THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XX. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 13, 1849. NEW SERIES—NO. 81.

[For the "Star and Banner."

THE VAILED PICTURE AT SAIS.

Translated from the German—with an Application by the Translator.

A youth, impelled by ardent longings
To obtain the occult wisdom of the Priests,
To Sais, the Nile-bound city, went, where dwelt
The pietist-sect, veiled from mortal sight.
He had, already, with a cheerful mood,
Through many a state of hierarchy phlegm passed;
But still his ruling passion asked for more,
And urged him on, with such a glowing zeal,
That scarce the *Hierophant* himself could aate
His restless spirit's thirst for mystic lore.
"What have I, if I have not all?" th' aspirant cried:
"Is there, peradance, a thing that's termed a less
and more?
In thy nature, just like the comets' pleasure,
An aggregate of parts, man may possess
Th greater or th less degree, yet still possess?
I not think an unit indivisible,
Take from a chord a single tone, or from
The glittering rainbow, just the slightest tint,
And all that yet remains is naught, so long
As the perfect whole of tones and tints is gone."
One day, whilst youth and priest were speaking thus,
They stood within a lonesome vestibule, where hung
A picture, of immense proportion, veiled.
It caught the youthful student's eye;
Amazed, he gazed upon his guide and asked;
"What's here? what hangs beneath this screen?"
"TRUTH!" was the answer given, "How?" again he cried.
"Is't *truth?* 'Tis that my spirit longs to know:
And is this, my heart's desire, to be withheld?"
"That rests between the deity and you,"
The hierophant replied. "*No mortal shall*
Remove this mystic veil, till it be raised
By my own hands," the unseen goddess said.
And he that, with unhallowed, guilty hands,
Shall sooner raise this sacred—this forbidden—
He," the goddess cried, "*shall see the truth!*"
"A wonderful response, indeed? And hast
Thou never raised this veil?" the eager youth
Demanded of the Priest. "Have I? No, never!
Nor was I ever tempted to behold
What fearful mystery its folds conceal."
"I cannot fathom this. If from the *truth*
I'm parted only by this slender wall"——
"And by a prohibition," said his guide:
"More weighty than you would suppose, my son,
Its thin gauze—true, for your hand, 'tis light,
But for your conscience 'tis a quintal's weight."
In sad and pensive mood the youth went home.
Longing for knowledge with a mad desire,
He wooed the sleepy god in vain; his eyes
No slumber found;—with fevered brain he writhed
And wrolled in thoughtful agony, upon
His burning couch; at midnight he sprang up,
Determned to obtain that occult knowledge,
His soul so fervently desired to know—
That *truth* which lurked beneath the mystic vail.
Mechanically he approached the fane;
With perfect ease he climbed the massy walls;—
A hardy leap——the daring youth 's within
The inmost recess of the vestibule.
Behold him there; alone he stands surrounded
By the horrid and sepulchral stillness,
Which is broken only by the hollow echo
Of his steps within the secret vaults,
Grown dismal from their fearful mysteries.
Through an opening in the lofty dome, the moon—
Pale goddess!—sheds her pale and silvery light:
And fightful, like a present deity,
The image faintly glimmers 'neath its vail,
Thro' the dismal darkness of th' enchanted vaults.
With falt'ring and uncertain steps, the student nears
The object of his searching curiosity.
See! his daring hand would touch the sacred thing;
Chills and burning fevers through his system thrill.—
An unseen arm draws back the phrenzied youth.
"Presumptuous! what would thou here?" she spake
A faithful monitor within his breath.
"Would thou the holiest of the holy tempt?"
"*No mortal,*" cried the oracle, "*shall raise*
This veil, till it be raised by my own hand!"
"Yet, did that voice not also add to this response,
"*Who lifts this veil shall truth behold?*"
Be 'neath this screen what may!—I'll raise it;"
With full clear voice he cried, "I'll see it!"
"See it!"
The long and sullen echo, mocking, sounded back.
These words he uttered, and in a phrenzy raised the gauze.
And now, ye ask, what visions met his eager gaze?
What revelations filled his soul with wonder and with awe?
I cannot tell. He lay death-pale and senseless,
When the priest discovered on th' ensuing day,
His body stretched at cruel Isis' feet.
What was revealed to him or what he saw.
His silent tongue ne'er told and pen ne'er wrote.
Life's joy forever left his soul; and all
His days on earth were chilled with sullen silence.
A melancholy sadness dragged him to an early tomb.
When importuned with questions, he returned
Forever this portentous, fatful answer:
"*Woe! woe to him, that dares, guilt-stained, t' approach*
Truth's shrined altar and defile her fane;
No joy shall ever cheer his blasted soul!"

