

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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THE LABORING MAN.

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

A NIGHT OF YEARS.

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

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

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

THE ARABIAN HORSE.

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

WHEREABOUTS?

Away down in the Jerseys, long before a temperance lecturer had ever heard of, lived an old farmer pretty comfortable "to do" in the world. His name was Robinson, and he had a son named Sam, who in years and stature had attained to maturity; though an unhappy and uncontrollable propensity for old Monongahela had somewhat retarded the mental experience. Sam had been a precocious visitor to "the tavern" about two miles below his father's house, and ever since his early manhood, day by day, he had trod the well known road. Sumner and winter, Sam was the "stay-lark" of the familiar spot, and half an hour after every body else was gone, Sam mustered the energies of his mind, brain, rallied, his legs to the work, and set out, night after night, for home. One night in mid-winter it had blown up fearfully cold; the frost had set in with unusual vigor, and the stars glinted down upon the snowy mail which covered the bosom of the earth with steely sharpness. Sam stepped into the road, however, and standing himself for a moment, called out in his peculiar gruff voice to the landlord, a rude "good night," set his teeth with indomitable resolution, and put forward for his father's house. The next morning, soon after daylight, a dweller in the vicinity passing down the road, about a quarter of a mile from the tavern, discovered a human form lying prone upon the snow, evidently lifeless and stiff, frozen to death. A superstitious glance at the dress, for the face was in the snow, satisfied the observer that it was the last effort of poor Sam Robinson. He accordingly proceeded to the tavern, and announced the sad event; the landlord immediately directed that the information should be immediately conveyed to old Mr. Robinson, and sent up the discoverer of the body to his house, upon his own horse. On arriving there the messenger was allowed in, and with due preliminary regretting that he should be the bearer of such intelligence, announced to old Mr. Robinson that his son Samuel was frozen to death. "Frozen to death," ejaculated the astonished parent, "why it can't be possible, there must be some mistake." Incredible as it seemed, however, the messenger, thinking that the old gentleman's disbelief referred to the impossibility of freezing Sam, with the volcanic ardor of the Monongahela within, pressed the fact home as a possible event, and declared that such was the case. "I tell you there's some mistake," said the old gentleman, "Sam can't come home last night drunker than usual, nor drunker than I can't get sober yet; I've been folding him for it, and he's now trying to get sober enough for breakfast, alongside of the kitchen fire." "Well, Mr. Robinson, he's froze to death down by the tavern along the road," said the messenger, satisfied that the old gentleman had gone crazy. "He is, he is—here Sam!" "U-m-m!" It was a prolonged sound, something between the growl of a bear and anything else; it came out of the kitchen, and was evidently intended as a response to the call. "Here, come here, Sam!" "There was a movement and a slow drawl of steps, and to the utter astonishment of the messenger, Sam Robinson appeared at the door, rubbing his eyes, and uttering an inarticulate growl. "Here, Sam," said his father, "they say that you are froze to death." "Whereabouts?" was the ludicrously solemn reply. "Down by the tavern, two miles along the road!" "Well, I'll go down and see about it," he slowly uttered, with undisturbed gravity, and in due time travelled off, and that night came home drunker than ever. Sam may be dead by this time, but no body can make us believe he was ever frozen to death; and to any who will say such a thing of Sam Robinson, we ask in his own emphatic growl—"Whereabouts?"

INDIAN TREATY.

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

AN OLD MAN'S REMINISCENCE.

