not connected with the routine of business, and there had been no intercourse whatever between them, save in the counting room. Thus six years went by, towards the close of which period old Mr. Bremen was found looking with much frequency and earnestness at the younger before him. Something was evidently brewin the old head. What could it be? And then, too, at home he looked so curiously. The Irish servant was puzzled. "Sure," said James "something's a coming" Annie, too, was somewhat perplexed, for those looks dwelt much on her.

"What is it, father?" she said to him one morning at the breakfast table, as he sat gazing steadfastly in her face; "what is it? Do tell me."

"I wish you'd have him," burst forth like an avalanche. "Known him for six years—true as a ledger—a gentleman—real sensible man—don't talk much—regular clock—prime for business—worth his weight in gold."

"Have who, father? What are you talking about?"

"My head clerk, Copeland—you don't know him—I do—have'nt seen any body else worth an old quill."

Annie was puzzled. She laughed however, and said:—

"Marry my father's head clerk! what would people say?"

"Humbug, child, all humbug—worth forty of your whiskered, lounging, lazy gentry, say what they please; what do I care? what do you care? what's money after all? got enough of it—want a sensible man—want somebody to take care of it; all humbug."

"What's all humbug, father?"

"Why, people's notions on these matters—Copeland is poor—so was I once—may be again; world's full of changes—seen a great many of them in my day—can't stay here long—got to leave you, Annie—wish you'd like him."

"Father, are you serious?"

"Serious, child!" and he looked so.

Annie was a chip of the old block; a strong minded resolute girl. A new idea seemed to strike her.

"Father, if you are really serious in this matter, I'll see this Copeland; I'll get acquainted with him. If he likes me and I him, I'll have him. But he shall love me for myself alone; I must know it. Will you leave the matter to me?"

"Go ahead, my child, and do as you like Good morning."

"Stop a moment, father. I shall alter my name a little. I shall appear to be a poor girl, a companion of our friend, Mrs Richards, in H——— street; she shall know the whole affair; you shall call me by my middle name, Peyton; I shall be a relative of yours; you shall suggest the business to Mr. Copeland, as you call him, and arrange for the first interview. The rest will take care of itself."

"I see; I see," and one of those rare smiles illuminated his whole face. It actually got between his lips, parted them asunder, glanced upon a set of teeth but little worse for wear, and was resting there when he left the house for his counting room. The twilight of that smile was not yet gone when he reached the well known spot, and bowed, and looked "Good morning" to those in his employ, for old Paul was after his fashion, a polite man. On the morning of that day what looks were directed to our friend Charles! so many, so peculiar, so full of something, that the head clerk could not but notice them, and that, too, with some alarm. What is coming? At last the volcano burst forth.

"Copeland, my good fellow, why don't you get a wife?"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he could not have been more astounded. Did Mr. Bremen say that, and in the counting-room too? The very ledger seemed to blush at the introduction of such a subject. He for the first time made a blot on the fair pages before him.

"I say—why don't you get a wife?—know just the thing for you—prime article—poor enough to be sure—what of that—a fortune in a wife you know—a sort of relation of mine—don't want to meddle with other people's affairs, know your own business best—can't help thinking you'll be happier—must see her."

Now the fact is, that Charles had for some time past thought so himself; but how the old man should have completely divined his feelings was quite a puzzle to him. In the course of the day a note was put into Mr. Bremen's hands by James, his Irish servant, the contents of which produced another grim sort of a smile.—When the moment for his return home arrived, Mr. B. handed a sealed document of rather imposing form to Charles, saying—

"Copeland, you'll oblige me by leaving that at No. 67 H——— street. Place it only in the hands of the person to whom it is directed; don't want to trust it to any one else."

The clerk saw on the out-side, "Mrs. Richards, No. 67 H——— street." The door bell was rung. The servant ushered Copeland into a small, neat parlor where sat a lady apparently twenty-five or thirty years of age, plainly dressed, engaged in knitting a stocking. Our friend bowed, and inquired for Mrs. Richards.

"She is not in, but is expected presently; will you be seated?"

There was an ease and quietness, and an air of self-command about this person, which seemed peculiar to Copeland. He felt at ease at once, (you always do with such people,) made some common-place remark, which was immediately responded to; then another; and soon the conversation grew so interesting that Mrs. Richards was nearly forgotten. Her absence was strangely protracted, but at length she made her appearance. The document was presented; a glance at the outside.

"Mr. Copeland."

Charles bowed.

