THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVIII.—26. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 10, 1847. NEW SERIES—NO. 16.

SACRED FLOWERS FROM MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A COTTAGE SCENE.

I saw a matron at a cottage door,
Where [illegible] another, with her cheerful wheel,
Carolled as sweet a song, that the young bird,
Which, timid, near the threshold sought for seeds,
Paused on its lifted foot, and raised its head,
As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
Nestled in throngs amid the wood-bine cups
That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream
Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
Music upon the pebbles, and the winds
Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down
Surfeiting earth with sweetness.

Sad I came
From weary commerce with the heartless world;
But when I felt upon my withered cheek
My mother Nature's breath, and heard the trump
Of those gay insects at their honied toil,
Minding air's winged jewelry, and drank
The youthful odor of the flowering trees
And bright-eyed violets; but, most of all,
When I beheld mild slumbering innocence,
And on that young maternal brow the smile
Of those affections which do purify
And renovate the soul, I turned me back
In gladness, and with added strength, to run
My weary race—lifting a thankful prayer [en
To Him who showed me some bright tints of Heav-
Here on the earth, that I might safer walk
And firmer combat sin, and surer rise
From earth to Heaven.

SILENT DEVOTION.

"The Lord is in his holy temple;—let all the earth *keep silence* before him."

The Lord is on his holy throne,
He sits in kingly state;
Let those who for his favor seek,
In humble silence wait.

Your sorrows to his eye are known,
Your secret motives clear,
It needeth not the pomp of words,
To pour them on his ear.

Doth Death thy bosom's cell invade?
Yield up thy flower of grace:
Swells the world's wrathful billow high?
Bow down, and let it pass.

Press not thy purpose on thy God,
Urge not thine erring will,
Nor dictate to the Eternal mind,
Nor doubt thy Maker's skill.

True prayer is not the noisy sound
That clamorous lips repeat,
But the *deep silence* of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

MISTAKES.

"Every thing that is high is not holy; nor every desire pure; nor all that is sweet, good; nor every thing that is dear to man, pleasing to God."
—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

Might we but view the shore
Of this dim world, as from Heaven's hill it gleams,
How should we blame the tear unduly shed,
And tax the truant joy! How should we see
Amaz'd, our own mistakes:—the lowly tomb
Of our lost idols blooming thick with flowers
Such as the seraph's bosom bears above,
And the steep cliff where we have madly blown
Ambition's victor-trump, with storm-clouds crown'd
To wreck the unwary soul: wealth's hoarded gold,
Eternal poverty; and the meek prayer
Of him who knew not where to lay his head,
An heritage of glory.

Each desire
Fed to fruition, till the satiate heart
Is gorged with richness, sows it not the seeds
Of sickness there!—while he whose only rest
Was on a spear-point, who might ask for bread
Only to find a stone, gain'd he not thus
A mansion in the amaranthine bowers
Of love divine!

Prosperity, alas!
Is often but another name for pride,
And selfishness, which scorns another's woe;
While our keen disappointments are the food
Of that humility which entereth Heaven,
Finding itself at home. The things we mourn
Work our eternal gain. Then let our joys
Be tremulous as the Mimosa's leaf,
And each affliction with a serious smile.
Be welcom'd in at the heart's open door,
As the good patriarch met his muffled guests
And found them angels

A DOOR OPENED IN HEAVEN.

"I looked, and, behold, a door was opened in Heaven."—REVELATIONS, IV., 31.

It seemed not as a dream, and yet I stood
Beside Heaven's gate. Its mighty valves were loosed,
And upwards, from earth's tribulation, came
A soul, whose passport, signed in Calvary's blood,
Prevailed. Around the golden threshold's verge
I saw the dazzling of celestial wings,
Thronging to welcome it. The towering form
Of an archangel bore it company,
To God's throne. Soft on my ear their tones,
Serenely wafted by ambrosial gales,
Fell like rich music.

"Wher efore didst thou pass
Weeping along thy pilgrimage?" inquired
The sinless seraph.

"Thorns beset my path.
I sought and found not. I obtained and mourn'd.
I loved and lost. Ingratitude and Hate
Did what their serpent tooth upon my fame.
My wealth took wing. I planted seeds of bliss,
And sorrow blossomed."

