

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1853.

NUMBER 73.

### BRINGMAN'S CABINET-WARE ROOM,



GETTYSBURG, PA.

THANKFUL for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him the subscriber would respectfully inform his old customers and the public generally, that he still continues to manufacture every variety of

### HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

at his Old Establishment, in South Baltimore street, second square, a few doors south of the "STAR" printing office Gettysburg. He will have on hand, for sale, and will constantly be prepared to manufacture, from the very best materials, Sofas at the rate of \$20 to \$50; Centre, Card, Pier, Sofa, Toilet, Dining and Break fast TABLES; Dressing Bureaus of every description; French Bedsteads, Washstands, Wardrobes, Secretaries, Book-Cases; Pedestals or Sideboards, Piano Stools, Ladies' Washstands, Reclining Chairs, Lounges, Toilettes, &c., &c., which for neatness, durability and beauty of finish, cannot be surpassed by any in the country.

Persons wishing good and cheap FURNITURE would do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

### Coffins.

He is also prepared to manufacture Coffins of Cloth, Alpaca & Walnut. He has a neat and substantial Hearse, and is prepared to accommodate persons in town and country at the shortest notice. All kinds of work made to order, and warranted to be finished in the best workman like style.

GEO. E. BRINGMAN.  
Gettysburg, July 22, 1853.—if.

### GROCERY & LIQUOR STORE.

THE undersigned has just returned from the City with a new and largely increased assortment of goods, which he is prepared to offer at prices which cannot be beat. His stock consists of

### GROCERIES

of all kinds, Sugars, Molasses, Coffee, Tea, Fish, Salt, Crackers, Cheese, Pickled Cucumbers, &c. Also, Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Raisins, Prunes &c.—Also, Powder, Shot, Tobacco, Segars, Gail's celebrated German Smoking Tobacco, and a variety of other articles.—Also a first-rate assortment of the best qualities of

### LIQUORS,

Wines and Brandy, of different kinds, N. E. Rum, Holland Gin, Old Rye, &c.—all of which can be had on the lowest terms at the Store of the subscriber, in South Baltimore street, next door to the "Star" office.

Also, always on hand a variety of Stone Jugs, &c.—Give us a call.

EMANUEL ZIEGLER, Jr.  
Gettysburg, May 13, 1853.—if.

### Books! Books!!

S. H. BUEHLER HAS received a largely increased assortment of Books, and Stationery, of every variety—

### Classical, Theological, School, Miscellaneous BOOKS

which constitute the largest and best assortment ever opened in Gettysburg, and are offered at the VERY LOWEST PRICES.—

Also—a large assortment of STATIONERY & FANCY GOODS—Gold and Silver Pens and Pencils, Pen-Knives, Writing Paper of all varieties and best qualities, Envelopes, Perfumery, Soap, &c. &c.—Call and see the old established place in Chambersburg street, a few doors from the diamond.

S. H. BUEHLER.  
Gettysburg, Pa., June 3, 1853.

### CARRIAGES, CARRIAGES!

### NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he is engaged in the Carriage-Making business and is prepared to put up work in the most satisfactory manner. Any person wanting a good

### ROCKAWAY, Buggy, Boat Body, or Square Carriage,

will do well by calling on the undersigned, who repairs done at the shortest notice on moderate terms, at his shop between West Middle and West York streets, Inquire at DANNA & ZICKLER'S Hardware Store.

The subscriber tenders his thanks to his customers for their patronage and respectfully asks a continuance of the same.

JOHN L. HOLTZWORTH.  
March 11, 1853.—On

### LUMBER.

PERSONS having LUMBER to dispose of, in trade for Furniture, will find it to their advantage to call at the cheap (cheap)—Making Establishment of GEO. E. BRINGMAN, South Baltimore street, next door to the Compiler's office.

May 27.

### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voice of the night  
Wakes the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight.

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the floor's bright  
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
All my fears as still and vain,  
By the roadside felt and perished,  
Wary with the march of life.

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spoke with us on earth no more.

And with them the being beautiful,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And the silent gaze at me,  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars so still and true,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebuke, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died.

