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## WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY G. B. FRENCH.  
The trembling dew-drops fall  
Upon the slumbering flowers  
The stars shine gloriously—and all  
Save me be born.  
Mother—love thy grave!  
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,  
Waves of her head—when shall it wave  
Above thy child!  
The sweet flowers—yet must  
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow!  
Dear mother—thy emblem—most  
Is on thy brow.  
And I could love to die—  
To leave unstated life's dark bitter stream—  
By thee, as erst in childhood days,  
I lay, and share thy dream!  
And I must linger here,  
To stain the plumage of my stanzas years,  
And when the hopes to childhood dear,  
With bitter tears!  
Aye—must I linger here,  
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,  
Whose leaf frail leaf, unduly sore,  
Went down with thee?  
Oh! from life's withered shore,  
Is still communion with the past I turn,  
And when the hopes to childhood dear,  
With bitter tears!  
And when the evening pale  
Beats like a mourner on the dim, blue wave,  
I stay to hear the night winds wail  
Around the grave.  
Where is thy spirit flown?  
I gaze above—thy look is in my dream—  
I listen—and thy gentle tone  
Is on the air.  
Oh, come—whither here I press  
My brow upon thy grave—and in those mild  
And thrilling tones of tenderness,  
Bliss, be thy child!  
Yes, bless thy weeping child,  
And of thine urn—religion's holiest shrine—  
Oh, give thy spirit undivided  
To bleed with mine.  
[From the New York Observer.]

## THE HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

One evening a royal form was seen  
Walking on the terrace of his palace,  
And looking upon the magnificent city at his feet.  
As his eye swept round the circuit  
Of the walls, fifty miles in circumference,  
And three hundred and fifty feet high,  
And saw their hundred lofty gates of brass  
Flashing in the sunbeams, and the hanging  
Gardens suspended nearly four hundred  
Feet in the heavens, loaded with shrubs  
And waving trees, and sparkling with foun-  
tains that leaped from beneath gaily de-  
corated arches, and below on the wil-  
derness of palaces and dwellings at his feet,  
His lips murmured, "Is not this great  
Babylon that I have built by the might of  
my power and for the honor of my majesty?"  
And well he might indulge in vain  
boasting, and believe that nought but an  
earthquake that should sink the land could  
shake the city of his pride. Those mas-  
sive walls, broad enough for eight or ten  
carriages to drive abreast upon them, rose  
higher than the loftiest spire of our land,  
till the clouds seemed to rest on their sum-  
mit, while around a deep ditch was sunk  
filled by the Euphrates. Twenty-five  
gates of brass upon each of the four sides,  
with strong towers between, bade defiance  
to mangled or battering ram, while the  
boldest might shrink from scaling those  
slippery heights. Fifty streets, each a  
hundred and fifty feet broad and fifteen  
miles long, went from gate to gate, lined  
with palaces and temples and towers, and  
crowned with arches, till the eye ached  
with the magnificence and grandeur that  
met it at every turn.  
But deep down amid these costly piles  
was a far different scene. By the streams  
and fountains over which the willows wept,  
sat a band of Hebrew captives, their harps  
hanging upon the drooping branches, and  
their heads bowed in grief. To the gay  
promoters who passed as they passed,  
and asked them to sing one of their native  
melodies, they replied with tears. In that  
strange land they could not sing, for their  
hearts were too full of Zion and her  
and fate. They were the prisoners led  
from the spoils of Jerusalem; but their  
prayers and prayers as they sat there scorned  
and desolate, were shaking the proud  
city to its overthrow. Little did the  
haughty monarch think, as he looked on  
his stronghold, that the cries of those neg-  
lected captives were bringing down the  
lightning of heaven on its towers and bat-  
tlements, and that to redress their wrongs  
fell at that moment the voice from heaven  
which started him like a thunder-bolt,  
"MY KINGDOM IS BRINGED FROM THEE."  
Years have passed by, and Nebuchad-  
nesser is in his tomb, resting in more than  
regal splendor, amid the despots who have  
gone before him; and another occupies  
his throne, as haughty and wicked as he.  
