

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

VOLUME XXIII.}

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 21, 1852.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUUM.

NUMBER 10.

A Cottager's Lament.
An Englishisher, whose child was suddenly killed by the falling of a beam, wrote the following lines, suggested by the melancholy event—
They are touchingly beautiful:

Sweet, laughing child!—the cottage door
Stands free and open now;
But, oh! its sunshine gilds no more
The gladness of thy bower!
Thy merry star has passed away;
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.
The mother by the fireside sits,
And listens for thy call;
And slowly—slowly, as she knits,
Her quiet tears downfall;
Her little hindring thing is gone;
And undisturbed she may work on!

Dreams of the Past.

Dreams of the past! oh tell me not
'Tis wise to seek the fabled bower,
Whose magic stream has power to blot
Each by-gone scene from memory's book.
Thy sorrow's cloud a shadow flings
Across the pages once so fair,
I'd rather bear the pang it brings,
Than lose a line that's written there.

Confidence.

Amidst the dull cares that surround us in life,
In the moments of bliss that illumine our way,
When the bosom is torn with contention and strife,
Or thrill'd with delight at the scenes we survey,
Oh! blest is the man, who can freely repine
In the heart of a friend all his joys and his woes.

THE LILY AND THE STAR.

A pale Lily grew in a lovely stream,
where no mortal eye had ever gazed upon
its loveliness. Alone, alone its white leaves
spread upon the water, and the tiny waves
as they hastened on, whispered to the lily
tales of the great world whither they were
going, and in her silent heart, the flower
of the forest mourned over her destiny.

"Ah, why have I no companion, why
amst I alone have none to love? I see
the Forget-me-nots gazing upon each other
with loving eyes, and the white Star-flowers
hang in clusters together. I, only, in
this bright world, have no companion."

Alas! I, only, am miserable. Why was I
made thus beautiful, when there are none
to behold me? Why were glorious thoughts
given me, where there are none with whom
I can share them? Oh, that I could fol-
low the sportive waves into the great world,
there to find the sympathy and love which
I crave."

And the mournful Lily folded her pale
leaves around her proud heart, that the
joyous flowers, blooming near, might not
hear her complaining.

The golden sun sank behind the hills,
night fell upon the forest, and the blue
Forget-me-nots and white Star-flowers,
hushed by the softened lullaby of the
stream, closed their gentle eyes. Not so
the pale Lily! Mournfully she thought
of her sad fate, as she mingled her sighs
with the moaning waves.

The stars came forth, illuminating the
glorious blue sky, and gazing downward
upon the sleeping earth. One there was,
who from his lofty throne on high looked
with loving eye into the heart of the lone-
ly Lily, and saw how sad it was, because,
knowing the power of love, it yet loved
not. Therefore the star sent its bright
rays downward and said :

"Look up, flower of beauty, mourn not
that none of thine own kind are near, on
whom to bestow thy love. Look upward;
thine is a higher destiny—even to be loved
by one of the hierarchy of heaven! Fair
and mournful flower, will this satisfy the
strange yearnings of thy nature?"

And the Lily looked up into the pure
eye of the star, and wept with joy.

"Oh, why have I murmured, why long-
ed to leave this wilderness? Alas! I
have ever bent my gaze downward, nor
thought of the blue heavens illuminated by
glorious stars. Ah, how could I dream
that an humble flower of earth would be
loved by a heavenly star."

A new soul and heart were hers, and in
joy the long watches of the night passed a-
way. The Lily sighed not until the rosy
dawn awakened in the eastern sky, and
the star of her love nurtured a fond fare-
well.

Bright were the smiles with which she
greeted the blue Forget-me-nots and the
Star-flowers, who wondered much what had
so changed the mourning one; but over in
her heart she longed for the evening hour,
when once more she might commune with
the beautiful Star. And brighter still
were the smiles with which she welcomed
the darkness that brought her to light,
and night after night, in joy passed away.

No longer was the fair Lily mournful,
and faint and weary, the pale, bruised flower
would fain have rested in her onward
course—but no; faster and faster the wild
waves whirled her on, mocking her grief.

"The world, the world, we are going to
the great world. Thou wouldst notarry now,
faint-hearted flower. Was it for this
thou didst bid to thy silent home in the
woods?"

The depths of her heart echoed in an-
guish, "If as it for this, was it for this!"

NOW the distance roared a fierce cat-
act—faster and faster the waves hurried
on, and with them the flower.

