

# Star and Republican Banner

D. A. BUSHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XVII.—7.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 1, 1846.

## POETRY.

### SPRING.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

The beautiful Spring, the generous Spring,  
She has come to her own again,  
From the gem-like isles that repose in smiles  
On the breast of the Southern main.  
She comes with her angels, a beautiful train  
Of the silens, the bright, and the free;  
Who joyously fling from each glittering wing  
A sparkle of melody.  
The Sun in his gladness salutes the young Spring,  
From his sapphire dome on high,  
Shining down from above, like the spirit of love,  
From his home in a clear blue sky.  
The fountains gush up like a young maiden's joy,  
And flow with a laughing song;  
And the rivers give out a melodious shout,  
As their plumed waves march along.  
The bright dandelions bespangle the vest  
Of green velvet that Earth puts on;  
And Zephyrus weaves of the young forest leaves,  
Her silver and emerald crown.  
Her lap is an altar to Spring consecrated,  
Filled with offerings rich and rare,  
Of young dewy flowers from the balm-breathing  
bowers,  
And wild fawns and young lambs fair.  
There's a hymn on the earth, there's a hymn on the  
sea,  
There are hymns on the balmy wind;  
There's a flush of delight on the fair and the  
bright,  
There's a beauty and love combined.  
There's a rich gush of life in the myriad breasts  
That feel the warm breath of Spring;  
There's a praise all abroad to the bountiful Lord,  
And a free will offering.  
The beautiful Spring, the generous Spring,  
She has come to her own again;  
With a message of love from the bowers above,  
Where the pure and the beautiful reign.

### There never was an Earthly Dream.

There never was an earthly dream,  
Of beauty and delight,  
That mingled not too soon with clouds,  
As sun-rays with the night;  
That faded not from that fond heart  
Where once it loved to stay,  
And left that heart more desolate  
For having felt its sway.  
There never was a glad bright eye  
But it was dimmed by tears,  
Caused by such griefs as ever dull  
The sunshine of our years.  
We looked upon the sweetest flower,  
'Tis wither'd soon and gone;  
We gaze upon a star, to find  
But darkness where it shone.  
There never was a noble heart,  
That had not in its power,  
Pain, misery, for its dower,  
The laurel on the brow had hid  
From many a careless eye,  
The secret of the soul within,  
Its blight and agony.  
There never was—there cannot be  
On earth a precious spring,  
Whose waters to the fevered lip  
Unfailing may bring;  
All change on this troubled shore,  
Or passage from the sight;  
O, for that world where joy and peace  
Reign as eternal light!

### Little Lady Caroline.

I know a sweet young girl,  
With a voice like a singing bird;  
And his bliss to look on her lovely face  
And let her joyous words—  
Oh! many a heart will madly pine  
For her—that sweet young Caroline.  
I know a fair young girl,  
With an eye like the sky's own blue,  
Or a sweet spring flower when its azure leaves  
Are bright with the early dew—  
Oh! a thing half earth and half divine  
Is she—that fair young Caroline.  
I know a bright young girl,  
And her every thought a gem;  
A lovelier diamond than ever flashed  
From a kindly gem—  
Oh! her soul a blessed star will shine  
In heaven—that bright young Caroline.  
(Louisville Journal.)

## MISCELLANY.

### Faith and Hope—A Parable.

BY DR. CARPENTER.

