

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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## Thoughts on Autumn.

BY J. J. WHITTIER.  
Gone hath the Spring, with all its flowers,  
And gone the Summer's pomp and show,  
And Autumn, in his leafless bow,  
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.  
I said to Earth, so cold and gray,  
"An emblem of myself thou art."  
"Not so," the Earth did seem to say,  
"For Spring shall warm my frozen heart."  
I sought my wintry sleep with dreams  
Of warmer sun and softer rain,  
And wait to hear the sound of streams,  
And songs of merry birds again.  
But thou from whom the Spring hath gone,  
For whom the flowers no longer blow,  
Who standest blighted and forlorn,  
Like Autumn waiting for the snow:  
No hope is thine of sunnier hours,  
Thy Winter shall no more depart;  
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,  
No summer warm thy frozen heart.

## The Angels' Bride.

Where'er a rainbow slept along the sky,  
The thoughtful child expected angel bands  
Would glide upon its gorgeous path of light,  
With airy feet and meekly folded hands.  
For he had dreamed the rainbow was a bride,  
A flood of sun-light in the humid air,  
And springing forth as from God's own arms,  
A lustrous rainbow shone divinely there.  
How full of dreamy hopefulness his face,  
How many tender welcomes filled his eyes,  
When for celestial visitants he watched,  
In mute and holy converse with the skies.  
The saintly child grew very weak and wan;  
And as he lay upon the bed of pain,  
One day of storm, he only gently said—  
"When will the angels' bride reach down again?"

In moving trance while gazing on the clouds,  
A flood of sun-light in the humid air,  
And springing forth as from God's own arms,  
A lustrous rainbow shone divinely there.  
A tender smile played on the child's pale lips—  
"Down the bright arch the white-robed angels  
Come,  
O, see their shining pinions! their sweet voices!"  
He said—and, amid their soft embraces, floated home.

## The Dead Babe.

"Willie is dead!" whispered George Allen, mournfully, as he took the hand of his little sister, "come, Julia, mother says we may go and look at him now."  
Silently they entered the chamber where the dead boy lay. It lay in its cradle, and looked as if it was sleeping. George wept bitterly, and Julia gazed wonderingly at him.  
"Why do you cry?" she asked, "is anything the matter with Willie? He is only asleep, isn't he?" and she put her finger gently upon the baby's brow. Suddenly starting back in fright, she exclaimed, "O! it is cold—cold as ice! What makes Willie so cold?"  
"He is dead," replied George, "and tomorrow they will put him in the deep, cold grave, and we shall never see him again."  
"Dead?" repeated little Julia, "what is it to be dead?"  
George could not answer—he sobbed as if his heart would break. Julia bent over her baby-brother, and called him fondly by his name.  
"He doesn't hear me," she said tearfully. "What'll he never wake again? O! tell me what it is to be dead?"  
Just then their mother came into the room. She laid her hand upon her little daughter's head, and Julia looked up into her face.  
"Don't dear Willie ever wake again?" she asked, "won't he ever love us more, mamma?"  
"No, my child," was the reply, "not in this world. Willie has left us—he is not here. He will never come back, but if we love God we shall go and meet him in heaven. This is not Willie in the cradle, it is only his body. The spirit that looked out from his eyes—the happy spirit which dwelt in this little body, is now in Heaven. It is only the frail body, Julia, that dies—our Willie will live forever."  
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## Beautiful Thought.

"A strong man will carry me over the mountains." These were the words of a sweet little dying boy in the city of Boston, a few weeks ago.  
About the middle of the night in which he died he saw something beautiful which he could not very well understand. He was much delighted with the vision, and his parents assured him that God had given him the glimpse of heaven. But they soon perceived that the vision was somewhat marred, by the appearance of mountains which he saw before him. Almost in a moment, however, after they were discovered, he exclaimed, "A strong man will carry me over the mountains!" Gentle child! and gentle faith!

Start up, brush your whiskers, (if you have any,) dress fashionable, and lay in a plentiful store of soft nonsense, and the gift will call you a nice young man.  
Never condemn a friend unheard, or without letting him know his accusers or his crime.