"Miss Peyton."

The young lady bowed; and thus they were introduced. There was no particular reason for remaining any longer, and our friend took his departure.

That night Annie said to Mr. B., "I like his appearance, father."

"Forward—march!" said old Paul, and he looked at his daughter with vast satisfaction.

"The auld man's as swate to-night as a new potato," said James to the cook.

The next day Charles Copeland came very near writing several times, "to Miss Peyton Dr.," as he was making out some bills of merchandise sold.

"Delivered the paper last evening?"

Copeland bowed.

"Mrs. Richards is an old friend—humble in circumstances—the young lady, Peyton—worth her weight in gold any day—have her myself if I could."

* * * * * * *

"How much you remind me of Mr. Bremen," said Charles one evening to Annie. "I think you said you were a relation of his?"

"I am related to him through my mother," was the grave reply.

Mrs. Richards turned away to conceal a smile.

Somewhat later than usual, on that day, Annie reached her father's house. There was no mistaking the expression of her countenance. Happiness was plainly written there.

"I see, I see," said the old man; the account is closed—books balanced—have it through in short order. You are a sensible girl—no foolish puss—just what I want—bless you, child, bless you."

The next day Paul came, for almost the first time in his life, rather late to his counting-room. Casks and boxes seemed to be starting with wonder.

"Copeland, you are a fine fellow—heard from Mrs Richards—proposal to my relation, Peyton—all right—done up well. Come to my house this evening—never been there yet, eh?—eight o'clock, precisely—want to see you—got something to say."

"How much interest he seems to take in this matter," said Charles. "He's a kind old fellow in his way; a little rough, but good at heart."

Yes, Mr. Charles Copeland, even kinder than you think for.

At eight o'clock precisely, the door bell of Mr. Bremen's mansion rung. Mr. Charles Copeland was ushered in by friend James. Old Paul took him kindly by the hand, and turning round abruptly, introduced him to "My daughter, Miss Annie Peyton Bremen," and immediately withdrew.

"Charles, will you forgive me this?"

He was too much astonished to reply.

"If you knew all my motives and feelings, I am sure you would."

That the motives and feelings were soon explained to his entire satisfaction, no one will doubt.

"Copeland, my dear fellow," shouted old Paul, as he entered the room, "no use in long engagements!"

"O, father!"

"No use, I say; marry now—get ready afterward; next Monday evening; who cares? Want it over; feel settled.—Shan't part with Annie, though; must bring your wife here; house rather lonesome; be still; no words; must have it so; partners in business; Bremen & Copeland; got the papers all drawn up to-day. can't alter it. Be quiet, will you? won't stay in the room!"

I have now finished my story, reader. I have given you the facts. I cannot say, however, that I approve of the deception practiced upon our friend Charles,—As however our Lord commended the "unjust steward because he acted wisely," so I suppose the good sense shown by the young lady, in choosing a husband for the sake of what he might have possessed, merit our approbation. It is not every one who has moral courage to step out of the circle which surrounds the wealthy, and seek for those qualities of mind and heart, which the heart can neither give nor take away.

Use of a Nose.

A good story is told of Mozart, at the time he was a pupil of Haydn. the latter challenged his pupil to compose a piece of music which he could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the banter, and a champagne supper was the forfeit.—Everything being arranged between the two composers, Mozart took his pen and a sheet of paper, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music, and much to the suprise of Haydn, handed it to him, saying:

"There is a piece of music, sir, which you cannot play, and I can; you are to give the first trial."

Haydn smiled contemptuously at the visionary presumption of his pupil, and placing the notes before him, struck the keys of the instrument. Surprised at its simplicity, he dashed away until he reached the middle of the piece, when stopping all at once, he exclaimed:

"How's this, Mozart? How's this? Here my hands are streched out to both ends of the piano, and yet there is a middle key to be touched. Nobody can play such music—not even the composer himself."

Morzart smiled at the half excited indignation and perplexity of the great master, and taking the seat he had quitted, struck the instrument with such an air of self assurance that Haydn began to think himself duped. Running along the simple passages he came to that part which h is teacher had pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart, as any body is aware, was favored, or at least endowed with an extremely long nose, which, in modern dialect, "stuck out about a feet."—Reaching the difficult passage, he stretched both hands to extreme ends of the piano, and leaning forward bobbed his nose against the middle key, which nobody could play.

Haydn burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and after acknowledging the corn, declared that nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music, which he had never before discovered.

