

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. C. H. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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From Debra's Household Words.

A Village Tale.

The monks are eating in the cloister,
As on the very day—
That sunny morning, mother dear,
When Lucy went away;
And April's pleasant gleams have come,
And April's gentle rain—
Fresh leaves are on the vine—but when
Will Lucy come again!

The spring is as it used to be,
And all must be the same,
And yet I miss the feeling now,
That always with it came;
It was as if the world were made
This witness of the year—
As if I could be glad no more,
Now Lucy is not here.

A year—it seems but yesterday,
When in this very door
You stood, and she came running back,
To say good-bye once more.
I hear your sob—your parting kiss—
The last fond words you said—
Ah! little did we think—one year,
And Lucy would be dead!

How all come back—the happy times,
Before our father died,
When, blessed with him, we knew no want,
Scarce knew a wish denied—
His love, and all our struggles on,
And that worst dread, to know,
From home, too poor to shelter all,
That one at last must go.

How often do I blame myself,
How often do I think
How wrong I was to shrink from that
From which she did not shrink;
And when I wish that I had gone,
And knew the wish to vain;
And say, she might have loved, I think—
How can I smile again!

I tried to be alone, for then,
Before my swimming eyes,
Her parting face, her waving hair,
Distinct before me rose;
Slow rolls the wagon down the road—
I watch it disappear—
Her last "dear sister," fond "good-bye,"
Still linger in my ear.

Oh, mother, had but father lived,
It would not have been thus;
Or, if God still had taken her,
She would have had kind looks, fond words,
Around her dying bed—
Our hands to press her dying hands,
To raise her dying head.

I'm always thinking, mother, now,
Of what she must have thought;
Poor girl, as day by day we try,
And neither of us can forget;
Of how she must have yearned, one face,
That was not strange, to see—
Have longed one moment to have met
One look on you and me.

Sometimes I dream a happy dream—
I think that she is laid
Beside our own old church,
Where, when we so often prayed;
And I can sit upon her grave,
And with her shall lie,
Afar from where the city is noisy,
And thronging with its life.

Nay—mother—weep not so,
God judge for the best church,
And from a world of pain and woe,
He took her to his rest;
Why should we wish her back again?
Oh, freed from sin and care!
Let them rather love God's love,
Ere long to join her there.

THORVALDSEN'S FIRST LOVE.

Some fifty-five years ago, a young woman of prepossessing appearance was seated in a small back room of a house in Copenhagen, weeping bitterly. In her lap lay a few trinkets and other small articles, evidently keepsakes which she had received from time to time. She took up one after the other, and turned them over and over; but she could scarcely distinguish them through her blinding tears. Thus she buried her face in her hands, and rocked and fro in agony.

"Oh!" moaned she, "and is it this!—All my dreams of happiness are vanished—no all my hopes are dead! He will even go without bidding me farewell. Ah, *Himlen!* I have loved to see this bit of day! *Love's love God!*"

At this moment a haughty tap at the door was followed by the entrance of the object of her grief. He was a young man about twenty-five years of age, his person middle sized and strongly built, his features massive, regular, attractive—his long hair flaxen, his eye blue. This was Bertel Thorvaldsen—a name which has since then sounded throughout the world, as that of the most illustrious sculptor of modern times. His step was firm and quick, his eyes bright, and his features glowing, as he entered the room; but when he beheld the attitude of the weeping female, a shade passed over his countenance, as he gently walked up to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder, murmured, "Amalie!"

"Bertel!" answered a smothered voice. The young Dane drew a chair to her side, and, although took her tear-bedewed hands. "Amalie!" and he, after a pause broken only by her quivering sobs, "I am come to bid thee farewell. I go in the morning."

She ceased weeping, raised her face, and, releasing her hands, pushed back her dishevelled hair. Then she wiped her eyes, and gazed on him in a way that made his own drop. "Bertel!" said she, in a solemn tone, "but of all reproaches, 'Bertel, why did you win my affection?' why did you lead me to hope that I should become the wife of your bosom?"

"I always meant it; I mean it now." She shook her head mournfully, and taking up the trinkets, murmured, "Do you remember what you said when you gave me these?"

"What you said you love, Amalie? I said I loved you; I love you still—but—"
"What you loved me, Amalie? I said I loved you; I love you still—but—"
"What you loved me, Amalie? I said I loved you; I love you still—but—"
Thorvaldsen started, and his features

flushed; for he felt acutely the truth of her words.

"Yes, you will leave *gamle Danmark*—you will leave your poor, fond old father and mother, whose early hope and only earthly joy it is in you—you will leave me, and all who love the sound of your footsteps, and go to the distant land, and forget us all!"

