

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 12, 1853.

NUMBER 20.

The Grave Watchers.

I love the stars, for they alone
Will watch our graves, when we are gone;
Through the lone midnight still and deep,
When mortal eyes are closed in sleep,
Our hopes, our fears, our wishes, and
Above our graves, like watchful friends,
Telling the sleeper's name and age
To heedless strangers, loitering nigh,
Who'll read with no tear, no sigh,
And lightly from the mound depart,
That swell a story once warm heart.
Though friends awhile may dress the spot,
They too will die and be forgot;
The snows fall, with mosses of green
By rolling years, will be o'erthrown—
The sheltering tree, so wide and high,
Affection planted there will die;
Nor mound, nor ought be left to show
Where silently we sleep below.
Then, when have died long changing years,
Nor stone, nor tree, nor mound appears,
To turn the busy feet away,
That trample on our voiceless clay;
When not one soul on earth is left,
Shall know that we have lived and died—
Those same stars on which we gaze,
Still in the heaven's, as now will blaze;
Still, from the midnight's deep, so blue,
On unmarked resting place will glow—
While Time endures, each night they'll
They'll look from yonder azure height
On our forgotten graves, and bend
Above our sleep, like faithful friend.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.—The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the law of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of his nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another the character of a man as lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home! but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof that shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook, which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his father to the House of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart, and are life-springs of a fresh, healthy, and generous national character.—EDWARD EVERETT.

THE OLD ATHEIST.—Dead! and all his wealth not sufficient to bury him with proper decency. Died, doubting to the last, poor old gray-headed Atheist!

Years ago his home was a palace.—His daughters were beautiful; his sons stately and noble. He gloried in his unbelief. "His eyes stood out with fatness." It seemed hard to the poor Christians, and one was tempted to say, "It is better with the wicked than with the good."

But by these wet clouds, on which the rain drops dimly, lies his pine coffin.—The sexton strikes it with his shovel, and coarse jests profane the "arden of God."
"Poor old Atheist!" One daughter lies broken-hearted in an early grave. One in a foreign land wanders under the weight of his curse. The youngest son, the "old man's darling," rots in jail; the other died drunk.

All were atheists! Prosperity kept them company long. Their ships sailed in safety. Their orchards were never blighted. Sickens tainted not their beauty; care and disappointment left their hearts alone.

But to-day where are they, with the wealth and glory of prosperity?
Aye! it is true.
"The mill of God grinds late—but it grinds to powder!"

LITTLE CHILDREN.—Little children, how I love them!
With their winning, artless ways,
Boosting many an hour of sadness,
Charming many weary days.

Little children, gifts of Heaven,
Flowers still bright from God's own hand;
Dear as blessings to man given;
Wanderers from an angel land.

Little children, joyous creatures,
Cheer with love and smiles their way;
Gently speak and kindly treat them—
Childhood's hours soon pass away.

At Springfield, Mass., a lady sent the following volunteer toast:—"Spruce old bachelors—the over-greens of society!"

THE UNLOVED ONE.

BY MINNIE MINOT.
"My pride, my joy, my blessing, my sweet little Rosabelle: your dear lips are closed forever, and will never murmur mamma again. Shall I never feel the clasp of your soft arms, or hear the patter of your feet?" and bending forward, Marion Ellerton, in a paroxysm of the wildest grief, repeatedly kissed the icy brow of her idol, her youngest and fairest.

The little rosewood coffin rested on a rich marble table and valuable articles of vertu were scattered carelessly around; but the luxurious apartment, the costly furniture, magnificent pictures, or the perfumed atmosphere, had no charms for the stricken mother. They had arrayed her in the deepest mourning, and her sable velvet dress and rich drapery were unnoticed by her, for it mattered not whether she was robed in satin or the coarsest serge, for she only saw the lifeless form of her darling.

Well might she mourn for the child.—For earth had not a fairer flower than Rosabelle, who lay like a blighted lily bud in her shrouded loveliness.

The wretched blue eyes had lost their mirthful sparkle, the soft, glossy curls were lying so still on the marble temple and dimpled cheeks, and the little hands nestled in the snowy folds of her winding sheet. The magnificent black tresses of the mother swept around the corpse like a pall, and the dreamy stillness was unbroken, save by her smothered sobs and bitter wailing. She did not hear the door softly open, nor see a little pale face look wistfully in, nor hear the gentle footsteps of a child that stole timidly towards her, and with tearful eyes gazed at her; but a small soft hand glided softly into hers, and turning, she exclaimed, half angrily, "Well, Lilly, what do you want? You trouble me, child!"