Belshazzar too has heard, but not heeded,  
the first intimation of the coming storm.  
The Persian thousands have warmed for  
a long time around the city to overthrow  
it, and shandered on its massive walls and  
towers in vain. Equally vain were  
his attempts to scale their heights from  
the towers of Palm-trees; and so the  
battered city down to starve the impreg-  
nable city into submission, and for two years  
had yielded it in a wall of men. At  
this last attempt, also, the self-confident  
monarch laughs, for his granaries are stor-  
ed with provisions for twenty years.  
"The prophets may prophesy and the captive  
pray; he mocks at them all, and  
girdled in by his impregnable walls and  
fortresses, and surrounded by his myriad  
troops, he says: "I will exalt my throne  
amid the stars of God!"

It is a night of festivity, and the bac-  
chanal's song and shout ring through the  
crowded streets of Babylon. Around her  
ancient towers, the reeling multitude cry  
hosannas to their gods. Wine flows like  
water, and lust and revelry walk the streets  
unchecked. In a magnificent palace, apart  
from the tumultuous crowd, the king is  
feasting a thousand of his lords. It is a  
gorgeous room, column within column,  
arch above arch, long corridors, magnifi-  
cent statues, costly hangings, leaping foun-  
tains, and an endless profusion of orna-  
ments combine to form a scene of such  
dazzling splendor that the unaccustomed  
spectator is bewildered and lost in its  
midst. It is illuminated by lights from  
golden candlesticks, beneath which is  
spread a table loaded with golden vessels.  
Princes and nobles, wives and mistresses,  
arrayed in splendid apparel—women  
whose beauty out-dazzles the splendor  
that surrounds them,—men of high renown  
—the gay, the voluptuous, and the proud  
are there, making the arches ring with  
their songs of revelry and shouts of mirth.  
Ever and anon come bursts of music, now  
swelling triumphantly out through the am-  
plitude, and now dying away in soft and  
lulling cadences, while the perfume from  
burning censers is wafted in clouds over  
the intoxicated revellers.  
At length the king, excited with wine,  
exclaimed, "Bring forth the vessels of gold  
that were taken from the Hebrews' temple;  
and the servants brought them in.  
Gorgeous vessels they were, and as they  
stood upon the table covered with sacred  
emblems, and made holy by their dedica-  
tion to the God of heaven, they seemed to  
rebuke those who were about to profane  
them. But they only laughed, and filling  
them up with wine, drank confusion to the  
God of Israel, and "praised their gods of  
gold and silver and brass and stone." In  
the midst of their sacrilege, just as their  
mirth and madness had reached the high-  
est point, there "came forth fingers of a  
man's hand, and wrote upon the plaster of  
the wall." The sudden flash of that illu-  
minated hand out-dazzled the brilliancy of  
the lighted room, and as the slowly-mov-  
ing fingers silently traced the letters of fire  
before their eyes, terror and dismay fell  
on the revellers. The startled monarch  
turned paler than the marble beside him,  
the unsteady goblet fell from his hand, and  
his knees smote together. Those loudest  
in their mirth suddenly grew silent as  
death; the seductive lute became solemn  
and anxious,—the music stopped in the  
midst of its joyous burst, and stillness, re-  
solved only by the half-suppressed shriek  
of the fainting, or the tremulous sigh of utter  
fear, reigned through the vast apartment.  
When the dread line was finished, the finger  
still pointed voicelessly to it, saying in  
language more impressive than the loudest  
thunder, "READ THY DOOM." Oh! what  
a sudden change had passed over that hall  
of riotous mirth; every mouth was sealed,  
every eye was fixed, and the upturned  
faces of the throng wore a ghastly hue in  
the light of that blazing hand and those let-  
ters of flame.  