APPLICATION.

Although the days of Alchemy are o'er,
And man have doffed Rosicrucian lore;—
Have ceased to seek the magic stone!
Which, by a single touch, alone
Could turn all matter into gold,
And every hidden truth unfold;—
Have ceased to run the endless race,
In that aherial phantom chase
To obtain th' immortal Elixir,
Which would on man the pow'r confer
To live, yet ne'er grow old, for aye,
Unless he chose the spell to stay;—
Have damned that stupid heresy,
Called by the vot'ries *Panaceacy*,
By which they boast, that "from a root's ashes
They could produce the rose itself in glasses,"
Or, with their foolish magic plays,
A *Phœnix* from its ashen mass;—
Although, we say, such tales are o'er
And live but as the things that were,
Yet some dark traces still remain,
E'en 'mongst the better ranks of men,
Of follies of a kindred class
Unworthy of the ignorant mass.
There seems to be a strong desire,
Monst men of our age, to inquire
Of *Fortune-tellers*, what may be
Their *fortune* or their destiny.
And this assumption, we maintain,
The following facts do well sustain:
The rapid sale of heavy stacks
Of Moore's infernal *Almanacks*,
And Varly's *Physiognomy*,—
And nameless books on *Dreamery*,—
Tales of ghosts and hidden riches,
Of demons dire and shrivell'd witches;—
All these are facts which clearly prove
That there still exists a love—
A craving, passionate desire
Into useless mysteries to inquire.
Astrologists have o'n unfurled
Their flaming bills before the world,
And openly declared their power
All kinds of losses to recover;
To tell the fate of a suit of marriage
To predict
To heal with speed from all disease,
And cure all sorts of maladies.
All this and more—a great deal more—
To loudly proclaimed before
Profoundly enlighted men,
Who secretly frequent the den
Of the astrologists in very spite
Of general conscience, truth and light.
Shall this black, blasted, hellish stain
Forever on the human race remain?
Shall these heaven-rejected arts forever be
A damning curse on all humanity?

You! so long as *would-be-men* can hush
Their conscience and the truth deaden, nor blush
To wed the truth by paying gold
To have their fancied fortunes told!
Abortions, ye! not worth the name
And title of enlightened men!
Aw'mt I go seek your like 'mongst beasts?
Proclaim to them your charm-ing tenets?
Reader, whoever you may be,
If you indulge this sad propensity,
Apply the end of that rash youth
To thy own heart—and see the truth.

MENSCHENFREUND.

