

THE STAR AND BANNER

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

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THE GRAVE.

BY MONTGOMERY.

There is a calm for those who sleep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuns the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth
And cast me helpless on the wild ;
I perish : O, my mother earth,
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee,
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark ! a strange sound afloat mine ear ;
My pulse, my brain runs wild, I rave ;
Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?
I am the Grave !

The Grave that never spoke before
Hath found at length a tongue to chide ;
O, listen ! I will speak no more :
Be silent, Pride !

Art thou a wretch, of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care ?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fits despair ?

Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Mutter thy rest ?

Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath & vengeance wouldst thou flee ?
Ah ! think not, hope not, fool to find
A friend in me !

By all the tortures of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell,
By the dread secrets of my womb,
By death and hell—

I charge thee, repeat and pray :
In dust thou art, in dust thou deplore ;
There yet is mercy—go thy way
And sin no more !

What's thy last, whither thou goest,
Conies thy folly, lost the road,
And in thy chasteing arrows nowe
The hand of God.

A bruised reed he will not break ;
Afflictions all thy children feel—

He wounds them for his riven's sake,
He would to heal.

Humbled beneath His mighty hand,
Prostrate His Providence adore ;

"Tis done ! Arise ! He bids thee stand
To fall no more.

Now, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through this dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who sleep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ades sleep
Low to the ground—

The soul (of origin divine,
God's glorious image) freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky,
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die.

HOW WOMAN LOVES.

"Walter," said Mrs. Clay, "you have not tasted your coffee this morning ; are you ill?" and she leaned across the table, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"No—yes, not quite well. I had a great deal to occupy me yesterday," and he arose from his seat to avoid the scrutiny of those clear eyes, adding, "I shouldn't be home at the dinner hour, Marion, don't wait for me ; I may be detained by business. And now kiss me before I go."

"If Walter would only leave that odious Bank," said Marion to herself ; "such a treachery life for him to lead ; they are killing him with such close application ;" and she moved about, busying her little head, devising certain pathetic appeals to the "Board of Directors" for a mitigation of his suffering.

When one is away from a dear friend, it is a satisfaction to be employed in performing some little service for them, how trifling so ever it may be. So Marion passed into the library, arranging Walter's books and papers, producing order out of confusion, from a discouraging and heterogeneous heap of pamphlets and letters, moved his easy chair around to the most inviting locality ; and then her eye fell upon a little sketch he had drawn. "Poor Walter!" said she ; "with his artist eye and poet heart, to be counting up those interminable rows of figures, day after day, that any man who had brains enough for the Rule of Three, could do just as well. To think he must always load such a treachery life, never feast his eyes on all that is beautiful and glorious beyond the seas ; while so many stupid people are galloping over the continent, getting up fits of sham enthusiasm, just as the guide books direct. It is too bad." She wished heartily she had brought him other dowry than her pretty face and warm heart.

Well dinner hour came, but Walter came not. Marion was not anxious, because he had prepared her for his absence, and pushed away her food untested. She was unfashionable enough to have been quite as well (although she had been married many happy years,) as on the day when the priest's blessing fell on her maid-en cœur.

"Come here, Nettie," said she to a noble boy ; "jump into my lap and let me look into papa's eyes," and she pushed back the clustering curls from his broad white forehead. "Tell me, Nettie, which do you love best, papa or me?"

"Papa said I must love you best, because he does," said the child.

"Blow your baby lips for that sweet me."

sweat. Where can that dear papa be, I wonder?"

The words had just escaped, her lips to stop (EVEN NOW) his father's name—when her father entered. Not with his Like music to his ear was that light footed beaming smile and extended hand ; step echoing through the gloomy corridor but with a slow uncertain step, as if he to his cell. Tenderly those loving arms could with difficulty sustain himself, and twined about his neck ; sacred and true were the holy words with which she cheered his sinking spirit. Hopefully she painted the future, (this trial past,) when in some home beyond the seas he should yet be the happier for being so elated by sorrow, and where no malicious tongue should remind him of his temptation or his fall. Sweetly upon his ear fell those soothing words, (first uttered by sacred lips,) "Go and sin no more!"

No, Walter Clay was not deserted quite ! He was not degraded, even there and thus, while he could hold up his head and boast of a love so devoted, so pure, so holy ! The hour of emancipation came at last, and Walter Clay stepped forth under the broad, blue sky, once more a *free man*—and in the little room where the heroic wife had suffered and toiled she once more clasped her husband to her breast.