One morning, as the sun arose, two spir-  
its went forth upon the earth.  
And they were sisters; but Faith was of  
mature age, while Hope was yet a child.  
They were both beautiful. Somewhat  
to gaze upon the countenance of Faith, for  
her eye was serene, and her beauty changed  
not; but Hope was the delight of every  
eye.  
And the child sported in the freshness  
of the morning; and as she hovered over  
the gardens and dowy lawns, her wings  
glittered in the sunbeams like the rainbow.  
"Come my sister," she cried, "and chase  
with me the butterfly from flower to flower."  
But her sister was gazing at the lark, as  
it arose from its low nest and warbled among  
the clouds.  
And when it was noon, the child said a-  
gain: "Come, my sister, and pluck with me  
the flowers of the garden, for they are  
beautiful, and their fragrance is sweet."  
But Faith replied: "Nay, my sister,  
let the flowers be there; for thou art young  
and delightest thyself with their beauty. I  
will meditate in the shade till the heat of  
the day be past. Thou wilt find me by  
the fountain in the forest. When thou art  
weary, come and repose on my bosom."  
And she smiled and departed.  
After a time, Hope sought the sister,  
and the tear was in her eye, and her counte-  
nance was mournful.  
Then Faith said: "My sister, whatfore  
dost thou weep, and why is thy counte-  
nance sad?"

### THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

The following is an extract from a tale by  
Mrs. MARY LIVERMORE, which appeared in a late  
number of the New England Washington. It is  
the picture of a drunkard's wife—a picture which  
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During her absence, her husband staggered  
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Charlotte, not a year old, who, always deli-  
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lowed after her. Mr. Austin moved to-  
wards the fire-place, and endeavored to  
seat himself; but losing his balance, he  
fell; and in falling, the babe rolled from  
his arms, with its face downwards, into  
the fiery bed of glowing coals that lay in  
the hearth-stone. The child was too much  
enfeebled by recent illness to extricate it-  
self, the father so dreadfully intoxicated  
that some minutes elapsed before he was  
fully aware of its condition, or could re-  
cover his feet; his cotton garments were  
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its efforts to shriek were only con-  
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One glance at his infant's excru-  
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water, and was hastening to the door for as-  
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steps of his wife sounded on the stairs,  
and, white as the sheeted dead, his tongue  
rigid with horror, with the reeking, blis-  
tered, blackened, form of his babe in his arms,  
he stood face to face with its mother.

Oh, God! who can tell the unspoken  
agony of the moment! paralyzed, rooted  
to the floor as if transformed to stone,  
with parted lips from whence issued no sound,  
her heart beating loud and heavily so that  
she almost reeled from the force of its  
sickening throbs, she fixed her eyes steady-  
ly upon her husband for a moment, as if to  
read the whole tale, and then prompted by  
the instincts of her maternal heart, she  
threw off her trance of horror, and flew to  
seek relief.

But the poor little innocent had inhaled  
the scorching gas of its fiery billow, and  
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THE MOTHERS REWARD.  
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### THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

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One wintry afternoon, when huge drifts  
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lar streets of the city, when the fitful wind  
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scantly clad, and lily calculated to brave  
the raging tempest, left her home to seek  
one of the numerous seamen's clothing  
stores, called "shop shops," which were  
scattered throughout Ann street and its vi-  
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work just completed by herself, George  
and Emma, and upon the payment which  
she was expecting for her labor, the fam-  
ily was depending for their evening meal.  
During her absence, her husband staggered  
homewards in a shocking state of inebriety,  
where Emma and Charles, the younger son,  
were endeavoring to amuse the infant  
Charlotte, not a year old, who, always deli-  
cate, was helpless as infancy itself, and  
who lay in the cradle, wailing her mother's  
absence. As Mr. Austin approached the  
little one, and raised her in his arms with  
the natural kindness which not even in-  
temperance could banish from his nature,  
Emma, unaware of her father's deep intoxi-  
cation, accustomed as she was to seeing  
him more or less so constantly, and per-  
ceiving that the babe was quiet, ran down  
stairs to the almost empty wood-shed,  
where her brother George was seeking fuel  
to prepare their supper, and Charles fol-  
lowed after her. Mr. Austin moved to-  
wards the fire-place, and endeavored to  
seat himself; but losing his balance, he  
fell; and in falling, the babe rolled from  
his arms, with its face downwards, into  
the fiery bed of glowing coals that lay in  
the hearth-stone. The child was too much  
enfeebled by recent illness to extricate it-  
self, the father so dreadfully intoxicated  
that some minutes elapsed before he was  
fully aware of its condition, or could re-  
cover his feet; his cotton garments were  
then blazing, its tender face, neck and  
bosom, were hissing on the hot coals, and  
its efforts to shriek were only con-  
spicuous agonized gasps.