The editor of the Boston Liberator calls upon the ladies of the North to make use of nothing that is produced by slave labor. The Louisville Journal says he needn't expect them not to use cotton. They will not expel so old a friend from their bosoms.

[*From the London Punch.*

The last Hours of a Single Gentleman.

This morning, November 11, at half-past eleven o'clock precisely, an unfortunate young man, [illegible] Edward Pinckney, underwent the ex[illegible] penalty of infatuation, by expiating his [illegible] to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the [illegible] railings of St. Mary's church, Islington.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the party who were at Jone's, at Brixton, two years [illegible] that Mr. Pinckney was there and then first introduced to Miss Gale, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attentions—dancing with her no less than [illegible] that evening, and handing her [illegible] supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pinckney had scarcely attained his twenty-eighth year, but there is no belief that but for reasons of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to accept his addresses, and thus became accessories to the course for which he has just suffered.

The unhappy young man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. [illegible] half-past eight to ten he was engaged in writing letters. Shortly after, his younger brother Henry knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied, "Not yet." The question was then put to him, how he thought he would sleep? To which he answered, "I don't know."—He then expressed his desire for a cigar and a glass of grog. His brother who partook of the like refreshments now demanded if he would take anything that night. He said, "Nothing" in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take his leave, when the devoted one considerately advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven the next morning, the victim of Cupid having been called according to his desire, he arose and promptly dressed himself.—He had the self-control to shave himself without the slightest injury, for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem that he devoted more time than usual to his toilet.

The wretched man was attired in a light blue dress coat, with frosted buttons, white vest and nankeen trowsers, with patent boots. He wore around his neck a variegated satin scarf, which partly concealed the Corrazzo of the bosom.—In front of the scarf was inserted a breastpin of conpicuous dimensions.

Having descended the staircase with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his brother and his sister, and a few frends awaited him. He then shook hands cordially with all present, and on being asked how he slept, answered "very well." And to the further demand as to the state of his mind, he said that he "felt happy." One of the party hereupon suggested that it would be as well to take something before the melancholy ceremony was gone through; he exclaimed with some emphasis—"Decidedly!"—Breakfast was accoadingly served, when he ate a French roll, a large round roast, two sausages, and three great breakfast cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment on the part of persons, he declared that he had never felt happier in his life.

Having inquired the time, and ascertained that it was ten minutes of eleven, he remarked it would soon be over. His brother then inquired if he could do anything for him when he said he would take a glass of ale. Having drank this, he appeared to be satisfied.

The final moment now approaching, he devoted the remaining portion of his time to distribute those little articles he would no longer want. To one he gave his cigar case, to another his tobacco stopper, and charged his brother Henry with his latch key, with instructions to deliver it after all was over, with due solemnity, to the landlady.

The clock at length struck eleven, and at the same moment he was informed that that a cab was at the door. He merely said:

"I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got with his brother, his other friends following on behind, in others.

Arriving at the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay of some moments took place after which they were joined by the lady with her friends. Little was said on either side; but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears. Pinckney endeavored to preserve decorum; but a slight twitching in his mouth and eyebrows proclaimed his inward agitation.

All necessary preliminaries having now been settled, and the prescribed necessary formalities gone through, the usual question was put—

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife?"

"I will."

He then put the fatal ring on Miss Gale's finger, the hymenial noose was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched into—matrimony.

MAKING MONEY.—A German chemist having dedicated a book to Pope Leo X., in which he boasted of having discovered the art of manufacturing gold, his holiness sent him an empty purse as a reward, instead of the magnificent present he expected, intimating that since he knew how to make gold, he could only be in want of a place to put it in.

OPTICAL DELUSION.—Old Billy L. is pretty well known to the cattle dealers in Brighton and Cambridge. He is sharp-sighted in business, though short-sighted in his organs of vision. One day he had forgotten his spectacles, and an old woman lent him a pair of enormous magnifying power. The consequence was, he bought three calves, but paid for three oxen, being deceived by the power of the glasses.

[From the Home Journal.

MOONLIGHT ON LITTLE GRAVES.

It shineth on the little grave
Where weary ones have gone,
It watcheth with angelic gaze
Where the dead are left alone.
And not a sound of busy life
To the still grave-yard comes,
But peacefully the sleepers lie
Down in their silent homes.

All silently and solemnly
It throweth shadows round,
And every grave-stone hath a trace
In darkness on the ground.
It looketh on the tiny mound
Where a little child is laid,
And lighteth up the noble pile
Which human pride hath made.