At length the king broke the silence,  
and cried aloud for his astrologers and  
wise men to read the mysterious writing  
for him. They gazed and turned away be-  
wildered and terrified. Then Daniel, one  
of the Hebrew captives who had been  
brought a mere boy from Jerusalem, but  
had grown into favor with the monarch's  
father, interpreted his dreams and foretold  
those fiery letters written in his native lan-  
guage, he slowly read, "MENE MENE  
TEKEL UPHARSIN." Then looking steadfastly  
on the trembling, pallid king, he unfold-  
ed his crimes before him, and pointing a-  
bove to the God he had scorned, whose  
mandates he had trampled under foot, he  
read aloud the doom written there in let-  
ters of fire on the walls of his own palace:  
"God hath numbered thy kingdom and  
finished it," for "thou art weighed in the  
balances and found wanting; thy kingdom  
is divided, and given to the Medes and  
Persians."  
He turned away and scarcely had the  
echo of his footsteps died along the silent  
corridors, when a distant murmur, like the  
far off sound of bursting billows, arose  
over the city. It was not the tramp and  
shout of the drunken multitude. Strong  
sounds from the hurrahs of revellers, and  
steadier footsteps than those of reeling men  
compelled there—the battle cry of char-  
ging thousands, and the measured tread  
of an army moving to battle. The Euphrates  
had been turned from its channel; and un-  
derneath the ponderous gates that closed  
over its waters, the Persian host had en-  
tered, and were now pouring in countless  
numbers through the streets. In a mo-  
ment the vast city was in an uproar, and  
from limit to limit rung the cry of "to arms,  
to arms," and trumpets pealed and banners  
waved, and swords clashed, while shouts  
and shrieks swelled the tumult that gather-  
ing force at every step, now rolled like  
thunder up to the very gates of the palace.  
The streets ran blood; and borne back  
before the steadily advancing foe, the weary  
and mangled fragments of the royal army  
made a last stand, at the palace gates of

his master. He too turned at bay, and  
throwing himself amid his guard, made one  
brave effort for his throne. Overborne  
and trampled under foot, he soon fell amid  
his followers and the excited conquerors  
streamed through the royal apartments.—  
They entered the hall of the revellers; and  
the sacrilegious fall where a moment be-  
fore they had shouted for their gods. The  
wine goblets still stood on the table, and  
the perfume still filled the room, but the  
hand-writing had disappeared, for its de-  
nouncing was had been fulfilled. The il-  
luminated and gorgeous apartment—the  
throne of princely fasteners—the hand and  
characters of fire—the battle and the  
slaughter had succeeded each other with  
frightful rapidity, and now the silence of  
death succeeded all.  
Over the sickening scenes of that terrible  
night we draw the veil of oblivion. A vast  
and thronged city taken by storm and given  
up to rapine and lust is one of the few  
spectacles that make us abhor our race.—  
But Babylon had fallen, and her glory gone  
for ever. In a few years a magnificent  
ruin was all that remained of her former  
splendor: Wild beasts and reptiles swarmed  
through her ancient palaces—the owl  
hooted in the presence chamber of kings,  
and the vampire flapped his wings in the  
apartments once occupied by the beautiful  
and the proud. Her strong towers and  
battlements slowly crumbled back to their  
original dust, and silence and desolation  
reigned, where once the hum of a mighty  
population had sounded. The dust of the  
desert has long since covered the very  
ruins, and the Arab now carelessly spurs  
his steed over the foundations of the for-  
mer glory of the world.  
Turn back your eye for a moment a  
hundred years before this great overthrow.  
On the hills of Palestine stands a man  
whose prophetic eye pierces the future, and  
whose tongue of fire proclaims in language  
that thrills the blood, the coming doom  
of Babylon, the mistress of the world.  
He sees his people carried away captive  
by her—Jerusalem laid in heaps—the Holy  
Temple plundered of her treasures, and the  
God of his fathers held in derision.—  
As he contemplates all this, and then looks  
beyond and sees the day of vengeance, his  
soul takes fire, and he pours forth in the  
loftiest strains of poetry that sublime ode  
which has no equal on earth. A chorus  
of Jews first come forward and sing their  
astonishment at the overthrow of their op-  
pressor. How hath the oppressor ceased!  
