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BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.

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Jan. 1, 1855. WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, JAN. 2, 1860.

☞The following scathing criticism, by an influential Democratic editor, of a main point in the President's Message, is so true that we give it this conspicuous place and invite to it careful, general attention.

☞From the Harrisburg *State Sentinel*, (Anti-Lecompton organ of Gov. Packer,) which supports Judge Douglas for next President.☜

The President and His Message.

In the recent Annual Message of the President of the United States, is to be found the following remarkable language:

"I cordially congratulate you upon the final settlement, by the Supreme Court of the United States, of the question of Slavery in the Territories, which had presented an aspect so truly formidable at the commencement of my Administration. The right has been established, of every citizen to take his property of any kind, including slaves, into the common territories belonging equally to all the States of the Confederacy, and to have it protected there under the Federal Constitution. Neither Congress, nor a Territorial Legislature, nor any human power has any authority to annul or impair this vested right." Again the President says, "Had it been decided that either Congress or the Territorial Legislature possesses the power to annul or impair the right to property in slaves, the evil would be indefinite."

For the action of the Supreme Court, the President probably refers to the decision in the Dred Scott case, made nearly *three years since*. It is somewhat remarkable that the President should gravely communicate to the Congress of the United States, *information* that a certain decision had been rendered in the Supreme Court, when that decision had been for years before the public and had been as thoroughly discussed as ever was a judicial opinion!

But the matter of the communication is more remarkable still.

Mr. Buchanan was bred to the law, and was considered, forty years ago, an able practitioner at the bar. He understood then, and he understands now, how to discriminate between the *decision* of a Court, and the *remarks of a member* of the Court upon a point *not* necessarily involved in the decision of the case. Knowing, then, how to make this discrimination, we assert, without the fear of contradiction, that Mr. Buchanan had either never read the Dred Scott case, or that, when he penned the above-stated paragraph of his Message, he was perfectly conscious, that the Supreme Court had *never decided* that an act of the Territorial Legislature, prohibiting the existence of Slavery in the Territories, was unconstitutional! There was *no such point ever raised in the case*, and there had been no action of a Territorial Legislature, which had the remotest bearing upon the question which the Court was called upon to decide, viz., whether Dred Scott was or was not entitled to his freedom!

The REAL questions which this celebrated case presented to the Court were,

1st, Can a negro, whose ancestors were brought into this country and sold as slaves, and who has by some legal means obtained his freedom, bring a suit in the Courts of the United States?

2nd, Where a master voluntarily takes his slave from a Slave to a Free State, or into a Territory where slavery is prohibited by an Act of Congress, and after residing therein for some years removes him again to a Slave State, is the negro, after his return, entitled to be discharged from bondage?

It will be observed that the first is a question of *jurisdiction*, and, according to all the analogies of the law, when this was decided adversely to the Plaintiff, there was no longer either case, or question, *before the Court*. But if the power to decide the second question be conceded to the Court, and that the decision made thereon is binding, as an exposition of constitutional law, by the highest judicial tribunal of the country, it does *not*, in the least degree, deny to the people of a Territory, through their legally chosen representatives, the right to determine whether Slavery shall or shall not exist in the Territory!

What, then, must be thought of Mr. Buchanan's candor as a man, and of his integrity as an officer, when he declares that in virtue of this decision, "neither Congress, nor a Territorial Legislature, nor any human tribunal, has authority to annul or impair this vested right," that is, the right to hold slaves in a territory during the entire period of its territorial existence!

Mr. Buchanan not only announces such to be the settled law, but he also rejoices that it is so settled, and declares that to give to Congress, or the People of a Territory, the right to interdict Slavery in a Territory, "would be AN INTOLERABLE EVIL." Thomas Jefferson was the first President of the United States elected by the Democratic party, and James Buchanan is the last one so elected. The former, although himself a slave-holder, and a resident of a Southern State, believed that the Territories of the United States should be preserved for free labor. The latter, although a native and a citizen of a Free State, thinks that all the Territories of the Union should be devoted to Slavery, with or without the consent of the people residing therein! We leave it to our readers to determine whether Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, or James Buchanan, the advocate of the Lecompton iniquity, is the better exponent of the Democratic creed!

