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D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1847.

NEW SERIES—NO. 17.

VOL. XVIII.—27.

Selected from "Poems by ALEXIA." PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The day was declining—the breeze in its gloom
Had left the fair blossoms to sing on the sea.
As the sun in its gorgeousness, radiant and still,
Drooped down like a gem from the brow of the hill;
One tremulous star, in the glory of June,
Came out with a smile and set down by the moon.
As she gazed her blue throats with the pride of a queen.

The smiles of her loveliness gladdening the scene.
The scene was enchanting! in distance away
Rolled the foam-crested waves of the Chesapeake bay.
While bathed in the moonlight, the village was seen.
With the church in the distance, that stood on the green,
The soft-sloping meadows lay brightly unrolled
With their mantles of verdure and blossoms of gold.

And the earth in her beauty, forgetting to grieve,
Lay asleep in her bloom on the bosom of eve.
A light-hearted child, I had wandered away
From the spot where my footsteps had gambled all day.
And feet, as a bird's, was the song of my soul,
As I heard the wild water exultingly roll,
While lighting my heart as it sported along
With bursts of low laughter and snatches of song.

I struck in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod
By the foot that went up to the worship of God.
As I traced its winding a murmur of prayer
With the hymn of the worshippers rose in the air;
And, drawn by the links of its sweetness along,
I stood unheeded in the midst of the throng.
For while my young spirit still wandered about
With the birds, and the winds, that were singing without.

But links, waves, and zephyrs, were quickly forgot
In one angel-like being that brightened the spot.
In nature majestic, apart from the throng
He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song.
His cheek pale with passion, his eyes blue and bright,
Lid up with the splendours of youth and of love;
Yet the heart-glowing raptures, that beamed from his eyes,
Seemed saddened by sorrow, and chastened by sighs.

As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold
With its love unrequited, its sorrows untold.
Such language as his I may never recall;
But his theme was salvation—salvation to all;
And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy hung
On the man-like sweetness that dropped from his tongue.

Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole;
Enfolded by each gesture it sank to the soul.
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod
And brought to each bosom a message from God.
He spoke of the Saviour—what pictures he drew!
The scene of His sufferings rose clear on my view;
The cross—the rude cross where he suffered and died.

The gush of bright crimson that flowed from His side,
The cup of His sorrows, the wormwood and gall,
The darkness that mantled the earth as a pall,
The carol of thorns, and the demon-like crew,
Who knelt as they scoffed Him—"Hail King of the Jews!"

He spoke, and it seemed that his statue-like form
Expanded and glowed as his spirit grew warm.
His tone so impassioned, so melting his air,
As touched with compassion, he ended in prayer.
His hands clasped above him, his blue eyes up-
thrown,
Still pleading for sins that were never his own.

White that mouth, where such sweetness ineffable
Clung,
Still glowing though expression had died on his tongue.
O God! who emotions the speaker awoke!
A mortal he seemed—yet a deity spoke;
A man—yet so far from humanity riven!
On earth yet so closely connected with heaven!

How oft in my fancy I've pictured him there,
As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer.
With his eyes closed in rapture—his transient ecstacy
Made bright by the smiles that illumined his lips.
There's a charm in delivery, a magical art,
That thrills like a kiss, from the lip to the heart.
'Tis the glance—the expression—the well-chosen word.

By whose magic the depth of the spirit is stirred,
The smile—the mute gesture—the soul-stirring
The eye's sweet expression—that melts while it
The lip's soft pressure—the musical tone.
O such was the charm of that speech once defined
The time is long past, yet how clearly defined
That holy church, and village, float up on my mind!

I see amid aure the moon in her pride,
With the sweet little trembler, that sat her side,
I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along,
Leap up in their gladness and sing to a song,
And I tread in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod
By the foot that went up to the worship of God.
The time is long past, yet what visions I see!
I am standing once more amid that heart-stricken throng.