The tears that had been standing in the large brown eyes overflowed; throwing her arms around her mother's neck, she sobbed unrestrainedly. The mother pushed her rudely away, and with a cold, surprised air, repeated her question.

The thin fingers worked, and by signs she tried to express her meaning, but she was too much agitated, and stretching out her arms, and turning her eyes in the direction of the coffin, with a cry peculiar to the dumb, said as plainly as she could, by the expression of the eager, fearful face, "Love me, mamma,"—and nestled her head in her mother's lap, as if to try to unseat the fountain that had ever been closed to her.

The dark eyes of Marion flashed impatiently, and saying, in a querulous tone, "Go away, Lilly, you can never be like Rosabelle," motioned her to go away.

An expression of intense pain passed over the features of the rejected one, and with a drooping head, and a long, long look of reproach at her mother, with hopeless air turned to leave the room; but seeing a tall, manly form standing in the doorway, gazing mournfully yet tenderly at her, she felt half frightened, and looked around for some other means to escape. The father, for it was he, opened his arms, and with a faltering voice said—

"Come to me, my poor child, and I will ever love you. May God forgive me for never thinking of you before you." And as she hesitated, half trembling with joy and half fearful, he added—"Do not be afraid of your father, Lilly."

She sprang to his arms and clung to his neck, as if she were sure that at least one of the parents she had pined to have love her, had indeed taken her to his heart, and the little desolate creature could hardly believe it true, but kept putting up her face to have him kiss her again; while the father, with a swelling heart, clasped her closer, and kept murmuring tenderly to reassure her. After awhile he put her down and said—

"Lilly, dear, come to me again by-and-by, but go up stairs to Margaret till dinner."

As soon as the echo of her light tread had died in the distance, Edward Ellerton turned sternly to his wife.

"Marion, why will you indulge in this selfish grief and vain repining, when the eldest, and our first-born, comes to you and pleads for a portion of the love bestowed on the dead? We have both done wrong in denying her the rightful tenderness due her; but it is not too late to repair the error, and we will take Lilly to our bosoms, and try by our affection to have her forget the past."

The mother raised her head, and with a bitter smile answered—

"Take Lilly for Rosabelle?—my little fairy, my angel, my dove, the grand one around which I have woven my heart's best love, and my soul's choicest treasure, which the dark and gloomy grave claimed for its own, and take in exchange an unlovable being whose voice will be forever mute, and who has no warm affections, nor seeks to love anything. No, no! I shall never love Lilly, my heart will be buried

with my own darling;" and bursting out afresh, she bowed her head on the coffin.

"This is unworthy of you, Marion; you are unjust and unreasonable to reject the little afflicted one, and make the very affliction one of the causes of your rejection. She has warm and pure affections, and has long been pining for our love. Let us take her beneath its shelter, and guard her from the rude world's scorn, and soften the pangs she must endure when she is older, nor thrust her from us as valueless."

"The mother would only say—"she can never be like Rosabelle;" and he left her, pondering on her strange and unnatural conduct.

Marion Ellerton was one of the favored children of fortune. Her every wish, from earliest youth, was gratified, and a thick crust of selfishness and worldliness had grown over her better nature; but she sincerely loved her husband, and sought by every means in her power to make him happy. The little Lilly had been a very plain child, and though she provided for its comfort, and every thing that money could do, had been done to restore the power of speech, yet she denied her the greatest of earthly blessings, the love of a mother.

The most eminent physicians had said that she would never speak, and Marion, satisfied that she had done her duty, left the sensitive child to the care of nurses and attendants, and the young heart had closed, and all its calls and yearnings for affection were unanswered; so that her father, who was a noble, generous-hearted man, began to think with his wife that she was a very odd child, and did not attempt to draw her out from behind the curtain of timidity and reserve that gradually grew around her.

When the lovely Rosabelle came like a sunbeam to gladden and bless their affections, twined around her, and the poor little dumb girl's existence was nearly forgotten, or, if remembered, with a sigh at the contrast.

