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D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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[From the National Era.]
WORKING MEN.
BY A. BUEHLER.
Lies ye stern, hard-handed toilers—
Ye who suffer—ye who strive—
Time has been when your despoilers
Were ye hush and talk, and grieve
Time has been when each low murmur
Brought the scourge upon your flesh—
When each struggle fixed ye firmer
In your tyrant's cunning mesh!
Ye were then the bond and vassal,
And your masters' will obeyed—
Though ye built his lofty castle,
And his arms and armor made:
Even the chains which he galled you,
Your own fingers did create—
And the very power which thrall'd you
From your fetters was delegate.
Thus ye suffered—still unknown—
Still in doubt and darkness toiled—
Still your sweat and blood were flowing—
Still your tyrants wronged and spoiled!
For ye thought that ye were minions,
And that lords were nobler things—
And your faith was old Opinion's,
And the right of kings.
But one bold and firm endeavor
Broke your chains like threads of flax—
And a shield was raised before you,
Against the wronger's fell attacks!
Now ye feel that glorious labor,
Stains not man's immortal soul:
Iron ploughs must rule the sabbath,
Sledge must the crown control!
Still ye raise the shaft to heaven—
Still ye force each mighty soil:
Still by you the waves are driven—
Still by ye is rent the soil.
But ye feel that ye no longer
Are the slaves which once ye were—
Feel that ye are men—
Feel that ye can wait—and bear!

THE BLIND BOY.
It was a blessed summer day,
The flowers bloomed—the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their notes,
And every thing in nature smiled.
In pleasant thought I wandered on
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had thither strayed.
Just at an aged birch tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined;
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw that boy was blind.
The children knew not I was near,
A tree concealed me from their view;
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.
"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very sweetly,
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"
"Yes, Edward," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
"Oh, I wish that I could see!"
The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there,
How beautiful for one who sees!
Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the bird's sweet note,
From those dear birds that God has made.
So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Who cannot see the things of Heaven?"
"No, dearest Edward, there are none."
"But, why do you say so?"
"Oh, Mary, I see a good tree now,
I thought I'd like to look at God!"
"Ere long disease his hand has laid
On that dear boy so meek and mild;
His widowed mother, in every direction,
That God would spare her sightless child.
He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, 'Oh, never weep for me:
I'm going to a bright—bright place,
Where Mary says I shall see!'"
And you'll be there, dear Mary, too!
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that I'm here,
You know I never saw you here."
He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled
Until the final blow was given—
When God took up that poor blind child
And opened first his eyes in Heaven.

TRUE ECONOMY—A SKETCH OF REAL LIFE.
At a musical soiree last winter at the splendid mansion of a thriving merchant, and with a man of taste and liberality, we were struck with the magnificence which met our eyes in every direction. The highly polished mahogany doors—the ponderous and beautiful Egyptian marble mantel-pieces—the rich Wilton and royal carpets—highly polished chairs and divans—elaborately carved and gilt cornices—pier glasses—suspended girandoles—satin curtains—all after the fashion of Henry IV. The drawing-rooms were filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, and the supper and refreshments presented a scene of richness and luxury only to be looked for from persons of over-grown fortunes.
"How long can this last?" we said to ourselves, together with reflections which passed upon us as to the rapid manner we gain and get rid of fortunes in this city.
How like a rocket we second and descend!
One day last week we took a ride in a light rockaway over one of the delightful roads on Long Island, to catch a little air and an appetite for dinner, and stopped to look at an Italian cottage with green Venetian piazzas and porticos, in neat taste, surrounded by a white paling, and filled with shrubbery—a cheap, light homestead, with some fields of corn and potatoes, and a patch of wheat in the distance. While gazing on the simplicity, cheerfulness, and comfort of the premises, we were roused by hearing some one call out, "Hallo, Stricker!" and on looking discovered it to be our worthy host of "Phoebe." He was in a tweed jacket and a manilla hat.
"Come, alight and see my improvements," said he.
"I must go down to town to dinner—it will be late."
"No, you don't! My dinner is just ready, and you shall dine with me. Here, Danny, take the gentleman's horse."
Having enjoyed his hospitality while riding in splendor, I could not refuse his kind and self-satisfied advances, and so I alighted and walked into the parlor.
What a change! A plainly furnished cottage, with a few chairs, wooden mantel-pieces and plated candlesticks, eight-day framed looking-glass, an mahogany table in the corner, and a map or two on the wall.
"The dinner table—how plain!" White cloth, green and white plain-blended knives and forks, white plates and wine-glasses blown at the New Jersey glass-works, and salt-cellars dear at six-

