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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Auction. A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

It was a tempestuous night, the wind whistled fearfully, and hail stones whose size threatened to demolish the windows, rattled against them with a pertinacity as if to test their strength. In the parlour of a fine old-fashioned house, beside a rather comfortable fire on such a night, were seated the family of Mr. Sunderland, consisting of himself, wife, daughter, and a faithful maid servant. A heavy gloom more of sorrow than of anger, rested on each brow, not even excepting that of the maid servant alluded to, from whose eager glance ever and anon cast toward the family group, the close observer would have noted a deep interest she took in the cause of their grief.

The picture was a melancholy one, for in virtue in distress has no light shade to relieve it; all around and about it is dark and sombre. The sensitive artist would have thrown aside his pencil, if the subject had been presented to his view as we have described it, and his heart would have received an impression which he could not have transferred to canvas.

"To-morrow," observed Mr. Sunderland, "is the anniversary of the melancholy death of our dear Henry—to-morrow will be ten years since the vessel in which he sailed was lost, and all on board perished—all, all."

"Alas," exclaimed his wife, as the tears coursed their way down her cheeks, "to-morrow will be a melancholy day."

"Indeed it will, for to-morrow this house which belonged to my father—the furniture which time has made, as it were a part of ourselves, associated with many a pleasing event in our lives, is to be sold—torn from us by the unrelenting hands of creditors; but, thank Providence, misfortune, not crime has reduced us to this stage of poverty."

"Will they sell everything, Pa—can we secure nothing?" asked the daughter.

"No my child unless with what little money which has been left to me, I can secure a few articles. Ellen, my dear, take your piano and put them down;—first the sideboard, two beds, chairs and kitchen things. The side-board it is, rue, will be a superfluous piece of furniture, but it belonged to my mother, and I cannot, will not part with it."

"But my piano, Pa—must it go?"

The wife sighed, the father cast his eyes toward the flickering fire, and the daughter was silent. The fate of the piano was decided upon. A melancholy party in the countenance plainly told how severe was the alternative—for the law never studies the feelings of its victims when exacting the penalty of a bond.

"Go, Mary," said Mr. Sunderland, addressing the servant, "and request the Sheriff's officer, who is watching the property, to walk into the parlour; he is not doing his duty—no doubt it is painful to him, as it is distressing to us. Let him see a seat at our fire, and a cup of tea for it is a severe night."

"It is indeed a fearful night," observed Mrs. Sunderland, "and we have behaved rude to this man."

"Mother, I made a fire in the room where he is, but—"

"Speak out child—it was the last stick."

"Father it was—"

Mary returned with the officer, a polite gentlemanly man; and such should be the character of men who have to perform a part of the drama of life, not unlike that of the inquisitors of old, whose province it was to torture by the rack, with this difference, however; theirs was a "physical" torture—ours a "mental" one, administered with all the nicety and precision of "legal justice." The officer politely accepted the invitation—and endeavored to cheer his victim, by encouraging many cases of similar nature, equally poignant and distressing. Thus the evening passed heavily and cheerlessly away.

On the morning of the contemplated sale, there was to be seen a crowd of people flocking to the house of Mr. Sunderland. Some out of sheer, heartless curiosity, "friends" of the family who came with mockery on their lips—and empty purses. Others with an intent to purchase, but no one among the crowd showed the least desire to bid, or even to look at the goods. Mr. Sunderland was in your own house—and I, the intruder.

"Intruder, sir! Oh say not that—I will tell you what a relief this knowledge is to me, but I can yet to learn how I am to repay you for all this—and what could have induced you, a total stranger thus to step forward. Ah! a thought strikes me—gracious heaven! Can it be I look on me Mr. Clifford—my, start now!"

The stranger actually recoiled from the glance of Sunderland's eye—look on me, Sir; has that girl—that innocent girl—who stands trembling there, any interest in this generous act of yours?—speak sir, and let me know at once, that I may spurn your offer & resent the insult."

"I will not deny, sir, but she has—"

"My Father, dear Father! I never before saw the gentleman's face."

"Say not so, Miss."

"Sir—I—"

"Remember ten years back—call to mind a light haired boy, whom you called—"

"Brother!"

"Gracious heaven—Henry—my boy—"

"Is here—I am your long lost son!"

Need we add more? Our readers can readily imagine that a more cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth, and that Mary the faithful servant was not forgotten in the general joy which prevailed on the occasion.

Wool. Never was there as much wool brought into this market in one day as was bought on Saturday by Shedd and Ganson and Duguid. Farmers with wagons loaded with fleeces came in from all sections of the country and took the cash for their wool—realizing a handsome profit on their labor, and an advance of five cents per pound from last year's prices. [Lo Rov Gazette.]

The Northern Galaxy.

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LETTERS FROM JAMAICA.

up to Mr. Clifford, and told him the desire he had to purchase the piano for his daughter and he hoped he would not bid against him. "Sir," said the stranger, "I will not deceive you as much as I respect your feelings, and the sympathy of this good company; I cannot, nay, will not alter the determination made when I first entered this house."