A vision floats up—'tis the theme of my song—
All glorious and bright as a spirit of air,
The light like a gleam encircling his hair—
As I catch the gleam of his eyes and his love,
His whippers of Jesus—points us above.
How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced!
I chain of bright faces seemed almost effaced,
Till memory, the fond one, that sits in the soul,
Took up the frail links, and connected the whole.
As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the rose,
As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me;
Round the chords of my heart they have trembled long.

And the echo it gives is the song I have sung.

NATURAL AFFECTION.

A writer in the Louisville (Ky.) Advertiser, combating the common idea, that there exists an instinctive affection, which would attach to each other relatives who were unconscious of the fact, and by force of which friends long separated would instantly recognize each other, cites the following characteristic anecdote of our illustrious countryman FRANKLIN, as a proof of the truth of his argument.

DOCTOR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, after the decease of his father, returned to Boston, in order to pay his respects to his mother, who resided in that town. He had been absent for some years, and at that period of life when the greatest and most rapid alterations are made in the human appearance—a time when the querulous voice of the tripping assumes the commanding tone of the adult, and the smiling features of youth are succeeded by the strong line of manhood. The Doctor was sensible, such was the alteration of his person, that his mother could not know him, except by that instinct, which, it is believed, can make a mother's heart beat violently in the presence of her child, and point the maternal eye, with a quick and sudden glance, to a beloved son.

On a sudden, chilly day in the month of January, in the afternoon, the Doctor knocked at his mother's door, and asked to speak with Mrs. Franklin. He found the old lady knitting before the parlor fire, introduced himself by observing that he had been informed she entertained travelers and requested a night's lodging. She eyed him with that cold look of disapprobation which most people assume when they imagine themselves insulted by being supposed to exercise an employment but one degree below their real occupation in life—assured him he had been misinformed—that she did not keep a tavern, but that it was true, to oblige some of the members of the legislature, she took a number of them into her family, during the session; that she had then four members of the Council and six of the House of Representatives, who lodged with her—that all her beds were full—and then, betook herself to her knitting with that intense application which expressed as forcibly as action could do, "if you have concluded your business, the sooner you leave the house the better." But upon the Doctor's wrapping his coat round him, and observing that it was "very cold weather," she pushed a chair, and gave him leave to warm himself.

The entrance of the boarders precluded all further conversation—coffee was soon served, and the Doctor partook with the good old custom of the times, succeeded a plate of pippins, pies, and a paper of McIntyre's best, when the whole family formed a cheerful semi-circle before the fire. Perhaps no man ever possessed the colloquial powers to a more fascinating degree than Doctor Franklin; and never was there an occasion when he displayed those powers to a greater advantage, than at this time. He drew the attention of the company by the subtlety of modest remark—instructed them by the varied and striking lights in which he placed his subject, and delighted them with apt and amusing anecdotes. Thus employed, the hours passed merrily along until 8 o'clock, when punctual to a moment, Mrs. Franklin announced supper. Bused with her household affairs, she fancied the intruding stranger had quitted the house immediately after coffee, and it was with difficulty she could restrain her resentment when she saw him without neglecting her own seat himself at the table with the freedom of a member of the family.

Immediately after supper, she called an elderly gentleman, a member of the Council, in whom she was accustomed to confide, to another room—complained bitterly of the rudeness of the stranger—told his manner of introduction into the house—observed that he appeared like an outlandish man, and she thought, had something very suspicious in his appearance—and concluding by soliciting her friend's advice, with respect to the way in which she could most easily rid herself of his presence. The old man assured her that the stranger was certainly a man of education, and to all appearances a gentleman; that perhaps being in agreeable company, he had paid no attention to the lateness of the hour, and advised her to call him aside, and repeat to him her inability to lodge him. She accordingly sent her maid to him, and then, with as much temper as she could command, recapitulated the situation of the family, observed, that it grew late and mildly intimated that he would do well to seek himself a lodging. The Doctor replied that he would by no means incommode her family, but that with her leave, he would smoke one more pipe with her boarders and then retire.