### BLOSSOMS.

A little child stood at the window.  
It was a balmy spring morning; a light  
breeze was blowing from the West, and as  
it swayed the blossoming boughs of the  
old garden trees loaded with the fragrant  
promise of a fruitful year, the white, trem-  
bling blossoms quivered and dropped, not  
one by one, but in great tremulous showers,  
flecking the blue air like fleecy clouds  
against a heaven of azure. A beautiful  
sight it was—that sweet, quivering, frag-  
rant deluge of floating white blossoms!

But the child laid her fair head on the  
low window sill and wept. Not long, how-  
ever. A soft hand laid gently over those  
drooping curls, aroused the weeper.

"Dear mamma, see the blossoms, the  
beautiful white blossoms! Why do the  
winds steal them from their sweet homes,  
and toss them so cruelly to the earth, when  
they will wither and shrivel and die?"

The spring time will lose half its fairness,  
With my beautiful blossoms gone."

The mother said nothing—but, with  
her caressing fingers, whose touch the  
child had felt so often on her forehead, she  
parted the golden curls that lay damp and  
heavy on its whiteness; then, taking her  
gently in her arms, she sang sweet, holy  
songs to her, such as the child loved to  
hear, till gradually those fair lids, white  
and tremulous, as the sweet May-blooms  
themselves, folded quietly over her flushed  
cheeks; and she slept.

Again the child stood at the window,  
but it was early Autumn. The lazy air,  
still fervid almost to tropic warmth, sun-  
tered indolently in at the open window  
with a hot, dry breath. But the sunshine  
lay golden all around, lighting up the  
golden walks where the trees had not  
quite shut out its brightness, and touching  
the soft cheeks of the blushing nectarines  
and juicy pears with a richer hue as they  
swung heavily to and fro in the indolent  
air.

"Ah, I am so weary," murmured the  
child, "how beautiful it is!"

"What is beautiful, darling?"

"Why, mamma, this lovely, lovely fruit!"

Soe what a bright tinge the sunlight has  
given those ripe, golden peaches, and how  
the crimson melts in and out on their cheeks  
as they stir in the breeze. Oh, it is so  
beautiful! And see, they are playing  
hide-and-go-seek with the green, dancing  
leaves. I never saw any thing so lovely  
before. Mamma, why do you smile?"

"Come with me and pluck some of this  
beautiful fruit, and while we are enjoying  
it in your little arbor, I will tell you."

"Edith," said her mother, as they seat-  
ed themselves on the sheltered garden seat  
that Edith called her arbor, "do you re-  
member when you wept to see the white  
blossoms falling from the trees?"

"Yes, mamma," said the child, looking  
in wondering earnestness at the question.

"So, darling, you see that God, our  
kind Father, knows the best. Will my  
daughter always try to remember this?"

"—for, Edith, there comes many a season  
beside the spring-time, when blossoms fall."

"Edith looked up again—a dreamy,  
thoughtful, wondering look!

"Dear child, you do not understand me.  
God grant you never may," murmured  
her mother. Was her prayer answered?

Again it was spring-time. Once more  
the blossoming boughs swayed in the sun-  
shine, floating down at every touch of the  
piling breeze, their white quivering pe-  
tals. And again, Edith knelt at the low  
window, but no more as a child. For E-  
dith was a wife and a mother—nay, a mo-  
ther no longer. She had seen her babe  
die with the first dawn of the light in  
the unspitting East, and unobscured and  
murmuring, she had come hither, away  
from the stillness and ruder of the death-

chamber, to weep alone. Poor, comfort-  
less Edith! Must the lessons of her child-  
hood so soon find its counterpart in her  
stricken life? Are the blossoms even yet  
falling from her young, beautiful exist-  
ence? Does she heed the likeness, as her  
eyes gaze through heavy, rebellious tears,  
to this floating shower of bloom and beau-  
ty? No, in the blindness of her grief she  
heeds it not; but the next moment one  
is by her side who perchance will read it  
for her.

"Nay, Edith, my daughter, my poor,  
poor child, you must not sorrow thus—  
Weep, dearest you may, for tears are the  
sweet solace of grief—but should you weep  
for me?"

"Oh, mamma, it was my all," sobbed E-  
dith, laying her head with the old aban-  
donment of childhood on her mother's heart,  
"my mother's treasure, the sweetest and  
loveliest to me of all God's gifts, and He  
has taken it away. Why should He have  
taken it away? Why did He grant this  
sweet boon only to take it back again?"

And the slight, proud frame shook in the  
arm that clasped it, as with an agony too mighty  
to be borne.