But the risen from earth
Faltered to mark that high archangel's glance
Bent downward with surprise, as though it asked,
"Had thy felicity no deeper root,
Thou sky-born soul, for whom the Son of God
Bowed to be crucified?"

So when I saw,
Or dreamed I saw, that even in Heaven might dwell
Reproof and penitence, I prayed to look
Ever upon that flood of light which gilds
Each morning with its mercy, and whose beams
Are brightened every moment, and to bear
God's chastening with gladness; that no tear
For trials lost in shed beyond the grave.

MARRIAGE OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

No word! no sound! But yet a solemn rite
Proceedeth through the festive lighted hall.
Hearts are in treaty, and the soul doth take
That oath, which, unbreathed, must stand till death,
With icy seal, doth stamp the scroll of life.
No word! no sound! But still yon holy man
With strong and graceful gesture doth impose
The irrevocable vow, and with meek prayer
Present it to be registerd in Heaven.
Methinks this silence heavily doth brood
Upon the spirit. Say, thou flower-crown'd bride,
What means the sigh which from that ruby lip
Doth escape, as if to seek some element
Which angels breathe?

Mute! mute! 'tis passing strange!
Like necromancy all. And yet, 'tis well;
For this deep trust, with which a maiden casts
Her all of earth, perchance her all of heaven,
Into a mortal's hand, the confidence
With which she turns in every thought to him,
Her more than brother, and her next to God,
Hath never yet been shadowed forth in sound,
Or told in language.

So, ye voiceless pair,
Pass on in hope. For ye may build as firm
Your silent altar in each other's hearts,
And catch the sunshine through the clouds of time
As cheerily, as though the pomp of speech
Did herald forth the deed. And when ye dwell
Where flowers fade not, and death no treasured link
Hath power to sever more, ye need not mourn
The ear sequestrate, and the tuneless tongue,
For there the eternal dialect of love
Is the free breath of every happy soul.

A SUNDAY SCENE.

Yesterday a German boy led his aged and blind father from the wharf up through State street to the Capitol Park. From their appearance it was evident that they had just arrived from the Fadetland and were seeking a home in this country, to which all exiles flee. Sorrowing and infirm, the aged parent suffered his cheerful son to guide his tottering steps. Time had dealt severely and frostily with the one; the other it seemed to touch only to invigorate and adorn—the blossom of the Spring with the ripened fruit of the Autumn. Under the shade of a large tree, the boy seated the old man on the railing, and wiping the moisture from his face, sat down.

He then took a well-worn book from his pocket, and as the venerable man drew nearer to the youth, he read to him the Words of Life from the New Testament. Alone, far from their native land, and far from their kindred, those exiles worshipped God in His own Temple.

The numerous bells were then inviting the citizens to Church. A fashionable audience was collecting in a fashionable House of Worship. Wealth and beauty were there. The Matron and the Maid condescended to devote a few moments of a Sabbath morning to slander or to sleep. Does the listening Cashier tremble for his securities or for his soul? Can the meek and devout man in the pulpit bring his hearers to realize the folly of this world or the next?

Does the man of half a million, with white neckloth and cadaverous cheek, who boasts of saving all that he pinches—does he realize the source or destination of his wealth?—are not his descendants already chewing the scanty crust of penury and want?—when winter chills, and the rude winds pierce their tender frames, as the miser counts his warm and sordid treasure, or laughs mechanically at an unappreciated jest, are they not destitute of a garment that he is too penurious to bestow?

From these reflections we turned again to the Pilgrims in the Park. They were kneeling on the turf, with their faces resting upon the railing. The exiled Patriarch, with one hand raised towards Heaven and the other resting on the head of his boy, was at prayer!—*Albany Journal.*

FRAGMENTS.

The flower beheld the star above,
And longed to reach its airy love,
But longed in vain. A dew drop fell
Into the rich and fragrant bell;
And then the star was imaged there,
As though it dropped from upper air,
And glancing down from heaven had come
To seek on earth a kindred home.

