

THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE"

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ON THE DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be called
Like a watch-woman and weary sentinel
To put his armor off, and rest in Heaven!
The sun was setting on Jerusalem,
The deep blue sky had not a cloud, and light
Was pouring on the dome of Omar's mosque,
Like golden silver. Every thing was fair;
And beauty hung upon the painted fane—
Like a griefed spirit, lingering ere she gave
Her wings to air, for heaven. The crowds of men
Were in the busy streets, and nothing loosed
Like you, or suffering, save one small train
Bearing the dead to burial. It passed by,
And left no trace upon the busy throng.
The sun was just as beautiful, the crowd
Of joyous revelry, and the low hum
Of stirring thousands rose as constantly.
Life looked as winning; and the earth and sky,
And every thing seemed strangely fit to make
A contrast to that common life.
How wonderful it is that human pride
Can pass that touching moral as it does—
Pass it so frequently, in all the force
Of mournful and most simple eloquence—
And learn no lesson! They bore on the dead,
With the slow step of sorrow, troubled rest,
By the rude mallet, save, here and there,
A look of vague inquiry, or a curse
Half muttered by some thoughtless Turk whose steve
Half looked the angel of the Christian's fall.
And Israel too passed on—the trampled Jew!
Israel!—who made Jerusalem a throne
For the wide world—passed on as carelessly;
Giving no look of interest to tell
The shrouded dead was any thing to her.
Oh that they would be gathered as a brood
In a fatherly parent's sheltering wings!
They laid him down with strangers; for his home
Was with the setting sun, and they who stood
And looked so steadfastly upon his grave,
Were not his kindred; but they found him there,
And loved him as their minister of Christ.
He had died young. But there were silver'd heads
Whose race of duty is less nobly run.
His heart was with Jerusalem; and strong
As was a mother's love, and the sweet tears
Beligion made as beautiful as home.
He hung them from him in his eager race,
And sought the broken people of his God.
To preach to them of Jesus. There was one
Who was his friend and helper. One who went
And laid his hands on the sepulcher.
Where Jesus slept, to pray for Israel.
They had one spirit, and their hearts were knit
With more than human love. God-fearing men,
And he of whom I speak stood up alone,
And in his broken heart—his heart wrought on
Till his master called him.
Oh, is it not a noble thing to die
As does the Christian, with his armor on!
What is the hero's claim, though it be lost
With the machinery of a world, to this!
What are the marching victories of mind—
The laurel wreath of glory, and the all
The trumpets of pomp and human pride,
To the short history of him who made
His sepulcher beside the King of kings?

THE MOTHER AND CHILD. OR, THE FIRE-FLY. FROM THE GERMAN.

On the evening of a hot and sultry summer day, Maria, a poor widow, sat at the open window of her little chamber, and gazed out upon the night, which was shrouded in the morning, but the heat of the sun had soon dried it. She had already gathered into heaps, and the sweet smell of the hay now blew into the chamber as if to refresh and strengthen her after her labor. The glow of sunset was already fading upon the border of the clear and cloudless sky, and the moon shone calm and bright into the little chamber, shadowing the panes of the half open window, together with the grape vine which adorned it, upon the nicely sanded floor. Little Ferdinand, a boy of six years of age, stood leaning against the window frame, his blooming face and yellow locks with a portion of his white clean shirt sleeves and scarlet vest, were distinctly visible in the moonlight.
The poor woman was sitting thus to rest herself, perhaps. But oppressive as had been the labor of the sultry day, yet a heavier burden weighed upon her bosom, and rendered her forgetful of her weariness. She had eaten but a spoonful or two of their supper, which consisted of bread and milk. Little Ferdinand was also greatly disturbed; but did not speak because he saw that his mother was so sorrowful. Having observed that his mother, instead of eating, wept bitterly, he had laid aside his spoon, and the earthen dish stood upon the table almost as full as when she began.
Maria was left a widow in the early part of the previous spring. Her deceased husband, one of the wealthiest men in the village, had, by industry and economy, saved a sum of money sufficient to purchase the little cottage, with its neat meadow, though not entirely free from incumbrance. The industrious man had planned the green and cheerful field with young trees which already bore the finest fruit. He had chosen Maria for his wife, although she was a poor orphan, and her parents had been able to give her nothing more than a good education; he had chosen her, because she was known as the most pious, industrious, and well behaved maiden in the village. They had lived happily together. But the typhus fever broke out in the village, and her husband died. Having nursed him with the greatest tenderness, she herself was attacked with it, and barely escaped her life.