But the beautiful and delicate but never destined to blossom on earth, and the first real grief that Marion ever felt was when the frail and tender one sickened, and in spite of earnest prayers, and tears, and loving herbs the gentle spirit left the exquisite casket for a fitter and better clime.

Mr. Ellerton, seeing that his wife did not recover her health and spirits, thinking that retirement might benefit her, closed his city house, and sought a sweet, secluded spot, where nature spread her richest charms, and tried to divert her mind from the grief that was praying upon it.

One day they were sailing on a beautiful lake in a small boat, and Lilly desired to reach some aquatic plants. Mr. Ellerton leaned over the side to get them for her, when the frail bark was overturned, precipitating all three into the water. As he fell, Lilly, who was nearest, clasped her arm around his neck: twining one arm around his terrified wife, being a good swimmer, he struck out for the shore. Ere he had swam half the distance he felt his strength failing him, and, in agonized tones, cried out—

"Oh, God! I cannot save you both, we will all die together."

Marion shrieked, and clinging close, exclaimed, "Oh, save me, my husband, I must not, cannot die."

No sound was heard, but the little arms around him unclasped, and the dumb girl sank gently beneath the waves, and Ellerton, relieved of a part of his burden, with difficulty gained the shore. He sank on his knees, and raising his streaming eyes to heaven, breathed a short, silent prayer, plunged into the water, and swam towards the spot where Lilly lay.

"Marrion called wildly for him to come back, but he still kept on, and diving, brought up the body, and slowly and wearily sought to return. His wife's cries had attracted several persons to the spot, and a boat was immediately unmoored and sent to his assistance. He tried to sustain himself and burthen above the water, but was sinking with exhaustion as they drew him in. They sought to take the body from him, but weak and exhausted as he was, he folded it tighter, and sank in the bottom of the boat.

He paid no attention to his wife's fears and embraces, but kept his eyes fixed on the child. At last he turned and said:—"Marion, you have never loved the little one whose lifeless body lies before you, but she, with a deep, unselfish love, has given her young life for yours. To her you owe the power to breathe; your heart would have been stilled, had she not loosed her hold on me."

A whole flood of remorseless feelings swept over the soul of Marion, and throwing herself beside her, she poured forth her lamentation and deep sorrow, and with wild and earnest prayer, besought her to speak and tell her that she never cherished unkind emotions toward her on account of her neglect.

As if the unwonted voice of love from her mother had indeed called her from the spirit-land, the eye-lids quivered, and with a deep, long-drawn sigh, slowly opened;

and with a mighty effort, Lilly half-raised herself and tried to lay her hand on her mother's bosom; but they closed wearily again, and she sank into unconsciousness. Proper remedies were applied, and she was restored, as it were, from the grave to life again, and she has never regretted those hours of pain and suffering, since they gave to her the long-wished-for gift, her mother's love."

Marion Ellerton has been blessed with other children; but though she loves them all, her purest, deepest, holiest affections, are centered in the dumb girl.

Couldst thou see me sung so!
Leaning idly over a fence, a few days since, we noticed a little four-year-old "lord of the creation" amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple tree, which extended to within a few yards of the place where the urban sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of the close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying in his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an arm's length, when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came Nature's plea: "a link—a link—a link—a link—bobolink, bobolink—a no-west, s-no-west! I know it—I know it—a link—a link! don't throw it—throw it, throw it, &c., &c., and he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through, and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him, and inquired:—"Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him and carried him home."

The poor little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression half shame and half sorrow, he replied:—"Couldst thou see me sung so!"

Who will aver that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast? Melody awakened humanity; and humanity—mercy!—The angel who sang at the creation, which saved the child's heart. The bird was spared, and God glorified by the deed.—*Clinton Courant.*

One of Fanny Fern's best.
Under the title of "Mrs. Grumble's Soliloquy," Fanny Fern contributes the following to the Musical World and Times:—"There's no calculating the difference between men and women boarders.—Here Mr. Jones, been in my house six months, and no more trouble to me than my gray kitten. If his bed is shook up once a week, and his coats, cravats, love-letters, cigars and patent-leather boots left undisturbed in the middle of the floor, he is as contented as a pedagogue in vacation time. Take a woman to board, and (if it is perfectly convenient) she would like drapery instead of drop curtains; she'd like the windows altered to open at the top, and a wardrobe for her flounced dresses, and a few more nails and another shell in her closet, and a bench to put her feet on, and she'd be as contented as a pedagogue in vacation time. Take a woman to board, and (if it is perfectly convenient) she would like drapery instead of drop curtains; she'd like the windows altered to open at the top, and a wardrobe for her flounced dresses, and a few more nails and another shell in her closet, and a bench to put her feet on, and she'd be as contented as a pedagogue in vacation time."