He had learnt a most useful principle of life, which was to lay nothing to heart which he could not help, how great soever disappointment had fell out, (if possible,) to think of them no more, but to work on upon other affairs; and some, if not all, would be butter matured.—*Life of Sir Dudley North.*

Who is there that did not love some in his youth? Who is there in whose vision of the past there does not sparkle up from every picture of childhood, a spring or a rivulet woven through the darkened and torn woof of first affections like a thread of unchanged silver? How do you interpret the instinctive yearning with which you search for the river-side or the fountain in every scene of nature—the clinging unaware to the river's course when a truant in the fields in June—the dull void you will find in every landscape of which it is not the ornament and the centre?—For myself, I hold with the Greek: "Water is the first principle of all things: we were made from it and we shall be resolved into it." [*Willis.*

A flower do but place near thy window glass,
And through it no image of evil shall pass.
Abroad must thou go? on thy white bosom wear
A nosegay, and doubt not an angel is there;
Forget not to water at break of the day
The lilies, and thou shalt be fairer and they.
Place a rose near thy bed nightly sentry to keep
And angels shall rock thee on roses to sleep.

Suicide is not to fear death, but to be afraid of life. It is a brave act of valor to contemn death; but, where life is more terrible than death, it is the truest valor to dare to live; and herein religion has taught us a noble example, for all the acts of Curtius.

Perhaps after we have seen the actual world, and experienced its hollow pleasures, we can resign ourselves the better to its exclusion; and as the cloister which repels the ardor of our hopes is sweet to our remembrance, so the darkness loses its terror, when experience has wearied us with the glare and travail of the day.

How sweet a thing is love of home. It is not acquired—it is a feeling that has its origin elsewhere. It is born with us, brought from another world to carry us on with joy in this. It attaches to the humblest heart that ever throbbed.

One of the most important of female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to women insinuation and persuasion in order to be surly; it did not make them weak in order to be imperious; it did not give them a sweet voice to be employed in scolding.

More failures are attributable to efforts misdirected than to the want of exertion.

Marriage either gets rid of your devils by the presence of an angel—or else it supplies their place with one whose name is Legion.

The real value of any thing cannot be known, till, like the ore which is tried by fire, it comes out either refind gold or dross.

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.

Poetry is the beauty of ideas—distinct from the beauty of things.

"Man is but a vapor, full of woes,
He cuts a caper, and down he goes."

☞ A Prairie du Chien paper says—"A singular custom prevails among the Sioux Indians; whenever a white man has resided among them for the space of one month, he is required to take unto himself a wife. The chief of the band, amongst which he is, at the end of his time, comes to him with a young and handsome squaw, whom he must espouse and protect according to their customs, or leave the country immediately.

TALES OF FEMALE HEROISM.

From a volume bearing the above title, which contains not only the stories of many of those heroic women whose names have become historic, but commemorates the more strictly domestic trials and triumphs of others whose exploits have been confined to the region of humble and private life, we extract the following story of stanch domestic heroism:

MILLER'S MAID.

"Near the hamlet of Udorf, on the banks of the Rhine, not far from Bonn, there yet stands the mill which was the scene of the following adventure:

"One Sunday morning, the miller and his family set out as usual to attend service at the nearest church in the village of Heasel, leaving the mill, to which the dwelling house was attached, in charge of his servant maid, Hanchen, a bold hearted girl, who had been some time in his service. The youngest child, who was still too little to go to church, remained also under her care.

"As Hanchen was busily engaged in preparing dinner for the family, she was interrupted by a visit from her admirer.—Heinrich Botteler, he was an idle, graceless fellow, and her master, who knew his character well, had forbidden him the house; but Hanchen could not believe all the stories she heard against her lover, and was sincerely attached to him. On this occasion she greeted him kindly, and not only got him something to eat at once, but found time in the midst of her busines, to sit down and have a gossip with him, while he did justice to the fare set before him.—As he was eating he let fall his knife, which he asked her to pick up for him; she playfully remonstrated, telling him she feared, from all she had heard, he did little enough work, and ought at least wait upon himself; in the end, however, she stooped down to pick up the knife, whence the villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of the neck, gripping her throat firmly with his fingers to prevent her screaming; then, with an oath, he desired her to tell him where her master kept his money, threatening to kill her if she did not comply with his demand. The surprised and terrified girl in vain attempted to parley with him: he still held her tightly in his choking grasp, leaving her no other choice but to die or betray her master. She saw there was no hope of softening him or changing his purpose, and with the full conviction of his treachery, all her native courage awoke in her bosom. Affecting, however, to yield to what was inevitable, she answered him, in a resigned tone, that what must be, must; only if he carried off her master's gold, he must take her with him too; for she could never stay to hear their suspicions and reproaches, entreating at the same time, to relax his grasp of her throat, for she could hardly speak, much less do what he bid her, while he held her so tight. At length he was induced to quit his hold, on her reminding him that he must lose no time or the family would be returning from church. She then led the way to her master's bedroom, and showed him the coffer where he kept his money. "Here," she said, reaching to him an axe, which lay in the corner of the room, "you can open it with this, while I run up stairs to put all my things together, besides the money I have saved since I have been here."