With a dumb prayer for strength, the  
mother lifted that pale brow till her lips  
touched it and then answered quietly, "E-  
dith, darling, listen to me. When you  
stood, years ago, a little child, at this very  
window, weeping to behold the white  
blossoms fall, as they are falling now, was it  
not because you could not see how, one  
day, their place would be filled with ripe,  
golden fruitage? But the Autumn came,  
and again, but with shining eyes and hap-  
py heart, you stood on this self-same spot,  
rejoicing in a sweet harvest that in your  
childish ignorance you never dreamed  
could follow such a waste of loveliness and  
bloom. So, darling, you stand now, weep-  
ing over the blossoms of hope and gladness  
falling so thick around you. But now,  
as then, believe me, my sweet child, there  
will come a day when you will see, as  
you saw then, that it was fitting that all  
this beauty and fragrance should vanish  
so that the bright, golden harvest may  
succeed. God has shaken your unjust  
spirit with the strong winds of his power,  
but only to detach the warm leaves of its  
blowing life. The worm is still there,  
and from it may result a harvest of rich-  
ness which shall become to you at length  
the very fruition of joy. The blossoms  
float downwards, seeking the earth; our  
little one has succeeded to the sweet leav-  
ens. There she will expand in a lovelier  
air than this floating around us now. She  
will hunger no more, neither thirst any  
more; neither shall the sun-light be upon  
her nor any heat; for the lamb which is  
in the midst of the throne shall feed her  
and shall lead her unto living fountains of  
water; and God shall wipe away all tears  
from her eyes."

"It is enough," murmured the mourner,  
raising her own eyes, now filled with sweet,  
hopeful tears. Ah, from that moment, in  
her trusting soul had there not commene-  
d the harvest of her sorrow?—a harvest  
more sure and beautiful than the fruitage  
of an earthly soil—richer and sweeter and  
more enduring than all the ripeness fol-  
lowed in the blossoming of a thousand springs,  
whose Reaper is the chastened Soul itself,  
and the Harvest-time, Eternity!

### On Listening to Evil Reports.

The longer I live, the more I feel the  
importance of adhering to the rules which  
I have laid down for myself in relation to  
the following subjects:

1. To hear as little as possible, what is  
to the prejudice of others.

2. To believe nothing of the kind till I  
am absolutely forced to it.

3. Never to drink in the spirit of one  
who circulates an ill report.

4. Always to moderate, as far as I can,  
the unkindness which is expressed toward  
others.

5. Always to believe that if the other  
side were heard, a very different account  
would be given of the matter.

I consider love as wealth, and as I would  
resist a man who should come to rob my  
house, so would I a man who would weak-  
en my regard for any human being. I con-  
sider, too, that persons are cast into differ-  
ent molds; and that to ask myself, what  
should I do in this person's situation, is  
not just more of judging. I could not  
expect a man that is naturally cold and re-  
served to set an example that is naturally warm  
and affectionate, and I think it a great evil  
that people do not make more allowances  
for each other in this particular. I think  
religious people are too little attentive to  
these considerations.—Sinclair

In common life don't you often judge  
and misjudge a man's whole conduct,  
setting out from a wrong impression?—  
The tone of the voice, a word said in joke,  
or a trifle in behavior—the out of his hair,  
or the tie of his neckcloth, may disfigure  
him in your eyes, or poison your good op-  
inion; but at the end of years of intimacy  
it may be your closest friend says some-  
thing, reveals some thing, which had been  
previously been a secret, which alters all  
your views about him, and shows that he  
has been acting on quite a different mo-  
tive from that which you fancied you  
knew.

We should be cautious as we advance in  
life, of allowing occasional sorrowful ex-  
periences to overshadow our perception of  
the preponderance of good.

### Uncle Bernard's Story.

"Oh! Uncle Bernard," cried altogether  
a group of little people, tell us a story!"

Uncle Bernard, a white haired old man,  
whose curly chair had been drawn to a  
warm corner—for the winter was howling  
against the windows—looked up from his  
large print Bible, and smiled fondly on  
their ruddy faces: "A story! let me read  
you one out of this good book."

"Oh, no," says bold little Bob, as he  
caught the old man round the neck, "we  
know all the Bible stories; tell us a fairy  
tale!"

