

THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. VOL. XVIII.—23. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 13, 1847. [NEW SERIES—NO. 18.]

THE LABORING MAN.

I walked beyond the city's bounds,
Along an unpopulated way—
The small, unincorporated friends
Of poverty before me lay.
A fence of dirt the spot surrounded,
The poor lone cabin was of clay.
"This sunset, and its parting light,
With golden lustre, bathed the west,
But seemed to linger in its flight,
To chase the summer day to rest,
To gladden labor's weary sight,
Like hope within a darkened breast.
It melted till the twilight crept
With gentle step to kiss the scene,
And the soft breath of incense swept
To soothe the weary and the keen,
And all was silent and serene.
A form within that cabin door,
In poor and simple garb arrayed,
With face of care deep furrowed o'er,
Look'd out upon the gathering gloom.
"He never linger'd thus before."
She sigh'd, and bitter grief display'd.
A moment more, that face's brighter,
Grew radiant with joy's increase;
The cloud had melted, and the sun
For her, her hope and stay,
Came hurrying to her home at last,
Far down the solitary way.
He came, the man of toil and care,
With brow embrowned by distress—
And met with sad, dejected air
The wife's affectionate caress.
His heart seemed full! "What storm was there,
To cause him so much wretchedness?"
A word sufficed to tell the tale:
A ship, from foreign lands away,
Had yielded to the swelling sail,
And now was anchor'd in the bay.
The eye was moist, the cheek was pale,
That listened to the laborer's tale:
"Oh! I am broken-hearted, and my tongue
Refuses utterance of what I know;
My brain is addled, and my spirit wrong,
While sinks my form beneath this dreadful blow.
Dear with me, faithful one, who I impart
The heavy sorrow of my troubled heart—
"On that far shore where our young days were pass'd,
A bolt has fallen from God's mighty hand!
Upon the forms of men disease is cast,
And blight and desolation are the land;
On every side, the walls of despair
Rise from the lips of those who loved us there.
"Dost thou remember where the silent stream
Leaps in its wild career the vale so deep—
Where oft we've linger'd in our summer dream,
And fill'd the air with hope's expectant song?
In every cottage on the hill-side
Sage of our wisdom, and I smile plenty died.
"Oh! I can see the pale and haggard face
Of her whose last farewell is never forgot,
Who, when she held me in her fast embrace,
Invok'd a blessing on the laborer's lot.
How little dream'd she, when those tears-drops fell,
That she would share, and I smile plenty dwell!
"Today these dreadful tidings met mine ear,
And quick I turned my weekly earning o'er,
To give, amidst chattering prayers and burning tears,
"Ah, and I would to God it had been more."
"This, and this, and this, and this, and this,
It checks the sweetest of my grief."
The laborer ceased; his tale was o'er,
He bent his weary form in prayer.
The anguish that his features wore,
Was pass'd, and hope sat smiling there.
God bless the laboring man—thy bread
Is on the face of him who sows the seed.
"Alas! he who came to sow the seed,
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The rich shall find no softer bed
Of happier memories in the past.
The future, it is full of flowers
To Christian hearts so pure as thine—
As may the knowledge of your mission
Which shall cheer you upon mine,
That I may seek those joyous bowers,
Where spirits like to thine incline.

A NIGHT OF YEARS.