"Oh, my dear child, I am sure you will all die together."

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ELLEN'S HALF DOLLAR.

A USEFUL LESSON.
Ellen Villiers was the orphan niece of a wealthy farmer, who had commenced the world with no capital but industry. Fortune smiled upon his labors, and he was soon able to purchase for himself a snug farm, upon which he built a neat cottage, and went on year after year, adding tract after tract of land to his wide domain, until he could look for miles around on his possessions. A little village reared its head amidst a beautiful cluster of elm trees, and owned him as its master, and was also known by his name.

He had, in early life, selected one from amongst his "neighbors" daughters, with whom to divide his care and share his joys; and hand in hand they journeyed on through life's tedious way, so immersed in the tumult of business as not to perceive the vacancy around them. But at the age of fifty, Mr. Granger found that, notwithstanding the bounteous gifts of Providence, there was a void in his breast; he had no smiling offspring to gather round his knee at dewy eve, no lapsing prattler to greet his return.

However, he was not long left to mourn over his lonely state; the death of an only sister, at that period, gave to his charge the orphan Ellen, and the old man entered, as it were, upon a new life.

"There was no pain that Ellen's presence could not mitigate, no grief that could not assuage. No fears or threats could alarm him, save the fear of losing Ellen, the idol of his hopes, the centre of his affections."

Merry Christmas paid its annual visit to the young folks, and the corner allotted to Ellen for her play-house groaned beneath the weight of the toys deposited there by numerous friends for the purpose of delighting the fancy of the child, or gaining the favor of the wealthy uncle. Among the rest of the gifts was a bright half dollar, which she turned over and over, and laid it in her work box as a precious treasure.

Christmas sports and pastimes over, the toys and playthings lost their attractions and Ellen wished for something new on which to bestow her attention. She became pleased with a pretty doll which she saw one of her playmates have, and expressed a desire to have one, as she said it cost only half a dollar, and she could purchase it at her own expense.

The doll was accordingly purchased and Ellen called to receive her charge, and took good care of it until she needed something else.

"Oh, my beautiful doll and my half-dollar too!" exclaimed Ellen in surprise, her beautiful eye beaming with delight towards her no less delighted uncle.

Some months after this, a neighbor called on Mr. Granger to solicit aid in relieving a family who had been reduced to beggary by the intemperance of her husband; but said was sternly refused, as the old gentleman said he had but little idea of wanting his substance on drunkenness and idleness.

The friend, unwilling to be put off, continued to plead for the starving wife and helpless children.

Ellen, who had been playing behind her uncle, was an attentive observer of all that was passing, and skipping gaily from her hiding place, bounded off with the swiftness of a fawn, and presently returned, putting into the gentleman's hand her shining half-dollar.

"Take this," said she, "and buy them bread. See," she continued; "I have all I want, and half-dollar too."

"Sweet child," said the gentleman, taking her in his arms, "you are destined to be a blessing to those to whom you are related."

"Take your money, child," said the uncle, "and be assured it has purchased food for the hungry. Your uncle has all he wants, and wherewith to relieve the distressed."

The chilly blasts of winter had begun to whistle around the dwellings of the poor. The frugal and thrifty farmer was making ample provisions for his winter's store.—And Mr. Granger, exact to a letter where his own interest was concerned, looked carefully over his rent-roll, and found some of his tenants at Grangersville in arrears. Bills were accordingly sent in, with strict instructions that the money should be forthcoming.

Little Willie and Mary would not have to eat their bread alone, and go to bed, but can have their nice rich cream and milk for their supper. I did feel so sorry when you talked of taking their cow, and leave them nothing but their dry bread!"

A tear was seen to glisten in the old man's eye; he sat for some moments absorbed in deep thought.

"Let me learn a lesson," he said, "from this child. I have enough, and more than enough; this poor woman has but a scanty subsistence; and yet I would take from her to add to my well-filled purse. I have toiled all my life like a slave, and have been too narrow hearted to enjoy the blessings that I have so diligently toiled for. I will, from this moment, close my accounts, and open wide my heart."