Her husband's sickness and her own had thrown them much behind hand; but now she must even part with her little cottage. Her deceased husband had long labored for the richest peasant in the country, a man by the name of Meyer. The peasant, who highly esteemed him, on account of his fidelity and industry, had lent him three hundred crowns to purchase this cottage, with the grounds belonging to it, upon the condition that he would pay him fifty crowns yearly, twenty-five in money, and twenty-five in labor. Until the year that he was taken sick, her husband had faithfully performed his agreement, and the debt now amounted to but fifty crowns. Maria knew all this very well.
Meyer now died of the same disease. The heirs, a son and daughter-in-law, found the note for the three hundred crowns, among the papers of the deceased. They did not know a word about the affair, as the old man had never spoken of it to them. The terrified woman assured them, calling

heaven to witness, that her deceased husband had paid off the whole except fifty crowns. But all this was of no avail. The young peasant called her a shameless liar, and summoned her before a court of law. As she could not prove that anything had been paid, it was decided that the entire claim against her was valid. The heirs insisted upon payment, and as poor Maria had nothing but her cottage and grounds, this little property must now be sold. She had fallen upon her knees before the heirs, and had prayed them not to turn her out of doors; little Ferdinand wept with her—both wept—but all in vain. The following morning was appointed for the sale. She had heard this an hour before, just as she had finished her day's work. A neighbor had called out over the hedge and told it to her.
It was for this reason she now sat so sorrowful in the window, glancing now upward at the clear sky, now upon Ferdinand, and then gazing steadily upon the floor. There was a sad silence.
"Maria!" she said to herself, "I have today taken the key from the orchard for the last time. The early yellow plums which I picked this morning for Ferdinand is the last fruit which the poor boy will eat from the trees which his father planted for him. Yes, this may be the last night which we will spend beneath this roof—by this time to-morrow, this cottage will be another's property, and who can say but we shall be turned out at once? Heaven alone knows where we shall find a shelter to-morrow. Perhaps under the open heavens!"
She began to sob violently.
Little Ferdinand, who until now had not moved, came forward, and weeping, said:
"Mother, do not cry so bitterly—or else I cannot talk to you. Do you not know what father said, as he died there on that bed? 'Do not weep so,' he said, 'God is a father to poor widows and orphans.' Call upon him in thy distress, and he will aid thee." That is what he said, and is it not true then?"
"Yes, dear child," said the mother, "it is true."
"Well," said the boy, "why do you weep so long then? Pray to God, and he will help you."
"Good child, thou art right!" said his mother, and her tears flowed less bitterly, and her heart was more at ease.
She folded her arms, and raised her eyes to heaven, and Ferdinand folded his hands, also, and looked upward, and the bright moon shone upon the mother and the child.
And the mother began to pray and the boy repeated every word after her:
"Great Father in Heaven," she said, "look down upon a poor mother and her child—a poor widow and a poor orphan raise their eyes to thee. We are in great need, and have no longer any refuge upon the earth. But thou art rich in mercy—Thou hast heard thyself said, 'Call upon me, the day of thy trouble, and I will deliver thee.' Oh, in thee we pray. Thrust us not forth from this dwelling—take not from a poor orphan his only little inheritance. Or, if in thy mysterious, but still most wise and benevolent purposes, thou hast otherwise decreed, prepare for us a resting place upon this wide, vast earth. Oh, pour this consolation into our hearts, lest they break as we wander forth, and from yonder hill, turn to look for the last time upon our house!"
Sobs interrupted her; weeping, she gazed towards heaven and was silent. The boy, who yet stood with folded hands, suddenly exclaimed, with outstretched fingers:
"Mother, look! what is that? Yonder moves a light. Yonder thro' a little star, look, there it hurries by the window! Oh, see, now it comes in. How bright, how beautiful it shines! Look, only look, it has a greenish light. It is almost as beautiful as the evening star. Now it moves along the ceiling. That is wonderful!"
"It is a fire-fly, dear Ferdinand," said his mother. "In the day time it is a small unsightly insect, but in the night it gives out a most beautiful light."
"May I catch it," said the boy. "Will it not hurt me, and will not the light burn me?"
"It will not burn thee," said the mother and she laughed, while the tears streamed down her cheeks. "Catch it, and examine it closer, it is one of the wonders of God Almighty's power."
The boy, entirely forgetful of his sorrow, at once tried to catch the sparkling fire fly, now on the floor, now under the table, now under the chair.