Our objections to the doctrine which Mr. Buchanan so highly praises, are, *first*, that it at once converts all of the vast *Territory* of the United States into Slaveholding Territories. *Second*, that it deprives the people of the Territories of all power to "choose for themselves their own domestic institutions." *Third*, that when the time arrives for the formation of a Constitution, preparatory to an admission into the Union as a State, *the question, instead of being upon the* ADOPTION *of Slavery, is upon its* ABOLITION.

We can not now discuss this question at greater length, but must content ourselves with beseeching our Democratic brethren not to be misled by the miserable sophistry of the President, but to stand firmly by the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty and non-interference, pronounced by the last National Canvention of the Democratic party, and accepted as the true faith by the man, who, since he has become the President, has ingloriously *abandoned the very ground upon which his election was secured*, and seeks now to place the party upon a *platform where defeat is inevitable*.

MY SEWING MACHINE.

BY A CONNECTICUT FARMER.

"Got one? Don't say so? Which did you get?
One of the kind to open and shut?
Own it, or hire it? How much did you pay?
Does it go with a crank or a treadle? Say—
I'm a single man, and somewhat green,
Tell me about your sewing machine."

"Listen, my boy! and hear about it—
I don't know what I should do without it.
I've had one now for many a year,
And like it so well I call it "my dear;"
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing machine.

"It's none of your angular, heartless things,
With steel-shod peak, and cast-iron wings;
Its work would bother a hundred of bees,
And is worth a thousand—indeed it is;
And has a way—you needn't stare—
Of combing and braiding its own black hair!

"Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
That stand in the corner with what nots and chairs,
And make that dismal, head-achy noise
Which all the comforts of sewing destroys;
No rigid contrivance of lumber and steel,
But one with a natural spring in the heel.

"Mine is one of the kind to love,
And wears a shawl, and a soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eye and a dainty foot,
And sports the charmingest gaiter boot,
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons, and loops,
With an indefinite number of hoops.

"None of your patent machines for me,
Unless Dame Nature's the patentee!
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may choose,
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws!

"One that can dance, and—possibly—flirt,
And make a pudding as well as a shirt—
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady and witch—
Ready to give the nicest advice,
Or do up your collars and things so nice.

"What do you think of my machine?
Ain't it the best that ever you've seen?
'Tisn't a clumsy, mechanical toy,
But flesh and blood! Hear that, my boy—
With a turn for gossip and household affairs,
Which include, you know, the sewing of fairs!

"Tut, tut. Don't talk. I see it all—
You need'nt keep winking so hard at the wall;
I know what your tittyty tumblings mean;
Would you like, yourself, a sewing machine?
Well—get one, then—of the same design—
There were plenty left when I got mine."

THE HAPPY NEW-YEAR!

From Arthur's "Steps Towards Heaven."

"Happy New Year, papa!" The sitting-room doors were thrown open, and a little girl came bounding in. Her cheeks were all a-glow—smiles played around her lips—her eyes were dancing with sunny light. "Happy New Year, dear papa!" And the next moment, she was in her father's lap, her small arms clinging round his neck, and her rosy mouth pressed to his.

"Happy New Year, my sweet one!" responded Mr. Edgar, as he clasped the child fondly to his heart. "May all your New Years be happy!" he added, in a low voice, and with a prayer in his heart.

To her it was a happy morning, and the words that fell from her lips were heart-echoes. But it was not so to Mr. Edgar. The cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, had, like evil weeds, found a rank growth in his spirit; while good seeds of truth, which, in earlier life, had sent forth their fresh green blades that lifted themselves in the bright, invigorating sunshine, gave now but feeble promise for the harvest time.

Ellen loved no place so well as her father's arms. When they were folded tightly around her, she had nothing more to desire; so she lay very still and silent, while the thoughts of her father wandered away from the loving child on his bosom to his own unsatisfied state of mind.

"For years," he said within himself, "I have been in earnest pursuit of the means of happiness, yet happiness itself seems every year to be still farther in the distance. There is something wrong. I am not be in the true path. My days are busy and restless, my nights burdened with schemes that rarely do more than cheat my glowing fancy. What is the meaning of this?"

And Mr. Edgar fell into a deep revery, from which he was aroused by the voce of his wife, as she laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"A happy New Year, and many joyful returns!" she said in loving tones as she pressed her lips to his forehead.

He did not answer. The tenderly spoken good wishes of his wife fell very gratefully, like refreshing dew upon his heart; but he was distinctly conscious of not being happy. So far as worldly condition was concerned, Mr. Edgar had no cause of mental depression. His business was prosperous under a careful management, and every year he found himself better off.