pence. The dinner was plain, but good—the vegetables fresh—the bread home-baked—and we were waited upon by a strapping girl with a significant squint. The hostess of the late princely mansion looked fresh and ruddy, in a cross-barred muslin dress and bobinet cap. She was cheerful and happy. Over a glass of Madeira she remounted better days—she talked of numerous subjects, and philosophized with all possible delicacy upon the admirable manner they bore the change in their condition. The lady stared, and the host, rolling out a volume of smoke from a prince-cigar, exclaimed with surprise—
"Why, my dear fellow, did you suppose I was broke—smashed—gone over the dam—eh? Oh! no! no! This change you see is not owing to any reverse of fortune—my business is as prosperous as ever. I did not wait till bankruptcy overtook me; but considering our children, our future prosperity, and the obligation due to society and good example, we agreed to spend \$1,500 per annum in the contemnerous manner you see us, instead of the 15,000 in the giddy mazes of fashion. I ride to town to attend to my business—work in my garden—have plain and substantial cheer—bake my own bread—make my own butter—lay my own eggs, and have a glass of wine for an old friend."
Here was not only a change, but an improvement—a cheap augmentation of happiness—a true and sensible economy—promising rich results, and worthy of imitation.—M. M. Noah.

[From the Saturday Rambler.]
A ROUGH DIAMOND.
More than half a century ago, a Scotchman named David, made his appearance and settled in the north end of Boston. From what part of the land of cakes he came, what was his cognomen, or how or where he had lived previously, it is not our present purpose to inquire. Let it suffice that he was a man. His features were coarse and harsh, after the most approved Lowland Scotch pattern; and, in figure, he was tall, gaunt, broad-shouldered, and big-boned. Immediately on his arrival, he adduced himself unceremoniously to the hardest kind of manual labor, and soon gained the reputation of the best drain-delver and sewer-sinker in the city. Rugged was he in speech, uncouth was he in dialect, caustic and scathing was his language, and singularly were his habits; for all of which causes he was pretty generally disliked by his neighbors during his lifetime. He was never known to purchase aught for himself beyond the bare necessities of life. On his family he enjoined constant industry and frugality; stigmatized the poor, in mass, as lazy, worthless, vagabonds; and was never seen to give any of them a crust or a penny. For all that, his untiring industry and scrupulous honesty were qualities which it was impossible not to respect.

In the beginning he had bought a small ten-foot tenement, of two rooms, and in it he lived till the day of his death. "Yet he grew rich." With his savings, and the accumulated interest, he bought many of the poor. He did not, however, grow indolent, or vain, or proud, as he grew rich; prosperity wrought no change in that iron old man. Hot or cold, wet or dry, David might daily be found at the bottom of some excavation, bare legged, with his coat off, and the sweat streaming from his brow. Very rigorous he was in exacting punctual payment of his rents; scolding abominably at the least delay; and yet David was never known to distress a widow or a sick person who had shown himself willing to work when well. To drunkenness, idleness, or extravagant tenancy, he was inexorable; and thereby he acquired the reputation of an insatiable, grasping, miserly, tyrant and oppressor; indeed, of a kind of Caldonian ogre.