He returned to the company, filled his pipe, and with the first whiff his powers to converse returned with double force. He recounted hardships—he extolled the piety and policy of their ancestors. A gentleman present mentioned the subject of the day's debate in the House of Representatives. A bill had been introduced to extend the prerogative of the royal governor. The Doctor immediately entered upon the subject—supported the colonial rights with new and forcible arguments; was familiar with the influential men in the house when Dudley was Governor—recited their speeches, and applauded the Chamber rights.

During a discourse so appropriately interesting to the company, no wonder that the clock struck 11 unperceived by the delightful circle, nor was it wonderful that the patience of Mrs. Franklin had this time grown quite exhausted. She now entered the room, and before the whole company, with much warmth, addressed the Doctor, told him plainly she thought herself insulted upon; observed, that it was true she was a lone woman, but that she had friends who would protect her, and concluded by insisting on his leaving the house. The Doctor made a slight apology, deliberately put on his great coat and hat, took a polite leave of the company, and approached the street-door, lighted by the maid and attended by the mistress. While the Doctor and his companions had been enjoying themselves within, a most tremendous snow storm without had filled the streets knee deep—and no sooner had the maid lifted the latch, than a roaring north easter forced open the door, extinguished the light, and almost filled the entry with drifted snow and hail. As soon as the candle was relighted, the Doctor cast a woeeful look towards the door, and thus addressed his mother—"My dear Madam, can you turn me out of your house in this dreadful storm? I am a stranger in this town and shall certainly perish in the streets. You look like a charitable lady: I should not think you would turn a dog away from your door on this tempestuous night." "Don't tell me of charity," said the offended mother. "Charity begins at home. It is your own fault you tarried so long. To be plain with you, sir, I do not like your looks or your conduct, and I fear you have some bad designs in thus introducing yourself into my family."

The warmth of the parley had drawn the company from the parlor, and by their united interference, the stranger was permitted to lodge in the house; as there was no bed, he consented to repose on an easy chair, before the fire. Although her boarders appeared to confide perfectly in the stranger's honesty, it was not so with Mrs. Franklin; with suspicious caution, she collected all her silver spoons, pepper box and porters from her closet; and after securing the parlor door by sticking a fork over the latch, carried the plate to the chamber, charged the negro man to sleep with his clothes on, to take the great care to bed with him, and to waken and seize the regent at the first noise in attempting to rub the house. Having thus taken every precaution she retired to bed with her maid, whom she compelled to sleep in her room.

Mrs. Franklin rose before the sun, roused her domestics, unlocked the parlor door, with timid caution, she collected all her silver spoons, pepper box and porters from her closet; and after securing the parlor door by sticking a fork over the latch, carried the plate to the chamber, charged the negro man to sleep with his clothes on, to take the great care to bed with him, and to waken and seize the regent at the first noise in attempting to rub the house. Having thus taken every precaution she retired to bed with her maid, whom she compelled to sleep in her room.

THE TURK.—The traveller, Mr. Barrell, was walking in Constantinople, through a street not open to Christians without an attendant Turk. The streets here are supplied with the richest assortments of ware; and among them he saw one pre-eminent for the costly array of goods. As he discovered one or two articles which he should like to purchase, and by doing so gain a full view of the contents of the store, he proposed to his attendant to enter. "That is impossible," said the Turk, "as the owner has gone out."

"But," replied the Turk, "do you not see at the door a chair with its back turned towards the street, a sign that no one is within, and that no person must enter?"

"But," said Mr. Barrell, "the owner not exposing his immense amount of property to depredation?"

"Not at all, at all," said the Turk, "do you not know that no Christians are allowed to enter this street without a Turk to attend him?"

This shows the difference which a Turk (at least) thinks he finds between his own people and the Greeks.