It falleth with unaltered ray
On the simple and the stern,
And showeth with a solemn light
The sorrow we must learn.
It telleth of divided ties
On which its beams have shone,
It whisporeth of heavy hearts
Which "brokenly, live on."

It gleameth where devoted ones
Are sleeping side by side;
It falleth where the maiden rests
Who in her beauty died.
There is no grave in all the earth
That moonlight hath not seen,
It gazeth cold and passionless
Where agony hath been.

Yet it is well! that changeless ray
A deeper thought should throw,
When mortal love pours fourth the tide
Of unavailing woe.
It teacheth us no shade of grief
Can touch the starry sky,
That all our sorrow we have HERE,
The GLORY is on high!

WOMAN.—In a recent sermon, Theodore Parker uttered the following, touching women:

"There are three classes of women.—First domestic drudges, who are wholly taken up in the material details of their house-keeping and child-keeping. Their house-keeping is a trade and no more, and after they have done that, there is no more which they can do. In New England it is a small class—getting less each year.—Next are the dolls, wholly taken up with the vain show which delights the eye and and ear; they are the ornaments of the estate. Similar toys will, I suppose, be manufactured at Paris, at Nuremburg, at Frankfort-on-the-Main and other toy-shops in Europe, out of wax or papier mache, and be sold in Boston, at the haberdasher's, by the dozen. These ask nothing beyond their functions as dolls, and into all attempts to elevate womankind. But there are domestic women, who are order to a house, and who are not mere dolls but women. Some of these—a great many of them—conjoin the useful of the drudge and the beautiful of the doll into one womanhood, and have a great deal besides.—They are wholly taken up with their functions as house-keeper, wife and mother."

INTELLIGENCE OF A DEAF MUTE.—A pupil of the Abbe Sicard gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?" "Gratitude is the memory of the heart!" What is hope?" "Hope is the blossom of happiness." "What is the difference between hope and desire?" "Desire is a tree in leaf; hope is a tree in flower; and enjoyment is a tree in fruit." "What is eternity?" "A day without yesterday or to-morrow; a line that has no ends."—"What is time? "A line that has two ends: a path which begins in the cradel and ends in the tomb." "What is God!" "The necessary being—the sun of eternity—the machinist of nature—the eye of justice—the watchmaker of the universe—the soul of the world." "Does God reason?" "Man reasons because he doubts: he deliberates; he decides.—God is omniscient; he knows all things; he never doubts; and he therfore never reasons."

FEMALE HEROISM.—One of the New York papers giving an account of the accident on the Hudson River Railroad says:

Mr. Dewey, an old resident of Poughkeepsie, was in the second car, with his daughter. He was buried beneath the ruins, while the daughter escaped almost uninjured. Her first thought was to assist her father, and with a strength almost superhuman she engaged in removing the wreck, and by her example inciting others to the most untiring efforts. She at last had the satisfaction of rescuing her father, but so unmindful of herself had she been as hardly to know that she had frozen both of her feet so badly that amputation of some of the toes will be necessary. Where do the records of the battle field exhibit more devoted courage than was displayed by this heroic girl?

Sepulchre Forty-eight Miles Long.

The bones of six thousand Irishmen line the railroad from Aspinwall to Panama. Set this down to the credit of "man's inhumanity to man," to the "almighty dollar," to "Yankee enterprise," or what you will—call it a mercantile, a diabolical or an osteological fact—it is undoubtedly true. But the road is built—the continent is spanned, and our onward march, our "manifest destiny" has made another demonstration. We may as well look at the entire pile of grim, ghastly facts all at once, as to pick out the glorification alone and sink the gory reality. The road is a fact, and the gulf that swallowed up the human life is another. The sinews that toiled to build the structure seem to have been destined to as ignoble an end as Falstaff's ragged regiment, or the British army before Sevastopol—food for powder. As a great undertaking, there is no internal or external improvement of modern times that can be any way compared with it

Boston has 6,000 more females than males. Chicago has about 15,000 more males than females.

Plain Talk for Ladies.

The western editors are certainly very free speaking individuals and their rhetoric like the bowie knives of some of them, is sharp and to the point. One of them speaking of low necked dresses and short sleeves, says:

The prevailing fashion among the ladies, which transposses an angel into a model artist, is universally detested by every gentlemen whose good opinon a lady should desire. It blunts the finer feelings of both sexes, and is a disadvantage to the other. A round, plump, white arms beautiful, and may be admired with all propriety; but an arm shaped like a three cornered file with red elbows is not beautiful, and in competition with a Spanish garrote would stand no chance of being elected to one's neck. A white, round neck, with an alabaster base half concealed by a coquetish collar is the most bewitching sight in the world; but a large expense of bony shoulders painted like a patent ham, with its contiguous unprotected territory, has about as many attractions as a newly painted Windsor chair.

AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.—Washington, Jan. 15. The American Colonization Society had a large meeting to-night. Addresses were delivered by the Hon. George P. Marsh, of Vermont: Rev. Mr. De Witt of New York, and Rev. Mr. Barroughs, of Virginia. The report shows the receipts during the last year to be $55,276. During the year $32,000 of debt has been liquidated, and 207 emigrants sent to Liberia. An encouraging view of the affairs of that Republic is presented.

A printer not long ago, being 'flung' by his sweet heart, went to the office and tried to commit suicide with the 'shooting stick,' but the thing wouldn't 'go off.'—The 'devil' wishing to pacify him, told him to peep into the sanctum where the editor was writing duns to delinquent subscribers. He did so, and the effect was magical. He says that picture of despair reconciled him to his fate.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.—Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts, recently related the following incident: After reading with great interest the letters of John Quincy Adam's mother, he one day went over to his seat in Congress and said to him, "Mr. Adams, I have found out *who made you.*" "What do you mean?" said he. "I have been reading the letters of your mother," was his reply. With a flashing eye and glowing face he started up, and in his peculiar and emphatic manner said, "Yes, Briggs, all that is good in me I own to my mother."

ANECDOTE OF DR. BYLES.—This famous Boston punster occasionally met more than his match, (in two senses.) A lady whom he had long courted unsuccessfully, married a gentleman by the name of Quincy. "So, madam," said the unsuccessful suitor, on meeting her afterwards, "it appears you prefer a Quincy to Byles." "Yes," replied the lady, for "if there had been anything worse than *biles,* Satan would have afflicted Job with them."

THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE.—Faith in his star is his all-dominating conviction.—Louis XI. had not firmer reliance on his leaden angels than Louis Napoleon on a certain "lucky penny" he got from a Norwood Gipsy representing herself as the grand daughter of that zingaro who foretold that Josephine would be an Empress. Describing his acquisition of that enchanted coin, one day, shortly after his escape from Ham, when a very disconsolate looking man about town here, and being asked what he thought would become of him, he replied, he had not the smallest doubt the prediction of the fortune teller would be fulfilled, that he should become Emperor of the French, the arbiter of Europe, and—die by the hand of a woman "How ridiculous! you exclaim. Well, is it any more so than his whole career for the last seven years would have sounded if spoken of as a thing of possibility seven years ago? —*Liverpool Aldion.*

VOLTAIRE and Piron were passing some time in a cottage. One day Piron wrote on Voltaire's door, "rogue." As soon as Voltaire saw it, he went to see Piron, who said to him,

"What has procured me the pleasure of seeing you?"

"Sir," replied Voltaire, "I saw your name upon my door, and came to return your visit."

With a true wife, the husband's faults should be secret A woman forgets what is due to herself, when she condescends to that refuge of weakness, a female confidant. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable, in her estimation, than his life.

MRS. JOHN TYLER, lady of the Ex-President, whose maiden name was Gardiner, is heir to a just discovered fortune in England, by which she will realize $500,000. How truly has the ex-President been styled "lucky John?"

Of sixty-four persons committed to the Jersey City prison, during the last month, only five were Americans.

Lost baggage sufficient to fill ten eight ton cars was sent, a few days since, from Rochester to the lost baggage depot in Buffalo.

There are seven hundred millions of dollars invested in Railroads in this country: of this sum 70 per cent is owned or controlled by foreign capital.

A Chippewa chief recently said in Boston, when asked why the Indians do not copy the dress of our people, "Me think we started your fashions; your men now wear blankets, as we do, and your women paint their faces, and wear feathers."