"Beyond the cataract lies the world,"

they said, and when the Lily answered, "I
shall die fall from that awful height,"

they only laughed and hooded her not.—

Yet, ere they reached it, one, in pity or
shame, dashed the poor sufferer upon a
rock, and whirling on, left her there to die.

Mourful thoughts filled the soul of the
dying flower. "O! that I had never left

my beautiful home; that I had never re-
pined at my happy destiny. The star of

my love, the glorious one, still shines in
brightness there, and I, also, never until

now have been alone. Oh, foolish heart,
wayward fancy, why didst thou lead me
away? Why didst thou listen to the voice
of the tempest?"

The sun had sunk below the distant hor-

izon, amid gorgeous clouds of purple and
gold. Its last rays illuminated the pale and
withered Lily, and imparted a faint radi-
ance to the lonely dying one. Then darkness
veiled the earth, and the stars of heaven
made glorious the cloudless sky.

"Oh, that I could die and be at rest.—
The only being that I love conceals his
bright form from my sight. Was it pro-
perty in me, a poor flower of earth, to
love a glorious star of heaven? Ah, yes,
the cruel one but mocked me with his pre-
tended love, and now laughs at my dis-
pair?"

Foolish flower! Couldst thou not see
that dark clouds covered the sky?—
Couldst thou not believe in the love of the
unseen one? Oh, thou of little faith.

As she wept in bitterness of spirit, a
beautiful snake, with brilliant eyes, gazed
upon her from the shore, and at length
spoke to her thus:

"Queen of flowers, who dost thou mourn?
Thou who art so beautiful that all the
world would die for thee? Only tell me
how I can relieve thy sorrow?"

The flower raised her head scornfully,
but the proud words she meant to utter
died away when she encountered the
strange bright eyes, and she answered not.

Then wild thoughts came to her soul, and
she murmured,

"Oh, that I were free to leave this
wilderness—that I could go into the great
world, which is full of love and beauty.—
There I could forget the false star; there
would my aching heart find rest. Couldst
thou help me to this, bright-eyed one, then
from my soul would I thank thee."

DEPARTED BLESSINGS.—It is often said,
and with great truth, that we rarely per-
ceive the value of our blessings till they
are taken from us. The preciousness of health
is seldom realized till disease and
languor invade our frame. The common
comforts of life are scarcely thought of
with grateful feelings until we are denied
them. Then we sigh for their return, and
enjoy their recovery with a relish unknown
before.

Above all, never do we appreciate friends
and relatives, as when they have taken
leave of us and gone to the land of spirits.
We have seen the family bereaved of a
mother, a sister, or wife. The funeral
rites are performed and the body is in its
resting place beneath the sod. Day after
day passes but the gloom is not disappeared.

The grief lingers there and hangs a-
round the vacant chair. We miss her at the
morning meal—we miss her at the evening
fireside. Every object reminds us of her.

Here is the book she cherished; there the
flower she watched and watered. The
tones of her voice—the beam of her eye,
the sunshine of her countenance, are ever
before us. We sigh, but she answers not.

We long for one little word from her lips,
but it is unbroken. We think of her ways,
her virtues, of everything but her failings,
and we wonder that we loved her no more
while living; we lament that we ever grieved
and wounded one so gentle and so good.

These thoughts should lead us to prize
those who love us, while they are yet with us,
for to be assured, we shall mourn bitterly
over our neglect, our harshness, our wrong
doing, when the grave has closed over them.

MARSHAL NEV'S DEATH SCENE.—The
vengeance of the allied powers demanded
some victims; and intrepid Nev, who had
well nigh put the crown on Napoleon's
head at Waterloo, was to be one of them.
Condemned to be shot, he was led to the
garden of Luxembourg on the morning of
the 8th of December, and placed in front of
a file of soldiers, drawn up to kill him.—
One of the officers stepped up to bandage
his eyes, but he repulsed him, saying,—

"Are you ignorant that for twenty-five
years I have been accustomed to face both
ball and bullet?" He then lifted his hat
above his head, and with the same calm
voice that had steadied his column, so fre-
quently in the roar and tumult of battle,
said, "I deduce before God and man,
and he among the most favored minds that
adorned a nation, that I never betrayed my country. May
my death render her happy. Vive la France!" He then turned to the soldiers, and
striking his hand on his heart, gave the
order, "Soldiers, fire!" A simultaneous
discharge followed, and the "bravest
of the brave" sank to rise no more. He
who had fought his hundred battles for
France, and not one against her, was shot
as a traitor! As I looked on the spot
where he fell, I could not but sigh over his fate.
He truly, he broke his oath of allegiance—
so did others, carried away by their
attachment to Napoleon, and the enthusiasm
which hailed his approach to Paris—
still he was not a traitor.

