

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. BUEHLER.

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Now is the time to subscribe to EMERSON BENNETT'S Great Original Novel of Frontier Life, which will be commenced in the Ledger on the first of January.

A SICK MAN'S DREAM.

This beautiful piece of poetry was written by the late Judge Robert Raymond Reed, of Georgia, afterwards Governor of Florida. It has never appeared in print before, and the lady for whom it was penned—now a resident of our city—has kindly consented to give it to the public through our columns.

Met thought that in a sacred wood, I slumbered on a bank of flowers, Soothed by a streamlet's wandering sound, That gurgled thro' the whispering lowers; And dreams did visit me—so bright, An Elysium only could beget them; I never, never can forget them.

It seemed that thou wert present there, These eyes with living lustre beaming; The star of morning decked thy hair, And all around its radiance streaming, Imparted to thy lip—thy cheek— The brightness of immortal glory; Oh! we can never see such visions seek, But in some old romantic story!

And near thee hung a wreath of gold, Beneath a bow of slanting roses— Res—like those that Love unfolds, When from his teeth the god releases; And when thy fingers touched the strings, They yielded melody rich and swelling, As a lone spirit sweetly sings, At evening from her vision's dwelling.

Ret' charmed was that music's strain, It told of hope, of youth, and gladness; Of pleasure's wreath, of true love's chain, And then of blighted joys and sadness; At last an answering voice there came, Even a bright cloud that then descended, And while it spoke a quivering flame With which thy cheeks white-gleamed.

I may not tell the words so kind, For that same plaintive voice then spoke; For the dark night—storms rustled wind, Came for my dream, and it was broken, But lady, through thy hours, And sweetest path of life before thee, For sweetest path of life before thee, Some happy spirit watches o'er thee!

A QUAKER JUMPING A DITCH.

HEZEKIAH BROADBENT was a fair Quaker, who sold molasses, codfish, china, earthen ware, and clothes—and all sorts of liquors. We like the Quakers, in deed, as well as in name, and HEZEKIAH was a Hickory Quaker, and had a sister that was somewhat of an old maid. But she was the best creature alive, straight as a candle, blooming as a rose, and smiling as charity. Her name was Dorcas.

HEZEKIAH and Dorcas walked one Sunday afternoon, in the blooming month of May, to breathe the fresh air and view the meadows, and they walked smoothly and delightfully with no manner of obstruction, except here and there a ditch full of water, spanned by a few logs, and too wide for a man of ordinary jumping capacity to clear at a single bound. But HEZEKIAH was clear himself, as fast people generally do, on his agility, and instead of walking a few rods for the sake of a bridge, he must needs leap every ditch he came to.

"That'd better not try that, HEZEKIAH," said the kind and considerate sister. "Never thee mind, Dorcas," replied HEZEKIAH, "there's no danger; I've jumped a bigger ditch when I wasn't half my present size."

"All that's very likely, but recollect thee's grown exceedingly passy since thee was a young man."

"Pussy? Well, if I have, that's no reason why I shouldn't be as agile as before; I tell thee, Dorcas, I can jump this ditch without so much as touching a finger."

"Ab, but thee'll touch thy feet upon the bottom."

"Thee's but a woman, Dorcas, and thy fears magnify this ditch even to a river—Now, stand thee aside, that I may have a sweep across to my abilities."

"Nay, brother HEZEKIAH, thee'd better not. The ditch is wide and the bottom muddy, and thee'd assuredly spoil thy Sunday clothes, if no worse."

"O, fudge for your fears, girl, they shall not say me a jot. Nay, do not hold me, as I am resolved to jump that ditch if it were merely to convince thee of my agility."

forth, I will lend thee a hand to help thee out."

Thus saying Dorcas drew near the ditch, but HEZEKIAH having got himself in by his unaided power, declared that he would get himself out in the same way. But the mud was deep and adhesive, and as he got one foot out he got the other in; and thus he continued to labor and plunge till he was satisfied that his own ability was better calculated to help him in than to help him out of the ditch. He grew wroth and so forgetting the plain language, he exclaimed: "By—"

"Don't thee swear, HEZEKIAH," interrupted Dorcas. "Swear!" roared HEZEKIAH, "thee'd swear if thee were here!"