Theol. Sem., April 7, 1849.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES BY A STATE PRISON CONVICT.—The *Cambridge Chronicle* contains a description of some charcoal drawings made on the walls of a cell in House of Correction in that town. The person who made the drawings is a young man by the name of M. N. Nichols, from New York State, where his connections reside, who are of the highest respectability. He was charged with stealing, and has since been tried, convicted, and sentenced to the State Prison for two years. He committed the crime for which he is now atoning when under the influence of intoxicating drink; and while in Jail seemed to feel keenly the disgrace he had brought upon himself and friends. One day, near the close of his confinement there, he requested as a favor that he might be furnished with a piece of charcoal. His request having been complied with, he sketched upon the rough white-washed walls, in a few hours, some twenty or thirty heads and figures, nearly covering the the walls on two sides of his cell. Some of them are remarkably well executed, and the heads, in particular, are strikingly expressive. One set of three figures, conveys a moral lesson which could be advantageously studied for hours. And we could but wish, while looking at them through the grated door of the cell, that the lesson there taught might be read by many who are pursuing a course similar to that which brought this young man to his present deplorable condition. The first figure of the group is that of a bright boy, with his hoop in one hand, and the driving stick in the other, childishly, innocently and happily pursuing the sports of youth, without a care or thought of the distant future. The next figure is that of a young man, whose excellent form, neat attire, and intelligent countenance bespoke one who might command the attention of the wise and good. The last figure is that of a person shabbily dressed, with hair uncombed, standing behind the grated door of a prison cell. Directly over the second figure were the words, "*What I once was!*" and over the last figure were the words, "*What I now am!*"

THE PILLAR OF SALT.

In his Narrative of the late Expedition to the Dead Sea, Montague gives the following account, under date of April 26th, 1848, of the Pillar of Salt on the shores of the Dead Sea, generally considered as a monument to perpetuate the punishment of Lot's wife for her disobedience. He says:—

"On pulling round the shores of the Sea we saw an immense column, rounded and turret-shaped, facing towards the south-east. This, we were told by our Arabs, was the Pillar of Salt in which Lot's wife was encased at the overthrow of Sodom. With some difficulty we landed here, and our esteemed commander and Dr. Anderson obtained specimens from it, and Mr. Dale took a sketch of it. Our boat's crew landed also, and their curiosity was gratified by their gathering specimens, some from its summit, and others from its base. It was measured, and found to be sixty feet in height, and forty feet in circumference. We cannot suppose that Lot's wife was a person so large, that her dimensions equalled those of this column.—Many think the statue of Lot's wife was equal to the pillar of salt which the Bible speaks of. Let that pillar be where it may, and whatever be it size, they will not probably credit that this is the pillar.—Their preconceived notions having much to do with the matter, they would have every body think that she was at once transformed into a column of very fine grained beautifully *white* salt, about five feet or a few inches more in height, and in circumference that of a common sized person of the nineteenth century. Be that as it may, no two minds have, perhaps, formed exactly the same opinion on this matter who have not visited the spot.—But here we are, around this immense column, and we find that it is really of solid rock salt—one mass of crystalization.—It is in the vicinity which is pointed out in the Bible in relation to the matter in question, and it appears to be the only one of its kind here. And the Arabs of the district to whom this pillar is pointed out, declare it to be that of Lot's wife—the identical pillar of salt to which the Bible has reference—the tradition having been handed down from each succeeding generation to their children, as the Americans will hand down to succeeding generations the tradition of Bunker's Hill Monument in Boston. My own opinion of the matter is, that Lot's wife having lingered behind, in disobedience to the express command of God—given in order to insure her safety—that while so lingering she became overwhelmed in the descending fluid, and formed the model or foundation of this extraordinary column. If it has been produced by common, by natural causes, it is but right to suppose that others might be found, of a similar description. One is scarcely able to abandon the idea that it stands here as a lasting memorial of God's punishing a most deliberate act of disobedience, committed at a time when he was about to show distinguishing regard for the very person.

"We carefully brought away our specimens, intending to show them to our friends in America, when we shall have the good fortune to arrive there and talk with them on the subject. This end of the sea is very shallow, and its waters more dense, more salt than where they are of greater depth; here it is from one to five feet in depth. We now leave this "Pillar of Salt," and return to our boats richly laden with specimens from it. We cross the sea, and obtain soundings on our way. We had nearly reached the opposite side when a new danger assailed us. We had braved all the dangers of the Jordan, in its stream and on its banks, and the peculiar storms on the Dead Sea, and now a specimen of the dangers to which man is subjected visits us. The fearful scorching *sirocco* rages around, threatening us with suffocation and blindness, and causing almost insupportable thirst. The "fiery atmosphere" seems as though it would doom us to the very fate of the unfortunate citizens who now lie engulphed below our boats; but we fearlessly pulled away until, coming to a place called Meserah, we land amidst the raging heat of the wind, and there encamp for the night."