The depths of her heart echoed in an-
guish, "If as it for this, was it for this!"

NOW the distance roared a fierce cat-
act—faster and faster the waves hurried
on, and with them the flower.

"Beyond the cataract lies the world,"

they said, and when the Lily answered, "I
shall die fall from that awful height,"

they only laughed and hooded her not.—

Yet, ere they reached it, one, in pity or
shame, dashed the poor sufferer upon a
rock, and whirling on, left her there to die.

Mourful thoughts filled the soul of the
dying flower. "O! that I had never left

my beautiful home; that I had never re-
pined at my happy destiny. The star of

my love, the glorious one, still shines in
brightness there, and I, also, never until

now have been alone. Oh, foolish heart,
wayward fancy, why didst thou lead me
away? Why didst thou listen to the voice
of the tempest?"

The sun had sunk below the distant hor-

WINN ALSTON.

The Boston Atlas, after remarking that
the strong devotional feelings of late
distinguished artist, formed one of the most
prominent traits in his beautiful character,
relates the following remarkable incident
of his life:

Not long after his marriage with his
first wife, the sister of the late Dr. Chan-
ning, he made his second visit to Europe.
After a residence there of a little more
than a year, his pecuniary wants became
very pressing and urgent—more so than
at any other period of his life. He was
even, at times, at a loss for the means of
purchasing the necessities of life. On
one of these occasions, as he himself used
to narrate the event, he was in his studio,
reflecting, with a feeling of almost despera-
tion, upon his condition. His conscience
seemed to tell him that he had deserved
all his afflictions, and drawn them upon him-
self by his irreligious neglect of religion,
and by want of due gratitude for the past
favors from Heaven. His heart, all at
once, seemed filled with the hope that God
would listen to his prayers, if he would
offer up his direct expression of penitence,
and ask for divine aid. He accordingly
locked his door, withdrew to a corner of
the room, threw himself upon his knees,
and prayed for a loaf of bread for himself
and his wife. While thus employed, a knock
was heard at the door. A feeling of momentary
shame at being detected in his secret
prayer caused him to turn his back to the
knock, and labor under a discharge from
the nostrils, the mucus may be put into the
manger while hot, with a view of steaming
the nasal passages, and favoring the
discharge of the morbid accumulation. It
is our general practice, when treating horses
when scalped, make an excellent diet for
sick animals. The usual mode of preparation
is to turn two or three quarts of
shorts, as they are familiarly termed, into
a scalding water, to which add boiling
water, so that the mixture when stirred,
shall be about the consistence of a soft
pudding; it is then to be covered with a
cloth, and not given to the horse until suffi-
ciently cool. When a horse has taken
cold, and labors under a discharge from
the nostrils, the mucus may be put into the
manger while hot, with a view of steaming
the nasal passages, and favoring the
discharge of the morbid accumulation. It
is our general practice, when treating horses
when scalped, make an excellent diet for
sick animals. The usual mode of preparation
is to turn two or three quarts of
shorts, as they are familiarly termed, into
a scalding water, to which add boiling
water, so that the mixture when stirred,
shall be about the consistence of a soft
pudding; it is then to be covered with a
cloth, and not given to the horse until suffi-
ciently cool. When a horse has taken
cold, and labors under a discharge from
the nostrils, the mucus may be put into the
manger while hot, with a view of steaming
the nasal passages, and favoring the
discharge of the morbid accumulation. It
is our general practice, when treating horses
when scalped, make an excellent diet for
sick animals. The usual mode of preparation
is to turn two or three quarts of
shorts, as they are familiarly termed, into
a scalding water, to which add boiling
water, so that the mixture when stirred,
shall be about the consistence of a soft
pudding; it is then to be covered with a
cloth, and not given to the horse until suffi-
ciently cool. When a horse has taken
cold, and labors under a discharge from
the nostrils, the mucus may be put into the
manger while hot, with a view of steaming
the nasal passages, and favoring the
discharge of the morbid accumulation. It
is our general practice, when treating horses
when scalped, make an excellent diet for
sick animals. The usual mode of preparation
is to turn two or three quarts of
shorts, as they are familiarly termed, into
a scalding water, to which add boiling
water, so that the mixture when stirred,
shall be about the consistence of a soft
pudding; it is then to be covered with a