"There is something wrong." Mr. Edgar's thoughts were all running in one direction. A startling truth seemed suddenly to have been revealed to him, and he felt inclined to look at it in all possible aspects. "Why am I not happy?" That was urging the question home. But the answer was not given.

—After breakfast, Mr. Edgar left home and went to his store. As he passed along the street, he saw at a window the face of a most lovely child. Her beauty, that had in it something of heavenly innocence, impressed him so deeply that he turned to gain a second look, and, in doing so, his eyes saw on the door of the dwelling the name of *Abraham James*. There was an instant revulsion of feeling; and for the first time that morning, Mr. Edgar remembered one of the causes of his uncomfortable state of mind. Abraham James was an unfortunate debtor, who had failed to meet his obligations, among which were two notes of five hundred dollars each, given to Mr. Edgar. These had been placed by the latter in the hands of his lawyer, with direction to sue them out, and obtain the most that could be realized.

Only the day before—the last day of the year—he had learned that there were two judgments that would take precedence of his, and sweep off a share of the debtor's property. The fact had chafed him considerably, causing him to indulge in harsh language towards his debtor. The language was not just, as his heart knew. But the loss of his money fretted him, and filled him with unkind feelings towards the individual who had occasioned the loss.

No wonder that Mr. Edgar was unhappy. He continued on his way, the angry impulse that quickened the blood in his veins subsided, and, through the mist that obscured his mental vision, he saw the bright face of a child, the child of his unfortunate debtor. His own precious one was no lovelier, no purer; nor had her lips uttered on that morning in sweeter tones the words—"A happy New Year, papa!" How the thought thrilled him!

With his face bowed, and his eyes upon the ground, Mr. Edgar walked on. He could not sweep aside the image of that child at the window, nor keep back his thoughts from entering the dwelling where her presence might be the only sunbeam that gave light in its gloomy chambers.

"A happy New Year, papa!" Mr. Edgar almost started, for the words had so distinct an utterance to his inward ear, that they seemed as if spoken in the ambient air. In fancy he had seen the troubled debtor, leaving the chamber where he had passed an almost sleepless night, and coming with slow steps and sad face to the family sitting room. There, alone, with his face bowed in gloomy reverie, Mr. Edgar had seen him; and while his heart was enlarged with pity and sympathy, the door opened—light footsteps moved across the room—a child sprang into his arms, and a glad voice exclaimed, "A happy New Year, papa!"

When Mr. Edgar arrived at his store, his feelings towards Mr. James were very different from what they were on the day previous. All anger—all resentment—were gone, and kindness had taken their place. What if Mr. James did owe him a thousand dollars? What if he should lose the whole amout of his indebtedness? Was the condition of the former so much better than his own, that he would care to change places with him? The very idea caused a shudder to run along his nerves.

"Poor man!" he said to himself, pityingly. "What a terrible thing to be involved in debt—thus crippled, thus driven to the wall! It would kill me. Men are very cruel to each other, and I am cruel with the rest. What are a thousand dollars to me, or to my well-to-do neighbor, compared with the ruin of a helpless fellow man! James asked time; in two years, he was sure, he could recover himself, and make all good. But, with a heartlessness that causes my cheek to burn as I think of it, I answered, 'The first loss is always the best loss. I will get what I can, and let the balance go.' The look he gave me, has troubled my conscience ever since. No wonder it is not a Happy New Year."

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Scarcely had Mr. Edgar passed the dwelling of his unfortunate debtor, when the latter, who had been walking the floor of his parlor in a troubled state of mind, came to the window and stood by his child, who was dear to him as a child could be to the heart of a father.

"Happy New Year, papa!" It was the third time, since morning dawn, that he had received this greeting from the same sweet lips—the third time that her kisses were given with the heart-warmth of childhood's unselfish love.

Mr. James tried to give back the greeting, but the words seemed to choke him, and failed in the utterance. As the two stood by the window, the wife and mother came up, and, leaning against her husband, looked forth with a sad heart. Oh, no! it was not a Happy New Year's Morning to them. Long before the dawn of another year, they must go forth from their pleasant home; and both their hearts shrunk back in fear from the dark beyond.