"Min Fige! you are cruel and unjust. I shall come back to my old father and mother—come back to those, and we shall be happy again."

"Never, Bertel!—never! When once you have gone, there is no more happiness for us. In heaven we may all meet again; on earth, never! O no, never more will you see in this life either your parents or your broken-hearted Amalie!"—and again her sobs burst forth.

Thorvaldsen abruptly rose from his chair and paced the room in agitation. He was much distressed, and once or twice he glanced at Amalie with evident hesitation. His past life, the pleasures of his youth, the endeared scenes and friends of his childhood, the affection of Amalie, the anguish of his parents at the approaching separation, all vividly passed in review, and he whispered to stay and be happy in the city of his birth. But a vision of Rome rose also, and beckoned him thither to earn renown, wealth, and earthly immortality—The pride of conscious genius swelled in his soul, and he felt that the die was cast forever.

He re-seated himself by the side of Amalie, and once more took her hand. She looked up, and in one glance read his thoughts. "Go," said she, "go and fulfill your destiny. God's will be done! You will become a great man—you will be the champion of princes and of kings, and your name will extend the fame of your country to the uttermost parts of the earth. I see it all; and let my selfish love perish! Only promise this; when you are hereafter in the full blaze of your triumph, sometimes turn aside from your high-born, loved ones, who are thronging around, and drop one tear to the memory of the lowly Danish girl who loved you better than herself. Bertel, farewell!"

The next day Thorvaldsen quitted Copenhagen for Rome, where he resided nearly the whole remainder of his long life, and more than realized his own wildest aspirations of fame. But the prophecy of poor Amalie was literally fulfilled—she never more beheld his parents, nor her, his first love!

Nearly half a century had elapsed, and again the scene was Copenhagen, and the streets were densely crowded with eager, strutting spectators, and every window of every house was filled with sadly expectant faces. At length the cry, "They come!" was echoed from group to group, and the crowd swayed to and fro, under the sympathetic swell of one common emotion.

A withered old woman was seated at the upper window of a house, and when the cry was taken up, she raised her wrinkled countenance, and passed her hands over her eyes, as though to clear away the mist of more than seventy winters. An immense procession drew nigh. Appropriate military music preceded a corpse being conveyed to its last earthly abiding place. The King of the land, the royal family, the nobility, the clergy, the learned, the brave, the gifted, the renowned, walked after it. The banners of mourning were waved, the trumpets wailed, and ten thousands sobs broke alike from stern and gentle breasts, and tears from the eye of warriors as well as lovely women showered like rain. It was the funeral of Bertel Thorvaldsen, with the Danish nation for mourners! And she, the old woman who gazed at it as it slowly wound—she was Amalie, his first love!—Thorvaldsen had never married, neither had she.

"Ah, *Himlen!*" murmured the old woman, wiping away tears from a source which for many long years had been dry, "how marvellous is the will of God! To think that I should live to behold this sight!—Poor, poor Bertel! Ah that I predicted come to pass; but, ah me! who knows whether you might not have enjoyed a happier life, after all, had you stayed with your old father and mother, and married me. Ah, *Himlen!* there's only one can tell! Poor Bertel!"

Four years more sped, and one fine Sabbath morning an aged and decrepit female painfully dragged her weary limbs through the crowded lower rooms of that wondrous building known as Thorvaldsen's Museum. She paused not to glance at the matchless works of the sculptor, but crept onward until she reached an open doorway leading into the inner quadrangle, in the centre of which a low tomb of gray marble enclosed the mortal remains of him whose hand once stepped the works which fill the edifice. Step by step she drew close to the tomb, and sank on the pavement by its side. Then she laid down her crutch, and pressed her bony hands tightly over her aching brow.

"*Ja, ja!*" murmured she; "they told me he lay here, and I prayed to God to grant me strength to crawl to the spot—and he has heard me. Ah, *Himlen!* I can die happy now!"

She withdrew her hands, and peered at the simple but all-comprehensive inscription of "Bertel Thorvaldsen," deeply out on one side of the tomb. Then she raised her fore-finger, and earnestly traced with it every letter to the end.

Smiling feebly, she let fall her hand and complacently sighed, while an evanescent gleam of subtle emotion lighted up her lineaments. "Tis true; he moulders here. Poor Bertel, we shall meet him again—in heaven!"

Her eyes closed, and her hand slowly sank on her breast, in which attitude she remained until one of the officers of the museum, who had noticed her singular behaviour, came up. "Gammel kone," (old wife), said he, "what are you doing?"