cloth, and not given to the horse until suffi-
ciently cool. When a horse has taken
cold, and labors under a discharge from
the nostrils, the mucus may be put into the
manger while hot, with a view of steaming
the nasal passages, and favoring the
discharge of the morbid accumulation. It
is our general practice, when treating horses
when scalped, make an excellent diet for
sick animals. The usual mode of preparation
is to turn two or three quarts of
shorts, as they are familiarly termed, into
a scalding water, to which add boiling
water, so that the mixture when stirred,
shall be about the consistence of a soft
pudding; it is then to be covered with a
cloth, and not given to the horse until suffi-
ciently cool. When a horse has taken
cold, and labors under a discharge from
the nostrils, the mucus may be put into the
manger while hot, with a view of steaming
the nasal passages, and favoring the
discharge of the morbid accumulation. It
is our general practice, when treating horses
when scalped, make an excellent diet for
sick animals. The usual mode of preparation
is to turn two or three quarts of
shorts, as they are familiarly termed, into
a scalding water, to which add boiling
water, so that the mixture when stirred,
shall be about the consistence of a soft
pudding; it is then to be covered with a
cloth, and not given to the horse until suffi-
ciently cool. When a horse has taken
cold, and labors under a discharge from
the nostrils, the mucus may be put into the
manger while hot, with a view of steaming
the nasal passages, and favoring the
discharge of the morbid accumulation. It
is our general practice, when treating horses
when scalped, make an excellent diet for
sick animals. The usual mode of preparation
is to turn two or three quarts of
shorts, as they are familiarly termed, into
a scalding water, to which add boiling
water, so that the mixture when stirred,
shall be about the consistence of a soft
pudding; it is then to be covered with a
cloth, and not given to the horse until suffi-
ciently cool. When a horse has taken
cold, and labors under a discharge from
the nostrils, the mucus may be put into the
manger while hot, with a view of steaming
the nasal passages, and favoring the
discharge of the morbid accumulation. It
is our general practice, when treating horses
when scalped, make an excellent diet for
sick animals. The usual mode of preparation
is to turn two or three quarts of
shorts, as they are familiarly termed, into
a scalding water, to which add boiling
water, so that the mixture when stirred,
shall be about the consistence of a soft
pudding; it is then to be covered with a
cloth, and not given to the horse until suffi-
ciently cool. When a horse has taken
cold, and labors under a discharge from
the nostrils, the mucus may be put into the
manger while hot, with a view of steaming
the nasal passages, and favoring the
discharge of the morbid accumulation. It
is our general practice, when treating horses
when scalped, make an excellent diet for
sick animals. The usual mode of preparation
is to turn two or three quarts of
shorts, as they are familiarly termed, into
a scalding water, to which add boiling
water, so that the mixture when stirred,
shall be about the consistence of a soft
pudding; it is then to be covered with a
cloth, and not given to the horse until suffi-
ciently cool. When a horse has taken
cold, and labors under a discharge from
the nostrils, the mucus may be put into the
manger while hot, with a view of steaming
the nasal passages, and favoring the
discharge of the morbid accumulation. It
is our general practice, when treating horses
when scalped, make an excellent diet for
sick animals. The usual mode of preparation
is to turn two or three quarts of
shorts, as they are familiarly termed, into
a scalding water, to which add boiling
water, so that the mixture when stirred,
shall be about the consistence of a soft
pudding; it is then to be covered with a
cloth, and not given to the horse until suffi-
ciently cool. When a horse has taken
cold, and labors under a discharge from
the nostrils, the mucus may be put into the
manger while hot, with a view of steaming
the nasal passages, and favoring the
discharge of the morbid accumulation. It
is our general practice, when treating horses
when scalped, make an excellent diet for
sick animals. The usual mode of preparation
is to turn two or three quarts of
shorts, as they are familiarly termed, into
a scalding water, to which add boiling
water, so that the mixture when stirred,
shall be about the consistence of a soft
pudding; it is then to be covered with a
cloth, and not given to the horse until suffi-
ciently cool. When a horse has taken
cold, and labors under a discharge from
the nostrils, the mucus may be put into the
manger while hot, with a view of steaming
the nasal passages, and favoring the
discharge of the morbid accumulation. It
is