"And Nettie—where is he? Let me kiss my boy," said the joyful father—high-minded husband ! never ! There is a conspiracy—it will all be cleared up ; oh, father, unsay those dreadful words !

"On the Saviour's bosom" said Marion, with a choking voice.

"Dead!"—and you have buried this sad secret in your breast, and borne this great grief unchanged, lest you should add to my sorrow?" And he knelt at her feet reverently.

"God knows you had enough to bear," said Marion, as they mingled their tears together and gazed at the long, bright golden tress—all that remained to them of little Nettie.

"What an interesting couple!" said a travelling artist in Italy to his companion. "That woman's face reminds one of a Madonna—so pensive, sweet and touching.

Miss Milbank was the pattern daughter of a pattern country gentleman. An English country house, of the pattern sort, is a place where peace and plenty, order and regularity, have taken up their abode. Life in it goes on in an unvarying round of duties and delights. From the master to the scullion, each inhabitant has, and *knows*, and keeps his place, yielding obedience to those above him, requiring respect and submission from those below him. But the *apple* is easy and the *turnip* is right, because respect is mingled with affection and obedience is rendered with loyalty. Miss Milbank, as we have just observed, was a pattern lady of her class—virtuous, discreet, prudent, orderly, kind—formed to be a wise mother of English children, an admirable mistress of an English home. She was a woman who would see anything romantic in a *halo*, or anything interesting in a seizure of furniture by the sheriff ; nor was she a woman who could regard the glory of the poet as a set-off against the faults of the man ; on the contrary, she could consider—and rightly consider—that the possession of extraordinary talents heightened the purity of moral delinequency.

Nine times during the year that Lord and Lady Byron lived together, the sheriff's officers seized their furniture for debt. It was reported about town that his extravagant lordship had married an heiress, and his marriage was the signal for creditors to come upon him in a swarm—trailing him, dismaying her.

Byron was a troublesome man to live with. His mood was more changeable than the weather—melancholy, listless, peevish, savage, all in a day, and all without apparent cause—and there was no knowing how to take him. All this, and perhaps more, Lady Byron had to endure—who had been all her life accustomed to a state of things as different as can be conceived. She bore it, however, as far as we know, without repining, until transferred to her own sphere—she remarked the contrast : an affectionate and efficacious "mamma," horrified by the tales her daughter brought of "exactions," probably persuaded her not to return. Byron was astonished at the news. His pecuniary difficulties had reached their utmost, and to use his own language, the blow came when "he was standing alone on highland, with his household gods ashore, creel around him." With noble courage, he wrote, a few days after, to Tom Moore—

"There never was a better, or even a brighter, a more amiable, or agreeable being than Lady Byron. I never had, or can have, any reproach to make her while with me. Where there is blame it belongs to myself, and if I cannot redeem, I must bear it." For many years, Byron seems to have cherished the hope of reconciliation : but the "mother-in-law" was implacable to the last, and the poet became a wanderer, without a home, and without those virtues which a home might have fostered in his wayward but naturally noble character.

Children of the old world, be of good cheer !

Whilst in the homes—by the Rhine, the Seine, the Danube, and the Arno, the Shannon and the Suir—in the homes you have left, the wicked seem to prosper, and spurious Senates provide for the offspring of the tyrant, even to the third and fourth generations. Freedom strengthens herself in these lands, and, in the midst of countless hosts, concentrates the power by which the captive shall be redound, and the evil lord dethroned.

This shall be the glory of Australia !—This shall be the glory of America !—

DANIEL WEBSTER'S TESTIMONY.—The last hours of the great statesman were occupied in preparing the following declaration of his belief in the Christian religion, and when finished, he said : "This is the inscription to be placed on my monument :

Lord, I believe : help thou mine unbelief." Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe, is often with the apparent insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my sonorous faith which is in me, but now that I have seen the grandeur and magnificence of creation, I believe in the Divinity of Christ. The Sermon on the Mount cannot but be morally human production.

This shall be the glory of Australia !—This shall be the glory of America !—

The following description of a good wife is given by a Downeaster :

"She hadn't no ear for music, Sam, but she had a capital eye for dirt, and with poor folks that's a much better. No man never sees as much dirt in his house as a fly couldn't brush off with his wings. Boston gals may boast of their spinners and their guitars, and their eyeliner ares and their ears for music, but give me the gal that has an eye for dirt. She's the gall for my money."