It was not uncommon in David's neighborhood, especially among his tenants, for persons in distress to find relief at their door when they least expected it, in the shape of a cord of wood, a barrel of flour, a pair of blankets, or the like; but no one knew the source whence these bounties flowed. It was generally supposed that David's brutality had stirred the compassion of benevolent persons, who cared not to have their good deeds known of men; or, it might be that the vain attempts to wrest pains and money in vain attempts to shame the Scot out of his hard humor. How much did that common liar, Madam Common Report, wrong the old Scotchman!
But it was not to be denied that David would be charitable, though those who admitted the fact qualified it by adding that it was only in his own way. When it cost him nothing. No one was more ready to lift a fallen horse, or to watch with the sick, or treat them more tenderly than he did—all without intermitting his daily toil. Once he was called to sit with a child that had the croup. On the third evening, the doctor called, and prescribed a draught, to be taken at a prescribed hour without fail, or the infant would inevitably die. He then retired, and weary David, after reiterated admonitions to the nurse, to awaken him in time to administer the potion, settled himself in an arm chair by the bedside, and allowed sleep to prevail over him.
While he slumbered, one Goody Lollipop, an excellent neighbor and thorough gossip, happened in, unfortunately; and forthwith consultation took place between the nurse and her over the sick bed. The worthy old ladies considered the cause and the phases of the disease, mused and smelt the prescription, and—*and—* at the conclusion, *rem. con.* [David being asleep.] that the physio did not look wholesome, and that it was best not to administer it.
It was near morning when the Scotchman awoke. The child was dead long before, and the nurse had been afraid to awaken him. He rubbed his eyes, and asked at what hour the babe had departed. At two o'clock, she replied. "The dose was to have been given at twelve."
He look and saw it on the mantel. Frow-

ning, he asked her why she had not obeyed his and the doctor's commands. She did not know; she meant no harm. At any rate, two heads were better than one, if one was a doctor's. Neighbor Lollipop had just dropped in, and tasted the phial, and it tasted a kind of curious, so they had thought it best for the child not to take it.
"You thought!" cried David, fearfully increased. "You—K! and so you and that auld faggot have murdered the bairn!"
With that, he smote the woman with his stick more than once. She sued him for it, and obtained one cent damages. Sure that was a righteous verdict; if ever man was justifiable in inflicting a most unmerciful drubbing, surely David was.
One day, a poor old woman, at whose door a load of wood had just been dropped by some means discovered that David was the Good Samaritan, and inferred, justly, too, that he was the unknown benefactor of the poor of the North End. She ran to his house with all the speed gratitude could inspire, cast herself sobbing loud, at his feet, and, with uplifted hands, exclaimed—
"O, Mr. W.—! you! you! whom every body calls a miser! you! But the poor widow knows of your goodness; and all the neighborhood shall know it, too."
"Haud yer tongue, ye daft jade," said the immovable old man. "Gang yere way hame, and dinna cleave me wi' yer clishmalavers; and mind, ye dinna say naething to nobody. I'll hae a' the pair widens in toon about me; gin yere may the wiser."

Thus lived that grim old man, careless of the world's ways and the world's opinions; reckless of the sympathies and amenities of life; dispensing good in secret, in his humble, but useful and honorable career; like the starless night, which, though gloomy to the eye, sends fresh life to the drooping flowers, and new vigor to man and beast. And so he died, neither asking or receiving sympathy from any but his own children. His fortune has long been distributed or dissipated, and there is none left to mourn for rough, honest Davy, not one. His daughter had ere long conveyed to Mount Auburn, and erected a stone to his memory, which could he have foreseen, he would have rebuked on his death-bed, as a needless and extravagant expense. But, slept he without a stone, God would, notwithstanding, know where to find him, when the last trump shall sound the final awakening.

MR. FRAMPON'S INTRODUCTION TO A ROYAL TIGER.
When I was a young shaver, having lived in the world some twenty years or so, I was engaged as a sort of supernumerary clerk in the house of Wilson and Brown at Calcutta; and having no one else who could be so easily spared, they determined to despatch me on a business negotiation to one of the native princes, about eight hundred miles up the country. I travelled with a party of the—dragoons, commanded by a Capt. Slingsby, a man about five years older than myself, and as good a fellow as ever lived. Well, some how or other he took a great fancy to me, and nothing would do but that I should accompany him in all his sporting expeditions, and I should tell you that he was a thorough sportsman—and I believe, entertained some strange notion that he should be able to make one of me. One unfortunate morning, he came into my tent, and woke me out of a sound sleep which I had fallen into, after being kept awake half the night by the most diabolical howls and screams that ever were heard out of Bedlam, exclaiming every minute to see some of their performers step in to sup, not with, but upon me.
"Come, Frampton, wake up, man," cried Slingsby, "here's glorious news."
"What is it?" said I—"have they found another number of aleomong the baggage?"
"Ale nonsense," was the reply. "A shikkaré (native hunter) has just come into camp to say, that a young bullock was carried off yesterday, and is lying half eaten in the jungle about a mile from this place; so at last, my boy, I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to a real live tiger."
"Thank ye," said I, "you're very kind, but if at all inconvenient to you this morning, you can put it off; another day will do quite as well for me—I'm not in the least hurry."
"It was of no use, however; all I got for my pains was a poke in the ribs, and an injunction to lose no time in getting ready.
Before we had done breakfast, the great man of the neighborhood, Rajah somebody or other, made his appearance on his elephant attended by a train of tawny, who were to undertake the agreeable duty of bearing. Not being considered fit to take care of myself—a melancholy fact of which I was too conscious—it was decreed that Slingsby and I should occupy the same howdah. Accordingly at the time appointed, we mounted our elephant! and having a formidable array of guns handed up to us, we started.