She answered not; and he slightly touched her shoulder, thinking she was asleep. Her body gently slid to the ground at the touch, and he then saw that she slept the sleep of death.

The Death Bed.

"Come," said Helen Randolph to the beautiful girl, as the two lingered on the door-step—we can at least see Emma for a moment, and if there is any thing repulsive we can leave directly."

"I do not like to behold a dying person," murmured the other, shrinking back; "I never did, and never wish to."

But they say she is very calm and does not suffer much; we ought to go; for she was our early playmate and our dearest friend; come, forget your scruples this once and let us enter together."

So saying, the young girl rang the door-bell and was ushered in by an old servant, whose eyes were swollen with weeping. "Hellen knew the way; her feet had grown accustomed to it the last few weeks."

The door of the chamber in which the sufferer lay was slightly ajar, and the fragrant breath of the jessamine draping the open window, filled the room with its sweet odor.

The girls entered softly; they had arrived at the most impressive hour—the last. There were many in that chamber of death: mother, father, sisters, brothers, and, near even than all these, a noble young man, who had been united with the dying woman some three years, and who stood sternly in his great sorrow, a forced calmness overshadowing his features to compose.

Oh! the dreamy wildness of his eye, the pallor of his lip, cheek and brow; the woe of a man in awful in its very stillness.

A slight, shadowy form moulded the thin counterpane to its own classic beauty; the white hands held a few delicate spring buds; the glassy yet still beautiful eyes moved fondly from one dear object to another, and as the two young companions entered, lighted up with wondrous fire, a marvellous, soulful look that spoke volumes of affection. She beckoned to them, and with her dying strength grasped a hand of each.

"I am dying," she whispered, "but after weeks of incessant agony, the dear Father has granted me rest, and peace—divine peace. I have no pain; I am sinking sweetly into the arms of my Saviour."

"Oh! Eleanor, beautiful Eleanor," she said again, after a short pause, turning to the loveliest of her friends, "if you know how glorious it is to be prepared for death! All night long, until early morning, have the heavenly minstrels, with their sweet harps, hovered about my bed, and even now I seem to see you blue firmament opening, and a white throng and the holy Jesus waiting to receive this poor trembling soul. I am filled with a peace which I cannot describe; at times I seem soaring upwards, united to the earth only by a silken cord, so fine and brittle that a breath will sever it from its fragile hold. I tremble with this holy delight; it is more than I can bear; come, oh! Father, come quickly!"

She ejaculated fervently, while the warm radiance of morning lent a halo to her pure brow that could not be of earth. There was a long pause; no one word but the least whisper would have seemed sacrilege in that peaceful chamber of the dying.

She laid with her large lids closed over those beautiful eyes; how long, and soft, and silken, were the brown lashes, tremulous in the blue-veined cheek; but at last she raised them languidly, and fixed her gaze upon her husband.

"Sweet husband—sweet mother—blessed ones all—farewell. Charles, kiss me for the last time; and as he bent towards her she wound her thin arms lovingly around his neck; and pressed him tightly to her dying bosom. Then, only then, one mortal tear trembled upon her lashes; it was the last mirror from her heart in which earthly love might shine reflected.

All drew silently near and received, one after another, a pressure of the cold hand; many gazed from the room to give vent to the choking sobs that could no longer be restrained.

She moved her pale lips, and gazed imploringly at her husband. The motion was understood, and he softly brought to her a beautiful bowl, which she raised to her lips, and sipped it on the pillow by her side, and a soft

smile parted her lips as she whispered, slowly and distinctly, "My Father will take care of him."

And then she clasped her hands and raised them as if in triumph; a bright light seemingly broke over all her features; rays of glory and beauty shone in her dying eyes; her brow grew whiter and more transparent, and with a loud outburst of "Glorious God, heavenly home—I come, I come," she fell asleep.

The two friends had stood, the one in calm sorrow, for she was a Christian—the other in transfixed wonder. Naught was heard now but mourning and lamentation; the lonely husband had thrown himself down by the bedside, and his heavy groans pierced every heart. Eleanor wept, and as she passed from the chamber of the happy dead, she exclaimed, "I never before felt the force of these words, 'let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his'; what are wealth, station, beauty, alas!"

"Come with me, then, Eleanor, and let us both walk in her footsteps that we may depart as serenely," murmured Helen Randolph in a low tone.

And like music sounded the answer to her ears, "thy Redeemer shall be my Redeemer, thy God shall be my God."

The Dying Boy.

BY JAMES O'REILLY.

