THE PLANTERS' BANNER.

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A Legend of the Revolution.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

THE RIGHT ARM.

Fifty years ago, a terrible storm shook the city of London. At the dead of night, when the storm was at its highest, an aged minister living near one of the darkest suburbs of the city was aroused by an earnest cry for help. Leaping from his window, he beheld a sweeper of public streets. In a few moments, while the rain came down in torrents, and the storm raged above, that preacher, leaning on the arm of the scavenger, threaded his way to the dark suburb, listening meanwhile to the story of the dying man.

At very day a strange old man had fallen senseless in front of the scavenger's rude home. The good-hearted street-sweeper had taken him—laid him on his bed—he had not once spoken—and now he was dying. This was the story that rough man.

Through dark alleys, among miserable tenements, that seemed about to topple down upon their heads, into the loneliest and dreariest abodes of the city, they passed, that white-haired pedestrian and his guide. At last into a narrow court and up dark steps that cracked beneath their tread, and then into the death room. It was in truth a miserable place. A glimmering light stood on a broken chair. There were the naked walls, there the solitary garret window, there the rain beating in, through the rags and straw which stuffed the broken panes—and there, amid a heap of cold ashes, lay the small fire which it seems the stranger had with him. In one corner, on the coarse straw of a ragged bed, lay the dying man. He was dressed; and his legs were concealed in military boots.

The aged preacher drew near, and looked upon him. And as he looked, throb—throb—throb—he might hear the death-watch ticking in the shattered wall.

It was the form of a strong man, grown old with care more than with age. There was a face that you might look upon but once, and yet write it in your memory forever.

Let us bend over the bed, and look upon that face; a bold forehead, seamed by one deep wrinkle between the brows—long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with grey—lips firmly set, yet quivering as though they had a life, separate from the life of the man—and then two large eyes, vivid, burning unnatural in their steady glare.

Ah, there was something so terrible in that face—something so full of unutterable loneliness, unspeakable despair—that the aged minister started back in horror.

But look! those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air—the death sweat starts upon that cold brow—the man is dying. Throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch in the shattered wall.

"Would you die in the faith of the christian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there, on the damp floor. The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled but made no sound. Then, with the strong agony of death upon him he rose in a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke:

"Christian!" he uttered in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart, "will that faith give me back my honor? Come with me old man—come with me far over the waters. Hush! we are there! This is my native town. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in my childhood—yonder green on which I sported when a boy. But another flag waves yonder in place of the flag that waved when I was a child. And listen, old man, were I to pass along this street, as I passed when but a child, the very babes in their cradles would raise their tiny hands to curse me. The graves in yonder graveyard would shrink from my footsteps, and yonder flag would rain a baptism of blood upon my head!"

That was an awful death-bed. The ministers had watched the "last night" with a hundred convicts in their cells, and yet, never beheld a scene so terrible as this. Suddenly the dying man arose. He towered along the floor. With those white lips, whose veins are blue with the death chill, he threw open the valise. He drew from thence a faded coat of blue, faced with silver, an old parchment, a piece of damp cloth, that looked like the wreck of a battle flag.

"Look ye, priest, this coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old memories seemed stirring at his heart. "This coat I wore, when I heard the news of Lexington—this coat I wore when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga! That bullet hole was pierced in the fight of Quebec; and now—I am a—let me whisper it in your ear!"

He blessed that single, burning word, into the minister's ear.

"Now, help me, priest," he said, in a voice grown suddenly tremulous, "help me to put on this coat of blue and silver. For you see, and a ghastly smile came over his face, "there is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow; no wife—no child—I must meet death alone; but I will meet him as I have met him in battle, without a fear!"

And while he stood arraying his limbs in that revolutionary coat of blue and silver, the good minister spoke to him of faith, in Jesus. Yes, of this great faith, which pierces the clouds of human guilt, and rolls them back from the face of God.

