

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

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The Wilted Bouquet.

(To the Lady who gave me a Bouquet of Flowers, the following lines are respectfully inscribed.)
Ah! my pretty bouquet, my cherished bouquet
How faded and withered at last!
All its freshness and fragrance have passed—
And, ah! how bright and my blushing bouquet,
So beautiful, prized and so fair!
It stood in a vase in my window all day,
And I watched it at even with care.
Sweet flowers in rapture, in silence they stood,
And trembled and blushed all the while.
If some wild spirit would pass as it should,
And I watched it at even with care.

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WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The golden rays of a summer afternoon were streaming through the windows of a quiet apartment where everything was the picture of an orderly repose. Gently and noiselessly it glided, gliding the glossy old chairs polished by years of care, fluttering with flickering gleam on the book cases, by the fire and antique China vases on the mantel, and even coquetting with sparkling fanciful gaiety over the face of a peculiarly antique clock, which thought at times apparently coaxed almost to the verge of a smile, still continued its inevitable tick as for a century before.

On the hearth rug lay outstretched a great Maltese cat evidently enjoying the beam that fell upon his sober sides and lazily opening and shutting his great green eyes as if lost in luxuriant contemplation.

But the most characteristic feature in the whole picture was that of an angel woman, who sat quietly looking to and fro, in a great chair by the side of a large round table covered with books. There was a quiet beauty in that placid face—that silvery hair brushed neatly under the snowy border of the cap. Every line in that furrowed face, told some tale of sorrow long assuaged and passions hushed to rest; as on the calm ocean shore the golden furrowed sand shows traces of storms and fluctuations long past.

On the round green covered table beside her lay the quiet companion of her age, the large bible, whose pages like the gayer of the celestial city, were not shut all day; a few old standard books, and the pleasant ripling, knitting, whose dreamy irresponsible monotony is the best music of the ages. A fair girl's figure was seated by the table—the dress bonnet had fallen back on her shoulders, the soft cheeks were suffred and earnest, the long lashes and veiled eyes were eloquent of subdued feelings as she read aloud from the letter in her hand. It was from "our Harry"—a name to both of them comprising all that was dear and valued on earth, for he was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow"—yet he had not always been an only one; flower-er after flower on the tree of her life had bloomed and died, now gradually as waters cut off from many channels, the streams of love had centered deeper in this last and only one.

And in truth Harry Sargeant was all that a mother might desire or be proud of; a vigorous, high minded, witty and talented, and with a strong and noble physical development, he seemed born to command the love of woman. The only trouble with him was in common parlance that he was too clever a fellow—he was too impressive, too versatile, too attractive, and too much in demand for his own good. He always brooded about him as honey does flies, and was indispensable everywhere, and to everybody, and it needs a steady hand and firm nerves for such a one to caparison.

Harry's course in college, though brilliant in scholarship, had been critical and perilous. He was a decided favorite with the faculty and students, yet it required a great deal of hard working and adroit management on the part of his instructors to bring him through without any infringement of college laws and proprieties, not that he ever meant the least harm in his life, but that some extra generous impulse, some Quixotic generosity was always tugging him neck and heels into somebody's scrape and making him part and parcel in every piece of mischief that was going on.

With all this promised, there is no need to say that Harry was a special favorite of the ladies; in truth, it was a confessed fact among his acquaintances, that where a dozen of credible, respectable, well-to-do young men, might besiege female hearts with all proper formalities, waiting at the gates, and watching at the posts of the doors in vain, yet before him all gates and passages seemed to fly open of their own accord; nevertheless there was in his native village one quiet maiden, who alone held in her hand the key that could unlock his heart in return, and carried silently in her heart the spell that could fetter that brilliant restless spirit; and she it was of the thoughtful brow and down cast eyes whom we saw in our picture bending over the letter with his mother.

That mother Harry loved to idolatry. She was to his mind an impersonation of all that was lovely, in womanhood, hallowed and sanctified by age, by wisdom, by sorrow, and his love for her was a beautiful union of protective tenderness, with veneration, and to his Ellen it seemed the best the most sacred evidence of the nobleness of his nature, and of the worth of the heart which he had pledged to her.