As my companion, and indeed every one else concerned in the matter, evidently considered it completely as a party of the utmost pleasure, and seemed to be prepared to enjoy themselves, I endeavored to persuade myself that I did so too; and, consoled by the reflection that if the tiger had positively eaten half a bullock yesterday afternoon, it could never be worth his while to scale our elephant, and run the risk of being shot, for the sake of devouring me, I felt rather bold than otherwise. After proceeding for some distance through the jungle, and rousing, as it appeared to me, every beast that had come out of Noah's Ark, except a tiger, our elephant, who had hitherto conducted himself in a very quiet and gentlemanly manner, suddenly raised his trunk, and trumpeted several times—a sure sign, as the mahout informed us, that a tiger was somewhat close at hand.
"Now, Frampton," cried my companion, rocking his double-barrel, "look out!"
"For squalls," returned I, finishing the sentence for him. "Pray, is there any particular part they like to be shot in? whereabouts shall I aim?"
"Wherever you can," replied Slingsby, "be ready, there he is, by Jupiter," and as he spoke, the long grass about a hundred yards in front of us was gently agitated, and I caught glimpses of what appeared yellow and black streak moving swiftly away in an opposite direction. "Tally ho!" shouted Slingsby, saluting the tiger with both barrels. An angry roar followed that the shot had taken effect, and in another moment, a large tiger, lashing his side with his tail, and his eyes glaring with rage, came bounding towards us.
"Now what's to be done?" exclaimed I—"if you had but let him alone, he was going away as quietly as possible."
Slingsby's reply was a smile, and seizing another gun he fired again. On receiving this shot this tiger stopped for a moment, and then, with a tremendous bound, sprang towards us, alighting at the foot of a small tree not a yard from the elephant's head.
"That last shot crippled him," said my companion, "or we should have had the pleasure of his nearer acquaintance—now for the coup de grace, fire away!" and as he spoke he leaned forward to take deliberate aim, when suddenly the front of the howdah gave way, and to my horror, Slingsby was precipitated over the elephant's head, into, as it seemed to me, the very jaws of the tiger. A fierce growl, and a suppressed cry of agony, proved that the monster had seized his prey, and I had completely gone my friend up for lost, when the elephant, although greatly alarmed, being urged on by the mahout, took a step forward and twisting his trunk round the top of the young tree, bent it down across the loins of the tiger, thus forcing the tortured animal to quit his hold, and affording Slingsby an opportunity of crawling beyond the reach of its teeth and claws. Forgetting my own fears in the immensity of my friend's danger, I only waited till I could get a shot at the tiger without running the risk of hurting Slingsby, and then fired both barrels at his head, and was lucky enough to wound it mortally. The other sportsmen coming up at this moment, the brute received his quietus, but poor Slingsby's arm was broken where the tiger had seized it with his teeth, and his chest was severely lacerated by its claws, nor did he entirely recover the shock for many months. And this was my first introduction to a royal tiger, Sir. I saw many of them afterwards; during the time I spent in India, but I can't say I ever had much liking for their society—*amph!*