"And pray, sir, what may it be?"

"To purchase everything in it, and by heaven I'll do it, though I pay double price."

"Strange," muttered Mr. Sunderland, as he found his family in another part of the room.

"The stranger fulfilled his promise, and actually bought every thing, from the house itself, down to the very axe in the cellar!"

"After the sale was over, and the company had retired, Mr. Clifford requested the auctioneer to walk with him into an adjoining room. After the lapse of a few moments they both returned to the parlour where the family still remained. The auctioneer looked around, and as he left the room he was heard to say, 'I never heard of such a thing; a perfect romance, ha! ha! ha!'"

"You are now," observed Mr. Sunderland to Mr. Clifford, "the owner of this house and furniture—they were once mine—let that pass."

"I am, Sir, for the time being your landlord."

"I understand you, Sir, but will not long remain your tenant; I was going to observe however, that there was two or three articles which I am anxious to purchase—that side-board, for instance—is a family relic—I will give you the fifty dollars, the price you paid, and I feel assured, under the circumstances, you will not refuse this favor?"

"I cannot take it, Sir."

"Obdurate—ungrateful man."

"Will you not let Pa buy my piano, Sir?" humbly asked a kneeling girl, who gave you the price at which it was sold."

"It is painful for me, young lady, to refuse even this—I will sell nothing—not even the wood saw in the cellar."

"Then, Mr. Clifford," exclaimed Mr. Sunderland, "we have no further business here; come, my dear—Ellen get your bonnet—that's your hand box—let us quit this house, we are not even free from insult. Where is Mary?"

"I am here, Sir—the key of my trunk is lost, and I am fastening it with a rope."

"Stop, my girl—but methinks I purchased that trunk!—coolly observed the stranger."

"Mr. Clifford—I am not so old, but that I can resent an insult—nay, will, if you carry this arrogant, and to me strange conduct much further; that poor girl has been to me and mine, the best and I may say the only friend; she has remained with us in poverty, assisted us in our distress not only with her hands, but her purse; she is not to me as a servant, but one of my family—for there is—thank heaven—no such base distinction in poverty that exists in a state of bloated wealth. Here, here, with nothing but what we have upon our backs—the master and the servant are equal. She is part of my family, and I will protect her from insult. That trunk is hers, and who dare take it from her? Not you, sir."

Mr. Clifford cast his eyes upon Mary, who at that moment arose from the floor—for a moment they gazed upon each other in silence—and she, you say, has been to you a friend?"

"Indeed she has—a kind noble one."

"Mr. Sunderland, stay—one moment, my good girl, put down that trunk—take a seat, madam; permit me, Miss, to hand you a chair. Mr. Sunderland, will you be seated? I have yet something more to say. When you requested me to yield up the wish I had to purchase this sideboard, I told you that it was my determination to buy it, and I tell you now that I will not sell it."

"This, Mr. Clifford, needs no repetition."

"Ay, but it does, and when that young lady made the same request for her piano my answer was the same. Sir, hear me out; no man will set so without a motive; no one, particularly a stranger, would count the displeasure of a crowded room, and bear up against the frowns of many without an object. Now I had an object—and that was—be seated, sir—madam your attention—that object was, to buy this house and furniture, for the sole purpose of restoring them to you and your heirs again!"

"Sir, is not this a cruel jest?"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed mother and daughter.

Amusement took possession of Mary, and her trunk fell to the floor with a crash, causing her small stock of clothing to roll out, which she eagerly gathered up, and thrust back, without any regard to the manner in which it was done.

"The auctioneer, continued Mr. Clifford, has my instructions to have matters arranged by the movers, in the mean time you are at very little great rest. It was started at five thousand dollars. There were several bidders, all of whom seemed anxious to purchase it. Seven thousand five hundred dollars was at last bid, upon which the auctioneer dwelt for a moment. Mr. Sunderland compressed his lips together, and muttered to himself, 'it cost my father fifteen thousand dollars.'"

"Going—going—once—twice—three times—for the last time going—'eight thousand—'thank you sir—going at eight thousand—once—eight thousand twice—eight thousand three times—going—gone—what name rest?"

"Clifford," was the response, and all eyes rested on a tall, noble looking man, who had remained silent during the rapid bidding of the spectators—and who as the whisper went round was a total stranger.

"It is gone," whispered Mr. Sunderland to his wife as he pressed her hand in silent grief. "We have no home now."

"Now, gentlemen," cried the auctioneer, "we will sell this side board, in regard to which I am requested by the creditor to say that it is an old family piece, and it is the wish of the owner to retain it if possible. I merely mention this as it is known to you under what peculiar circumstances the things are sold."

This had the desired effect—no one seemed willing to bid against the unfortunate man, who started it at ten dollars. Twenty was bid by Mr. Clifford; twenty-five from Mr. Sunderland; fifty from Mr. Clifford silenced the anxious parents, and the family piece of furniture was knocked down to the new owner of the house. A gentleman that stood by remarked that the act was a cold, heartless one. "Was it?" sarcastically asked Mr. Clifford, "then, sir, why did you not buy it for him?"