By some forty years since, in the interior of my beautiful native State, New York, lived the father of our heroine, an honest and respectable farmer. He had two children—Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen, and Ellen, a year or two younger. The first named was eminently rather than strikingly beautiful. Under a manner observable for its seriousness, and a nun-like serenity, were concealed an impassioned nature, and a heart of the deepest capacity for loving. She was remarkable from her earliest childhood for a voice of thrilling and haunting sweetness. Ellen Dutton was the brilliant antipodes of her sister: a "bonny beauty," whose prerogative of prettiness was to have her irresponsible own way, in all things, and at all times. An indulgent father, a weak mother, and an idolizing sister, had all unconsciously contributed to the ruin of a nature not at the first remarkable for strength or generosity. In all God's creatures, is heartiness so seemingly unnatural, is selfishness so detestable, as in a beautiful woman! Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and, as her parents were well-reared New Englanders, she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of her station, in that then half-settled portion of the country. In those days, many engaged in school teaching, from the honor and pleasure which it afforded, rather than from necessity. Thus, a few months previous to the commencement of her school, Lucy Dutton left for the first time her fire-side circle, to take charge of a school some twenty miles from her native town. For some while her letters home were expressive only of the happy contentment which sprang from the consciousness of active usefulness, of receiving, while imparting good. But anon, there came a change; then were those records for home characterized by fitful gaiety, or dreary sadness; indefinable hopes and fears seemed striving for supremacy in the writer's troubled little heart. Lucy loved, but scarcely acknowledged it to herself, while she knew not that she was loved; so for a time, that beautiful second-birth of woman's nature was like a warm sun-rise struggling with the cold mist of morning. But one day brought a letter which could not soop be forgotten in the home of the absent one—a letter traced by a hand that trembled in sympathy with a heart tumultuous with happiness. Lucy had been loved and was loved, and she waited her parents' approval of her choice, to become the betrothed of young Edwin W., a man of excellent family and standing in the town where she had been teaching. "The father and mother accorded their sanction with many blessings, and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit from the lovers. Such natures as Lucy's, what an absorbing, and yet what a revealing of self is a first passion! what prodigality of giving, what an incalculable wealth of receiving—what a breaking up is there of the deep waters of the soul, and how heaven descends in a sudden star-shower upon life! If there is a season when an angel may look with intense and fearful interest upon her mortal sister, 'tis when she beholds her heart pass from the bud-like innocency and freshness of girlhood, and, taking to its very core the fervid light of love, glow and crimson into perfect womanhood. At last the pughted lovers came, and welcomes and festivities awaited them. Mr. W. gave entire satisfaction to father, mother, and even to the exacting beauty. He was a handsome man, with some pretensions to fashion; his manner, and apparently his character, the opposite of his betrothed. It was decided that Lucy should not again leave home till after her marriage, which, at the request of her ardent lover, was to be celebrated within two months, and on the coming birthday of the bride. It was therefore arranged that Ellen should return with W. to —, take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term. The bridal birthday had come. It had been ushered in by a May morning of surpassing loveliness—the busy hours had worn away, and now it was night sunset, and neither the bridegroom, nor Ellen, the first bridemaid, had appeared. Yet, in her next little chamber sat Lucy, nothing doing, nothing fearing. She was already clad in a simple white muslin, and her low bridal ornaments lay on the table beside her. Maria Allen, her second bridemaid, a bright-eyed, affectionate-hearted girl, her chosen friend from childhood, was arranging to a more graceful fall the wealth of light ringlets which swept her snowy neck. To the anxious inquiries of her companion, respecting the absent ones, Lucy ever smiled quietly, and replied,

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

In the most proty of suburban villages, Highgate, there stands a stately mansion, nearly on the brow of the hill, bearing the name of "Cromwell House," one of the relics remaining of that man, whose usurpation of supreme power wrought more good to England than all the reigns of the Stuart. This house, which was the favorite resort of the Lord General during those hours when he relaxed from the cares of state, has continued in some degree the object of curiosity up to the present day; and they who indulge in the observation of relics of the olden time, may find themselves uninterested in their notice of Cromwell House. In the largest room of the mansion, in the month of January, 1652, sat three persons, dressed according to the puritanical fashion of the day. A large fire blazed from the antique grate, adding an air of comfort to their forms, while they discussed the various topics of the times. But they shall speak for themselves. "Yes, the Lord of Battles did that day grant unto us a crowning victory," said one, whose stern, yet marked and intellectual visage, and nose which had so often excited the rivalry of the Cavaliers, proclaimed him the first man of his day—Oliver Cromwell. "Even so," replied his companion, Col. Jeffrey, to whom he addressed himself. "But," added the usurper, "he, 'the son of the man,' has escaped, and while he yet lives—"

THE ARABIAN HORSE.

A most moving incident, illustrative of the extraordinary strength as well as attachment of the Arab horses, is given by Lamartine in his beautiful *Travels in the East*—An Arab chief, with his tribe, had attacked, in the night, a caravan of Damas's, and plundered it; when loaded with their spoil, however, the robbers were overtaken on their return by some horsemen of the Pacha of Arabia, who killed several, and bound the remainder with cords. In this state of bondage they brought one of the prisoners, named Abou el Marck, to Acre, and had him, bound hand and foot, wounded as he was, at the entrance to their tent, as they slept during the night. Kept awake by the pain of his wounds, the Arab heard his horse's neigh at a little distance, and being distressed to stroke the leg

WHEREABOUTS?