A CAPITAL JOKE.—The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, having made an appointment to visit the Dublin Asylum, repaired thither in the absence of the chief manager, and was admitted by one of the keepers, who was waiting to receive a patient answering the appearance of Sir Edward. He appeared to be very talkative, but the attendants humored him and answered all his questions. He asked if the surgeon General had arrived, and the keeper answered him that he had not yet come, but that he would be there immediately.
"Well," said he, "I will inspect some of the rooms until he arrives."
"Oh, no," said the keeper, "we could not permit that at all."
"Then I will walk for a while in the garden," said his lordship, "while I am waiting for him."
"We cannot let you do there either, sir."
"What!" said he, "don't you know that I am the Lord Chancellor?"
"Sir," said the keeper, "we have four more Lord Chancellors here already."
He got in a great fury and they were beginning to think of the stratagem of him, when, fortunately, the Surgeon General arrived.
"Has the chancellor arrived yet?" asked he.
The man burst out laughing at him, and said, "Yes, sir, we have him here; but he is far the most outrageous patient we have."
Mr. O'Connell told this anecdote in Dublin, at a public meeting.

THE BITERS BIT.
Some days ago a story went the rounds touching a man, who, having presented himself in his shirt sleeves at the American Museum, New York, received the loan of a coat from Mr. Barnum, and after viewing the curiosities, sloped with the garment, and a splendid swallow tail for twenty-five cents. This reminds us of an affair that occurred in 1840, on board the old Columbus, when she lay at Charleston Navy Yard. One day a long green Vermont straggled on board the frigate, and examined every thing on deck with curious eyes. The officer of the watch, from the hearing and gazing of his uniform, attracted the Yankee's notice.
"Got a pretty good place here—hey!" he inquired.
The officer assented.
"What wages do you get?"
"One hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, sir."
"One hundred and twenty-five dollars! All well yourself! Shoh!"
"Fact, sir."
"Well, I wonder if I couldn't get something to do here myself?"
"Oh! yes; you'd make a pretty good midshipman."
"Well, what's midshipman's wages for a green hand?"
"Only forty dollars a month, only."
"Only forty dollars! Jerusalem! why I was paid to hire out for ten." But here he was paid to be a midshipman on! Say quick!
"Down below, sir, in the stowage. As soon as I'm relieved I'll see to it."
Down went the quizzed and the quizzed. A bevy of young midshipmen required no prompting to perpetrate a piece of mischief. A spurious warrant was soon made out, and the green-horn equipped in a splendid uniform, including an elegant capeau and costly sword, by a joint contribution of the mess. Thus furnished, he was directed to present himself to Commodore S. in the cabin, and report ready for duty. It was told that the Commodore might be pretty gruff—it was a way he had, but he should not mind it. The stowage

being full, the new midshipman was to demand quarters in the Commodore's cabin; in fact, he was ordered to take possession of a certain state-room. The Commodore's black looks and angry words were to be regarded as nothing—had no right to use either. Thus "posted up," the victim presented himself to the Commodore with—
"Old hoss, how are you?"
The Commodore stared. He had come across a *rara avis*. "Take a seat, sir."
"I kin help myself, old feller; I generally do," was the reply of the Vermont, as he flung himself into one seat and crossed his legs upon another.
"You are one of the new midshipmen, I suppose," remarked the Commodore, who, from the first, suspected something.
"I ain't nothing else."
"Shall I trouble you for your warrant?"
"Cash! hold, old boy!"
The Commodore looked at the warrant, and then at the visitor.
"Who gave you this?"
"The fellers up stairs, and I'm ready for duty."
"That's enough. Now you can go."
"Not as you knows on, Squire. The cellin's chock full—and I aint a goin' out of this 'ere in a hurry—I tell you now—Oh, you needn't rere up, old feller. I see what's the matter—you're a leetle cracked up here!" and the brilliant youth touched his forehead with his forefinger. "I am going into this chamber to have a right good snooze, boots and all, by gravey!"
As he was proceeding to execute this menace, the Commodore took him by the arm and led him to the gangway. Pointing to the sentinel, he remarked mildly, "You see that man with a musket—now if you don't clear out directly, and leave the ship and yard, never to show your face here again, I'll order him to shoot you!"
The Yankee broke—and in two seconds his blue coat-tail was seen floating in his rear, as he dashed out of the yard with the speed of a flying jackass.
In a minute afterwards, half a dozen terrified midshipmen rushed on deck, and asked for liberty to go to shore.
"Young gentlemen," said the Commodore, "I want no liberty to-day."
Six faces fell "a feet," and six young jokers returned to their mess-room as melancholy as mutes at an alderman's funeral. They never saw or heard anything of the Yankee afterward, nor the uniform either! [Boston Times.]