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

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Oh! something had happened to detain them awhile—we heard from them the other day, and all was well. They will be by-and-by, never fear." Evening came, the guests were all assembled, and yet the bridegroom tarried. There were whisperings, surmises, and wonderings, and a shadow of anxiety occasionally passed over the fair face of the bride elect. At last a carriage drove rather slowly to the door. "They are come!" cried many voices, and the next moment the belated bridegroom and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused inquiries of all around him, Mr. W. muttered something about "unavoidable delay," and, stepping to the sideboard, tossed off a glass of wine, another, and another. The company stood silent with amazement. "Finally, a rough old farmer exclaimed,—"Better late than never, young man; so lead out the bride." W.—strode hastily across the room, placed himself by Ellen, and took her hand in his! Then, without daring to meet the eyes of any about him, he said:—"I wish to make an explanation—I am under the painful necessity—that is, I have the pleasure to announce that I am already married. The lady whom I hold by the hand is my wife!" Then, turning in an apologetic manner to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, he added, "I found that I had never loved until I knew your second daughter." And—Jamie!—she heard all with strange calmness. In a walking steadily forward and confronted her betrayers. Terrible as pale Nemesis herself, she stood before them, and her look pierced like a keen blade into their false hearts. As though to assure herself of the dread reality of the vision, she laid her hand on Ellen's shoulder, and let it glide down her arm—but she touched not Edwin. As those cold fingers met hers, the unhappy wife first gazed full into her sister's face; and as she marked the ghastly pallor of her cheek, the dilated nostril, the quivering lip, and the intensely mournful eyes, she covered her own face with her hands, and burst into tears, while the young husband, swayed by the terrible silence of her heaving bosom, gasped for breath, and staggered back against the wall. Then Lucy, clasping her hands on her forehead, first gave voice to her anguish and despair, in one fearful cry, which could but ring forever through the souls of that guilty pair, and fell in a deathlike swoon at their feet. After the insensible girl had been removed to her chamber, a stormy scene ensued in the room beneath. The parents and guests were alike enraged against W., but the tears and prayers of his young wife, the potted beauty and spoiled child, at last softened somewhat the anger of the parents, and an opportunity for an explanation was accorded to the offenders. A sorry explanation it proved. The gentleman affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's lovely face had weakened the empire of her plainer sister, and she had been held in check by honor, and not told his love, until when, on his way, to espouse another, in an unguarded moment, he had revealed it, and the avowed had called forth an answering acknowledgment from Ellen. They had thought it best, in order to save pain to Lucy, and prevent opposition from her, and to secure their own happiness, to be married before their arrival at C.

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Lucy remained insensible for some hours. When she revived, and had apparently regained her consciousness, she still maintained her strange silence. "This continued for many weeks, and when it partially passed away, her friends saw with inexpressible grief that her reason had fled—she was hopelessly insane! But her madness was of a mild and harmless nature. She was gentle and peaceable as ever, but sighed frequently, and seemed burdened with some great sorrow, which she could not herself comprehend. She had one peculiarity, which all who knew her in after years must recollect—this was a wild fear and careful avoidance of man. She could not possess of the spirit's force. She could not, she would not, be confined, but was constantly seeking from her friends, and going—they knew not whither. While her parents lived, they, by their watchful care and unwearied efforts, in some measure controlled this wild propensity; but when they died, their stricken child became a wanderer, homeless, friendless, and forlorn. Through laughing springs and rosy summers, and golden autumns and tempestuous winters, it was tramp, tramp, tramp—no rest for her of the crushed heart and the crazed brain. I remember her as she was in my early childhood, toward the last of her weary pilgrimage. As my father and my elder brothers were frequently absent, and as my mother never closed her heart or her door on the unfortunate "Crazy Lucy," often spent an hour or two by our fireside. Her appearance was very singular. Her gown was always patched, with many colors, and her shawl or mantle worn and torn until it was all open-work and fringe. The remainder of her miserable wardrobe she carried in a bundle, on her arm, and sometimes had a number of parcels of old rags, dried herbs, &c. In the season of flowers, her tattered bonnet was profusely decorated with those which she gathered in the wood, or by the way side. Her love for these, and her sweet voice, were all that were left her of the bloom and mists of existence. Yet no—her meek and childlike piety still lingered. Her God had not forsaken her; down into the dim chaos of her spirit, the smile of his love yet gleamed faintly, in the waste garden of her heart she still heard his voice at even-tide, and she was not afraid. Her Bible went with her every where—a torn and soiled volume, but as holy still, and it may be, as dearly cherished, for reader, as the gorgeous copy now lying on your table, bound in purple and gold, and with the gilding unimpaired upon its delicate leaves. I remember to have heard my mother