"Good morning, dear!" said Mr. James, soon afterwards, as, with hat and coat and muffler on, he stood ready to go forth to meet the trials of the day. His voice was depressed, and his countenance sad. Mrs. James did not say "Good morning," in turn. But her husband saw the motion of her lips and the tears in her eyes, and he knew what was in her heart.

The business assigned to that day, was a painful one for Mr. James. The only creditor who had commenced a suit was Mr. Edgar, he having declined entering into any arrangement with the other creditors, coldly saying, that, in his opinion, "the first loss was always the best loss," and that extensions were, in most cases, equivalent to the abandonment of a claim. He was willing to take what the law could give him. Pursuant to this view, a suit had been brought, and the debtor, to anticipate the result, confessed judgment to two of his largest creditors, who honorably bound themselves to see that a pro rata division was made of all his effects.

The business of New Year's day was to draw up as complete a statement as possible of his affairs, and Mr. James went about the work with a heavy heart. He had been engaged in this way for over an hour, when one of his clerks came to the desk where he was writing, and handed him a letter which a lad had just brought in. He broke the seal with a nervous foreboding of trouble, for of late, these letters by the hands of private messengers, had been frequent, and rarely of an agreeable character. From the envelope, as he commenced withdrawing the letter, there dropped upon the desk a narrow piece of paper, folded like a bill. He took it up with almost reluctant fingers, and slowly pressed back the ends so as to read its face, and comprehend its import. Twice his eyes went over the brief lines, before he was clear as to their meaning. They were as follows:

"Received, Jan. 1, 18—, of Abraham James, One Thousand Dollars, in full of all demands.
HIRAM EDGAR."

Hurriedly, now, did Mr. James unfold the letter that accompanied this receipt. Its language moved him deeply.

"Abraham James, Esq.,

Dear Sir: I was not in the right state of mind when I gave direction to have a suit brought against you. I have seen clearer since, and wish to act from a better principle. My own affairs are prosperous. During the year which has just closed, my profits have been better than in any year since I started business. Your affairs, on the contrary, are unprosperous. As I think of this, and of my unfeeling conduct towards you in your misfortunes, I am mortified as well as pained. There is an element in my character which ought not to be there. I am self-convicted of cruelty. Accept, my dear sir, in the enclosed receipt, the best reparation in my power to make. In giving up this claim, I do not abandon an item that goes to complete the sum of my happiness. Not a single comfort will be abridged. It will not shrink the dimensions of my house, nor withdraw from myself or family any portion of food or raiment. Accept, then, the New Year's gift I offer, and believe that I have purer delight in giving than you in receiving. My best wishes are with you for the future, and if, in anything, I can aid you in your arrangements with creditors, do not fail to command my service.

Most truly yours, HIRAM EDGAR."

For the space of nearly five minutes, Mr. James sat very still, the letter of Mr. Edgar before him. Then he folded it up, with the receipt inside, and placed it in his pocket; then he put away the inventories he had been examining, and tore up several pieces of paper, on which were sundry calculations: then he put on his warm over-coat and buttoned it to the chin. "Edward," said Mr. James, as he walked down the store, "I shall not return this afternoon. It is New Year's Day, and you can close up at two o'clock."

It cost Mr. Edgar a struggle to write the receipt in full. A thousand dollars was a large sum of money to give away by a single stroke of the pen. Love of gain, and selfishness, pleaded strongly for the last farthing! but the better feelings of the man prevailed, and the good deed was done. How light his heart felt—how suddenly the clouds were lifted from his sky, and the strange pressure from his feelings! It was to him a new experience.

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On the evening that closed the day, Mr. Edgar sat with his wife and children in his elegant home, happier by far than he was in the morning, and almost wondering at the change in his state of mind. Little Ellen was in his arms, and as he looked upon her cherub face, he thought of a face as beautiful, seen by him in the morning, at the window of his unfortunate debtor—the face of an angel it had proved to him, for it prompted the good deed from which had sprung a double blessing. While he sat thus, he heard the door bell ring. In a few minutes, the waiter handed in a letter. He broke the seal and read:

"My Dear Sir:

This morning my dear little Aggy, the light of our home, greeted me with a joyous 'Happy New Year.' I took her in my arms and kissed her, keeping my face close to hers, that she might not see the sadness of mine. Ah, sir! The day broke in gloom. The words of my child found no echo in my heart. I could have wept over her, if the strength of manhood had not risen above the weakness of nature. But all is changed now. A few minutes ago the 'Happy New Year' was flowing to me from the sweet lips of my child, and the words went thrilling in gladness to my heart. May the day close as happily for you and yours, as it is closing for me and mine.