One glance at his infant's excru-  
ciating situation, thro' the flames of intox-  
ication from his brain; clearness came to his  
steadiness to his hand; and with the quick-  
ness of lightning he drew the burning babe  
from the flames, dashed over it a vessel of  
water, and was hastening to the door for as-  
sistance, when the feet and anxious foot-  
steps of his wife sounded on the stairs,  
and, white as the sheeted dead, his tongue  
rigid with horror, with the reeking, blis-  
tered, blackened, form of his babe in his arms,  
he stood face to face with its mother.

Oh, God! who can tell the unspoken  
agony of the moment! paralyzed, rooted  
to the floor as if transformed to stone,  
with parted lips from whence issued no sound,  
her heart beating loud and heavily so that  
she almost reeled from the force of its  
sickening throbs, she fixed her eyes steady-  
ly upon her husband for a moment, as if to  
read the whole tale, and then prompted by  
the instincts of her maternal heart, she  
threw off her trance of horror, and flew to  
seek relief.

But the poor little innocent had inhaled  
the scorching gas of its fiery billow, and  
the severest of its burns, terrible as they  
were externally, could neither be seen or  
reached. The small veins of its neck were  
tense and knotted under the quivering flesh,  
its every breath caused convulsive throws,  
and rolling upwards its sightless eyes,  
spasmodically crenching its feeble hands,  
its delicate sinews tightened with agony,  
the half-released soul that hung quivering  
on its lips, was speedily freed.

It was months ere Charlotte Austin could  
throw off her spirit the horrible tor-  
tor which scuttled upon her, after the agoniz-  
ing death of her delicate babe. It seem-  
ed as if paleness would never more leave  
her cheek, as if her eye would never more  
burn steadily, or her voice be cleared of  
its huskiness, as if she had forgotten even  
to smile or converse, for the moved about  
as if all but the animated mechanism of  
her life were paralyzed. None knew the  
secret of the accident which had occurred  
save the parents, and the vague reply of  
Mrs. Austin, that "her babe fell in the fire  
during her absence," fastened upon her  
the charge of carelessness and neglect, both  
among her neighbors, and in the multifarious  
accounts of the occurrence that found their  
way into the city. She never repelled the  
charge, but Christ-like, was content to bear  
the sin of him who had so cruelly wronged  
her and hers; and to receive the odium  
which he deserved. With the same meek,  
uncomplaining kindness, she continued to  
minister to his wants, uttering no words of  
harshness, looking, no rebuke, save what  
was conveyed by the mournful gaze of her  
eyes.

THE MOTHERS REWARD.  
I saw a little cloud rising in the Western  
horizon. In a few moments it spread over  
the expanse of heaven, and watered the  
earth with a genial shower. I saw a little  
rivulet start from the mountain, winding its  
way through the valley and the meadow,  
receiving each tributary rill, which it met  
in its course till it became a mighty stream,  
bearing on its bosom the merchandise of  
many nations, and the various productions  
of the adjacent country. I saw a little  
seed drop into the earth. The dew de-  
scended; the sun rose upon it; it started  
into life. In a little time it spread its  
branches, and became a shelter from the  
heat, and the fowls of the heaven lodged  
in its branches.

I saw a little smiling boy stand by the  
side of his mother, and heard him repeat  
from her lips one of the songs of Zion.  
I saw him kneel at her feet, and pray that  
Jesus would bless his dear parents, and  
keep him from temptation. In a little time  
I saw him with the books of the classes  
under his arms, walking alone, buried in  
deep thought. I went into a Sabbath  
School, and heard him saying to a little  
circle that surrounded him, "Suffer little  
children to come unto me," in a few mo-  
ments afterwards I went into the sanctu-  
ary, and heard him reasoning of "righteous-  
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