## THE STOLEN CHILD.

[From the Boston Olive Branch.]  
Little Carry took her pet bird on her arm, one morning, and laughing merrily back at her mother, who stood at her washing-tub, ran to her favorite seat near the edge of a meadow, and under a clump of majestic elm. This place was not very far from the humble home, but owing to the prominence of the hill itself, it seemed at a much greater distance. Nothing was to be seen near the child, except dewy meadows spangled with flowers; tall tufts of the lady's slipper, and sweet beds of camomile, with the bright fox glove, crimson clover buds, and wild thyme grew directly about the place where she sat. A long, wide road stretched by and away in the distance; very little was it travelled, and only one cart, loaded high with fragrant hay, had passed little Carry that morning.

Suddenly an elegant barouche with two milk-white horses, and driven leisurely, appeared in the distance; Carry allowed her book to drop upon her knee, and sat curiously watching it. Seldom indeed had so elegant a carriage been seen in that obscure country place. As it came on and neared the pretty natural bower, she saw that it was occupied by one gentleman and a coachman in livery, who managed the two spirited animals with great skill.  
At a gesture of the gentleman, the servant drew up before the child; the former seemed unaccountably affected; he murmured, "Emma" several times, in a low, distinct tone; and then exclaimed "the very face and form of my dead child—God forgive me the thought, he added quickly, and pulling his hat hurriedly down, he ordered the coachman to drive on.  
Little Carry gazed at them with innocent surprise; she was too young to think deeply, being nearly nine, but she felt with her child's heart, that the gentleman was in great sorrow, and unconsciously pitied him.  
Five minutes had scarcely elapsed before the sound of wheels was again heard, and again the same carriage swept along, this time more swiftly and in the opposite direction.  
It stopped, as before, directly opposite little Carry, who now let her book fall, and stood looking up with a slight expression of alarm upon her features.  
"My child," said the gentleman, with a beautiful, winning smile, that put her instantly at ease, "who are you?"  
"I am little Carry Elliot, please sir," she answered, with a courtesy, as was her wont.

"And where do you live?"  
"Over there," she pointed in the direction of the cottage.  
"What does your father do?"  
"He's dead, please sir, and mother takes in washing."  
"You are like a beautiful daughter that room. She laid her hand upon her little daughter's head, and Julia looked up into her face.  
"Don't dear Willie ever wake again?" she asked, "won't he ever love us more, mamma?"  
"No, my child," was the reply, "not in this world. Willie has left us—he is not here. He will never come back, but if we love God we shall go and meet him in heaven. This is not Willie in the cradle, it is only his body. The spirit that looked out from his eyes—the happy spirit which dwelt in this little body, is now in Heaven. It is only the frail body, Julia, that dies—our Willie will live forever."  
Julia's face grew bright, and George dried his tears. Their mother led them to a seat, and told them of God and of Heaven. She told them of the beautiful angels who had welcomed the soul of Willie to the Paradise above. Then she knelt, and she beside her, and she prayed that her Heavenly Father would bless and preserve her children, and keep them from the evil of the world, and bring them at last to meet Willie in Heaven.

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child, and sitting upon the rude seat, held it so that Carry might look within.  
"Oh, how pretty!" she exclaimed. It was indeed the counterpart of the washer-woman's child; the hair laid so white and glossy over the pearly brow that it resembled nothing but snow drifted upon the petals of a lily; the eyes, dreamy looking, large and blue, had just her long golden lashes, and the arms were scarcely whiter than hers; for she was an idol above God, in her mother's heart, and she being proud of her exceeding loveliness, had taken great pains to preserve the delicacy of Carry's complexion.  
For a while the child mused thoughtfully, then she laid the miniature upon her lap, and smiling, half archly, she began to unclasp the bracelets, or rather endeavored to; "I'm going to take them off," she said artlessly, "I can't leave mother."  
The man arose from his seat—a deadly paleness settled upon his brow, his lips were ashy.  
"Children forget, my lord," ventured the coachman with a sly leer. At any other time such familiarity would have been resented, but now the heart of the bereaved parent was filled with wild and passionate feelings; the child of his love, in giving birth to whom a worshipped wife had died, laid to their ancestral tomb; but, as if to comfort him, near him sprung up, as it were, on the verge of this wild country, her counterpart; every way as beautiful, if not as stately. As the child of the commoner, she was nothing to him. As his protegee, the inheritor of his wealth, his beloved companion, how she would fill the void in his heart—and just at that opportune moment came the words, "children forget, my lord."