A COLLEGE 'BROW.—Bill S., of the moral village of North Yarmouth, was one of the hardest "customers" that ever, in spite of his wild pranks, carried off a sheepskin from W. College. If any scraps, or mischievous performance of any sort, came off by night or day in those "diggins," or any where in the region round about, Bill was sure to be "war." Many was the innocent, unsophisticated Freshman whom he generously took under his wing and introduced to "the elephant," or "put through an entire course of sprouts."

We remember one of Bill's jokes, which tickled his associates immensely. One day, having debauched the banisters of the college stairs, he ran up to the fourth story, and there kicked up an unearthly racket. Prof. C., hearing the uproar, and guessing the cause, rushed out of his room in hot haste, and dashing up the

stairs, soon put not his "foot," but "his hand in it." Mortified and chagrined, he greatly exasperated, and then burst into a storm, but before he could reach the upper story, Bill, as usual, had mizzled. Had his room door been thrown open, he might have been found about this time very deeply immersed in the study of Greek. Being afterwards summoned before the faculty, and asked if he knew who belimed the banisters, he replied, with a sly wink at Prof. C., that he "couldn't tell who had laid a hand on it." This was too much for the gravity of the faculty; they restrain their risibles, and then burst into a general laugh. As the suggestion of Prof. C., Bill's further presence was excused.—*Tanker Black.*

NEW TOWN—GERMAN BREWERY SOCIETY.

A community of Germans, about six miles east of Buffalo, incorporated by the Legislature under the above name, having about four years since purchased 8000 acres of wild land in one body, embracing a number of water privileges, have made such improvements in agriculture and stock raising, that I have thought a short sketch of them might not be uninteresting to the readers of the Cultivator. They have been known in Germany for one hundred and fifty years by the name of Separatists; and having sold out their interest and dissolved their community there, they removed here to the number of 800 souls, and are expecting large additions from Germany during the present season. They have already built up three compact villages a mile or two apart; numbering about 100 large and commodious dwelling houses, some 90 or 40 barns, from 50 to 200 feet long, four saw mills, one flour mill, one oil mill, a large woolen factory, a cotton printing establishment, a tannery, a large variety of mechanic's shops, school houses, &c., &c.; and have large herds of horses, cattle and swine, and over 2000 sheep. Their property is all held in common, somewhat like that of the Fouries, or Shakers at New Lebanon, but in many respects radically different from those communities. They have invested money in various ways on their lands, and in this vicinity to the amount of more than \$1,000,000. Many individuals put into the common stock from \$3000 to 15,000 each; one put in \$60,000, and one \$100,000. If they ever leave the community, which they are permitted to do at any time if they choose, they can draw back the sum they put in, without interest. No one has yet left them from dissatisfaction with their system. By mutual agreement, they can dissolve at any future time, and divide the profits. They marry and are given in marriage, and each family lives separate, except that they, in most cases, eat some six or ten families, together at a common table. The whole community is under the direction and superintendence of a set of trustees, or elders, chosen annually by the members, who buy and sell and manage everything they think will be best for the whole, and they have all kinds of mechanics among themselves, they have little occasion to go abroad for help. All the children are kept at school under competent teachers, who instruct the older ones in the higher branches, and also in the English language. Besides being well supplied with books in their families, they all have free access to a large public library.

Religion seems to be the governing and inspiring element in this community; each day's labor is preceded by a season of devotional exercises in their families, and at the close of labor at night, they assemble by neighborhoods, and spend an hour in prayer and praise. The afternoon of Wednesday and Saturday is devoted to religious improvement. The Sabbath is strictly observed by a variety of all secular business, and by various religious exercises, both in their families and public assemblies. Thus far all has been characterized by perfect harmony and peace.