God bless you!

ABRAHAM JAMES."

Mr. Edgar read this letter twice, and then handed it, without a word, to his wife.

"What is the meaning of this? I do not understand it, Hiram." Mrs. Edgar looked wonderingly into her husband's face.

The story, to which she listened eagerly, was briefly told. When Mr. Edgar had finished, his wife arose, and, with tears of love and sympathy in her eyes, crossed over to where he was sitting, and throwing her arms around his neck, said:

"My good and generous husband! I feel very proud of you this night. That was a noble deed; and I thank you in the name of our common humanity."

Never had words from the lips of his wife sounded so pleasantly in the ears of Mr. Edgar. Never had he known so happy a New Year's Day as the one which had just closed; and though it saw him poorer than he believed himself in the morning, by nearly a thousand dollars, he was richer in feeling—richer in the heart's unwasting possessions—than he had ever been in his life.

Where the Money Goes.

The importations at the port of New York, for the week ending with Friday, amount to the sum of $1,510,982. The total Foreign IMPORTS at New York, for the ten months of

1853,	amounted to	$127,584,533
1854,	do	163,423,784
1855,	do	130,380,521
1856,	do	187,072,760
1857,	do	207,009,358
1858,	do	123,930,836
1859,	do	211,462,116

The EXPORTS for the same period, (ten months) during the present year amount to $118,005,227, of which $63,270,614 was in SPECIE AND BULLION! the balance being foreign merchandize and domestic produce; of the latter, but $18,223,743 worth was exported

It will be seen that the balance of trade AGAINST US, at the port of New York alone, amounts to $163,138,273, FOR THE PAST TEN MONTHS!

How long is it possible for our country to sustain this draught upon her pecuniary resources, before she will be forced into bankruptcy? Every week increases the debt, and renders us less able to square the account.

Such is the effect of the Free Trade policy of the Democratic party! We sadly need a change.

ORDERS NOT TO GO.—"I've got orders—positive orders—not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon.

"Come, don't be so *womanish*—come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got? Come show 'em to us if you can. Show us your orders."

John took out a neat wallet from his pocket, and pulling out a neatly folded paper, "It's here," he said, unfolding the paper and showing the boys. They looked, and one of them read aloud:

"*Enter not into the path of the wicked man. Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away.*"

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid me going with you. They are God's orders, and, by His help, I don't mean to break them."

SELECT COMPANY.—We have frequently heard the advantages of keeping a pig spoken of, but the slang terms of expression were hardly so convincing as the argument which came to our ears a few days since, while passing through one of the by-ways of Lowell, inhabited chiefly by the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle. A new sty had been built for the comfort and convenience of a shoat, the property of Bridget Malrooney; and Bridget's neighbor, Ellen Flaherty, had called to inspect the premises, during the progress of which we happened to be passing. "An illigint sty," said Ellen, enthusiastically, "and the fine shoate—*what company he'll be for ye when Patrick's away!*"—[Lowell Courier.]

STRANGE CONVERSION.—Some time ago, the eccentric Parson Brownlow didn't see how it was possible for an Abolitionist to get to Heaven. He even intimated, indeed, he would rather be in a warmer spot, with those of his own way of thinking, than in Paradise with such fanatics. But latterly he has been to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach. He thinks he is not a bad-hearted man, after all, and his Southern friends who get to Heaven need not be surprised to find Beecher there. Exactly, Mr. Brownlow, a more intimate knowledge of Northern men would thin your honest but cranky head of many of its absurd prejudices.

GOOD ADVICE.—If the poorhouse has any terror for you, never buy what you don't need. Before you pay three cents for a jewsharp, see if you can't make just as pleasant a noise by whistling, for which nature furnishes the machinery. And before you pay seven dollars for a figured vest, young man, find out whether your lady love would not be just as glad to see you in a plain one, that cost half the money. If she wouldn't, let her crack her own walnuts, and buy her own clothes.

In less than two hours after Congress assembled, the slavery question was sprung in both Houses, in the Senate by Mr. Mason of Virginia, and in the House by Mr. Clark of Missouri. Even the Senate Chaplain, Mr. Gurley, hastened to lug John Brown into his prayers, and denounce fanatics. The Republicans would like to go to work at the national business, and keep at it till it is finished. The South will monopolize nearly all of the session with its negro interests.