"Faith," echoed that strange man, who stood there, erect, with the death chill on his brow, and the death-light in his eye, "Faith? Can it give me back my honor? Look, ye priest, there over the wave sits George Washington, telling to his comrades, the pleasant story of the eight years' war—there in his royal halls sets George of England, bewailing in his idiot voice the loss of his Colonies. And here am I—I who was the first to raise the flag of freedom the first to strike a blow against that King—here am I dying, ay, like a dog!"

The awe-stricken priest started back from the look of the dying man, while throb, throb, throb, beat the death watch in the shattered wall.

"Hush! silence along the line there!" he muttered in that absent tone, as though speaking to the dead; silence along the line! Not a word, not a word on peril of your lives. Hark you, Montgomery, we will meet in the center of the town. Will meet there in victory, or die! Hist! Silence, my men—not a whisper as we ascend these steep rocks! Now on, my boys, now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town! Now up with the banner of the stars—up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark, and the snow falls! Now—now," shrieked that death-stricken man, towering there, in the blue uniform, with his clenched hands waving in the air, "now, now! one blow more and Quebec is ours!"

And look, his eye grows glassy. With that word on his lip, he stands there—ah! what a hideous picture of despair, erect, livid, ghastly! There for a moment, and then he falls! He is dead! Ah, look at that proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the damp floor. In that glassy eye, there lingers even yet, a horrible energy a sublimity of despair.

Who is this strange man, dying here alone in this rude garret—this man, who, in all his crimes, still treasured up that blue uniform, that faded flag? Who is this being of horrible remorse?—this man, whose memories seem to link something of heaven and more of hell?

Let us look at that parchment, that flag. The aged minister unrolls that faded flag—it is a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He unrolls that parchment, it is a colonel's commission in the Continental Army, addressed to BENEDICT ARNOLD!

And there in that rude hut, while the death-watch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall—there unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corpse of the Patriot and Traitor. O, that our own true Washington had been there, to sever that good right arm from the corse, and while the dishonored body rotted in the dust, to bring home that good right arm, and enbalm it among the holiest memories of the Past—for that right arm struck many a gallant blow for freedom, yonder at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain and Saratoga—that arm, yonder, beneath the snow white mountain, in the deep silence of the river of the Dead, *first raised into light the Banner of the Star.**

*It was during the renowned expedition through the wilderness to Quebec, that Arnold encamped for two or three days near a snow-white mountain, which arose in lovely grandeur over all the other mountains, into the autumnal sky. A single soldier ascended this mountain with the hope of beholding from its summit the rocks and spires of Quebec. When he came down, Arnold took from his breast, where for days in privation and in danger he had carried it, a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He raised it into light, and for the first time, the Continental banner floated over the solitudes of the Dead River. This is a fact attested by history and corroborated by tradition.

GREAT QUILT.—There was exhibited at the late Mechanics' Fair held at Chicago, Ill., by Mr. C. Taylor, of that place, a quilt composed of 9,800 pieces of silk, each of which was about an inch square, and all sewed with exceeding beauty and neatness. Its chief charm, however, was the great skill evinced in the ingenious blending of colors, so as to produce a proper effect in the representation of various figures which ornamented it in every part. A brilliant sun shone in the centre, the moon and stars beamed out from one corner, while in another appeared a storm in the heavens, with lowering clouds and flashes of lightning.

Around the border were various designs illustrative of the season and of the rapid growth of our western country. At one place appeared a barren heath, with the Indians and hunters roaming over it; next, a trading post, as the first entrance of civilization; next, a military station, with the glorious banner of our country streaming from the flag-staff; then a city, and steamboats and vessels gliding in and out of port.

THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.—On the banks of the Wabash, some years since, the effects of a poor widow, who had been left comparatively destitute at the death of her husband, had been seized by the Sheriff for debt, and were being sold at auction; and among those effects an old family Bible was put up for sale. She begged the constable to spare this memento of her dear and honored parents, but he was inexorable.—The good book was about going for a few shillings, when the widow suddenly snatched it, and, declaring that she would have some relic of those she loved, cut the thread that held the brown linen, cover, with the intention of retaining it. The cover fell into her hands and with it two pieces of thin, dirty paper. Surprised at the circumstance she examined them, and what was her joy and delight to find that they each called for five hundred pounds on the bank of England! On the back of one, in her mother's handwriting, were the following words:—"When sorrows overtake ye, seek your Bible." And on the other, in her father's hand:—"Your father's ears are never deaf." The sale was immediately stopped, and the family Bible given to its faithful owner.

I HAVE NO TIME TO STUDY—The idea about the want of time is a mere phantom. Franklin found time in the midst of all his labors to dive into the hidden recesses of philosophy, and to explore the untrodden path of science. The great Frederick, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, on the eve of battles which were to decide the fate of his kingdom, found time to revel in the charms of philosophy and intellectual pleasures. Bonaparte, with all Europe at his disposal, with kings in his anti-chamber begging for vacant thrones with thousands of men whose destinies were suspended on the brittle thread of his arbitrary pleasures, had time to converse with books. Cæsar when he had curbed the spirits of the Roman people, and was thronged with visitors from the remotest kingdoms found time for intellectual cultivation. Every man has time if he improves it as well as he might, he can reap a three-fold reward. Let mechanics then make use of the hours at their disposal, if they want to obtain a proper influence in society. They are the life blood of the community; they can if they please hold in their hands the destinies of our Republic; they are numerous, respectable, and powerful; and they have only to be educated half as well as other professions to make laws for the nation.

PATIENCE.—Patience is a rare virtue. Can you tell me why you are always poor? Because you lack patience. It is a small business to lay up money by pennies—you get out of sorts and give up. Why are you not a learned man? You havn't patience. To think of picking up knowledge by the thimble-full is not the thing—you wish to become a great man at once. It is truly said that patience converts the mulberry leaf into silk. Patience also makes a poor man wealthy—an ignorant man learned—an humble person distinguished.—When did you ever see a good great remarkable man, who had not this? Be ye patient. Be content with small advances in knowledge—with small gains.

"How poor are they who have no patience?
What wound did ever heal but by degree?"

Be patient, we repeat. Learn to wait. O how exceedingly rare a virtue patience is!

A GOOD IRISH ANECDOTE.—Some years since, when the beautiful painting of Adam and Eve was exhibited in Ireland, it became the chief topic of conversation. Finally a poor, ragged, illiterate peasant went to see it. The light was so arranged as to reflect on the picture, and leave the spectator in comparative darkness. The peasant, as he entered the room to see his first parents, was struck with so much astonishment that he remained speechless for some moments. He stood like a statue, and as though his feet were incorporated with the oaken floor of the room. At last with an effort he turned to an acquaintance and said,

"Barney, I'll niver say another word again Adam in all my life, for if I had been in the garden, I would have ate every apple in it, for the sake of such a lovely cratur as Eve."

It is needless to add that this was received with roars of laughter.—Ex.

THE H[illegible] BOY'S COLLEGE.—'The printing office,' sa[illegible] New York Globe, 'has indeed proved a [illegible]er college, to many a 'poor'—has graduated more useful members of society—has brought out more intellect and turned it into practical useful channels—has waked more mind, generated more active and elevated thought, than many of the literary colleges of the country. How many a drone or dolt has passed through one of these colleges, with no tangible proof of his fitness to graduate other than his inanimate piece of parchment, himself if possible more inanimate than his leathern diploma. There is something in the very atmosphere in a printing office, calculated to awake the mind and inspire a thirst for knowledge.