MEAN MEN.
"I've known some mean men in my time. There was Deacon Overreach, now; he was so mean he always carried a hen in his gig-box when he travelled to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning. And there was Hugo Himmelmann, who made his wife dig potatoes to pay for the marriage license. Lawyer," he continued, addressing himself to Barclay, "I must tell you that story of Hugo, for it's not a bad one; and good stories, like potatoes, sink as plenty as they are when I was a boy. Hugo is a neighbor of mine, though considerably older than I, he and a mean neighbor he is, too. Well, when he was going to get married to Gretchen Kelp, he went down to Parson Rogers at Digby, to get a license."
"Parson," says he, "what's the price of a license?"
"Six dollars," says he.
"Six dollars," says Hugo. "That's a dreadful slice of money! Couldn't you take less?"
"No," says he. "That's what they cost me to the secretary's office at Halifax."
"Well, how much do you pay for publishing in church, then?"
"Nothing," says the parson.
"Well," says Hugo, "that's so cheap I can't expect you to give no change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?"
"Three Sundays."
"Three Sundays!" says Hugo. "Well, that's a long time, too. But three Sundays only make a fortnight, after all; two for the covers and one for the inside; and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor man to throw away. I must wait."
So off he went jogging towards home, and a looking about as mean as a new-shed sheep when all at once a bright thought came into his head and back he went as fast as his horse could carry him.
"Parson," says he, "I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars. I'll tie the knot to-night with my tongue that I can't undo with my teeth."
"Why, what is nature's meaning of all this?" says the parson.
"Why," says Hugo, "I've been elphered it out in my head, and it's cheaper than publishing bands after all. You see, sir, it's potato-digging time; and if I wait to be called in church, her father will have her work for nothing; and as hands are scarce and wages high, if I marry her to-night she can begin to dig our own to-morrow; and that will pay for the license, and just seven shillings over; for there ain't a man in all Clements that can dig and carry as many bushels as Gretchen can. And besides, fresh wives, like fresh servants, work like smoke at first; but they get scarce and lazy after a while."—Life in a Colony, by Sam Stick.

The above—speaking of licenses—reminds us of an anecdote not long since related by one who was "here to see" and though we cannot hope to give any idea upon paper of the inimitable "cracker" drawl with which our fair friend amused us—the story itself is so fair an example of an eye to business, that we will do our best to recall it for our readers:
It was sometime in the summer of 1843, that Mrs. J., of Augusta, Georgia, journeyed into the "up country" on a visit to a sister who was the wife of a planter there residing. Mr. Colbert, the brother-in-law, was also just returned to the place; and Mrs. J. was not a little amused by his recital of the queer cases that were daily brought before him. It so happened, that one bright, sunny afternoon, Mr. C. had ridden over to a neighboring plantation—and not many minutes after a tall, long