"Completely deceived by her apparent readiness to enter into his plans, he allowed her to leave the room, only exhorting her to be as quick as possible, and was immediately absorbed in his own operations; first opening the box, and then disposing of the money about his person. In the meanwhile Hanchen, instead of going up stairs to her own room, crept softly along several passages till she again reached her master's chamber. It was the work of a moment to shut and bolt the door upon him; and this done, she rushed out to the outer door of the mill to give the alarm.—The only being in sight was her master's little boy, a child of five years old; to him she called with all her might, "Run, run to meet your father as he comes from church; tell him we shall all be murdered if he does not come back." The frightened child did as she bid him, and set off running on the road she pointed out.

Somewhat relieved by seeing that the child understood her, and would make her case known, she sank down for a moment on the stone seat before the door, and, full of conflicting emotions of grief and thankfulness for her escape, she burst into tears. But at this moment a shrill whistle aroused her attention: it was from her prisoner, Heinrich, who, opening the grated window above her head, shouted out to some accomplice without to catch the child that was running away so fast, and to kill the girl. Hanchen looked around in great alarm, but saw no one. The child still continued to run with all his might, and she hoped that it was but a false alarm to excite her fear and overcome her resolution; when, just as the child reached a hollow in the next field, (the channel of a natural drain,) she saw a ruffian start up from the bed of the drain, and, snatching up the child in his arms, hasten with him towards the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived the full extent of her her danger, and formed her plan for escaping it.

"Retreating into the mill, she double-locked and bolted the door, the only apparent entrance into the building, every other means of obvious access being prevented by strong iron gratings fixed up against all the windows; and then took her post at the upper casement, determined to await patiently her master's return, and her consequent delivery from that dangerous position, or her own death, if indeed inevitable—for she was fully resolved to enter into no terms, and that nothing should induce her to give up her master's property into the robber's hands. She had hardly time to secure herself in her retreat, when the ruffian, holding the screaming child in his arms and brandishing a knife in one hand, came up, and bid her open the door or he would break it down, adding many awful oaths and threats; to which her only answer was that she put her trust in God.—Heinrich, who from his window was witness to this colloquy, now called out to cut the child's throat before her eyes if she still persisted in her refusal. Poor Hanchen's heart quailed at this horrible threat, but only for a moment. The death of the child could be no gain to them, while her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant, and her master, too, would be robbed. She had no reason either to suppose that her compliance would save the life of the child. It was to risk all against nothing, and she resolved to hold out to the last, though the villian from without renewed his threats, saying that if she would not open the door he would kill the child, and then set fire to the mill over her head. 'I put my trust in God,' was still the poor girl's answer.

"In the meanwhile the ruffian set down the child for a moment to look about for combustibles to carry out his threat. In this search he discovered a mode of entering the mill unthought of by Hanchen. It was a large aperture in the wall communicating with the great wheel and the other machinery of the mill: and it was a point entirely unprotected, for it had never been contemplated that any one would seek to enter by so dangerous an inlet. Triumphant at this discovery, he returned to tie the hands and feet of the poor child to prevent its escape, and then stole back to the aperture by which he intended to effect an entrance. The situation of the building prevented Hanchen seeing anything of this, but a thought had meanwhile struck her. It was Sunday, when the mill was never at work; if, therefore, the sails were set in motion the whole neighborhood would know that something unusual was the matter, and her master especially would hasten home to know the meaning of any thing so strange.