Mr. Sunderland was much affected at this little incident. "He little knows how much he has lacerated this heart. But I will purchase the piano for my child." He stepped

For the Northern Galaxy. Cabin Scenes.

There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. A peculiar illustration of this rhetorical maxim is obtained on board a ship in a heavy sea, merely by stepping from the deck to the cabin. A passenger attempts, as every yankee may, to fix the fire in the stove, which is chained to the floor in the centre of a spacious cabin. Stooping for this purpose he suddenly goes down a steep declivity against a state room, the declivity being immediately reversed, he next brings up on the opposite side of the cabin; in the third descent, a vigorous grasp at the stove hearth arrests this sliding frolic where it commenced.

To dine successfully requires no little dexterity; eating soup especially requires very delicate manipulation. The legs of the table are secured to the floor, and the table itself is margined with a ledge half an inch high; along the middle of it are two parallel strips of board, three inches high, 15 inches apart, between which most of the dishes are crowded together, while on the outside are like a plaster on a shelf, is by no means so porific. By wedging one's self between pillows on one hand and the side of the ship on the other, sleep may at length be wooed and won, unless the waves, which are separated from the ear only by the thickness of a plank, dash with too much fury.

For one week, we were unmercifully rolled and pitched about, without a moment's cessation. It was the roughest passage ever made by our Capt. during seven years passed in the Jamaica trade.

Here comes the good old Tippecanoe melody again, with new words but the old spirit. Pass it around.

For the Whig Gathering. (A New Song to the Good Old Tune.)

What has caused this great commotion, motion, motion our country through? It is the ball a rolling on For old Kentucky and the Jersey Blue, For Clay and Frelinghuysen too; And with them we'll beat your Polk, Polk And all such sort of folk— And with them we'll beat your Polk.

New England's glorious star is shining, shining, Steady and true. It sheds its rays throughout the land For old Kentucky and the Jersey Blue, For Clay and Frelinghuysen too; And with them we'll beat your Polk, Polk And all such sort of folk— And with them we'll beat your Polk.

The Empire's sons in might are rousing, rousing, A hardy crew. "Excelsior!" they proudly shout, For old Kentucky, &c.

From Jersey's blood-stained land of glory, glory, glory The loud halloo Rings forth as first it rung of yore For old Kentucky, &c.

The blue hen's chickens bravely fighting, fighting, Stand forth anevely, fighting For old Kentucky, &c.

VERMONT the star that never sets, sets, sets Faithful and true. She'll keep the ball a rolling on For old Kentucky, &c.

The "OLD DOMINION" she is coming, coming, coming The NORTH Star too, ing And Tennessee sends forth her cry For old Kentucky, &c.

The Prairie fires are brightly blazing, blazing, blazing The wide West through, Where strike her hardy yeomanry For old Kentucky, &c.

The "dark and bloody ground" of battle, battle, battle, Which tyrants rear, Peals forth at once her victor notes For old Kentucky, &c.

Lo! Georgia's fiery sons advancing, "racing," "racing," Their faith renew, ing And pledge their gallant chivalry For old Kentucky, &c.

The Keystone State our arch o'er spanning, spanning, Solid and true, Completes our glorious brotherhood For old Kentucky, &c.

The clouds so long our land o'er shadowing shadowing, Vanish like dew, ing, shadowing And brightly beams the rising sun Of old Kentucky, &c.

And now the whole battalion passing, passing, passing In grand review, ing Shout we to heaven our loud hurra For old Kentucky and the Jersey Blue, For Clay and Frelinghuysen too; And with them we'll beat your Polk, Polk, And all such sort of folk— And with them we'll beat your Polk.

The St. Louis Gazette of the 4th instant says, an organized party of five or six hundred men has started for Nauvoo, to release from the custody of the Mormons, Dr. Hitchcock, U. S. Marshal of Iowa. Dr. H. went to Nauvoo to arrest a criminal, and was seized and confined by the Prophet's followers.

Polk on the Annexation of Texas. We let Mr Polk speak for himself. It will be seen that he is in favor of the IMMEDIATE annexation of Texas! in spite of its injustice to Mexico, and the hazard of a war the most infamous, because utterly indefensible.

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POLK ON THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS.

spread and deep rooted as it was, in several of the then independent State, it could not be eradicated, and was for the sake of the Union, and in the spirit of compromise, recognized and guarded against improper disturbance, by the constitution. It spread abroad on our Southern territories, and some of these when competent to assume the dignity of States, have been admitted with this evil into the confederacy. But Texas having bravely contended for independence proclaimed it, on a soil from which slavery had by law been utterly eradicated, when framing her constitution and assuming a place among States, voluntarily incorporated this evil and curse of slavery with her political being, and rendered it impossible for her Congress ever to abolish it. Language was not made to express the folly or the wickedness of this act for the reinstatement of slavery. It was a crime of which no civilized power has, I believe, been guilty in modern times. Could our government admit Texas with her present system of slavery, into this Union without participating in this high offence against humanity?

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