In visiting the community a stranger will not fail to be struck with the neatness, order, and perfection, with which all their farm operations are carried on; and the astonishing improvements in agriculture, made in so short a time,—mostly within three years; for besides the buildings they have erected, they have cleared between 3000 and 4000 acres of land, from which nearly every stump is thoroughly eradicated, planted about 25,000 fruit trees, and made many hives of durable bees. Their gardens, yards, and fields, display refined taste and the highest state of cultivation; and from present appearances, they are on the principle, that to eat live—and often is better than overloading the stomach at long intervals. And they accordingly eat uniformly five times each day; viz., at 1-2 A. M., 9 A. M., and 12 M.; 3 P. M., and 7 P. M. All of a neat and age both male and female, are to labor at such businesses, as either their taste, genius, or habit may require. And whenever from any cause, such as a change of weather, or the sudden ripening of a crop, an extra number of hands are needed, they can bring 50 or 100 into a field at once, with any required number of teams, and thus enjoy great advantages in cultivating and securing their crops. By a rather minute division of labor, each man or set of men is required to do one thing, and order and system are every where manifest and nothing wasted. In a high sense, a place is provided for everything, and everything found in its place. In portions of machinery for their factory and mills, and in agricultural implements, they are cautious in adopting out more recent improvements, preferring to use those they brought with them from Germany. Still their cloth and other manufactured articles are made in the best manner and their farm operations crowned with the highest success.

Separate barns, spacious and well ventilated, are provided for horses, oxen, cows, yearlings, calves, and sheep, so that they are all sheltered in the most comfortable manner through the winter, and the apartments for the sheep are thoroughly whitewashed four or five times a year. Thus they promote health and increase the weight and fineness of the fleece. The

sheep are divided into parcels and each is in the constant attendance of a shepherd and his dog during the day, in summer, and driven up every night and huddled; and the land thus manured by them during the night, is at the proper time sown with turnips. The cattle are also kept in separate classes; and each is under the constant attendance every day of its herdsman, and driven up to their yards at night. And then look at their series of barns, say 150 by 40 feet, standing in a line eight or ten rods apart, and the whole lower part fitted up exclusively, one for horses, another for young cattle, another for calves, and another for sheep; another series standing in another line and filled, some with hay, others with wheat, others with oats, corn, barley, &c.; and then other ranges of buildings, enclosing hundreds of swine, and others still, to accommodate all the poultry belonging to the community.

Every stable for horses and cattle has trenches to carry off the liquid manure into tanks, to be thence conveyed to the growing crops of the farm; and indeed in all their barns and yards, the utmost attention is paid to making and preserving manure, and their luxuriant crops bear witness to the fertility of the soil, and the skill with which it is applied. Even the privies at their houses have the vaults extended some three feet back, and covered by a lid hinged on hinges; and the night soil, removed by hand laded dippers per se for the purpose, is used most plentifully on their gardens. And such splendid heads of lettuce, such cucumbers, cabbages, beans, peas, and corn, as were grown under the stimulating effects of this liquid excrement, it has seldom been my lot to see.

Flora, too, has here her votaries. There are, also, engravers and exquisite painters of plants, fruits, and flowers, for whose works orders are constantly sent from A. J. Downing, and Wiley & Putnam, and Endicott, of New York, and Dr. Gray, of Boston, &c.

Wishing to enlarge their operations, they have recently purchased a large tract of land (1000 acres) four miles above Chippewa in Canada, on the Niagara river, and established there a branch of their community. Success to their efforts.

Cultivator.
From the St. Louis Reveille.
SPECULATING IN WHISKERS, OR SHAVING IN A BARBER SHOP.

There lived in Middlebury, in 1832, a dandified individual whom we will call Jenks. This individual had a tolerable favorable opinion of his personal appearance. His fingers were always well manicured, and his shirt bosom was decked with a magnificent brooch; coat, hat, vest, and boots were made to fit; he wore gloves of remarkable fineness; his hair was oiled and dressed in the latest and best style; and, to complete his killing appearance, he sported an enormous pair of great whiskers. Of these whiskers Jenks was as proud as a young cat of her tail when she first discovers she has one.