"Yes, yes! Uncle Bernard," chimed  
the rest, "a fairy tale, a fairy tale, a fairy  
tale; you have never told us a fairy tale."

"No, dear, I have never told you a  
fairy tale. Fairy tales are lies, and young  
folks like you, should not like to hear lies.  
Old folks like me, should not tell lies."

"Oh! but Uncle Bernard, we know that  
fairy tales ain't true, but it is such fun to  
hear them."

"Well, my pets, I'll try to tell you a  
story that sounds like a fairy tale, and yet  
it is all true. Sit down and listen:

"Once upon a time, and a great while  
ago, there lived in a wild wood a wild man,  
whose name was *Sthenos*. His father  
and mother had been keepers of a lovely  
garden, where they dwelt in peace with  
our good God; but he, very early in his  
childhood, had wandered far off, and lost  
himself among the shadows of the forest,  
where he soon forgot all the little that he  
knew. Not only his high and face, but  
also his whole body was covered with long,  
sluggish hairs; his nails were like claws,  
and he could climb the trees or swim in  
the water as easily as walk on the ground.  
Gigantic in height, his shoulders were  
broad and his limbs sturdy. He could  
outrun the swiftest deer, and with a stone  
the flying bird, and kill with his knotty  
club the fiercest beast. He ate only  
what he won in the chase, with some pland  
of herbs or fruits, or honey which he found  
in hollow trunks, and among the rocks;  
and he drank only water from springs, or  
the deep river which flowed through the  
valley. He slept in caves, or in the con-  
fines of trees, lest the prowling beasts should  
catch him unawares. Yet savage as he  
was, he had a certain nobleness and rough-  
ness of men which distinguished him as  
superior to the brutes around him, and  
made them, acknowledge him as their  
lord. Thus he lived lonely and unhappy,  
and notwithstanding his strength, full of  
grief."

"One day as he was pushing through a  
thicket to reach the river, he heard a  
sigh, sweeter than any he had ever heard,  
He thought at first that it was a bird, but  
he knew the song of all birds, and that  
this was not like any one of them. He  
dashed on, and saw reclining on the bank  
of the river a creature so lovely that he  
stood still in wonder, trembling with a  
feeling that shot like fire through his ears  
and joints. Her form, this woodman's eyes  
saw at once that the delicate proportions  
were those of a female! Was something  
like his own, but fair and elegant, while  
his was brown and shaggy. Around her  
was cast a loose white robe, and about her  
shoulders floated a scarf, blue as the sky.  
While she sang she looked upward as if  
she was hearing her, whom Sthenos  
could not see; and then she listened, as if  
to a voice he could not hear. Some turn-  
ing her eyes upon him, she smiled with  
ravishing sweetness, and beckoned him  
nearer. Awe struck, but drawn irresistibly  
on, he fell at her feet, gazing on her  
beautiful face. She spoke in accents of  
his early speech, which now came back  
to his understanding, and said: Sthenos,  
our good God, whom you have so long  
forgotten, has not forgotten you; but pity-  
ing your loneliness and misery, has sent  
me to live with you and be your friend."

Already I love you, and you must take  
me to your heart and give me your love."

As she spoke, she bent down and wiped  
his forehead, from which a cold sweat  
had formed, looking into his eyes with  
blue eyes into his, until his whole being  
seemed drawn out to her, and he laid his  
head with his bright golden curls on her  
broad breast, and felt an ecstasy of inex-  
pressible happiness.

"And now that I am to dwell with you,  
dear Sthenos, lead me to your home."

"Home!" replied he, "I know not what  
you mean."

"Where do you rest after the chase, or  
amidst the darkness? Where do you eat  
your food, and where do you delight most  
to lie? That is home."

"I have no home. All places in the  
forest are alike to me. Where I am warm  
or might come upon me, there I lie down;  
when I have killed the deer, then I eat—  
I have never thought of home."

"Come then," said she, sweetly, "let us  
seek a spot where we will make a home  
for ourselves;" and putting her slender  
hand in his, she led him on until they  
came to a fountain gushing out from under  
a high rock, before which a sunny mead-  
ow spread itself toward the south-west,  
blooming with harebells and daisy-cups,  
and pansies, and many more wild flowers.  
"Is not charming?" said she; "the spring  
shall give us water, and the rock guard us  
from the fierce north wind, and we can  
look out from the sunlight and the shade,  
as they float mingled together over  
the green grass, and the flowers that spring  
up through the verdure."