Mother, mother, I am dying,
Falling, dying, mother dear,
Come and kiss my pale cheek, mother,
And my dying moments cheer.

Draw your chair just nearer, mother,
Sit here close by my bed,
And tell me you will think of Willie,
When his form lies with the dead.

Ever good to you've proved,
Best of mothers, gentle, mild;
Sweetest counsellor when I'm a child,
Ride me, mother, when I lie down.

Say, are not these heavenly sounds I
Hark! to what ethereal music,
Richly, all the air arounds.

"The SECRET."—I noticed, said Franklin, a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house erected but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance.

Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret, Dr.," he replied, "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work, she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home, she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then she is sure to be ready to do as she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody." What an influence then both woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions. Speak gently, then, a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful.

THE FLOWER GIRL OF WYOMING.

Ingham, the painter, has left after him a portrait of the Flower Girl of Wyoming, which is regarded by connoisseurs as a work of art of great merit. Connected with this picture of the Flower Girl, is the following romantic but really authentic story:

Many years ago a gentleman from England was travelling at his leisure, in the coaches of the United States mail, down the charming valley of Wyoming, and on a certain occasion chanced to tarry for a short time in the village of that name. It was mid-summer, and while enjoying his after-dinner cigar on the portico of the tavern, a young girl suddenly made her appearance, offering for sale, in the innocence and modesty of her heart, a basket of fresh flowers. He purchased a handsome bouquet, and when the coach was ready, continued his journey. Week passed on, but wherever he wandered he was continually haunted by the surpassing loveliness of the unknown flower girl of Wyoming, and he soon found himself once more a sojourner at the village inn. He had by this time become so deeply interested in the strange girl that he had made many inquiries about her condition, and found that she was the only daughter of poor but highly respected parents. With these parents he finally became acquainted, and in the process of time obtained permission to place the daughter at one of the principal female seminaries of the country. While she was storing her mind with knowledge, her benefactor was living in England, and he soon found himself once more a sojourner at the village inn. He had by this time become so deeply interested in the strange girl that he had made many inquiries about her condition, and found that she was the only daughter of poor but highly respected parents. With these parents he finally became acquainted, and in the process of time obtained permission to place the daughter at one of the principal female seminaries of the country. While she was storing her mind with knowledge, her benefactor was living in England, and he soon found himself once more a sojourner at the village inn.

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Fashionable Preaching and long Sermons.

The following paragraph is extracted from a work, recently published, entitled "Mutterings and Musings of an Invalid," by John S. Taylor. None but a patient half dead with bile could give such a bearing as follows to

A FASHIONABLE PREACHER.

"The blessed sun is out again, at last. We have had a beautiful, tranquil Sabbath day—went to church this morning. Well, it has done me any good! I am any wiser or better for it! I am not a whit more, I am not an inch nearer the kingdom of heaven than before—my own fault, no doubt; I didn't go in the right spirit; I didn't go as a poor erring sinner should go, to ask pardon for my offenses, and to return thanks for undeserved benefits—oh, no, I went for exercise, for change of scene, I went for music, to have my fancy tickled, my wit brightened. I was disappointed, most thoroughly cheated; the atmosphere was oppressive, the music poor, the sermon heavy as lead—I had much better have stayed at home, reading Jeremy Taylor—still, I was served right; I had no business to go, from such motives. And yet, was it my fault? I think not—I think the minister himself was quite as much to blame—at least he seemed to me to be—thinking of himself far more than his flock—"