The golden city ceased! "When the whole  
earth breaks forth into singing," and the  
fir-trees and cedars of Lebanon join the  
anther, shouting, "since thou art laid low  
no feller is come up against us."  
The scene then changes to the regions  
of the dead, and by the boldest figure ever  
introduced into poetry, the long line of the  
departed monarchs of Babylon are each  
made to start from his sepulchre, where  
they have reposed in ghastly rows for a-  
ges, and as they move towards the mouth  
of the gloomy cavern to welcome the last  
of their race, they chant to the fallen king,  
"Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee  
at thy coming—it stirreth up the dead for  
thee, all the chief ones of the earth; it  
hath raised up from their thrones all the  
kings of the nations." "Art thou," they  
exclaim in derision "become weak as we?  
Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp  
is brought down to the grave—the worm  
is spread under thee and the worms cover  
thee." This funeral and scornful wel-  
come being over, the people of God again  
break in with the triumphant apostrophe,  
"How art thou fallen from heaven, oh Lu-  
cifer, son of the morning! how art thou  
cut down to the ground that didst weak-  
en the nations!"  
A hundred years before the downfall of  
this vast empire, while Babylon ruled the  
world, was this sublime and prophetic ode  
sung by Isaiah. The skeptic may deride  
the prophecy, but he cannot escape the ef-  
fect of the sublime language in which it is  
uttered. The opening of Byron's great  
ode to Napoleon is a weak imitation, or  
rather poor paraphrase of it.  
"Thy done—but yesterday a king  
And armed with kings to strive—  
And now thou art a nameless thing!  
So armed—yet alive!  
Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
Who strove our earth with hostile bones,  
And can he now survive?  
Since he misalled the Morning Star,  
Nor man, nor fiend had fallen so far."  
"Vid. Isaiah xlii. and xliii."  
A Prince laughing at one of his courtiers,  
whom he had employed in several embas-  
sies, told him he looked like an owl. "I  
know not," answered the courtier, "what  
I look like; but this I know, that I have  
had the honor several times to represent  
your majesty."

INDIAN TRADITIONS—ORIGIN OF THE  
CHOCTAWS.  
[The Sea alluded to in this legend is  
supposed to be the Gulf of Mexico, and  
the mighty river the Mississippi. So said  
the educated Choctaw Pichim, from  
whom it was obtained. The idea that the  
Choctaws were the original mound build-  
ers will strike the reader as something  
new.]  
According to the traditions of the Choctaws,  
the first of their race came from the  
bosom of a magnificent sea. Even when  
they first made their appearance upon the  
earth they were so numerous as to cover  
the sloping and sandy shore of the ocean  
far as the eye could reach, and for a long  
time did they follow the margin of the sea  
before they could find a place suited to  
their wants. The name of their principal  
chief has long since been forgotten, but it  
is well remembered that he was a prophet  
of great age and wisdom. For many  
months did they travel without fatigue, and  
all the time were their bodies strengthened  
by pleasant breezes, and their hearts  
by the other hand gladdened by the luxu-  
riance of a perpetual summer. In process  
of time, however, the multitude was visit-  
ed by sickness, and another another were  
left upon the shore the dead bodies of old  
women and little children. The heart of  
the Prophet became troubled, and planting  
a long staff that he carried in his hand,  
and which was endowed with the miracu-  
lous power of an oracle, he told his  
people that from that spot thus designat-  
ed they must turn their faces towards the  
unknown wilderness. But before entering  
upon this portion of their journey he de-  
signed a certain day for starting, and told  
them that they were at liberty, in the  
meantime, to enjoy themselves by feasting  
and dancing, and performing their national  
rites.  