I was sitting one day in a barber's office, when Jenks came to inquire the price of exchange in New York. He was invited to sit down and a cigar was offered him. Conversation turned upon buying and selling stocks, a remark was made by a gentleman present, that he thought no person should sell out stock in such-and-such a bank at that time, as it must get better in a few days.

"I will sell any thing I've got, if I can make any thing out of it," remarked Jenks. "Oh no," replied one—"not any thing—you wouldn't sell your whiskers!"

A loud laugh followed this change of remark—Jenks immediately answered—"I would, but who would want them? A person making the purchase would lose money by it, I'm thinking."

"Well," I observed, "I would be willing to take the speculation, if the price could be made reasonable."

"Oh! I'll sell 'em cheap," answered Jenks, winking at the gentleman present.

"What do you call cheap?" I inquired.

"I'll sell them for fifty dollars," Jenks answered, puffing forth a cloud of smoke across the counter and repeating the wish, "Well, that is cheap; and you'll sell your whiskers for fifty dollars?"

"I will," replied Jenks.

"Both of them?"

"Both of them."

"I'll take them both. When can I have them?"

"Any time you choose to call for them."

"Very well—they're mine, I think I shall double my money on them at least."

I took a bill of sale, as follows: "Received of Sol Smith fifty dollars in full for my crop of whiskers, to be worn and taken care of by me, and delivered to him when called for. J. JENKS."

The sum of fifty dollars was paid, and Jenks left the barber's office in high glee, flourishing five Central Bank X's, and telling all his acquaintances of the great bargain he had made in his sale of his whiskers.

The broker and his friends laughed at me for being taken in so nicely. "Never mind," said I, "let those laugh that will; I'll make a profit out of those whiskers, depend upon it."

For a month after this, whenever Jenks and I met, he asked me when I intended to call for my whiskers.

"I'll let you know when I want them," was always my answer. "Take good care of them—oil them occasionally; I shall call for them one of these days."

A splendid ball was to be given to the members of the Legislature. I ascertained that Jenks was to be one of the managers—he being a great lady's man, (on account of his whiskers, I suppose,) and it occurred to me before the ball took place, I might as well call for my whiskers.

One morning I met Jenks in a barber's shop. He was admiring before a large mirror, and combing up his whiskers at a devil of a rate.

"Ah! there you are old fellow, said he, speaking to my reflection in the glass—'Come for your whiskers, I suppose?'"

"Oh, no hurry," I replied, as I sat down for a shave.

"Always ready, you know," he answered, giving a final tie to his cravat.

"Come to think of it," said I musingly, as the barber began to put the lather on my face, "perhaps now would be as good a time as another; you may sit down and let the barber try his hand at the whiskers."

"You couldn't wait till to-morrow, could you?" he asked, hesitatingly—"There's a ball to-night, you know."

"To be sure there is, and I think you ought to go with a clean face—at all events I don't see any reason why you should want to wear my whiskers to that ball; so sit down."

He rather sulkily obeyed, and in a few moments his cheeks were in a perfect foam of lather. The barber flourished his razor, and was about to commence operations, when I suddenly changed my mind!

"Stop, Mr. Barber," I said, "you need not shave off those whiskers yet." So he quietly put up his razor, while Jenks started up from the chair in something very much resembling a passion.

"This is trifling," he exclaimed. "You have claimed your whiskers, take them."

"I believe a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own property," I remarked, and left Jenks washing his face.

At dinner that day the conversation turned upon the whisker affair. It seems the whole town got wind of it, and Jenks did not walk the streets without the remark being continually made by the boys, "There goes the man with Old Sol's whiskers!" And they had grown to an immense size, for he dared not trim them. In short I became convinced Jenks was waiting very impatiently for me to assert my rights in the property. It happened that several of the party were sitting opposite me at dinner who were present when the singular bargain was made, and they urged me to take the whiskers that very day, and thus compel Jenks to go to the ball whiskerless, or stay at home.