THE GREATEST DIVE YET.—The St. Louis Organ of the 4th inst, tells the following:

A friend tells us that in coming down the Mississippi, a short time ago, on a steamboat one of the passengers one night attracted his attention by exclaiming, in his sleep, "I can beat that dive anyhow!" Our relater immediately looked towards the man, when lo! he saw him tumble head foremost from his berth on to the floor. "There," said the diver, "I touched the bottom, anyhow," and then climbed up into his berth again without waking.

SELECTING COLORS.—The art of selecting colors which suit the complexion and general style of the wearer, is not generally known among the ladies. The following hints may be useful to them:

"For fair-haired or dark haired ladies, those colors which produce the greatest contrast, are best. Thus for fair hair, sky blue is very becoming. Yellow and orange tinted by red, are becoming to ladies with black hair. Rose color should never be put on in actual contrast with a rosy complexion, because the latter loses by the comparison; it should be separated with white lace, blonds, or, if a cap or a bonnet, by locks of hair. Pale green is exceedingly becoming; it makes them appear rosy, but it is unfavorable to ruddy faces, for it makes them too red. Violet should never be used for fair complexions, except for a very deep tint for contrast. A violet dress will make a fair complexion look green, and a yellow one, orange, which is bad for all complexions. Dead white, such as calico, is good for fair complexions, but bad for the contrary, for which the white muslin, or tulle, in folds or in ruche, is more advantageous."

Books, Annuals and Albums.

A large supply of finely bound standard works from the presses of the Harpers, Appletons, and others publishers, well suited for holiday presents, will be sold very low at my shop.

C. RABE.

Marshall Sale.

Robert Wickliffe
vs.
Walter Brashear.

In the Circuit Court of the United States for the Western District of Louisiana. No, 1309.

By virtue of a writ of *Plurius Fieri Facias* issued in the above entitled suit, the following described property has been seized, and will be sold on the first Saturday in February, 1850, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., on the premises in the Parish of St. Mary, all the rights, title and interest of Walter Brashear, in and to the following described property, to wit:

A certain tract of land situated in the Parish of St. Mary on the West side of Berwick's Bay called the *Golden Farm* and known as the residence of the defendant, containing about five hundred superficial Arpents more or less, with all the improvements thereon, consisting of a sugar-house and machinery, a dwelling house and out houses, negro cabins, &c., situated and bounded below by lands of Joseph Berwick and above by lands of Mrs. Renthorpe; also all the farming utensils, fourteen head of horses and mules, fifteen head of horned cattle, more or less; and about twenty or twenty five head of sheep;—also the following named negro slaves attached to and belonging on said plantation, to wit: Abel aged 50 years, Ely 50, Joe and Harriet his wife 40 years, Flora 30 and her three children, Denis 5 years, Frederick 3 years & Abel 1 year, Sam 35 years, John Tollier 35 years, Bill Brown 40 years, Ellen 35 years, and her six children, Elias 12 years, Caroline 10 years, Sorephine 8 years, Simon 6 years, Patrick 4 years, and Godfrey one year and six months, Sterling 40 years, Mary 40 years, Ned 35 years, Edy 30 years and her five children, Adeline 13 years, Madison 11 years, Ruben 9 years, George 3 years, and John 1 year & six months, Subina 25 years, Courtney 20 years, Claria 25 and her children, Cornelias 5 years, Isaac 4 years and an Infant, Queeney 50 years, St Clair 18 years, John Walker 35 years, Jim Hudson 40 years, Alfred 30 years, Henry Whitehouse 30 years, and Augustine aged 25 years.

At the same time and place will be sold another tract of land belonging to said defendant, situated in said Parish, fronting on the south side of Bayou Bœuf and containing eleven hundred & twenty arpents more or less together with all the buildings and improvements thereon bounded below by lands claimed by R. J. Walker and above by the land formerly or now owned by Thomas Banks; also the following named and described negro slaves, to wit: Jack aged about 39 years, Sam Brown 40 years and Horrace aged 18 years. Also six head of horses and three head of oxen.