"Sthenos smiled, and though he could  
not understand all her meaning, he felt a  
charm of nature he had never before  
known."

"Now," she said, "the sun, though his  
light be pleasant, looks down too hotly up-  
on us, and when the night comes the dew  
will fall and the winds chill us. Go, break  
off boughs from the trees, and strip the  
broad bark from the decayed birches."

"This was an easy task for the vigorous  
man; and in the meantime she had gather-  
ed heaps of dry mosses, and the spicy  
shoos from the hemlocks, and spread them  
deeply over the last covered ground."

Then leaning the thick boughs against  
each other, and laying by her directions,  
the curved bark, overlapping in successive  
and continuous layers upon them, Sthenos  
saw as his work a rude, but safe hut, and

said: "This shall be our home. I go for  
my evening meal;" and dashing into the  
forest, he soon returned with wood pigeons  
and a young fawn, which he had killed,  
casting them bleeding at the feet of his  
gentle wife, who had already arranged in  
leaky cups the berries which she had gather-  
ed from the meadow; and Sthenos be-  
held wild flowers, mingled with wood, trail-  
ing, delicate lines, adorning the entrance of  
their home.

"The simple meal soon prepared by her  
skillful hands, he thought more savory  
than he had ever had; but before she suffi-  
ced him to partake she pointed upwards, and  
with clasped hands sang praise to our  
good God, the giver. An hour delicious  
friendship stole away, as hand in hand they  
looked into each other's eyes—she thought  
he knew not how speak, and she needed no  
words to utter. Then another hymn in  
our good God, the sleepless Preserver,  
she warbled from her lips of gurgling melo-  
dy, and the pair said to rest.

"Thus sped on day after day, and night  
after night. Gradually Sthenos lost his  
fierceness, save in the struggles of the  
chase. She had fashioned for him soft  
garments out of fawn-skins and fethers,  
which now he wore less for need than  
pride, and to please his skillful friend."

His shaggy hair was smoothed into curling  
grace; but he constantly received new  
contaminations and ornaments from his  
stronger her cunning hand; a happy  
he after his toil in the forest, to re-  
turn bearing a rich honeycomb, or leading a  
goat with full udders to his home, dear  
because hers.

"On walking one daway morning, he  
looked fondly in her loving face beaming  
with tender, holy thoughts, and said:—  
"You call me Sthenos, but have never told  
me the name by which I am to call you,  
my dearest."

"You have just pronounced the name I  
love best, except when you call me your  
wife and your friend. I have had several  
names in the land whence I came to be  
married to you; but that by which our good God  
wished you to know me is *Euthymia*."

"Dear Sthenos, whenever you are in  
trouble, in need or in doubt, call Euthymia  
to your side, and whatever love you do,  
I will gladly perform: With your strength  
and my affectionate zeal, and the blessings  
of our good God, we shall be happy as  
we may in this wild wood; but the good  
God has promised me that when you  
shall have learned to sing and pray with  
me, that our two beings shall be blended  
into one, and we shall leave the forest to  
our good God, and dwell in a garden with  
our good God, far more beautiful than the one from  
which you stayed a long while ago."

"Oh, dearest home," replied Sthenos, "I  
can think of no higher bliss than that your  
loveliness should be mingled with my  
strength, except that my strength shall be  
forever united to your dear thoughts."

"Say not so, Sthenos," answered she,  
looking up with a holy smile, like a morn-  
ing light sparkling in the dew; "our joy  
will be to dwell with our good  
God."

"From that moment Sthenos earnestly  
endeavored to learn the hymns and pray-  
ers of Euthymia. They lived long in the  
forest, and children were born to them—  
three sons like their father, vigorous, and  
three daughters like their mother, graceful.  
But one fair morning the father and the  
mother came not into their chamber (for  
the little hut had given place to a wide  
dwelling) their children wept anxiously  
to seek them, but they found them not.  
Sthenos and Euthymia were gone to the  
garden of our good God.

"The children were mute in wonder  
and sadness, when suddenly the chamber  
was filled with ravishing light and deli-  
cious odors, and three radiant angels hover-  
ed over the bed and the roof opened,  
and the children could see far up into  
the sky, and saw a glorious being standing  
under the Tree of Life, before the throne  
of God; and in the smiling countenance  
of the glorious being, they recognized  
strangely, but sweetly mingled, the love of  
both father and mother. And one of the  
angels said, (he was the tallest of the three)  
"I pointed out the way to them, and en-  
couraged them to strive to reach the gar-  
den."