It was now early morning, and the hour  
appointed for starting. Heavy clouds and  
flying mists rested upon the sea, but the  
beautiful waves melted upon the shore as  
joyfully as ever before. The staff which  
the prophet had planted was found leaning  
towards the north, and in that direction  
did the multitude take up their line of  
march. Their journey lay across streams,  
over hills and mountains, through tangled  
forests, and over immense prairies. They  
were now in an entirely strange country,  
and as they trusted in their magic staff  
they planted it every night with the ut-  
most care, and arose in the morning with  
great eagerness to ascertain the direction  
towards which it leaned. And thus they  
travelled many days when they found them-  
selves upon the margin of an O-keechit-  
to, or great highway of water. Here  
did they pitch their tents, and having plant-  
ed the staff retired to repose. When morn-  
ing came the oracle told them that they  
must cross the mighty river before them.  
They built themselves a thousand rafts,  
and reached the opposite shore in safety.  
They now found themselves in a country  
of surpassing loveliness, where the trees  
were so high as almost to touch the clouds,  
and where game of every variety and the  
sweetest of fruits were found in the great-  
est abundance. The flowers of this land  
were more brilliant than any they had  
ever before seen, and so large as often to  
shield them from the sunlight of noon.—  
With the climate of the land they were  
delighted, and the air they breathed seem-  
ed to fill their bodies with a new vigor.—  
So pleased were they with all that they  
built mounds in all the more beautiful val-  
leys they passed through, so that the Mas-  
ter of life might know that they were not  
an ungrateful people. In this new coun-  
try did they conclude to remain, and here  
did they establish their national govern-  
ment with its benign laws.  
Time passed on, and the Choctaw nation  
became so powerful that its hunting grounds  
extended even to the sky. Troubles now  
arose among the younger warriors and  
happens of the nation, until it came to pass  
that they abandoned the cabins of their  
forefathers, and settled in distant regions of  
the earth. Thus from the very body of  
the Choctaw nation have sprung those  
other nations, which are known as the  
Chickasaws, the Okaloosas, the Creeks  
or Muskogees, the Shawnees and the Dela-  
wares. And in the process of time the  
Choctaws founded a great city, wherein  
their more aged men might spend their  
days in peace; and, because they loved  
those of their people who had long before  
departed into distant regions, they called  
this city Yazoo, the meaning of which is  
home of the people who are gone.  
He had run there. A son of Erin  
once recognized a revered disciple of Sweden-  
borg there.  
"Mr. you say, we are to follow  
the same business in heaven that we de-  
termine in this world."  
"Yes, that is in perfect accordance with  
reason; for the Creator himself is not idle,  
and why should his creatures be?"  
"Well, then, yer honor, do people die  
there?"  
"Certainly not—they are as immortal  
as the Creator himself."  
"This, I should like to know, yer hon-  
or, what they'll find for me to do, for I'm  
a grave digger in this world."

TRAVELING IN PRUSSIA.  
I arrived at the post-office just as they  
were putting the horses in, proceeded my  
ticket and was putting it in my pocket,  
when a bystander rather significantly said,  
"You had better take it, sir." I took  
his advice. These tickets, for the conven-  
ience of travellers, were printed in Ger-  
man and French. I found I was to occu-  
py the fourth seat in the vehicle, and was  
strictly forbidden to change places with  
my fellow-traveller, even if such an ar-  
rangement should be agreeable to all par-  
ties. This despotic military discipline  
was a sufficient indication that we were  
nearing the territories of the Prussian ma-  
jesty, Frederick William. However,  
when once seated, I endeavored in my cor-  
ner, the tyranny of his majesty gave me  
but little concern. I fell fast asleep, and  
enjoyed as sound a nap as could fall to the  
lot of any man in a land of perfect liberty.  
It was about three o'clock in the morning  
—that is to say, daybreak—when I awoke;  
the rocking of the carriage, so soothing to  
the drowsy, had ceased, and my alum-  
bers broken. At first I anticipated some  
evil—the loss of a wheel, a horse fallen  
down, or some unfortunate accident. I  
advanced my head to the carriage window,  
all was right, there was no one, alone,  
brought to a stand on one of the most beau-  
tiful roads I ever saw. I took my ticket  
from my pocket, to see if I could gain in-  
formation as to this rather unusual method  
of travelling. Not a word; but as there  
was no prohibition to my holding conver-  
sation during the journey, why, I turned to  
my neighbor and asked him if we had been  
thus stationary for any length of time.  