Away down in the Jerseys, long before a temperance lecturer had ever heard of, lived an old farmer pretty comfortable "to do" in the world. His name was Robinson, and he had a son named Sam, who in years and stature had attained to maturity; though an unhappy and uncontrollable propensity for old Monongahela had somewhat retarded the mental experience. Sam had been a precocious visitor to "the tavern" about two miles below his father's house, and ever since his early manhood, day by day, he had trod the well known road. Sumner and winter, Sam was the "stay-lark" of the familiar spot, and half an hour after every body else was gone, Sam mumbled the energies of his mind, brain, rallied, his legs to the work, and set out, night after night, for home. One night in mid-winter it had blown up fearfully cold; the frost had set in with unusual vigor, and the stars glinted down upon the snowy mail which covered the bosom of the earth with steely sharpness. Sam stepped into the road, however, and standing himself for a moment, called out in his peculiar gruff voice to the landlord, a rude "good night," set his teeth with indomitable resolution, and put forward for his father's house. The next morning, soon after daylight, a dweller in the vicinity passing down the road, about a quarter of a mile from the tavern, discovered a human form lying prone upon the snow, evidently lifeless and stiff, frozen to death. A superstitious glaze on the dress, for the face was in the snow, satisfied the observer that it was the last effort of poor Sam Robinson. He accordingly proceeded to the tavern, and announced the sad event; the landlord immediately directed that the information should be immediately conveyed to old Mr. Robinson, and sent up the discoverer of the body to his house, upon his own horse. On arriving there the messenger was allowed in, and with due preliminary regretting that he should be the bearer of such intelligence, announced to old Mr. Robinson that his son Samuel was frozen to death. "Frozen to death," ejaculated the astonished parent, "why it can't be possible, there must be some mistake." Incredible as it seemed, however, the messenger, thinking that the old gentleman's disbelief referred to the impossibility of freezing Sam, with the volcanic ardor of the Monongahela within, pressed the fact home as a possible event, and declared that such was the case. "I tell you there's some mistake," said the old gentleman, "Sam can't come home last night drunker than usual, and drunker hasn't got sober yet; I've been fooling him for it, and he's now trying to get sober enough for breakfast, alongside of the kitchen fire." "Well, Mr. Robinson, he's froze to death down by the tavern along the road," said the messenger, satisfied that the old gentleman had gone crazy. "He is, hey—here Sam." "U-m-m!" It was a prolonged sound, something between the growl of a bear and anything else; it came out of the kitchen, and was evidently intended as a response to the call. "Here, come here, Sam." "There was a movement and a slow drawl of steps, and to the utter astonishment of the messenger, Sam Robinson appeared at the door, rubbing his eyes, and uttering an inarticulate growl. "Here, Sam," said his father, "they say that you are froze to death." "Whereabouts?" was the ludicrously solemn reply. "Down by the tavern, two miles along the road!" "Well, I'll go down and see about it," he slowly muttered, with undisturbed gravity, and in due time travelled off, and that night came home drunker than ever. Sam may be dead by this time, but no body can make us believe he was ever frozen to death; and to any who will say such a thing of Sam Robinson, we ask in his own emphatic growl—"Whereabouts?"

INDIAN TREATY.

Washington Union the official intelligence received at the office of Indian Affairs, containing the actual settlement of difficulties between the United States and the Indians, as settled by the treaty of a treaty between them and the United States.

AN OLD MAN'S REMINISCENCE.

I had quarrelled with my little brother, Willy, who had not passed his sixth year. I was two years his senior; and he was the only being I ever loved. Willy was a frail and affectionate little fellow, not meant to struggle long through this dark and weary existence. The little golden locks fell upon his slender and beautiful neck, and his large blue eyes were a soft and confiding expression, which called forth irresistibly your love and protection. I went to the corner of the garden, and continued building a house we had begun together. The evening was fast coming on, and I still required about a dozen bricks to finish it; I therefore stalked up to one which, after great trouble, he had just completed, and pulled down part of the walls for that purpose. The little fellow could not bear it, and he snatched them back from me. In a rage, struck him violently on the breast, and he fell to the ground. In a short time he recovered his breath, and said— "Jamie, tell Annie to come and carry me in. I cannot walk. My breast is very sore." I slunk quietly in at the back of the house. In a few moments I heard a low and mournful whisper go through the dwelling. My little Willy had broken a blood vessel. The next evening about sunset, I went to the door of the room where he lay, and as I looked in, he beckoned me to him. The sickening pain fell full upon my golden hair, and he reclined upon his snowy pillow, mouthed he seemed like a little angel floating on a fleecy cloud. I crept up slowly to the side of the bed, and held the little hand which lay upon the coverlet within my own. "Jamie," said he, "I am going to die." "Don't say so," said the little fellow, "You know I love you dearly. Come, Jamie, let me play with your hand again, as I used to, when we sat together, on the little grass plot, in the warm sunshine; and don't cry, my dear little brother Jamie. You will be kind to my little pony, when I am gone, and will fill his manger with new milk, won't you brother?" Pussy lifted up her head, as she heard her name, and, purring, smoothed her sleek and glossy coat against the pallid face of the young sufferer, as though to thank him for his kind remembrance. "I am going to heaven," he continued, "and that is a happy place, you know, for God, our Father, whom we say our prayers to every night, lives there; and you know how often we have wanted to see him, Jamie. And there is Jesus, whom

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