A prudent master advised his servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks his master inquired how much of his wages he had saved.

"Not one," said he : "I did as you bid me—it ruined yesterday, and it all went."

"Papa said I must love you best, because he does," said the child.

"Blow your baby lips for that sweet me."

Lord and Lady Byron.

A correspondent of the *Home Journal* asks the editor to state the cause of the rupture between Lord and Lady Byron, and says to do so is no easy task, since Byron himself repeatedly declares in his letters that the cause was unknown to him. The *Journal* says :

"On the second of January, 1815, Lord Byron—then in his twenty-seventh year—was united in marriage with Miss Millbanke. On the tenth of December, of the same year, Augusta Ada, their child was born. About six weeks after, Lady Byron left London on a visit to her father, in Leicestershire, with the understanding that her husband would shortly join her. They parted in kindness, yet in tender affection. On the journey, Lady Byron wrote him an affectionate and playful letter. Immediately on her arrival at the paternal mansion, her father wrote to Lord Byron to inform him that his daughter would return to him no more ; and the husband and wife never met again. At the time of his marriage, Lord Byron was a man of fashion, introduced to the vices of a man of fashion."

Marriage was continually recommended to Byron by an *antipode* to dissipation. At length he took the prescription—and a bitter dose it proved. He proposed to Miss Milbank, but was refused. They continued, however, to be on very friendly terms, and to correspond. His friends protested against his choice, for two reasons. First, because he was too "straight-backed" & "too good for her own master." Second, because his fortune consisted chiefly in expectations. But, sitting one day with a friend, when a refugee from another country arrived, Byron said : "You are a good girl, Miss Millbanke is to be the person—I will write to her." He wrote to her on the instant, and showed the letter to his friend, who still remonstrating against his choice, read the letter over, and remarked, "Well, really, this is a pretty letter ; it is a pity it should not go—I never read a prettier letter." Then it shall go," said Byron. It did go, and it sealed his fate.

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They came here about a year since—live in the greatest seclusion, and seem anxious to avoid all contact with their own countrymen. All the poor peasantry, blessed them, and Father Giovanni says they are the best people (for heretics) he ever saw."—*Boston Olive Branch.*

Eloquent Extract.

The following beautiful comparison is from a lecture recently delivered at St. Louis by T. F. Meagher on Australia :

"You are child of mine," said Marion, with a smiling eye.

"And Nettie—where is he? Let me kiss my boy," said the joyful father—high-minded husband ! never ! There is a conspiracy—it will all be cleared up ; oh,

"Dead!"—and you have buried this sad secret in your breast, and borne this great grief unchanged, lest you should add to my sorrow?" And he knelt at her feet reverently.

"God knows you had enough to bear," said Marion, as they mingled their tears together and gazed at the long, bright golden tress—all that remained to them of little Nettie.

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No Paupers Here Either.

In the town of Plymouth, N. H., there is a Hotel which has long been kept without any "medicine." During the up-going travel to the White Mountains, last summer, Southerner stopped at this Hotel.

He sent from his room for a bottle of Bardolph's "best wine," to which numerous the landlord replied that he "kept no wine." The answer brought the gentle-

man himself down.

"Landlord, haven't you got any liquor?"

"I don't keep liquors at all," replied the landlord.

"Don't keep liquors! How in the name of common sense do you accommodate travelers without it? I want some, and I had a right to expect that you kept it. I shall tell all my friends to stop somewhere else, where there is better accommoda-

"Tell 'em what you please," replied the independent landlord, "but don't forget to add that there isn't a pauper here either."

Tit for Tat.

Doctor Lucas, the celebrated Irish poet, having, after a sharp contest, carried the election as representative in Parliament for the city of Dublin, was met a few days after by a lady whose family was very warm in the interest of the unsuccessful candidate.

"Well, doctor," said she, "I find you have gained the election."

"Yes, madam."

"No wonder, Sir, all the blackguards voted for you."

"No, madam, your two sons did not," replied the doctor.

Yankee Courtship.

A lone swain broke a wish-bone with his "sweet's queen," somewhere in New Hampshire.

"Now what d'you wish, Sally?" demanded Jonathan, with a tender grin of expectation.