A paper has just been started in Richmond, Indiana, called "the *Broadaxe of Freedom and Grubbing Hoe of Truth.*"

Pictures of U. S. Senators.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial,* writing from Washington the 4th instant, says:

I looked in upon the Senate to-day. Gen. Cass is a ponderous old fellow, with a massive head, which he covers with a rusty old brown wig, and keeps opening and shutting his mouth and sucking his breath between his teeth, as if he constantly tasted something disagreeable. John M. Clayton is more enormous than Gen. Cass, and his face, though fat, is magnificent. He is the best looking man in the Senate, and laughs heartily at intervals of from two to five minutes. His hair is white as snow, and his big eyes glisten all the time with intelligence and humor. Seward is about as stalwart in appearance as a pair of tongs. He does not weigh more than 100 pounds. His hair is short and looks dead, and his eyes are hidden behind a pair of slender gold spectacles. His face is thin, pale and wrinkled, but its lines are firm, and he appears to be what he is—a man of restless and intriguing intellect. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, is the thickest at the waistband, though not uncomfortably heavy. His face is bright, and his hair, which he wears long, and in singular confusion, is white as newly-washed lamb's wool. Hale's appearance indicates that he has been fed liberally on fat pork and butter milk. Pugh looks younger when among the old bald, or white-headed and big-bellied Senators than I ever before saw him. A majority of the Senators have naked patches on the top of their heads, and quite half of them are the opposite of slender. They chew tobacco very much as other folks, so far as I could discover, and immediately after adjournment, several of them lit cigars, and leaning back, appeared to feel comfortable.

The Indians.

The news from Oregon and Washington Territories, shows that we are to have our hands full with the Red Man, for years to come. There would seem to be an organization, on the part of the most powerful tribes, to begin a general war against the whites,—as if persuaded that the last stand to the encroachments of the pale face, on this continent, is to be made now. Hence, the tomahawk and the scalping knife are doing bloody execution in the territories,—wherever there is a white settlement to attack, or a white man to slay. The several conflicts that have already taken place,—especially that on the Walla Walla,—show that the savages have lost none of the bravery, none of the hatred, none of the cruelty, which are the common characteristics of their race. They take no prisoners,—only scalps. The men, women and children, unfortunate enough to fall into their hands, are put to death,—at once if time presses, but with slow torture, if opportunity and circumstances favor.

These facts should arouse the government to even more efficient action than has already been taken, to confront the enemy. The U. S. troops in Oregon, so far, have exhibited great gallantry, and courage, and self-sacrifice,—but we fear their numbers are not such as will enable them to continue to cope successfully with the enemy, who numbers his forces by tens of thousands.—General Wool is doing wonders,—but the cry on all hands, is "more troops," and "give us fresh reinforcements."

[From the Baltimore Republican, 11th.]

DISTRESSING CALAMITY—*A Family of Eleven Frozen to death.*—An old friend informs that a neighbor of his, residing upon a cold, bleak portion of the suburbs, has been visited by a dreadful calamity, one most afflicting to the parties bereft, and which made us shudder when he, in a feeling manner, broached to us the sad intelligence.—The whole offspring of a family—eleven in number—frozen, literally frozen to death!

It is too well known that Wednesday night was one of the coldest that has transpired for many a year in this latitude; and that suffering was intense. The miserable wreck of a shanty in which the large family were harbored was scarce fit to protect the hardiest of the brute creation. Not a flame nor a spark of fire was beneath the roof to cheer their countenances nor warm their little toes; but there they were compelled to remain during the entire cold and bitter night—no friend knowing nor dreaming of the intense suffering to which they were being subjected; yet it is not to be doubted that had they been only able to make known to the community the precise nature of their distress, the hand of charity would have been extended at least as far as to render them better housed. But this was unfortunately not so; and in the morning when a guardian of the family looked into the miserable residence, his feelings were deeply touched at seeing the entire 11 frozen stiff in death; and he at once censured himself for not having exercised a better protective care over the family. The bereaved mother of the eleven little ones was yet alive, and we are informed is doing "as well as could be expected under the peculiar circumstances." The father is a perfect brute, a perfect *hog,* and has not been seen by the mother for several months.

Female Heroism.

One of the N. York papers, giving an account of the accident on the Hudson River Railroad, says:

Mr. Dewey, an old resident of Poughkeepsie, was in the second car, with his daughter. He was buried beneath the ruins, while the daughter escaped almost uninjured. Her first thought was to assist her father, and with a strength almost superhuman she engaged in removing the wreck, and by her example inciting others to the most untiring efforts. She at last had the satisfaction of rescuing her father, but so unmindful of herself had she been, as hardly to know that she had frozen both of her feet so badly that amputation of some of the toes will be necessary. Where do the records of the battle field exhibit more devoted courage than was displayed by this heroic girl?

☞ There are about 20,000 Germans in Texas, of whom from 12,000 to 14,000 have migrated from the West.