That night Lord Engel stopped at an inn in a little English town, and he bore from the carriage an unconscious child, whose little breast heaved even now with the heavy sobs of a terrific sorrow; he allowed no one to touch her but himself; and as he walked the apartment wherein she laid, conscience forced him to say, "it was a cruel thing an unmanly act."  
A group of peasants had gathered around what appeared to be the body of a dead child.  
The sun beat down upon her unprotected hair, and laid in the tangled masses of her form; her little cheeks so wan and white, her eyes half closed and sunken, her little shoulder bare from her tattered frock, and her poor, tender feet and emaciated arms, all covered with blood where briars and brambles had torn them, awakened pity and horror in the breast of the rudest churl there.

"Dead," cried one as he touched timidly the pale forehead.  
"Living," exclaimed another, a father, as he pressed his hand hard against the scarcely beating heart, and tenderly, carefully lifting the light form, he bore her to cottage near by, saying to his wife—"Mil-lie, here's a coaset hardly alive, nurse her up if you can,"—and the woman, looking in those dim eyes as they opened a little, felt all the sympathy of the mother, and laid her carefully upon her own bed.  
"They're making a great fuss about a lost child down in Riverden," said a farmer, casually, as he carried half a cheese into dame Barton's pantry; "two dollars for such a mistress."  
"Bless my soul, it's the girl I've got then," replied the good woman, letting a saucepan fall from her hands.  
"Well, bless me, you don't know how glad I be," and he rubbed his hands—"her mother's nigh 'bout crazy; why she run round the neighborhood three days screaming and screeching at the top of her voice, 'I've lost my child; and there wasn't a soul that seen her could keep a straight face; if there wasn't a bushel of tears fell in them days, then I aint no judge of good wheat, that's all.'"  
"Yes, there's a poor sick creter on the bed up stairs, and far as we can find, the little thing—she aint more'n that high-walked fifty miles or more, to get away from from somebody that stole her, so she says, though the merciful Lord knows best. I can't hardly credit the child. Say, farmer Luke, when you come along to-morrow, just bring the wench with you, won't you? I'm a mother, and know what she feels."  
"Guess I will, mistress; poor soul, she's hardly alive, for she's keeps taking on so that we're afraid she'll go demont, now."  
It was not a hard task to prepare the little girl for this visit; faint and hopeless, she lay long to lay her little sobbing head on the maternal bosom; but the distracted mother, on hearing that her child was perhaps found, fell into a fainting fit which lasted nearly through the night, and in the morning, before sunrise, weak as she was, insisted upon going with the farmer to Elms, to clasp her darling to her heart and then die; so in her strong language she expressed herself.  
We will not attempt to portray the meeting; how Carry clung to the lamenting mother, and the mother showered

kisses and tears upon the emaciated little form. The latter was shocked at the alteration in the child; her eyes were sunken, and her fair curling hair was the same, and as she nestled up closer and closer, and closer, she whispered, "I did so love you, mother, that I couldn't stay; but oh! it was a weary while walking, and my feet ached, but I said my prayers, and I know God would fetch me to you. He did, didn't he, mother?"  
The noble (?) lord who had been thus guilty, repented of his crime; his search for the child proved fruitless, and he suffered all the agony of remorse; but when it did come to his knowledge that little Carry was restored to the humble washer-women, he fitted up a box of beautiful presents, and confessed his fault to her, begging her to accept the gifts for her child, and to be under no apprehension of a similar outrage promising at the same time to be a guardian and protector of so lovely a child.  
He kept his word; the mother is now above want; Carry, more beautiful than a poet's ideal, is growing up to womanhood; and she thinks so much of her guardian, that it would not be any great wonder if she lived under the roof of his stately mansion yet, for Lord Engel has a son, who looks with peculiar favor upon the sweet blossom, the gentle, beautiful Carry Elliot.