"And I," said the second, on whose  
bosom shone a gem like a golden anchor,  
"bore them up on my wings."

"And I," joyfully exclaimed the third,  
who had eyes like the first spring violets  
washed with rain, "have made them both  
our fathers."

"Then turning to her sisters angels, she  
said: "Your tasks for them are over; let  
me go to fill their united being with immor-  
tal happiness."

"Ah! Uncle Bernard," cried Gertrude,  
"that is better than a fairy tale; but what  
quer names, Sthenos and Euthymia;  
what do they mean?"

"Made them out of the Greek," an-  
swered the old man; "and by Sthenos, I  
mean man left to himself, when he would  
be a mere savage; and by Euthymia, I  
mean wisdom sent to him by our good  
God, to teach him how to live on earth  
and prepare for heaven. When man is  
transformed to holy wisdom and uses his  
strength for wise ends, he becomes all good,  
and God takes him up to the second Para-  
dise."

"Yes," says little Charley, "and the  
angel with the anchor is Faith."

"And the tallest angel is Faith," added  
Robert, for faith gives pious people cour-  
age."

"And the gentle blue-eyed one must be  
Love, for love lives forever," whispers  
Gertrude in Uncle Bernard's ear.

"Bless you, dear child, you look like  
her," whispers back Uncle Bernard.

### To our Subscribers.

If the patron who owns a world think for a minute  
They'd certainly send us our dues;  
A great leather purse with naught to put in it,  
Might soften the hearts of the Jews.

Don't think we're not hungry because we look well,  
And content—having nothing to say,  
For our type is continually going to bed,  
And there's always the devil to pay.

And besides we're in love with a pretty black eye,  
And would love of all things to be wed,  
But if we tried to be good and selling paper,  
The devil's own life he'd be (and) led. [Esk.]

### Saturday Evening.

How sweet the evening shadows fall,  
Advancing from the west;  
As ends the weary week of toil,  
And comes the day of rest.

Bright 'er the earth the star of eve  
Her radiant beauty sheds;  
And myriad stars cataly weave  
Their light around our heads.

Rest, man, from labor; rest from sin,  
The world's hard contest close.  
The holy hours of God begin;  
Yield thee to sweet repose.

Bright 'er the earth the morning ray  
Its sacred light will cast;  
Fair emblem of the glorious day  
That evermore shall last.

### The Dutiful Daughter.

Gustavus III., king of Sweden, who  
perished by the hands of the assassin, in  
1792, one day, after reviewing his troops,  
rode through a village in the garb of a com-  
mon traveller, and there saw a young  
bare-footed peasant girl drawing water  
from a well in an asking her for a drink,  
she replied, "Most really sir, and then  
handing him the water in the most un-  
derstanding, innocent, and polite way, she  
said, "but you will pardon me for not stay-  
ing with you long; my mother wants my ser-  
vice, and I cannot be back too soon."

"Your mother, then, is yet living?"

"Yes, sir, happily for me; but my mother  
is poor and has nobody to wait upon her  
but myself."

"Where does she live?"

"Down yonder, sir." "What, in your  
miserable cottage?" "That's our dwell-  
ing, sir."

The king dismounted and led his horse  
by the bridle. "Well, my good child, I  
will accompany you, that I may be intro-  
duced to your mother, to whom you are  
so cordially attached."

"Oh, I live in  
my mother, from my inmost soul; if I could  
only be so happy as to afford her a proper  
evidence of my love."

Having reached the wretched cabin,  
Gustavus, who had already heard the  
mother's name, entered with the  
girl. She, approaching a poor couch, said,  
"Dear mother, here is a gentleman whom  
I gave a drink of water, who wishes to see  
you." The king, already affected by all  
the appearances of helpless poverty, was  
still more wrought upon by beholding  
an aged woman, tortured by pain, stretch-  
ed on a miserable pallet of straw.

"Poor mother!" he exclaimed, "I pity you."  
"Ah, sir," replied the patient, "a good  
word would be far more deplorable; God  
had not given me this dear, tender-hearted  
daughter, who labors by all the means in  
her power to alleviate my miseries."