"Swear not at all, HEZEKIAH, but even lend me thine hand and I'll use my ability to pull thee out, according to the scripture, which sayeth—'If thine ox or thy ass fall into a ditch on the Sabbath day—'"

"Now, sister Dorcas, thee's too bad—Verily thee should not make me so heavy as the former animal, nor so stupid as the latter."

"As to the weight," returned Dorcas, "thee must be pretty well satisfied by this time; and as for thy stupidity, it were indeed unseemly to liken thee to the long eared animal. But if thee is satisfied on these points and will forthwith reach me thine hand, I'll do as much as in me lieth to bring thee safe to land."

HEZEKIAH was pretty well convinced by this time that his own ability would never fetch him out; wherefore, humbly reaching his hand to Dorcas, he said: "Verily, sister, I will accept thine aid, inasmuch as my own ability hath deceived me."

Dorcas kindly lent her assistance, and pulling vigorously, HEZEKIAH at length came to land. Shaking off the mud and water like a spaniel he returned home, but charged his sister by the way never to mention how he came by the catastrophe. Dorcas promised, of course, and as she was a girl of truth and kind feelings, she was as good as her word. But once or twice when they were in company with several other Quakers, discussing soberly about matters and things, Dorcas, looking archly at another girl, merely said: "Did I ever tell thee, Rachel, how brother HEZEKIAH jumped a ditch?"

HEZEKIAH turned an embarrassing and imploring look towards her, and she said: "Nay, nay, HEZEKIAH, I'm not a going to tell—But shew me thy agility one Sunday, and I'll jump into the middle of a ditch!"

"THEY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN!"

"I shall never be happy again," quivered the pale lips; "earth and sky are alike dark to me, since they laid my only one in the dust."

"Does religion, then, afford you no consolation?" asked the white haired pastor, solemnly. "Does not the thought that you shall go to him, lift this veil from your spirit?"

"No—no—I know nothing—think of nothing but that I have lost him—lost him. All is a dead blank; my heart is like a stone. O! I would give worlds to know this awful weight—worlds, worlds!"

"And if I should say that this terrible weight may be cast off—this cold heart made warm again!"

"O! tell me how—for I am in despair," she cried.

"In one year, dear madam," said the white-haired man, "my only son, grown to manhood, was drowned; my wife was laid in her grave; my daughter taken from me by death, and my own health so prostrated that I could no longer minister to holy things to my people."

MEETING OF GENERAL JACKSON AND ADAMS AT PRESIDENT MONROE'S LEVEE.

The following account of the rencontre between General Jackson and John Q. Adams, at Monroe's levee, the night after Adams' election over Jackson for the Presidency of the House of Representatives, is taken from Peter Parley's "Recollections of his Lifetime."

I shall pass over the other individuals present, only noting an incident which respects the two persons in the assembly, who, most of all others, engrossed the thoughts of the writers. Mr. Adams, the elect, and Mr. Jackson, the defeated. It chanced in the evening that these two persons, involved in the throng, approached each other from opposite directions, yet without knowing it. Suddenly, as they were almost together, the persons around seeing what was about to happen, by a sort of instinct, stepped aside and left their faces to face. Mr. Adams was by himself. Gen. Jackson had a large, handsome lady on his arm. They looked at each other for a moment, and then Gen. Jackson moved forward, and reaching out his long arm, said: "How do you do, Mr. Adams? I give you my left hand, for the right, as you see, is devoted to the fair; I hope you are well, sir."

All this was said and heardly said and done. Mr. Adams took the General's hand, and said, with chilling coldness: "Very well, sir; I hope Gen. Jackson is well!" It was curious to see the stern soldier who had written his country's glory in the blood of the enemy at New Orleans—genial and gracious in the midst of a court, while the old courier and diplomat was stiff, rigid, and cold as a statue!

It was all the more remarkable from the fact that, four hours before, the former had been defeated, and the latter was a victor in a struggle for one of the highest objects of human ambition.

The personal character of these two individuals was in fact well expressed in the chosen meeting of the gallantry, the frankness and heartiness of one, which captivated all; the coldness, the distance, the self-concentration of the other, which repelled all. A somewhat severe, but still acute analyst of Mr. Adams character, says: "Undoubtedly, one great reason of his unpopularity, was his cold, unsympathetic manner, and the suspicion of selfishness it suggested, or at least added greatly to confirm. None approached Mr. Adams but to receive. He never succeeded—he never tried to reconcile."

