

The following is from a correspondent of the *Morning Star*, and is highly interesting as a delineation of some important features of life in the United States.

PRIVATE MEMBERS—MANNERS, &c.

ELEPHANTS—LION—MULE—WHAT WE MIGHT DO IF WE HAD HIM!

Washington, D. C., Jan. 7, 1856.

MR. EDITOR.—We have perhaps said enough about "Speaker" and "no Speaker" in our former letters—suppose we talk a little about the "private members" of the House.

Taken together as a whole they are a noble looking set of men—all sizes, of course, from a *three-Hundreder*, as Luke, of Mississippi, down to a "hundred-and-a-quarter," as ——— no, no, it won't do to call names here, as men do not like to have their weight made light of. Their "fixings" are as diverse as their States, or even their district. They wear all sorts of outer garments, from a "Texan blanket," "Pop's shawl," "circular cloak," N. Y. "Carpette," to the neat "suitout." Some shave from ear to ear and from nose to neck—some shave nowhere and never, wearing beard, whiskers and mustache all blended together. Some come out every morning as "prim" as a doll, some looking as if ——— no, no, we'll turn on our heel again—as if "the mind makes the man."

Some look good-natured when they feel cross—some look cross when they feel good-natured—some are quick as lightning (almost)—some are as slow as snails, never getting up *till the next day*. The richest man in the House is Mr. Aiken, of S. C.—the poorest man is—(further this deponent saith not.)—The handsomest man is Gov. Chase of Ohio, (pardon us for getting 'outside the bar,' in the 'third branch.') The oldest man is probably "father Knight," a noble and venerable Quaker, from Pa. Among the eloquent men who have spoken, are Dunn of Ind., Etheridge, of Tenn., and Keitt, of S. C. Among the powerful men, are Giddings, of Ohio, H. Marshall, of Ky., and Howell Cobb, of Ga. Among the direct, pointed men, are Stephens, of Ga., Campbell, of Ohio, and Galloway, of Ohio. Among the noisy, gassy men, are McMullen, of Va., (No. 1.) Cadwallader, of Penn., and Wheeler, of N. Y. As to the political strength of the House, that is not yet well defined. One thing we think the country may rely upon, there will be no positive pro-slavery legislation during this Congress.

As to parties in the House, the Democrats are the best united and most thoroughly disciplined, and as between them and the Republicans it may with propriety be said, "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." We may say that some of the strong anti-Nebraska men have the backbone of an elephant, the heart of a lion, and (we mourn to say it) to these they add most unfortunately the temper of a mule. Declaiming over the "personal preference" of the 107 who vote for Mr. Banks, some three or four men allow their "personal preference" to keep their votes from him, when *three votes* would elect him. The Democrats chuckle over this—the whole mass of the Free States mourn over it, and while we admire the elephant and lion more than ever, we utterly detest the proverbial peculiarity of the mule. There is an unknown amount of responsibility resting upon these few impracticable anti-Nebraska men. We will however call them no hard names, nor impugn their motives, but leave each one to settle his own case, with his conscience, his country, and his God.

Did time and our engagements, permit, we might give you a bird's eye view of a New Year's day

among slaves, *black and white*, in a neighbouring city—might tell you of the desolate appearance of the country on the way there—that nothing looked beautiful but the trees—nothing seemed pure but the air of heaven—might describe the motley multitude assembled at and about the hotel, or all sorts, ages and colors—men, women and children, and black being bleached towards white, and the white turning red, especially their eyes and noses.

We might describe, or attempt to, the slave carts, coming into the city with a family of a dozen negroes—it may be a father, mother, and eight or ten children, riding together for the last time, it may be, on earth; getting out of that cart and being sold or hired—father to one, mother to another, son, daughter, brother, sister, each to another. We might tell you of the first private sale we witnessed—a sister and brother, about seventeen and nineteen years old—sold, one to one man, and another to another, living twenty miles apart—might allude to the *agony* of that sister bleached almost to whiteness. We might speak of the noble manliness and brotherly affection of that *true* brother, with a *brother's* heart in him, although blacker, far blacker, than the sister who stood by his side, and whose father was probably a demon with a *white* skin. We might refer to (we could not describe) the earnest, affectionate manner in which we overheard him say to that heart-broken sister, "Eliza, don't cry so, I will come and see you; if it is twenty miles, and if it takes me till night every day to do my task, I will come in the night and see you, and get back to my work before morning—I can do it—I will do it, so don't cry so, Eliza." Ah! and we might wish that those who think, "niggers have no souls," could have seen that earnest, thankful, intelligent, but utterly indescribable *look of love*, which that pale but true sister give in return for those priceless words that fell from the thick lips, but warm heart, of that noble brother.

We might tell you of a blue-eyed boy, thirteen years old, white and beautiful, whom we took to be a *boy* instead of a "*chattel*," until he told us that his mother was a slave, and that "*he never had any father*"—we might speak of a little bit of a black boy, whom he pointed out as his brother, who was sold "*last New Year's*," and whom he or his mother had not seen before for a whole year, and the sorrowful tone in which he added, "I spect mistress will sell me to-day, she said she would sell me"—how he implored us to buy him, because he thought he should like us for a master, and how he added, "I should rather die though than be sold from my mother, but you know I cannot die, but I can be sold."

We might speak of a noble, lady-like appearing woman, about fifty years old, who said she was only a "spectator," being neither "for sale nor for hire," as her master could not spare her—might tell you how she turned her face to hide the falling tears as she told us that "her husband was torn from her and sold to go south—twelve years ago, and that she herself had been *dead* ever since; that they had sold all her children except this (putting her hand upon the head of a girl about fourteen years old,) and that she was nearly old enough for market"—might speak of a young man only twenty-two years old, having a wife and three children, *mourning* because he was so *strong* and so *well*, (as he would have to pay more for himself than if he were weak and sickly,) and begging to be let or sold to some one who would let him work for *himself* after his daily task was done for his master—might speak of a spirited fellow, who swore point blank that he would not go to live with the man who had hired him, saying, "I know you, sir! You are a *tyrant*, sir! I won't work with you,