to be more anxious about parading his eloquence than about exhibiting the truth of God's word in earnest, about the salvation of his own soul, and those of his flock, have read the hymns in that pompous, theatrical style I could have put up such a petition to the throne of Grace, so stuffed with polysyllables and epithets! What was the use of that long string of attributes, drawn out in that affected way? why into all those historical details? why business had they in a prayer! why that painfully elaborated climax, toward the close? why that awful dropping of the voice at the word Amen? Why, too, spend a good half hour, piling up this vain mass of words, wearying us all out, in body and mind, when a few brief, earnest, fervent sentences could have been infinitely more edifying to the hearers, more acceptable to God! And a large all, how could a pastor, worthy of the name, presume to put such sorry food as that upon his sheep, in the way of sermon? Meager, miserable trash! self-noise, wind, gesture; buldest of common-places, not a solitary new idea; not one fresh, fragrant flower of fancy, from beginning to end; a mere showy humbug throughout; and yet, strange to say, this man is popular; he has a handsome, well-filled church, and a substantial salary. But is it so strange, after all! perhaps not; for though they defect in learning, genius, and any thing like true eloquence, yet has he not a fine person, graceful attitudes, a musical voice! I do not his line always speaks! hasn't he always a pleasant word for the women? I don't he handle the babies adroitly, at all christenings? I don't he form a noble figure-head for a wedding? Was St. Paul himself at all comparable to him in any of these particulars? and are not these gifts quite as acceptable, in this degenerate age, as fervor, piety, self-devotion, thoughts that breathe, and words that burn? I can't help thinking, that if the glorious Apostle were alive to-day, and were asked to preach a sermon, he would be grieved to find that he would have the opportunity—three-quarters of them would be for retaining the present incumbent; the other would only make them uncomfortable; he would be quite too personal; would be saying all manner of unpleasing, irritating things. He never would consent, to having a profane drunkard for an organist! He couldn't sit still in his pulpit, while a notorious, shameless harlot was officiating in the choir as first soprano—oh, no, he would be breeding a perfect tumult in the church, within a week; so it is, things go on smoothly;—a mind his own business, and let the music committee mind their own business, and the people are contented, and an awkward reformer, never handles forbidden topics, and sees what a quiet, snug, cozy flock he has of it. Oh, what vile mockery what heartless, soulless ruses are these—and in how many churches are these numeraries practised, Sabbath after Sabbath, in the blessed name of Christianity! Are these things so, or am I a vile slanderer? How many real devoted Christians were there present this morning? I don't think a poor baker's dozen or so at most; the rest of us were mere sets of wordlings—various, sly-looking old people, and restless, flippant young ones—how listless, how indifferent! Had the preacher been speaking in the presence of one or two real reformers, instead of hammering away, as he did, upon the necessity of justification by faith, we couldn't have looked one whit more uninterested or stupid. Had the scene suddenly been changed to the opera, and had Elsie come bounding on the stage, we'd have all been wide awake to a stinking, I warrant you—what a stretching forth of necks, what a leveling of opera glasses; and had Burton come rolling in, with his funny face, and his broad jokes, we should have been, instantly, bright as buttons. Oh, what a horrible perversion, what an insult to the great founder of our faith, to put his name to such hollow, worthless services as these! Do we not need another Paul, indeed, to stir up these stagnant waters, to alarm these slumbering consciences, to create a thorough revolution and reform in the church? Oh, dear! how delighted we all were to be let out, and to fall back upon the old track—the belle to pick up her beads, and the oldsters to talk cotton and politics.

I err the unbelievers! He sees nothing above, around, or beneath him, that entitles the existence of a God, he despises, while, standing upon the footstool of Omnipotence, and while gazing upon the dazzling throne of the Eternal, he abhors his intellect to the light of reason, and seems rather of a God—O, Charles!

To see in private to what an extent, to inquire or answer inquiries, in the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world, without pomp or terror, and is neither feared nor respected by any one like himself.

A SENSIBLE LAWYER.—The Frankford Herald is responsible for the following:

"A little incident transpired some weeks ago at one of our Frankford hotels, which under the present temperance excitement is not unworthy of notice. The names of the parties we shall withhold from the public for some cause."

A little girl entered the tavern, and in plaintive tones told the keeper that her mother had sent her there to get eight cents. "Eight cents?" said the tavern keeper. "What does your mother want with eight cents? I don't owe her anything?"

"Well," said the child, "father spends all his money there for rum, and we have had nothing to eat to-day. Mother wants to buy a loaf of bread."

A lesser landlord at the bar, looked at the child, and then at the tavern keeper, and said very gravely, "—the bread—look here, son!"

"No," said the keeper, "I will give her the eight cents; and if her father comes here again, I'll kick him out."

SALT AND WINE WORKS.

We find the following in the *Préface* of a late date, which is another strong evidence of the efficacy of salt, even when but sparingly applied, to rid the soil of these vexatious and injurious pests:

"On taking possession of a piece of ground some years ago, for a garden near the city, but that, out upon the prairie, we found it infested with wire worms. They were present by thousands in every part of the soil, and the question was how to get rid of them. Two years after, we procured some refuse salt, and sowed it at the rate of 33 bushels per acre, in the fall of the year. On working the ground the next summer these worms had nearly all gone away, and now there is scarcely a solitary resident left. This would seem to justify salt here."

CONTRACT FOR BREAD.—It is not generally known that one of the best articles that can be given to a wife, when in preparation for the tub is common salt. The medicinal properties are so great that they have substituted it with water, and it is used for the purpose of curing the most obstinate cases of rheumatism, and for the cure of many other diseases. It is also used for the cure of many other diseases. It is also used for the cure of many other diseases.

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