"About twenty minutes," was the reply.  
"Twenty minutes!" I exclaimed.  
"Pray, sir, may I, without indiscretion,  
ask what we are doing here?"  
"We are waiting."  
"Oh! we are waiting—And pray what  
are we waiting for?"  
"The hour."  
"What hour?"  
"The hour when, by right, we enter the  
town."  
"Is there, then, a fixed hour?"  
"Every thing is fixed in Prussia."  
"But, supposing we happened to arrive  
before the hour?"  
"The conductor would be punished."  
"And if after?"  
"Punished the same."  
"That's well looked to, at any rate,"  
was my observation.  
"Every thing is well looked to in Prus-  
sia!" responded my neighbor.  
I bowed my head in token of assent.—  
Not for worlds would I have differed from  
a gentleman who was so thoroughly im-  
pressed with the superiority of the laws  
and ordinances of his country; independ-  
ent of which, he had been too complacent  
in answering my many questions to admit  
of my wounding his feelings in answer.  
I saw that my silent acquiescence to his  
opinion had gratified him; so I ventured  
to resume the conversation, by inquiring  
the precise hour at which alone we had  
the privilege of entering Aix-la-Chapelle.  
"Thirty-five minutes' past four in the  
morning."  
"But if the watches and clocks don't  
agree?"  
"Watches and clocks always agree in  
Prussia."  
There must be something more than  
meets the eye, thought I, in this small king-  
dom of Prussia; when even time seems  
regulated by dictatorial edict. Really  
puzzled, I begged an explanation.  
"The conductors," continued my com-  
panion, "have a timetable placed before  
them in the cabinet, which is secured by  
a padlock, to prevent all tampering of the  
works to suit their convenience. These  
are regulated by the clocks of the Massa-  
ric, and by them the moment of arrival  
at each town and village is ascertained  
to our final entrance at Aix-la-Chapelle.  
"With all these precautions, how hap-  
pens it," I continued, "that we are obliged  
to be waiting here on this boiling-green of  
a road?"  
"I suppose the conductor, like yourself,  
sir, fell asleep, and during the time his  
position pushed on at too great a speed,  
and now they have to pay for time over-  
spent."  
"Oh! if that's the case, I will profit by  
the halt, get out of the carriage, and look  
about me a little."  
"You cannot get out of diligence in  
Prussia till the end of your journey."  
I was nearly tempted to utter a deep  
and bitter imprecation against Prussia  
and all who belonged to it. I, however, sup-  
pressed my anger, and begged to know  
what were those ruins I saw at a little dis-  
tance.  
"It is the castle of Emmaburg."  
"And what is the castle of Emmaburg?"  
"It was there that the adventure of Em-  
maburg and Emma took place."  
"Indeed! Do pray, have the kind-  
ness to change places with me for a few  
minutes, so that, at least, I may view it  
from the window."  
"With great pleasure would I comply  
with your request, but we are forbidden to

change places in a public carriage in Prus-  
sia."  
"Oufouid Prussia!" I exclaimed, my  
patience completely worn out. Instantly  
I recollected myself, and apologized for  
my indiscretion.  
"Oh those Frenchmen always chatter,  
chatter—dere tongue neber still," growled  
forth a fat German, without unclosing his  
eyes; and these were the first words he  
had uttered since we started.  
"What is that you say, sir?" I asked I,  
not half pleased at his observation.  
"I did say—oh! nothing, nothing."  
"You had much better go to sleep again,  
sir," I said to him; "and if it is your hab-  
it to dream aloud, I recommend its being  
in your mother tongue."  
The German began to snore.  
"Positions! I vorwärts—vorwärts!"  
cried the conductor.  
"Crack went the whip, at full gallop the  
horses; I tried to catch a peep of the pos-  
sible ruins, but a sudden turn of the road  
cut off all view.  
At thirty-five minutes past four, to a se-  
cond, we drove into the court of the Mes-  
sageries at Aix-la-Chapelle.  