Discussion between Ladies.

[The following are the points of a written controversy, begun by Mrs. M. J. C. MASON, of King George's Co., Virginia, and replied to by Mrs. LYDIA MARIA CHILD, of Massachusetts. It appears at length in the *N. Y. Tribune*.]

ALTO, Va., Nov. 11, 1859.

MRS. MASON.—Do you read your Bible, Mrs. Child? If you do, read there, "Woe unto you hypocrites," and take to yourself with two-fold damnation that terrible sentence.

WAYLAND, Mass., Dec. 17, 1859.

MRS. CHILD.—I have no disposition to retort upon you the "two-fold damnation" to which you consign me. On the contrary, I wish you well, both in this world and the next.

Mrs. Mason.—You would soothe with sisterly and motherly care the hoary-headed murderer of Harper's Ferry!

Mrs. Child.—As for John Brown, his reputation may be safely trusted to the impartial pen of History.

Mrs. Mason.—Have you ever watched the last lingering illness of a consumptive, to soothe, as far as in you lay, the inevitable fate?

Mrs. Child.—It would be extremely difficult to find any women in our villages who does not sew for the poor, and watch with the sick, when occasion requires.

Mrs. Mason.—Do you soften the pangs of maternity in those around you by all the care and comfort you can give?

Mrs. Child.—I have never known an instance where the pangs of maternity did not meet with requisite assistance; and here at the North, after we have helped the mothers, we do not sell the babies!

Mrs. Mason.—Did you ever sit up until the "wee hours" to complete a dress for a motherless child, that she might appear on Christmas day in a new one, along with her more fortunate companions?

Mrs. Child.—We pay our domestics generous wages, with which they can purchase as many Christmas gowns as they please—a process far better for their characters, as well as our own, than to receive their clothing as a *charity* after being deprived of *just payment* for their labor.

Mrs. Mason.—We do these and more for our servants, and why? Because we endeavor to do our duty in that state of life it has pleased God to place us.

Mrs. Child.—I readily believe what you state concerning the kindness of many Virginia matrons. It is creditable to their hearts; but, after all, the best that can be done in that way is a poor equivalent for the *perpetual wrong* done to the slaves, and the *terrible liabilities* to which they are always subject.

Mrs. Mason.—No Southerner ought, after your letter to Gov. Wise and to Brown, to read a line of your composition, or to touch a Magazine which bears your name in its list of contributors.

Mrs. Child.—I have great satisfaction in the consciousness of having nothing to lose in that quarter. Your letter to me and my reply will be published by hundreds of Northern papers, while my reply to you will not appear in any paper in a radical Slave State.

[Both ladies make copious Scripture quotations, too extended to insert in our columns. It will occur to others, as it did to us, that Mrs. Child has slightly the best of the argument in temper and in matter.]

The Big Virginia Scarecrow---

or, The House that Wise built.

This is the house that Wise built.

This is Old Brown, all bleeding and torn, that lay in the house that Wise built.

These are the men, all forlorn, that worried Old Brown all bleeding and torn, as he lay in the house that Wise built.

This is the cow with a crumpled horn, that frightened the men all forlorn, that worried Old Brown all bleeding and torn, as he lay in the house that Wise built.

These are the rumors every morn, that, with the cow with a crumpled horn, frightened the men all forlorn, that worried Old Brown all bleeding and torn, as he lay in the house that Wise built.

This is the Union, shaven and shorn, dissolved by the rumors every morn, that, with the cow with a crumpled horn, frightened the men all forlorn, that worried Old Brown, all bleeding and torn, as he lay in the house that Wise built.—*Chicago Journal.*

LIFE OF JOHN BROWN.—A Biography of this remarkable man, is to be published at once, *for the benefit of his family*. The author is James Redpath, the English Abolitionist, so prominent in Kansas annals, an intimate personal friend of Capt. Brown, and a spirited and graphic writer. He is probably better adapted for the task in some respects, than any other person in the country. The work will contain an autobiographical account of Capt. Brown's early life. It will be published by *Thayer & Eldridge, Boston, Mass.*, and will be an elegant 12mo. volume of 400 pages, with engravings, and will also contain a fine steel portrait of Brown. Already, 20,000 copies are subscribed for. Its sale will perhaps surpass that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We understand that the publishers are in want of Agents to circulate it in every section of the country.