"Ah me, what a pity!" said the boy, for as he stretched out his hand to catch the bright insect it flew behind the great chest that stood against the wall. He looked under the chest.
"I see it plainly enough," he said; "there it is close against the wall; and the white wall and the floor, and every bit of dust near it shines as if the moon shone upon it; but I cannot reach it; my arm is not long enough."
"Have patience," said the mother, "it will soon come out again."
The boy waited a little while, and then came to his mother and said, with a soft imploring voice—
"Mother, do you get it out for me or move the chest a little from the wall, and I can easily catch it."
The mother rose, moved the chest from the wall, and the boy took the quiet fire fly, examined it in the hollow of his little hand and was delighted with it.
But the mother's attention was attracted by a different object. As she moved the chest, something which had stuck between it and the wall fell upon the floor. She uttered a loud cry as she picked it up. "Ah," she exclaimed, "now all our trouble is over. That is last year's account book, which I have so long looked for in vain. I thought it had been destroyed as of no value, by strangers, perhaps, while I lay senseless during my illness! Now it can be shown that thy father paid the money that they demand of us. Who would have thought that the account book stuck behind the great chest which we

took with the cottage, and which has not been moved since we bought it?"
She at once lighted a lamp, and turned over the leaves of the account, while tears of joy sparkled in her eyes. Every thing was correctly put down—the sum which her deceased husband owed of three hundred crowns at the beginning of the year, and what he had paid off in money and work. Below stood the following lines, written in old Meyer's own hand:
"I have settled accounts with James Bloom to-day, (St. Martin's day,) and he now owes me fifty crowns."
The mother struck her hands together with joy, embraced her child, and exclaimed with delight—
"Oh, Ferdinand, give thanks to God, for we now need not leave home; now we can remain in our cottage."
"And I was because, was not mother?" said the little fellow. "If I had not begged you to move the chest, you never would have found the book. It might have laid there a hundred years."
The mother stood for a while in silent astonishment, and then said—
"Oh! my child, it was God's doing—I feel a thrill of awe and reverence when I reflect upon it. Look! as we both prayed and wept, there came the sparkling fire fly, and pointed out the spot where this book was concealed. Yes, truly! God's hand is in all things good and true. Nothing comes by chance. Even the hairs of our head are numbered, not one of them falls to the ground without his knowledge. Remember this for thy life long, and put thy trust in him especially in time of need. It is easier for him to aid and save. He does not need to send a shining angel to us. He can send us help by a winged insect!"
The mother could not sleep that night for joy. Soon after break of day, she took her way to the judge, who at once sent for the heir. He came, he acknowledged the writing as genuine, and was much ashamed of slandering the woman before the court and calling her liar. The judge declared he owed her great recompense for the shame and great sorrow which he had caused her. The man was not unwilling to make atonement for his injustice.
But when the poor woman had related the whole account of her evening prayer, and the appearance of the fire-fly, the judge said—
"That is the finger of God; he has visibly helped you."
Young Meyer, however, was much moved, and said with tears in his eyes—
"Yes, it is so. God is the father of the widow and the fatherless; and their avenger also. Pardon me for harshness towards you, I release you from the payment of the fifty crowns, and if you are at any time in need, come to me and I will assist you. I now see clearly that those who trust in God he will never forsake; and that confidence in him is a safer dependence than great riches. And if I ever come to want or if my wife should be a widow and my children orphans, may he help us also as he has helped you."
"Trust always thus in him, and be as upright as this poor widow, and help will not be wanting to you in time of need."
A Scene in a Gambling House.
The following very remarkable circumstance is vouched for by Green, the reformed gambler, which we condense from his work on gambling. There is a degree of romance attached to it in a manner relieving it of the horror excited by the catastrophe. It occurred at New Orleans some years ago.
A sea captain was in the habit of frequenting a Bouqueterie table, kept by a Frenchman in company with a party of Gamblers. Green remarks that they played with more regard to fairness than is customary or general with them now. The captain was evidently influenced in his visits more by a wish to kill time than from any passion for the sport. He had visited the room frequently, and his invariable bet was twenty-five cents, and winner or loser, he never increased it. He visited the place on the night in question.