THE SIOUX INDIANS.

A recent visit to that department of the Bureau of Indian Affairs that is under the management of Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq., has elicited the following facts respecting the Sioux, or Doh-ha-tah Indians:

The territory now claimed by this nation is principally watered by the St. Peter's river, and is about nine hundred miles in length, and from two to five hundred in width. The original name of the tribe was Doh-ha-tah, the interpretation of which is said to be a confederacy or a united nation, the name of Sioux (for which there seems to be no acknowledged meaning) having been given to them by the early Jesuit missionaries. The population of this tribe is estimated at about fifteen thousand, and they are divided into bands numbering from fifty to a thousand souls.—Occupying as they do an immense prairie region, they make use of the horse instead of the canoe, and the wealth of a Sioux chief is universally estimated by the number of his horses. Private rights are respected among them. They compute time by the four seasons, but their month only contains twenty-eight days. They designate the month of January as the *hard moon*; February, *the moon in which the racoons run*; March, *the moon of sore eyes*; April, *the moon when the geese lay*; May, *the moon for planting*; June, *the moon for strawberries and hoeing corn*; July, *the mid-summer moon*; August, *the moon for gathering corn*; September, *the moon when they gather wild rice*; October and November, *the moon for running of the doe*; and December, *the moon when the deer sheds his horns.*

They are kind to their sick, but take more care of their youth than they do of their old men. They are averse to the custom of bleeding, and seldom draw blood excepting in severe cases of illness. Their medicines are chiefly composed of roots and plants, and they never make use of metallic medicines. They are partial to vapor baths, and resort to them for the cure of many diseases. Their bodily sickness they frequently attribute to the displeasure of some animal which they have hunted with difficulty and slain.

The Sioux Indians consider it lawful to take the life of a fellow-being by way of revenge, but a great crime to take life under any other circumstances. They invariably have a great fear of the spirit of the dead, who they think have the power of injuring the living; and it is thought that this fear is what prevents them from committing murder more frequently than they do. The practice of lying is considered as exceedingly wrong.

They believe in a Great Spirit, but have no definite idea of his attributes. Whenever any calamity happens to them, they allege that the Great Spirit is angry, and so, when they receive a blessing, they acknowledge it as coming from the same being. They look upon the death of a human being as a manifestation of Divine displeasure. They resort at times to sacrifices, and cases have been known where Sioux fathers have sacrificed their children to appease the anger of the Great Spirit. They are much afraid of a creature which they look upon as a kind of vampire, and to see this creature is a sure sign of approaching death.

They are exceedingly superstitious in regard to fire, which they consider a gift from the Great Spirit. In former times they obtained it from friction of wood, but at the present time chiefly from the flint. When about to partake of a religious feast, they remove all the old fire from the lodge and rekindle it, for the purpose of cooking the food, so that they may be sure that there will be nothing unclean about the feast. They have no idols or images which they worship, but are in the habit of making offerings of tobacco and other articles which they value.

They venerate the rattlesnake, and seldom or never deprive it of life, excepting when they wish to employ its skin or rattles in their incantations. They believe in fairies, which they allege have the power of taking the form of any animals, and of living either on land or in the water; all their rivers and lakes are closely associated with little people. They look upon thunder as emanating from a large bird. Among their fabled monsters they acknowledge a huge giant, who can destroy an Indian by the glance of the eye.