A Column of Varieties.

Since the brilliant display of falling stars between the 12th and 13th of November, 1833, it has been observed that this phenomenon is much more likely to be seen at this time of the year than at any other; and one learned astronomer, Olbiers, has come to the conclusion that it is probable that the next great display will take place between the 12th and 13th of November, 1867.....Sir William Herschel was of opinion that light required 2,000,000 years to reach the earth from the most remote luminous vapor visible through his 40 foot telescope. A locomotive running at the rate of 20 miles an hour, constantly, day and night, would occupy more than 500 years in passing from the earth to the sun; but light passes from the sun to the earth in 8 minutes .....In Lima (Peru) slight shocks of earthquakes average 45 per year.....A company has been formed in Haddam, Conn., for the purpose of manufacturing patent pocket umbrellas. This useful article will no longer be *public* property..... At a railroad station, an old lady said to a pompous looking gentleman, who was talking about steam communication: "Pray, sir, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'am, is, ah—steam is, ah—ah! steam is—steam!" "I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by; "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration.".....The Victoria tubular bridge at Montreal, two miles in length, is a fixed fact. The first locomotive crossed over it on Nov. 24th, and it was opened for regular travel on Dec. 18th. The engineer is A. M. Ross, and the builder J. Hodges. Its entire cost is $6,500,000. There are 24 piers, composed of 3,000,000 blocks of solid masonry. The total weight of the tubes, which are all iron, is 8,000 tuns. The shipping pass under them. This is the last link in the Grand Trunk Railroad, 1,000 miles long and in running order, the longest continuous line in the world..... It is estimated that the number of human beings on the earth, is 1,000 millions, of whom about 33 millions die every year, 91 thousand per day, 3,800 per hour, and 63 every minute. As the number of births is equal to that of the deaths, children are born into the world at the rate of one a second; consequently, reader, since you began this paragraph, several human souls have commenced their immortal career!.....It is said that there are not less than 8,064 languages in the world .....There are more than 1,000 different religious beliefs prevailing among the children of men.....Many of the carriages running upon the Paris and Versailles and upon the Paris and Vincennes railroads are two stories in height, having covered seats upon the roofs.....The French Government has ordained the systematic gathering of the sea-weed which is washed on the rocks of the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, to serve as wadding for artillery .....A most valuable discovery of diamonds has recently been made at the foot of the Ural Mountains, Russia. One specimen brought the lucky owner $60,000. There is every reason to believe that a mine of inexhaustible wealth has been discovered .....At the Philadelphia Mint, in November, 3,300,000 of the nickel cent were coined. The Mint receives the Spanish coin in exchange for cents at rates which afford a large gain to the former.....The first mill in Manayunk, Philadelphia, was erected about 40 years ago. Manayunk is now called the "Lowell of Pennsylvania," having more manufactories than any other town of its size in the State.....The Amsterdam Crystal Palace is to be completed and opened in the year 1861. It will be 400 feet in length, by 200 feet in hight, at the junction of which will be a transept and an ave of the edifice. The structure is to be of iron and glass; but, as Holland is not famous for iron, it will be supplied by England.....It is stated that the Pacific Steam Navigation Company (British) will soon place a steam tug in the Bay of Panama, to be employed in lighterage business generally, as well as for their own purposes. The tug is to be built of steel, 120 feet long and 20 feet wide. She is to have a double engine, side wheels, and will measure 224 tuns, drawing only three feet of water when loaded with 50 tuns of cargo and 50 passengers and their luggage with the usual quantity of specie and mails. She is now being built at Liverpool, and is to be ready in January; but it is not yet determined whether to send her around Cape Horn, or via the Isthmus, in parts, to be put up at Panama.....The largest shell guns in our navy have a bore of eleven inches.....Hon. Charles Mason, of Iowa, late Commissioner of Patents, has removed to New York city, and become connected with this (*Scientific American*) establishment.....Take a 10, 12 or 14-inch worn-out sawmill file, grind up its ends, and insert it into some suitable contrivance for holding it secure, and you have a first-rate mill-pick.....At the California State Fair which was held at Sacramento in October last, two fleeces of wool were exhibited, which we believe are the heaviest ever shorn in muttondom. One fleece weighed 43½ lbs., the other 32¾ lbs., and the wool was fine and of a superior quality.