The sea captain, having placed his bet upon the red, sat with his hand leaning upon his hand, as if to wait the result of the game. The ball fell into the column, and he was the winner. The wheel stopped again, the Captain did not move, and contrary to the usual practice, the amount of his bet was doubled. He won the second, third, fourth and fifth, the sum doubling each time. Thus it was on to the eighth, when the gamblers began to be excited, and uttering loud cries, exclaimed—"He wins again!" At this, many who were in the room gathered around the table. The result of the ninth and tenth bet was the same, one of them cried out—"He is a fool! why don't he make a row of what he has won?" The eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth brought the same result, and many exclaimed—"He is mad!" But the game went on and the Captain continued headless. The fourteenth was in his favor. At the fifteenth thousands were at stake, from the small beginning of twenty-five cents, and all eyes seemed fixed in amazement. Still he won. The sixteenth was the same. The bankers vociferated curses upon the wheel-player. Others urged the Captain to withdraw at least a part of his winning. Sixteen thousand dollars was at stake for the seventeenth. The ball flew like lightning, but there was no change. The money was piled up before the Captain in heavy bank notes, but he moved not a finger nor uttered a word. At this juncture, a husky voice, in seaman's phrase, was heard—"Haul in, old Captain! 't'st but all that pile against this set of land pirates' haul in!" and a hand was stretched forth from one of the table gamblers, which I have so long looked for in vain. I thought it had been destroyed as of no value, by strangers, perhaps, while I lay senseless during my illness! Now it can be shown that thy father paid the money that they demand of us. Who would have thought that the account book stuck behind the great chest which we

hand throughout all this exciting scene; having died while in the act of betting his first quarter. The mate called for water and dashed it into his face; then for spirits; and all efforts to resuscitate him were in vain. Life was extinct.
Green goes to detail the result.
The gamblers then demanded that the money should be refunded; but the mate had rolled it up in a handkerchief, putting it to the hand of a cabin boy, and charged him to run with him for his life, to the ship, and deliver it to the clerk; and summon the crew to the gambling house. The tumult and confusion were so great that the boy slipped away unnoticed.
When the corpse was laid on the plank, the gamblers again demanded the money of the mate, stating that as the Captain had undoubtedly died betting the first quarter, justice required that it should be returned to the bankers. The mate, in a tone of defiance, replied, that the orphan children of the Captain needed the money, and should have it. Force was then threatened, if he refused to deliver it up. Seeing that their threats were unheeded, they rushed upon him with violence, seized his leg and bore it off, supposing they had secured the money; but to their surprise—the hat was empty. A large number who were present took the part of the mate, and great excitement prevailed throughout the house. An assault was made upon the mate—Some cried one thing, and some another. "Down with him!" "Get the money!" "Let him alone!" "You have no right to rob him!"—mingled with oaths and imprecations, and curses. At this moment twenty or thirty of the ship's crew rushed in, and one word from the mate brought them to the deck. The gamblers were soon made to stand at a distance. Something was said respecting the money, which led the sailors to suppose that the mate had been robbed and they were about rushing upon Monsieur Grampus, as the proper person to indemnify him for any loss he might have sustained; but were diverted by the entrance of some twenty of the city watch, armed with short swords. The sailors knew the character of this posse, made up of what are called among them, "Wharf-rat Freemen," and were no more daunted by their array of force, than they would have been by the display of tin swords in the hands of so many trained cut-throats. A frigate was, however, present, between the sailors and the watch, by the assurance of the mate that the money was safe, and a request from him that they would quietly return to the vessel. He proposed to take the corpse on board, but was informed by the captain of the watch, that an inquest must be held over it before it could be removed. He then seated himself by the corpse of his captain, to watch over it during the rest of the night; and the gamblers returned to the common work of darkness, playing cards and drinking liquor, the meanwhile, and then muttering curses upon the dead body of the Captain.
THE MIDNIGHT CHARGE;
OR,
THE PHANTOM ARMY.
Some ten or twelve years ago, when everybody carried a roll of "red back" as thick as his wrist, Bayou Sara was a place. A hundred boats at a time could be seen moored to the wharf; and at the going down of the sun, the music from the dance-houses, and the rattling of the silver on the faro tables, saluted the ear of the unwary up-countryman, who too often fell a victim in his pursuits after unhalloved pleasure or his thirst for gain, at the deceptive gambling table.
The authorities of the town had in vain tried to put a stop to these "improper" practices, as they were then mildly termed. Court after court, and jury after jury, were found and writs issued, but they were invariably returned with the endorsement, non est intentus. Court-day came again, and with it a swarm of knights of the tapis franc, who offered the Court the tempting opportunity of quietly suppressing gambling, by giving them a chance to "break their banks."