"Ellen, my child," he said, "your half-dollar has bought the widow's cow."

And seating himself at his writing desk, he wrote Mrs. Green a receipt in full, and dispatched a servant with it, that the poor woman might sleep comfortably that night, and the next day several poor families in Grangersville received the same treatment; and the old man often says that Ellen's half-dollar has purchased for him more real enjoyment than all the money he ever spent.

He Wants A Wife.
BY MRS. NICHOLS.
He wants a wife, and she must be
A model of propriety;
A brilliant pattern—wise, discreet,
A centre where all virtues meet;
Good temper, just, and always kind—
As warm of heart as pure in mind;
Doyoted, tender, gentle, fair;
Accomplishments and culture rare;
Low-voiced, refined with every grace—
An angel half, in form and face!
A sweet, harmonious, charming thing,
At his command to weep or sing.
He wants a wife!—we'll advertise it!
Consents to wed—his friends advise it!

He wants a wife with modest looks;
Whose heart is like a costly look,
Which he is proud and glad to wear—
Which can be read by him alone;
He wants her slender, tall, and tall,
And fair as woman since the Fall;
Her eyes—let glimmers not their hue—
Be worship black—black as the blue;
Her hair must be with her loving eyes,
Agree in shade, or compromise;
He wants her sensible and mild—
In form a woman—heart a child;
He wants a wife—let love him blindly,
A partner he can govern kindly.

He wants a wife for business need—
For tasks unquestionably quoted;
With wholesome pride a very little
Of self conceit, no jot or tittle;
A harmless, guileless vanity,
He'll not object to it, if he
A self-judge that he should praise her—
Indeed in his esteem, 'twould raise her;
He wants her to have youth and health;
He wants a cool, prudent wife,
To share the nameless ills of life—
No will but his may ever answer—
A downright "yes"—not "if I can, sir!"

He wants a wife to nurse his joy—
To school his girls and spoil his boys;
To make and mend their clothes when able,
To sit at master's eye table;
To boil his coffee, brew his tea,
To hand his slipper, make his bed,
To soothe his aching head;
To be as fond as the bee with wax,
He wants a wife (poor, modest man)
BUILT on a grand and perfect plan—
He'll take her then, for worse or better—
Let us devoutly hope—she'll give her!

CHOCATE'S EULOGY ON WEBSTER.—The proposed eulogy on Daniel Webster, by the Hon. Rufus Choate, was delivered in the College Chapel, at Hanover, N. H., on Wednesday last. It is considered the most brilliant, eloquent and profound eulogy that has yet been delivered to the memory of the great orator and statesman.

The following closing paragraphs exhibit the spirit and style of the whole address; and it is in some respects brought to its conclusion. My heart goes back into the coffin there with him, and I would pause, to see again the house which he so passionately loved, the chamber where he died, the grave in which they laid him down—all habitated as when

"His look drew audience still as night,
Or summers' noontide air."
The heavens be no more. In all that spacious and calm scene all things to the eye looked at first unchanged. The banks in the library, the portraits, the table at which he wrote, the scientific culture of the land, the opulence of agricultural occupation, the coming of harvest, fruit of the soil, and implements of husbandry, the trees planted by him in lines, in copses, in orchards, by thousands, the seat under the noble elm on which he used to sit to feel the south-west wind at evening, or hear the breathings of the sea, or the not less audible music of the starry heavens, all seemed at first unchanged. The sun of a bright day, from which, however, something of the fervors of midsummer were wanting, fell temperately on them all, filled the air on all sides with the utterance of life, and gleamed on the long line of ocean. Some of those whom on earth he loved best, still were there. The great mind still seemed to preside, the great presence to be with you. You might expect to hear again the rich and playful tones of the voice of the old hospitality.—After a moment more and all the scene took on the aspect of one great monument, inscribed with his name, and sacred to his memory. And such it shall be in all the future of America! The sensation of desolateness, and loneliness, and darkness, with which you see it now, will pass away. The sharp grief of love and friend ship will become soothed. Men will repair thither, as they commemorate the great days of history. The same glance shall take, and the same emotion greet, and bless the Harbour of the Pilgrims, and the tomb of Webster.