When a man dies they place his remains upon a scaffold, which they ornament with trophies of war; and when the flesh has decayed they bury the bones in the earth, and cover the grave with pickets or a little house. They do not bury in a sitting posture, but invariably clothe the deceased in the finest robes, covering him with all his favorite ornaments. They express their grief at the loss of a friend by cutting off the hair, going barefooted, dismal shoutings, mutilating their bodies, and by making a feast for the dead.—*National Intelligencer.*

REMARKABLE CLUBS.—A club existed forty years since at the Globe, called "You should have been here before." It consisted of an equal number of theatrical and literary persons, originally but four, ultimately upwards of fifty. A new member was added every week; no ceremony was gone through of making the members, which is customary in other clubs, but the new comer partook of a splendid dinner, etc., and when the party were about breaking up, and the bill being called for, it was handed over to him, the president bidding him pay it. "I!" the stranger would generally exclaim, "why should I pay all?" To this was replied, "You are the last among us, you should have been here before." This was the inauguration. Merry was, we believe, the last member; his bill amounted to £100, and it was then agreed that the whole affair was rather too keen a joke, and "You should have been here before" was changed into "Well, never go there again." But a more extraordinary club was held at Norwich, under the title of the "Everlastings," and the grand principle of the society was, that day and night, any time and all times, the room should have a member in it. When the numbers became reduced, the last comer was bound to remain until a fresh arrival (often a dozen hours.) This extraordinary and health destroying club, composed of cathedral and theatrical singers, actors, merchants, and tradesmen, lasted several months.

LAMARTINE'S OPINION OF CICERO.—Lamartine puts the following into the mouth of his "*Raphael*:"

"During the thousands of hours in which I was thus confined between the stove, the screen, the window, the child and the dog, I read over all that antiquity has written and bequeathed to us, except the poets, with whom we had been surfeited at school, and in whose verses our wearied eyes saw but the cæsura, and the long or short syllables. Sad effect of premature satiety, which withers in the mind of a child the most brightly tinted and perfumed flowers of human thought. But I read over every philosopher, orator, and historian, in his own language. I loved especially those who united the three great faculties of intelligence, narration, eloquence and reflection; the fact, the discourse, and the moral. Thucydides and Tacitus above above all, then Machiavel, the sublime practitioner of the diseases of empires, then Cicero, the sonorous vessel which contains all, from the individual tears of the man, the husband, the father, and the friend, up to the catastrophes of Rome and of the world, even to his gloomy forebodings of his own fate. There is in Cicero a stratum of divine philosophy and sensibility, through which all waters seem to be filtrated and clarified, and through which his great mind flows in torrents of eloquence, wisdom, piety, and harmony. I had, till then, thought him a great but empty speaker, with little sense contained in his long periods; I was mistaken. Next to Plato, he is the word of antiquity made man; his style is the grandest of any language. We suppose him meagre, because his drapery is so magnificent; but strip him of his purple, and you will find a vast mind, which has felt, understood, and said, all that there was to comprehend, feel, or to say, in his day in Rome."

The Great "water power" of Niagara Falls, it appears by an article in the Iris, published at that place, has been turned to account in driving the machinery of the "greatest Pail factory in the world."

It is calculated that about 20,000 persons, so far, have gone from the United States to California.

Silk, equal to the best French article, is now produced near Wheeling, Pa.

[From the New York Spirit.

THE PRICE OF ASSAULT AND BATTERY IN TENNESSEE.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

Years ago, when the Mississippi river was considered—and, indeed, was—the frontier of the "Far West"—albeit that inhabited area now stretches to the shores of the illimitable Pacific—many of the citizens of that portion of the State of Tennessee lying contiguous to the great "Father of Waters," were in point of enlightenment and civilization but a slight remove above the condition of the Indian, from whom they had so recently purchased the territory; the fact is, the Schoolmaster had never wandered from home in that direction, and to speak plainly, many of her sturdy sons didn't know B from a bull's foot.