"Being all her life accustomed to the machinery of the mill, it was the work of a moment to set it all in motion—a brisk breeze, which sprang up at once, set the sails flying. The arms of the huge engine whirled round with fearful rapidity; the great wheel slowly moved on its axle; the smaller gear turned and creaked; and groaned according as the machinery came into action; the mill was in full operation. It was at this moment that the ruffian intruder had succeeded in squeezing himself through the aperture in the wall, and getting himself safely lodged in the interior of the great drum wheel. His dismay, however, was indescribable when he began to be whirled about with its rotation, and found that all his efforts to put a stop to the powerful machinery which set it in motion, or to extricate himself from this perilous situation, were fruitless. In his terror he uttered shrieks and imprecations. Astonished at the noise, Hanchen went to the spot, saw him caught like a rat in his own trap, from which it was no part of her plan to liberate him. She knew he would be more frightened than hurt if he kept within his rotary prison without any rash attempt to escape, and that even if he became insensible he could not fall out of it.

"In the meantime the wheel went round and round with its steady, unceasing motion; and round and round he went with it, while sense remained, beseeching Hanchen with entreaties, promises and wild impotent threats, which were all equally disregarded, till by degrees feeling and perception failed him, and he saw and heard no one. He fell senseless at the bottom of the engine, but even then his inanimate body continued to be whirled round as before; for Hanchen did not dare trust appearances in such a villain, and would not venture to suspend the working of the mill or stop the mill gear and tackle from running at their fullest speed.

At length she heard a loud knocking at the door and flew to open it. It was her master and his family, accompanied by several of his neighbors, all in the utmost excitement and wonder at seeing the mill sails in full swing on Sunday, and still more so when they had found the poor child lying bound upon the grass, who, however, was too terrified to give them any account of what had happened.—Hanchen, in a few words, told all; and then her spirit, which had sustained her through such scenes of terror, gave way under the sense of safety and relief, and she fell fainting in their arms, and was with much difficulty recovered. The machinery of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged from his dreadful prison. Heinrich, too, was brought forth from the miller's chamber, and both were in a short time sent bound under a strong escort to Bonn, where they soon after met the reward of their crimes."

The story of this extraordinary act of presence of mind, concludes by telling us that Hanchen, thus effectually cured of her *penchant* for her unworthy suitor, became eventually the wife of the miller's eldest son, and thus lived all her life in the scene of her imminent danger and happy deliverance.—*London paper.*

The Race not for the Swift but the Loving.—It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without her parents' consent; therefore if one bear an affection for a maid, upon the breaking thereof to her friends, the fashion is that a day is appointed for her friends to behold the two parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid outrun her suitor, the matter is ended, it being penal for the man to renew the mention of marriage. But if the virgin hath an affection for him, though at first running hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atlanta's golden ball to retard her speed) pretend some casuality, and make a voluntary halt before she come to the end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own will; and this is the cause that in this country the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love and real unhappiness.—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Pretty women kiss one another upon coming into a room, because it is a graceful custom; they do the same on going away, because they are delighted to lose sight of one another.

[From the Philadelphia Sun.

SHOCKING CASE OF TORTURE.

The following sketch of a case of torture, which may appear as incredible as it is horrible, is true in all its particulars:

A short time since a lady who moves in the highest circles of society in this city, thought she had reason to believe that a colored girl, employed in her family as a domestic, had pilfered various small articles about the house. One morning, the lady drew from the Philadelphia Bank the sum of $22, in four five-dollar notes, and the rest in silver. She carefully wrapped the money in the corner of her handkerchief, and for safety pinned it inside the bosom of her dress, which she carefully placed in the wardrobe, and put on her dishabille, and proceeded to look after her household.

Several hours elapsed, when all at once, she bethought herself of her twenty-two dollars, which she had laid upon her bureau top; and in breathless haste, ascended to the chamber to get it; but it was nowhere to be found.

"That black jade has stolen the money," ejaculated the suspicious woman.

She then hastened to the landing of the stairs, and called out at the top of her voice—

"Hetty! Hetty! come here, you black huzzy."

In the twinkling of an eye, the half-freightened daughter of Ethiopia was on the stairs.

"What did you do with the money, you black imp of the devil?"

"I didn't take no money," replied the little girl, trembling from head to foot.

"Will you tell me a lie, you huzzy! I'll learn you! Walk into the nursery there."