I recollect an anecdote somewhat illustrative of this. When he was a candidate for the Presidency, his political friends thought it advisable that he should attend a cattle show at Worcester, Mass., so as to conciliate the numbers of influential men who might be present. Accordingly he went, and while there many persons were introduced to him, and among the rest, a farmer of the vicinity—a man of substance and great respectability. On being presented, he said: "Mr. Adams, I am very glad to see you. My wife, when she was a girl, lived in your father's family; you were then a little boy, and she has told me a great deal about you. She has very often credited your head."

"Well," said Mr. Adams, in his harsh way, "I suppose she combs your hair now!"

The poor farmer slunk back like a fashed hound, feeling the smart, but utterly unconscious of the provocation.

CONVERSIONS TO PROTESTANTISM.

A London paper of November 20 thus says:—"The movement towards Protestantism in Bohemia, Moravia and Austrian Silesia, is becoming daily more immense and overwhelming; whole families, in their branches, simultaneously embracing the Lutheran creed, and a leading others in the same route, to the consecration of the Roman Catholic clergy, who are striving by every possible means to stop the current. It appears that the recent concordat with the pope, which disgusts the more intelligent inhabitants of these countries, is the dominant cause of this movement."

BURSTING OF A GRINDSTONE.—A large grindstone in the machine shop of Beech & Long, Lower Hydraulic, at Hamilton, O., burst a few days ago, without any apparent cause, almost instantly killing John Krebs, who was seated by it at work. The stone, which was about four or half feet in diameter, broke into four or five pieces. One of these struck the joints above, crushing them and the floor upwards; another struck the foundation wall, which it "obliterated" upward, nearly making a hole, and a third struck the unfortunate man.

What is the world? A dream within a dream. As we grow older, each step is an inward walking. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood; the full grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary; the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Is death the last sleep? No! it is the last and final awakening.—Sir Walter Scott.

If you are in a hurry, never get behind a couple that are courting. They want to make so much of each other, that they wouldn't move quicker if they were going to a funeral. Get behind your jolly married folks, who have lots of children at home, if you wish to get along fast. But it is best to be a little ahead of either of them.

Paddy's description of a fiddle, can't be beat. He says: "It was as big as a turkey and as fat as a goose—he turned it over on its back, and took a crooked stick, and drew it across his belly, and, O, St. Patrick, how it squeals!"

THE PROPHET'S TOMB.

MOHAMMED, the Prophet of Allah, lies buried in the city of El Medina, all the world of Islam goes up to his tomb. About this tomb there hangs a great deal of mystery. The vulgar story of the suspended coffin, has long been exploded, and the question now seems to be, whether there is any tomb at all? Lieut. Burton, who recently made a pilgrimage to the holy cities, in the disguise of an Afghan Derwisch, furnishes the most reliable information upon this point.

We learn from his narrative that, although thousands go yearly to El Medina to see the tomb of the Prophet, yet no one ever saw it!

In one corner of the grand mosque of that city there is a chamber supposed to be entirely walled up with stone or planking, inside of which, the pilgrim is told, are the tombs of Mohammed and the first two Caliphs, Abubeker and Omar. But this walled chamber is surrounded, outside, with a curtain, somewhat like a four-post bed. No one is permitted to look behind the curtain, except the eunuchs who at times replace it with a new one, and they say that a supernatural light surrounds the tomb that would strike with blindness any one that would have the temerity to approach it. This story is now universally believed among Muslims.

Outside of the curtain, leaving a narrow space between, is an iron flagpole railing, which serves to keep the crowd from close contact with the tomb. After many prayers and prostrations the pilgrim is made to approach a small window in the railing through which he catches a glimpse of the tomb. The exact place of Mohammed's tomb is distinguished by a large pearl rosary, and a peculiar ornament suspended to the curtain, which the vulgar believe to be a jewel of the jewels of Paradise.

Lieut. Burton, however, says, to his eyes it resembled the great stoppers of glass used for the luminous sort of decorations. Through the window in the railing the pilgrims are expected to throw their contributions, and the treasures of the place are kept in the narrow passage between the railing and the curtain. The amount is said to be enormous, which Lieut. Burton doubts. No one is permitted to enter this passage except upon the payment of an extraordinary sum.