SCENE IN A KENTUCKY CHURCH  
A Kentucky planter started to attend  
Church one Sunday, in a neighboring vil-  
lage, taking with him a favorite boy who  
was, as they say in the advertisements of  
runaway "human cattle," "a likely negro,"  
of about 17 years of age, but who had never  
been to such a place before.  
"Now Peter," said his master, "you  
must behave yourself in meetin'—do as  
you see the white folks doin' and you'll  
get along well enough."  
"Yes, Massa," said the Creator's im-  
age in ebony, his eyes expanding to the  
dimensions of the face of an old English  
watch, "yes, sir, I understand, I'll do jes'  
sactly as de white folks do, now see if I  
dese!"  
The colored individual kept the whites  
of his eyes rolling about his fagot, and  
went through the motions exactly as they  
did, only a little "more so." His master  
was of course satisfied with the credit his  
man did to his "broughin up." Every  
thing went off well enough, until the sing-  
ing of the psalm commenced, when the  
darky taking it for granted, from the dis-  
cord around him, that every man was al-  
lowed to sing his own tune, astonished the  
whole congregation, by the zeal with which  
he commenced the following "negro re-  
frain" in a stentorian voice that made the  
rafters shake!  
"I plants tobacco Joseph,  
A dip-wad, dip-wad way.  
Peter was utterly dumfounded, when  
he was led out of meeting, as soon as the  
uproar was quieted, and he cannot yet see  
why he is excluded from going to church  
when he was so particular to do jes' as  
de white folks did" during his first essay  
therein.  
THE LAWYER AND THE WITNESS.  
There is noted criminal lawyer, and by  
this name we mean a lawyer in a criminal  
court—we remember, who, in every in-  
stance that comes under his charge, put the  
following questions to his witnesses at the  
closing of his cross examination:  
"Hem! Witness—were you ever in the  
State prison?"  
"Of course the almost invariable reply,  
sneaked the astonishment of the embarras-  
sed witness, is "No, Sir."  
"You can step down," continues the law-  
yer without a syllable in explanation, and  
the jurymen stare at the witness as he  
moves away, while the counsel pauses and  
utter an expressive "ahem"—as much as  
to say, "Gentlemen of the jury, you can  
judge of this fellow's character for veracity;  
I say nothing—I don't—I could prove it  
readily; you may believe as much as you  
like."  
Occasionally, however, the learned  
counsel alluded to meets with his match.  
Not long ago he ran foul of a "knoty cus-  
tomer," whom he sifted thoroughly to the  
end of his customary chapter, and to whom  
he put his final stereotype question, "A-  
hem! were you ever in the State prison?"  
when to the attorney's evident surprise,  
the witness replied in a subdued tone:  
"Yes, sir!"  
"Ah! I thought so. Gentlemen, you  
will please give your attention to the wit-  
ness. You have been in the State prison,  
then?"  
"Yes, sir," continued the other meekly.  
"About two years ago, sir."  
"Two years ago, gentlemen—you will  
please bear in mind—this witness, now,  
by his voluntary confession, admits he was  
in the State prison."  
"Yes, sir."  
"His memory, as I have taken pains to  
impress upon your minds, gentlemen, is  
most extraordinary; and you can place as  
much confidence as you think proper in  
a man's testimony who has been an inmate  
of the State prison."  
"How long were you there, witness?"  
"About an hour, sir."  
"Eh! A-hem! How long?"  
"I was there, sir, about an hour, sir,  
and I very well remember seeing you

there at the time, and took you for a coo-  
vict."  
"A-hem—you can step down, sir!" said  
the discomfited attorney, and although the  
above unctuous reply might almost have  
been construed into a contempt of Court,  
yet in this case a smile pervaded the faces  
of the Judge and Jury, and the witness re-  
spectfully retired.  
There is a disposition to worry and har-  
mure witnesses, altogether too common  
among the fraternity, and it is high time  
that this evil should be abolished. The  
cause of justice and equity requires this—  
but as these are matters with which law-  
yers have very little to do, and with which  
they care far less about—as a general thing  
—the wrong must have a preventive else-  
where than among the members of the  
bar, we presume.  