The little girl obeyed the will of her mistress, and presently both were in that nursery. The girl was stripped of clothing from head to foot; and the mistress, with the fury of a maniac, scarified her back with the thin end of a cowskin.

Tortured to madness, the girl made several desperate, though vain, attempts to jump from the window, to escape the lash of her cruel tormentor. Fitfully she said she stole the money, and, being afraid that she would be found out, threw the silver down a well, and put the notes in a rat hole in the vault. The rat hole was searched but the notes could not be found.

The husband now arrived home, and, after patiently hearing the statement of affairs, spoke at first kindly to the little girl, and she told him a different story. He became vexed, and applied the lash to her quivering back. The blood ran freely, and the sufferer implored for mercy. She was afraid to deny the theft; but her obduracy in telling so many lies to hide it was a matter of surprise. Night at last came, and a young man, a relative of the family, returned to supper. He was made acquainted with the facts, and he thought of a plan which would bring the delinquent to a proper sense of her duty. After they had taken their evening repast, he ascended to the room where the half naked, bleeding girl was imprisoned, and asked her what she had done with the solen money?

"Why," said the crying child, "I threw part down the well, and gave the notes to a poor woman, who lives over the way, in —— street."

A messenger was dispatched, but the woman had been very sick for three weeks, and she, as well, as her attendant denied all knowledge of receiving the money.—The young man took a bed-cord, and making a slip-knot on one end, put the noose around the girl's neck, and said:

"Come along! you black devil, you! you shall be hung."

She followed after him, like a sheep going to slaughter; and whilst he was fastening the rope to the handrail of the stairs, preparatory to pitch her over, she said:

"I have but one request to make."

"What is that?" replied the pretended hangman.

"*Why, that you will let me say my prayers before I die!*"

This unaffected response operated very feelingly upon the nerves of the young man and he relinquished his undertaking.

Some time after on the same evening, it was thought expedient to send for an alderman. The worthy functionary came, and heard the complaint, but there being no positive evidence that the girl was really guilty, refused to send her to prison.

The next morning, the lady of the house resolved to proceed to the Mayor to ask his advice on the subject, and, in taking her walking dress from the wardrobe, she discovered her handkerchief, with the money in one corner, dangling from the part where she had pinned it the day before.—Her visit to the Mayor was of course suspended.

Thus, it will be seen that a poor little friendless colored girl, honest as the sun, which darkened her skin, was almost tortured to death—prompted to admit herself to be a thief—induced to tell many lies respecting the disposal of the money—and all, too, by a woman whose elevated position in society, and whose general character for piety, should at least have induced her to adopt less objectionable measures, for the sake of honesty and truth.

The Ladies of Lima.—Far superior to the men, both physically and intellectually, are the women of Lima. Nature has lavishly endowed them with many of her choicest gifts. In figure they are usually slender and rather tall, and they are especially remarkable for small, and elegantly formed feet. Their fair faces, from which the glowing breath of the tropics banishs every trace of bloom, are animated by large, bright, dark eyes. Their features are pleasing, the nose being well formed, though in general not small, the mouth invariably adorned with two rows of brilliant white teeth, (the women of Lima clean their teeth several times a day with the root called raiz de dientes; literally, a root for the teeth, of which they keep constantly in her pocket,) and their long black hair, arranged in plaits, falls gracefully over their bosom and shoulders. Add to all this a captivating grace of manner and deporment, joined to an exceeding degree of gentleness and amiability, and it will be readily admitted that the Limens is a noble specimen of female lovliness.—*Von Tschudi's Travels in Peru.*

[From the National Era.

THE FIRST ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Attorney General of the State of Louisiana has pronounced the Declaration of Independence "*a humbug*" and Caleb Cushing, late of Massachusetts, has made the discovery announced in his Fourth of July oration, "in General Arista's garden," that the Revolutionary War was not a war for Liberty. That such were not the views of the men of the Revolution, seems sufficiently manifest. One of the evidences of *their* idea of the nature and bearing of the Great Declaration, is to be found in the proceedings of a meeting held in Middlesex county, New Jersey, on the 4th of the 7th month, 1783, the first anniversary of the signers of that instrument, after the close of the war.