Massa's in the cold, cold ground.
BY E. P. CHRISTY.
Round the meadows am a ringing
The darkest' mourning-bell is ringing,
While the mocking-bird is singing,
Happy as the day is long.
Where the lay is a creeping
O'er the grassy mound,
There old massa is a sleeper,
Sleeping in the cold, cold ground;
Down in the corn-field,
Hear that mournful sound;
All the daisies are a weeping,
Massa's in the cold, cold ground.

When the autumn leaves were falling,
When the days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
'Cause he was so weak and old.
Now the orange tree is blooming
On the sandy shore,
Now the summer days are coming,
Massa never calls no more.
Down in the corn-field,
Massa made the daisies love him,
He always was so kind,
Now they sadly weep above him,
Mourning, for he leaves them behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
So many tear-drops flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow
Picking up the old banjo.
Down in the corn-field, &c.

Two in Heaven.
"You have two children," said I.
"I have four," was the reply; "two on earth, two in heaven."
"There spoke the mother! Still here, only 'gone before!' Still remembered, loved and cherished, by the heart and at the board,—their places not yet filled; even though their successors draw life from the same faithful breast where their dying heads were pillowed.
"Two in heaven!"
Safely housed from storm and tempest, no sickness there, nor drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By the green pastures, tended by the good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold.
"Two in heaven!" Earth less attractive, Eternity nearer. Invisible cords drawing the maternal soul upwards.—"Still, small" voices, ever whispering, "Come! to the world-weary spirit."
"Two in heaven!"
Mother of angels! Walk softly!—bold eyes watch thy footsteps!—cherub forms bend to listen! Keep thy spirit free from earthliness; so shalt thou "go to them," though "they may not return to the!"—*Fern Leaves.*

ELOQUENT EXPONDED.—During an address delivered by a young orator at a debating society, the speaker attempted to describe the beauties of nature, and touching upon the scenes of a thunder storm he said "Witnessed once upon a time, his fountain of eloquence could no longer withhold itself, and he broke forth in the following strain:—"Why, I tell you, Mr. President, the roaring of the thunder was heard far and wide, and reminded those who heard it of the clattering of the hoofs of so many wild horses crossing a bridge over a creek where the little fishes were seen skipping about from puddle to puddle—and the lightnings flashed and flashed, every now and then the whole heavens looked as though it was lighted up with tallow candles, and then all snuffed!"

SISTERLY AFFECTION.—At a protracted meeting, held but a thousand miles from Ballston, Sp., an ancient sister arose and related herself as follows:—"I are young ladies here who seem to love gew-gaws, furbelows, ribbons and laces more than their Creator. I loved them once, and I turned my hat with French artificial flowers, bright colored ribbons, and sky blue trimmings, but I found they were dragging me down to hell, and I took them off and gave them to my sister!"

The best food for fattening fowls is potatoes mixed with meal. Boil the potatoes and smash them fine when they are hot, and mix the meal with them just before it is presented. They fatten on this diet in less than half the time ordinarily required to bring them to the same condition of excellence on corn or even the corn meal itself.

MAD DOGS.—It has lately been discovered, says the *National Era*, that a strong decoction made of the bark of the roots of white ash, when drunk as a medicine, will cure the bite of a mad dog. This, undoubtedly, is owing to the fact that rattlesnakes can be made more easily to crawl over live coals than white ash leaves; and they are never found in the forests where the white ash grows.

At the celebration, in Boston, on the Fourth, the following toast was given:—"The Children of Boston—May the boys become wiser and better men than their fathers—and the girls grow up to be—just like their mothers!"

TRUST GOD.—I could write down twenty cases, says a pious man, when I wished God had done otherwise than he did; but which I now see, had I my own will, would have led to extensive mischief.

TO TAKE LICK OUT OF LINEN.—Take a piece of tallow, melt it and dip the spotted part of the linen into the tallow, then wash the linen, and the spots will disappear without injuring it.

A man in Maine applied for two gallons of rum for medicinal purposes. "For what medicinal purposes?" inquired the agent. "For raising a barn," was the reply.

"Death by hanging—around a rum shop," was the subject of a recent verdict, by a coroner's jury, upon the body of a man who died drunk.

There is a California tramp in Boston which measures forty-five inches in circumference, and weighs fourteen and a half pounds.

Cholera has spread through a wide extent of country round Williamsport, Md., and with much fatality.

As it sometimes rains when the sun shines, so there may be joy in the midst of heart when there are tears in his eye.