

DEATH WARRANT OF CHRIST.

Chance has put into our hands the most imposing and interesting judicial document, to all Christians, that has ever been recorded in human annals, that is, the identical warrant of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We transcribe the document from a copy of the translation :

Sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, acting Governor of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death on the cross. In the year seventeenth of the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar, and the fourth of March, in the City of Holy Jerusalem : Adams and Caiaphas being present, sacrificators of the people of God.

I, Pontius Pilate, Governor and Prætor, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves—the great notorials evidence of the people saying :

First—He is a seducer.

Second—He is seditious.

Third—He is an enemy of the law.

Fourth—He calls himself, falsely, the Son of God.

Fifth—He calls himself the King of Israel.

Sixth—He entered the temple

followed by a multitude bearing palm branches in their hands.

Order the Centurion Quintius to lead him to the place of execution.

Forbid any person whatsoever, poor or rich, to oppose the death of Jesus.

The witnesses who signed the death warrant of Jesus are—

First—Daniel Robani, a Pharisee.

Second—James Horhable.

Third—Cabet, a citizen.

Jesus shall go out of the city by gate Strenous.

The above sentences are engraved on a copper plate. On one side is written these words :

“A similiar plate is sent to each one of the tribes.”

It was found in an antique vase of white marble while excavating in the city of Aquila, in the Kingdom of Naples, in the year 1822, and was discovered by the Commissariat of Arts attached to the French armies. At the expedition to Naples it was found closed in a box of ebony in the Sacristy Courtem. The French translation was made by members of the Commissioners of Arts.

[The following song was composed after reading OGLE R. GOWAN's beautiful song of the “Crimson Banner.”]

The love with which the wanderer
Returns to his native shore,
Such is the love we bear to thee,
The flag that we all adore.
We'll sleep among the Patriot dead,
Or by our strength will maintain,
The folds of the “Crimson Banner,”
Free from a blemish or stain.

We are steady, we are ready,
To defend our “Crimson Flag.”

We'll raise the “Crimson Banner” high,
Spite of the foes we number,
The rights bought by our sire's blood,
We never will surrender.
By memory of the Great and Good,
Each thy honor sacred holds,
We'll hand the stainless to our sons,
Or perish beneath thy folds.

(Repeat chorus.)

There's not a hand, within our band,
If danger threatened that would lag;

O. R. B.