looking "cracker" was seen approaching upon an equally scraggy looking steed. He was without hat or coat, but did not seem at all aware of his deficiency of costume; for, hitching up his striped cotton "whisperables" with one hand, and grasping tightly the collar of his homespun shirt with the other, he made directly to the piazza, where sat the ladies engaged with their needles.
"Is the Square to hum?" was the first salutation.
"He is not," replied Mrs. Colbert, not a little amused at the singular apparition.
"Sorry for that," said the cracker, (who, by the way, had rather a good tempered looking face, and seemed about twenty-seven, or thereabouts), "must see the Square, continued he, as he leaned carelessly against a pillar.
"Can I be of any assistance to you, asked Mrs. C., who was not unused, in her husband's absence, to deal out scraps of the law as "Squire, pro tem."
"Guess not, marm. I want the Square himself. I want to get a license."
"A license!" said the lady, in amazement; "pray what do you wish it for?"
"To get married," drawled the cracker, in the take-your-own-time sort of a tone peculiar to that class.
A fair candidate for the yoke, thought Mrs. C., as she looked at the six-foot-three specimen of human nature that so boldly declared his determination to take it upon himself. "And who are you going to marry?"
"One them gals up yonder," said the cracker, pointing significantly over the left shoulder; and then at the suggestion of the lady, down sat the bridegroom to await the arrival of the Square. The not inconsiderable interval, which elapsed before the gentleman's return, being employed in talking to his steed, which bore the romantic name of "Peacharse and Thunder,"—and counting a quantity of specie, which he took from his pocket.
Mr. Colbert at length returned, and the cracker left the house not a little delighted at the possession of a scrip of paper which entitled him to commit matrimony on his own account.
A week or two after, Mr. C. met his new acquaintance, with a tall, strapping lass walking beside him; whose blue cambric bonnet, stiffed with strips of pasteboard, was decorated with a white veil of cotton lace, which lay like a huge cloud on its brim.
"This is your wife, I presume," said Mr. C., looking graciously at the shy damsel.
"No, that's our Sal," answered the cracker, crustily. "I ain't got no wife."
And so it proved. Riding back at his utmost speed, with the license carefully guarded, the bridegroom arrived about sunset at the house of his lady love, where his friends were already assembled to assist in the ceremony. Many had been his wonders at his long delay; and at last one of the groomsmen declared he was a shabby fellow, and "didn't deserve such a gall no how." To this the bride assented; whereupon the groomsmen became bolder, urged his claim to her hand, and strange to say, he was not denied. So the matter was settled, and our hero arrived to find his hopes thus cruelly destroyed.
But "he was a man of sense." He deigned not to utter a reproach—he did not rave of falsehood and treachery, dagger or poison, though the deceiver was his most intimate friend. "Well then," said he, "since you've got Lucy, you might as well have the license too." "Will you give me the license, too?" "Will you give me the Square trouble? Give us a dollar and it's yours."
The bargain was concluded. The wedding went on with a degree of spirit seldom known in more civilized communities; or here danced with the bride, in the best possible humor, and just before the assembly was dispersed told the newly made husband aside to tell him "he was done out of half a dollar. I only gin the Square fifty cents for that ere license," said he, and strode away with a chuckle, thinking no doubt he had the best of the bargain after all.

WONDERFUL STATUE.
A piece of statuary has just been exhibited in London, which shows what miracles art can do. The artist to whom the merit of this curious affair belongs, is named Naffelle Monti. The Spectator describes this wonderful piece of sculpture as follows:
"The effigy of a veiled Vestal tending the everlasting flame, is a curiosity in sculpture—a feat of art. The figure is the size of life, is clothed in a robe, and a veil thrown over the head envelopes the face, shoulders, and part of the arms; the veil is transparent! Not merely do you discern the covered forms where they actually swell out and touch the veil, but you think you can see through the veil underneath the full and delicately finished features of a most beautiful figure; you can detect the retreating curves of the profile, and the swelling forms of the lips, with a space between the softly but crisply rounded face and the covering gauze. You are deceived.
Working in the transparency of the marble, with cunning skill, the sculptor has so arranged the thinness and thickness of this material, that the refracted light suggests the forms beneath, which are not carved. The artist has chiseled the outward form of the veil, and in doing so has painted the veiled face in the light and shade glancing through the marble. He calls it "uno scerzo," and it is so; but it is much more—it is a very beautiful figure."

MACHINERY IN THE HUMAN FRAME.
Very few, even mechanics, are aware how much machinery there is in their own bodies. Not only are there hinges and joints in the bones but there are valves in the veins, a forcing pump in the heart and other curiosities. One of the muscles of the eye forms a real pulley. The bones which support the body are made precisely in that form, which has been calculated by mathematicians to be strong for pillars and supporting columns; that of hollow cylinders. This form combines the greatest strength. Of this form are the quills of birds' wings, where the requisites are necessary.

AN ORIENTAL GLIMPSE.