Their ideas of Law and Justice were, if possible, more crude and fallacious than any other perceptions of which they were possessed. They looked upon Courts and the mysteries of Law, as things which they didn't, couldn't, nor wouldn't understand, and when they were brought up, to answer for the infringement or violation of any of the statutes, they surrendered themselves passively to the decision in the case, apparently not knowing or caring why or wherefore they were thus dealt with.—The Judge was looked upon as the head, and front, and majesty, the "great embodiment" of the Law itself, in whom was concentrated all and every power, into whose capacious pocket all fines, forfeitures, &c., found a resting place, and to whom every unfortunate delinquent was indebted for each mercy vouchsafed him.

It was to just such a race of beings—the veritable "unwashed democracy of the land"—that the learnod and urbane Judge M——, in whom was combined every attribute,

"To give the world assurance of a man,"

found himself called upon (in the year 18—, at the village of C——, a portion of his circuit,) to administer the law.

The hour hand of the only antiquated "monitor of Time" in the village *clock out* at the figure of 9, and the Sheriff of——had proclaimed to the assembled citizens, from the door of the Court House, that the Court had commenced, in words something like the following; "Oh yes! oh yes! oh yes! the worshipful, the Circuit Court, are now met 'cordin to 'jornment;" when Judge —— walked slowly into the Court-room—a long pen of some 17 by 22 or 3 feet dimensions—took his seat on the Bench, threw his eye over the Docket, and found the STATE *vs.* HIGGINS presenting itself as the next cause for trial.

After a few preliminaries were gone through with, his honor requested the Sheriff to call Hiram Higgins into court, and upon the first sound of his name, a tall, raw-boned, sandy-wort fellow, dressed in a suit of brown jeans, home-made, and hanging loosely about his person, walked hurriedly up in front of the Bench, and taking off his hat, with an awkward scrape of the right foot, exclaimed:

"Well, Judge, here I is."

"You are charged, Mr. Higgins," said the Judge, after a slight pause, "with committing assault and battery on the person of David Hughes. What have you to say to this charge? Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Why, Judge," said Higgins, after staring in mute astonishment in his honor's face for some moments, "Why, Judge, you've knowed me long enough, I should reckon, to know that I never done nothin' to be guilty of, never was guilty, and never did plead guilty in my whole natral born life. I don't know what you mean by *assult and batry*, nather, but ef you means to at of I licked Dave Hughes, and licked him good, too, I kes at wunst, and without another word, I did, and, by golly, he'd better jes the mark, or I'll do it agin."

"I have known you for some time, Mr. Higgins," said the Judge, "and your character has been so unexceptionable, that this is the first offence for which you were ever arraigned before me. But this is a very grave offence, one which the law expressly prohibits, and, as by your own confession, you acknowledge its commital, I must, unless there are some strongly extenuating circumstances,"——

"Thar, Judge," interrupted Higgins, "thar, jist hold in your head horses a minute; you're a gittin' along a leetle too fast now, jist wait 'till I tell you all about the *scrimmage*, and arter that, whatever you ses is right, *is right*, for I b'lieves in you 'till the cows come home,' and, by hokey, I kows you'll do the clean thing, and no mistake."

The Judge smilingly nodded assent, for him to proceed, and Higgins gave the following account of the cause and particulars of the *scrimmage*, as he called the fight between himself and David Hughes.

"'Bout six weeks ago, I was axed down to Squire Thomasses house raisin', and as the Squire is the right sort of grit, and you always knows whar to find him, I concluded to go down and carry up a corner, tho' it's so far I know'd I'd have to stay thar over night—you know the Squire; well, *prehaps* we didn't have the busiest raisin', that ever you went any whar to stay all night at. Thar was more *bald face* soaked up, and more work did, than ever *you* hearn tell. Well, I come home the next evenin', and arter givin' Betsey a buss you mought a heard a quarter of a mile, ses I, Bess, what's the news? Ses she, nothin', Hiram; but she said it so sorrowful-like, I know'd at wonst thar was somethin'; so, ses I, come now, Bess, thar is some news, and I must hear it, tell me all 'bout it now, and I'll tell what we all done at the Squire's.