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relate a touching little incident connected with one of Lucy's brief visits to us. The poor creature once laid her hand on the early head of one of my brothers, and asked of him his name:—"William Edwin," he replied, with a timid upward glance. She caught away her hand, and sighing heavily, said, as though thinking aloud,—"I knew an Edwin once, and he made me broken-hearted." This was the only instance in which she was ever known to revert to the sad event which had desolated her life. Thirty years from the time of the commencement of this mournful history, on a bleak autumn evening, a rough country wagon drove into the village of C. It stopped at the almshouse, an attenuated form was lifted out, and the wagon rumbled away. This was Lucy Dutton brought to her native town to die. She had been in a decline for several months; and the miraculous strength which had so long sustained her in her weary wanderings at last forsok her utterly. Her sister had died some time before, and the widowed husband had soon after returned with his family to the far West. So Lucy had no friends, no home, but the almshouse. But they were very kind to her there. The matron, a true woman, whose heart even the hourly contemplation of human misery could not harden, gave herself with unwearied devotion to the care of the quiet sufferer. With the eye of Christian faith she watched the shattered bark of that life, as borne down the tide of time, it neared the great deep of eternity, with an interest as intense as though it werea royal galley. One day, about a week from the time of her arrival, Lucy appeared to suffer greatly, and those about her looked for her release almost impatiently; but at night she was evidently better, and, for the first time, slept tranquilly until morning. The matron, who was by her bedside when she awoke, was startled by the clear and earnest gaze which met her own; but she smiled, and bade the invalid "good morning!" Lucy looked bewildered, and the voice reassured her, and she exclaimed—"Oh! what a long, long night this has been!" Then glancing around inquiringly, she added, "Where am I? And who are you? I do not know you." A wild surmise flashed across the mind of the matron. The long lost reason of the wanderer had returned! But the good woman replied calmly and soothingly,—"Why, you are among your friends, and you will know me presently." "Then maybe you know Edwin and Ellen?" rejoined the invalid. "Have they come? Oh! I had such a terrible dream, I dreamed that they were married! Only think, Ellen married to Edwin! 'Tis strange that I should dream that!" "My poor Lucy," said the matron, with a rush of tears, "that was not a dream. 'Twas all true." "All true!" cried the invalid. "Then Edwin must be untrue; and that cannot be, for he loved me. We loved each other well; and Ellen is my sister. Let me see them. I will go to them!" She endeavored to raise herself, but fell back fainting on the pillow. "Why, what does this mean?" said she. "Just then her eyes fell on her own hand, that old and withered hand! She gazed on it in blank amazement. "Something is the matter with my sight," she said, smiling faintly, "for my hand looks to me like an old woman's." "And so it is," said the matron, gently, "and so it is mine; and yet we had fair, plump hands when we were young. Dear Lucy, do you not know me? I am Maria Allen. I was to have been your bride-maid!" "I can no more, I will not make the vain attempt to give in detail all that mournful receding; to reduce to inexpressible words the dread sublimity of that hopeless sorrow. To the wretched Lucy the last thirty years were all as though they had never been. Of not a scene, not an incident, had she the slightest remembrance, since the night when the recreant lover and traitorous sister stood before her, and made their terrible announcement. The kind matron paused frequently in the sad narrative of her poor friend's madness and wanderings, but the invalid would say, with fearful calmness, "Go on, go on," though the bead-drops of agony stood thick upon her forehead. When she asked for her sister, the matron replied,—"She has gone before you, and your father also." "And my mother?" said Lucy, her face lit with a sickly ray of hope. "Your mother has been dead for twenty years!" "Dead! All gone! Alone—old—dying—O God! my cup of bitterness is full!" And she wept aloud. Her friend, bending over her, and mingling tears with hers, said, affectionately:—"But you know who drink that cup before you?" Lucy looked up with a bewildered expression, and the matron added—"The Lord Jesus, you remember him?" "A look like lightning breaking through a cloud, a look which only faintly may be said, irradiated the tearful face of the dying woman, as she replied—"O yes; I knew him and loved him before I fell asleep." The man of God was called. A few who had known Lucy in her early days came also. There was much reverential wondering, and some weeping, around her death-bed. Then rose the voice of prayer. At first her lips moved, as her weak spirit joined in that fervent appeal, then they grew still, and poor Lucy was dead—dead in her gray-haired youth. But those who gazed upon that placid face, and remembered her harmless life, and patient suffering, doubted not that the morn of an eternal day had broken on her NUN OF YEARS.

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