Nevertheless, there was danger overhanging the heads of the three; a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, rising in the horizon of their hopes, yet destined to burst upon them dark and dreadful in a future day.

In those scenes of college hilarity where Harry had been so indispensable, the bright poetic wine cup had freely circulated, and often amid the flush of conversation and the genial excitement of the hour, he drank free and deeper than was best.

He said, it is true, that he cared nothing for it, that it was nothing to him, that it never affected him, and all those things that young men always say, when the cup of Orléans is beginning to work with them. Friends were annoyed, became anxious, remonstrated, but he laughed at their fears, and insisted on knowing himself best. At last, with a sudden start and shiver of his mortal nature, he was awake to a dreadful perception of his danger, and resolved on decided and determinate resistance. During this period he came to Cincinnati to establish himself in business, and at this time the temperance reformation was in the full tide of success there, he found everything to strengthen his resolution; temperance meetings and speeches were all the mode—young men of the first standing were its patrons and supporters;

wine was quite in the vogue, and seemed really in a state of being "fined out of society." In such a turn of affairs, to sign a temperance pledge and keep it became an easy thing; temptation was scarce presented or felt, he was offered the glass in no circle, not its attraction now here, and flattered himself that he had escaped so great a danger so easily and so completely.

His usual fortune of social popularity followed him, and his visiting circle became full as large and important as a young man with anything else to do need desire. He was diligent in his application to business, began to be mentioned with approbation by the magnates as a rising young man, and had prospects daily nearing of competence and home, and all that man desires; visions, alas, never to be realized.

For after a while, the tide that had risen so high, began imperceptibly to decline. Men that had made eloquent speeches on temperance had now other things to look to; fastidious persons thought that matters had been carried too far, and ladies declared that it was old and threadbare, and getting to be cant and stuff, and the ever ready wine cup was gliding back into a more a circle, as if on sober second thoughts the community was convinced that it was a friend unjustly belied.

There is no point in the history of reform either in communities or individuals so dangerous as that where danger seems entirely past. As long as a man thinks his health failing, he watches, he diets, and will undergo the most heroic self denial; but let him once get himself down as cured, and how readily does he fall back to an indulgent habit after another, all tending to ruin everything that he has done before.

So in communities; let intemperance rage and young men go to ruin by dozens, and the very evil inspires the remedy; but when the trumpet has been sounded and the battle set in array, the victory only said and sung in speeches and newspaper paragraphs, and temperance odes and professions, then comes the return wave; people cry enough, the community vastly satisfied, lay down to sleep, on its laurels, and then comes the hour of danger.

But let not the man, who has once been swept down the stream of intemperate excitement almost to the verge of ruin, dream of any point of security for him. He is like one who has awakened in the rapids of Niagara, and with straining ear and mid prayers to heaven, forcing his boat upward into smoother water, where the drift of the current seems to cease, and the banks smile and all looks beautiful, and weary from rowing, lays by his oars to rest and dream, he knows not that under that smooth water still glides a current, that while he dreams, is imperceptibly but surely hurrying him back where there is no return.

Harry was just in this perilous point; he viewed danger as long past, his self-confidence was fully restored, and in his security, he began to neglect those lighter out-works of caution which he must still guard who does not mean, at last, to surrender the citadel.

PART II.
"Now girls, and boys," said Mrs. G. to her sons and daughters, "were sitting round a center table covered with new invitations, all the preliminary of a party—'what shall we have on Friday night—tea—coffee—lemonade—wine—of course not.'"

"And why not wine, mama? said the young ladies—the people are beginning to have it—they had wine at Mrs. A's, and Mrs. M's."

"Well, your papa thinks it won't do—the boys are members of the temperance society, and I don't think, girls, it will do myself."

There are a good many persons by the way who always view moral questions in the style of a will-o'-the-wisp, not what is right, but what will do.