Terms of Sale, Cash!

FREDRICK. S. SMITH.
U. S. Marshal, for the Western District of Louisiana.

Parish of St. Mary December 10th 1849.

Vente de Marshall.

Robert Wickliff
vs,
Walter Brashear.

Dans la Cour de Circuit des Etats Unis pour le District de la Louisiane, No. 1309.

En vertu d'un ordre de *Plurius Fieri Facias* sorti dans l'affaire ci-dessus les propriétés ci-après décrites ont été saisies et seront vendu le premier Samedi du mois de Fevrier, 1850, à 11 heures, A. M., sur les lieux dans la paroisse Ste. Marie, tous les droits, titres et intérêts de Walter Brashear au propriétés suivantes savoir:

Une certaine pièce de Terre situaté dans la paroisse Ste. Marie, sur le coté ouest de la Baie Berwick, connue sous le nom de "Golden Farm," et pour être la residence du defendeur, contenant environ cinq cents arpents de surperficie, plus ou moins, avec brutes, les bâtisses et ameliorations qui s'y trouvent, c'est-à-dire une Sucrerie avec machine, &c., une maison de maître, cabans à nègris et autres, situaté et bornée par le bas par les terres de Joseph Berwick, et par le haut par les terres de M'dme. Rentrope; aussi, tous le outils aratoires, quatorze chevaux et mulets, quinze têtes de bêtes à cornes, plus ou moins, et environ vingt cinq têtes de Moutons.

Aussi les nègres ci-aprè nommés attachés et appartenant à la dite habitation, savoir;

Abel agé d'environ 50 ans; Ely 50, Joe et Harriet sa femme 40 ans, Flora 30 et ses trois enfants, Dennis 5 ans, Frederick 3 ans, et Abel 1 an; Sam 35 ans, John Tollier 35 ans. Bill Brown 40 ans, Ellen 35 ans et ses six enants, Elias 12 ans, Caroline 10 ans, Josphinel 9 ans, Simon 6 ans, Patrick 4 ans et Gedefroy un ans et demi; Sterling 40 ans, Mary 40 ans, Ned 35 ans, Edy 30 ans, et ses cinq enfants, Adeline 13 ans, Madison 11 ans, Ruben 9 ans, George 3 ans et John un an et demi; Subina 23 ans, Courtney 20 ans, Clarisse 25 ans et ses enfants Cornelius 5 ans, Isaac 4 ans et un enfant à la mamille; Queeney 50 ans, St Clair 18 ans, John Walker 35 ans, Jim Hudson 40 ans, Alfred 30 ans, Henry Whitehouse 30 ans, et Auguste 25 ans.

En même tems et lieux sera vendu, une autre pièce de terre appartenant au dit defendeur, situeé dans la paroisse Ste Marie, sur le coté Sud du Bayou Boeuf, et contenant onze cent vingt arpents, plus ou moins, ensemble toutes les batisses et ameliorations qui s'y trouvent, bornée en bas par les terres de qui réclame R J Walker, et en haut par les terres qui appartenaient naguère ou appartienent maintenant à Thomas Banks; aussi les esclaves ci-après nommés et decrits, savoir: Jack agé d'environ 39 ans, Sam Brown 40 ans, et Horrace 18 ans; Aussi six chevaux et trois boeufs

Conditions de la vente, Comptant.

FREDERICK G. SMITH,
Marshall des Etat Unis pour le District Ouest de l'Etat de la Louisiane.

Paroisse Ste Marie, Dec 20, 1849—3t&e.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS of the best qualities for sale by M. WALKER & CO.

BANNER OF ATTAKAPAS.

The Banner of Attakapas will commence running about the first of November as a regular packet between New Orleans and St. Martinsville, touching at all intermediate landings. She will make her trips by the sea route until the navigation through Bayou Plaquemine is open, after which she will make her trips by way of Plaquemine during the high water season.

