

THE STAR AND BANNER

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1862.

VOLUME XXIII.

For the "Star and Banner."
The following is a list of names and addresses of subscribers to the paper, as published in the issue of September 17, 1862. The list includes names such as Mr. J. H. Smith, Mr. W. D. Jones, and Mrs. A. B. White, along with their respective addresses in Gettysburg and other nearby towns. The list is organized alphabetically and includes both individual and institutional subscribers.

MILLY GREY.

BY MARY A. DENNISON.

"O! I ever let the aged be
As sacred angels unto me."

"Ha, ha, ha," cried Gay Bell Grosvenor, "see yonder country gawky; as I live, he is bookening the coachman; now if he gets in there'll be fun, for I do so love to plague those green ones; why, Milly, how you open your great blue eyes; you ain't frightened, are you? look at her, Annie; ha, ha, just look at her."

"But you are not in earnest, Bell," said Milly, timidly slipping back in her seat; "you would not be so white, so—"

"Our politeness is reserved for the city, dear," he said; "we consider such fellows as you are not worth our notice; they must take an outside with the driver, that's all."

"You won't catch me sitting on the same seat with you," exclaimed Milly with a look of alarm, springing away from her cousin, and encoaching herself opposite.

"So much the better," cried Bell, with a merry laugh, "we can have a good time with good—hush! here he comes, oh! Annie, what a fright!"

The young man unbuttoned the coach door himself, for the horses were going up hill, and springing up the steps rather awkwardly, on account of a large portmanteau he had, seated himself on the seat near Milly. Bell and Annie exchanged looks and bit their lips.

Milly hugged the back of the coach, blushing crimson with shame for her cousin, and the country greeny, who wore a very much soiled coat and a shocking cap over which a light, thin handkerchief was thrown, and fastened under his chin, looked up at them demurely. Once when he could not but notice that the object of her mirth was himself, he suddenly put his hand to his throat, as if to untie his uncouth cap strings—i. e., the ends of the handkerchief—but pausing, he seemed to change his mind, and let them alone.

"Won't you have my vinaigrette, Milly dear," said Bell, with an arch smile, and a side glance at the stranger.

"You do look pale," chimed in Annie, tossing back her shining curls, and restraining herself no longer, she burst into a rude laugh, for the poor girl's cheeks were distressingly flushed.

"Take my fan, coz," exclaimed Bell, proffering it; "the air in this coach is really overpowering, and she placed her delicate pocket handkerchief to her face.

"I thank you," said Milly, with so much dignity as she could assume, while her lips trembled, "I do not need it."

"She certainly is faint, Annie," said Bell in a low tone, "come Milly, you had better sit between us where we can support you; you haven't quite room enough on that side."

The thoughtful girl started, for a blazing back eye flashed upon her; it was only for a second though, that quick, piercing glance with the fire of fifty outraged dignities concentrated within her.

"If you please, cousin Bell," said Milly with more spirit than they dreamed she possessed, "don't annoy me any more; I am better pleased with my seat than with your rudeness;" and the pretty lip trembled again and the pretty face looked as if it was going to cry.

The young man turned quickly; the hard expression that had gathered about his mouth, melted into something akin to a pleasant smile, while the two rebuked cousins were very angry, as any one might have seen.

There was no more comment until the coach stopped again, this time to take up a fat old lady, with a well-worn bonnet, loaded down with innumerable handboxes and bundles, most of which she insisted upon carrying into the coach with her. Here was plenty material for the merriment of the thoughtless sisters. Bell declared that the handboxes must have once contained Mrs. Noah's best bonnet, and Annie persisted that if so, that identical bonnet was before them.

No sooner was the coach door open than out sprang the stranger, and taking bundles and sundry things from the old lady, deposited them carefully on the inside; but one, which she seemed very choicely about; but just as she had performed the laborious feat of stepping just within the door, down rolled the paper with a crash; something was destroyed, and Bell and Annie, enjoying her real distress at the accident, burst into another impetuous laugh.

The old lady could not avoid looking toward them, and as her hair was a little awry and her spectacles crooked, she presented a sight appearing to them so ludicrous, that they hid their faces, almost convulsed with mirth.

"Are those your sisters, sir?" she asked, mildly turning to the gentleman.