"Well, then," ses she, "Hy, thar *is* some news, but if I tell you, you must promise not to get mad. Not a bit, ses I, go on, Bess. Well, ses she, that sneakin' thing, Dave Hughes, is bin here sence you've been gone. What did he want? sed I. He wasn't courtin' you agin, and you a honest married woman? Yes he was, ses she,—and her face turned as red as watermillon meat,—and he insulted me too,—and with that, she burst right out a cryin'—but, Hy, you said you would'nt git mad. No, no, ses I, I ain't agoin' to git mad, but ef I don't give Dave Hughes the eternally *darndest* lickin' when I see him, that ever you see, my name ain't Higgins, that's all. Well, I never sot my eyes on the *case* till Regimental Muster, when I jist walked up and pitched into him like a bar dog into a four year old, without sayin' a word, and arter he had hollowed nuff, and they took me off of him, ses I, now go to a decent man's house and insult his wife agin' will you? and I'll give you somethin' wus nor that, you *sneakin sarpint you*; and so I will, your honor, for when you touches a man's wife, you touches his soul and body at wonst; but that's all, Judge, and now I wants to know how much you charge me. I've broke your law, and I must pay you for it."

Judge M——, very gravely informed Higgins that under the circumstances, he should charge him two dollars and a half, when upon laying five half dollar pieces on the clerk's desk, earnestly inquired if that sum would be the price of all similar offences.

His Honor, admonishing him, however, to keep the peace, informed him that Two dollars and a half was the price.

Five minutes after, Higgins, while shaking his fist in Dave Hughes' face, told him that the Judge only charged two dollars and a half for the whipping he had received, and he added, "Look out, old hoss, jist as soon as I git another two and a half I'll be down on you agin sure!"

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—The *West Tennessee Whig* tells a capital yarn of a farmer in that part of the State, who, to make a speculation, put a large stone in one of his hogsheads of tobacco, and forwarded it to his commission merchant at New Orleans, directing his merchant there to send him a barrel of sugar. By accident or otherwise, the stone was discovered.—The merchant took the stone from the tobacco and put it into the barrel of sugar before he weighed it, put on the head and sent it back to the tobacco man in the course of time, and didn't say a word about the stone. But he found it before he had used up more than half of the sugar. He got four cents and bought it back at eight, without daring to exercise the poor privilege of grumbling at the one hundred per cent advance price on the repurchase.

ATTACHMENT RECIPROCAL.

The following capital story is told of an Alabama sheriff and a pretty widow:

"Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon him at a term time, he stopped at the door, of a beautiful widow, on the sunnny side of thirty, who by the way, had often bestowed melting glances upon the sheriff aforesaid. He was admitted, and soon the widow appeared. The confusion and delight which the arrival of the visitor had occasioned, set off to greater advantage than usual the captivating charms of the widow M. Her cheeks bore the beautiful blended tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled rosebuds, upon which the morning dew yet lingered, her eyes were like the quivers of Cupid, the glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled resembling arrows that only wanted a fine beau (pardon the pun) to do full execution. After a few common place remarks:—

"Madam," said the matter-of-fact sheriff, "I have an attachment for you."

A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheeks of the fair widow. With downcast eyes, whose glances were centred upon her beautiful foot, half concealed by the flowing drapery, gently patting the floor, she with equal candor, replied.

"Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

For some time the sheriff maintained an astonished silence; at last he said—

"Madam, will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court!" replied the lady, with a merry laugh; then shaking her beautiful head she added, "No, Sir! though this is *leap year*, I will not take advantage of the license therein granted to my sex, and therefore greatly prefer that you should proceed to court!"

"But, madam, the justice is waiting!"

"Let him wait, I'm not disposed to hurry matters in such an unbecoming manner; and, besides, sir, when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I prefer a minister to a justice of the peace."