The girls made an appropriate reply to this view of the subject by showing that Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. had done the thing, and nobody seemed to make any talk.

over young men, and Harry had loved and revered her with something of the same sentiment that he cherished towards his mother.

It was the most brilliant party of the season. Everything was got up in faultless taste, and Mrs. G. was in the very spirit of it.—The girls were looking beautifully, the rooms were splendid, there was enough and not too much of light and warmth, and everybody was doing their best to please and be cheerful. Harry was more brilliant than usual, and in fact outdone himself; wit and mind were the spirit of the hour.

"Just taste this today," said one of the sisters to him. "It has just been sent to us from Europe, and is said to be a genuine article."

"You know I'm not in that line," said Harry, laughing and coloring.

"Why not?" said another young lady, taking a glass.

"Oh the temperance pledge you know—I am one of the pillars of the order, a very apostle, it will never do for me."

"Pshaw! those temperance pledges are like the proverb, 'sounding rusty,'" said a gay girl.

"Well, but you said you had headache the beginning of the evening, and you really look pale; you certainly need it as a medicine," said Fanny. "I'll leave it to Hannah," and she turned to Mrs. G. who stood gaily entertaining a group of young people.

"Nothing more likely," replied she gaily. "I think Harry you look pale, a glass of wine will do you good."

Had Mrs. G. known all of Harry's past history and temptations, and had she not been in just the inconsiderate state that very good ladies sometimes get into at a party, she would sooner have sacrificed her right hand than to have thrown this observation into the scales, but she did, and they turned the balance for him.—"You shall be my doctor," he said, as laughing and coloring he drained the glass, and where was the harm? One glass of wine killed nobody, and yet if a man falls and knows that in that glass he sacrifices principle and conscience, every drop may be poison to the soul and body.

Harry felt at that time that a great internal barrier had given way, nor was that glass the only one that evening, another and another followed him, his spirit rose with the mild and feverish gaiety incident to his excited temperament, and what had begun in the society of ladies was completed at night in the gentlemen's saloon.

Nobody was there that one party, had done this young man, had yet to be seen. From that night his struggle of moral resistance was fatally impaired, not that he yielded at once and without desperate efforts and struggles, but gradually each struggle grew weaker, each reform shorter, each resolution more inefficient, yet at the close of the evening, all those friends, mother, brother, and sister, fettered themselves that everything had gone on so well that the next week Mr. H. thought that to would do to give wine at a party because Mrs. G. had done it last week and no harm had come from it.

Childhood.

How sweet the smile of infancy,
That playth o'er the face;
The ripple of the summer stream
Hath not a purer grace:
Methinks the violet of the vale
Must love to see an infant smile!

The happy laugh of childhood;
That gleameth on the eye;
There's not an after note of joy
That will with it compare;
It chaseeth years of care away
To hear a tone so wild and gay!

Our Little Boy.
—I am one of the pillars of the order, a very apostle, it will never do for me."

Our Little Girl.
—I am one of the pillars of the order, a very apostle, it will never do for me."

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The Man and the Vine.—In one of the early years of the creation of the world, man began to plant a vine, and Satan saw it, and drew near.

"What plantest thou, son of the earth?" said the prince of demons.

"A vine," replied the man.

"What are the properties of this tree?" "Oh, its fruit is pleasant to look at, and delicious to the taste; from it is produced a liquid which fills the heart with joy."

"Well, since wine makes glad the heart of man, I shall help thee plant this tree."

So saying the demon brought a lamb and slew it, then a lion, then an ape, and last of all, a pig, killed each in succession, and moistened the roots of the vine with the blood.

"There is to be happened ever since, that when a man drinks a small portion of wine, he becomes gentle and careless as a lamb; after a little more, strong and bold as a lion; when he takes still more, he resembles an ape in his mischievous actions; but when he has swallowed the liquid to excess, he is like a hog wallowing in the mire."

FATTENING YOUNG LADIES IN TURK.—A girl, after she is betrothed, is cooped up in a small room, with shackles of gold and silver upon her ankles and wrists.