I agreed with them, it was about time to reap my crop, and promised that if they would all meet me at the broker's shop where the purchase had been made, I would make a call on Jenks that evening after he had dressed for the ball. All promised to be present at the proposed shaving operation in the broker's office, and I sent for Jenks and the barber. On the appearance of Jenks it was evident he was much vexed at the sudden call upon him, and his vexation was certainly not lessened when he saw the broker's office was filled to overflowing by spectators anxious to behold the barbarous proceeding.

"Come, in a hurry," he said, as he took a seat and leaned his head against the counter for support. "I cannot stay here long, several ladies are waiting for me to escort them to the ball."

"True, very true—you are one of the managers—I recollect. Mr. Barber don't detain the gentleman—go to work at once."

The lathering was soon over, and with about three strokes of the razor, one side of his face was deprived of its ornament.

"Confound 'em," said Jenks, "I wish ahead—there is no time to be lost—let the gentleman have his whiskers—he is impatient."

"Not at all," I replied, coolly, "I'm in a sort of a hurry myself—and now I think of it, as your time is precious at this particular time, several ladies being in waiting for you to escort them to the ball, I believe I'll not take the other whisker to-night."

A loud laugh from the by-standers, and a glance in the mirror, caused Jenks to open his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he could make with his single whisker, and he began to insist upon my taking the whole of my property. But it wouldn't do. I had a right to take it when I chose; I was obliged to take them only when I chose—and I chose to take but half of them at that particular period—indeed I intimated to him very plainly that I was not going to be a very hard creditor; and perhaps, if he behaved himself, I would never call on him for the balance of what he owed me.

When Jenks became convinced that I was determined not to take the remaining whisker, he began, amidst the loudly expressed mirth of the crowd, to propose terms of compromise—first offering me ten dollars, then twenty, thirty, forty—fifty to take off the remaining whisker—and I said firmly, "My dear sir, there is no use in talking—I insist on your wearing that whisker for a month or so."

"What will you take for the whiskers?" he at length asked. "Want you sell them back to me?"

"Ah," replied I, "now you are beginning to talk as a business man should. Yes, I bought them on a speculation—I'll sell them, if I can obtain a good price."

"What is your price?"

"One hundred dollars—must double the money."

"Nothing less?"

"Not a farthing less—and I'm not anxious to sell even at that price."

"Well, I'll take them," he groaned, "there is your money—and here, barber, shave off this side—infernal whisker in less time—no time—I shall be late at the ball."

The barber accomplished his work, and poor Jenks was whiskerless. Jenks went to the ball, but before night was over he wished he had it!

GOOD GLIMPSE AT LONDON.

Larks and caterpillars do not see the same world more differently than different travellers see the same cities, and until the human race be stereotyped, we may go on reading new letters from abroad with new pleasure. The following, from a correspondent of the "Christian Register," is superior to most foreign correspondence: [Home Journal, London, July 13th, 1847.]

DEAR L.—You may believe that I am all eyes in this great show box—this cornucopia of strange sights; is not I miss anything noteworthy? It is not from want of due circumspection or from the fear of being known as an American. Our countrymen sacrifice a good deal to this consideration. They contract the pupils of their eyes to conceal their verdure, and strive to look as if they had trod these pavements