"Madam," said he, rising from his chair with a solemn dignity, "there is a great mistake here. My language has been misunderstood. The attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Esq. C——; and commands me to bring you instantly before him, to answer a contempt of court in disobeying a subpœna in the case of Smith *vs.* Jones." The widow fainted.

NAPOLEON AND HIS SON.—It is said that the President of the French Republic is about to demand, or has already done so, the body of the Duc de Reichstadt, for the purpose of laying it by the side of Napoleon, his father, in the Church of the Invalides. The Monument of Napoléon is rapidly progressing, and the principle block of stone has already been brought from Finland and landed in Paris. It is of rose granite, measuring 18 feet long, 9 broad and 3 high, and it will be laid over the tomb. Since it was landed it has become, it seems from all accounts, quite an object of interest to all the aged pensioners of the Invalides.

[For the "Star & Banner."

A MORNING CONVERSATION IN A FAMILY CIRCLE.

Scene.—A parlor, with an easy chair near the stove. A round table near it, on which is placed a large, open port-folio containing the numbers of the "Star and Banner."

Persons.—Mamma, Daughters, and Bachelor Uncle.

Adra.—"In our yesterday morning's conversation on the subject of roast sirloin, an allusion was made by Clarissa to the Bard of Avon. I instantly recollected to have heard Shakspeare styled, also, the Swan of Avon. Then it struck me, as an observation that might be made, that the Swan of Avon was no goose. This put roast goose in my head, and I have been thinking of it ever since."

Mamma.—"An interesting and beautiful instance of association of ideas. I am very partial to goose."

Clarissa.—So am I. If one might use the expression, I should say a goose was quite a duck. How do you dress geese?"

Bachelor Uncle.—"Geese are very often dressed in bonnets and shawls, and cardinal capes, and boas, and frocks, and slips, and all that sort of thing, I take it."

Carrie.—"Oh, uncle, how satirical you are! Geese are always roasted, are they not, mamma?"

Mamma.—"Yes, dear, though they be hashed afterwards—and hashed goose is very nice—but the gibbets, perhaps, are best in a pie. Now, girls, suppose you wished to roast a goose, how would you proceed?"

Adra.—"First by buying the bird, if we have none of our own, as geese are to be had ready caught at the poulterer's."

Mamma.—"Very well; what next?"

Adra.—"Next pick it, and draw it, and truss it nicely, mamma."

Mamma.—"And then, what would you do?"

Clarissa.—"Let me answer, mamma, for my dear sister. I would next stuff it."

Mamma.—"Quite right. And with what? Can you tell me?"

All.—"Sage and onions."

Mamma.—"When you are in company, dears, say mignonette. But are sage and onions, the only ingredients in stuffing?"

Carrie.—"Oh! no, mamma. There are mealy potatoes, and butter, and a little pepper and salt."

Mamma.—"So there are, love. And how would you make your stuffing?"

Clarissa.—"Take about four onions"——

Adra.—"Cut them up into little tiny dice.

Carrie.—"A few leaves of sage, chopped very fine.

Clarissa.—"A couple of nice, mealy potatoes, well boiled, crumbled up very small."

Adra.—"Just two ounces of butter and a dash of pepper and salt."

Carrie.—"Mix in a stew pan—let it remain there"——

Clarissa.—"Till the onions become tender."

Adra.—"Then stuff your goose."

Carrie.—"Then roast it."

Mamma.—"Impetuous darling! Not quite so fast, my Carrie. It is better, if possible, to wait till the next day.

Clarissa.—"That the flavor of the stuffing may diffuse itself through the bird. Is it not so, mamma?"

Mamma.—"Probably so, my dear.—Roast an hour and a quarter, before a a moderate fire: serve up plain with a little gravy on the dish, and it is beautiful!"

Carrie.—"And with respect to the applesauce, mamma?"

Mamma.—"A very proper question, my child. That you serve up separate. And now, my dears, should either of you—as I trust you will soon do—marry"——

Bachelor Uncle.—"You hope, I suppose, ma'am, that she will be able to make her goose."