EARLY RISING.—Happy the man who is an early riser. Every morning, day comes to him with a virgin glow, full of bloom, purity, and freshness.

DR. JOHNSTON, an eminent agriculturalist, says that if a tree be bored with an inch augur and filled with sulphur, it will kill all the insects in 24 hours thereafter, the sulphur will penetrate in every branch of the tree and thus produce its effect.

OR all the annoying men in this world, the Lord preserve us from him who thinks himself more righteous than his neighbors—who imagines that his way to Heaven is the only true way, and that those who won't believe in him, disbelieve in God.

MAN is never wrong while he lives for others; the philosopher who contemplates from the rock is a leaf noble image than the sailor who struggles with the storm.

Defence of Bachelors.

We find the following in an exchange paper, without any evidence of its authorship. As we frequently publish articles against this often abused part of the creation, it is no more than right to give place to anything that can be said in their defence:

"Bachelors are styled, by married men who have put their foot in it, as 'but half a pair of shears,' and many other cutting titles are given them, while on the other hand, they extol their own state as one of such perfect bliss that a change from earth to heaven would be somewhat of a doubtful good."

"If they are so happy, why don't they enjoy their happiness, and hold their tongues about it? What do half of the men get married for? That they may have somebody to darn their stockings, sew buttons on their shirts, and trot to babies! That they may have somebody, as a married man once said, to 'pull off their boots when they are a little balmy?'"

"These fellows are always talking of the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness, indeed! Who is pelted to death by the ladies who have marriageable daughters? Invited to tea and to evening parties, and told to 'drop in when it is convenient?'"

"The Bachelor. Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave. By all the girls who couldn't entrap him! The Bachelor—Who strews flowers on the married man's grave! His widow—not a bit of it; she pulls down the tombstone that six weeks' grief has set up in her heart and goes and gets married again, she does. Who goes to bed early because time hangs heavy on his hands?—the married man. Who has wood to split, house-hunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and lazy servant girls to look after?—the married man. Who is taken up for beating his wife?—the married man. Who gets divorced?—the married man. Finally, who has got the Scriptures on his side?—the bachelor. St. Paul knew what he was talking about.—He that marries do well, but he that does not marry does better!"

Winnio Lee is full of mischief.
Laughing all the live long day,
Merry as a chirping wild bird,
The "old" flowers love to stay;
Rightly floating round her forehead,
Give her such a dreary air,
Lips that seem to say, just parted,
"Come and kiss me if you dare!"

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—Rev. Dr. Shaw, pastor of the Rowe Street Church, baptised ten persons last Lord's day. Of this number four were young men, nearly the same age, bearing the names of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, William Henry Harrison, and Benjamin Franklin.—Boston.

FOUR OF JUDAS SETTLEMENT.—"Capitula"—The beautiful Village of the North, longing to fall into the arms of Jonathan. May the greenhorn overcome his bashfulness, and take her to his bosom as a gallant youth had augher."

THERE are two difficulties in life, men are disposed to spend more than they can afford, and to indulge more than can endure.

SOME girls in kissing, convert their mouths into eyelet holes just as if they were going to suck a straw or give 'twent to a 'violet,' as Captain Cutler would say. Let it be reformed.

LOVE.
"Tell me, my heart, what love is!
It giveth but to throb—
Two souls and one idea,
Two hearts and but one throbb."
And tell me love, love cometh!
It comes—and at his eyes,
And whither, pray, it fleeth!
'Twas not—'twas fancy mere,
And when it lovel the purest!
When is love the deepest?
When is love the sincerest?
And when it lovel the richest?
It harden when it giveth;
And tell me how it speaketh?
It speaketh not—it liveth.

THE other day while over in Jersey City, a tall, long-legged, big, flat-footed, six-foot Vermont, came up to us, with a rush, holding in his hand a pillow-case well filled, undoubtedly, with 'home affairs and fixings,' and also gnawing away at a large cake of gingerbread. He looked as though he was a hunk.