The meeting took place in the township of Woodbridge. Great preparations had been made; an ox was roasted, and large numbers assembled to partake of it, and to listen to the orator of the day, Dr. Bloomfield, the father of the late Governor Bloomfield, of New Jersey. At the appointed time the orator mounted the platform, followed by all his slaves, fourteen in number, seven of whom took place on his left, and seven on his right, while he addressed the multitude on the evils of Slavery. At the close of his speech, he turned to his slaves, stating that, inasmuch as we, as a nation, had declared all men equal, he could not, consistently, hold slaves. "Why," asked he, "should these, my fellow-citizens, be held in bondage? From this day they are free!"

In the midst of the applause which followed, the Doctor called up to him one somewhat advanced in years: "Hector," said he, "when you cannot support yourself, you are entitled to a maintenance from my property. What do you suppose you will need that maintenance?"

The delighted negro held up his left hand and with his right drew a line across the middle joint of his fingers: "Neber, massa, neber, so long as any of dese fingers are left above dese jints!"

"There, fellow-citizens," said the doctor, "you see that liberty is as dear to the man of color as to you or me."

The air rang with applause, and the company separated, without a suggestion from any one that it would be an act of patriotism to lynch the good Doctor for his fanaticism. How it would have fared, however, with some Caleb Cushing of that day, if such a character is supposable, had he undertaken to show the people on that occasion that the war through which they had just passed was not a struggle for Liberty, and that the Declaration of Independence was merely a flourish of rhetoric, is very questionable. His situation, we fear, would have been little better than that of the commander of the Massachusetts regiment in General Pillow's detachment, at Matamoros. JOHN G. WHITTIER.

JOHN WADLEIGH'S TRIAL FOR SLEEPING IN MEETING.

Justice Winslow. What do you know about Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting?

Witness. I know all about it; 'taint no secret, I guess.

Justice. Then tell us all about it; that's just what we want to know.

Witness. (Scratching his head.) Well, the long and the short of it is, John Wadleigh is a hard-working man; that is he works mighty hard doing nothing—and that's the hardest work there is done. It will make a feller sleep quicker than poppy leaves. So it stands to reason Wadleigh would naturally be a very sleepy sort of person. Well, the weather is sometimes naterally considerable warm, and Parson Moody's sarmons is sometimes rather heavy-like.

Justice. Stop, Stop! No reflections upon Parson Moody; that is not what you were called here for.

Witness. I don't cast reflections on Parsons Moody. I was only telling what I know about John Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting; and it's my opinion, especially in warm weather, that sarmons that are heavy-like, and two hours long, naterally have a tendency——

Justice. Stop, stop, I say! If you repeat any of these reflections on Parson Moody again, I'll commit you to the cage for contempt of court.

Witness. I don't cast no reflections on Parson Moody. I was only telling what I know about John Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting.

Justice. Well go on and tell us all about that. You weren't called here to testify about Parson Moody.

Witness. That's what I am trying to do, if you wouldn't keep putting me out. And it's my opinion, in warm weather, folks is considerably apt to sleep in meeting, especially when the sarmon—I mean, especially when they get pretty tired. I know I find it pretty hard work to get by seventhly and eighthly in a sarmon myself; but if I once get by there, I generally get into a kind of waking train again, and make out to weather it. But it isn't so with Wadleigh; I've generally noticed, that if he begins to gape at seventhly and eighthly, it's a gone goose with him before he gets through tenthly, and he has to look out for another prop for his head somewhere, for his neck isn't stiff enough to hold it up. And from tenthly up to sixteenthly he's as dead as a door nail, till the amen brings the people up to prayers, and Wadleigh comes up with a jerk, just like opening a jack-knife.

"I fear," said a country curate to his flock, "when I explained to you, in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have misunderstood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake."

Phrenology.—A lady, a disbeliever in the science, asked a learned phrenologist, with the view of puzzling him, "What kind of people are those who have Destructiveness and Benevolence equally and largely developed?". "These, Madam, are they who kill with kindness."

A FEW "REGULAR COUNTENANCE DISTURBERS."

A Tough Story.—Our uncle Ezra is in the habit sometimes of "stretching the truth" a little—a vicious sort of propensity from which the rest of the family are singularly free. We heard him tell Snooks a rather severe tale one day last week, which we have concluded to give the world.