It was during the session of one of these Courts, that an old-hanger-on in the village, by the name of Spence, who had for a long time sported a three hundred dollar brilliant and gold liver, fell a victim to the double "cat-harp," and became destitute and penniless, with the exception of his "box of tricks" and his "double-headed." This, to him, was his only affliction, he could have borne with meekness, but the hard-hearted landlord of one of the principal dance-houses, in whose establishment Spence occupied the corner room next the bar, and had been universally acknowledged as the "boss banker" of the place—the landlord, who was, had been tempted by the Syrian notes, of a new-comer, in Spence's line, and had given him possession of his favorite room. Spence, who was something of a wag, resolved to be revenged, and to have his fun into the bargain. Accordingly, the next day, after the new incumbent had pronounced himself in the "clever's" chair, Spence arrived in almost breathless haste from St. Francisville, (the country-seat, about a mile distant from Bayou Sara,) with the news that "the sheriff had called upon the military to assemble that night, for the purpose of assisting him to secure all the evil-doers under the link." The new-comer was for immediate flight, but the landlord told him "to stay where he was—it was only some of Spence's tricks to get him off."
Night came. Not a star was to be seen, nor a sound heard, except the rattling of the silver or the clinking of the checks upon the faro table, around which were seated some twelve or fifteen of the "Boys," who were "badly stuck," and trying to "win a customery haul in;" and a hand was stretched forth from one of the table gamblers, which I have so long looked for in vain. I thought it had been destroyed as of no value, by strangers, perhaps, while I lay senseless during my illness! Now it can be shown that thy father paid the money that they demand of us. Who would have thought that the account book stuck behind the great chest which we

carried out of the box without finishing the deal, and after redeeming his checks and packing up his "bag of tricks," he straightway hid to the landlord's chamber to wake him up and consult with him upon what was to be done. After hastily dressing himself, the landlord and the dealer, after telling the "Boys" to remain quiet in the room, opened the back door and left a hatching ear towards the point from whence the ominous noises had been heard.
Directly in the distance was heard the sound of the drum—the single tap, tap, tap, keeping time with the step of the invisible enemy, who were evidently approaching. Presently, a loud, firm voice was heard giving the words of command—"Halt! front face! order arms!" "Toll off in sections of two." "One, two—one, two—one, two—was repeated, until the terrified dealer remarked to the landlord, "Why there's over a hundred! I am going to get my things and leave, save." "Keep quiet, I tell you," replied the landlord; "may be it's only an unjustification of the negroes they are going to quell; there is plenty of time yet to see about that." "Shoulder arms!" By sections, right wheel—forward, march!" "Tap, tap, tap, sounded the drum."
And near, and near, and nearer still. The drum came tapping down the hill. The unseen cohort advanced within two hundred yards, when the voice of the commander was heard—"Silence that drum—you will alarm the rats before we reach their den! Lieutenant, advance with the second division to the rear of the house, and wait! The signal—the discharge of my pistol—before you make your charge!" "Second division, forward march!" "The orders of the Lieutenant, Sir!" "Tap, tap, tap, went the drum."
"Silence that drum, and send the drummer to me instantly under a guard, for disobedience of orders!" shouted the captain. "Forward, men, steadily." In a moment more, the commander was seen on the top of an angle of the levee, dressed in full uniform, with a burnished caque and flaming steel, which shone as brightly from the reflection of the "handing lantern," as in the moon-day sun.
"Carry arms! charge bayonets! forward march!" were the orders given by the commander to his men, who were hidden from view by the levee. Bang! went the pistol, and off scampered the "Boys," who by this time had learned from the dealer the object of the expedition. Gildersleeve, or the "American Deer" would have been nowhere, had they started in the chase. The morning dawn found the party in an adjoining parish.
But the landlord! he was full of cowardice, and had too much at stake, to leave so guardedly and unceremoniously. He reentered his house, locked the door, and quietly prepared for the worst. Presently a tremendous rattle of the drum was heard under the window, and in an instant after, a loud rap was heard at the door.
"Whose there?" asked the landlord.
"The majesty of the law—open the door, or I will order it to be broken in," responded the voice.
The landlord, knowing that it would be useless to resist, immediately struck a light, and obeyed the summons.
"How are you, landlord?" cried Spence, taking hold of his hand; "didn't I move the cowardly rascals smartly?"
"What has become of the soldiers—are they prepared for the worst. Presently a tremendous rattle of the drum was heard under the window, and in an instant after, a loud rap was heard at the door.
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