New Orleans Bee

Office 73 Chartres street. | NEW ORLEANS, THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 20, 1864 | Vol. XVII—New Series, Vol. XXVI—Whole No. 13,261.

An Autumn Picture.

Do not the autumn winds, gentle reader, fill your heart with sadness? Do not their dreary moaning and sighing make you feel as if things in a dead, cold, dark, on your heart?

Ah! you, I know they do! Do they remind you, mother, of your little boy that died—your little Harry—whom it also hurled, lifeless yet Harry, that used to climb on your knee, fondly your sympathies "that your baby," put his dear little cross around your neck, and with his little childish, lisping tongue, so ready to the call, unbiased, inquired, "How much does mamma love her?" tell you, "I love you ten an equal amount little heart can hold."

What, sir, you thinking of mother? The autumn winds sighing, moaning, and plaintive repining over the little grave in your heart—one year old to-day?

Ah, brother, with those tones, with the cold beatings at your heart, and think your little Harry has the golden crown, the long white flowing robes, the angel wings, and is chosen "choir of praise" to the Lord. I know you miss the little form, so loaded down, beside you with you do not fear that "Now I lay the down to sleep," you do not feel the prayer, "If I die before I wake," and you have no little Harry to address at night and pray to the Lord, mother, that God has your Harry in Heaven? Smile the sighs would a pleasure, and prepare to meet Harry there.

Yes, autumn winds, your echoes come with a stilly damp to my heart this gloomy autumn night. Without all is cold, dreary, and desolate—night, storm, and darkness. The winds sigh and moan down the chimney, now break the casement, now round the corner, like the cry of a lost spirit. Truly, may the poet sigh:

> The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
> Of wailing winds, and fading leaves, and flowers that are dead;
> They are hung in the sky, and the sun is coldly shining
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