What there really is behind the curtain, seems to be a matter of great doubt. The Muslim authorities are divided in opinion. Some say there is no wall behind the curtain; others that it covers a square building of black stones, in the interior of which are the tombs, while others say there are three deep graves, but no traces of tombs; and lastly, Lieut. Burton strongly suspects that the burial place of the prophet is entirely unknown. Certainly the church of the prophet's tomb, looks like a priestly gloze to hide defects.

Yet all the world of Islam goes up to pray at the Prophet's tomb, and millions believe that he now lies there with blooming face and bright eyes, and that blood would issue from his body if wounded, for no one dares to assert that the holy one is suffered to undergo corruption.—Portland Transcript.

THE YOUNG MAN'S LEISURE.

Young man! after the duties of the day are over, how do you spend your evenings? When business is dull, and leisure at your disposal many unoccupied hours, what disposition do you make of them?

I have known and now know, many young men, who, if they devoted to any scientific, or professional pursuit, the time they spend in games of chance, and lounging life in bed, might rise to any eminence. You have all read of the sexton's son who became a fine astronomer by spending a short time every evening in gazing at the stars after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. Sir William Pitts, who at the age of forty-five had attained the order of knighthood, and the office of High Sheriff of New-England, and Governor of Massachusetts, learned to read and write in his eighteenth year, of a ship Carpenter in Boston. William Gifford, the great editor of the Quarterly, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study. And he has had neither pen nor paper, staid nor pencil, he wrought out his problems on smooth leather, with a blunt awl.

David Rittenhouse, the American Astronomer, when a plow-boy, was observed to have covered his plow and fences with figures and calculations. James Ferguson, the great Scotch Astronomer, learned to read by himself, and mastered the elements of Astronomy while a shepherd's boy in the hills, by night. And perhaps it is not too much to say that if the hours wasted in idleness, in conversation, at the tavern, were only spent in the pursuit of knowledge, the dullest apprentice at any of our shops might become an intelligent member of society, and a fit person for most of our civil offices. By such a course the rough covering of many a youth is laid aside; and their ideas, instead of being confined to local subjects and technicalities, might range the wide fields of creation; and other stars from among the young men of this city might be added to the list of worthies that are gliding our country with bright yet mellow light.—Rev. Dr. Murray.

"Mother," said a little boy the other day, "I've got such a bad headache and sore throat too."

"Have you my dear?" asked the mother; "well, you shall have some medicine."

"It's no matter," retorted the shrewd urchin, "I've got 'em, but they don't hurt me."

FOUND GUILTY.—David Ridenour, tried at Lancaster, Md., for killing Hiram Popp, has been convicted of murder in the second degree.

Z. Olander, a well known Republican merchant of Detroit, is mentioned as a candidate to succeed Gen. Cass in the Senate.

A TRIBUTE TO HENRY CLAY.

The following tribute to the lamented and gallant "Harry of the West," was paid by Hon. Thomas F. Marshall during the recent political excitement. It is enough that Mr. Marshall was the speaker, and Kentucky's idol the subject:

"Every one knows that the various subjects of the Texas boundary, the admission of California, the territorial organization of Utah and New Mexico, the recovery of fugitives slaves who had escaped from their territory to States whose constitutions did not allow slavery, and the abolition of the slave trade in the district of Columbia, were sought by Mr. Clay to be united in a single bill and passed as one measure. In this form, the 'omnibus' bill, as it was termed, failed. But in the shape of several acts on each separate subject, the principles contended for by Mr. Clay were adopted each year. Why the bill reported by himself was defeated and dismembered, yet in the shape of separate acts, adopted in almost exact accordance with his wishes, is not for me to inquire. If it were designed on the part of some Senators, to deprive the dying leader of the honors of his last battle, it was a vain hope. In the public mind, and in common parlance, they are still associated. In history they will be known as Mr. Clay's compromises. They are grouped and termed the Compromise of 1850, in the Democratic platform, even the Kansas and Nebraska acts adopt the common nomenclature, and instead of rejecting the several acts by their titles, call them the Compromise."