"It is only a bird, Ada," said the young lover of a gentle girl, "why should you grieve over its death?"  
"If the song-sparrow had died, or the little wren, or even the robin," replied Ada, sadly, "my heart would not have felt the pain that now oppresses it; but to look upon a dead dove touches my feelings deeply."  
"But why should you feel more pain because a dove has died? Its life is the same as the life of a robin, a sparrow, or a wren."  
"No, no, the same, Henry."  
"Where lies the difference?"  
"Are not the bodies different?"  
"Oh, yes!"  
"It is because their lives are different that their bodies vary in appearance: each is a form of affection; the sparrow of our affection, the dove of another. And this is the reason why, in looking upon one, we are affected differently from what we are when we look at another."  
"A strange doctrine, Ada, is it not?"  
"Oh, no! What makes the wolf differ from the lamb? Is it not his affection, of which his body is the repulsive form? The wolf is embodied cruelty, and the lamb is embodied innocence. And how good is our all-wise and merciful Creator in thus facing before our eyes, in this world, embodied affections, that we may the more fully understand their evil or good qualities! When we look upon a cruel beast we have a more perfect idea of the direful nature of those affections in our hearts which originate in self-love; and when we look at an innocent lamb, or a gentle dove, we perceive the beauty of good affections."  
"Your's is a beautiful theory, Ada, and, if true, how full of life! With what new eyes would I look around me on the visible forms of nature, if I could believe as you believe."  
"I cannot believe otherwise," said Ada, as she lifted her eyes from the bird in her hand, and looked tenderly at her lover.  
"And the dove—to what affection does it correspond, and why are you so deeply touched by its death?"  
"Need you ask, Henry? Is it not the embodiment of a pure, confiding love—such loves only a woman's heart can feel? Ah! do you wonder that I am pained to the death of such a love?—Can I see her thinking of woman's trusting heart betrayed? of affection trampled under the foot of neglect and wrong?"  
"And tear came into the eyes of the pure-hearted girl."  
"Dear Ada," said the young man, earnestly, "why will you let such painful thoughts come into your mind? They have no business there; your heart will never betray; your affection will never be trampled under the crushing foot of neglect."  
"Do I think of myself," replied Ada, quickly, "I thought only of others."  
The young man pressed his lips to hers, and their eyes dropped from each other's, and rested upon the form of the dead dove.

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"And tear came into the eyes of the pure-hearted girl."  
"Dear Ada," said the young man, earnestly, "why will you let such painful thoughts come into your mind? They have no business there; your heart will never betray; your affection will never be trampled under the crushing foot of neglect."  
"Do I think of myself," replied Ada, quickly, "I thought only of others."  
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## I Remember.

I remember, I remember  
When I first began to creep,  
How I crawled straight into mischief—  
How I wouldn't go to sleep—  
How I pulled the table linen  
With its contents on the floor;  
How my mother spanked me for it,  
Till my tender flesh was sore.

I remember, I remember  
When I used to go to school,  
How I kept a watchful eye on  
The master's rod and rule;  
How I cut up monkey-shine  
Every time his back was turned—  
How I sometimes used to catch it,  
When I'd not my lesson learned.

I remember, I remember  
When I went a looking peaches,  
How a dog came out and caught me  
By the surplus of my breeches;  
How I hung on to the bushes—  
How he seized me fast to me,  
Till my fingers brought a man who  
Flogg'd me most terrifically.

I remember, I remember  
When the girls I used to kiss,  
How I thought it rather funny,  
That I gave no extra bliss;  
Now I think of it with regret,  
Now it fills my mind with joy;  
Yet with manhood's blissful pleasure,  
Would that I was still a boy.

A Common Falshood.  
There's not a man or more of a just slave  
Than the poor wretch, scarce half a man, whose  
Will  
And reason are at variance; who still  
Gives the excuse—invention of a knife—  
For doing evil: "Thought I knew 'tis wrong,"  
Yet I can't help it." Out upon the lie!  
There's not a living man, who, if he try  
To curb his evil, will not grow more strong  
Daily and hourly over it. The first  
Firm blow, given with a will, makes him a  
King.  
He is victorious, and all the worst  
And vilest of his foes come covering  
Around his throne, beseeching him to give  
Them some service small, by which they  
Still may live. Hugh Bridges.

"NEVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD."—These words affect me deeply. They came to me through the grate of a prison door from a young man about twenty-five years of age, of good form and intelligent countenance, but quivering and trembling from the effects of imprisonment. "When were you brought here?" "Yesterday." "On what charges?" "Drunkenness and disorderly conduct." "Where were you from?" "Philadelphia." "What was your occupation there?" "Some years ago, I had a very good place in a draper's store, but I fell into bad habits and lost my place—then I tried peddling boots. Yesterday I came here and became intoxicated, and was taken up and put in jail." "Were you religiously brought up?" "Not by parents; but I had religious instruction in the Sunday school." "Yes sir." "What were your first steps astray?" "Going about in the evening and taking walks into the country on Sunday." "Did you drink when you went on those excursions?" "Sometimes we did, sometimes we didn't." "Have