from a child. I know not why it is that in most of them there is such a reluctance to confess their country. When they do confess it, it is very much as the fishermen from a certain town in New England were formerly said to report themselves, when the fishery was unsuccessful, "From America, good Lord!" Now I would not have them go to the opposite extreme and emulate those same fishermen in more prosperous circumstances; but between the two there is a just medium of self-respect which is sadly wanting. The other day at Windsor a countryman of mine, but a stranger to me, wrote against his name in the album for visitors, "London, Hanover square." I was not deceived; I had never seen the man before, but I knew him at once, by certain decisive marks, to be an American and immediately addressed him as such. It is in vain, my country! You cannot be concealed. In vain you would assume the skin of the British lion, your speech betrays you. The transatlantic heveys itself in every accent, in every movement. It betrays itself especially in a certain awkward consciousness, and indecision, a want of confidence which even well-bred Americans exhibit, when they come here, in their over anxiety to appear well, according to the English standard, and not violate the customs of the land. Americans in England are too fond to copy English manners and too distrustful of their own, which are often better. The discovery that they have neglected some paltry convention, however they might have been justified by errors of universal politeness in so doing, embarrasses them, it mortifies them, "making the green ones red." The Englishman, with all his disagreeable qualities, (and no nation has more of these,) is always self-possessed. He is always sure of his ground. He has always been taught to believe that he is the most civilized being, and the only civilized being in the world. Accordingly wherever he goes he carries his country with him. He requires to be known as an Englishman. He carries with him the conviction that his own customs are the best, that his way of doing things is the true way. So far from copying the manners of other countries, when abroad, he is obstinately retentive of his own. The Englishman always knows his place. Be he bigger or better, he has his proper, well ascertained and well defined position, which he understands and makes the most of. He stands on his own basis and stands firm. Hence a dignified carriage among all classes, which I have not seen equalled in any other nation. If the American would feel at home in England, he must content to be known as an American, he must be proud to pass for such. He must assert his country with emphasis; and his country's customs, so far as consistent with universal good breeding. He shall not lack honor for his country's sake, if he will but consent to claim it on that ground, if he will but honor his country in himself. Let him but carry himself with the dignity of an English footman and he shall prosper.

The first impression which London makes on the stranger, especially an American, is not favorable. It is rather an impression of disgust. The first thing we see in any object or assemblage of objects presented to the eye is color. Now the color of London is one universal smudge. The fatal color smoke combining with the moist atmosphere paints all things with this foul tint. And the general squalor is enhanced by the original quality of the brick, so different from the smooth and clean looking parallelogram known to us by that name. Not only the brick but the stone, public buildings as well as private, the nobles' walls as the monuments—all wear this horrid livery. St. Paul's is a huge black mass with occasional white spots which show like leprosy on its face and sides.

The only buildings which please me are the Newgate Prison with whose stern character the dingy hue agrees, and the New Parliament house which has not yet contracted its age, and which is really a magnificent edifice. But in vain the eye seeks something clean, white, and nice on which to repose. There is nothing nice in London but the white stockings of the crimson-breasted footmen. And these liveried footmen to an American eye—next to the dinginess—are the most characteristic feature of the place. Considered merely as a show, they are very pleasing apparitions. To be sure, the show will not bear analyzing or reflecting on. The livery is a badge of servitude which its gaudiness but renders the more disgusting. May it never become common with us! The English may say what they please of American slavery—and they certainly point to blacker skin than is to be seen on which to repose. There is nothing nice in London but the white stockings of the crimson-breasted footmen. And these liveried footmen to an American eye—next to the dinginess—are the most characteristic feature of the place. Considered merely as a show, they are very pleasing apparitions. To be sure, the show will not bear analyzing or reflecting on. The livery is a badge of servitude which its gaudiness but renders the more disgusting. May it never become common with us! The English may say what they please of American slavery—and they certainly point to blacker skin than is to be seen on which to repose. There is nothing nice in London but the white stockings of the crimson-breasted footmen. And these liveried footmen to an American eye—next to the dinginess—are the most characteristic feature of the place. Considered merely as a show, they are very pleasing apparitions. To be sure, the show will not bear analyzing or reflecting on. The livery is a badge of servitude which its gaudiness but renders the more disgusting. May it never become common with us! The English may say what they please of American slavery—and they certainly point to blacker skin than is to be seen on which to repose. There is nothing nice in London but the white stockings of the crimson-breasted footmen. And these liveried footmen to an American eye—next to the dinginess—are the most characteristic feature of the place. Considered merely as a show, they are very pleasing appar