"I hope not, madam," he answered, in low and measured tones, "my sisters respect me; to them my name is too sacred for being used in such a vulgar manner. I have been buying."

Real Life.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Intelligencer*, who recently visited the Cincinnati Asylum for the Insane, gives this brief sketch of one of the inmates:

"Here is now confined the young lady who has so often been within the past few years, promulgating Fourth Street in this city, dressed apart in a fiery, intended for bridal habitude, fantastically decorated; and inquiring occasionally of passers by for the faithless causer of her too fatal sorrow. She had completed a lonely pilgrimage from Europe, to unite her fortunes with those of her betrothed, who had preceded her a twelve-month or so. After a weary search, she found him, doing business, and—married! The shock deprived her of her reason. Every passing day is, since, indicated by her disordered fancy, as the one upon which her Henry is coming to fulfil his vows; and she eagerly anticipates the day, when she should know them—the stranger had lifted his cap, drawn off his handkerchief, and was wiping the moisture from his magnificent brow, above which the jet black curling thick and silky—I shall have the pleasure also of meeting my son at your house, and acquainting him with your politeness to a strange old woman who has been the subject of some not very flattering remarks. She did not glance this time toward the young ladies; if she had she would have plied them, they sat covering down completely crest-fallen.

It was indeed a pretty kettle of fish they had prepared for themselves. They, too, were going for the express purpose of hearing Professor L., one of the most brilliant lecturers of the day, and who had almost been bewitched by the sparkling beauty of Bell Grosvenor, when a guest at her father's in the city; so much so that he had been heard to declare that he knew not a nother woman who appeared to possess so many desirable qualities for a wife. And strangely enough they were going to the very house of the man they had so grossly insulted; for they never could have dreamed the *gawky* to be the only son of their mother's friend, the rich and influential Dr. James. They knew indeed that he was returning from his tour in Europe, but his travel stained attire, and his silence, completely deceived them.

Meantime Milly recovered a little from her trouble; the obvious veil was thrown back, the two posturing girls restored to their equality, the glad, merry eyes, all the brighter for a little wash of tears, red, or rather danced over the beautiful prospect of fields, and trees, and resplendent paths; she, innocent heart, had nothing to reproach herself with, and gladly would her comings have changed places with her.

"They sat very silent, trembling and almost fainting, till the steps drew up near the broad entrance to the doctor's grounds; they were still undecided, when the coachman said, 'the young ladies are to stop here I believe;' and unstrapped the trunk from the large tongue.

Henry James, after a moment's embarrassment, stepped back to the door and with a bright smile at Milly, said, as if nothing unpleasant had transpired, 'will you allow me to assist you out, young ladies?' How daintily he took Milly's little hand, and how tenderly he conducted her to the ground; but as the others descended there was a chilling reserve in his manner, and a painful confusion in theirs, that told how indelible would be the recollection of that unfortunate meeting.

Bell Grosvenor and her sister returned the next day. They could not endure to meet Professor L.—in the presence of his mother, but they had learned a lesson which they will probably treasure for life—*not to judge by externals, and to treat old age, even in rags, with a reverence as holy as though it moved about in golden slippers.*

"But I am a portliness orphan, Henry!"

"But you are the same Milly Grey that sat on the back seat of the old stage, and nobly resisted the influence of wealth and fashion, when those rude, proud girls would have laughed down the uncouth countryman. From that moment I loved you; and still more when I perceived your delicate attentions to my father's friend. Believe me, Milly, no true man would trust his happiness with one who would insult grey hairs; there is little heart in such a one, however faultless the exterior, and I confess I have such extreme reverence for the aged, that a loathing, impossible for me to express, came over me when I witnessed the behaviour of your cousins; they may be wealthy, highly educated, fascinating, but I would no more wed one of them than I would play with a rattlesnake. There! God bless you, Milly—look up love, and let me tell you that in my eyes you are worth millions—nay, more than all the world."

Bell and Annie Grosvenor are both wedded, but neither of them has a Professor L., or a Dr. James for a husband. They are, however, very gay and fashionable, if that is any compensation; but Milly, sweet Milly, lives in a beautiful villa in a country town, as happy and devoted a wife and mother, as can be found in a wide, wide world.

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