The friends of Mr. Clay meditate the construction of a monument, to mark the spot where repose the remains of that frail tenement, which once held in his fiery soul. It will be honorable to them, and will form a graceful ornament to the green woods, which surround the city of which he had himself been so long the living ornament, but it will be useless to him or to his fame. He trusted neither himself nor his fame to mechanical hands or perishable materials. "Exigit monumentum penitus ore," they may rear their pedestals of granite; they may rear their polished columns till they pierce and flout the skies; they may cover their marble pillars all over with the biography of his deeds, the trophies of his triumphant genius, and surround them with images of his form, wrought by the burning hands—it matters not—his name is not there. The prisoned eagle has burst the bars, and soared away from strife, and conflict, and calamity. He is not dead—he lives. I mean not the life eternal in any other world of which religion teaches, but here on earth he lives the life, the life which men call fame, that life the hope of which forms the solace of high ambition, which sustains the brave and wise and good, the champions of truth and human kind, through all their labors—that life his beyond all chance or change, growing, expansive, quenchless as time and human memory. He needs no statue—he desired none. It was the image of his soul he desired to perpetuate, and he has stamped it himself in lines of flame upon the souls of his countrymen. Not all the marbles of Carrara, fashioned by the chisel of Angelo into the mimicry of breathing life, could convey to the senses a likeness so perfect of himself as that which he has left upon the minds of men. He carved his own statue—he built his own monument. In youth he laid the broad basis as his whole country, that it might sustain the mighty structure he had designed. He labored heroically through life on the colossal shaft. In 1850, the first half of the nineteenth century, he prepared the healing measures which bear his name as the capital, well proportioned and in perfect keeping with the now finished column, crowned his work, saw that it was good and durable, sprang to its lofty and commanding summit, and gazing upon that lone height upon a horizon which encompassed all counting time, with eternally for his back ground, and the eyes of the whole world riveted upon his solitary figure, consented there and thus to die."

The Atlantic brought us a brief announcement that an awful explosion had occurred in the island of Rhodes, by which about nearly five hundred lives were lost. The Press d'Orient publishes a letter which gives some of the details of the destruction of a part of the town of Rhodes by the explosion of the powder magazine:

"In the afternoon of the 16th of November, Rhodes was visited by a most violent thunderstorm, and several houses were struck by lightning and more or less injured. Suddenly, a tremendous explosion was heard; the ground shook as from the effect of an earthquake, and windows were smashed in every direction. The explosion was followed by two others, and a dense black smoke arose. It was after a time ascertained that the lightning had fallen on the suburb of St. John, and had penetrated into the subterranean vaults underneath, used as a depot for gunpowder, and in which an immense quantity of that commodity had recently been placed. It is impossible to depict the horror of the scene. Not a house was left standing in the whole quarter of the city near the church, and that building itself was completely levelled with the ground. Suddenly, a tremendous explosion was heard; the ground shook as from the effect of an earthquake, and windows were smashed in every direction. The explosion was followed by two others, and a dense black smoke arose. It was after a time ascertained that the lightning had fallen on the suburb of St. John, and had penetrated into the subterranean vaults underneath, used as a depot for gunpowder, and in which an immense quantity of that commodity had recently been placed. It is impossible to depict the horror of the scene. Not a house was left standing in the whole quarter of the city near the church, and that building itself was completely levelled with the ground.

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TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AT RHODES.

The Atlantic brought us a brief announcement that an awful explosion had occurred in the island of Rhodes, by which about nearly five hundred lives were lost. The Press d'Orient publishes a letter which gives some of the details of the destruction of a part of the town of Rhodes by the explosion of the powder magazine:

"In the afternoon of the 16th of November, Rhodes was visited by a most violent thunderstorm, and several houses were struck by lightning and more or less injured. Suddenly, a tremendous explosion was heard; the ground shook as from the effect of an earthquake, and windows were smashed in every direction. The explosion was followed by two others, and a dense black smoke arose. It was after a time ascertained that the lightning had fallen on the suburb of St. John, and had penetrated into the subterranean vaults underneath, used as a depot for gunpowder, and in which an immense quantity of that commodity had recently been placed. It is impossible to depict the horror of the scene. Not a house was left standing in the whole quarter of the city near the church, and that building itself was completely levelled with the ground.

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