"When I lived in Maine," said he, "I helped to *bread up* a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter, and *arly* in the spring we began to think of ploughin' on't. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough—we did, faith—and I held that plough for mofe than a week—I thought I should die. It e'en a'most killed me, I van. Why, one day I was holdin', and the plough hit a stump, which measured nine *foot* and a half through it—hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump when I happened to think it might snap together again, so I just threw my feet out and I no sooner done this than it snapped together, taking a smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course, I was tight, but I held on to the plough handles, and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen couldn't tear my pantaloons—nor cause *me* to let go my grip. At last, though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull together, and the old stump came up about the quickest; it had monstrous long roots too. Let me tell you—my wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I haint worn any other kind since."

The only reply that Snooks made to this was—"I should have thought it would have come hard on your suspenders."

A Tough 'Un.—A Southern paper tells the following Munchausenish story, which if "not bad to take," is certainly hard to digest. We have swallowed some tough 'uns in our day; but the author of this could give an anaconda "six," and then throw him into "fits." Where's Sam Hide?

"Many years ago a settler in Macon, started one day on a hunting excursion, and after travelling about half the day killed a noble bear. He then threw the bear and gun over his shoulder and started homeward. After walking about four miles he became very much fatigued, and concluded to take an hour's rest. He dropped Bruin on the ground, laid his gun by the side of the bear, and retired to a log some fifteen or twenty steps off, and laid him down to sleep. After sleeping about half an hour he awoke, and was startled at finding a ferocious panther between him and his game. What was he to do? He could not get his gun for the panther. But the very energy and frenzy of despair, he started to his feet and met the beast in his spring.—The hunter ran his arm down the throat of the panther, through and through him—caught him by the tail—gave it a heavy jerk, and *turned the beast wrong side out!* If any of our cotemporaries doubt this story, let them tell us so. 'We've got the papers.'"

Watermelon Extraordinary.—"How much do you ask for that melon?" said a cute, draper looking chap, of a sturdy darky who was mounted on a cart before one of the principal hotels in Philadelphia, a day or two since.

"For dis big un? why, massa, I reckon he's wuf tree levies, I does."

"Is it ripe?"

"O, yes, massa; he ripe shu. I plugs um dough if you sas so."

With that the darky out with his old Jack and was making the first incision in the melon, when it gave a long deep piercing "oh!"

"What do you stop for?" said the gentleman.

"Bless God! I tot I heard him holler, I did."

"Come, come, cut away and see if it is ripe."

He gave another poke with his knife, and this time the melon shrieked out, "Oh, murder! you kill me!"

Before the last word was out, the melon went tumbling to the ground, on one side of the cart, and the darky on the other, bellowing, "O, de Lord! O, de Lord ob Hebbens!"

Picking himself up, he half scrambled, half ran a few paces from the cart, and turning to behold the fragments of the melon, continued, "Whew, dis nigger neber stans dat. Clar to God, it holler murder!" while Wyman, the celebrated ventriloquist, walked quietly away amid the shouts and roars of the bystanders.—*Trenton News.*

Good Retort.—A humorous young man was driving a horse, which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the road side; passing a country tavern, where were collected together some dozen countrymen, the beast, as usual, ran opposite the door and then stopped, in spite of the young man who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on; the men on the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some inquired if he would sell that horse! "Yes," said the young man, "but I cannot recommend him, as he once belonged to a butcher, and stops whenever he hears any calves bleat." The crowd retired to the bar in silence.

Close Quarters.—I can tell you a better story than that," added the Captain, "I felt pretty considerable frisky, one day, and I went up the lightning rod, hand over hand, as high as the vane. I had a first rate prospect up there—but it aint all. A thunder cloud came over, and I saw it was going to strike the steeple, and thinks I to myself, if it hits me I'm done up. So I got ready and when the crack came, I gave a leap up, let the lightning strike and run down, and then caught hold again!"

True Translation.—The passage in Cicero's second oration against Catiline, "Abiit, excepit, evasit, erupuit," has been thus happily rendered—"he's gone, he's cleared out, he's cut stick, he's absquatulated."

"I say, Pat," said a Yankee to an Irishman who was digging in his garden, "are you digging out a hole in that onion bed?" "No," says Pat, "I am digging out the earth and leaving the hole."