The Banner is new, only eighteen months old, built in the most substantial manner, and is now undergoing thorough repairs, and is receiving those additions which are necessary to make her a good sea boat. She has been thoroughly recalked, bottom, sides and deck,—false sides have been added, giving her 35 *feet breadth of beam*, also an entire bottom outside of the present one, which will be thoroughly calked and fastened, rendering it almost impossible for her either to spring aleak or be broken by snags. The undersigned feels a confidence that the Banner will be the lightest boat in the trade, carrying the most freight on the same water at any draft between two and five feet. The undersigned takes this occasion to return thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore given the Banner, and respectfully solicits a continuance of favors from the public.

Oct. 18, 1849. E. W. FULLER.

Attakapas Packet.

For St. Martinsville, New Iberia, Franklin, Centreville, Pattersonville, Berwick's Bay and Bayou Boeuf

The new light draught and Passenger Steamer

MONROE,

W. S. JOHNSON, Master;
HENRY V. M'CALL Clerk.

Will run as a regular packet during the entire season. Messrs. M'Call & Johnson have chartered the Monroe expressly for the trade, and from their long experience in it hope to merit a share of public patronage

For Frieght or passage, apply on board, or to A. B. Bein, or Darby & Tremoulet, Agents,

☞ N. B—Rates of Freight and Passage he same as any other boat in the trade.

The well known Sea Steamer

E. A. OGDEN,

J. E. HAVILAND, Master,

Having resumed her trips for the season, between New Orleans and New Iberia, will afford to the planters another opportunity of getting their produce to market, as well as getting their supplies of provisions, and be at reasonable rate of freights and without detention. The public may depend on the Ogden's running in the trade during the season, and to avoid difficulty and disappointment, it is requested that all engagement for freight to New Orleans should be made on her trips up the Bayou.

P. S. The public are informed that a discount of twenty per cent. will be made from the regular rates, on all freight bills, where the cash is paid on delivery of freights at their respective landings.

Lightning Rods.

The undersigned who has imported into this country the improved Lightning Rods, which are now in use in Europe and in the north of the United States, offers his services to the citizens of Attakapas.

The terms of credit which may suit purchasers will be readily granted.

On information being given to him he will attend without delay on the persons wishing to give him employment.

MAGLOIRE DELHAYE.
Charenton Post Office.

Indian Bend, Aug. 23, 1849–1y.

Paratonneres.

Le soussigné importeur des Paratonnères perfectionnés, en usage en Europe et au nord des Etats Unis, offre ses service aux habitants des Attakapas.

Il accordera, pour le payement, le temps et le crédit qui conviendront aux acheteurs.

Lui écrire à son domicile ci-après: il se rendra sans délai près de ceux qui voudraient l'employer.

MAGLOIRE DELHAYE.
Indian Bend; Charenton post office.

Garden Seeds.

A general assortment of garden and flower seeds, growth of 1849, raised and put up by the United Society of Quakers, for sale by

Nov 29 M. WALKER & CO.

Dry Goods.

A general stock, consisting in part of Blankets, Kerseys, Lowells, Sheetings, Shirtings; in short every thing usually kept in our market, and will be sold as low as any other house by

oct4 M. WALKER & CO.

For Sale.

1 Fine Rockaway Buggy,
2 do. Open do.
1 Plain do. do.
2 Setts Coach Harness,
2 do Waggon do.
4 Covered 1 Horse Wagons,

THOS. EVINS.

Franklin, Sept 5,—1y

Medicine Chests and Vials.

Eocma apparatus, cupping glasses, syringes, instruments, Physicians' glassware in large upplies at Apothecaries' Hall. C. RABE.

Plough and Cart Wheels.

Trash, Cromwell and Cary Ploughs assorted sizes for sale by S. SMITH

Nov. 21st 1849.

TAR in bbls and half bbls.; also Pitch and oakum, for sale by M. WALKER & CO.