The Christian Reflector publishes an interesting letter from Mrs. Jones, late "Fanny Forrester," of which we give an extract:
"Twenty weeks from the day on which we went aboard, we anchored at Amherst and the next Monday morning were lowered into a Burmese boat, to proceed up to Maulmain. I was most agreeably disappointed by my first view of the land of palms and musquitos. Our boat was very much like a long watering-trough, whitened to a point at each end, and we were all nestled like a parcel of caged fowls, under a low bamboo roof, by the bamboo, was not easy to look out. But the shore alongside of which we were pushed up stream by the might of muscle, was brilliant with its unpruned luxuriance of verdure, and birds, and flowers.
"Here some long tree drooped its long trailers to the water, there the white bird, or a gayer stranger, with champagne neck and crimson wing, coquetted with its neighbor, and the wealth of green bending below; and then followed rich blossoms of new shapes and hues, and bearing new names, some in clusters, and some in long amber wreaths, stained here and there with lemon and vermilion, and all bearing that air of exquisite richness which I believe is a characteristic of the Indian climate. Our oarsmen were Amherst Christians, who seemed as wild with joy as the birds themselves, [not that they were particularly bird-like in any other respect,] and there was laughing and clattering enough to make any heart merry. "The first, being a universal language, I had no difficulty in understanding; but the latter sounded to me even more outlandish than their gaily painted, bare brawny shoulders and turbaned heads, appeared to the eye.
"To my taste, Maulmain is a beautiful place, with its curious, weather-stained houses, set down in spacious compounds, which are hedged round by the bamboo, and filled with tropical fruit trees. To my taste, I say, because tasted for widely; and mine, having been formed on the simple model of American country life, would not be difficult to please. I have been told, however, by English ladies, that there were few towns in the East so entirely unexceptionable as a residence in every respect. For Rangoon, whither we came a little more than a week since, I cannot say so much. Indeed, the two places are so utterly unlike as to preclude any attempt at comparison. Maulmain has sprung up within the last fifteen years, and has all the sweet freshness of its youth about it; but Rangoon is an old dilapidated town; with no specimens of architectural splendor, for romance to spread a single feather by, crumbling in its narrow streets, but still, more than half in ruins.
"The Government buildings are deserted, some of the fine tanks that it used to boast filled with rubbish, the moat dry, the gates taken away, and the stockade in most parts laid flat for street pavements. And such pavements. Corduroy roads are nothing to them. This desolation is occasioned by the last King's having made an attempt to remove the town from the river's edge, and leave the ground to money-making foreigners—Greeks and Armenians, Mussulmen, Jews, and a few English and Chinese. There are two Englishmen, ship captains, residing there now. Our house ("Green Turban's Den," as we have named it, since it is nearer that than a lodge, or a hall, or a cottage) is on a Moorish street—an upper story, with a Jew's shop beneath it. It looks a little like civilization to see the children in their wide trousers, usually of crimson cotton, and their white close-fitting robes about, trudging off to school, with their satchels on their shoulders, even though we know that the extent of their learning is probably only to jabber the Koran; that it mares the picture some to watch from day to day and find no girls among them.
"The Burmese women go into the street as openly as the men, but the wife of the true Mussulman never feels the fresh air upon her cheek. Hereupon, I should like to propound a question to physicians, but I forbear. Money is a Moorish man's god, as the Jew; and trade, trade, I think, must be the burden of his prayers to Allah. It is very certain that not a miser of them in this neighborhood neglects his prayers; for such a dia as they make about our ears of an evening would get them a berth for the night in a Boston watch-house. The old Arabian below is far the quietest; but even his hurried voice, laden with Hebrew accents, sometimes makes its way up through the floor. As I write, I glance down into the street, and see a Burman priest, distinguishable by the shaven head, and dirty yellow paste, hugging the vessel in which he receives alms to his breast, and glancing first at one side of the street and then the other, it appears to me, a little anxiously. No one seems inclined to pay him any attention, and I am afraid the poor fellow will get no breakfast, unless he turns some corner where he will find more Buddhists.
"From my window I can see the tips of several pagodas; and through the openings of a bamboo roof opposite, I catch glimpses of a crown wearing a Russian church. "The Catholics, and the Protestant missionaries but little mischief here now as the slarn of poor Father Bruno, at an invasion which he appears to consider a rising up of the arch fiend himself, clearly evinces. The new king is a rigid Buddhist, and all foreign religions are on a par in his eyes. Buddhism never was more popular throughout the empire than now. The king's brother, who is prime minister and her apparent, pounds and cooks the rice for the priests with his own hands; and when he has occasion to impose a fine upon a Mussulman, or any other foreigner, instead of receiving the money himself, he kindly advises the poor wretch to present the priests, and so buy merit for both, and presents by the gift the other by the suggestion. All this *landam* has been thrown into consideration of late, by the report that his most Buddhistical majesty, in an extreme fit of piety, had obliged three of his brethren to eat pork."