TOUCHING CHOLERA INCIDENTS.—The  
progress of the disease everywhere is  
marked by many touching and affecting  
incidents. The New York Journal of  
Commerce gives the following:  
"A gentleman, extensively engaged in  
manufacturing, told us yesterday that a  
fine little fellow 12 or 14 years old, recent-  
ly came to him and asked for work. He  
told him he had none to give him—but  
was prompted, by the tears which started  
to his eyes, as he was turning away, to  
inquire into his circumstances. He told  
him where he had lived in the Tenth ave-  
nue—and that within a few days his  
mother, father, two brothers, two sisters,  
and an apprentice boy, who lived with  
them, had died of the cholera, and that he  
was the sole survivor of them all! Such  
an appeal was not to be resisted; the little  
fellow soon found a place, and is now at  
work.  
"On Saturday last we heard of a case  
in Philadelphia, in which father and mother  
were taken away, and eight children—  
in needy circumstances—are now mourn-  
ing the awful bereavement."  
"The Delawarean Republican says—  
"A daughter of George Shannon died  
at the house of Abraham Shannon, in  
Christiana Village, on the morning of the  
14th inst., and her child died on the eve-  
ning of the same day, of dysentery, and  
were both interred in the same grave.—  
"The lady resided in St. Louis, Mo., and  
had come on with her husband to visit  
friends in the neighborhood of Christiana.  
She, however, fell a victim to the destruc-  
tive pest, as she most probably would have  
done had she remained in St. Louis. An in-  
structive lesson may be learned from this  
circumstance. The same God watches  
over the whole earth—He is in the West  
as well as in the East, in the North as well  
as the South—in city and country alike."  
The epidemic continues to prevail to  
more or less extent in New Jersey. The  
Bridgeton Chronicle mentions a remark-  
able case—the death of a daughter of John  
Hitchner, of Pitt Grove, who was taken  
ill on Sunday morning, and died in the  
evening. Her father was taken about the  
time she died, and expired the next  
morning, while the friends were attending  
the funeral. Mr. H., it appears, was a  
butcher, and on the day previous was out  
marketing his veal. Not being able to  
he traded a part off to a man whom he met  
for oysters, and went home and himself  
and family made a meal of veal or oysters,  
or both.  
POISONING OF A WHOLE FAMILY.—At  
Cincinnati, on the 21st inst., Capt. Sam-  
mons and his whole family, comprising 9  
or 10 persons, were poisoned by arsenic  
being put into tea. One woman, who  
was employed to sew for the family, and  
three others, are lying dangerously ill,  
including Hanston, the engineer. Capt.  
Sammons is also very sick. James Sam-  
mons, his son, has been arrested on sus-  
picion. He was known to have purchas-  
ed the article last evening. This son has  
been dissipated in his habits, and his ob-  
ject in poisoning his father, mother, and  
the whole family, was to get their prop-  
erty, supposing, doubtless, that their deaths  
would be attributed to the prevailing epi-  
demic. Capt. Sammons has been residing  
with his family in that city, for about two  
weeks, his place in the Louisville mail line  
being temporarily filled.  
SAVING GRACE IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Col-  
man, in his European Life and Manners,  
says, that in England, children even quite  
young are often called upon to say grace  
at the table; and that three days before,  
he dined in a large and elegant party, where  
the lady of the house asked a blessing and  
returned thanks. He was a week at one  
house where the eldest daughter of a fam-  
ily, about twenty-two, led in the family  
worship every morning, and constantly  
said grace at the table, and so in several  
other instances.  
FIVE EXECUTIONS IN ONE DAY.—Last  
Friday was a day worthy of commemora-  
tion, as that on which five men were exe-  
cuted for capital offences. In Charleston,  
three negroes, named Nicholas, George  
and John, were hung for a petty distur-  
bance in the city workhouse, only a week  
previous. In Baltimore, George Vintner  
was hung for the murder of Mrs. Cooper,  
and in New York, Matthew Wood was  
hung for the murder of his wife.